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Lennoxville, Que.

Founded 1843  Royal Charter 1813

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

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“I see a tall, dark man with a familiar package—”
“That must be George bringing me Sweet Caps!”

SWEET CAPORAL CIGARETTES
“The purest form in which tobacco can be smoked.”
The major play with the preparation, contemplation and retrospection that went with it . . . Rev. Lett. visit to the college . . . the various settings for the multitudinous pictures . . . the biological situation . . . the Activities Dinner . . . Dr. Nicholson's visit to the college and his lecture on English Church music . . . the Mitre banquet . . . the childlike cries emanating from the Shed . . . mix all these and more together with a few games of golf and tennis or perhaps an old swim—season the mixture with examinations and you have the hash that composed this last term at Bishop's.

But now that the examinations are finished (and have had their finishing effects in some cases), the graduates are seen to be walking around the college campus breathing that aroma of lilacs which is so prevalent at Bishop's, and making such heartbreaking assertions as, "My last three years have gone so quickly!" "I wish I were only beginning my course!" (But only a few weeks ago these same people were wishing exactly the opposite thing.) Convocation day will arrive with all its pomp and circumstance and will be for most people a very joyous occasion; for others—a sup in September. But let us wish to all good luck—and to those who are graduating, a most successful future.

As far as the Mitre is concerned, we all feel that the year has been most satisfactory, and are pleased that the students as a whole have given us such firm support. It might be well to mention the changes which will be in effect next fall. The editorship will be in the capable hands of L. S. Magor; W. J. Robinson will be president, J. K. Starnes assistant editor, F. M. Bunbury secretary-treasurer, P. Rabatich advertising manager, P. Greenwood circulation manager, G. H. Temple editor of Exchanges, G. S. Murray editor of Sport from the Sidelines, S. S. Worthen editor of Graduates, D. F. McQuaig editor of Notes and Comments, W. L. Neilson will be the Art editor; other appointments have been made in September. We are losing many good members and particularly is this true of our departments' editors, the art editor, Miss Brilliant, whose sketches have brightened our pages, and P. G. Edgell who is retiring (regretfully) to pledge his efforts to dramatics. After four years successful work S. J. Davies leaves the chair. Mr. Davies was the first editor of the column Notes and Comments.

As the letter at the end of this editorial points out, efforts have been made to continue the Alumni Association of this college. This is a point which we feel all graduating students should bear in mind. We would appreciate it very much if many would continue their subscriptions to the Mitre—it will keep them in touch with college activities and revive college memories.

As for the students who are returning in September—may you have a swell holiday!

* * *

The Editor, "The Mitre", Bishop's University, Lennoxville, Que.

Dear Sir,

As you probably know an organization meeting and dinner of the Alumni Association was held at the Windsor Hotel last Saturday, May 7.

The meeting decided to continue the old Alumni Association. A constitution was adopted and a Board of Nine Directors was elected. The Directors will, at a later date, elect the President, two Vice-Presidents and Secretary-Treasurer from among their own number. A nominating committee was also chosen.

The Directors are as follows: W. B. Scott, K.C., Rev. S. W. Williams, C. Marshall, T. V. Henry, William Mitchell, D. C. Abbott, Cecil Teakle, Lionel Tompkins, E. E. Denman.

The nominating committee is composed of the following: H. E. O'Donnell, A. R. Almond, George W. Hall.

The meeting and dinner were both successful. Fifty-two were present at the meeting and fifty at the dinner. One hundred and seventy-five others returned cards endorsing the movement so that there is a nucleus of over two hundred and twenty-five alumni out of about eight hundred from whom we have heard.

Yours faithfully,

George W. Hall
A Liberal Education In The Modern State

A few generations ago acquiring a liberal education meant toiling painfully and persistently along a few well-marked and well-traveled roads to knowledge. The roads were not overcrowded, for only a small proportion of the community travelled thereon, and a liberal education was usually confined to the comparative few who had the leisure to do the thinking of the world. In many of those who "followed the gleam", however, the fruits of their search were revealed in a fine tradition of scholarship, enriched personalities, and a steady enlargement of the educational horizon. To see another picture, the stream of intellectual energy flowed along between well-worn banks in a fairly narrow channel but it was often found to be quite deep.

A liberal education in the modern state is an altogether different thing. Our educational horizon has expanded so constantly and rapidly in the last half century that it is doubtful if we realize what a tremendous range of mental activity the term "a liberal education" now includes within its circumference. Instead of spreading our intellectual tracts along a narrow pathway, well protected by formidable fences from the incursions of the common people, we have spread them out over the whole land for all to see. In the modern state it has become an axiom that a liberal education should be brought within the reach of all who are competent to profit by it, whatever their station in life.

There is something profoundly inspiring in this rapid and constantly enlarging educational horizon. It means that mentally we are living in a new world. The rapid process of discovery in science and its corresponding quickening of thought, forced by the necessity of adapting our thinking to the changing revolutionized the mental background of life. Modern education is in a sense monumental and revolutionary as well as creative. It requires great mental alertness to keep up with its rapid stride.

In many quarters education is regarded as the prime agency in providing a new orientation of mind to the ever increasing problems of citizenship, politics and international relationships.

It is evident, therefore, that when one asks the question, "What does the term a liberal education involve according to modern standards?" it is a fairly comprehensive question. A famous educationalist recently expressed his idea of it in the following confession of belief: "I believe that a liberal education should be given under conditions of the unification and systemization of these new treasures of knowledge to physical phenomena and to industrial development has added so many technical courses of study to the curriculums of secondary schools and universities that they often seem like vocational training schools rather than centres of culture in the older sense of the word.

The enlargement of the educational sphere is still further represented by a variety of institutions which have sprung up outside the schools and colleges, such as libraries, museums, art galleries, vocational institutes and service clubs, all claiming education as their primary purpose.

One of the problems of present-day education is to harmonize its "useful" and "cultural" elements by discovering that there is "use" in the cultural elements, and by focusing imagination, refinement of taste and deepening of intellectual insight in the useful elements.

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true, the same wealth but there is great strength in small
amounts if the number of givers is large, and any alumnus,
whether rich or poor, should have a deep interest in a
problem which, it is evident, is of great importance to the
well being and progress of all our educational institutions,
whether under the control of the state or of separate cor-

The Ross-McMurtry Cup

The Ross-McMurtry Cup was presented to Bishop's
University by Mr. F. N. Southam of Montreal, and the
inscriptions on it read:

"This Cup for Inter-Platoon Competition in the
Bishop's College Contingent of the C.O.T.C.
is given in affectionate remembrance of two
young soldiers, boyhood friends and compan­
ions-in-arms during the Great War
MAJOR JOHN ALEXANDER ROSS
of Lethbridge, Alta.
killed at the Somme in 1916
aged 24 years

MAJOR ERIC OGLEVIE MCMURTRY
of Montreal, Quebec
killed at Vimy Ridge in 1916
aged 23 years"

"Olie" Ross was born in Kenora, Ontario, on the 20th
of October, 1893, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Ross.
Later the family moved to the vicinity of Lethbridge, Al­
berta. Educated at Trinity College School, Port Hope, and
R. M. C., he was in the same class at R. M. C. as Eric Mc­
Murtry but had to leave in December 1915 owing to his
father's illness.

"Olie" was quiet, well-built, with a strong face and
an attractive smile. He was a very good horseman—and indeed
the old Montréal High School on Peel Street where the
Mount Royal Hotel now stands.

Intensive training was carried out all through the win­
ter of 1914-15. The example and keenness of these two
young officers played a large part in the resultant efficiency of the
battalion and in the high standard of conduct of those
composing it.

On 11th May, 1915, the battalion sailed for England
on the Cameronia and finally landed in France, on 11th
September, as part of the 5th Infantry Brigade of the 2nd
Canadian Division.

