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The Mitre

VOL. 46 NO. 5

JUNE

1939

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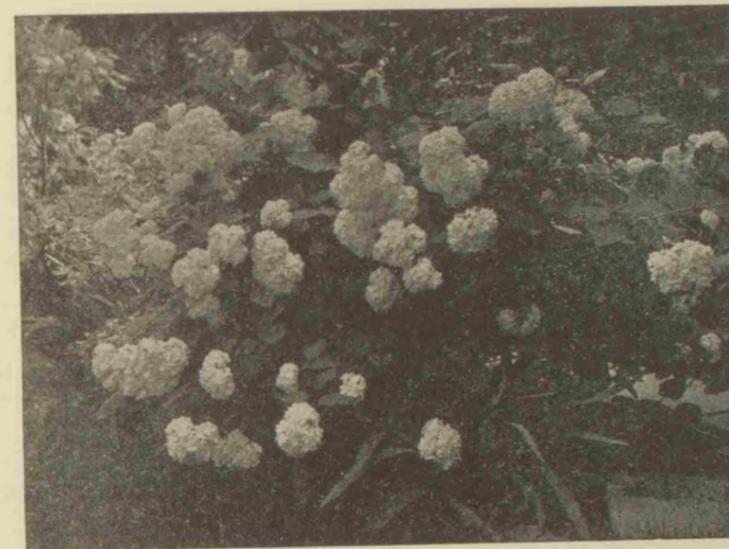
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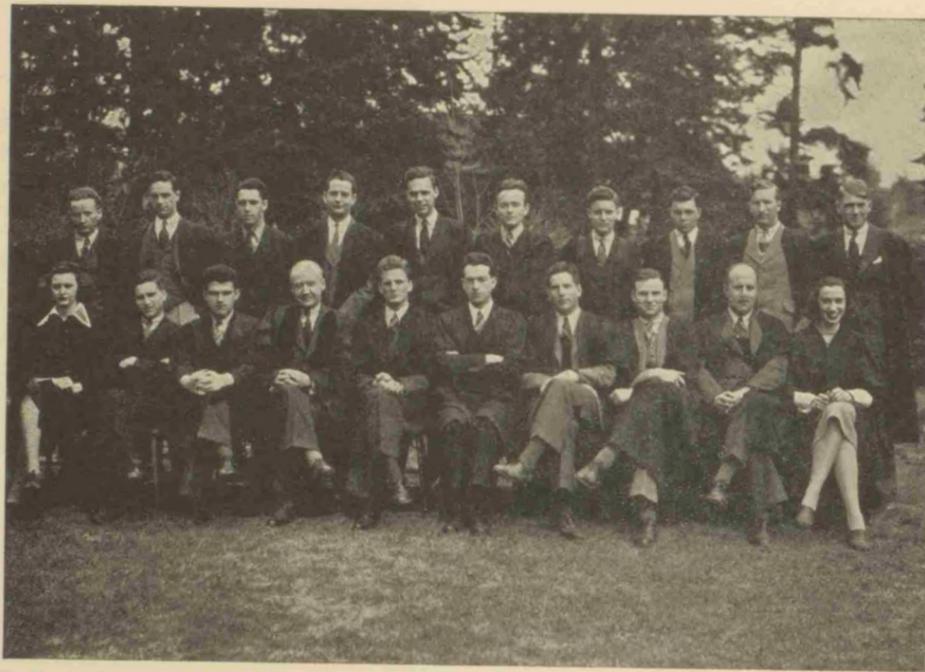
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EDITORIAL

And so the deep purple falls on gloomy college walls and another year at Bishop's is buried in history, a year which has, under the able direction of Ronnie Fyfe and his satellites, been a singularly peaceful yet progressive one. Moreover, the new constitution, with few exceptions, appears to have been a success and to have operated according to the best democratic traditions.

Our venerable department of Re Sports has given you a vivid, almost running commentary of athletic activities throughout the year and it need only be said here, by way of a brief summary, that while Greenwood was successfully ripping up one football field after the other, the soccer team won every game. Later in the year the hockey team, though not winning the championship, had some good clean fun and paved the way for those victories next year, while the basketballers, both male and otherwise, landed right up there near the top. Badminton and skiing, though more political than recreational it would appear, resulted in two Eastern Township Championships for good old Bish', whereas ping-pong definitely had a bad year, no bats, balls, or players appearing to be the chief trouble.

Other activities, although entertainingly and comprehensively dealt with by Notes and Comments, we also feel need an editorial comment of some sort and so we say of Debating that it was good fun for all who took part but obviously more experience and more intensive training are needed to make it a front-page enterprise. Dramatics has dealt with unreality in the most admirably realistic manner, and we generously offer them our heartiest congratulations, although they have probably already had their fill of this savoury poison. With regard to the U. B. C. C. O.

T. C., we can only say that it is definitely the empire's lone hope. The *Mitre*, although we are not weeping as we write this last of editorials, appreciates the co-operation it has received, hoping this will continue next year when Syd Meade and Patrick Boyle are at the helm. The next year's board will be comprised of Syd Meade, President; Patrick Boyle, Vice-President and Editor-in-Chief; Waldo Tulk, Assistant Editor; Pete Rabatich, Circulation Manager; Charlie Millar, Secretary-Treasurer; Ralph Hayden, Advertising Manager; Ed Parker, Editor of Sports; Bill Power, Editor of Notes and Comments; Bill Campbell, Editor of Exchanges; Russell Rexford, Editor of Alumni Notes; and three or four freshmen and freshettes to make the thing constitutionally correct.

Examinations being over, we hardly know what to say. We feel sure you should have got through, but then that's how life is. However, since you all voluntarily resigned yourselves to your fate at the last activities banquet, we reserve our sympathy and sorrow for one only. On the other hand, you may all have made the grade, and in that case we would rather like to know what you intend to do with that piece of parchment you will soon be given, and which weighs so little but means so much. Bishop's is always interested in the careers of its graduates, as, we are sure, they are in its, and to satisfy this mutual curiosity there now exists an Alumni Association which supplies the *Mitre* with information about its members, and its members with *Mitres*. Surely five *Mitres* a year is incentive enough to join.

And so we close, with an *adieu* to some, an *au revoir* to others, and a *bonne chance* to all,

Student Religion

It has been suggested that I should make some observations on the subject of Student Religion in the light of my experience of it, and aided by the contributions from various sources which appeared in the last issue of the *Mitre*.

It would be possible to decline the task on the ground that there is no such thing. No one would claim that it is possible to talk profitably about Plumber Religion or the Religion of Bank Clerks, estimable as the members of those callings are. Students on the whole, perhaps, are not less estimable, but they are certainly not less heterogeneous; and a mere glance over the April feature article, "What Religion Means to Me" is sufficient to show that there are few opinions which some student or other is not prepared to sponsor. A university is, and by the mere force of the term ought to be, a universe in little, a cross-section of at least the greater part of society in general, and accordingly reflects the positions of all sorts and conditions of men—to say nothing of the women.

It would seem that the only common characteristics which can serve as a basis for generalisation are a certain level of education—actual, or by courtesy presumed; and, especially, the possession of youth—glorious youth, with all the positive and negative qualities, all the powers and all the disabilities, thereto belonging. While, therefore, I very much question the existence of a definite sub-division of religion to be named after students, a case can perhaps be made out for the particularisation of certainly youthful tendencies, good and bad, which show themselves in religion as in all else.

In the first place, one expects to find, and one finds abundantly, a certain naiveté of judgment. It would be unreasonable to lay undue stress upon this, which is both natural and certainly not lacking in attractiveness. But it is interesting to observe some of the ways in which it manifests itself. "I believe in the existence of God, chiefly because such belief is a family habit." How straightforward that is, and how engaging in its honesty! Many of us have no better reason for some of our beliefs, without the courage to say so. "Why must people gather within a gloomy hall to worship their Creator, when God is in every scented breath of summer, every tinted rose that blooms?" To which one might reply, "Where else shall we find the majesty of God revealed in nature more worthily set forth than in the 8th, the 19th, the 29th, and the 104th Psalms, which are regularly sung in their appointed place—at least in the better type of gloomy halls?" Or again, "God is a power, on some high plane beyond man's understanding,

by
Dean G. B. Jones

indefinable"—in other words, though the conclusion is not in this instance explicitly stated, "withdrawn, out of relation to life".

In none of these opinions, and many others like them, is there any suggestion of personal experience, and that is what makes them interesting and symptomatic. Religion in youth is approached as one amongst many other competing subjects of interest in a fascinating world, approached as a subject of academic discussion in a cheerful, care-free spirit. There is involved, too, the assumption that it is an optional subject: if it happens to possess interest for us, well and good; but if not, so much the worse for religion, there are plenty of other things to be getting on with. Favoured in large measure by the spirit of the times, the spirit of youth does not envisage religion on its side of obligation. Morality is a duty, yes; culture and education, the fitting oneself for one's life's work, yes; but religion, no. Youth is slow to realize that religion may be not the least important part of preparation for one's life's work, not the least essential aspect of education; that, if it means anything at all, it is not a set of opinions, whether crude or academically impregnable, but a source of life, a power of life—not indefinable, but concretely related to personality and expressing itself in morality and feeling and spiritual perception as well as in mental outlook; that, in short, it is something which we ought to have, something we should strive to attain, because otherwise we are ignoring the highest potentialities of our nature.

A second noticeable characteristic of youth in religious matters is impatience—in regard especially to dogma, to discipline, and to ecclesiasticism. The Church in particular fares very badly, even worse than it deserves (which may be saying a great deal), and here we have something of the clear-sightedness, and a good deal of the intolerance, of youth. Of course, the present woefully divided state of Christendom is both scandalous and perilous; but so it is felt to be by the best minds and an ever increasing number in every one of the divided communions and sects, and recent years have witnessed a series of efforts, more thorough and sincere and on a greater scale than ever before, to heal the breaches in Christian unity. "The spitefulness, hypocrisy, and bigotry which are exhibited in the relations of one sect with another" are no doubt calculated to "drive away in disgust any fair-minded person", but there is a more excellent, though a considerably harder, way—that of bringing one's fair-mindedness to bear within the Churches in the interests of sanity, peace, and Christian charity. We are

faced with a concrete situation which, admittedly, leaves abundantly much to be desired; and

"The common problem, yours, mine, everyone's,
Is not to fancy what were fair in life
Provided it could be—but, finding first
What may be, then find how to make it fair
Up to our means—a very different thing!"

It is possible to turn away in scornful superiority, forgetting that spitefulness, hypocrisy, and bigotry, even where present, are not peculiar to the life of the Church, and to pursue one's own way to one's own heaven in isolation; but there can be little doubt that it is more valiant, more chivalrous, more in harmony with the true spirit of youth, to side with Bishop Blougram than with Mr. Giggabids in this matter.

As to dogma, I am inclined to wonder how many of those who inveigh against the intolerable burden of doctrine have really been in any degree bothered by it, for, as far as my experience goes, the Christian message, as it is ordinarily presented today, suffers, not from an excess, but from a lack, of positive teaching. In the endeavour to meet the supposed needs of today, and on the ground that people do not want, and will not listen to, theology, the Church only too often does not give them theology. It gives them instead pious moralisings, political or social charges, the presumed topical teaching of Christ divorced from the Person of Christ which provides its authority, or that Person presented apologetically and almost exclusively in its manward aspect. We need more, not less, dogma, provided always that it is presented intelligibly and sympathetically; and perhaps if we clergy were more definite and downright, less occupied in watering down the wine of theology to draughts which we imagine will not interfere unduly with people's digestion, or be at odds with their scientific nourishment, the attractiveness of the religion of the Catholic Church might be in fact increased. For people still do hunger after definite direction; and people—even some quite young ones—do feel the need of all the guidance which can be given them.

A good deal of the criticism directed against the Creeds seems to be misdirected through lack of appreciation of what they are meant to be. The creeds are not, and are not intended to be, a corpus of theology. They are a statement of the minimum in the way of obligatory belief necessary to the profession of Christianity. They are, in purpose at least, not doctrine in the sense of interpretation, still less in that of speculation, but simply a gathering together of the bare facts upon the acceptance of which one can alone claim the name of Christian. They are, if we like to put it so, the definition of the term "Christian", as that term has been understood during the nineteen centuries of its

history. Now it is quite possible to question the truth or the adequacy of the definition. One can reject the Creed and therewith forfeit one's title to be regarded as a Christian in the sense of the Catholic Church. One can also accept the Creed substantially, saying in cases of doubt or difficulty, "Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief". What is not possible, or at least not reasonable, is to object to its existence as a Creed, as an attempted definition of what it means to be a Christian, and this is what really appears to be in the minds of some critics.

There is no such thing as abstract Christianity—Christianity per se, existing over and above its embodiment in all credal forms, orthodox or unorthodox. Those who object to the Creed are merely substituting another of their own, which in most cases is but a reflection of their own individual vagaries, and has not behind it the quite considerable safeguards and sanctions of nineteen hundred years of the highest Christian thought and feeling.

Finally, there is the bearing of impatience on what is often considered to be the thorny subject of discipline in religious matters. I hope it may not be deemed unduly unsympathetic to say that there appears to be a good deal of loose thinking here, which a little common sense might go a long way to correct. Discipline means learning, not only etymologically but actually. Learning of whatever kind involves a measure of restraint and of subjection to authority. The best kind of discipline is that which meets with an inward response, which is so accepted that its aspect of restraint and limitation is altogether lost in the positive enlargement, physical, mental, or spiritual, to which it leads. It is only when there is recalcitrance to one's own higher interests that the ugly feature of compulsion begins to show itself.

If, then, people object to discipline in religion it can only be because they do not think that religion is worth learning; that here in this sphere the limitation and restraint involved are not justified of their results.

It is possible and logical—though not, I think, very wise—to say: "I don't think anything of religion, it means nothing to me, and therefore I don't see why I should have to learn it, by attendance at Scripture lectures or Services, by private devotions, or what not." It is also logical to apply that view in practice by becoming a member of an institution—and there are only too many today—where religion is in fact not much thought of, and it is cheerfully assumed that the development of man's highest interest, if necessary at all, can be left to his own unaided and bungling efforts.

It is not logical, but only self-deceptive, to maintain that religion is a high or even the highest thing in life, and then to add in the same breath, so pure that it is tarnished

by the least application of discipline; to say in effect:

"We do it wrong, being so majestic,
To offer it the show of violence."

This sounds extraordinarily well; it is, in fact, (if I may borrow an expressive term from one of the opinions I have been reading) just eye-wash.

Everything has its cost, in the football field, in the lecture room, in the world of affairs—only there the self-limitation is cheerfully accepted, we lose our life willingly, to find it again enriched by vigour, or knowledge, or money, or whatever else may be the pearl of great price in view at the moment; whereas in religion no error is more widespread, more fundamental, or more grievous in its effects, than to assume that spiritual attainment comes somehow of itself.

