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**CONTENTS**

**EDITORIAL** — Prof. W. O. Raymond — p. 6

**FEATURE ARTICLE** — Canada and The British Empire — Prof. W. O. Raymond — 7

Introducing — T. E. Torrance — 9

Bishop's New Chancellor — W. W. Heath — 15

In Memoriam — T. E. Torrance — 18

**ARTICLES** —

How to Diet Unsuccessfully — T. E. Torrance — 17

The Last Days of Malaya — Mrs. E. C. G. Barrett — 19

A Kiss — S. Narizzano — 20

The Economic Set-up — W. W. Heath — 21

The Split Label — T. E. Torrance — 23

Did You Say Harvest? — R. J. Carpenter — 25

Julius Caesar — S. Dry — 27

**DEPARTMENTS** —

Notes and Comments — K. L. Farquharson — 29

Sports — E. G. Stevens — 33

Bishop's and The War — W. R. Wright — 35

Alumni Notes — W. R. Wright — 36

Exchanges — T. Manning — 39

For the duration of the war, The MITRE is published three times a year: in the Michaelmas term, Lent term and Trinity term, by the Students of the University of Bishop's College, Lennoxville, Quebec, Canada. Subscriptions: One year, one dollar; two years, one seventy-five; three years, two fifty. Address all communications concerning Advertising to the Advertising Manager.
Canada and the British Empire

Prof. W. O. RAYMOND

During the course of his address at the Lord Mayor's Banquet in London on November 10, Mr. Churchill said: "We mean to hold our own. I have not become the King's first minister in order to preside over the liquidation of the British Empire." This statement of Great Britain's prime minister was shortly afterwards vigorously criticized by Mr. Wendell Willkie. He referred to Mr. Churchill as one who "has in the last few days seemingly defended the old imperialistic order and declared to a shocked world, 'We mean to hold our own.'"

Mr. Willkie's words recall an admonition to England written by the Editor of Life which stirred up considerable controversy. In this, Great Britain was reminded that the United States was not fighting this war to preserve the British Empire, and that it behaved England to take cognizance of certain ideals animating America in the present conflict. The editorial was not, it feel malicious—its weaknesses were rather those of ignorance and smugness. It was far from representing the best spirit in the United States, and some of the keenest satirists of the article were printed in American newspapers.

No intelligent person would dispute that the elemental issues of this war involve something vaster and even more important than the preservation of the British Commonwealth. We are engaged in a utopian struggle in which the sacred liberties of humanity are at stake. Democracy, religion, the civilization of mankind are involved, and these mighty interests undercut everything else. But this is quite a different thing than maintaining that the British Empire is an obsolete institution, which must be swept away in order that the brave new world we dream of may be brought to birth, or that the principles enunciated in the Atlantic Charter are incompatible with the continued existence of that Empire. In answering the editorial published in Life, Vernon Bartlett, while stoutly maintaining that his countrymen were actuated by those lofty humanitarian ideals which they were blandly assumed to be ignorant of, added that they were also fighting for the British Empire, "because the British Empire is worth fighting for."

But my purpose is to turn nearer home. What will be Canada's relationship to the British Empire after the war? Roughly speaking there are three divergent views concerning this.

First we have the ideas of the absolute isolationists. Canada is to be an independent, self-contained nation, without political affiliations with any other power. This point of view is most frequently represented in French Canada. Second we have the point of view of those who believe that Canada is to be drawn into the Pan-American orbit, more particularly that of the United States. Third there is the belief that Canada is to continue to work as an integral part of the British Empire.