On the 14th April, 1916, the battalion took over the
area of the St. Eloi craters. It consisted of a small salient
north of Yypres which had been the scene of a series of
attacks and counter-attacks with the result that the ground
was in an appalling state and the enemy's position very
uncertain.

Storms and fog prevented aerial observation and so,
during the night of 14th April, Major Ross crawled out
and made a reconnaissance of the craters held by the enemy.
His report was most valuable and was corroborated by
aerial reconnaissance the next day. He was mentioned in
despatches and awarded the Distinguished Service Order,
in the words of the London Gazette: "For conspicuous
gallantry. He volunteered for and carried out, with an­
other officer, a very dangerous reconnaissance in face of
heavy fire and secured information of the utmost value
regarding the enemy."

On the 26th April, 1916, the battalion was in Brigade
Reserve and occupying shelters in Scottish Wood behind St.
Eloi. During the morning a shell struck one of the shelters;
killing one officer, Lieut. Ian McNaughton, and wounding
Major McMurtry. He was in due course evacuated to
England.

On 28th April, we saw a British aeroplane, on patrol
duty above Vimy Ridge, suddenly crash just behind the
24th Battalion front line. On investigation we found the
pilot and observer had been killed. The observer was Lieu­
tenant Mason and the pilot was Eric McMurtry. He had
returned to his old battalion almost exactly a year after he
had left it, wounded.

His Commanding Officer in the Royal Flying Corps
wrote of him: "Although he had been with us such a short
while, he had already proved his value, and I was hoping
great things of him. His ability and personality at once
endeared him to us all and gave him a very high place
among us."

A very gallant soldier and gentleman lies buried in
Bruay Cemetery.

On the 15th September, 1916, the Canadian attack on
Courcelette took place. At 10.00 p.m. on 17th September,
the 24th Battalion attacked the maze of enemy trenches
east of Courcelette. To quote the History of the 24th
Battalion by R. C. Fetherstonhaugh: "Ignoring the enemy fire,
though reminded at once of its danger by a bullet which
tore his throat, Major J. A. Ross, D.S.O., led D Company
against the enemy position on the right. With courage that
no odds could daunt, he fought his way across the narrow
Leaving his half-filled sack on the ground Steve Brodie climbed slowly up the great heap of coal, which lay in the railway dump. The rattle of the sliding coal did not deter him in the least, and he soon crawled over the railway tracks that ran along the top of the mound. Wishing to gain a better view he swung himself up on an empty coal car parked on the tracks. He perched on the wheel of the hand-brake, and from that position took stock of his surroundings. It was already dark, but a full moon and the glare of the fires made by the unemployed, who lived in tin shanties on the garbage dump. The smoke showed him the situation of the railway shops, the stock-yards, and the dirty factories which lined Mill Street. The mountain loomed behind the high buildings of the city, and the whole scene was crowned by the lighted cross in the canal. The police didn't dare patrol the area. Once or twice he had narrowly escaped being penned in raids on the various joints, but the Griffiths boys were well organized to be caught by any dumb cops from the police station on the other side of the canal. The police didn't dare patrol the area. Once or twice he had tried, but the constable was found floating in the canal with broken glass in a beer bottle imbedded in his head.

Tonight Steve had come home from the mill, worn out as usual. He was greeted at the door of his flat by the squadrons of the garbage dump. On the extreme left he could see the red glow from the fires made by the unemployed, who lived in tin shanties on the garbage dump. The streets lined with stuffy fire-traps, which were the dwelling places of thousands of the Cunningtons, which unloaded the coal boats. On the extreme left he could see the red glow from the fires made by the unemployed, who lived in tin shanties on the garbage dump. Steve had obtained a job in the rolling mills, and eventually he had married one of the plain, but more dependable girls in the neighborhood. There had been no romance or glamour in his marriage. He had never loved any woman very much, although he had satisfied his desires with the shameless sluts that infested the place. He also had no scruples about getting good and drunk, when he felt like it, and he had been carried home from many a tavern brawl. Once or twice he had narrowly escaped being penned in raids on the various joints, but the Griffiths boys were well organized to be caught by any dumb cops from the police station on the other side of the canal. The police didn't dare patrol the area. Once or twice he had tried, but the constable was found floating in the canal with broken glass in a beer bottle imbedded in his head.

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A Short Short Story

She loved Miss Libby passionately, had loved her for years. Clara passed with downcast eyes. Why, she questioned herself, had she allowed Miss Libby to do this to her? She dangled the keyring in his face and retreated precipitously, watched him approach with timorous expectation, and looked about for possible avenues of escape. She dangled the keyring in his face and retreated precipitously, watched him approach with timorous expectation, and looked about for possible avenues of escape. She dangled the keyring in his face and retreated precipitously, watched him approach with timorous expectation, and looked about for possible avenues of escape. She dangled the keyring in his face and retreated precipitously, watched him approach with timorous expectation, and looked about for possible avenues of escape. She dangled the keyring in his face and retreated precipitously, watched him approach with timorous expectation, and looked about for possible avenues of escape.

Miss Libby held out some small object to him, and he snatched at it. "Don't you wish you may get it?" she said teasingly. He looked at her with frigid exasperation, and she giggled.

"Now, Betty Lou, be good," he said fatuously.

"Yes, that's very poetic," Clara said rebelliously. "Well, it isn't proper!" was the crushing reply, "and you'll just get your star today. You must learn a text with a morat you can apply to your daily life, like: 'Wine in a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whoever is deceived thereby is not wise.'"

"We only have wine at Christmas," Clara said, and then judged it wise to subside. But she nursed her grievance.

"Oh please, God, let her just come to the window," she prayed, "and I'll change my dress the minute I get home."

"It was useless; Miss Libby always slept Sunday mornings, and the little girl could not linger, for now her mother demanded: "Are you or are you not going to Sunday School this morning?" and coming out on the veranda, added, "What on earth are you hanging around here yet for? Now then, Clara, run along!"

Clara ran along, but she felt that after all life's sorrows are more than its joys, and she hated Sunday even if it was the Sabbath day to keep it holy, because this thing happened not once, or twice, but every Sunday. On work days Miss Libby leaned out of the window every morning at eight o'clock to see what sort of day it was; Clara said her prayers and saw Miss Libby every morning, and nothing could go very far wrong on a day which began so auspiciously.

She loved Miss Libby passionately, had loved her for years, would love her forever. The goddess was ignorant of the devotion she inspired; she would remain so until Clara did something so noble that all the world would admire her and bless her with tears running down their cheeks, and she would say simply, "Do not thank me, good people. It is all due to Miss Libby." Or perhaps Miss Libby would say, "Let her make the offering, and I will judge it wise to subside. But she nursed her grievance.

As if it were not humiliating enough to have to go about in what was little better than an old rag, and sit on the veranda Sunday even if it was afternoon, who should witness her degradation but the goddess herself. Miss Libby was sitting on the veranda steps; her hair was curled in innumerable fascinating little ringlets and tied with a coquettish bit of ribbon; she wore shiny shoes with high heels, and a pink dress which was unquestionably new. No one would ever tell her that she could not wear her best dress all day Sunday. Clara passed with downcast eyes. Why, she questioned herself frantically, why could not her mother at least have stretched her dress? Once past, she looked back; Miss Libby was looking the other way, perhaps she had not noticed the little ragamuffin in the limp green dress at all. Thankfulness flowed into Clara's heart, and the weight in her stomach lifted, so that when her smaller sister begged her to play hide-and-go-seek with her, she consented indulgently. When it was her turn to hide she ran behind the neighbour's house and up under the veranda. While she was there Miss Libby came around the corner of the house pursued by a youth, the bank clerk, whom Clara knew to be a very silly young man.