This survey has been chiefly negative and argumentative because it has been concerned with what the writer can only regard as defective, and because, in any case, disagreement is much more profitable—and supportable—than a pat on the back. But this does not mean there are not other things which might be said. It is something that a collection of representative student opinions should have found its way to the main article of a students' magazine, and among them is much that is both truly and forcefully expressed. For instance, one notices here and there a willingness to

recognize that much of the criticism of religion is based on false premisses. This suggests the teachableness which is at least as marked a characteristic as the impatience. Youth says, to misquote Mr. Alfred Doolittle, "I'm willing to listen. I'm wanting to listen. I'm waiting to listen." In spite of its often crude enthusiasms and one-sided opinions, its heart is not yet hardened, and its eager trust in those who will presume to guide it is sometimes terrifying—and very humbling.

And then, too, there is the emphasis on the relationship between religion and morality. Religion is, no doubt, a great deal more than "morality touched with emotion" (the remark of a student of an earlier day), and one opinion (stopped by the censor en route to the *Mitre*) even denies that "we have to live up to a rigid moral code to get through the Pearly Gates"; but still the tree is known by its fruit. Artificiality is the right target for impatience. Youth does not see profoundly, but it sees clearly when it chooses to look, and deals faithfully with what it understands. It is relatively free itself of hypocrisy and humbug, and has not yet learned to play a part; as it blows as a fresh wind to winnow the wheat from the chaff. "What does it all boil down to?" asks youth of religion, and waits on the answer. And that is where we, who are in danger of losing our youth, have to stand, uncomfortably enough, on trial.

Star-Fleet

The moon is up,
Riding high on a shoreless sea,
With white star-schooners on port and lee.

Hills beyond hills
Sink beneath the darkened sky
Where the pagan vessels of midnight ply.

Over the cities
Quietly sails this silver fleet
Until the dawn and the night-hours meet.

In a magical moment
The jewelled armada steals away
To the orient and a noiseless fray.

And so do we,
Like the drifting star-fleet of the night,
Shine together, then yield to light.

Leon Adams

Youth and Patriotism

(The following article has been reprinted from
the April issue of *Teachers' Magazine*.)

In the recently published report of the Quebec Protestant Education Survey fourteen pages are devoted to health instruction and physical training, nearly thirty pages to the teaching of French, but only about three pages to what is called civic instruction. To attribute the summary dismissal of the topic to mere indifference on the part of the committee would be unjust. Besides emphasizing the need for education in citizenship they recommend various useful procedures, but they nowhere assert that the present situation is seriously unsatisfactory. The brevity of the discussion perhaps implies that in a necessarily cursory investigation not enough concrete evidence materialized to warrant a more positive pronouncement. The purpose of the present article is to contribute some specific data as to the political maturity of a group of about fifty college freshmen mainly recruited from among Quebec high school and preparatory school graduates, who were recently asked to write as one of their first assignments in English composition about a thousand words on the theme "What patriotism means to me".

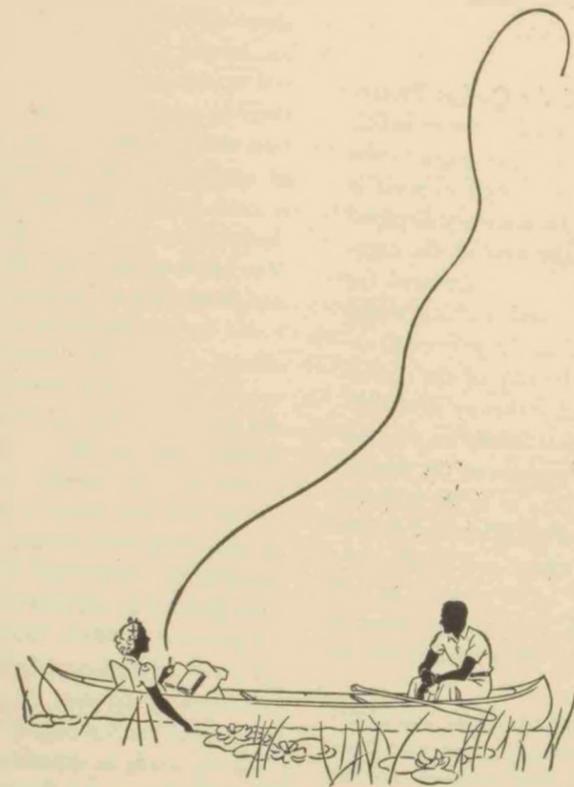
Though the intelligence of the group under consideration ranges from rather above the average level to a level much higher than the average, the least adequate of the compositions may fairly be described as merely platitudinous. One is at once faced with the question whether the young person of average intelligence, the ordinary product of our schools, is at present capable of useful constructive thought in political matters. Further misgiving is provoked when many who have something worth while to say make no attempt to conceal a habitual indifference to political problems.

As might have been expected, there are two main types of reaction to the question of patriotism. There is the positive reaction that may tend to be either smug or blatant, and there is the negative reaction that is sometimes crude, sometimes sentimental. It is noteworthy that the nature of the opinions expressed seems on the whole not to depend upon temperamental bias. Among members of the first group one finds a certain complacency about the average man's patriotic concern; every decent man, it is maintained, may be trusted in a crisis to prove himself a fundamentally sound citizen. Members of this group tend to regard one's duty to the state as the primary and all-inclusive obligation and with one and the same breath will de-

By
Dr. E. Owen

nounce totalitarian states and give expression to totalitarian ideas. They are also much concerned with the need for inculcating a somewhat mechanical patriotism in the young and attach much importance to conventional demonstrations of patriotic feeling. It was interesting to find one or two writers who after sardonically repudiating the claims of emotional patriotism ended up by declaring that if ever it came to the push their own behaviour would without a doubt be of the most disgustingly patriotic description. Most of those, however, who denounced emotional patriotism found it hard to escape serious confusion of thought. Either by denouncing emotionalism in emotional terms they offered a convenient opening for an argumentum ad hominem, or else they unwittingly lapsed sooner or later into the very emotional patriotism they had themselves rejected. Among these opponents of conventional patriotic fervour it was very rare to find an advocate of thoroughgoing pacifism. On the whole a tendency to hedge was noticeable among those with pacifist sympathies, and even those who were mainly concerned with the denunciation of chauvinistic policies shrank from advocating what they regarded as unpractical idealism. Nevertheless there were some stray allusions to Beverly Nichols and Siegfried Sassoon, a few attempts at showing up the hollowness of military glory, one or two references to the relation between militarism and the trade in armaments, and some remarks about the futility of war as a decider of disputes.

Despite the cleavage between the upholders of traditional patriotism and those of a more radical bent, there is a good deal of fundamental agreement about certain general principles, though indeed those principles are so general that it is doubtful whether agreement about them has much practical bearing. Fewer than might have been expected discuss the relation between patriotism and religion, and what they say is of little interest. They refer to the anti-religious attitude of European dictators, but only two or three examine the possibilities of a conflict between a specifically Christian system of ethics and the accepted view of the individual's political obligation. There is much discussion of the difference between "true" and "false" patriotism. False patriotism is identified with aggressive nationalism and is associated with dictatorships, whereas the other kind of patriotism many seem to regard as a peculiar product of democracy. But an attack on narrow nationalism these days by no means implies that the author of the attack is himself free from narrowness. Even those who propose internationalism as a political ideal superior to any



"Do you tell that to all the girls?"
 "Only the ones who bring Sweet Caps."

SWEET CAPORAL CIGARETTES

"The purest form in which tobacco can be smoked."



form of patriotism seldom regard it as anything more than a remote and nebulous objective. Nevertheless it is clear that something approaching an international habit of mind has been instilled into many of the writers and even that a real effort is sometimes made to see our own institutions from a foreigner's point of view. Criticism of our own country, it is felt, is not only compatible with a patriotic attitude but indispensable for intelligent patriotism. A feeling of superiority over other countries is deprecated, and there is some appreciation of the educational value of travel and of first-hand acquaintance with conditions in other lands.

That patriotism is manifested not merely in one's behaviour towards the external enemies of the state, actual and potential, but also in one's ordinary intercourse with one's fellow-citizens is at least implicitly admitted by many, but the actual space devoted to matters of merely domestic interest is comparatively very small indeed. When our students think of the claims of patriotism, it is of military service and of resistance to foreign aggression that they think; they know that there is another aspect to the matter, but they feel they have nothing of interest to say about that. Yet one does find a few references to one's ordinary civil obligations. A handful of writers think it worth mentioning that patriotism involves observance of the law and submission to civil authority and an intelligent interest in public affairs. A further step is taken by those few who call for actual participation in public life even at the risk of incurring odium and financial loss. There is unfortunately some vagueness as to the specific policy of a patriot who finds himself a politician, but one gathers he will engage in humanitarian activity and social reform. He will even strive to contribute to the welfare not merely of his own people but of humanity at large. He will also attempt to raise the standards of public education and make his fellow-citizens into an enlightened community.

The material presented up to this point has been of a very general character, and a complete perusal would scarcely change that impression. Even where there is a careful avoidance of claptrap and where there are no lapses into confusion and incoherence, one is struck by the curious indifference to peculiarly Canadian problems. This state of things is of course understandable. Children at school are continually being exposed to rather vague exhortation and to a *crambe repetita* consisting of principles that are widely accepted and superficially, at least, uncontroversial. The trouble is that practical politics are not uncontroversial, and the teacher who discusses a controversial issue is faced with a dilemma: he must become a partisan, or he must remain inconclusive. Quite apart from prudential consid-

erations a teacher may be forgiven for hesitating to purvey partisan instruction of the type that Dewey has labelled indoctrination. But he may hesitate still more before feeling equal to presenting impartially two sides of a difficult question to an immature class and then leaving them to make up their minds without any inkling of his own preference. In fact Professor Counts has argued with much force that this can never really be achieved. And so we find ourselves without any generally accepted technique for imparting instruction on matters that are generally agreed to be vitally important. In the sphere of religion, where much the same difficulty exists, the Canadian provinces have devised working arrangements that, whether or not really satisfactory, are at least clearly understood. In the sphere of politics complete confusion prevails. And so it is only to be expected that when they come down to the concrete problems that we have to deal with here and now, most students are unaware of the difficulties, and the remaining few have little that is helpful to say.

It is evident that one cannot analyse one's patriotism without indicating the object of one's patriotic sentiments. A patriot cherishes a certain allegiance, but towards whom or what does a good Canadian feel loyal, and just how great is the extent of that loyalty? Only about a quarter of this particular group of students discussed their attitude towards Great Britain and the Empire. The rest may well have taken a certain attitude for granted, but the neglect of most students to link up their view of patriotism with their interpretation of dominion status detracts enormously from the practical interest of their remarks. The difficulty and urgency of this delicate question make intelligent consideration of its various phases immediately imperative. The present study does not support the conclusion that our schools are contributing to this end. Of the students who discussed imperial relations the majority confined themselves to expressions of emotional attachment to the motherland and the monarchy. Some even asserted they were unable to feel towards Canada the loyalty inspired in them by England. A few were more critical and went as far as to say, for instance, "Canada's foreign policy is ultimately England's but if Canada were neutral in a war involving England, it is hard to see the advantages England's enemies would gain by attacking her". A few others stated that Canadians should not fight overseas or should fight only in defence of Canada. As for the current international situation there were several expressions of agreement with Chamberlain's Munich policy and one or two sceptical reactions. Fewer than the references to England were those to the United States. Canadian students, it would appear, do not feel that in discussing their idea of Canadian patriotism

they should define their attitude towards American culture or towards economic or military co-operation with the American people. The few who did have a word to say on the subject tended to lapse into hysteria.

Surely the relation between the Dominion and the provinces must be a source of grave concern to any intelligent Canadian. Conflicts between various provinces and the Ottawa Government are not merely possibilities, they notoriously exist. One might almost maintain that in this sphere more than in any other Canadians are bound to face the problem of divided loyalty and to clear their minds of ambiguity and evasiveness. The omission to attack this problem in any of the discussions that are being considered seems tragically significant. Apart from one or two students who made absurd attacks upon French Canadians no one exhibited any interest in any sectional clashes. For this neglect students themselves are not to blame. Not only is reliable information hard to procure, but the mere desire to investigate such matters is considered by nice people to be a slightly unpleasant symptom. It is unnecessary to add that the inclination to discuss the economics of patriotism was even fainter than the interest shown in the problems of imperial and federal relations. Two students considered it was patriotic to buy Canadian goods. One or two others felt that on patriotic grounds they should combat corrupt finance or various types of exploitation. But that was all. Of the existence of tremendous economic problems in connection with international and imperial politics scarcely a

Woodland Pilgrimage

I saw to-day

The wooded heights of tamarack and fir,
Above a maple-crested steep
Where cloistered shadows rest in sleep,
I saw the dawn astir.

I saw to-day

A hidden glade of white anemones,
Cowslips holding the morning dew,
Columbines by an avenue
Of green-dark cedar trees.

I saw to-day

The evening sun pass o'er a high-flung hill,
And in the trackless haunts I heard
Vesper songs of a small-voiced bird
Whispering, "Peace be still".

I saw to-day

The silent moon pause where the hemlocks nod,
And by the flickering fireside bright,
In the soft blackness of the night,
I saw the Face of God.

Leon Adams

suspicion was betrayed.

This article has attempted to summarize the opinions and suggest the limitations of a small but representative group. It cannot perhaps be claimed that we have here a cross-section of the high-school graduates of Eastern Canada, but it seems likely that information elicited from such a cross-section would lead one to similar conclusions. On the whole these conclusions are not reassuring. It would appear that Canadian youth feels rather strongly about politics, that its impulses are generous and its sympathies humane. There is a desire to establish international justice and apply to world politics as well as to domestic affairs the moral ideals of Christianity. But few suggestions are forthcoming as to how this is to be done. There is a prevalent tendency to be satisfied with vague conventionalities, with pious aspirations. Emotion comes for more easily than thought. Of any training in the systematic study of economic or constitutional problems there is no evidence. Acquiescence in this state of affairs is unthinkable. The difficulties inherent in an attempt to work out a vital course of study in problems of government for introduction into Canadian schools are great enough. But though great they are far from insuperable; and unless they are surmounted, there is no ground for hoping that a reasonable patriotism, a mature interest in public affairs, will form a greater part of the cultural equipment of the future Canadian than they do in the makeup of the Canadians of today.



Being normal human beings we have always shown a discreet yet vital interest in the affairs of the country in which we live. We read the newspapers and even discuss the relative merits of this or that policy which the government decides to pursue, but like the average Canadian citizen we are sorry to admit that beyond this we never venture. True, we occasionally become annoyed when we read of some unnecessary expenditure on the part of our elected representatives, but such annoyance is generally forgotten in the rush of life's tasks, and our indignation is seldom roused to a point of open antagonism and unqualified criticism. But seldom does not mean never, and with the recent wholesale slaughter and dismemberment of motion picture films in this province just such a point of resentment has been reached. Entertainment is not a state affair, it is a strictly personal one, and whereas we are willing to give the government a free hand in the supervision of the first, we strongly resent unasked for direction in the second.

About two months ago, when we had regained our breath and composure following the amazing ban laid upon the film "Emile Zola", we undertook to inquire more fully into the question of censorship, particularly in this prov-

ince, and wrote to the Board of Censors of Motion Pictures in the Province of Quebec, to the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, to the editor of *Le Jour* (who has expressed himself before on a similar subject), and to the office of the Attorney General of the Province of Quebec. In spite of this our information with regard to censorship in this province was augmented but slightly, although we did discover that despite the democratic principles under which we supposedly live, *we as Canadian citizens, are unable to find anything whatsoever about the conditions, or criterion of judgment of the censorship board in this province.* The following is the letter we received from this board:

Sir,

In reply to your letter of March 17th instant I beg to tell you that the censorship of moving pictures has been established by a provincial law and is subject to special regulations emanating from the government.

