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DECEMBER, 1938

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Lennoxville
EDITIORIAL

From the last issue we, the Mitre Board, learned two things: first, that the Editorial makes a good filller, but is never read; and second, that the Mitre is attractive to look at but will soon be obliged to go on relief of death by starvation to be avoided. The first conclusion, that the Editorial is never read, gives us a wonderful feeling of security, for it is very comforting to know that one may say anything one pleases with absolute impunity. Unfortunately, however, there are times when one feels the urge to say something of considerable importance and at such times the realization that nothing, not even a one-inch high, or purple paper with white lettering, or pictures of the Fallies Bergeres, could possibly induce anyone to read what it is said, is most disconcerting. Last issue we mentioned something about the obligation of students to support their college magazine. The number of contributions for this issue tells us in a very subtle way that we were either guilty of heresy or too boring to read. Whatever failing is, however, we cannot seem to dismiss from our minds the conviction that to publish a magazine something more than advertisements is needed to fill up the pages, and having taken into due consideration every remark such as, "What can I write about?", or "I'm afraid I don't write well", or "I haven't got time", or "I will next time", we cannot but say that everyone in Bishop's knows enough about something to write for the Mitre, that everyone in Bishop's is familiar enough with the English language to write for it, that anyone Bishop's student has time to write for it, that no one in Bishop's is likely to do later what he has been able to avoid doing now.

We are criticized for publishing a magazine which lacks life, and yet all those who appear to know most about life never contribute. We are criticized for publishing a magazine which is too serious, and yet those who seem to take most interest in the Mitre are those who write for it. We are accused of being too conventional, yet the student body, is apparently quite indifferent to its existence. We therefore cease to plead for articles, stories, humour and the whole gamut of journalistic endeavour and leave the matter along with the Mitre in your faceless hands. If you want it then write for it. If you do not, then say so in the next Association meeting.

But the spirit of Christmas is in the air and therefore the vitriolic tone of this Editorial must give place to one of goodwill and brotherhood. After all, examinations, unlike the Mitre, place us all on the same raft, and we might as well hang out our shirts together.

Football, dramas, and debating have characterized this past term, and although we lost in the first and last, and struggled through adverse stage and certain conditions in the second, there can be no doubt that the term has been charged with even more than the usual Bishop's spirit. Moreover, to say that we lost in football is only a half truth, for we won as many as we lost and in our last game, which was against the runners-up to the Intermediate Inter-collegiate crown, we won a victory of which the great team of '34 might well have been proud. We would be ready to defend against any graduate of the old Alma Mater our contention that seldom has the Bishop's spirit been so manifest as it was in that game. We can only hope that this spirit will continue through the disruptive Christmas holidays and imbue the hockey and basketball teams with an invincible will to victory, and the dramatically inclined with a burning determination to produce the best major play yet staged in this least but not last of universities, Bishop's of Lennoxville.

And so aetate sol asserts until next year, and the merriment of Christmas and happen of New Years to all.

DECEMBER, 1938

Our Monarchy

An address given by His Excellency Lord Tweedsmuir, Governor-General of Canada, to the students of this university on Graduation Day of last year, June 16, 1938.

Gentlemen, you have done me a great honour in admitting me to the fellowship of your University, and I offer you my sincerest gratitude. I understand it is my duty to say a few words to you. When I look at Bishop's, situated in this beautiful valley, I think of the phrase that Lord Falkland used when he brought his friends from Oxford to stay with him at his country house of Great Tew. He called it "a college situated in a clearer air". Lord Falkland was a famous Royalist in difficult days, and it occurred to me that I might speak to you to-day for a short time, not about myself—that would be a dreary subject—but about the sovereign whom I have the honour to represent. Our system of Government is a monarchy, so hereditary monarchy. Let us consider for a few minutes what exactly that means.

The British Commonwealth to-day is a community of free nations—The United Kingdom, Ireland, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa—under one king. King George VI is King of Canada just as much as he is King of England. Now, though the Dominion of Canada is a comparatively new creation, monarchy in Canada is a very old one. The two great political parties in our population are the British and the French. Great Britain has never been anything but a monarchy—even the Commonwealth under Cromwell was one of monarchical form. There have been kings in Britain for fifteen centuries. The French in Canada, too, have never been anything but monarchists. They came to Canada long before the French Republic was thought of. We may say, therefore, that Canada is not only a national, but a royalist nation.

Monarchy means the ultimate rule of one man. You may say that it is the universal system in the world. It is perhaps the most powerful rule in the world. In another type of republic, like that of France, the president's position, while one of dignity, is largely honorary, and the actual direction of the government belongs, as with us, to the Prime Minister. In Germany the Fuhrer, and in Italy the Duce are the supreme executives. Their authority is elective only in the sense that the nation chooses in it, and it is indefinite in duration. An hereditary monarchy like ours is wholly different. It is not elective; it is monarch for life; and, while in law he is the supreme executive and the ultimate legislative authority, in practice he delegates his power to others, and has done so for centuries. As the phrase goes, he "reigns", but does not "govern".

What does that mean? What exactly are King George's powers? They are hard to define and that is because they are so real and vital. Steadily during the last two centuries in Britain the Throne has lost its definable powers and gained in dignity and significance. In law the king can do no wrong. His ministers alone are responsible and accountable. He cannot initiate a policy. What is done in his name is the work of others, and they get the credit or the blame. He never interferes, unless, as sometimes happens, things come to a deadlock and he is asked to intervene. His importance is not in what he does but in what he is. We are a democracy in which the will of the people prevails by means of their elected representatives. But the king represents the people in a deeper sense—the abiding continuity of the nation behind all the mutations and vicissitudes of parties.

Now I am not going to extol our system above other systems and compare an hereditary monarchy to its advantage with a republic or a dictatorship. There is far too much of what I might call ideological intolerance abroad in the world to-day. We have one system—that is the only right one, and the Communist makes the same claim for his. They have an almost fanatic missionary zeal and want to make the world conform to their creed. I do not say that about our system. I say that it is a good one and that it suits us better than any other. There is one feature which differentiates it from all others. You can introduce a dictatorship or a republic and get it working at once. We have seen that happen with dictatorships in Russia and Germany and Italy, and in Portugal they have a new republic which seems to get along fairly well. But you cannot start an hereditary monarchy such as ours de novo. It is an organic thing and must be the slow work of time. Furthermore, as something which grows, it is likely to have deeper roots and be more enduring than something which is merely put together.

How did it grow? Well, I am not going to give you a lecture on constitutional history, but I would remind you
how long-descended our kingship is. The blood of our royal houses goes back before the Norman Conquest to the old Saxon kings. There is no descent comparable to its duration in the world to-day; there has never been, for comparison to it other royal houses. like the Claudio-Julian House in the Roman Empire, the Capets, the Bourbons, the Hapsburgs, the Bourbon-Parma, and the Hohenzollerns, were short-lived. More important, our monarchy has always existed with the consent of the nation. It has never been a tyranny imposed from above.

The British people have often treated their kings cavalierly. In early days a man was king because he was the principal landowner or the best leader in battle, but in Britain he was never the master of the people but always their servant. As condition changed his powers and functions have been revised, and that was often a difficult business. True, the old order came to power at a time when England was broken by plague and civil war, and to get things right they had to establish a paternal government. With the Reformation and the change of economic conditions this paternalism became impossible, and because Charles I did not realize it he lost his head. In the same way his son James was sent packing because he desired government to be according to his own wishes and not those of the nation. So we discovered our modern system of parliamentary government and limited monarchy, which on the whole has worked very well. What I want you to realize is that even when we thought very little of the monarch we always thought highly of the monarchy. We might revive its functions, but by that very revision we increased its prestige. In the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth the popularity of the Georges sank very low, till it reached bottom with George IV. But even when the character of the monarch was despised the office was immensely respected. Britain has rebelled quite often against kings, but never against kingship.

Why has kingship this peculiar prestige with us? Let me suggest one or two reasons.

In the first place it focuses the historic consciousness of the nation. It is the mystical, indivisible centre of national union. It is the point around which coheres the nation's sense of a continuing personality. It gives us of to-day a sense of partnership with the old makers of Britain when we thought very little of the monarch we always thought highly of the monarchy. A very great genius would not realize it, but the majesty of Rome combined with his own person, with what was called his "genius." If you have not a centre of historic national consciousness you have to invent one. For example, to-day in Italy they have exalted the majesty of Rome; in Germany the Nordic tradition; in Russia the personality of the dead Lenin in his sarcophagus in the Moscow square. We are more happily situated, for we have not to invent. In our royal house we have a thread on which we can string all the stages in our development, all the ventures, the failures, and the triumphs of our long story.