He looked at her with feigned exasperation, and she giggled. She dangled the keyring in his face and retreated precipitously, watched him approach with timorous expectation, and looked about for possible avenues of escape. She dangled the keyring in his face and retreated precipitously, watched him approach with timorous expectation, and looked about for possible avenues of escape. She dangled the keyring in his face and retreated precipitously, watched him approach with timorous expectation, and looked about for possible avenues of escape. She dangled the keyring in his face and retreated precipitously, watched him approach with timorous expectation, and looked about for possible avenues of escape. She dangled the keyring in his face and retreated precipitously, watched him approach with timorous expectation, and looked about for possible avenues of escape.

Mr. Potter, Waters, slow and turbid here, would no doubt be unattractive enough by day; but in the dusk, as we crossed the bridge from East St. Louis, with the scores of lights from other bank playing on its surface, it formed a night to arrest the eye, and fitted to justify the association which even the bare names of certain rivers and mountains call up in the mind.

It was in St. Louis that I properly realised for the first time the magnitude of the journey we had set ourselves. Maps do not always reveal in their detail the true scale by which they should be interpreted. The Grand Canyon 1620 miles, and the division between the Los Angeles 2384, and even Denver 921, distinctly impressed those who seemed already to have been following the white ribbon of main street, but the effect of well over sixty miles an hour, and who the previous day had accomplished (not altogether without pride, or weariness) the greatest single effort of their motoring careers. But later was to encounter obstacles in other and more important matters than mere distance.

The road from St. Louis to Denver led up the Missouri Valley, across the great plains of the Middle West, and through the Kansas oil towns, whose drabness was mitigated by the cleanliness of their products. In time, I worked out the rough guide, but the effect of all on the scenery the higher the price of gas. (One cannot have everything in an unassayable world, and in the Lake Louise district of the Canadian Rockies, to which we later came, the parallelism between cost and country declined, for here the scenery was maintained with altogether too scrupulous an accuracy.)

From a mere tourist's point of view, the Middle West, if prosperous, is unexciting—nothing across endlessly repeated, innumerable towns, blazing heat. Out of a haze recollection of shimmering distances, where the skyscrapers advanced as rapidly as we, three only distinctly emerge the charming little town of Tupeka, some 70 miles west of Kansas City, where we spent the night (and that, with the sheer swindle of a modest stable field on fire whose flames came too close for comfort and safety, and we had to dash blindly through clouds of smoke, and a man dragged out groaning from under a car which had knocked him down—fortuitous incidents which have nothing to do with the interest of the country as such. For the most part, the main concern was the accumulation of miles on the speedometer, and the nightly computation of averages to which it led. We began to long for our first view of the rampart of the hills. At Goodland we changed at last to Mountain Time, and a little farther on paused over an uncanny realisation that we were to encounter bigness in other and more important matters than mere distance.

This train of thought filled her with such delicious melancholy that she quite forgot her disappointment. But Clara's mother had said, condescendingly, "Are you or are you not going to Sunday School this morning?"

"We only have wine at Christmas," Clara said, and then judged it wise to subside. But she nursed her grievance.

Nor was that all. When she returned home she had to change her new organdy frock to the despised, limp second-best. When it was her turn to hide she ran behind the neighbour's house pursued by a youth, the bank clerk, whom Clara knew to be a very silly young man.

"That's very poetic," Clara said rebelliously. "Well, it isn't proper!" was the crushing reply, "and you'll just get your star today. You must learn a text with a morat you can apply to your daily life, like: 'Wine in a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whoever is deceived thereby is not wise.'"
views, and because, too, the road became progressively worse the further we penetrated into the mountains. Moreover, the rain came down in sheets, and toward evening swirling mist rose from the valleys and reduced visibility to almost a few yards. The country was grand, but dust-laden in the higher elevations often awe-inspiring, and the lights of the little town of Steamboat Springs, when we came to it shortly after nightfall, seemed to beckon us on encourages a car along on a road that was not yet quite lost in this wilderness of peaks and precipices.

From Colorado, with the main chain of the Rockies now behind us, we crossed over into Utah, and made as good a journey as the vile roads would allow to Salt Lake City. When for a space we could take our eyes off the potholes which threatened to break the springs of the car, and the road which attempted to loosen it to the dust, or alternately to prevent it from moving at all, we were cheered on by the most impressive scenery, more particularly Straw-berley Lake and its surroundings, and the quaint red rock formations of Utah, with black mountains in the distance. And Salt Lake City, when we did arrive, was a delight—a beautifully laid out city, with wide tree-lined streets and the sound of abundance of water, we in the semicircle of the Wasatch Hills, with to the southwest the Great Salt Lake, and the glittering flats which lead on to San Fran-cisco. We drove out to Sunbeach Reservoir on Salt Lake, and looked back on the town. No wonder Brigham Young declared, "Here is the place," and the pilgrims immediately set about building a continuing city.

It is difficult to write appropriately, impossible to write adequately, of the Canyon country, stretching south from Salt Lake City, except on the next few days. Marysville Canyon, Red Canyon, Bryce Canyon, Zion Can-yon, and last and greatest the Grand Canyon itself, need to be described at great length, and when we are but half believed. There are moments and aspects when the fantastic combinations of shape and colour suggest, not hard rock, but the projections of a godly and dowered imagination. The Grand Canyon of my journey, who had looked down an opium-smoker's nightmare in stone, with the silvery snake of the Colorado River wriggling along at the bottom of the mile-deep chasm that is the Arizona border, we climbed on to the Grand Canyon Plateau, and then, passing through the magnificent Kilauea Forest of pines and silver birches, arrived at Bright Angel Point. Here the splendid experience takes on an almost menacing quality, and the "chassy discs" disclosed to view may well affect a sensitive imagination. Here, at least, the faithfulness of my own eyes, who had looked down an opium-smoker's nightmare in stone, so revealingly and in the form of a succession of verdant islands, was presented with a truly astounding view of peaks and crevices. The Great Divide and passing Wata Lake, we went down into Kicking Horse Canyon, and continued past Field to Emerald Lake, a gorgeous sheen of colour in the sunlight. Returning from Emerald Lake, we visited the Natural Bridge over the Kicking Horse River, which is here quite limited in its volume, and then going back to the foot of the Pass, we diverged to the left up the Yoho Valley, climbed the zig-zag where the road rises 200 feet in a mile or so before arriving at Wapta, the summer home of the famous Canadian Rockies at Lake Louise, taking in, in the neighbourhood of Ellenboro, some of the most delightful country we had yet traversed, a quite lovely stretch of moors and fells—Shap Fell endowed to the utmost Gargantu­can scale of this continent; and then leading across the Columbia River into a region of hills whose eroded forma­tion was strongly reminiscent of the canyon country.

Of the Canadian Rockies it is, again, impossible to speak in any way which shall not belittle them in their col­lection. A plain account of a single day's exploration may be the least unworthy tribute to the unattainable. Crossing the Great Divide and passing Wapta Lake, we went down into Kicking Horse Canyon, and continued past Field to Emerald Lake, a gorgeous sheen of colour in the sunlight. Returning from Emerald Lake, we visited the Natural Bridge over the Kicking Horse River, which is here quite limited in its volume, and then going back to the foot of the Pass, we diverged to the left up the Yoho Valley, climbed the zig-zag where the road rises 200 feet in a mile or so before arriving at Wapta, the summer home of the famous Canadian Rockies at Lake Louise, taking in, in the neighbourhood of Ellenboro, some of the most delightful country we had yet traversed, a quite lovely stretch of moors and fells—Shap Fell endowed to the utmost Gargantu­can scale of this continent; and then leading across the Columbia River into a region of hills whose eroded forma­tion was strongly reminiscent of the canyon country.