Out of this, there are some private rules followed by the Board, previously accepted by the censors and recorded in the Book of Deliberations of said board.

Those regulations are made for the exclusive use of the Board.

Yours truly,

The President.

It can be seen from this rather curt reply that the censorship board is a closed corporation whose laws are made up "subject to special regulations emanating from the government", and are not for the perusal of movie-goers.

Jean Charles Harvey, the editor of "Le Jour", was more helpful, but quite naturally unable to give anything more than generalizations. To quote his letter:

"May I say that, on political grounds, any tendency would be acceptable, with the sole exception of Communism. Such an attitude goes so far as to refuse a priori any movie of Russian origin, even if there is no communistic idea in it at all. For instance, the Russian film "Professor Memloch", a wonderful production without any political or social tendencies, was shown in Toronto, but was not accepted in the province of Quebec." He then goes to say: "The French films are subject to a very drastic censorship on moral grounds. They are extremely severe towards the cinematographic productions of France, which explains why most of the best films are banned throughout the province." The full effect of this last statement will be appreciated when it is realized that the French film "Grand Illusion" was attested to be "the best film of the year in any country" by the Committee on Exceptional Photoplays of the National Board of Review of Motion Pictures. To emphasize further this point, "The Citadel" was declared the best English-speaking picture of the year, yet, when compared with "Grand Illusion", "Generals Without Buttons", or "Carnet de Bal", it ranks as only second rate. To us U. F. Calverton's "Cultural Barometer" in "Current History" as a source of selected information: "in Montreal and throughout the Province such well-known films as "Carnival in Flanders", "Life of Emile Zola", "Amok", "Peter the First", "Professor Memloch", "Story of a Cheat", and all Russian films, including the Maxim series, have been banned." Such censorship appears to be exclusively political since there exist exactly *four* different types of censors in the province, the provincial censors (under the office of the Attorney General), the municipal censor, the church censor, and finally, the distributor's censor, the severest of all. Under such a régime it is nothing short of miraculous that we even get what small enjoyment we do. There certainly seems to be something radically wrong with a system which compels interested Canadians to go all the way to New York in order to see the world's best movie productions.

In the United States, politics, it would appear, play hardly any role whatsoever, the sole criterion being the moral one. Whereas in Canada the censors are primarily

concerned with saving adult minds from political and religious corruption, in the United States they are concerned with protecting youth from morally harmful and degrading influences. Unlike our Canadian censors they appear to make no secret of their rules, even going so far as to print a pamphlet giving in detail all restrictions, with their cause and effect. In fact the preface to this pamphlet is worded thus: "Here is assembled in convenient form general information on the motion picture industry. Additional data may be obtained by writing to the Information Dept." As it would take some six pages to give the particular applications of this code, we only reprint the general principles:

1. No picture shall be produced which will lower the moral standards of those who see it. Hence the sympathy of the audience should never be thrown to the side of crime, wrong-doing, evil of sin.

2. Correct standards of life, subject only to the requirements of drama and entertainment, shall be presented.

3. Law, natural or human, shall not be ridiculed, nor shall sympathy be created for its violation.

These principles appear both wise and practical, and in no way could they hinder the general standard of artistic production, and the success of the code is reflected in the box office receipts which for all the U. S. motion picture theatres in 1938 amounted to \$1,000,000,000.

The situation in Quebec is absurd and intolerable. We can see no reason why the government we elect, why an institution which exists for the people should act in such a dictatorial fashion with regard to something so personal as entertainment. Only recently Emily Brontë's great book "Wuthering Heights" came to Montreal in a film version. First it was rejected, later accepted, but not without much critical comment and censorship. What there is obscene, immoral, radical, or heterodox in this picture would require the most austere ascetic to discover. But as in the other cases of repection, the ban on "Wuthering Heights" will defy all inquiry, and we shall be forced to content ourselves with vague hints that it was too naughty for our impressionable natures. It is unfortunate and somewhat ludicrous that a country founded in the democratic tradition, whose inherent qualities are democratic, and whose people have been free since the earliest settlements, is regimented to such an extent in so purely a private matter as entertainment. Our newspapers and magazines eulogize daily the advantages of democracy, they vilify the countries whose peoples are suppressed, yet they little realize that they themselves are being subjected to a form of suppression which is all the more insidious in that it strikes deeper into an individual's personal life and threatens to control him from within rather than from without. Free in work, so much the more should we be free in play.

Concerning Life and Things

by
Don Paterson

Has it ever occurred to you just what a strain life has become with the arrival of the machine age? Youths, instead of being apprenticed to a tradesman of some sort to learn the trade in question, must go to all the trouble of hunting for their own work. But the moment they find it their troubles are only beginning; they have now to please their employer, the foremen, and the hundreds of overseers that big business has made necessary. The uncertainty and doubt that our new individuality and self-sufficiency have created are perhaps doing more harm than good. I think I shall admit the reason I am writing this before you begin to wonder exactly what my point is. It is my opinion that a man can escape from the discouragements and cares of life only by conjuring up in his imagination new lives to live in his spare time. Supposing a workman in an iron foundry is sick to death of pouring molten iron into pots and things. Therefore when he gets a few minutes off while waiting for the kettle to boil again, he transports himself imaginatively to Hawaii where he swims in warm and refreshing water, plays with Polynesian girls, lets the sand trickle between his toes and so on. How much more like working he will feel after his short but sweet vacation to the land of the hula and outrigger!

Before I go further there is a point I would like to clear up. I am not in favour of sitting for hours thinking of these things and forgetting to work (although this is my own particular failing). Life must go on, and how can it with everyone sitting dreaming and blowing smoke rings in the air. But the world is made up of all types, and only one in every hundred has the gift of vivid day-dreaming given him as native equipment, even though I firmly believe it is a trait that can be developed with practice and perseverance. And now for just one last warning before trying to dig deeper into my theory. There is a time and place for everything, and especially is this true of concentrated day-dreaming. Never day-dream at parties, playing in hockey games, handling bombs or high explosives, at local dog-fights, and crossword puzzle competitions. Why, on occasion I have seen men light a cigarette, throw it away and smoke the match for a full five minutes without even knowing the difference. However these are the exceptions and are not often encountered.

To facilitate the perfect day-dream I suggest that you first of all make sure conditions are conducive to concentration. Find a comfortable chair, stretch yourself and place your feet on the nearest table, reach for the nearest bottle of beer, light your pipe and try to make your mind

a blank. After a few minutes begin to think of things you have always wanted to do, the way you would like to live if you had your choice, or the trip you have just read about. Transport yourself by sheer force of will and do all the things you have always wanted to do. I think perhaps if I described one of my particular day-dreams, or rather one of my philosophies of living, you will be able to get a clearer idea of what I mean and how to go about this complicated business. And so now for my little Platonic theory of the perfect method of living. First of all there is something I wish to impress upon you, and this important detail cannot be more eloquently explained than by the poem John Gay composed for his own epitaph:

Life is a jest, and all things show it,

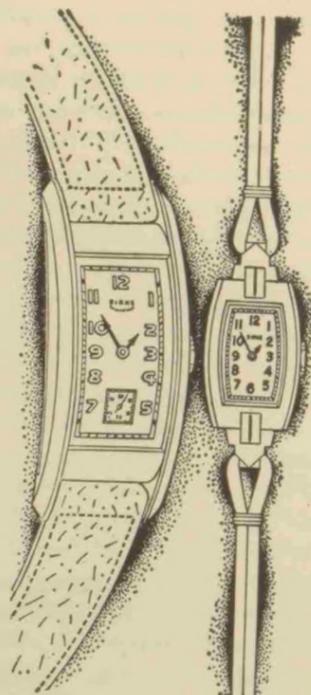
I thought so once but now I know it!

When you have digested that choice little morsel of philosophy, try to digest this. I should like to buy a quaint little house, with a thatched roof, and move it to the corner of 42nd Street and Broadway in New York City. Let us say by some means or other I buy a lot, and install my house there; my beautiful little country gem with separate out-house. Ah, what a picture it will make, with a background of tall buildings! As soon as I get myself installed I shall busy myself planting nasturtiums and pansies and snapdragons in my little plot. Every morning, I will get up, put on the first clothes I see, and walk twice around the block for exercise. On returning I shall sit down to breakfast at any time I see fit. The paper will be waiting for me, placed there by my one manservant, and I shall busily tear up the first sections and read the sport page. This is as far as I judge it necessary to routine my day, and from morning till night I shall do exactly as my whims command. Possibly a day will be spent sleeping only, another finding out how far east and west the underground railways run, another entering all the offices in the Empire State building and trying to sell them fake bonds. And that reminds me, I have always wanted to hire three tugs and tow the Queen Mary over to the Statue of Liberty and tie her there.

On slack days I shall write letters, dozens of letters, protesting about every conceivable thing my small brain can think of. I shall protest about the weather, the disgraceful conditions of the roads and sidewalks, the president, the W.P.A., movie stars, art exhibitions, Hitler, taxes, price of stamps, shooting on game reserves, drinking water, drinking, and socialism. At night time I shall stay sober and try to keep myself from getting arrested. In my travels about the big city I shall always make it a point to be rude

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and snobbish to plutocrats and kind and considerate to the poor. If I meet a poor man who asks me for a dime to buy a cup of coffee, and I know he is just going to spend it on another glass of beer, I shall overwhelm him by giving him fifteen cents. Ah, what a philanthropist I shall be!

I shall make it a point never to lose my temper or worry, no matter how bad things look for the budget. If anyone annoys me I shall just turn and run until I am so tired I can run no longer. On an afternoon when I find myself free perhaps I shall go to the zoo and make fun of the monkeys, tease the lions and feed doctors' pills to the elephants. I shall go to all the baseball games, sit in the most expensive seat, and pointedly ignore the action from beginning to end. I shall take stacks of magazines and cushions and really enjoy myself. On occasions you might see me if you happen to go to the Stork Club or El Moroc-

co, but it is doubtful if I shall hear you the first time you greet me as my ears will be stuffed with cotton batting and I shall be gently dozing at a ringside table.

And that is what I shall be doing several years from now, if conditions are favourable (of which I am a little doubtful at present). However, let us forget the plausibility of my proposed method of life, and talk about you for a change, dear reader. All I can say to you is that if you have read to here you have more patience than I have. I'm not even going to read this over. Before I close I have one gem I have to impart; it is a poem by Charles Churchill. I agree with him entirely, so it is with pleasure that I quote:

With curious art the brain, too finely wrought
Preys on herself, and is destroyed by thought!

The Evangelist

As the evangelist thundered against jazz, gambling, drinking
I couldn't help thinking
What bosh.

Why shouldn't we have a little game, a drink, some jazz?
Is it God's will he has,
Or what?

So, after listening to some wild saving, denouncing, converting
I thought of deserting
I didn't.

Instead I thought I'd better wait, question, try to see
If he'd convert me
Too.

So I invited him to my house for tea, hot biscuits, and cake
To see if he could make
Me over.

While absorbing some of my food he exhorted, cajoled, persuaded
His enthusiasm faded
Finally.

Now that he was without hope of converting me, also discouraged and tired
I asked him what fired
His zeal.

As he took his hat he said "I lost everything at poker, have ulcers, like waltzes best
Thought I'd feather my nest
I did!"

—Don Paterson.

The Prince of Prisons

"Welcome, welcome, Brother Debtor
To this poor but merry place
Where no Bayliff, Dun or Setter
Dare to shew their fightful face.
But, kind sir, as you're a stranger
Down your Garnish you must lay,
Or your Coat will be in danger—
You must either strip or pay."

Few institutions can claim a history as fascinating or notorious as that of the Fleet prison which stood on the same site in Farringdon St. from the Conquest until its abolition by act of parliament in 1842. With the close of its history, also ended one of the most unjust and inhuman practices of English law — the imprisonment of debtors. The conception of a prison as a place of punishment, a reformatory, or as a deterrent is largely a growth of the nineteenth century, necessitated by the opposition to the practice of transporting convicts. Until this time, prisons were mainly regarded as places of safe custody where persons awaiting trial might be kept, political and religious offenders detained at the king's convenience, and debtors immured until such time as they could pay both their creditors and their gaolers. From the nature of their functions arose a system of administration which, as regards the five great London prisons at least, appears to be fantastic to the modern reader. So fantastic indeed, that a wily prisoner of long standing could arrange to spend his winters enjoying the comforts of the Fleet prison in the city, and his summers in either the Marshalsea or King's Bench, prisons situated in the green fields of Southwark.

A few glimpses at the early history of the Fleet, the oldest, and generally recognized to be the "fairest of" all the prisons, will serve to illustrate the system as a whole. From the Conquest until the middle of the sixteenth century the wardenship of the prison was held by one family on a direct grant from the crown. For their services they received a house and garden within the prison, 6d. a day from the sheriff of London and the right to take 2s. 4d. from every prisoner received into their custody. The family was undoubtedly well-to-do for they held also the keepership of the royal palace at Westminster with its many perquisites legal and illegal, several country estates and property in the city of London. As the wardenship was a family inheritance it descended on several occasions to widows and daughters who held the office in their own right, until such time as they married and their husbands took it

by
Margery Bassett

over "by courtesy of England". In one instance an enterprising prisoner succeeded in marrying the warden thus freeing himself as a man could not legally be the prisoner of his own wife. In the sixteenth century the wardenship was sold for £4000, and from that time fell to the highest bidder.

Once a prisoner was formally handed over the warden was responsible for his safe custody and was bound to produce him in court as occasion arose. If the prisoner escaped, and escapes were no infrequent occurrence, the warden was liable to a fine ranging from £5 to £100, and, if the prisoner had been a debtor, liable also to be sued by his creditor for the amount of the debt. When, as often happened, a band of desperadoes broke prison together, the unfortunate gaoler might find himself amerced to the tune of several hundred pounds, and at the same time involved in a series of lawsuits with the incensed creditors. As the warden was entirely responsible for his prisoners he could allow them any liberties he chose, and thus arose the practice of permitting prisoners to leave the prison in charge of a warder or "baston". At one time the warden kept about twenty officials solely to attend prisoners wishing leave of absence and it was no uncommon thing for them to go into the country and stay for a month at a time. Naturally the prisoners paid for the privilege. In 1562 by agreement between the warden and the prisoners the rates were set at 8d. a day to the warden and 1s. to the baston, but a wealthy prisoner would probably be "induced" to pay considerably more. It was customary to allow the inmates of all prisons considerable latitude if they could pay for it, and the Fleet was indeed regarded as rather strict in such matters. John Paston writing to his father in 1472 grumbled that "The Flet is a fayir preson, but ye had but smale lyberte ther in, for ye must nedys aper when ye wer callyd."

An incident which had happened many years previously may have helped to shape a policy of caution in allowing prisoners to wander abroad. A certain Matthew of the Exchequer was committed to the Fleet for two years and two days as a result of his malpractices in dealing with the king's accounts. On Christmas day he left the prison to dine at the house of his friend Peter of Drois, and was subsequently unwise enough to be seen in Westminster in the Exchequer chamber itself. For having thus broken prison it was ruled that the time he had already spent there should be declared nul and void, and that he must begin his term of imprisonment all over again. The warden was also called to book, but he denied all knowledge of the

affair, saying that he had been out of town at the time, and that Matthew had been in the charge of one of his men.