In the second place the Throne is the centre of Empire unity. We are a Commonwealth and an Empire—a Commonwealth of free autonomous nations, monarchies of which King George is king, and one quasi-republic, Eire, which for external purposes and for defence is a kind of monarchy. We are also an Empire of territories directly governed by the Crown which are slowly moving towards responsible government. In all history there has been no such jumble of different and apparently inconsistent units in one policy. What is there in common between Canada, a white man's democracy, and say, the Fiji Islands, or between India, which is now making its first trial of self-government, and Britain, which has been self-governing for a thousand years? What is there in common between peoples who represent every race-stock on earth? Yet these differences are differences within a unity. The Throne binds the whole Empire together and gives cohesion to a vast growth whose ultimate destiny is unpredictable. There are other binding influences, such as the bonds of sentiment and blood and of tradition, but without the unifying power of the Crown none of these would hold for long. You cannot do without the personal touch in human affairs, and it is the more important the lower you go in the scale of development. To millions of dark-skinned peoples in Asia and Africa and the Isles of the Sea government means the personality of the sovereign.

Again, a hereditary monarchy such as ours prevents any violent changes which weaken attachment. Amurath succeeds to Amurath as day to night and summer to spring.
Desultory Reading

The word "desultory" meaning, as the dictionary explains, "skipping from subject to subject, disconnected, unmethodical," is generally employed today as a term of reproach. And this is natural. An age in which the growing complexity of life calls ever more and more insistently for concentration, order, and method, is apt to frown upon their opposites. And yet there are few more pleasant, or even profitable ways of spending an evening than in desultory reading, that is, if the right kinds of books are to hand; for not every sort of work is suited to this mode of perusal. Bacon reminds us, in the Essay on Studies, that "some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and few to be chewed and digested." Obviously, one can neither swallow, chew, nor digest in a casual fashion; but tasting is a desultory occupation. Precisely what books the great world of books, and transform an is a desultory occupation. Precisely what books the great

"..." obviously, one can neither books to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some to be transported some eighteen centuries into the past to the history reading, that is, if the right kinds of book are to hand; to seek other sources of interest, a desultory perusal in fact, for, as the evening wears on, will come the turn of

DECEMBER, 1938

... and so it is with those collections of essays, brief reflections on everything and everybody, which form one of the most delightful fields of English literature, a field never more avidly cultivated or productive than in recent years. The death of E. V. Lucas has doubtless sent many a reader to the bookshelf to renew acquaintance with those delightful sketches which poured so steadily from his fertile pen. An essay of E. V. Lucas is like a glass of old wine. It should be apped slowly, rolled on the tongue and backs at the palate, that the delicate flavour and charm may be savoured to the full. The opening of the little account of the man who invented the book for new commodities—"Plustast" for a gum, "Rextast" for a pen—is a case in point. "I used to think that the office did those things. But it seems that it is an industry and, a very important one." So, too, is the following description of Mr. Hazlitt's, to which I have been referring in recent years. The death of E. V. Lucas has doubtless sent many a reader to the bookshelf to renew acquaintance with those delightful sketches which poured so steadily from his fertile pen. An essay of E. V. Lucas is like a glass of old wine. It should be apped slowly, rolled on the tongue and backs at the palate, that the delicate flavour and charm may be savoured to the full. The opening of the little account of the man who invented the book for new commodities—"Plustast" for a gum, "Rextast" for a pen—is a case in point. "I used to think that the office did those things. But it seems that it is an industry and, a very important one." So, too, is the following description of Mr. Hazlitt's, to which I have been referring in recent years. The death of E. V. Lucas has doubtless sent many a reader to the bookshelf to renew acquaintance with those delightful sketches which poured so steadily from his fertile pen.
The One-Act Plays

November 7 and 8 were the occasion for the Dramatic Society's presentation of three one-act plays featuring mainly the histrionic abilities and other attractions of the first year. In spite of the defection of members of the local institutions of budding beauty and embryonic chivalry, the audience was satisfiedly large and sufficiently appreciative.

The productions showed quite conclusively that, with talent that is largely unsatiable, there is much more to be gained than lost by selecting plays that do not present too much difficulty in staging and performing. The trio was equipped with the Aristotelian beginning, middle and end, but unfortunately was strong only in its second link. Of the three dramas given, the most successful by far was the one which was easiest to stage, which had a straightforward, in fact even mundan plot, and which gave considerable latitude to the actors. While "Bargains in Cathay" did not rise to any great heights, it maintained a steady level of attractiveness throughout, a thing which the other plays failed to do. This pre-excellence was due partly to the actors, partly to the direction, but very largely to the nature of the play itself, a story with little plot, and characters which might be adapted to the actors' own personalities to a considerable extent. The choice of a heroine was particularly apt; Bishop's can look forward to much fine dramatic work from Eunestine Roy, who can already show such poise and skill on the stage (at the tender age of sweet sixteen), a Divinity student assures us—and who can doubt the word of a Divinity student—in such a matter?). The part of the hero was taken by Hume Wright, whose otherwise admirable performance was marred by the fact that he had a certain difficulty with his enunciation; however, perhaps a poet may be pardoned such a fault—did not one "hop in numbers, for the numbers came"?"

Graham, as Miss Doty, acquitted herself very well of her part, as did most of the other players. Pat Hall veiled herself in the proper nostalgia, but was perhaps a little colourless in a part that had great possibilities.

"The Little Father of the Wilderness" was marred by the tempo of the opening scene, which was far too slow. It was not until the arrival of the royal party that interest was sufficiently aroused. Surrounded by a suitably palpitating and turbulent bevy of assorted king's mistresses, past, present and yet to come, who formed an attractive if slightly inarticulate background, the king's most excellent majesty was well represented by Anthony Carlyon, who managed to convey the fitting impression of mingled royalty and levity, but was not sufficiently convincing in his final speech, which was a very important one.

"Drums of Oudie"", a play based on the defense of Lucknow theme, started well, graced by an appropriate atmosphere of mystery and threat, acted and abetted by sound effects, a pair of suitably sinister Hindu servants, and by good acting, especially on the part of Hector Bolton and Hugh Mackenzie. Mary-Elizabeth Hoye, however, as the heroine, was too self-possessed and unemotional for her rôle, and would have appeared to much better advantage in the part of an ingenue. The play ended with an intensely melodramatic scene, which would have been very hard to present for more experienced actors, and which in this particular case became a fiasco involving a few fireworks at a May 24, some almost indistinguishable words, and the doubtfully esthetic tones of bagpipes, all scrambled together rather hopelessly and seasoned with a few movements of rather futile appearance.

The presentations on the whole had been well rehearsed. Prompting was rare, and skillfully done; makeup and scenery were satisfactory, even if the main curtain did remind one inevitably of sackcloth, with or without ashes. Nevertheless the whole performance lacked the poise that is so to be found when actors are more experienced, the sustained rhythm and tempo which is present only when every member of the cast feels completely at home at every part of the play.

In general, serious drama presents more difficulties to the amateur than comedy, which is thus to be preferred for a beginning. The farce, of course, goes to the other extreme, and often does not give sufficient scope to an actor's ability, or draws him into caricature. The golden mean for the purpose would seem to be comedy, with character parts not outside the powers of self-adaptation of the actors, and without undue complications as regards staging.

Popular Fallacies

That Five Words Better No Parship—

Were we all to discredit the value of five words, to what destruction would our society be doomed. For they are the very nails and mortar which hold its structure together. The invention of the saying, in so denouncing fine words, himself employs them as a cunning device. His phrasing is not matter-of-fact or straightforward; he rather veils his true meaning under a figure of speech to protect himself from critique. The very fact that we in our fearfulness rely on fine words to cement our almost every transaction should vouch for their usefulness. Our everyday personal relationships (fragile things!) cannot be abused; we must trust our fellowmen with consideration, forgiveness, and, above all, tact. We have come to realize the value of peace, and dare not always to express our candid opinion freely. Yet by a slight turn of words the whole tone of a speech may be softened, and our message, however objectionable, conveyed successfully without unpleasantness. Our deeds are easily misconstrued, our oversights pardoned dictates, when she is in reality a mere freak of our own imagining? We do not deny that a certain regard for convention is a necessity; there is a set of common laws which all must follow, like it or no. But it is not laid down outside the powers of self-adaptation of the actors, and by

That when in Rome one should do as the Romans—

It would seem that proverbs have been formed and accepted by mankind as truths by which we may justify our weaknesses. They are convenient maxims to pacify the uneasy conscience. As this age of comparative freedom and individualism progresses we are coming to rely less and less upon the above saying. We are learning to appreciate each one of our own small degree of self-sufficiency. As often as we are reminded we are apt to forget that we have but one life to live, and—whether we realize it or not—that life is our own. Why, then, should we not live it as we please? Mrs. Grundy is a formidable phantom who tries to rule the realm about us with an iron rod. She is jealous of her own power, tenacious of what she yet retains. But need we cower before her like frightened puppies and obey her whimsical dictates, when she is in reality a mere freak of our own imagining? We do not deny that a certain regard for convention is a necessity; there is a set of common laws which all must follow, like it or no. But it is not laid down outside the powers of self-adaptation of the actors, and by
Candiditis
Or, How To Ruin Friends and Photograph People

There was a day when a man's home or his favourite bar was his castle. Gone are those days, however, for a noxious disease called "candiditis" is sweeping the nation, causing more havoc than an invasion from Mars could ever hope to do, even with the help of radio.