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On from Vancouver our route led us through Seattle, Spokane, Cascade, and Cranbrook, to the heart of the Canadian Rockies at Lake Louise, taking in, in the neighbourhood of Ellenboro, some of the most delightful country we had yet traversed, a quite lovely stretch of moors and fells—Shap Fell endowed to the utmost Gargantuan scale of this continent; and then leading across the Columbia River into a region of hills whose eroded formation was strongly reminiscent of the canyon country.

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from a spot a little short of Calgary—a sort of long range, encyclopaedic good-bye to what must surely be one of the supreme spectacles of the world.

From these snow-topped mountains it is impossible not to descend to lower altitudes in more senses than one. Yet much in the highest degree memorable remained—to wit, the Logan Pass in Glacier National Park, and our encounter with a bear; the current of Rock Creek, Montana, which nearly swept our dog Rex away; all the marvels of Yellowstone—(say cut, Old Faithful Geyser), not omitting the marvel of where all the tourists come from; and lastly, the most spectacular highway in the world, the 65 miles from Red Lodge. We climbed to the top of the appropriately named Heleroaring Plateau by means of convolutions which produced no less than five roads, one above another, on the mountain side. I have by this time no adjectives left for the expanding panorama which accompanied our ascent; but if, most reluctantly, I had to choose three moments out of the whole journey and forget all the rest, they would be, I think, (1) the Grand Canyon from Bright Angel Point, (2) the Glaciers from Bow Summit Look Out, and (3) the raging mountains of Wyoming from Heleroaring Plateau—and the last not least (say cut). It began to be a relief to have one's capacity for wonder stretched no further, but to jog along quietly, through Montana, the Bad Lands of North Dakota, and the verdant, rain-filled lake country of Minnesota and Wisconsin, to Chicago. Here we stayed for a week, mostly immobile on the edge of Lake Michigan, to recuperate from marvels, and to get back from nature to man. There are abundant opportunities for the latter process in Chicago. Then across the State of Michigan to Detroit, and so back to Canada at Windsor. Then through the flourishing towns of Western Ontario, until at Fort Erie we came full circle, and had completed a round of just over 9,000 miles. All that remained, even though it included a week at Niagara Falls and many runs to Buffalo along the fine boulder road on the Canadian side of the Niagara River, was only in the nature of a relatively quiet epilogue to an astonishing chronicle play, so pulsed here in the telling—to vivid, to grand, so unforgettable in the experience.

DESOration

The land goes back and it was hard to clear; Already in the meadow, deep and slow, The stubbony words are creeping; year by year The spruces thrust, the brier and the witch grass grow. Only a little time and all will be Forsaken, save by those who claim their own, Blackbird and crane and wind-bedevilled tree, And golden flies above the old well-stone. Oh, come here from here, for sagittas standing Stiff-necked and still on their old hip of ledge Have given us little welcome for our landing— And he forgets if he be ghost or guest Who stays too long above this ebbing edge Of rock, among the scanty marsh grass thinning, To watch the web of water spinning, spinning, Past these old headlands, lonely and possessed.

THE MITRE

June, 1938

Berkeley Square

The production of the major play involves each year the expenditure of a great deal of time, energy, hard work and enthusiasm, and it is indeed gratifying when the result turns out to be definitely commensurate with the energy expended.

The evenings of May 2, 3 and 4 were occasions to which the University Dramatic Society may look back with justifiable satisfaction. Anyone who has seen the film version of "Berkeley Square", and has read the script, cannot but realize that here is a play which demands real acting ability, is full of subtle nuances, and calls for the expression of genuine emotion and the creation of an "atmosphere". The unspoken question in the minds of many of the audience was undoubtedly "could they put it over?"—and it is no small tribute to the teamwork of all concerned in the production that it was "put over" so well by an amateur cast.

"Berkeley Square" is a play which calls for sustained effort on the part of the principal characters, and the casting committee did not make any mistakes in their choice. One felt in advance that the success of the production would hinge largely—though by no means entirely—on the interpretation given to the character of Peter Standish, the neurotic and imaginative young Anglo-American of the 18th century who finds he has the power to transport himself into the environment of his ancestor of a century and a half ago, and who, while disillusioned as to so many things, yet finds his love for Helen Pettigrew can go over against the mingled suspicion and fear with which an 18th century London household regards him. Lincoln Magor showed great talent in his interpretation of Peter, whose difficulties and embarrassments were made convincing—in particular he played the exacting final scene, when he has returned to the 20th century and has nothing but memories of Helen to sustain him, extremely well.

One of the most interesting features of the play is the reaction of the various members of the 18th century world towards him—ranging from the understanding and sympathy of Helen to the ill-concealed contempt of Tom, the growing terror of Kate and Throstle, and the feeling of uncomfortable mystification produced in the Duchess. The 18th century group performed their parts in a satisfactory and adequate manner. Vivian Parr showed genuine emotional power as Helen Pettigrew, and her various scenes with Peter, so vital for the real understanding of the play, were acted with due restraint and the real feeling which the occasion demanded. As her sister, Kate Pettigrew, Helen Legge was quite successful in portraying the growing fear and realization of something uncanny, combined with the desire to save Helen from what, to her mind, would be an irremediable disaster. Beverly Ams (although she appeared as young as her daughter) was a picturesque and convincing Lady Anne Pettigrew, torn between her social duties and her financial worries. As Tom Pettigrew, Henry Holden gave a good interpretation of the Georgian "man about town", full of score for his Yankee cousins and for whose he considers the useless scruples of his sisters. Guy Marston, if inclined to over-act at times, made Mr. Throstle appear the dilettante and "man of sensibility" he was meant to be. The character of the period (Katherine Davy as the dignified and statuesque Duchess of Devonshire, Patricia Hall as Miss Barrymore, Ruth Echenberg as the maid, Ian Maclellan as Major Clinton, Hugh Mortimer as a cabinet minister of astonishingly youthful aspects, and, last but not least, William Delaney as the egregious Duke of Cumberland, complete with Hanoverian accent) all added to the spectacular effect of a gathering in 18th century London mansion. Equally well cast were the remaining modern characters, James Spald as Peter's fiancée, Peggy Richardson as a housekeeper "anxious about many things", and Peter Greenwood as the dignified diplomatic representative of the period. In a "period piece", the décor counts for a great deal, and was successful in giving a much more convincing effect of a past century than is sometimes the case. Evidence of careful preparation on the part of the stage manager, his advisers and assistants, was not lacking; the sound-effects, the lighting, the properties, the costumes, and the portraits especially painted for the occasion, helped the efforts of the cast to reconstruct the strange episode of a vanished era.

Work on amateur production, the ex is not always as well satisfied as is the eye, but in this case there was little to do desired—the favourable comments, as to audibility and clearness of enunciation, which were heard among the audience when the performance was over, are a tribute to the care taken over this important aspect by Mr. Robert Greenwood as the dignified and statuesque Duchess of Devonshire, Patricia Hall as Miss Barrymore, Ruth Echenberg as the maid, Ian Maclellan as Major Clinton, Hugh Mortimer as a cabinet minister of astonishingly youthful aspects, and, last but not least, William Delaney as the egregious Duke of Cumberland, complete with Hanoverian accent) all added to the spectacular effect of a gathering in 18th century London mansion. Equally well cast were the remaining modern characters, James Spald as Peter's fiancée, Peggy Richardson as a housekeeper "anxious about many things", and Peter Greenwood as the dignified diplomatic representative of the period. In a "period piece", the décor counts for a great deal, and was successful in giving a much more convincing effect of a past century than is sometimes the case. Evidence of careful preparation on the part of the stage manager, his advisers and assistants, was not lacking; the sound-effects, the lighting, the properties, the costumes, and the portraits especially painted for the occasion, helped the efforts of the cast to reconstruct the strange episode of a vanished era.