Nevertheless the bailliwick of the Fleet was seized into the king's hands because the warden "ought to have such substitutes as he would avow and for whom he should answer."

Doubtless he had to pay the king a pretty penny to get this office back again.

Within the prison itself there was a degree of freedom inconceivable at the present day. The warden's jurisdiction extended beyond the actual walls of the prison, covering an enclosure around it similar to that of many cathedral closes.

From time to time wardens had erected blocks of buildings within this area which were divided into chambers let to those who would pay for them. There was often considerable competition for these chambers and the tenants held that they could not be ejected so long as they paid their rent. When they went out they locked their doors behind them and it was illegal for the warden to force an entrance.

Many prisoners lived there with their wives and families and had as many visitors as they chose. Francis Tregian collected a large library during his long imprisonment and when he died in the Fleet there were "many hundred volumes" in his chamber. For those who could pay there were also gardens and places of recreation, while the less well-to-do could take exercise "on the leads".

It was, however, only the aristocracy among the prisoners who lived in chambers, but even the motley rabble in the actual prison itself were graded according to the amount they could pay, from the comparative elegance of the "Parlour Chambers" down to the Twopenny Ward where the prisoners paid 2d. a night, and the Beggars' Ward where they paid nothing and received nothing. The warden's sole responsibility was the safe custody of his prisoners, and he was not obliged to supply them with food or bedding. To those who could pay he sold at his own price food, drink and fuel; those who had nothing were dependent on charity and the money which was collected at the prison gate each day. If fastidious prisoners preferred to find their own food they paid the warden both for the privilege and for using his kitchen to cook in. Ironically enough the warden charged each prisoner a fee for the "libertie of the howse" on coming into prison and another fee before he could leave it. The prison officials also collected similar fees, all of which were graded to suit the degree of the prisoner, from the archbishop and the duke to the Doctor of Divinity and the yeoman. These fees were a constant source of friction and led to many a riot and broken head.

As the warden and his underlings preyed on the prisoners, so they preyed upon one another. As in all institutions of long standing there was a code of conduct to which all prisoners did well to conform. In matters which affected them as a community they were largely self-governing: they elected their own officials, held meetings in the tap room or the coffee room, framed rules which the prisoners must keep and fees which they must pay. Following one of the oldest traditions in the prison every newcomer had to provide free drinks for the house: if he could not his clothes were put up to auction — he must either strip or pay. No undergraduate was ever put through a severer or more desperate initiation than the new collegian received in the college of the Fleet, that hell on earth. The sponger and the cheat rubbed shoulders with the debtor and the religious fanatic. Women of the town, shady lawyers and pickpockets came and went at will. Drinking and gambling were permitted at all times, and with weapons easily smuggled into the prison it is little wonder that brawls were daily occurrences; well-organised, serious mutinies against the prison authorities not uncommon. The picture of the Fleet drawn by Fielding in *Amelia* is probably a true portrait of life in the prison for five hundred years before that time.

A large proportion of the prisoners in the Fleet at all times were debtors, and their plight can well be imagined.

They were literally lost men. Their release from prison *ipso facto* cancelled their debts and no creditors who had any hope of ever recovering their money would countenance this, since it meant that they lost all legal claim to their debts. The debtors on the other hand, had no claim on any one for their support — they were not paupers or criminals, but only insolvent bankrupts and they had to suffer perpetual imprisonment until they had discharged their liabilities. They were deprived of their means of making a livelihood, yet in prison they could get neither food nor bedding if they couldn't pay for it. The position of these "poor prisoners" seems to have stirred people's consciences from early times, and many were the charitable bequests to them. It was not until the seventeenth century, however, that any attempt was made to remedy their position and even then there was such opposition to reform that only few prisoners benefited by it. For two hundred years more the "cry of the oppressed" went unheard, but finally in the nineteenth century this inhuman law was wiped off the statute book, and "the prince of prisons" demolished.

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JUNE, 1939

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On Mustaches

by
Cecil Mead

Among the many virtues possessed by man and unappreciated by women none perhaps has suffered such neglect as that most estimable hirsute phenomenon, the mustache. I would not suggest that every man is the type to wear a mustache since the cultivation for some is a too complicated art, and for others, a physical impossibility, but I do believe that a very large percentage, 93.5% to be precise, can and should sport these finished fringes.

Women have the most determined notions regarding the mustache. Those who don't uncompromisingly condemn them must find fault with the wave length, the altitude, the shape or absence of shape as the case may be, the brushed out section in the middle or the lack of the same, and so on far into the bush. This is all the more strange in that the vital quality of "Der Schnurftart" is in the adding of an indefinable touch to the much-abused recreation of osculation. In an older and more sane age, the women (God bless Grandma) had fixed and properly fixed opinions regarding the subtle relation of the mustache and the kiss. Among other remarks handed down for the edification of the present feminine degeneration, the following authenticated quotation is significant. Said one of these full-blooded aunts, "I would as soon be kissed by a woman as be kissed by a man without a mustache" . . . Amen? And yet the fair successors to this good warrior type, with one eye shut to masculine beauty and the other open solely for fellow females' flaws, can attribute such atrocious epithets to the harmless mustache as the mulligatawny sieve, or soup strainer (what a vulgar saying to combine instinctively with an aesthetic frondescence), a supercilious miscarriage, or misplaced eyebrow, and a few other witty invariables which aim to amuse at the expense of both growth and grower, but which actually reflect a shallowness of appreciation and narrowness of vision which are appalling.

The question of colour, I feel, is purely one of taste. But you will observe that Mother Nature is quite careful to employ colours in the mustache which will harmonize with the rest of the face. Some people, however, have an unfortunate prejudice against red, or semi-red, mustaches. To these I have nothing to say. One will find numerous



advertisements of applications to deepen the shade and increase the growth of mustaches, but I suggest that such dissatisfied males have recourse first to the more familiar black shoe polish.

Besides adding intensity to the puss, the mustache has other notable qualities. For the elegant beer drinker the mustache has absorbent properties which enable the favourite brew to be enjoyed at longer intervals. For the smoker it provides an effective smoke screen for undesirable olfactory inhalations. In China the mustache is a great aid in the practice of eating a certain type of beetle. This insect is eaten alive and the mustache serves as an entanglement to hold one bug while its predecessor is being swallowed.

I shall spare you the controversy on mustache lengths. My personal opinion is, however, that if a thing is worth having at all, there is no point in compromise. Do not chop off the ends or sport such a fraction of a mustache as to give it the appearance of a well-used toothbrush.

Though sorely tempted, I shall not discuss at length the topic of beards. I feel that if mustaches are allowed to come into their own, then beards will follow as a matter of course, and if this essay has served in any way to readjust the focus of the feminine world into a natural and aesthetic appreciation of mustaches its purpose has been amply fulfilled.

In Vain?

We are often told that the men who fought in the Great War gave their lives because they sincerely believed they were fighting the war to end war. Of late the world has become slowly aware of the fact that there is a great danger of another outbreak. Many people are firmly convinced that we must fight within the next few months and that the hope of the soldiers who died in 1914-1918 has not been realized. I have often heard speakers lament in stirring terms that those thousands died in vain, that the Great War was doubly tragic because of this. Now I dislike to destroy what seems to be a comforting bit of modern historical tragedy, a just reason for cursing the Germans and Italians, but I feel that these people are being unduly pessimistic. In other words it is my contention that after all, although we may fight again, the Great War was the war which is to end war.

Of course I am not so brazen as to assert that there will never be another international conflict or that there have been no eruptions since 1918. The facts of the present international situation and of the history of the past few years stare me in the face. But I will be bold enough to claim that it was the Great War which gave impetus to a movement which will eventually establish world peace. The creation of the League of Nations, the attempt at organized disarmament and international co-operation, the Franco-British policy of appeasement, the American policy of neutrality, the conviction throughout the greater part of the world that force is an insane and ineffective means to any end except disaster; all of these developments had their birth in or, at any rate, derived their energy from the Great War. Unfortunately the ideal of peaceful internationalism has been destroyed for the time being at least, and there appears to be every probability that we may be compelled once again to fight. But, although we have abandoned our policy of peace at any cost, the overwhelming conviction, created by the Great War, that peace must be guaranteed, remains in the minds of the mass of humanity. The next war will strengthen that conviction, and if we are sufficiently careful and enlightened we may be able to establish the condition for which we are all praying.

It must be admitted, however, that for the present everlasting peace seems a very remote possibility. The movement for international co-operation and good-will has apparently failed and we have gone so far as to readopt the policy of foreign military alliances. It has been an expedient which

by
Waldo Tulk

has been forced upon us. Even the most sincere pacifist will not deny that Mr. Chamberlain's government is following the sanest policy, the policy best calculated to safeguard Britain's interests and the independence of all minor European countries. It is a course of action which may lead us into war, which indeed is certain to lead to war if Germany and Italy continue their expansion by force. Yet, although we have made such a tergiversation and removed ourselves from the old peace at any cost position, I am of the opinion that this phase in our international relations, opposed as it is by the desires and better judgment of the whole democratic population of the world, can be only temporary. If we fight another war we must be prepared, when it is over, to return to a policy of conciliation, to benefit by our past experience, and to capitalize upon the hatred of war which will exist throughout the countries involved.

The argument has been often advanced that if a policy of conciliation, appeasement and international co-operation could be successful it would have worked after the last war. There are actually people who suppose that peace without the subjection of Germans, Italians, and Japanese is impossible. I have heard it said that we should have divided Germany after the last war, wiped her off the face of the map; that, it is confidently asserted, would have settled all our difficulties. But the reason for the failure of the peace movement of the past twenty years does not lie in its impracticability but in the ignorance of man. The world before 1914 had never seen an attempt at a League of Nations, there had never before been an organized propaganda against war, victorious nations had never adopted a conciliatory attitude towards their opponents. The inevitable result was that statesmen and nations were unwilling to trust themselves entirely to the new theory. The Treaty of Versailles began the mistake by imposing penalties upon Germany, by shearing a proud empire of its possessions, by instilling resentment into the hearts of the conquered. The victors insisted upon rewarding themselves at the expense of the vanquished rather than attempting to settle honestly the needs of the nations, the vital international questions. It is true the League of Nations was created, but it was, by the very nature of its origin, a body which accepted a treaty which was as stupid and unjust as any in the history of mankind. Germany could hardly be expected to abide by the Treaty of Versailles or to bring her needs and de-

mands before the unsympathetic League of Nations. It is because of man's ignorance that the peace movement failed and that today we are reluctantly rearming and joining a military league which is opposed to German and Italian expansion.

We may, however, learn from the experience of the past. If there is another war, when it is over and the contrary dictatorships have been crushed, we must be prepared to draw up a treaty which will not oppress our opponents but which may even grant them certain concessions which are necessary to their national health. We must do everything in our power to settle all those questions which caused the

Socialism

What is Socialism? That little explanation involving the two cows is a bit brief and hazy. Perhaps the best way of describing this politico-economic system in a brief article of this kind is to deal with some of the main misconceptions that revolve around it.

Socialism is the same as communism, isn't it? It is not. Well what is the difference? Let's outline the most important points at which the two ideologies differ. Socialists (in Great Britain, Canada and the United States for instance) plan to attain power only through the peaceful and democratic means of the ballot. Communists, on the other hand, openly declare that they will resort to any tactic and any violence to bring the party to power. The socialist believes in political evolution; the communist in revolution. Socialists are firm believers in democracy. They are such stout adherents of that form of social control that they hope to extend it beyond politics into the economic sphere. All thinking men agree with the socialist that economic democracy is non-existent today. They also agree that democratic principles must be introduced into our economic life if our political democracy is to survive. The Scandinavian countries and New Zealand are actually implementing this ideal today. The communists, however, deride democracy. They, like Hitler, deliberately set out to prostitute its privileges and freedoms to bring about its ultimate destruction. As soon as they are in power the communists will set up a dictatorship of the proletariat, i.e., a dictatorship of the Communist Party such as we see functioning in Russia. In fairness we must admit that the communists claim that their dictatorship is just a tempor-

conflict. Then by forwarding a campaign of peace propaganda in every country while the horrors of the war are fresh in the minds of all men we may eventually attain that ideal of peace for evermore. Chile and Argentine have established a sound and lasting peace upon this basis. The Great War has created the movement for peace; the events of the last twenty years have shown where we erred in our attempt to establish international amity and understanding. It is for this reason that I say the men who fell in the Great War did not sacrifice themselves as vainly as is generally supposed. They laid the foundations of a feeling, a conviction which will eventually insure international peace.

by
John G. Withall

ary expedient while they prepare the people for the task of running the system themselves. Harold J. Laski, professor of political science at the University of London, points out that they are, nevertheless, "ignorant of the time the dictatorship is to last, nor do they explain why those who control it may be expected to accede to its termination. It is a commonplace of history that power is poisonous to those who exercise it; there is no special reason to assume that the communist dictator will in this respect be different from other men." Socialism, in my opinion, represents a genuine attempt to apply Christian principles to our social and economic set-up. The Church (Anglican, Roman Catholic, and the rest) hasn't had the courage to insist on this as yet, though some of its more enlightened leaders are pressing for it. Communists reject religion even more derisively than democracy, labelling it "the opium of the people". Socialists plan to nationalize the great capital industries and monopolistic enterprises (such as mining, oil, tobacco, electric power, and lumbering that now prey on the people), and to reimburse the "owners" at a just price. The communists intend to confiscate without compensation the monopolistic capital industries of the country and to liquidate all who oppose them in this move. Such I believe, are the outstanding differences between socialism and communism.

But doesn't socialism plan to do away with all private property? Not at all. Socialists in fact complain that the majority of our people haven't enough private property. They plan to so organize our economic life that more people will own houses, cars, radios, motor-boats, summer cot-



WHO GOES THERE?

17,000,000 dead—17,000,000 soldiers and sailors killed in the last war!

Who are they? Statesmen? Politicians? Big-navy advocates? Munitions manufacturers? Business leaders whose factories hummed during war times? Editors whose papers love to stir up international bad feeling, because it helps circulation?

No—not one!

Just average citizens. Young men with their lives before them.

They were told it was glory, and look what they got. Look what all of us got! Back-breaking taxes. Economic disorders that have not yet been righted. A bitter defeat for one side, a bitter victory for the other.

Yet the world is drifting toward another war right now. And those who profit by war will encourage that drift unless we who suffer by war fight them!

WHAT YOU CAN DO ABOUT IT —

World Peaceways is a non-profit agency the purpose of which is to solidify the desire most people have to abolish the whole silly business of war.