All over the world when dawn breaks ("Dawn over the St. Francis", Leica camera, f.2.5 at 1/50) until dusk ("Dusk over the Massawippi", Rolleicord camera, 1/2 5 at f. 11) the candid camera fan snatches his favourite "minnie", seizes his Bible, the exposure meter, and goes out to harry the ordinary citizen in the performance of his duties. His results are to be seen in such shots as "Firefighters", taken at 2.30 a.m., which happened to turn out well, but to get it the photographer must have placed himself between the firemen and the fire, a feat which the Lennoxville fire-squad would be inclined to consider impossible; or "Porter" taken at 8.35 a.m.; or even "Professor" taken at 9.10 a.m.

Having studied this disease rather carefully, I am able to announce that it is not as serious as it might first appear, and is certainly no more harmful than a case of "jitteritis". I shall briefly outline the course this affliction pursues. It may be divided into three major movements which, musically speaking, are as follows: first, a slow adagio movement pithily entitled "Stalking", then a quick one in prestissimo called "The Kill", and finally a movement with sudden emphasis referred to as "The Retreat". Here the legitimate movement of the theme stops, but if the subject is of sound wind, there may follow an informal movement in accelerando which is commonly known as "The Chase", and usually concluded by a swift passage in vibrato, a pulse-tingling series of notes as the subject finds the range.

To help those victims of the disease who are at a loss for suitable subjects, the writer is compiling a list which, it is hoped, will be of some use, despite the fact that it is not as comprehensive as might be wished, censorship as yet being in integral part of publication.

Ambrosia—The food of the gods. To get this picture wander into the dining room for dinner sometime. The technical data I leave to you, but the length of the exposure is usually in proportion to the daintiness of the food. Time, therefore, about 1/1000 sec.

Bamboo—Can be found down around the Equator, but for convenience we suggest you look for it in your search for ambrosia above.

Belle—A handsome co-ed. We suggest for this shot that you keep in mind the story of Bruce and the Spider, dealing as it does with perseverance.

Darby and Joan—The only team a lecture cannot separate, and therefore should be easy to find.

Debate—A student trying to borrow five dollars or cents.

Democrat—A member of a fast-dying race. Should be a valuable print in 1945.

Eric (or any other victim)—The props required: a bottle of gin, not too many lemons, and a willing subject. Have the lucky man drink the gin, usher him to bed, arouse him the next morning and take a candid shot of his face. It makes a great picture for scaring children, creditors or freshmen.

Edelweiss—A plant found high in the Alps, something akin to a desert water lily.

Photographer—Your hero! Must be taken in a spirit of reverence. There will be a tendency to spiritualize the subject; try to minimize this as much as possible.

Palace—The New Science Building.

Paragon—Any honour student. Be careful not to include the feet of clay.

Student—Another difficult subject to find. Try looking under the "Silence Must Be Observed" sign in the library. When cornered attempt to show signs of fight. Soothe with a promise of a distinction for Christmas.

A good shot—Student emerging from the "Encyclopaedia Britannica", also Sauve Qui Peut—A freshman bolting from the Biology lab.

Shroud—The type of gown worn by third year students.

(Continued on page 40)

Mike M. Mariner

"Now That's A Real Store!"

"I DON'T KNOW HOW THEY DO IT, BUT ROSENBLOOM'S ALWAYS HAVE JUST EXACTLY WHAT WE FELLOWS WANT.

"Now look at this Welsh Margetson dressing gown that Mary gave me for Christmas . . . Isn't it really a lot better than the gowns you usually see around? I told her that she shouldn't have bought such an expensive one, but she just smiled and said not to worry, she bought it at Rosenbloom's and the price was surprisingly low. Mary surely knows where to shop."

ROSENBLOOM'S
THE STORE FOR MEN AND BOYS
SHERBROOKE
Ship In Distress

The S.S. Bristol City, three days out of Montreal with a cargo of wheat for Manchester, ploughed heavily through a choppy sea. She was running into patches of fog which were becoming denser and more numerous as she ploughed along at a steady eight knots. On her bridge First Officer Weymss and the young Third, Hudson, were in earnest conference.

"The old man will be ordering half-speed before supper if this soup doesn't clear up," said Weymss, "and with the company tightening up schedules it won't help his record any."

"There's no sign of a let-up, it's getting thicker all the time. Sparks says the Oriol radioed she was coming into a choppy sea. She was running into patches of fog which were becoming denser and more numerous as she plugged along at a steady eight knots. On her bridge First Officer Weymss and the young Third, Hudson, were in earnest conference.

"The old man will be ordering half-speed before supper if this soup doesn't clear up," said Weymss, "and with the company tightening up schedules it won't help his record any."

Back in his cabin Hudson was pondering over the fate of the captain as he tinkered with his home-made radio set. Every two minutes his thoughts were interrupted by the deep-throated whistle. Stranks of damp mist poured in his porthole. Hudson had studied radio engineering before taking to the sea, and was a licensed amateur operator in his native city of Glasgow. At sea he was out of range of any other amateurs, but he found the time valuable to make repairs and adjustments to his tiny two-way set. He was experimenting with new resistances in his transmitter but was finding it hard to keep his mind on his work. He continued his reverie when the night...
Wonders of the Great Barrier Reef

The Great Barrier Reef of Australia is one of the great natural wonders of the world. It is the greatest living reef in existence, and for interest, variety, and beauty of the life it contains probably unrivalled by any other region of similar extent, whether on land or in the sea. The work of the tiny coral polyps responsible for the 1250 miles of coral, for the formation of hundreds of coral islands, is amazing enough, but the habits of much of the animal life associated with the reef are almost incredibly wonderful.

In the Great Barrier Reef nature has allowed herself to run riot. Marine animals which elsewhere are small and inconsiderable may grow to be giants of their race; those which elsewhere are drab and unattractive may be seen there displayed in the most brilliant colours. The life it contains is one of its greatest attractions. Whether be the delicate tints of the corals or the brilliant hues of the fish and giant clams, the beauty displayed by the reef is not surpassed by any other forms of life, not even by the flowers in our gardens. No description can adequately describe, or rather convey to the mind an impression of the beauty of the coral and the life associated with it.

Bound for the Barrier Reef! Never shall I forget that exhilarating boat trip through Australia's "Grand Canal" when I made my trip to the reef. I was tingling with excitement, as I thought of all the great natural wonders that I should shortly see. I had often heard about palm-fringed citement, as I thought of all the great natural wonders that even by the flowers in our gardens. No description can adequately describe, or rather convey to the mind an impression of the beauty of the coral and the life associated with it.

Flying fish are very common in these waters, and we did not have to wait for them long. This time we saw fish emerge; for some distance it skims over the surface with its body at an angle of about thirty degrees, its tail in the water vibrating with great rapidity as the fish gains momentum for its flight. Suddenly it rises, its body assumes the horizontal, and with its great pectoral fins rigidly outstretched it soars through the air for a hundred, two hundred yards, with ease. Its speed has gradually decreased, and in the dance of the louse the two outside performers place their feet between the wide open shells which, closing together, have gripped them like a vise. For elegance and grace, for delicacy of form and quiet beauty of colour, the sea anemones of the reef have a charm unrivalled by any form of life to be found there. They are the flowers of the reef, and many bear a close resemblance to the beautiful blooms of the chrysanthemum and the dahlia. Indeed, so close is their resemblance to flowers with their tentacles waving like dainty petals in the breeze, that many visitors do not associate them with the reef at all and its animal life. All of these delightful looking animals have a nasty method of defence. They sting with a most discomforting potency, and when a fish does happen to pass in front of one of the tentacles it is doomed. I was stung by one of these creatures, and it caused a rash to appear which took several weeks to heal.