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In Kirkland Lake there were bed bugs, but I suffered them mildly. Should I have been disgusted? They live on blood, but so do mosquitoes; and that they lie in wait is not against them, for black flies do that too. They bite you, and you sneeze them, and there was an end on it. But we had with us a gentleman from Aberdeen who spoke his Scottish in a precise slow drawl, and this is what he had to say about it:

"I don't mind them biting on me. I don't even mind when they chew a piece out of me, and roam on my knee cap to digest it. But it is a sad affair when they reach and walk off waving a piece of you. It is a pitiful thing when a man is pecked to death by a bed bug."

I met some more of them over at the Sault, but they were the mild kind that merely swarmed over you. The Kirkland bug is of the crafty type that lurks. They lie in wait 'till you've looked under the pillow, and then drop on you from the ceiling.

I captured some of the bugs and sent them home. It was very easy. You dip a match stick into the rhum bottle, and apply the end of the match to the bug. By capillary attraction a drop is formed, and drawn over the insect. This encloses it in a globe of fluid, and the alcohol kills it. Then it dries off, and there you are. You put them in capsules, and you can mail them to your friends. But this was very easy. You dip a match stick into the rhum bottle, and apply the end of the match to the bug. By capillary attraction a drop is formed, and drawn over the insect. This encloses it in a globe of fluid, and the alcohol kills it. Then it dries off, and there you are. You put them in capsules, and you can mail them to your friends.

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I accepted my roommates and our life in common as a completely natural thing, and so do they. It never occurs to us that it could be otherwise. This makes our guarded indifference to the maimed of people a very empty way of life.

We are aware of no one but ourselves: we don't know where they are, or not they think. Most are not concerned with inference or prediction. We are aware of no one but ourselves: we don't know where they are, or not they think. Most are not concerned with inference or prediction.

At Liskeard it was a French gentleman come down to buy wood carvings for his church at Ville Marie. But they were very much alike, and I learned from them all how ordinary life. We are aware of no one but ourselves: we don't know where they are, or not they think. Most are not concerned with inference or prediction. We are aware of no one but ourselves: we don't know where they are, or not they think. Most are not concerned with inference or prediction.

It is epic.

Scottish in a precise slow drawl, and this is what he had with us a gentleman from Aberdeen who spoke his Scottish in a precise slow drawl, and this is what he had with us a gentleman from Aberdeen who spoke his Scotti...
Mink Farming

Ten years ago I should not have been able to use this title with reference to a business. During the past few years however, this branch of the fur industry has made such progress that it has outstripped all the competitors in its field. In spite of the fact that most people have seen mink pelts prepared in some way to make wraps, cloaks, scarves, or coats, surprisingly few have ever seen the live animal. Pelts prepared in some way to make wraps, cloaks, scarves, or coats, are available for repair work.

A general foreman is in charge of the various departments. He has to see that the condition of the stock is kept up and that the food schedule is adhered to. All the stores are under his supervision and, if they were not, the mink might be exchanged. The mink are killed in a carbon oven, isn't that's the right proportion add cod-liver oil and vitamin E tablets. The mink are killed in a carbon oven, isn't that's the right proportion add cod-liver oil and vitamin E tablets. The mink are killed in a carbon oven, isn't that's the right proportion add cod-liver oil and vitamin E tablets. The mink are killed in a carbon oven, isn't that's the right proportion add cod-liver oil and vitamin E tablets.

The name "Lennoxville" has such a familiar ring in our ears that we seldom stop to consider its origin. However, upon speculation, one finds that its history is rather of interest.

The first actual mention of the name noted in a contemporary document is in the deed giving the land for the first St. George's Church, January 6, 1822, which refers to the "highway leading from Lennoxville to Compton". Next it is referred to in 1827, when School Commissioners were the villages of Richmond in Ontario and Quebec. The Governor seems never to have visited the Eastern Townships, though he did visit, the new settlement at Richmond, Upper Canada, where he died in 1819—his death resulting from the bite of a fox.

Driller, so I borrowed two dollars and headed for home. But I paid it back later.

I drove from Sudbury to Ottawa in one flight because I did not have the money to stay on the road. I stopped twice in four miles, because I had to eat. I finished the porridge and I had tea, and that was all; there was nothing left to eat in the car. I wore a tarp on the road, and I stopped at Matawa and I begged for another, and talked my way into getting it on credit. This was an omen, so I left for Ottawa, and arrived in the capital city with ten cents. All was well.

The people of the North are a frightened people; they live under the strain of uncertainty; and there is all ways the shadow of the landscape in their mind, and it terrifies them. This bears effect in their friendliness, and their common humanity, for there is no division into classes, no bitterness of superiority. There is a "mateship" about all that is very warming. You may not be as component as the next man, but you are just as much considered, for ability is not the criterion of respect between persons, but goodness of nature instead. They are like persons in a shell- hale who know that they are going to die, for they have the same acceptableness towards whatever happens, and the kindly values are rated higher than skills. They are like persons who would say: "We are all in it together; let's make the best of it!"—and they certainly do.
To the Graduates, Under-Graduates and Students
of Bishop's University we extend our
best wishes for their health
and prosperity.
"connaisseurs d'art" de nos jours. Amélie et Ursule excitént l'illustration typique des affaires crochées pratiquees par ces trastes avec notre dégoût des escrocs. Amélie et Léon fourment en nous la compassion envers le simple monde en condérent le contenu de cette pièce on serait peut-être porté à sympathiser avec le bien surprisme. Tout en consi-

RECENT ACQUISITIONS
Barnard and Child: Higher Algebra.
Borgerhoff, J. L., ed.: Nineteenth Century French Plays.
Barnard and Child: Higher Algebra.
Curie, Eve: Madame Curie.
Hollander, F. E.: Fieldbook of Insects of the U. S. and Canada.
Kinsky, George, ed.: A History of Music in Pictures.
Lutz, F. E.: Fieldbook of Insects of the U. S. and Canada.
Power, Eileen: Medieval People.
Stewart, James: The Life and Teaching of Jesus Christ.
Sherman, H. C.: Chemistry of Food and Nutrition.
Redlich, E. B.: Forgiveness of Sins.
Thomson, H. C.: Chemistry of Food and Nutrition.
Stewart, James: The Life and Teaching of Jesus Christ.
Underhill, Evelyn: Mysticism.
Underhill, Evelyn: The Mystery of Sacrifice.

JUNE, 1938
Page 29

THE SECOND BISHOP MOUNTAIN OF QUEBEC AND BISHOP'S

Inspired by the example of our worthy editor in search-

ing through old books, we came across a rather old volume in the Library and discovered "A Memoir of George Jeshobapat Mountain, D.D., D.C.L.," Bishop of Quebec, compiled (at the desire of the syndy of that dio-

cese) by his son Armine W. Mountain, M.A. Thinking that seme in it might be found that would be interesting to the present and former students of the University, we scanned its pages and found some very illuminating notes.

One of the most remarkable features of the book is the amazing energy of the Bishop and his versatility. A glance through the table of contents is sufficient proof of his un-

interrupted labours and the last forty pages of the book are tak-

en up with none of the very few prayers and selections of verse of his own composition.

Of French extraction the Mountain family emigrated to England on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes and settled in Norfolk. George was born on July 27, 1789, in

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the travels of the Archdeacon in various parts of the huge

There was no difficulty in his mind with regard to McGill College, already established at Montreal, partly because he foresaw that the day could not be far distant when the

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THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

Page 26

THE MITRE

Page 27

JUNE, 1938

The Challenger... your guarantee of good time.
A Corporate Executor
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An individual Executor may move away or be so occupied with his own affairs, as to neglect his fiduciary duties. There is always the possibility, too, that illness or death may occur, which, of course, would incapacitate him and necessitate the appointment of another Executor.

We suggest, therefore, that you appoint the Sherbrooke Trust Company as Executor of your Will. The continued corporate existence of this institution ensures the most efficient and economical execution of the business entrusted to it.