This organization does not claim to have solved the world's troubles or to be able to cure all the world's ills. It does feel, however, that intelligent efforts can *and must* be made against war and toward a secure peace. If you think so, too, we invite you to write for a copy of the World Peaceways program. It will show you how you can do your share, however small, in a modern, practical effort to build up a strong public opinion against war. **WORLD PEACEWAYS, 103 Park Avenue, New York City, N. Y.**

tages, not to mention more clothes and food. Socialists believe that if our economy were geared for plenty instead of for scarcity, that is, if our industries and public services were run to supply the needs of our people and not to make a fat profit for a few individuals, then more Canadians would possess personal private property. But there is a type of private property that the socialist plans largely to do away with. It is private capital property. You see, the socialist differentiates between personal property which the individual uses for his private comfort and happiness, and capital property used in the processing of raw materials or the producing of goods and services. Capital property takes in such industries and services as railways, mines, forests, water-power sites and so forth. Socialists point out that such property (particularly natural resources) properly belongs to the nation as a whole and therefore should be exploited for the benefit of all and not for a privileged few.

But, someone says, it wouldn't do any good to pool all the money in the country and to redivide it equally among the people. Nobody would get a "cut" much larger than a hundred dollars. Furthermore, all the money would work its way back into the hands of those who formerly monopolized it, so that we should once again have a wealthy minority and a poor majority. Who said anything about redividing the money in the country among the people? Socialists, like anyone else who has studied a little economics, know that currency is merely a means of exchange and that real wealth consists of raw materials, minerals, land, trees and the goods that are made from them. What socialists do advocate, however, is that the government should take over this real wealth as well as the processing of it, and produce goods and services for use instead of for profit.

Today our industries are running at less than 60% of their capacity. Why? Because goods and services must be kept scarce if prices are to be kept high and profits are to be made. That is why you and I (with a few notable exceptions) have to "pass up" having a new suit this year. Not because we don't need one; not because we don't want one; but because the price is prohibitive and must be prohibitive if profits are to be maintained. Socialists, however, believe that the most important task of an industry or public service should be the supplying of human needs, not the creation of profits. Therefore, when they are elected into power they will run our great basic industries (excepting farming) and services simply to supply the people with goods and services they need as quickly and as cheaply as possible.

A propos of this, socialists point out that the great majority of our people today are poor. They ask: Is it because our country is poor? The answer is obviously, no. It is because our economy is a profit-economy which dooms millions to want and hundreds of thousands to idleness and near-starvation. Socialists maintain that Canada with her vast territory, rich resources and tremendous potential wealth is wealthy enough to maintain its small population at least in comfort if not in actual plenty.

But socialism wants to make all men equal, doesn't it? It would reward all men alike regardless of the work they do, wouldn't it? Socialists would be prize nitwits if they intended to do this. What socialism will give to all men for their services is not an equal reward but an equitable reward. Socialists are not so bitterly opposed to the inequality as to the inequity of our present system. Thus, for instance, the managers of an industry may, in some instances, earn \$500 per week, while workers in their plant are expected to raise a family on \$17.50 or less per week. (Incidentally, over 2,000 individuals in Canada in the 1937-38 fiscal year actually had incomes of \$500 per week; exactly 382 of these had incomes of \$1,000 per week and over. Over 50% of our people, however, are unable to earn \$1,000 in one year according to the Government Bureau of Statistics.) The socialist government might rearrange the wage scale so that the managers would be paid \$250 per week (\$13,000 a year) while the remaining cash would be used to raise the wages of the workers to about \$30 a week (\$1500 a year) so that they could decently clothe and house their offspring.

But we don't want politicians running the nation's industries, do we? Under socialism politicians would not run the country's businesses and services. The present incumbent's or even better-trained technicians would be used to run the nationalized industries and services. Do politicians run our post office system today? No. (Though they have a voice in selecting the trained men who do.) The Post Office Department is, though so few realize it, as socialized as any enterprise can be. And socialists believe that such socialization can be extended to other great enterprises. Today's Post Office Department is efficient and economical; its employees are all comparatively well-paid though they are not all paid alike. Socialists believe that the satisfactory conditions that prevail in our national Post Office system could be duplicated in the other industries which a socialist government would take over to serve and not to exploit the public.

Laburnum Grove

by
Dr. A. V. Richardson

Mr. J. B. Priestley has, within recent years, taken a high place among British writers—his work in fiction, in drama, and occasionally in other fields has attained a great degree of popularity. His novels and plays are mainly concerned with that great "middle class" which, we are so often told, forms the backbone of the nation. In the "Good Companions" he deals with the adventures of a theatrical troupe, in "Angel Pavement" with the misadventures of a clerk and a stenographer, while as a serious social study, as contrasted with fiction, Mr. Priestley's "English Journey" is a deliberate attempt to analyse the causes of the depression period, by means of a journey through many parts of Great Britain, during which he gathered and discussed the reactions of various members of both the employed and unemployed classes.

It was only to be expected that some of his stories should be transferred to the stage and the screen. "The Good Companions", for instance, was delightfully handled, and with John Gielgud and Jessie Matthews as stars, became one of the most successful and entertaining movies of recent years.

In the field of the theatre, one of Mr. Priestley's most successful efforts has been "Laburnum Grove"—that pungent and ironic study of London suburbia which reveals such keen and analytic observation of a half-dozen or so individuals whose counterparts are doubtless to be found in many great cities.

In attempting the production of this comedy, the Bishop's University Dramatic Society undertook an ambitious and not too easy task. The play contained comparatively little action—there are a few real "character" parts, but for most of the time the demands on the cast were those of an interpretative nature—reactions rather than actions. Such requirements always call for a high degree of finish and polish in the acting, a necessity for each member of the cast to sink his or her personality in that of the character portrayed, and for a certain subtlety of presentation. The society is to be congratulated on the manner in which these undoubted difficulties were met and overcome—it was rewarded, on each of the evenings of April 24, 25 and 26, by a large and appreciative audience.

As regards the unities of time and place, "Laburnum Grove" would satisfy the most exacting demands of the French classical drama, for the action takes place entirely in one room, and deals with twenty-four hours in the life of a typical suburban family. Mr. George Radfern, to all outward appearance, is an eminently respectable business

man. In addition to a wife who is all that the wife of such a man should be, and a daughter who is finding the routine life of suburbia a little tame, he is blessed with two semi-permanent visitors in the household—his wife's sister and her husband, returned from the East Indies, and only too eager to take undue advantage of his easy-going hospitality and his readily-opened purse. The discovery that his daughter's suitor has similar designs is the last straw which brings about his revelation, over the cold ham and tomatoes (home grown) of a Sunday evening supper, that his outward respectability is nothing but a blind, and that the solid comforts of the semi-detached villa are all paid for by counterfeit money.

The reactions to this outburst—incrédulity, panic and than incredulity again—form the *motif* of the play. The suspense is adroitly kept up, the Criminal Investigation Department of Scotland Yard takes a hand in the game, and the curtain falls on a quietly satirical note which is very far from being the old-fashioned one of "virtue triumphant"—but then this is a post-war play.

As Mr. Radfern, Hector Belton gave a very adequate acterization of still waters running deep—his acting in the characterization of still waters running deep—his acting in the difficult scene round the supper table, when his true profession is revealed, and also in his dramatic encounter in the last act with the Inspector from Scotland Yard, won merited applause.

Mrs. Radfern (Vivian Parr) succeeded in conveying the correct impression of the respectable and respected suburban wife who is totally in ignorance of the source of her household comforts, while her daughter Elsie (Marjorie Morrison) portrayed the romantic mind of youth, ever impatient of the humdrum routine of ordinary life. The Radfern family, in short, played their roles convincingly, and the audience appreciated the fact.

Uncle Bernard and Aunt Lucy (Bert Baldwin and June Graham) were the two roles which could most truly be considered as "character parts"—and each scored a success. The choice morsels of back-chat between this self-satisfied gentleman, who is "looking around" for a suitable opening after tasting the delights of the life of Singapore "with the chaps", and his shrewd and acid-tongued wife, kept the house rocking with laughter—the before-breakfast scene, with the boot-blackening episode as its high light, was especially well done.

The subsidiary roles were Joe Fletten (Anthony Carlyon), the counterfeiter who poses as an innocent cultivator

of tomatoes—Harold Russ (Rex Nickson), the slick auto-salesman whose intentions regarding Elsie cannot stand the strain of being connected with tainted money—the Inspector (Pat Boyle), whose unexpected visit shatters the complacency of the worthy Mr. Radfern, and the police-sergeant of Hugh Mackenzie (surely the most youthful constable ever to win promotion) — all these gave adequate support to the major parts in the cast.

But the players are not the whole play—settings, properties and the manifold activity which goes on behind the scenes are just as important as good acting, and it is here that successful teamwork bears fruit. The thanks of the Dramatic Society are due to Mr. Speid as technical adviser, and to Geoffrey Murray and his assistants for their yeoman service with properties and sets—the Radfern home looked like a real home, with views through the windows under

THE CENOTAPH - St. Catharines, Ont.

A song of Spring from a robin's throat
Falls on the lazy breeze;
An oriole with its scarlet coat
Sings, and the busy bees
Hum while a joyful songster's note
Tumbles among the trees.

Tinted and weaved with shades of blue,
The white-thatched firmament
Spreads itself in a wondrous hue
Above the monument,
And the pleading notes of a pigeon's coo
Murmur a soft lament.

In Flander's poppied fields men lie
At rest from human strife,
No longer seeing clouds roll by,
No more the songs of Life—
Their only melody, a sigh
To the tune of drum and fife.

The crocus droops its painted head,
The daffodil its gold;
The tulip drops its petals red,
Hepaticas unfold;
Roaming Beauty, for the dead,
Sheds a tear untold.

Leon Adams

The Formal Dance

Oh ye! who languish for the relaxation—
Or exercise, of mind and body too,
I pray you lend your ear to my narration
Of what a Bishop's hop may do for you.
'Tis known afar that such an occupation
Will cause great joy—or headache—to ensue,
And those who'd fair partake of gay frivolity
May drown their griefs in stagg'ring alcoholity.

This great event that crowns the winter season
Is solemnized within a lofty hall
Where jitterbugs for no apparent reason
Display their genial artistry to all
The gaping throng of damsels, who, bright grease on,
Attempt to ogle handsome men and tall.
Their eyes, their hair, in fact their very faces
Are nine times out of ten complete disgraces.

From far the sound of music meets the ear,
A trumpet blasting o'er a double-bass;
The dancers tremble slightly as in fear,
And gallants guide their ladies to a place
Where they may be restored by rest—or beer.
No supper's served at midnight. But in case
You think the tables useless at such dry balls—
We use them to conceal our sparkling highballs!

A monument of modern life, the dance
Has yet some souvenirs to glad the hearts
Of sentimental folk; and if you glance
Among the crowd before the music starts,
You mark our tracker-down of each romance,
That master of the sleuth's insidious arts,
Candid but shameless snooper, young Mackenzie,
Who puts delighted ladies in a frenzy.

My feeble narrative needs some excuse
Contrasted with the Record's social section,
Which treats the gay affair with lavish use
Of trapes and terms of brightly hued complexion.
But my more modest words may yet induce
Some weary folk, in making their selection
Of remedies, to think first of our Formal
As first cure to bring them back to normal.

That Radio of Yours

Today the phenomena of radio reception are taken very much for granted. A turn of a switch and we receive intelligible signals from all parts of the world. We reject or accept radio programs from Montreal, New York, Chicago, Berlin, or Daventry with the greatest nonchalance, with no thought, or with just perhaps a passing thought of the explanation of how radio waves reach us from these transmitting points. When reception is "not so good today", or when "that station faded a moment ago and is now twice as loud as before", we blame the last rain storm, the receiver manufacturer, the National Broadcasting Co., or utter some platitude about what "they" said was the matter. The following, therefore, is intended as a true explanation of these annoying radio phenomena.

If radio energy were projected straight through the air from transmitter to receiver, like the beam from a searchlight, these words would be unnecessary, but such, unfortunately, is not the whole story. Radio waves are of the same nature as light waves, travelling with the same velocity, i.e., 186,000 miles per second. They are electro-magnetic waves which consist of condensations and rarefactions of energy as they travel through the atmosphere. Circling the entire earth, miles above it, is a layer of the atmosphere called the Kennelly-Heaviside layer, or, most recently, the ionosphere. The ionosphere consists of layers of ionized particles of gas located above the stratosphere (which extends upwards approximately fifty miles). These layers extend up possibly 500 miles above the stratosphere. Ionization of air molecules is the result of bombardment by cosmic and solar radiation — mostly emanating from the sun. This radiant energy knocks some of the gas molecules apart, into negative and positive charges of electricity. These continuously recombine into neutral air molecules as other air molecules are ionized, then recombine and so on. The amount of ionization in the ionosphere is greatly dependent on ultra-violet radiation from the sun, and is, therefore, much greater in the day-time. Also the height of the layers of gas is affected by the sun. (See Fig. 1). Because of these reasons it will be shown that radio waves behave very differently at night than during the day.

Suppose at a certain point on the earth's surface there is a transmitting station. Also suppose that it emits a radio signal on the broadcast band (550-200 metres). At these frequencies radio waves travel as a direct ray from the transmitter to the receiver, hugging the surface of the earth, and will be received strongly at a relatively nearby point. But it is rapidly weakened or attenuated as it pro-

gresses, until finally at a few hundred miles from the station it is no longer of useful strength. Thus a broadcasting station on the broadcast band can cover an area with a radius of two, three, or four hundreds of miles. This type of radiation from a station is commonly called ground wave radiation, and the energy a ground wave. (See Fig. 2.)

From 400 metres to 10 metres another effect, other than ground wave propagation of radio waves, comes into play. Radio energy at the frequencies above leaves the transmitter at a tangent to the earth and goes up into the atmosphere. This energy hits the ionosphere and is "bent" back again so that it returns to earth. (See Fig. 2.) The lower the frequency (increase in wave length 0-500 metres) the more easily does the ionosphere bend back the waves to earth, and the higher the frequency (decrease in wave length 500-0 metres) the more difficulty has the ionosphere in making the energy return. At those higher frequencies the energy is much more penetrating and pierces the gas to a great height before it is bent back to earth. The distance between the transmitting station and where the reflected signal hits the earth is called the "skip distance". (See Fig. 2.)

Therefore, knowing that: the Kennelly-Heaviside layer is relatively thicker during the day than at night (more ionization); the Kennelly-Heaviside layer is relatively higher above the ground at night than during the day; the high frequency radio waves penetrate the ionized gas layers more than the low frequency waves; the Kennelly-Heaviside layers are rapidly changing in ionization density and in height above ground; the following questions can be readily answered.

Why do radio signals fade in strength or vice versa?

In examining Fig. 2 it will be seen that any change of height of the ionosphere will increase or decrease the "skip" distance. The higher the ionosphere the greater the "skip", the lower the smaller the "skip". So that if a signal was being received, and the height of the ionosphere changed, the signal would fade or increase in strength in the receiver because the place on the earth whereto the radio energy is reflected from the ionosphere is moving (the "skip" is changing), and, therefore, the radio energy is moving away from or moving up to the receiver, and the result is a fading or a strengthening signal. If the received signal is wavering rapidly it just means that the ionosphere is rapidly changing its height above ground.

Why are distant stations received better at night than during the day?

by
Patrick Boyle

The "skip" distance between receiver and transmitter is greater at night than during the day (ionosphere is higher).