We decided to do a little fishing during our stay on the reef, and having made ready a party we set out several times. The passion of the world we madly crave.

So such is not the case. So without more ado, this article must come to a close with the native farewell of Kia-Ore.

A PRAYER

Within these walls so many hearts have yearned For thee, the God and Saviour of mankind; So many souls have cried to hear Thy voice Of holy Peace rise o'er the shouts of youth. And Thou hast come, not with the trumpeter's blaze And clashing cymbals of the courts of Heaven, But in a moment's bush, when all is still. We oft forget to keep Thee ever near; The petty joys of youth, the thills, the loves, The passions of the world we madly crave. We cling to life until our dying breath, And yet we pray for just a second more. Once more the sun is bending low to kiss The earth . . . a softened ray remains awhile . . .

Remember us O God!

Leo Adams

DECEMBER, 1938

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THE MITRE

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Calendars

The conventional calendar consists of a large piece of heavy paper, the top half being decorated with a colourful illustration, while attached to the bottom there is a pad containing twelve sheets of paper, each of which displays the properties of the particular month which it represents. For example, just before the number one on the January sheet there is a delightfully chubby little face with the words “Full moon, Jan. 18” printed around it, while on the December sheet the number twenty-five is printed in red, the only explanation for this irregularity being a terse “Xmas, National”.

But not all calendars are conventional. There are those of the long narrow type showing a beautiful maiden with a candle in her hand about to ascend a staircase. There are those typically English ones which consist of a square of heavy cardboard, a painting of a stagecoach at an inn, and, on the end of a wretched piece of ribbon a very insignificant little calendar, which is never used but with all its superstructure makes a very nice Christmas gift for those who are not likely to send you a present but will probably be thoughtful enough to provide you with a card remiss- cent of a condensed family album as a token of their esteem and affection. The bank issues the most irritating calendars with a separate sheet for each day of the year, and though of little use as calendars, they do make the most excellent scribbling pads. Somewhat similar to these are the many perpetual calendars which the businessman receives at Christmas time, and which are intended for use on an office desk. However, since it takes several minutes of patient manipulation to cause the symbols “Tue, Jan. 6” to appear at the various microscopic windows, their perpetuity usually lasts till about the middle of January, when they are brought home and given to the children to play with.

The grocery man issues a calendar with an impressionistic pastoral scene on it, while the plumber invariably has his hunting trip with a case of the brewery’s best beer placed prominently in the bow of the canoe, or on the back of some burly gentleman whose grin is only equalled in majesty by the corporation below it. The insurance company’s calendars are decorated with paintings by obscure but capable artists, and depict historical scenes which are fully explained if anyone can work up sufficient interest and energy to insert the calendar on its perilous hook, twist the neck behind recognition, and read the lengthy note on the back.

But the finest calendars of all are those which are given out by the French hair tonic companies, and which are always to be found on display in barber shops. Invariably they are huge in size, and depict a luxuriant long-haired beauty doubtfully draped in a filmy shawl, and languorously posed in a typical romantic arbour, complete with marble columns half-hidden by trailing ivy, and sickly pale moon conveniently casting its beams on the shimmering surface of a pond. In one hand she holds a single rosebud upon which she gazes rapturously, while with the other she clutches at her scanty costume in a not very convincing performance of maidenly modesty.

But what of calendars at Bishop’s? The main use of a calendar is to give dates, and since our Australian friends have informed us that dates appear to be the most important things in Canadian college life, it seems to me that calendars should be of utmost importance to the students. Despite this, I have ascertained by a personal survey that about fifty percent of the students of Bishop’s are without calendars. At first this might appear to be purely an oversight on their part, but since it is well known that Bishop’s students do nothing unusual unless there is a sound policy behind it, may I suggest that this scarcity of calendars is intended as an all-inclusive excuse for the many absences from lectures? It is obvious that if a student does not know what day it is, he can hardly be expected to have any but the most general idea of what lectures to attend.

Some of the calendars I did find, however, proved to be rather interesting, and it was curious to note how the calendars reflected the character of their owners. The first room I entered was that of a student who prides himself on his scholastic industry. His calendar was nothing extraordinary, coming as it did from a local lunch counter, and illustrated with one of those colourful but confusable harbour scenes which look rather attractive but leave no distinct impression on the memory, but it was significant that over each of the dates there was pencilled a number which told — and not a little proudly, it seemed to me — of the hours spent in study thus far.

In the next room — a freshman’s — there was, above his desk, what once had been a respectable calendar. All that remained were the November and December sheets pinned haphazardly to the wall with a single thumb tack. The November sheet had been turned up so often that it was wrinkled beyond repair, and stuck out at such an angle that the December sheet was plainly visible beneath. As

(Continued on page 41)
The Ethics of Hitch-Hiking

Being a day student, and thus dependent to a certain extent on passing motorists for my transportation to and from college, it is natural that I should choose this subject on which to write. Not only am I a non-resident, but a third year non-resident, that is to say, hitch-hiking is no longer a novelty to me, but rather a science.

One does not hail passing automobiles from street corners for over two years without learning a few tricks about the game. The practice of these artifices renders the "thumbing" process less tiring and more effective. To be a successful hiker it is necessary to adopt a definite technique.

Hitch-hiking, to the casual observer, appears merely to consist of two elementary movements, standing erect on one's feet and raising a significant arm at each passing car. Actually it is not as simple as that. In the first place, the experienced highway chiseler does not boldly hold out his closed hand with the thumb pointing in the direction of travel, but lifts it rather apologetically, not firmly clenched, and combines with this action a questioning gaze at the driver. This, by experiment, has been found to be the best stance.

Secondly, hitch-hiking is essentially a selective process. It is definitely not ethical to thumb for everything that passes. The proper choice of cars comes only with experience, but even the rank beginner can exercise a little discretion. For instance, one would never hail a car which seemed to be full, or one which laboured as though it might stop with one foot. Good judgment is probably the most vital pre-requisite of an effective hitch-hiker. He must exercise great care in his efforts to get a ride so as not to incur the resentment of the motorists if he abuses the privilege he has not only himself, but a vast army of others who depend on it for transportation.

Courteous is the keynote. Some imprudent people make angry gestures at the backs of cars which do not stop, heedless of the fact that the driver may perhaps see them. Others have been known to hold up the person who gave them the ride, and even to assault him. Such abuses have done much to discredit the hitch-hiking system, and have even caused legislation to be enacted against it in certain of the United States. The great majority are not impudent or otherwise objectionable, but the inconsequent few have spoiled things for them as well as for themselves.

Ethical hitch-hiking, as practised by most Bishop's students, has little in it to which objection may be taken. The basic principle may be distasteful to some, as it is really a kind of begging, but most motorists resignedly stop when hailed.

From the car owner's point of view, however, there are several objections to accepting a stranger as a passenger. From the car owner's point of view, however, there are several objections to accepting a stranger as a passenger. He may be a robber or fugitive; he may carry lice which have spoilt things for them as well as for themselves. He may be a minor negro, and combines with this action a questioning gaze at the driver. This, by experiment, has been found to be the best stance.

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Courteous is the keynote. Some imprudent people make angry gestures at the backs of cars which do not stop,
To Men
Who Are Reconsidering Their Wills...

Many Wills, made years ago, are being reconsidered today

ONE REASON — IS THE NECESSITY OF BRINGING THEM UP-TO-DATE TO MEET PRESENT CONDITIONS
ANOTHER IMPORTANT REASON IS THE DESIRE TO PLACE ESTATE ADMINISTRATION IN RESPONSIBLE AND EXPERIENCED HANDS FOR FUTURE FAMILY PROTECTION.

Officers of our Trust Department will be pleased to discuss with you the financial aspects of Estate disposition, the advantages of service as Executor and Trustee as well as the approximate cost of such service.

An interview will not obligate you in any way and will be treated in absolute confidence.

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The reason for this is that the people who drive their own cars between these centres soon become acquainted with the boys standing on the corner with books under their arms, and recognize them as good risks. As a result, a sort of fellowship develops among the travelling salesmen and others who traverse the route regularly. When one of this tacitly contracted fellowship driver along it is unnecessary to ask him for a lift because he stops voluntarily. In reality, then, this is not simple hitch-hiking, but a more highly developed outgrowth of it.

But it is the ethics of the plain article with which we are now concerned and obliged to deal. There is an unwritten code of conduct among the day-student body of the college regarding hitch-hiking. Certain things are simply taboo. The license plate of an approaching automobile is examined to make sure it is not a taxi, which would never be hailed. A car driven by a woman who is alone or accompanied only by one of her own sex is likewise unfair game. Garage cars, with the telltale X lettering on the license plates, have been found to be disappointing when travelling in a southerly direction, because they go only as far as Wellington Street South; but in Lennoxville they are good bets as they are usually heading for a Sherbrooke garage.