THERE IS NO OBLIGATION WHATEVER IN DISCUSSING WITH US THIS IMPORTANT MATTER

Sherbrooke Trust Company

JUNE, 1938

THE MITRE

On his seventh triennial circuit to Gesep he "journeyed down the Kemp road, which was still a matter of difficulty and fatigue, and was obliged to return through New Brunswick to ensure that he be in time for the Convocation of Bishop's College in September."

And so one could go on culling from the ages of this interesting book. To many, even if they have read this far, the subject is perhaps not particularly interesting, but to those who want to know more about the conditions in this district and in this diocese 110 years ago—read the book!

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Main Office — 12 Wellington Street
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Nelson and King Streets Branch
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A MILLION DEPOSIT ACCOUNTS DENOTE CONFIDENCE

their training for missionary work."

Writing to the S. P. G. the Bishop later wrote, "I have so often mentioned the grounds of thankfulness to God, the Giver of all good, which exist in relation to this institution, that, although my soul overflows more and more with a sense of these blessings, I must put some restraint upon the repeated expression of it."

At every possible opportunity the Bishop visited the College and always maintained the deepest interest in it. On page 337 we get this note which makes one realise how anxious he was to render all the help he could to the college.

What's In a Name?

"Little enough," cries Juliet, "a rose by any other name would smell as sweet"—but I am inclined to disagree with her. Names are inevitable in all phases of life and have considerable importance in regard to the impressions they create.

In the business world names matter a lot. Every organization must have a name, and practical psychology enters into the choice. The firm will wish to impress the public with its solidity and trustworthiness. Thus an assurance company will adopt the rising sun as a symbol of its power and extent; banks will call themselves Royal to attract the upper classes; transportation services will suggest world coverage; similarly the grocery stores will dub themselves Atlantic and Pacific, or Dominion. All manufacturers are bent on impressing the buyer with the quality of their goods and providing a catchy name. Take Childs'pylor Underwear, Dear's Black Horr Aid, Kellogg's Cornflakes, Sweet Caps, and MyH. These are examples of names both catchy and relevant.

Names are most interesting when connected with persons, and in literature. The choice of names for children has worried parents from the beginning of time, and their decisions are often appallingly wrong. Personal names such as Percy and Montague may brand an unfortunate infant as a sissy and affect the whole course of his life, whereas a John or William, and Mortimer would dream of naming his son Montagur.

Another consideration is the unusualness or variety of the names. Where the surname is an uncommon one, such as Edgell or Schoch, a simple Christian name is suitable, and vice versa. What could be better balanced in all ways than the name Christopher Brown?

The question of names is an important one to the novelist. Few realize what time authors spend in naming characters. In a story the names must suit the characterisation. The reader should get some idea of the person from the sound of his name. There is no need to stop to classify the following as hero or villain—Simon Lego, W. Ross, Scrooge, Peggy, Doro THEODOR, Alexander Selleck, Anthony Adverse. A contemporary writer attributes much of her success to the care she takes in choosing her names. They must be sufficiently unusual to arouse interest, yet not so uncommon that the reader cannot imagine himself into the part. To take a recent successful novel as example: A. J. Cronin's "Gideon" has Andrews Macfadyen as the self-sacrificing young Scotch doctor, Christine Barlow makes a splendid little wife, Philip Denny an eccentric genius, Joe Morgan, honest coal miner. All are plausible names.

The naming of books is an art in itself. The title should be "in some degree... descriptive of the work, giving the reader his first hint of the fundamental idea..." It should
Like Handing a TEN-DOLLAR BILL to every Man, Woman and Child in the Province!

Chain Store purchases in the Province of Quebec total over $10,000,000 a year—or the equivalent of $10.00 for every man, woman and child in the Province.

This money is spent in communities from the Ontario border to the Gaspé Coast and represents work and wages for thousands of Quebec Province workmen and a dependable source of revenue to farmers, fishermen and individual craftsmen.

Some of this money goes into their savings; some is spent with the chain stores themselves; but the bulk is spent with other merchants and individuals for goods and services.

Chain Stores sell in other provinces a large part of the manufactured goods they buy in the Province; thus making known throughout the Dominion the excellent qualities of Quebec workmanship.

CANADIAN CHAIN STORE ASSOCIATION
730 University Tower Montreal
(A FEDERATION OF MODERN MERCHANTS)

THE MITRE
be brief for convenience's sake . . . and nearly and effectively phrased. It is an advertisement to the work as well as a name . . . exposition, history, and argument have particular need to be named accurately, whereas fiction . . . must depend on appeal of title." Thus French summarizes the qualities of a title.

If a title can be noted and a general impression of the book formed, which remains unchanged after the book has been read, then that title is a good one. Titles of expository works are usually quite definite—there can be no question of what Organic Chemistry, or Century Readings in the English Essay deals with. The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire is an explicit title. It is in fiction that the author can exert himself to devise a title that will fill all bills mentioned. Sometimes he succeeds and often he doesn't.

To return to Dr. Cronin's novel. This is a really splendid book, yet there is nothing to indicate the fact in the title. The Citadel certainly does not suggest Andrew Manson and his fight to uphold the Creed of Hippocrates in the face of modern medical practices. The publishers evidently realized the difficulty and emphasized the dust cover "... CRONIN'S novel about DOCTORS that made a SATION overnight." This is one title that failed. As a contrast let us take Kipling's story of The Man Who Would be King, suggesting strife and upheaval, and an ambitious pretender snatching unsuccessfully at a throne—which is roughly what does happen. This title serves its purpose.

The White Company of Conan Doyle suggests in this day swarms of sterilized nurses and scrubbed interns, while in fact it is dealing with a company of Scottish mercenary troops in France, 1066 and All That presages, and draws out, humour in an historical vein. Here there is no ambiguity. Edgar Wallace's titles are usually too brief. The Frog hardly suggests the grim thriller it is. Indeed only Wal­ton's reputation promises a thriller at all. Edgar Allan Poe on the other hand successfully suggests the dark depths of despair that bring the murderer to insanity in his one word title The Tane.

The Story of San Michele is a misleading title for a fascinating biography. Axel Munthe reviews his experiences in the field of medicine and describes his retreat at San Michele. To be sure, San Michele is inextricably interwoven with the author's life and inspires him throughout, but the title does not lead one to expect a surgeon's memoir. The autobiography of Baden-Powell of Gilwell on the other hand, is immediately recognizable as such. Lessons from the Varsity of Life consist of the experiences of a very full life of soldiering and scouting.

So we see the great importance of names at all times—whether commercial, personal, or literary. What's in a name? . . . a devil of a lot!

JUNE, 1938

Exchanges

Since the last issue of the Mitre the exchanges have dropped from the high literary standards set by former issues. We are all familiar with the situation; the term is drawing to a close; students have written all they ever wanted to publish; spring usually inspires very few to write poetry or even prose; examinations are drawing near. But whatever happens the last issue must be published, so the editor teats his hair and digs up what he can find, no matter if it is little better than trash. We must think of this when looking over the exchanges; they must not be judged from the last issue of the year, when there is little left but the dregs.

The exchanges seem to be a pretty poor lot from the above paragraph, but I cannot go on without first congratulating the pupils of Upper Canada College for their exceptionally good magazine, "The College Times," which they publish three times annually. It has been two or three years since we have heard from this school; now that we are exchanging again, we must congratulate them for their successes in compiling this magazine which, I think, one could call the finest school magazine in the country. The Upper Canada boys are not satisfied with this, and they don't stop here. They publish the "College Times" in the Christmas, Easter, and summer terms, so in the intervening months they publish the "In Between Times," which like its parent magazine must be the pride of the school. This magazine is especially commendable for its photographic section, which one would hardly expect was arranged by amateurs, school-boy photographers.