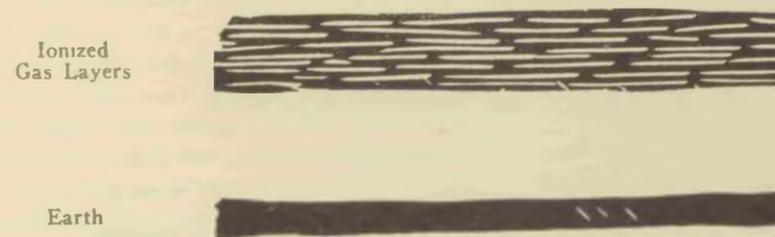
Why does a transmitter on short waves send further than one on long waves?

The short waves penetrate the ionosphere to a greater height than long waves, and so the "skip" distance will be greater and stations farther away will be able to be received.

Why do reception conditions vary?

Cosmic and solar radiation varies in intensity so that the thickness of the ionosphere varies and the amount of radio energy reflected back to earth varies and, therefore, the strength of signals vary.

And so, the next time the drawing-room tongue-wagging turns to this subject, monopolize the conversation by beginning like this — "The propagation of radio energy . . .", and keep it up till it ends like this, "Oh, I see!"



Layers are rapidly changing in ionization density and height above ground.

Fig. 1

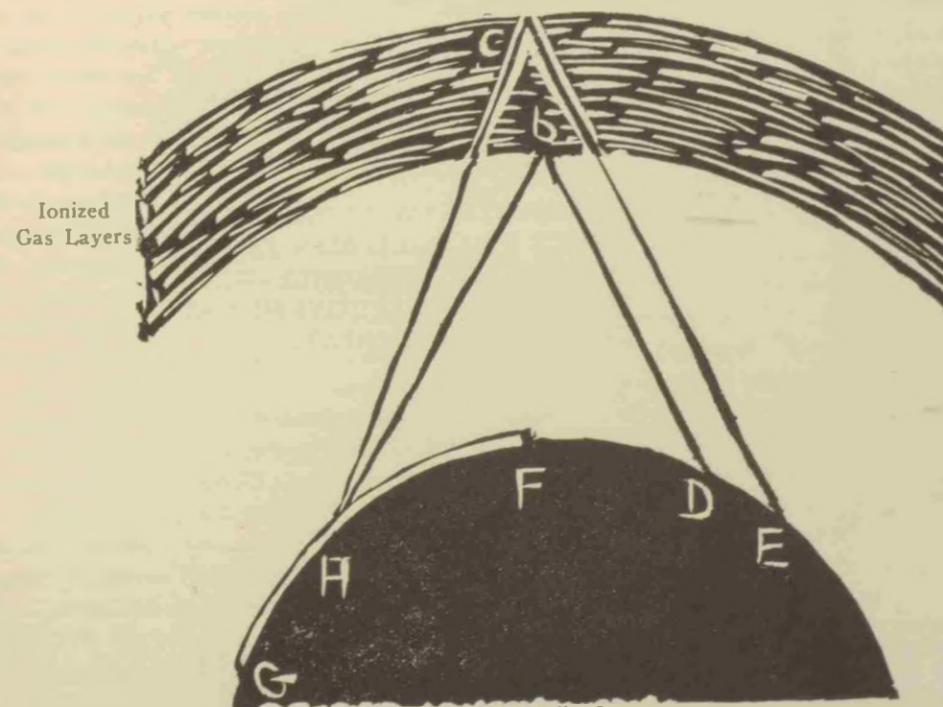


Fig. 2

Transmitting station at A.
AD and AE, "skip" distance.
ABD is reflected long wave from ionosphere.

ACE is reflected short wave from ionosphere.
AF, AG, is ground wave.
For reception, receiver should be at D or E.

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The Story of Ferdinand the Arts Student

With Apologies to Munro Leaf

by Jack Ewing

Once upon a time—but not so very long ago—there lived an Arts Student, whose name was Ferdinand. He went to a small college where his Mother—who was a Ph.D.—had sent him in the hope that some day he too would be a Ph.D. But, first he would have to be a Bachelor of Arts.

When Ferdinand arrived at the small college he was very small, and very shy, and very insignificant. And although his Mother—who was a Ph.D.—called by telephone from his home when it was raining, to make sure that he was wearing his rubbers, and when it was snowing, to make sure that he was wearing his galoshes, he remained very shy, and very insignificant. But he grew much bigger. Oh, very much bigger, indeed!

Ferdinand stayed at the small College three years. During all that time the athletic Arts Students rushed around butting their heads against footballs and basketballs and hockey sticks, and the debating Arts Students butted their heads against affirmative resolutions, and the dramatic Arts Students butted their heads against props and cues, and the literary Arts Students butted their heads against the Editorial Board of the Mitre. In fact, almost all the Arts Students—and some times the Divinity Students as well—rushed around butting their heads against *something*.

But not Ferdinand!

He just sat in his room and smelled. Sometimes he smelled the smell from the kitchens, and sometimes he smelled the smell from the Chemistry Laboratory, and sometimes he smelled the smell from distant paper mills. Sometimes, too, he would move over to another building, and smell the smells from the different classrooms below. Those were the best smells, with a curious aroma of hot air.

One day, after Ferdinand's three years were almost finished, some men came around to the gymnasium—where all the Arts Students were butting their heads against examination papers—to choose an Arts Student to be graduated at Convocation next week Magna Cum Laude. When the other Arts Students saw these men—who were Lecturers and very smart—they began to butt their heads against examination papers like mad, because each one hoped that he would be chosen to graduate Magna Cum Laude.

But not Ferdinand!

He knew they'd never choose *him*, because he was so shy and insignificant. So as he had been doing, he started to go on smelling his examination paper, when all of a sudden something happened! Someone, some nasty Divinity Student who was tired of seeing Ferdinand just sitting

and smelling, put a tack so that Ferdinand would be sure to sit on it. And he did. And it made him mad! Hopping mad!

Right away he got so mad that he started to butt his head against examination papers for all he was worth. And as by this time he was very big and strong, he did much better than any of the other Arts Students. Then the men, who were Lecturers and very smart, said:

"Voila, hooray, hold tight! Here is the one to be graduated next week at Convocation Magna Cum Laude!" But just to make sure they took all the examination papers that had been butted by the heads of the Arts Students, and threw them downstairs. And because he was so big and so strong, Ferdinand's papers fell the farthest. And this old test proved that he was the one to be graduated Magna Cum Laude.

Convocation Day next week soon came, and dawned bright and sunny. Early in the morning people began making their way to the lawn where the ceremony was to take place, for the news of Ferdinand's prowess had been carried far and wide. Soon all the chairs were taken, except one in the front row for Ferdinand's Mother—who was a Ph.D. People were standing at the back, sitting in trees, and crowding in wherever they could.

Then there was a fanfare of trumpets, and the Convocation Procession began to make its way to Convocation Lawn while all the people craned their necks for a glimpse of Ferdinand. Enterprising Freshmen were selling periscopes, and doing a rushing trade, while occasionally the voice of some lofty Gentleman of the Second Year could be heard crying "Programmes, get your programmes here! Can't enjoy the show without a programme! Read all about Ferdinand the Arts Student! Programmes!"

First came the Arts Students who were graduating, gay in their hoods and caps and gowns.

Then came the Faculty, very much gayer, led by the Lecturers, who were very smart, in their Masters and Doctors' hoods, handing out assignments to right and left. Behind them came the Professors, very fierce and learned, carrying golf sticks with which they prodded the Lecturers on. And behind them came the Deans and Heads of Faculties, talking to themselves in Greek and Latin and Hebrew, because they knew so much.

Then came the Members of the Corporation, every one a Doctor of Laws (Honoris Causa), and every one very regal and important. Some were Lawyers, and some were

Heads of Banks, and some were Directors of Companies, and all were very imposing.

Then came the Principal, like some anthropomorphical deity. He was followed by the most important man of all, The Chancellor!

Then came Ferdinand's Mother—who was a Ph.D.

And then came Ferdinand!

He looked gorgeous in his gown, like burnished ebony, but somewhat ink-stained. And his hood, trimmed with real rabbit fur. And his cap, with a purple tassel.

So the ceremonies commenced, and gradually all the honorary degrees were awarded, and the ordinary degrees were given, and the prizes passed out, and all the Arts Students butted their heads at them. Then there was a hush, and a fanfare, and Ferdinand was called to the platform to be graduated Magna Cum Laude. And everyone clapped, and cheered, and used their periscopes and looked at their programmes, for this was the Big Moment they had all been waiting for.

But just as he was about to take his degree, and as his Mother—who was a Ph.D.—was about to say "I told you so", a breeze sprang up, carrying a succession of smells.

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What Religion Means To Us

by
Rev'd N. D. Pilcher

The April issue of the *Mitre* contained an illuminating, yet utterly disappointing article on the subject of religion. It seems to me that there are at least two unfortunate omissions in the thinking of the contributors. First of all, and most serious of all, it does not appear to have occurred to the majority of the contributors that we are not individuals living on islands in the sea. We happen to be members of families, members of a society, dwellers in the universe. Man is a social being and his religion, if it is to mean anything, has also to be social. We dare not speak of "My God" or "My Religion" because such expressions are unreal in that they take no account of the true nature of God, man and society. It is perhaps the greatest weakness of what we may call Protestantism that the emphasis has been laid almost entirely upon the relations between God and the individual. We rejoice in that personal relationship but we can never forget that as the children of God, all men are brothers. We are of a society and the nature of the Church as the family of God's children expresses perfectly the relationship which should exist between God and the individual, as well as between God and society as a whole. This is the Catholic conception of God and the Church. Incidentally, it is the only philosophy which we can oppose to the totalitarian ideal. The days of individualism in economics and politics have left us, probably forever. It is necessary therefore that a living religion lose itself from the bonds of individualism. It is exceedingly disappointing to find this old-fashioned doctrine of "my religion" brought out of the cupboard by university men and women. We live in the fourth decade of the twentieth century. Let's have a religion suited to our time. Actually, orthodox Christianity or the Catholic faith is just what we do need. If you really want to "prove" this, you will have to follow with patience the life of our Blessed Lord in the Gospels and the life of His Church in the Acts and the Epistles. It has often been said that the existence of the Church for all these centuries is a proof of its nature as a divine institution. It has never been more true than today when we see the Church in her glory, facing persecution in more than one country, and dropping overboard the camp-followers with their respectability, their self-interest and their lack of faith and zeal. We see the Church gathering together into the One Body of Christ preparing to fight as never before against sin and misery, war and oppression. And we know the gates of hell shall not prevail against her.

One other omission, I suggest, has been made by the contributors to the *Mitre's* religious column. They have forgotten that it is not given to all of us to know the great mysteries of God. Christianity as it has been committed to us is the fruit of the experiences, not only of Christians, but of all men who have gone before. Perhaps this much we have learned from the study of comparative religion. It is clear that the Bible, the creeds and the Prayer Book have grown up as the result of spiritual experiences and intellectual reasonings of many, many great souls. Is it not insufferably proud of us to set ourselves up as judges and critics of what we do not understand? The last editorial put the situation admirably. Everything must always be on trial if we are to think and to live. At the same time, each man has his own department of study and understanding and it is simply childish if we pronounce upon a subject of which we really know very little. It would be preposterous to imagine that one man in his lifetime could think out a religion for the world or even for himself if he were to think that such religion could have any real meaning. We may take an intelligent interest in religion and think through some relevant problems but if we are to have a worthwhile religion there is much that we will have to take on faith, or on the word of someone in whom we can trust. And, after all, isn't that what we do in all departments of life? If I am sick and go to the doctor seeking treatment and advice, I am a fool if I say: "Because I don't know why you prescribe this treatment I refuse to take your advice."

I am afraid that our "intellectual doubts" are too often invented to excuse our moral failings. Once we accept a personal God, the God of Christianity, we are forced to consider whether or not we are going to surrender our lives to Christ. It calls for a choice and we are not always ready or willing to make that choice. It is a time when the brave man chooses, and the coward stands aside.

There is much in April's reflections on religion which shows that minds are working. But the great need appears to be this, that we need to think through our problems and reflections and not stop half-way.

Here is one who says that "the Christian religion offers man the greatest code of rules for living a decent, moral life which he has ever had—or is ever likely to have." Admirable, but remember my friend, that experience shows that that moral code has only been kept by those in whom

First it carried a smell from the kitchen, and then it carried one from the laboratory, and then one from the distant paper mills. Finally it carried one from the classrooms, with the curious aroma of hot air. Immediately Ferdinand dropped the degree, and sat right down and just sm-e-l-l-e-d away hard. Like this! . . . And he wouldn't even look at the Magna Cum Laude degree.

No matter how hard they cajoled and coaxed and persuaded he would *not* look at it. And the Chancellor cried, and the Principal cried, and all the Members of the Corporation and the Faculty cried too. But it did no good. He would not graduate Magna Cum Laude or any other way.

So they took Ferdinand and they led him back to his room in one of the buildings. He sits there still, just smelling the smells from the kitchen and the laboratories and the paper mill, and occasionally he moves over to another building, to smell the smells from the classrooms below, with the curious aroma of hot air. Because those are the best smells of all.

He is very happy.

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the Holy Spirit has dwelt. And the very next quotation states that to the writer "the Holy Ghost is vague". I think that much of the difficulty just here is that the clergy have failed to teach what religion is, and often where they have taught what religion is, they have failed to teach how to live religiously. It is not that they have failed to lay down and discuss the moral precepts of Christianity but they have too often neglected to point out how to attain to the Christian life and men have been left with an ideal but without the necessary means to reach it. There appears, by the way, to be a great deal of dissatisfaction with the clergy, and perhaps rightly so. But let's remember that the clergy are drawn from the laity, and that the Church is composed of the clergy and the laity. It is absurd to speak of the Church and mean the clergy, or vice versa. But to return to our friend who has such a vague knowledge of the Holy Ghost, and he is by no means an exception. He believes in Jesus the man and in his philosophy of life. How can our friend be so inconsistent as to follow that philosophy when he has only such a little to go on. Apparently, our Lord's divinity is rejected. Is this Jesus then a liar? Has our friend examined the claims of Christ and, if so, how can he reconcile the conflict between his own opinions and our Lord's claims? I suggest he go further in his thinking before he attempt to follow much further that philosophy of life enunciated by our Saviour Christ.

What are these formalities which the Church (does the writer mean the whole company of the baptised?) insists upon? And what then are "the great basic truths of Christianity"? If these latter are beliefs in God, Father, Son and Holy Ghost, and in the Holy Catholic Church all is well and good but the suggestion is perhaps that such belief is a formality. If so, what would be a "basic truth of Christianity?"

It may be that the smaller sects of Christianity exhibit "spitefulness, hypocrisy, and bigotry" in their relations. I have seen very little of it. I do know, however, that at the great conferences at Oxford and Edinburgh in 1937 when every recognized part of Christendom was represented (with the exception of the Church of Rome) the meetings were not in a spirit such as suggested by the quotation but rather in a spirit of mutual understanding and of Christian love. That is not to say that there were no differences of opinion, (ought Christians to be dishonest?) but there was a vast measure of agreement on matters of faith. The Apostles' Creed and the Nicene Creed were accepted by all as embodying the historic faith of the Church, the experience of the ages. The study of the oecumenical movement

is one that should be taken up by any who think the Church is rent asunder. Moreover, it is a work which should be taken up more seriously by the laity who, it is generally recognised, are responsible for the fact that we have not moved faster in the direction of reunion. It is to be remembered that the oecumenical movement is a Catholic movement aimed at the restoration of the Church to the natural unity possessed in New Testament times. The movement strongly suggests that the Church is keeping "pace with the other great forces which guide the world's progress". In an age when all men seek unity, the Church sets her house in order and strives to attain that perfect unity which is the will of God and the need of men.