Almost as zealously avoided as taxis are the cars of truck farmers, who are notoriously poor drivers and whose machines are not always in good condition. A typical ride with one of this kind involves a drafty seat on an egg crate or flour bag with several stops on route. The unfortunate part of this is that the farmers are usually very willing to carry the boys to college, and the boys do not disappoint them because of the principle never to refuse offered rides for fear of losing goodwill.

Another technical point observed by the ethical is to take up a stance on the side of the intersection nearest the destination. Intersections are best, as there is naturally more traffic there, and the far side is used to avoid causing cars to stop in the middle of the junction. On getting into a benevolent driver's car it is wise to greet him with a cheerful "thank you", and to answer politely any questions he may ask. It is distinctly unwise to comment on the car unless the remarks are incapable of misinterpretation. Most drivers are fond of their automobiles and resent any unfavourable criticism.

As yet, the hitch-hiking situation in Sherbrooke is good, but with the advent of radio police cars it is not likely to remain so. The cruising patrolmen, at a loss for something to do, will light on the thumbers with high glee. A happy, contented flock in the past, the Bishop's hitch-hiking union will probably be broken up with the advent of the spring season.

SLEEP

"Go to thy rest,
Thy daily work is done.
Look to the hills and see
The dying sun.
Go to thy rest,
The silver moon is here
To softly hang above,
Translucent, clear.
Go to thy rest,
The shades of evening fall
To gently blanket you
Till morning call."

And so to rest
In slumber, precious gift,
Into night's sleepy realm
I slowly drift.

Leon Adams
Re Sports

Under existing circumstances football would seem to be a most unimportant topic for discussion, but in the interests of protecting "Re Sports" must I present its official record. The season ended with the annual rugby banquet which was a masterful example of modern chaos. All the elements that constitute human society seem to have been present and once again freedom of speech, action and conscience was re-affirmed for democracy—in the best interests of civilization! Apart from the forever, well deserved athletic awards were granted to members of the team: Major B's to Scott, Flin-tofts, Lane, W. Tulk, Walters, Cooper, Starnes, Greenwood, Bradley, Breden, Hay, Udalaf, and Noel; Minor B's to Don Paterson, Everett, and R. Tulk. Presumably the freshman awards will be presented next year.

In connection with the last three games of the season the usual quarter-by-quarter summary is in order.

BISHOP'S AT LOYOLA

On October 22 almost the entire student body migrated to Montreal on the occasion of the traditional Loyola weekend. The first game with Loyola had by no means discouraged the team or the most pessimistic supporters; everybody looked forward to a close struggle. Events, however, proved otherwise, as the following summary will show. In the first few minutes of play Loyola carried the ball deep into Bishop's territory but failed to break through the desperate defence for a score. Bishop's attack was ineffective, but a kick fumbled by Loyola gave Bishop's the ball on Loyola's forty-yard line at the end of the first quarter. In the second quarter Loyola began to penetrate the Bishop's defence. By a series of tricky plays, including a deceptive forward forty-yard line at the end of the first quarter. In the second half Loyola played the last game of their intermediate schedule at Molson's Stadium against McGill. All who witnessed it acclaimed it as the best game of the season—for obvious reasons. In the first quarter Bishop's kicked the ball deep into McGill territory and kept it there. An exchange of kicks gave Bishop's the ball on the McGill thirty-five yard line, and Bradley's next kick crossed the line and went out of touch for the first point of the game. McGill continued to pile up the score. For Bishop's scoring punch was only slightly increased. A rouge kicked by Bradley made the score 9-0 at three-quarter time. In the last quarter Bishop's "bad man" was removed for "fighting," and for awhile it looked as though Macdonald would score. Bishop's recovered the ball into Mac­donald territory, scoring another rouge after twelve minutes of play. The game ended with the score Bishop's 10, Macdonald 0.

MACDONALD AT BISHOPS

October 29 brought the Macdonald College team out to Lennoxville in search of revenge for the defeat handed out by them to Bishop's in the earlier part of the season. The Bishop's boys, on the other hand, intended to surmount themselves. It so happened that they did—to a certain extent. In the first ten minutes of play the merits of the teams were more or less equal, but a long forward pass to Cooper and a court of runs by Greenwood and Scott gave Bishop's the ball on Macdonald's fifty-yard line. An attempted onside kick resulted in a rouge for Bishop's making the score 1-0 at quarter time. In the second quarter Bishop's began to advance into Macdonald territory; a forward to Walters placed the ball on Macdonald's twenty-five; an onside kick to Flintoft gave Bishop's a touchdown, and a successful convert made the score 8-0 in favour of the home team. Several plays later Bishop's were again placed in a scoring position after Macdonald had been penalized heavily for high tackling. Bradley kicked a rouge and the half ended Bishop's 8, Macdonald 0.

In the second half the play slowed up considerably. Bishop's maintained the superiority in the play, but the score was only slightly increased. A rouge kicked by Bradley made the score 9-0 at three-quarter time. In the last quarter Bishop's "bad man" was removed for "fighting," and for awhile it looked as though Macdonald would score. Bishop's recovered the ball into Mac­donald territory, scoring another rouge after twelve minutes of play. The game ended with the score Bishop's 10, Macdonald 0.

THE ROAD RACE

With one substitution, the team that won the Dunns cup relay race last year romped home to victory this Fall. To Messrs. Tulk, Smith, Schöch, Cooper, and Magee—the dark horse—the rest of the student body offers applause, etc. The entry included "crack" teams from both the third and the first years; as usual the devils were conspicuous by their absence. Statistics regarding time and other vital details have been posted on the notice board; to repeat them would be folly.

SOCCER

The following summary of the soccer activities for the season of 1933 was contributed by F. M. Bunbury, an interested party.

This year showed an all-round improvement in field sports at Bishop's. Included in these is that insignificant game—soccer. The season was started rather late, but eventually, with a grant from the Students' Council, the team entered a league. This league was the same as that of last year; the teams being Bishop's, Cookshire and Lennoxville. A team from Sherbrooke applied for admission to the league, but was rejected on the grounds that Cookshire and Lennoxville felt Sherbrooke was too strong for them. Perhaps if Bishop's could have played with Sherbrooke our boys would have met with more opposition than Cookshire or Lennoxville would have been able to give them. In the first exhibition game Bishop's downed Lennoxville by the score of 2-1. In league fixtures Bishop's never lost a game; Lennoxville was beaten by scores of 7-0 and 1-0; McGill was beaten 1-0 and tied 0-0. Lennoxville forfeited a four-point game to Cookshire. The invincible Bishop's team rested comfortably at the top of the league. As a reward the student body on the Lennoxville station platform. For Bishop's could have played with Sherbrooke our boys would have met with more opposition than Cookshire or Lennoxville would have been able to give them. In the first exhibition game Bishop's downed Lennoxville by the score of 2-1. In league fixtures Bishop's never lost a game; Lennoxville was beaten by scores of 7-0 and 1-0; McGill was beaten 1-0 and tied 0-0. Lennoxville forfeited a four-point game to Cookshire. The invincible Bishop's team rested comfortably at the top of the league. As a reward the student body on the Lennoxville station platform.

INTER-YEAR BASKETBALL

This term saw the introduction of inter-year basketball under the management of H. Mortimer, a divine. Outstanding teams represented all years including Divinity. From present league standings and risking a reputation as a prophet, I venture to say that the play-offs next term will be between First and Third year—with only one possible outcome. The divines seem to miss the services of R. L. Gourley, who rather fancies himself as a referee of the game. The work will be between First and Third year—with only one possible outcome. The divines seem to miss the services of R. L. Gourley, who rather fancies himself as a referee of the game. The work will be between First and Third year—with only one possible outcome. The divines seem to miss the services of R. L. Gourley, who rather fancies himself as a referee of the game. Further details will appear in the next issue of the Mitre—which makes it rather hard to say when.
following so closely the ideal autumn weather, the wintry blasts of the last few days have come as a distinct shock. The old Bishop's complaint is heard that "they roast us in warm weather and turn off the heat in cold weather." However, all the shivering is not caused by the cold. People are suddenly beginning to realize that the exams are upon them. Some are even seriously considering buying texts and finding out what the courses are all about.

The manner in which students pile out of the college when the fire siren sounds in the village would do credit to professional firemen. Cries of fire! echo through the buildings. Pounding feet rush in all directions. Figures in various stages of dress and undress drop from fire escapes and slide down poles. In no time the college is deserted and at the scene of disaster, they are bustling out furniture, moving lumber and making suggestions—both wise and otherwise. At the Bow Lumber Company's fire the boys were complimented on their good work. The collegians in fact form a sort of auxiliary fire brigade.