The Quebec Ducouvry Gazette says about the Mitre: "The members of the Editorial Board are to be congratulated on this publication. It belongs to the best type of college magazine, clean, attractively got up and containing much of interest not only to the student body but also to the general reader." The Red and White from St. Dunstan's always has a certain prestige. It is a very good magazine; but the Acadia Athenaeum seems to have dropped considerably last month from lack of material. We were amused by H. Dixon's cartouche of a student approaching the final exams.
Looking about to find what others think of examinations we found the King's College Record quotes the seat from the University of Saskatchewan: "Examinations are an involved problem. Certainly it is not right to place the student under complete subjection to the whim of one man per class. Neither are our examiners a text of appreciation, and is not that the important thing? It is interesting to note that many other universities have discarded term examinations in favour of more effective methods."

"...it is estimated that we have received at least 550 copies of the various newspapers from our larger universities. In the way of magazines we have received, as closely as can be estimated, about 100 copies from schools and colleges in Canada, about 45 from England, and about 15 from elsewhere."

"The Quarterly is always very serious and serious examination. The Quarterly is always very serious and serious.

Before closing this department for the year, it might be interesting to briefly survey the activity of the exchange department. Including the June issue, by the end of the year over 200 Mitres will have been sent out to other universities, schools and colleges. In return for these it is estimated that we have received at least 550 copies of the various newspapers from our larger universities. In the way of magazines we have received, as closely as can be estimated, about 100 copies from schools and colleges in Canada, about 45 from England, and about 15 from elsewhere. In this way Bishop's has been connected with over 55 other institutions. This appears to have been a very successful year, and we wish to take this opportunity to thank once more all those institutions which have sent their publications to us.

Since the last issue we have received and enjoyed the following:

- The Huguenot, Univ. College, U. of S. A., South Africa.
- The Gracum, Auckland College, New Zealand.
- The College Times, Upper Canada College, Toronto.
- In Between Times, Upper Canada College, Toronto.
- The Bettina, Bettina College, Edinburgh, Scotland.
- The West Saxony, University College, Southampton, Eng.
- The National Student, University College, Dublin.
- The Northern, King's College, U. of Durham, Eng.
- Acadia Athenaeum, Wolfville, N. S.
- The O. A. C. Review, Guelph, Ont.
- Techcrime, Montreal Technical School, Montreal.
- Trinity University Review, Toronto.
- The Record, T. C. S., Port Hope, Ont.
- The King's College Record, Halifax.
- The Red and White, St. Dunstan's Univ., Charlottetown.
- The Cap and Gown, Wyckoff College, Toronto.
- College Echo, St. Andrew's, Scotland.
- The Stonyhurst College Magazine, Blackburn, Eng.
- The McGill Daily, Montreal.
- The Gateway, Edmonton.
- The Manitoban, Winnipeg.
- The Ulyssian, Vancouver.
- The Argusy, Mt. Allison, N.B.
- The Queen's Journal, Kingston.
- L'Hebdo Laval, Quebec.
- The Brunswickian, Fredericton.
- Xavarian Weekly, Antigonish.
- Algoma Minstrosy News.
- Codrington College, St. John, Barbados.
- The Quebec Diocesan Gazette.
- The College Cord, Waterloo, Ont.

**

We are indebted to Mr. A. J. H. Richardson, B.A., for the following:

Dawson Street, 1 February, 1815.

My Lord:

Referring to your Lordship's despatches addressed to my Predecessor on the 17th and 27th of November, Nos. 108 and 115, I now transmit to you the Queen's Letters Patent under the Great Seal of the United Kingdom, by which the privileges of a University are conferred upon Bishop's College at Lennoxville; and your Lordship will have the goodness to cause these Letters Patent to be delivered to the Lord Bishop of Quebec.

I have the honour to be, My Lord, Your Lordship's obedient humble servant,

The Earl of Elgin and Kincardine, K. T.
talk, and enjoy the compliments of an attentive audience when it comes our turn. In spite of ourselves we feel more kindly disposed toward those who evince an interest in us, and the general atmosphere is rendered far more pleasant by a mutual exchange of spontaneous deference. So we see that in most cases the problem of conversation is almost as good as solved when we learn how to listen.

The first term, Michaelmas on your report card, proved itself to be one that will linger in the minds of the freshmen, for it was then that initiation was stricken from the lists of the Senior's minor sports. Two members of second year advanced to their respective homes to contemplate the change, for a period of not more than a month and not less than two weeks. And while on the subject of freshmen let us not forget the Magee reforms, or the insisting that the day-student freshmen do their share of "helping seniors." The first social event of the term was the ascent of the Sherbrooke Hotel that there are other places in Sherbrooke.

The Maths and Science Club redeemed itself for a long period of inactivity with an excursion to Thetford Mines, which was enjoyed more than many would care to admit. amusing was Professor Kuehner's remark that he realized where he could find any of the lads who had wandered from the group.

The Literary and Debating Society sprang into activity at the end of the term, and the Divines once more won the Skinner trophy. The Arts Club proved itself to be the most popular of the new existing clubs, and Bill Power pushed the ex-mayor of Sherbrooke in the stomach to make an appoint meet on time. The Sherbrooke radio police ride on and complete the anti-climax when it comes our turn. In spite of ourselves we feel more kindly disposed toward those who evince an interest in us, and the general atmosphere is rendered far more pleasant by a mutual exchange of spontaneous deference. So we see that in most cases the problem of conversation is almost as good as solved when we learn how to listen.

The Trinity term was a short one and many of the students turned their thoughts to more serious things. At the major playing was geometry and good talk.

The radio police in Sherbrooke proved a novelty to all those concerned; Principal A. H. McGreer admitted to the ranks of the Froth Blowers, for identified a ‘G’ class runner.

Now let the Bishop's students feel that their claim to radio fame is limited to the local station, for on the morning of May 7 when the members were paid for their service to their country. On May 12 the corps was lined up in uniform, but those tons not shined) and the Corps picture was taken. Wonder if we will each be given a copy free?

The radio police in Sherbrooke proved a novelty to all those concerned; Principal A. H. McGreer was the guest speaker at the service.

The ACTIVITIES DINNER

We are reliably informed that there has been a co-ed secret society—"The Secret Society of the Sherbrooke regiments to St. Peter's church. This parade proved itself to be a novelty to all those concerned; Principal A. H. McGreer was the guest speaker at the service.

"It should be the aim of every Divinity student to preach the Gospel to everyone."

"A Doctor of Divinity is now in progress; photographic evidence shows that the female element was missing almost in toto.

Contrary to widespread rumours and photographic evidence Communism has not as yet gained a firm hold on the attention of the students.

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Sport from the Sidelines

The fact that there is no major sport in the summer term at Bishop's is due to the inevitable sporting cycle in fashion here; whenever there is no pressure of work, which of course is practically the entire year, there is a major sport to occupy the athletically minded, while when the occasion comes to think of examinations the minor activities come into their own, and take up almost as much time. So with the major sports and ping-pong officially concluded for the academic year, there remain only a few disjointed terms of sporting interest to be covered in this issue.

OODDS AND ENDS

The writer feels that it is probably just as well that there is very little to write about since it has been calculated that the attainment of a B.A. involves writing well over 50,000 words in less than a fortnight, which certainly leaves very little time to bend the elbow in any other way. . . . It has been appropriately suggested by some especially thrifty local golfers, that beer be sold at the club house. If there is no objection to this on moral grounds, and if the present interest in golf is maintained by the same students, along with the rest of the college's well known capacity for liquid nourishment, this would indeed be a profitable venture . . . Bishop's famous faculty foursome has been taking its usual active interest in the Royal and ancient pastime since late in April so their store of jokes should be replenished by now. The writer has been near enough to notice that they have not reached their well-known mid-season form, but not sufficiently close to hear if their consequent verbal abuse would be in any way a revelation; the average Bishop's golfer has passed the status of a student in this respect, and we doubt whether he could have learned anything . . . Although golf is supposed to be the most expensive of the widely played sports, yet at Bishop's it is considered a comparatively cheap form of amusement; green fees which are $1 per year, are paid by the Students' Association, the price of balls ranges from one cent, for the academic year, there remain only a few disjointed terms of sporting interest to be covered in this issue.