With our long experience of incorporation in the British Empire, it is strange to find fundamental misconceptions of its basic nature still as rife amongst certain elements of our Canadian population. Mr. Willkie's phrase, "the old imperialistic order" may serve to illustrate one of these fallacies. It ignores any distinction between past and present. It tacitly assumes that the British Empire has been in status quo throughout the centuries, instead of representing a vast evolutionary political and social development. So far as Canada, Australia, and South Africa are concerned, they are now members of the family of a great Commonwealth of Nations. Within the fabric of the Empire they enjoy absolute freedom. They are bound together not by external compulsion but by a mutual partnership whose obligations are voluntary. Edmund Burke, that great prophet of the British Empire, foresaw the day when the ties between its component parts should be "as light as air though as strong as steel." Great Britain as the historic home of the Anglo-Saxon race, is the shrine of its literature, its ancient traditions, remains the core and centre of the Empire, but without any outward authority over the self-governing nations allied with her.

The old colonial relationship of Canada to the mother country, a thing of the past, so far as political and social legislation is concerned. Since there will always be people who continue to try to live in the past, it may survive as an obduracy of mind both in England and Canada. We certainly wish to be regarded as Canadians, not a pseudo-Englishmen. Nor need this weaken our sentiments of love and affection for the mother country. These are not less strong because the idea of the importance of us has not been drawn into the Pan-American orbit, more particularly that of the United States. Third there is the belief that Canada is to continue to work as an integral part of the British Empire.

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THE MITRE

Page 9

DECEMBER, 1942

Introducing

Freshettes

LUCY MALIZ BROWN. Lucy was born on June 29, 1921, in Fitzch Bay, Que. She attended Bury High School, where she seems to have occupied herself with playing badminton and dancing. She intends to continue these through Bishop's if she achieves the exalted position of passing a partial B.A. After graduation Lucy wants to be an intermediate teacher. As to any past experiences, Lucy wishes to keep a strict silence.

Helen Gertrude Croy. On January 5, 1925, Helen was born in the far distant metropolis of Ayer's Cliff, Que. She attended the local High School, where it would appear that she was one of the outstanding athletes, being an ardent member of the badminton, softball and hockey teams. While at Bishop's, she will confine herself to basketball as well as being a member of the exclusive girls' club, known by all as "Petunia Pig." After having acquired a B.A. degree, she hopes to follow up a career of travelling aimlessly around, with the hope of finding a suitable mate. This induced her self-admits as being in the far distant future. As one might expect from the disposition of such a wondrous character, interesting past experiences are best forgotten.

Jessie Katherine Ewing. This prominent individual was born in Melbourne, Que., on September 13, 1925. She attended Ascot Consolidated and Lennoxville High School, where she sang in the Glee Club. She intends to exercise these vocal talents to a greater or lesser extent here, as well as becoming a member of the Petunia Pig Club. Of course all respectable freshettes are determined to put to good use. Interesting past experiences are indeed a closed book.

Myra Jean Hughes. Myra was born in Bishopton, Que., on February 23, 1925. She attended Bishopton Intermediate and East Angus High, where dancing and skating seem to have been her main activities. While at Bishop's, Myra plans to devote her time to the science of Economics in which she hopes to acquire a degree. Plans after graduation consist of teaching and various other things which appear to be quite confidential. As she professes the incapability of remembering after sleeping, quite well explains why all past experiences must be excluded.

ELIZABETH ANN MACKENZIE. Libby, as she is commonly called, dropped in the other day from Montreal where she was born on November 14, 1924. She attended the Study School in Montreal where she took an active part in all sports. In addition to continuing these, she intends to be an ardent supporter of the girls' Glee Club. If successful in obtaining a B.A. degree, she hopes to take a post-graduate course at McGill University.

Muriel Lucy Getty. Muriel, a Lennoxville girl, was born in Toronto on February 26, 1926. She attended Ascot Consolidated and Lennoxville High School where her activities seemed to have been confined to basketball. At Bishop's she intends to ski as well as study for a B.Sc. degree in Economics. After graduation, she intends to teach.

Dorothy Mildred Hamilton. This blossoming freshette hails from Sawyerville, Que., from where she seems to have first seen light on December 28, 1925. She attended that imposing edifice commonly known as Sawyerville High where she skied, played hockey, as well as being time-keeper on the local softball team. Now, in these honoured portals, she feels that she must drop all sports and seek after true knowledge by studying for a B.A. After graduation she plans to inherit an immense fortune with which she is determined to put to good use. Interesting past experiences are indeed a closed book.