A very interesting address was given on November 24 by an Indian graduate of Cambridge University, Abdullah Yusuf Ali. Speaking under the auspices of the National Council of Education he was introduced to the audience by Dr. McGreer. Mr. Ali chose as his subject "India under the new Regime." He first pointed out the extreme difficulty of forming a satisfactory constitution for a country with a population of three hundred and fifty million composed of many distinct nationalities of whom eighty per cent were illiterate. Going back through history he showed that the British had pursued a policy of gradually increasing the number of Indians in administrative positions. In 1831, when Lord Curzan was viceroy, elected members were first sent up to the Council. During the Great War, with the Earl of Minto as viceroy, the council was enlarged to admit more native members. Recently, in spite of trouble with the Indian Congress Nationalists, the newly composed Council of Education he was introduced to the audience by Dr. McGreer. Mr. Aikman, principal of Lennoxville High School, and J. K. Fiaherty of the Sherbrooke Daily Record.

On November 27 Frederick F. Thonemann, a member of the touring Australian debating team, delivered a highly entertaining talk on Australian university life. Mr. Thonemann who has a delightful sense of humour made some rather amusing comparisons between Canadian and Australian colleges. The American influence is blamed for our over-emphasis on organized sport, the growth of fraternities, and the lack of interest in political and social affairs.

"In Australia universities are places to take notes and swot them up," claims Mr. Thonemann. Well perhaps it is right but I have my suspicions. Moreover we can't altogether appreciate the views held by the two leading student political societies "down under", one of which is socialist and atheistic, while the other favours an independent Australian kingdom. They take their debates seriously down there. A recent college one attended by 3,700 ended in a riot. We can almost appreciate his views on women. He had never heard the word "date" until his visit here, and he objected strenuously to the involved business of asking a girl out at a proper time, paying for a taxi, dancing endlessly, meeting all her friends and relatives, buying her something to eat, and so on. In Australia, if you feel in the mood, you simply grab the nearest woman and say: "Come on, we're going places!" or the Australian equivalent.

The McGill Western game attracted many Bishop's students to Montreal. Bar Westgate, procured a prehistoric type of vehicle which was regarded with some apprehension by those unhappy youths destined to ride in it — and with good reason. In spite of Sundry ominous noises all went well until the Harbour Bridge was reached when it gave up the ghost and refused to budge. Propelled partly by unwilling hands and partly by a passing Good Samaritan, it was left in a garage while its occupants took in the last five minutes of the game.

After consoling themselves as befits university students, Walters, Cragg, et al, started home about midnight. When half way, their means of transport finally decided to quit.

Notes and Comments

The purest form in which tobacco can be smoked.
for the night. While waiting for a towing truck the boys enjoyed a festive slumber in a palatial Greyhound bus.

These people who chose a more civilized form of transport arrived in good time for the game, although immediately afterwards the McGill snake dance caused truly remarkable traffic conditions in downtown Montreal.

Evidently Bishop's Grids don't forgive "Little Oxford" for when other means had failed, a running Bishop's yell brought immediate admission to Douglas Hall. Many grads were notified keeping up the Bish traditions in the metropolm. Prince Rivette was in the thick of the mêlée after the game, but fortunately it wasn't necessary to put on a French impersonation at local police stations. Delaney gave an interesting lecture on staff. Henry Trembleau led an impromptu chorus at the Peel. Bruce Carter was wandering around looking for something at the Mount Royal. Jim Bkie warmly shook hands with us at least six times, and assured us there was no place like "good old Bish".

Frank Evans is cheer leader at McGill. Rumour has it that "Lefty" will not return to his usual post this winter. We will all miss him if this is true for he is one of the college's most ardent supporters. Who can forget his cheery greeting and polite manner of expression as he says, "now come my good fellows. The bell has rung and you must get off the ice. No, you must get off now. I'm sorry, but I can't let you skate any longer. What? Oh well, just a few more minutes then"?

Which reminds us of "Shag" Shaughnessy's reserved protest to a Montreal cop. "Officer we are really in a frightful hurry. Do you suppose you could give us the right of way?"—or words to that effect.

"Soup" Blatchford who was recently flooded out of house and home . . . The new cook is receiving a minimum of sympathy. Ernie Codere is the latest to succumb to the Soup. Ernie Codere is the latest to succumb to the Soup.

Among Jack Martin's accomplishments is that of a "barker" at Rotary Fair booths . . . We sympathize with the New Arts was greatly attracted by the beauty and other things of a nearby summer resort, but if he is thinking about Thetford's fatal charms, he talks about Hill 70, but isn't that in the Laurentians?

Amidst the. training rules having been relegated to the shelf, a good time was had by all before, during, and after the dinner. The C. O. T. C. dance was a great success, with the gymnasium filled to overflowing. Most of the members of the unit were present in uniform, in addition to numerous guests. Hosts and hostesses included Dr. and Mrs. McGreer, Dr. Boothroyd and Mrs. Boothroyd, Prof. Scott and Mrs. Scott, and Col. and Mrs. McNAulty.

What is it about Thetford Mines that attracts our students? In the earlier part of the term a certain resident of the New Arts was greatly attracted by the beauty and other things of a nearby summer resort, but if he is thinking about Thetford's fatal charms, he talks about Hill 70, but isn't that in the Laurentians?

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Notes

Due to the rush in preparing the material for the October issue of the Mitre, there were one or two mistakes made. We apologize to William G. Stockwell for confusing him with his brother, Walter C. Stockwell, also reporting for him as a B.A. ’38. Bill graduated from Bishop’s in ’31, while Walter and Ivan graduated in ’32. Assistance from graduates in the form of news items is still lacking, but we have hopes that there will be some help forthcoming before the next issue of the Mitre.

Mr. H. T. Holden, B.A. ’38, who was our Senior Man last year, has been appointed to the teaching staff of Bishop’s College School, Lenniville, Que. He is taking the place of Mr. C. F. “Chick” Carson, B.A. ’35, who has gone to Upper Canada College to rescribe his teaching.

Miss M. A. Platt, B.A. ’37, has received an appointment on the teaching staff of St. Rose High School, Scotstown, Que.

We neglected to include in our last issue Mr. W. J. Lunderville, B.Sc.’38, Mr. R. B. Boothroyd, B.Sc. ’38, and Mr. F. B. Evans, B.Sc. ’38. These three graduates are attending McGill University this year. Mr. Lunderville is taking a course in Chemical Engineering; Mr. Evans his M.Sc. in Chemistry and Mr. Boothroyd his M.Sc. in Biology.

In the October issue, we neglected to congratulate our Rhodes Scholars on their success at Oxford. C. L. O. “Opgie” Glass, B.A. ’35, had a very good second in Modern Greats, while G. C. Eberts, B.A. ’34, had a third class in the same subject. Mr. A. G. Whalley, B.A. ’35, a third Rhodes Scholar, who is at Oriel College, Oxford, has been taking quite a varied and successful college life. He was in the first college boat and was one of the Oriole College boat crew that rowed at Henley on Thames last summer. The London Times correspondent said that this crew were the best he had ever seen in the river.

From McGill College, Montreal, we receive reports from other Bishop’s graduates. Mr. H. H. Rugg, B.A. ’35, stood second in the class of Third Year Engineering June last. Messrs. E. F. H. Boottroyd, B.A. ’34, and R. B. Lamb, B.A. ’36, both had very good Second Class standings in their First Year Law examinations. Mr. H. J. “Shaver” Scott, B.A. ’35, successfully completed his First Year in Medicine.

Mr. W. J. H. Bassett, B.A. ’34, and Mrs. Bassett (Muir Bissett, B.A. ’34) recently moved to Toronto, Ont., where Mr. Bassett joined the staff of the Toronto Globe and Mail. Some time ago, Mr. Bassett was sent to Washington, D. C., on special work.

Dr. G. A. Tumilson, B.A. ’32, has successfully brought into operation a method for the commercial extraction of vanilla from the waste sulphite liquor in paper mills in Cornwall, Ont.

Mr. W. P. B. Godsey, B.A. ’37, has been chemist to the Miner Rubber Company’s factory at Granby, Que., for the past year.

The Rev’d D. P. Clark, B.A. ’32, has been appointed Acting Warden of St. Chad’s Theological College in Regina, Sask.

Mr. Russell “Joe” Blincoe, B.A. ’30, who has been playing professional hockey for the Montreal Maroons for the past four years, is this year a member of the Chicago Blackhaws, world’s champions of last year.