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... Whoever is in charge of the tennis courts must be complimented in having them ready for play only a fortnight after those of the village and the school; it is indeed a pleasant surprise to see them in some sort of condition before Convocation. As it would be an exaggeration to say that very little work is done on them until the first week in May, they consequently remain for a large part of the term a clay quagmire utilized solely as a noisy rendez-vous by the faculty's dogs when they are in a bad humour. By way of excuse it is said that the 31 window panses which were demolished, apparently by the forces of nature, in about ten days during the earlier part of the term, kept the sub staff so busy that they had no time left for the courts. It has been suggested that a good court might be installed on Convocation Lawn where it would be immune from the annual floods (of the river); the only apparent objection to this proposal is that one of the New Arts' student's favourite pastimes consists in heaving great quantities of water on anyone who lingers too long in the vicinity of the building. . . . A moody Freshman football team walked up to B.C.S. early this term, and before they trudged back they had given the school a 6-2 beating in a game that was heard all over Lennoxville. . . . Combined with an even break in hockey and an easy victory in rugby by our Junior teams, as well as the smashing verbal triumph in ping-pong, this helps to regain much of the prestige that was lost last year when encounters between the school and the college inevitably resulted in embarrassing defeats for the latter. . . . Some students question the desirability of having B.C.S. play their cricket on our rugby field since their shrill voices are already heard sufficiently in our chapel and on the golf course; at least they have kept out of the dining room and we can't blame them for that . . . The raucous shriek "Do yuh wanna buy a golf ball?" which for the sake of others we hope is peculiar to Bishop's, and the so-called prime at school. These same individuals in action, and excel at tales of their prowess when they were in their northern wilderness with little hope of returning . . . Also noticed was the apparent inability of a few to decide whether to use a stroke suitable for a 210-yard drive or a prodigious home run until it was too late to employ either. . . . At the request of a member of the team who wished to see his name in print before the year is over we are fist-bumping for the right to play Ronny Fyfe, who had the short end of this see-saw battle, with the short end ultimately going to the defending champion who will now have only his ping-pong laurels on which to rest. It was after the end of the first nine when the match was all square that Fyfe forged into the lead and was never again headed. Perhaps the most decisive shot of the game was the winner's 30-foot putt for a par five on the sixth hole of the second round, 619 yards in length, after the writer had been fifteen feet from the pin in three and second shot of the hole. So when the loser threw putted from this distance the new champion, to hold his lead, had but to halve the next two holes in par to close the match on the 17th green with a well-earned victory. The writer has little hope, however, that Fyfe will act upon a suggestion made at the thirteenth part of the game, that the winner have the cup filled and refilled with a suitable beverage; needless to say at Bishop's this would cost a small fortune . . . Unfortunately the writer did not consider the possibility of a cricket game taking place between B.C.S. and the college and partially upsetting his findings. Such an event, of course, took place and the school won by a 47-15 score, but those athletes who dragged themselves out to the rugby field, and we cannot call them cricketers once at least three of them had never played the game before, still think with some justification that if they practiced more frequently than once a year, the school would be in for a sound trimming. Possibly we had better leave it at that . . . It was hardly a treat to sore eyes to view the vile assortment of colour schemes and the dubious quality of the apparel exhibited by some of the Bishop's players, who were decked out as though in preparation for a long hike into some northern wilderness with little hope of returning. . . . Also noticed was the apparent inability of a few to decide whether to use a stroke suitable for a 210-yard drive or a prodigious home run until it was too late to employ either. . . . At the request of a member of the team who wished to see his name in print before the year is over we are fist-bumping for the right to play Ronny Fyfe, who had the short end of this see-saw battle, with the short end ultimately going to the defending champion who will now have only his ping-pong laurels on which to rest. It was after the end of the first nine when the match was all square that Fyfe forged into the lead and was never again headed. 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and in a sort of inevitable cycle, forgotten until memories are refreshed more experiences of the actualities. Since this is the attitude that a number of our cricketers adopt towards the game it is little wonder that it cannot compete as a steady diet with sports which offer more direct satisfaction to the athlete; as it does not provide the gratification that comes with explosive vocal efforts, as it is somewhat lacking in the action we are accustomed to in sports, as it penalizes too heavily one mistake at bat, as it lacks a sense of humour, and because its tempo is not in keeping with the times, as well as for numerous other reasons, cricket is only popular for vanity's sake with the majority of the students here. Thus although cricket seems to be admirably suited to the restrained English temperament, yet it appears to be dying out in Canada because it is too placid a game for a people whose sporting natures are essentially American, and who therefore prefer faster moving and more spectacular sports which are most often seen on this continent. Perhaps it would be best to close a very sporty account of the summer term's sporting activities with the familiar but sincere hope that the college will continue their present climb up the athletic slope, and that success will absolve our athletes from the necessity of becoming upset at no more pointed comments than those which appeared in the earlier issues of the Mitre this year.

Mrs. William Mitchell (Margaret B. Bradley, B.A. '34) and W. B. Bradley, '33, sister and brother of the bride. Following the ceremony a largely attended reception was held at the Magog House, Sherbrooke. The bride and groom are spending a honeymoon in Bermuda. The Mitre extends its best wishes for a long and happy life to Mr. and Mrs. Bayley. Among several Bishop's graduates present at the wedding were Dr. H. P. Wright, B.A. '09, of Montreal; Mr. H. Bruce Munro, B.A. '34, of Orléans; W. H. Bradley, B.A. '34, B.C.L. of Sherbrooke, and Charles F. Carnac, B.A. '34, of Bishop's College School. Dr. Myer M. Weintraub, B.A. '31, has been nominated for a short service commission (lieutenancy) in the Royal Army Medical Corps from May 17th. He will attend the Royal Army Medical College in London for two months, and spend a third month at the Royal Army Medical Corps School of Instruction, Aldershot, following which he will receive an appointment in England, or more probably on the continent.

Mr. Gordon O. Robinson, B.A. '32, recently sailed for England where he will resume his reading for the B.A. at the University of London.

The Rev'd V. J. Ottewell, B.A. '34, formerly headmaster of St. George's School, Belfree, British Honduras, is temporarily in charge of St. Matthew's Church, Quebec. It is understood that Mr. Ottewell has been appointed curate at St. Peter's Church, Sherbrooke, and will assume his duties in June.

Donald B. Mackay, B.A. '35, has completed his work at the Theological Seminary, Princeton University, Princeton, N. J., and expects to graduate on 17th May. He will be ordained to the ministry of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, and will take up work in Ontario.

The Rev'd Albert Baladwn was ordained to the Diaconate at St. Luke's Cathedral, St. John-Springfield, Ont., on 13th March. After spending the summer in the Diocese of Algoma, Mr. Baldwin will return to Bishop's to complete his final year. To both these men the Mitre extends hearty congratulations.

W. E. Walker, B.A. '37, will be in charge of the Mission of Lake Megantic and Ditchfield from 1st June.

### Alumni Notes

The following is a letter from the Rev'd Allen Brockington, M.A., '96, to the Editor of the London Times. The letter is dated 16th March, 1958.

"The Rev. Dr. Allen Brockington:

More than 40 years ago the University of Bishop's College and Bishop's College School celebrated the jubilee of their foundation at Lennoxville, one of the eastern townships of Quebec Province, of which Sherbrooke is the chief. The occasion attracted many visitors, including Lord and Lady Aberdeen. Thus although cricket seems to be..."

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