MARGARET CATHERINE HAMILTON — was also born in Sawyerville, Que., on April 21, 1925. Following in sister Dot's footsteps she attended Sawyerville High School, played precisely the same games at which she very soon excelled. Activities planned at Bishop's consist of Petunia Club, dramatics and the Glee Club. After graduation, with a B.A. degree to her credit, this enterprising girl plans to do a number of foolish things—teaching, travelling, which seems to run in the family, and studying music.
THE MITRE

DECEMBER, 1942

FLORENCE GERTHOU McFADDEN. Florence is a comparative-ly local girl coming from East Angus, Que., where she was first welcomed on October 2, 1925. She attended East Angus High School, where her activities consisted of hockey, softball and skating. Activities planned at Bishop’s will be confined to the Glee Club and a certain prominent individual from Therford Mines. At Bishop’s, Florence is studying for a B.A. degree after which she has decided to marry into money. Indeed it might be added her lifelong ambition is to write a novel which we all hope she will succeed in doing. Past experiences are too numerous and involved to be mentioned in such a limited space.

JOAN ELIZABETH MILNE. Little Joan was born in auspicious town of Magog, Que., on September 9, 1925. She was first welcomed on October 2, 1925. She attended Scobie High School and took part in concerts, skating and night life. Oddly enough, she intends to devote as much as five minutes a day to the achievement of a B.Sc. degree after which she intends to rest on her laurels. Interesting past experiences include a bicycle trip to Ouela, escorted by truck drivers. Incidentally she had to take the train back.

DOROTHY BARBARA STEALE. Dorothy comes from Inverness, Que., where she was born on July 3, 1925. She attended Kinness’s Mills Consolidated School and Therford Mines High, where she took part in concerts, skating and hockey. At Bishop’s she plans to be a member of the Petunia Pig Club. In her spare time she plans to study for a B.Sc. degree in Economics, after which she intends to teach. Interesting past experiences include a bicycle trip to Ouela, escorted by truck drivers. Incidentally she had to take the train back.

LEONARD JOHNSTON BARK. First saw the light of day on March 1, 1925, at Carlton Place, Ont. Basketball and cadets took up his time there, and he expects basketball, badminton, and the C.O.T.C. to perform the same function here. Theology has always interested Leonard, and he has the fine ambition of “going out into the world to preach the life of Jesus Christ and to help people keep strong in the faith.” His past experiences include three years in the Bank of Nova Scotia and work in Sunday School.

PAUL JEAN BRADLEY. One of the home town boys. Sherbrooke was graced with his presence on April 21, 1922. At St. Patrick’s High School he had a busy life, namely, cadet corps, hockey, softball, shooting club, most important, trying to graduate. He says he intends to do at Bishop’s his play inter-year hockey and join the C.O.T.C., but he will no doubt open-out later. He is taking an arts course with a view to chemical engineering. A systematic arrangement of his past life follows.

(1) Trying to make love to women.
(2) Trying to make women love me.
(3) Getting out breach of promise cases.

GORDON EDWARD BOW. Born was but a beer-bottle throw from the college on August 18, 1925. He played hockey and softball at the Lennonsville High School and was editor of the “Lyre”. Rumours have it that he may be the solution of Bishop’s goading problems, as well as taking part in skating and O.T.C. After taking first year science Gordon hopes to go to McGill for electrical engineering. The pride and joy of his past life was being past-ower of a Model-T Ford.

MORRIS NORMAN BUCHANAN, a native of Montreal, and alive since March 11, 1925, went to Scottstown High and Sherbrooke High School. A science student, this singularly unimpressed man lists his past activities as “Studied a bit” and his future activities as “Studied a bit more.” However, Norman will learn better, give time, and will not doubt take a large part in other activities. As to his plans after graduation, he “can’t see us far into the future”, due to the fact that the crystal ball was dirty.