Mr. W. G. Bassett, B.A. ’30, Ph.D., a former editor and president of the board of the Mitre, has returned from England by Mrs. Bassett. They are now residing in Lenniville, Que.

Rev’d William W. Davis, B.A. ’31, was inducted on Friday, October 14, as rector of St. Matthew’s Anglican Church at Quebec, Que. Rev. Philip Carrington, Lord Bishop of Quebec, officiated at the ceremony.

Rev’d Arthur E. Gaulfield, B.A., L.L.D., ’37, has been appointed Secretary-Treasurer of a group of Bishop’s University alumni, who meet annually in Orela, Ont., at the time of the Diocesan Synod. We would be very pleased to hear from Mr. Gaulfield.

Mr. Heath Gray, B.A. ’31, has returned to McGill University to continue his research work for a Ph.D.

Among the Bishop’s Old Boys returning to Lenniville for the fall football games were W. J. Lunderville, B.A. ’35, J. M. E vans, B.A. ’35, and R. B. Boothroyd, B.Sc. ’38, from McGill University; Montreal; W. L. O. Carter, B.A. ’38, and F. N. Syster, B.A. ’38, from Laval University, Quebec, Que.

Mr. R. Evans, B.A. ’34, and Mr. D. G. W. Rowe, B.A. ’38, returned to Lenniville for a short time on Armistice Day weekend.

Mr. A. E. England, B.A. ’34, who graduated in Theology from the Toronto Bible College, accepted a call to become pastor of the Baptist Church at Thurso, Que., and entered upon his new duties there in May last.

Constable E. Brakefield Moore, M.A. ’30, R.C.M.P., successfully passed the examinations, with high standing, of the Second Year Faculty of Law at the University of New Brunswick Law School, St. John, N.B. During the summer Constable Moore did police work at St. John and lectured to the R.C.M.P. Reservists at Fredericton, N.B.

DECEMBER, 1938

Ian K. Hume, B.A.’33, is now on special duty in the Montreal Police Department. He led the Montreal Police to a win in the July track and field meet in Molson Stadium, Montreal, before a crowd of 10,000 people. The Montreal Police took the Montreal Police Athletic Association title from the Toronto Police, who had captured it five successive times.

Mr. Ronald N. Barrett, B.A. ’38, has secured a position as chemist with the Canadian Celanese Company, at Drummondville, Que., and has been there for about two months.

Mr. W. J. Rogers, B.C. ’38, has been appointed to the position of demonstrator in the Department of Science at the University of Toronto, Toronto, Ont.

Mr. O. H. Swayne, B.A. ’37, is now teaching at Verdun High School, Verdun, Que.

Miss Flora N. G. Brilhart, B.A. ’37, is on the teaching staff of Granby High School, Granby, Que., this year.

Dr. E. E. Marks, B.A. ’28, has been appointed to the position of Research Chemist with the Imperial Tobacco Company of Canada, Ltd.

Dr. John J. Donin, B.A. ’38, has recently opened an office on Harvard Avenue, Montreal, for the practice of surgery.

Rev’d Sydney Wood has been transferred from Scottstown, Que., to St. Stephen’s Roman Catholic Church, Montreal, Que., and Mr. Ruphus Croomwell, B.A. ’31, is now taking a course in Law at Laval University, Quebec, Que.

Mr. H. H. Calder, B.A. ’29, has been appointed principal of the Intermediate School at Arvida, Que.

Mr. Glenn G. Bennett, B.A. ’38, is now taking an M.A. course in History, together with some courses in Education at Boston University, Boston, Mass. He writes: ‘The University is much different from Bishop’s. It looks like a Quory or a department store. Elevators zoom up and down six to eight floors. It is quite a change from the quietness of Bishop’s, and the view of Professor Call’s garden from my room in the Old Lodge.’

Dr. E. M. Blake, B.A. ’29, who was a recent visitor at the University, is now practicing his profession in Waterloo, Que.

Mr. G. A. McArthur, M.A. ’31, has recently been appointed a School Inspector. Mr. McArthur was formerly at Arvida, Que.

We congratulate the Rev’d A. Dixon Rollitt, L.L.D. ’31, and Miss Rollitt on the birth of a daughter in the Normanda General Hospital on the 21st of October. Mr. and Mrs. Rollitt are residing in Renfrew, Que., at present.

It is with the deepest regret that we announce the death of Dr. W. J. Kerr, the first Dean of Dentistry appointed at the University of Bishop’s College. Dr. Kerr was a charter member and past president of the Montreal Dental Association, of which he was formerly the oldest surviving member.

ENGAGEMENTS

The engagement is announced of Mr. C. L. Oggan Glass, B.A. ’37, and Miss Janet Wright McNiel, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Franklin McNiel, of Boston, Mass.

The engagement of the Rev’d E. C. Royles, L.L.D. ’35, to Miss Alice E. Ross, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Ross, Jr., of Westmount, Que., is announced. The marriage will take place in January, 1939.

MARRIAGES

Wright-Valentine — The Rev’d C. S. Wright, L.L.D. ’34, was married to Miss Helen Daisy Valentine, fourth daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Valentine, of Carleton, Surrey, on July 11, at St. John’s Church, Caterham Valley, Surrey.

Smith-Beer — Miss A. Geraldine Reese, B.A. ’31, was married to Mr. L. Noel Smith in Lennoxville United Church on September 18, by the Rev’d R. B. Matthews.

The bride was attended by Mrs. Edward Massey (Jesse Knowles, B.A. ’30) of Montreal, Que. Out of town guests at the wedding included Mr. E. E. Massey, B.A. ’29, Mr. H. H. Vanier, and Miss Helen Edye, B.A. ’31, of Quebec City, Que.

Pattie-Stearns — We record the marriage of Miss Barbara Russell Stearns of New Canaan, Conn., to Dr. Chauncey Jonathan Pattee, B.A. ’31, of Montreal, Que.

Among the ushers was Mr. Frank Lyle Pattee, B.A. ’28, and Mrs. Massey, and Miss Alison Ewing, B.A. ’33, of Montreal, Que.

MARRIAGES

Matz-Bayne — In St. Andrew’s Church, La Touce, on August 27, Miss Helen Katherine Bayne, B.A. ’34, only daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Bayne, was married to Mr. George Henry Matz of Quebec City. Miss Katherine Savage, B.A. ’34, was maid of honour.

Williams-Pike — Another wedding of interest to the class of ’34 took place in St. Mark’s Chapel, at the University on the ninth of July, when Mr. Francis Arthur Williams, B.A. ’34, was married to Miss Dorothy Lillian Pike of Vernon, B.C. The ceremony was performed by the Rev’d A. E. Rollitt, M.A. ’33, rector of Knowlton, Que.

The bride was given away by Mr. Jonathan Robinson, B.A. ’26, B.C.L., of Montreal.

Denison-MacAulay — Mr. Eyvette Ernest Denison, B.A. ’30, was married in Sherbrooke, Que., on August 29, to
CARSON—The marriage of Ruth Elizabeth, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David Morrison Gee to Mr. REGINALD ARTHUR CARSON, B.A., '31, took place on November 5 at the United Church, Melbourne, Que. Mr. and Mrs. Carson will reside at 11 Walton Avenue, Sherbrooke, Que.

Mackay-Beattie—The marriage took place in Cleveland, Ohio, on Saturday, November 26, 1938, of the Rev’d DONALD BRUCE MACKAY, B.A., '35, to Miss Mary Jane Beattie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Beattie of Shaker Heights, Cleveland. Mr. Mackay is now minister of the Georgetown Presbyterian Church, Howick, Que.

McHarg-Macdonald—The marriage of Marion Ellen, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. M. S. Macdonald of Sherbrooke, to Mr. JOSEPH SYDNEY MCHARG, B.A., '33, took place at Trinity United Church, Sherbrooke, on August 27. The Rev’d R. Wilson Carr, pastor of Cookshire United Church performed the ceremony, assisted by the Rev’d F. A. C. DOXME, of Plymouth United Church, Sherbrooke. Miss Muriel McHarg, B.A., '25, was one of the bridesmaids, and Mr. G. N. Goff, B.A., '38, was best man. Among the ushers were Mr. K. L. Nish, B.A., '35, and Mr. Lyman Tomkins, B.A., '35. Mr. and Mrs. MCHARG will reside in Howick, Que., where Mr. McHarg is principal of the high school.