Because man values his religion above all other possessions he is slow to change it. Hence the Church is normally conservative yet there are frequent periods of change. The earliest age of the Church was that in which her members "turned the world upside down." The age of the Protestant Reformation was certainly one of change and in our own day many are urging a Christian revolution. But the characteristic attitude of the Church is that of repentant conservatism. The Church, by her daily confession and absolution, acknowledges her own sin and strives to do better. As Christians, we admit our faults and it is perfectly clear that we do sin because we are a visible institution working in a sinful world. So we have to recall our own sin. We are, of course, reminded of this Sunday by Sunday, indeed day by day, and contrary to what a recent contributor has said, we are told what we can do about it. We are told plainly that we may share in the salvation of Christ, (that is, that we may be freed from the power or hold which sin has over us) by belief in Him and by repentance. It is hard to find anyone who dares to deny the power or reality of sin. A brief glance at the world around us today convinces us beyond all doubt of the reality of sin and its power and danger. Acts of repentance are, of course, part of penitence which is a "way of looking at the realities of life". As most of us have often heard, repentance consists of sorrow for sin, of confession of sin and of amendment of life. It is an act which restores us to the fellowship of the Church. Because while we are in sin we are cut off from God, so we need restoration to the fellowship for it is the sphere in which the Holy Spirit normally works.

Someone "sees no reason for the divisions in the Protestant Church because of small differences in the form of worship". What does he or she mean by the Protestant Church? The expression is surely a contradiction in terms.



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Actually, the form of worship is the chief matter which separates Christians. There are roughly two broad forms of worship, Catholic and Protestant. In the former, the emphasis is on the corporate nature of divine worship, where the individual loses himself in the family of God, which presents its praises and adoration to the Heavenly Father. The Protestant form of worship is much more intent on leaving each individual to his own resources and hoping that he will thereby be brought into contact with his God. Strangely enough, the Catholic practice seems to have been highly successful in bringing individual men and women into contact with God as members of the family. The psychologists now lend their support to the traditional forms of Catholic worship. The change back to the orthodox forms has followed gradually the Oxford Revival. The Church of England, having retained Catholic order and traditions as well as the Protestant position of the Reformation, has permitted both broad types of worship to flourish. That has made it easy both for Anglicans, and those

we call Non-Conformists (for lack of a better word), to adhere to Catholic forms of worship, if they so desire. Hence we now see a liturgical movement in the United Church of Canada and other definitely Protestant bodies which seeks to introduce the ancient forms of Christian worship, and has widely succeeded in doing so. It is a recognition of the needs of modern men and women. The experience of the ages proves its worth once more. We can welcome this widespread change and see in it a forecast of that day when we shall all be joined together as the family of God worshipping Him in the unity of One, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church.

Although there is much more one could discuss, this article has rambled on far enough. I hope it suggests that we do have to think through our problems and not jump at conclusions. And let's not forget that we are members of a society and we can't all share in the "Vision of God" known to the great souls.

Notes and Comments

by
Don McQuat

The day of reckoning approaches and an eternity of work seems steadily to increase until hope of ever getting it done quite disappears. Signs of industry may even be seen in the New Arts, which certainly portends something very ominous. In the Old Lodge and Divinity House with their more studious traditions, the situation is of course well in hand. With nature in her balmiest the student is torn between a desire to expose a plaster white body to the ultraviolet, and a realization of the necessity to study. Usually a compromise results, with the student taking a book and going out to lie on the lawn. The book is laid on the ground, the student basking in the warm sun falls asleep, and nature has conquered again. Perhaps this is better after all for we are advised by leading educationalists that one should "take things easy" toward the end of the college year. "Go to see a show the night before an exam". In some cases this might result next morning in a splendid resumé of what Tyrone Power said to Annabella—but very little else.

The annual sports banquet was more orderly but no less enthusiastic than that of last year. The flying lun gave way to the liting pun as it were. Senior man, Ronnie Fyfe, controlled the proceedings in his usual efficient manner in spite of sundry cat-calls, whistles and Bronx cheers. Rev. Dr. McGreer proposed a toast to the teams in which he emphasized the importance of playing the game for its own

sake. In replying on behalf of the teams Ken Willis thanked the faculty and student body for their support, but suggested that a better turnout at games might help in the coming year. Professor Kuehner presented the various athletic awards won by students during the year. In commenting on his position on the Athletic Committee Mr. Kuehner maintained that he had not been affected by the dictatorial methods of its chairman, an heroic accomplishment. The toast to the Alma Mater was then proposed by John Starnes who kept all amused (with raised eyebrows) with his thrusts and allusions. The high point was reached when he asked how many third year students felt confident of a pass in June and Jack Martin raised a very solitary hand. In a more serious vein "Hooker" emphasized the point that much of real value was to be obtained at Bishop's, and that the college for better or worse placed its distinctive stamp on a man. Dean Jones concluded the banquet with a brilliant and humorous address which made many of us realize to what a degree of perfection after dinner speaking may be brought.

The Parchesi Club's banquet was a great success, with every member of the New Arts taking part with the exception of honorary president Jack Spray who was detained on business. Guests of honour included Dr. Call and Mr. Yarrill. The chief cocoa stirrer Jim Bredin was in the chair

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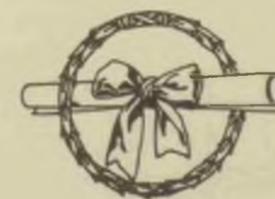
and in a very jovial mood. Following a sumptuous meal were several toasts proposed by the president who extolled the friendly relations between students and masters in the New Arts. Other toasts included those to the Alma Mater, the graduates, and our saintly founder, "Dogger" Mills. A high point of the evening's entertainment was the rendition of "Sons of U. B. C." offered by a bar-room septette consisting of Pat Boyle, Hume Wright, Ralph Hayden, Bob Perkins, Gibby Stairs, "Shag" Shaughnessy and Hugh Mackenzie. The party later adjourned to another part of the building where proceedings became less sedate. Many friendships were struck up during the course of the evening—in fact "Diamond" made so many he can't even remember their names.

The Glee Club has reached a high state of perfection (?) and presented a novelty at the sports banquet when Pete Edgell took over the baton from Pres. Syd Meade, and led a rendition of "Viola". At an election of officers for the coming year Syd Meade and Hugh Mortimer were re-elected to the positions of president and librarian by acclamation. The trip to Compton comes off on Tuesday, May 9, and there are a surprising number of new would-be members, whose musical propensities were hitherto unsuspected.

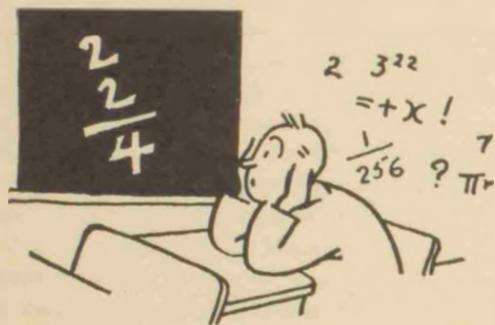
The play was a success both artistically and financially . . . Incidentally Bert Baldwin won a prize offered by the International Correspondence School for the best acting in "Laburnum Grove" . . . The spring flood was not so bad as expected although it covered the road and soccer field for a time and Gord Doake took an icy plunge . . . Cries of fire resounding through the New Arts and the arrival of the Lennoxville fire brigade caused a flurry of excitement, but it proved to be a case of much ado about nothing . . . The long arm of the law caught up with those operating a radio illegally . . . What undergraduate has promised to marry if he gets a second class . . . At present there is a three-cornered struggle going on for the title

of the world's laziest man . . . Pharo and Hayden seem to get their names mixed.

This is the last issue of the *Mitre*, and for most of us in the third year the time is drawing close when we will sever connections with Bishop's. We have all criticized our Alma Mater at one time or another and no one will deny the necessity for improvement in certain phases of college activity, but, notwithstanding, we will miss her and in future years will look back with pleasant memories of the time spent here. As our vice-president of the Students' Association remarked, Bishop's leaves a distinctive stamp on a man. This is probably to be accounted for by the facts that Bishop's is a residential college, that it is a small college and that it is situated in the country. Cardinal Newman once stated that if he had to choose between a college in which the students did nothing but attend lectures, and one in which they had no lectures, but merely lived in close association with one another, he should choose the latter. Of course I know there are some who will maintain that the latter type of college is in itself perfection, and that lectures and exams are nuisances which interfere with the even tenor of college life. However, that would probably be expecting too much. Be that as it may one does profit greatly from an association with people of vastly different outlooks and ideals. The great value of college is that it is a world in miniature having most of the problems which one will come up against later. Instead of being thrown directly into the cruel world as on finishing school an interim is allowed for adjustment and decision. As for Bishop's being a small college it gives one an opportunity to know everyone else which makes it resemble a fraternity rather than an ordinary university. Again, being in the sticks Bishop's is thrown more on its own resources than if it were situated in a large city. This all combines to give a distinctive flavour to a university which is neither large nor famous. Though we depart from Bishop's she leaves with us close friendships, a broadened outlook, and pleasant memories.



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Re Sports

by
Geoff Murray

The Trinity term doesn't allow much opportunity for organized athletics, and consequently the sports column suffers from a lack of material. However, here are some farewell facts for reflection.

CURRENT—

In the last two weeks of the Lent term the badminton tournament was run off with a comparative amount of success. The entry included all types of player from the "never-had-a-racket-in-my-hand" to the "winner-of-half-a-dozen-trophies". The "soi-disant" epidemic which threatened U. B. C. in April cut short the finals in the men's singles and mixed doubles events, but the others were played off before an enthusiastic mob. In the ladies' singles Rosamond Staples smashed her way through to the finals to defeat Kay Thompson; in the ladies' doubles Janet Speid and Patty Watson stayed to the bitter end; while in the men's doubles Bateman and Mackenzie—a man and a boy—defeated a vast field including Magor-Scott, Giles-Wright, and McLean-Greenwood combinations.

This term Terry Giles captured the men's singles trophy, defeating Ronnie Fyfe in the finals; in the mixed doubles Fyfe and Ruth McOuat won the finals against Giles and Joyce Standish.

The girls' basketball team finished the schedule in a tie for first place, having lost only one game all season. Lack of time prevented the girls from clinching the championship title in a play-off game.

The reconstruction of the tennis courts (after the breeze of last fall) has begun, and the golf course is drying rapidly; if other affairs could be shelved for a short time there might be some activity in these two sports.

The athletic season officially ended with the annual athletic dinner held on May first; the usual ceremonies, presentation of awards, toast to the team, etc., were heightened by a fine reply to the Alma Mater toast by the Dean of Divinity; the Glee Club too rendered its two cents' worth (for further details see Notes and Comments).

RETROSPECT—

In the eyes of the rugged materialist this year has not been a brilliant success for Bishop's athletics; in the eyes of the sportsman it has been quite satisfactory. A well-organized, well-conditioned rugby team put on some fine exhibitions of football in the fall. "Yeah!" says the skeptic, "what about at Loyola?" . . . Well, what about it! Two hockey teams did their damnest to please the customers during the Lent term; no championships won . . . but plenty of loyalty to the team . . . no internal rows . . . definitely playing the game. The basketball team did not have an alto-

gether unsuccessful season. Out of six league games, three were won, and of four exhibition games, Bishop's won three; statistics of the ten games show that the University scored 347 points to 314 of the opposition, which though not sensational, is a comfortable margin.

The girls deserve the congratulations for athletic achievement this year . . . two winning teams, in hockey and in basketball . . . Hats off to the ladies! . . . In individual sports, who cleaned up in the Eastern Townships ski meet? Who dominated the Eastern Townships badminton tournament? Taking a broad view of the situation we don't have to feel down-trodden. This year has definitely had its moments for Bishop's athletic prowess.

And let's not forget the grandstand quarter backs . . . Gourley and the Four Horsemen of the Athletic Society . . . those men behind the scenes, whose mills grind so slowly, but oh so efficiently! This new institution has proved to be a complete success in handling the business details of athletic activity.

AND NEXT YEAR . . . ?

Next year is a new year with fresh talent, new developments, unpredictable results . . . The graduating year is taking its toll of man-power; football loses Pete Greenwood, John Starnes, Jack Martin, Don Paterson, Harry Morrison, Don Bennett; hockey's losses are Sonny Paterson, Ron Fyfe, Ken Willis, Norm Goff, Bill Lunderville; basketball will need replacements for Bud Visser, Jim Davidson, and Walter Wood. However, the team nucleus is still here . . . men who can act as rallying points for the new material . . . men who know the spirit that Bishop's demands of her athletes . . . men who can pass that spirit on. Graduation does mean a loss of materialistic power, but Bishop's graduates never withdraw that moral support which keeps the Purple and White marching "down the field".

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Alumni

Mr. J. N. WOOD, B.A. '29, who has been on the staff of Westmount High School, will assume the principalship of Cowansville High School in September next.

Mr. ROY W. BERRY, B.A. '36, who has held the position of assistant principal at Ayer's Cliff High School, Ayer's Cliff, Que., during the past year, will teach at the same school next year in the capacity of Principal. Mr. Berry was editor of the *Mitre* in 1934-35.

Miss ELSIE I. GROOME, B.A. '38, will assist Mr. Berry at Ayer's Cliff, Que., next year as assistant principal.

Mr. D. W. G. ROWE, B.A. '38, was a recent visitor at the University and attended the major production of the Dramatic Society. Mr. J. P. Lunderville, B.A. '38, also visited the University some weeks ago. Both these Graduates have completed their first year final exams at McGill University.

The Rev'd H. S. B. HARPER, B.A., L.S.T. '36, conducted the devotion of the Three Hours on Good Friday at the Cathedral of the Holy Trinity, Quebec City.

Miss E. BURT, B.A. '31, and Miss GRACE JACKSON, B.A. '31, our popular assistant librarian, will be returning from their holiday at Fort Lauderdale, Fla., and will probably have arrived by the time this is in print. We all extend our best wishes to them both and sincerely hope that they had a very good holiday.

Mr. JAMES CRANDALL, who was a member of the University in 1930, was among a group of newspaper men who made a trial flight as one of the passengers on the Trans-Canada Airways just before the passenger service was inaugurated on April 1, last.

Mr. CECIL MEADE, B.A. '38, attended the annual sports banquet held at the University on May 1.

Mr. J. S. EWING, B.A. '36, has communicated to us the following interesting items from Toronto, Ont., where he is now residing.

Mr. JOHN BASSETT, B.A., '36, who is now reporting for the Toronto Globe and Mail is taking an active part in the formation of the new Leadership League which is being sponsored by the paper.

Among the Bishop's graduates now attending the University of Toronto are Mr. Kenneth D. Ross, B.A. '35, Mr. James Beattie, B.A. '37, and Mr. Hugh Powell, B.A. '36. Mr. Ross is in his first year at Osgoode Hall, while Mr. Beattie is in his second year and Mr. Powell in his third year.

Mr. George Morrow, who was a member of this university in 1933, is now in his third year in the Dentistry Faculty at Varsity in Toronto.

by
S. S. Worthen

Mr. D. W. BUCHANAN, B.A. '32, has opened an office in Toronto as a Vocational Consultant. This office has the distinction of being the only one of its kind in Canada. This splendid opportunity for the graduating class of 1939 should not be ignored.

Mr. LYNDON NICHOL, who was a member of the University in 1933, is now with the Industrial Acceptance Corporation at Windsor, Ont.

Mr. RONALD R. RIVETT, B.A. '38, was a visitor at the University on May 4 inst. Mr. Rivett has the satisfaction of having finished his final first year Law examinations at McGill.

The Rev'd WILLIAM R. CRUMMER, B.A. '33, former curate of St. John the Evangelist Church in Montreal, Que., has joined the "Community of the Resurrection" at Minfield, Yorkshire, England.

Mr. G. B. KNOX, B.A. '38, and Mr. F. B. EVANS, B.Sc. '38, visited the University on the week-end of May 6 last.

The Rev. H. S. B. HARPER, L.S.T. '36, will be transferred from Quebec City to Harrington Harbour, Que., on the Gaspé Coast.

MARRIAGES—

Mrs. Lewis Hodges Clapp of Montclair, N.J., has announced the marriage of her daughter, Beatrice Margaret, to Mr. Lawrence Hamilton (Pete) Roberts, Jr., of Saranac Lake, N. Y. The bride is the daughter of the late Dr. Lewis Hodges Clapp of New York City, and Mrs. Clapp, and has resided at Saranac Lake for the past ten years. Mr. Roberts is the son of Dr. and Mrs. L. H. Roberts of Shawinigan Falls, Que., and was a member of the University in 1935-36. Pete's many friends at Bishop's extend hearty congratulations and good wishes to him and Mrs. Roberts.

The marriage of Miss Louise Muir Allison, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. William Scammell Allison of Rothesay, N. B., to Dr. William Gordon Stockwell, who was a member of the University during the session '33-'34, will take place in Rothesay, N. B., on the 18th of May, 1939.

The Easter season this year brought us news, through Mr. Bill Robinson, of the marriage of Miss Muriel McEwan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. McEwan of Carsonby, Ont., to Mr. Sidney Davies, Graduate and former illustrious member of this University. We are very pleased to hear of Sid's marriage, and send him best wishes, together with congratulations on his success in passing his course in Matrimonial Pastoralia. Mr. and Mrs. Davies are residing in Navan, Ont.

The engagement is announced of Miss Margaret Jean,

daughter of Mr. Edmund Almond of Shigwake, Que., and the late Mrs. Almond, to Mr. Walter Selwyn Bouillon, B.A. '26, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Bouillon, "The Park", Paspébiac, Que. The marriage will take place early in June.

The marriage of Miss Martha Magor, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Magor of Montreal, Que., to Mr. Christopher C. Eberts, B.A. '34, will take place on June 3 next in the Cathedral of St. James the Apostle, Montreal. The Rev'd F. L. Wilkinson, D.D.S., will officiate at the ceremony.

BIRTHS—

We congratulate Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Almond on the birth of a daughter on April 18, last. Mr. Almond was a graduate of the University in 1934.

CONSECRATION OF THE BISHOP OF MONTREAL.

On St. Mark's Day, 25th April, 1939, the Very Rev'd Arthur Carlisle, M.A., D.C.L., D.D., was consecrated Bishop of Montreal in Christ Church Cathedral. The service was conducted by the Most Rev'd John Hackenley, M.A., D.D., Archbishop of Nova Scotia and Metropolitan of the Ecclesiastical Province of Canada. Assisting him were the Primate of Canada, the Most Rev'd Derwyn Owen, the Archbishop of Ottawa, Bishop Farthing, Bishop Williams, the Bishop of Fredericton, the Bishop of Quebec, the Bishop of Ontario, the Assistant Bishop of Toronto, and four Bishops from the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States. The sermon was preached by Bishop Farthing. The Litany was read by the Archbishop of Ottawa, and the Archbishop of Nova Scotia was the celebrant at the Holy Communion.

Approximately two hundred clergy were present at the service. The congregation filled the Cathedral. It was a beautiful and solemn service.

Following the service a luncheon for the new Bishop was held in the Windsor Hotel. The Ven. Archdeacon Almond presided and made a happy speech of welcome to the new Bishop. The Rev'd Canon G. Abbott-Smith, Principal of the Diocesan Theological College of Montreal, gave a delightful address of welcome on behalf of the clergy, and the Hon. Mr. Justice C. Gordon Mackinnon performed a similar duty on behalf of the laity.

The Enthronement service was held at 5 o'clock in the afternoon and lasted until 7.

The laymen of the Diocese had a reception for the Bishop and Mrs. Carlisle in the evening at the Windsor Hotel. Many hundreds of citizens of Montreal and vicinity availed themselves of the opportunity to greet the new Bishop and his wife.

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Exchanges

As is usual at this time of the year, the number of college and school publications received is far below average. The literary standards set by former issues are somewhat lower, but as examinations have drawn near, with all the work they entail, this is perhaps to be expected. The job of editor is a hard one, and rather than criticize the editors we should congratulate them on putting out a magazine at all during the last month of the term.

A rather long article dealing with athletic scholarships appeared in the Acadia Athenaeum, and as the topic has roused considerable interest in scholastic circles of late, we reprint it, hoping that others will find it as interesting as we did.

"Question: Should colleges give so-called 'athletic' scholarships?"

"We can but agree that athletics play a very prominent part in the activities of any university. Much of the popular appeal of any university lies in its record in the major branches of sport. Physical prowess and the prestige resulting from superiority in sports attract the interests of prospective students. And, again, there is that indefinite yearning to become one of these 'giants of the arena' which spurs new men and women on to participating in athletics. The colleges recognize the importance of athletics, and the importance of supporting teams that win. So they hire competent coaches, appropriate money for expenses and wink at the athlete cutting his classes due to trips away from home in pursuit of further glory for the college and the team.

"Thus, we think we have fairly stated the position of athletics in a college. Perhaps this position is not readily admitted, yet cold, hard facts do not lie. At Acadia, more moneys are spent on athletics than any other 'extra-curricular' activity. More support and more interest is given to athletics than to anything else. Now we come to the question of the week. Should colleges give so-called 'athletic' scholarships? Perhaps the uninitiated are puzzled in trying to define an 'athletic scholarship'. Well, it's really nothing more nor less than promising some youth, outstanding in one or more major sports, a certain sum to secure his attendance at a particular university. An athletic scholarship may be granted in a number of ways: it may be in the form of a job that isn't very hard; it may be in the form of cash payments every year for four years. Should colleges grant such scholarships? There is a growing feeling that a college

Grenville Temple

is entirely within its moral rights to grant scholarships to promising athletes. Perhaps we would not have been able to admit this some few years ago, but we feel that we have our finger 'upon the pulse of campus opinion' when we state it now. There are certain conditions which must be observed, however, before opinion on the right of granting athletic scholarships is in the affirmative. First, no youth should be granted a scholarship just because he's a good athlete. No youth should be granted admission into a university unless he is able to meet the matriculation requirements of the university. Second, no youth who enters a university on an 'athletic' scholarship should be allowed to play in any sport unless he is able to meet the requirements of his courses. He must stand upon his own feet scholastically, or he must not be a representative of the college in athletic activities. Third, the prospective receiver of an athletic scholarship must be one whose personal life and habits are acceptable to the university.

"There are some who say 'No' to this question, Should colleges give 'athletic' scholarships? These people are very sane in their criticism of athletic scholarships, just as were those who believed 'Yes' to be the answer. These folk believe that once an athletic scholarship is granted, college athletics become professional. Colleges should foster the the spirit of amateur athletics. The exponents of this point of view ask the question, 'What is the purpose of athletics in a college?' And they answer by saying, 'Athletics in college are supposed to have as their aim the self-development of the participant.' This excludes the spirit of professionalism whose aim is victory no matter what the cost. And there can be no half-way meeting place about this matter, say those who oppose athletic scholarships. Either a college enters its teams in competition for the sake of the development of the members of the teams, or it hires individuals whose sole aim is to bring prestige to university and team by a string of impressive victories. The latter aim should be expelled by the university. Again, if scholarships are paid to some members of a team, and not to others, there is an element of unfairness which inevitably leads to discord and lack of spontaneous teamwork. Athletic scholarships lessen the value of 'school spirit' and the spirit of 'one for all and all for one'. And, after all they feel that no better team will be the result of payment of athletic scholarships than if no scholarships are paid. In the long run, colleges will have teams that win and teams that lose, and the payment of athletic scholarships will make little difference in

the quality of athletics, and at the same time will be a drain upon the limited financial resources of a university."

"A Plea For Perspective", an editorial from the Argosy Weekly, Mount Allison University, struck me as being an excellent piece of advice. We reprint it for those who are about to enter our halls next September, and who may be interested enough to look over past issues of their magazine:

"It is a strange paradox that the thing most necessary to successful living is the most difficult of attainment in college. By this is meant perspective, the ability to place things in their proper places and relationships.

"The university is no longer the cloistered institution of mediaeval times but even so it is separated by a great gulf from reality. And many a student flounders in this gulf, although unaware of its existence.

"It is easy to confuse the petty problems, small successes and insignificant failures of collegiate life with reality. To many of us a rugby game or a prom often seems more important than the actual reality of a European crisis. The outcome of the former may seem of tremendous significance to many of us while the latter affects us scarcely at all. Thus we find the ordinary everyday student beating his head against imaginary walls. Little bourgeois maidens who, after graduation, become little bourgeois wives, rush madly about pretending to social importance. Earnest students study for grades often without trying to relate those grades to the future.

"This is a plea for perspective. Success or failure, be it academic, athletic or social, has nothing to do with reality unless given its proper importance. The highest grades in studying are absolutely worthless unless those studies are satisfactorily integrated into the business of living. Without the proper perspective the wisest of men is the veriest fool."

The following bit of humour appeared in the Silhouette, the publication of McMaster University.

In view of the approaching examinations, we have been asked by the faculty to apply our knowledge and experience to a problem which is facing all of us at this time, namely, how to study for exams. We may, with due modesty, say that our experience in this line is vast, having, in the past few years, skipped lectures and assignments with great regularity. At the end of each set of exams, a nervous and caffeined wreck, we have resolved that "things will be different next term". Somehow they never are. Thus we have evolved a system for last-minute cramming which we can guarantee to all those who have the constitution to follow it.

The first thing to do is to decide which subject to study at the moment. If the student starts at seven in the eve-

ning he can usually decide this important question by eight at least. At this point he should turn off the radio program to which he has been listening — oh well, then — at least, turn it down low. The next step is to find a book relating to the subject in mind—let us say, Mediaeval History. An assiduous search through the bookcase fails, of course, to discover anything remotely concerned with Mediaeval History. Nevertheless, there is a very fine treatise on life in the modern city entitled "The Case of the Missing Blonde", which can certainly be related to the social aspects of the mediaeval world. It is best to keep an open mind concerning history and this can be done in no better way than comparison with modern life. The perusal of this enlightening work will probably take the student a good two hours and leave him mentally fagged. The only remedy for this situation is a cup of coffee and a cigarette. Be sure nevertheless to rest your brain with some light reading such as is found in periodicals for half an hour or so afterwards.

Having finished with Mediaeval History, the student should start on another subject, preferably English, the work for which can be done comfortably and efficiently in bed. It's a good idea to rest those tired muscles anyway. Pick out the most interesting book on the syllabus, working up to the harder ones at a later date of course, prop yourself up in bed with two pillows, and read the first chapter. At this point turn off the radio—it is making you sleepy. Also be sure to turn the light off, too—it is keeping you awake.

This method of study, if followed faithfully, will result in hitherto unheard of marks. Just try it.

With this issue we bring to a close a very successful year. We hope that, in the opinion of those who have read the *Mitre* for several years, this year's magazine has compared favourably with former years. The exchange department has, or rather will have, sent out over 225 *Mitres* to various universities and schools. We have received over six hundred copies of university newspapers, as well as some hundred magazines from schools and colleges in England, Canada and elsewhere. Once again we thank all those who kindly sent their publications to us, and wish them the very best for the future.

Since the last issue we have received and read with pleasure the following:

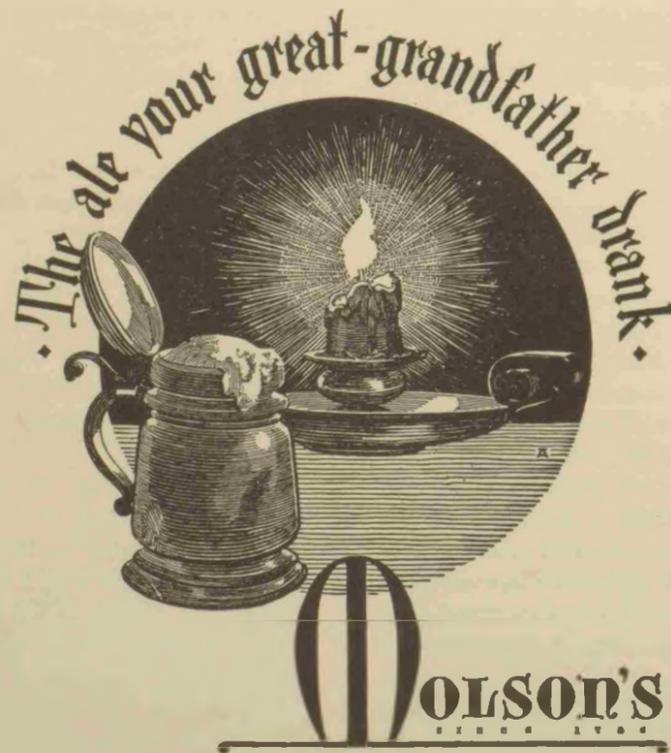
- The Red and White, St. Dunstan's University, Charlottetown, P. E. I.
- The Record, Trinity College School, Port Hope, Ontario.
- Review de L'Université d'Ottawa.
- The Gryphon, University of Leeds, Scotland.
- College Echoes, University of St. Andrew's, Scotland.
- The New Northman, Queen's University, Belfast, Ireland.

The Bates Student, Lewiston, Maine.
 The Dalhousie Gazette, Dalhousie University, Halifax,
 N. S.
 L'Hebdo, L'Université Laval, Quebec.
 The Gateway, University of Alberta, Edmonton.
 The Brunswickan, University of New Brunswick,
 Fredericton.
 The Silhouette, McMaster University, Hamilton, Ont.
 The Acadia Athenaeum, Acadia University, Wolfville,
 N. S.
 The Xaverian Weekly, St. Francis Xavier, Antigonish,
 N. S.

Technique, Montreal.
 The Challenger, St. John Vocational School, N. B.
 The Fettesian, Fettes College, Edinburgh.
 The Review, Trinity University, Toronto.
 The Alma Mater, St. Jerome's College, Kitchener, Ont.
 Cap and Gown, Wycliffe College, University of Toronto.
 Acta Rideiana, Ridley College, St. Catharines, Ont.
 The O. A. C. Review, Guelph, Ont.
 The Stonyhurst Magazine, Blackburn, England.
 The Argosy Weekly, Mount Allison University,
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