McKergow-Parsons—At St. Agatha’s, Quebec, on the second of July the marriage took place of Miss CLARA PEACH PARSONS, B.A., '35, to Mr. ALBERT ROGER MCKERGOW, who was a member of the University in 1934-35. The ceremony was performed in St. Alban’s Church by the Rev’d Sidney Wood assisted by the Rev’d E. M. Wilson of the United Church, Waterloo, Que.

Johnston-Behm—At St. Matthew’s Church, Quebec City, on July 16, Miss Margarette A. Behm, daughter of the late Jules W. Behm and Mrs. Behm, became the bride of MAJOR TEALD A. JOHNSTON, B.A., '27, son of Dr. ALFRED JOHNSTON of Cookshire, Que. The ceremony was performed by the Ven. Archdeacon Scott, M.A., D.C.L., assisted by the Rev’d Canon A. R. Kelley. After a motor trip in the United States, Major and Mrs. Johnston took up their residence in Quebec City.

Seale-Linton—Miss MARY JANE LINTON, B.A., '34, was married to Mr. John M. A. Seale on the fourth of June. The ceremony took place at St. Philip’s Church, Montreal West, Montreal. One of the bridesmaids was Miss Edith Smith, B.A., '34, of Waterville, Que.
Alumni Association

Since the last issue of The Mitre in 1937, there have been two major meetings of the Alumni Association, including the annual meeting. The first of these summer meetings was held in the Windsor Hotel, Montreal, on May 7, 1938. The election of officers was postponed to a later date, a Nominating Committee being elected at this meeting. After the business had been attended to, the meeting adjourned to the Blue Room, where dinner was served. At the dinner, the two chief speakers were Chief Justice Green, rector of South West Harbour, Maine, were held in St. Mark's Chapel on the 19th of November. Mr. Carson was the father of Mr. R. A. Carson, m.a. '05, rector of South West Harbour, Maine, were held in St. Mark's Chapel on the 19th of November. Mr. Carson was the father of Mr. R. A. Carson, m.a. '05. Interment

An article entitled "Xmas", from the Xaverian Weekly, should give those of us who are about to go through the trying ordeal of examinations some glimmer of hope. Part of the article reads: "College examinations, like most of life's tests, are within the capacity of most of us. The very fact that we have fulfilled the requirements for entrance into college verifies this. If we have applied our studies diligently and conscientiously to the work assigned us, we need have no fears of the outcome. If we have not done so, it is not yet too late to begin." So buckle down, there is still hope for some of us.

An editorial entitled "Co-ed Cheer-Leaders" appeared in the McGill Daily, and proved interesting. We reprint this editorial in the hope that, with added interest, we might live in Bishop's in the co-op cheer-leader the solution to a certain lack of sincerity and coordination in the cheering during our recent rugby games. Says the McGill Daily: "A few years ago the situation was made to have co­ords assist regular cheer-leaders at football games. This suggestion was promptly rejected on the grounds that such action was 'undignified' and 'unbecoming' of students at the University. Today we revere the co-op of 'co-op cheer­leaders' and hope that past objections might not be so strenuous. For we feel to see such a move, if properly organized, would be 'undignified'.

"Cheer-leaders at Saturday's game worked hard and produced better results than usual. Yet something was still lacking. We believe this 'something' was 'colour' and 'novelty'." No group of men cheer-leaders, no matter how great their knowledge, will ever replace the enthusiasm of a few hundred spectators for two hours. Variety is necessary, and we propose this variety be furnished by co-eds.

Many universities have adopted with great success the plan of using co-eds as regular cheer-leaders and one team of men cheer-leaders. Can McGill benefit by such a plan? Only a trial can tell!" The Brunswickian, the weekly of the University of New Brunswick, seems to have really" support of the idea, but puts forth the statement that they lack even regular male cheer-leaders. In this respect the University of New Brunswick is in no way as much as the same position as we are in Bishop's. True, one or two Bishop's students have attempted to lead in the cheering, but there has been little organization in their efforts, and the student body has not been very helpful in following them. Enthusiastic cheering makes all the difference. If a team's plan of, and if a team feels that their friends are really behind them, they will put forth their efforts with renewed fire. A nattily attired co-ed leading a properly organized cheering section would, I am sure, make a great difference to our team's chances. It would be an experiment, but an experiment well worth trying.

Gowns," an editorial containing a discussion on the wearing of gowns to lectures and university ceremonies, appeared in a recent issue of Mount Allison University's Argosy Weekly. The subject is of most interest to the Bishop's student, as the wearing of a gown has become the usual custom at Mount Allison. Following the statement that they lack even regular male cheer-leaders, and one team of men cheer-leaders. Can McGill benefit by such a plan? Only a trial can tell!" The Brunswickian, the weekly of the University of New Brunswick, seems to have really supported the idea, but puts forth the statement that they lack even regular male cheer-leaders. In this respect the University of New Brunswick is in no way as much as the same position as we are in Bishop's. True, one or two Bishop's students have attempted to lead in the cheering, but there has been little organization in their efforts, and the student body has not been very helpful in following them. Enthusiastic cheering makes all the difference. If a team's plan of, and if a team feels that their friends are really behind them, they will put forth their efforts with renewed fire. A nattily attired co-ed leading a properly organized cheering section would, I am sure, make a great difference to our team's chances. It would be an experiment, but an experiment well worth trying.

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We are definitely in agreement with Mount Allison when they say that a gown adds prestige. Although we make no distinction between Seniors and Freshmen wearing gowns, we think the idea of only the upper classmen wearing gowns a very sensible one. That a gown affords protection to one's clothes is verified by the condition of several of the gowns seen about our halls. It is an expensive privilege, but a privilege that is well worth the expense. And so we wish you success in your efforts to raise an interest in the wearing of the gown, and hope that before long, gowns will be conspicuous in the halls of Mount Allison.

The Mitre acknowledges with thanks the receipt of the following publications:
The McGill Daily, Montreal.
The Queen's Journal, Kingston.
The Dalhousie Gazette, Dalhousie University, Halifax.
The Brunswickan, University of New Brunswick, Fredericton.
The Silhouette, McMaster University, Hamilton.
The Argory Weekly, Mount Allison University, Sackville, N.B.
The Xavierian Weekly, St. Francis Xavier, Antigonish, N.S.
The Acadia Athenaeum, Acadia University, Wolfville, N.S.
The Review, St. Mary's College, Brockville, Ont.
The Record, Kings College, Halifax, N.S.
The Gryphon, University of Leeds, England.
The Record, Trinity College School, Port Hope, Ontario.
The Tamesis, University of Reading, England.
The O. A. C. Review, Guelph, Ont.
College Echoes, University of St. Andrew's, Scotland.
Review de L'Université d'Ottawa.
The Review, Canterbury University College, Christchurch, New Zealand.
Cracum, Auckland University, Australia.
The Gateway, University of Alberta, Edmonton.
L'Hebdo, L'Université Laval, Quebec.

(Continued from page 16)

As I mentioned in the beginning of the article, this is by no means a complete list of subjects, but merely an attempt at suggestion. If you do find that the much-needed inspiration is still holding out on you, then I can only advise executing an extensive survey among the comely co-ed, learned professors, and pseudo-students whom are regular to be seen about the Quad. At least you will be kept busy this way, and perhaps will be cured forever of your everwounding affliction, candidatas.

(Continued from page 17)

More Definitions

Academic Gown—A thing which if you are at the moment wearing reminds you that you are about to do the last thing in the world you want to do.

Bull Session—An informal gathering of persons who have lived long enough to realize that solitude entails one of three things: utter boredom, sound sleep, or the obligation to work.

C. O. T. C. Uniform—A type of garment which, if worn properly, immediately loses its chief characteristic, uniformity.

Examination—The only known instance in which a scholar treats a subject in less detail than an earlier writer.

Football—A type of warfare which is still acceptable to democracies.

Lecture—An outgrowth of the Inquisition consisting in the discussion of some subject which two opposing factions tacitly agree could more effectively be dealt with in another manner.

Night Watchman—A person who at times makes it seem advisable to ask for a late leave before taking one.

Pillow—A product of civilization which will soon have to be done away with if all other attempts to conquer insomnia fail.

Text-book—The only widely circulated book which it is obligatory to work.

(Continued from page 19)

and you had a wireless transmitter. Then I remembered hearing a humming noise around one o'clock last night, but thought it was the engines. Now I know it was your transmitter.

"Yes, that's right—I suppose this will mean I'll be fired instead of Aston."

Weyms answered slowly, "I think it was pretty good of you to take the chance, but as far as I'm concerned the incident is closed."

The two men stood up and shook hands.

"Thanks, Mr. Weyms," said Hudson, simply.

DECEMBER, 1938

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Molson's Black and Tan

The ale your great-grandfather drank.