HUBERT ALLEN MCGEE. Hubert is another resident of Sherbrooke and he was born on October 1, 1924. He attended Lennonsville High School, and as his extra-curricular activities, he participated in track and debating. At Bishop’s Hubert intends to concentrate on Economics and work. He is taking a course leading to a B.Sc. Hubert informs us that after a two-year course with us he will proceed to McGill University for advanced courses.

RICHARD RANKINOF McMASTER. Montreal is “Dick’s” birthplace and he made his appearance there on August 8, 1925. Before coming to Bishop’s, Dicky attended Selwyn House and Bishop’s College School. At the School he made the No. 1 hockey and football teams. Dicky intends to support the college hockey team this winter. He was also a member of the Players Club at B.C.S., so that it is quite likely that we shall see him strut the boards of Bishop’s Little Theatre. Dicky has designs for the R.C.A.F. in the near future. This year Dicky takes over for Roy as the leading juvenile lover at Bishop’s.

CLAYTON MURIEL McCREDIE. Clayton comes from the town of Smith Falls, Ontario. He was born on November 29, 1922. He attended Smith Falls Collegiate and his activities there were basketball and softball. When the basketball season rolls around, Clayton intends to turn all out for the team. After graduation Clayton is undecided whether he should go in for aeronautics or the air force. His interesting experience, as it was for all of us, was his trip to the great open spaces, the glorious West.

HUBERT ALLAN MCGEE. Hubert is another resident of Sherbrooke and he was born on October 1, 1924. He attended Lennonsville High School, and as his extra-curricular activities, he participated in track and debating.

CHARLES TERRILL MANNING. "Bad to the bone," "Jumbo," to others, was born in Empress, Alberta, but being broadminded we do not hold that against him. His date of birth crops up every March 27. He attended Howick High School, and Waterville High School at you-know-where. Bishop’s Little Theatre. Dicky has designs for the R.C.A.F. in the near future. This year Dicky takes over for Roy as the leading juvenile lover at Bishop’s.
THE MITRE

DECEMBER, 1942

John Edward Poole. We are happy that John has returned to us after his absence last year. John intends to continue on with his interrupted science course. He is a native of Stanstead and was born on April 11, 1923. At Stanstead College he played on the hockey and football team and he participated in track. But here at Bishop's John intends to go in vigorously for rest, relaxation and sleep. Yawns John, "My ambition? Census taker on a desert island."

Mike Raditch. Mike was born in Gospic, Jugoslavia, on August 31, 1924. Both Noranda School and High School gave him his education. His activities there were hockey, badminton, and drill. Mike intends to study this year with a bit of C.O.T.C. work thrown in. He is taking a course leading to a B.Sc. in Economics. After graduation Mike looks towards the army for his immediate career. Marriage is also an early ambition of Mike, if and when he can scrape up a few shekles for the venture. On your guard, gals!

Clayton Rogers. Lachute, Que., is Clayton's birthplace, and he was born on September 5, 1922. He attended Lachute High. He is taking a course leading to a B.Sc. His plans after graduation are undecided. He prefers to remain silent about any past experiences.

Gilles Roy. Gilles is a Sherbrooke lad who was born on October 26, 1926. Gilles was a former student of Jesus Mary School and St. Patrick's Academy, where he played tennis, handled a hockey stick, and took to the ski hills. This winter Gilles tells us he is going to be a ski enthusiast. Gilles is a science student who hopes to attain the profession of an engineer.

John Campbell Scarr. John, another local boy who hails from Stanstead, Quebec, was born on July 5, 1924, in Sherbrooke, Quebec. He attended Scottstown High and Stanstead Wesleyan College, where he took an active part in all sports. His talents on the gridiron and hockey team, as well as his participation in badminton and track, show him to be a promising athlete at Bishop's. With labs in preparation for chemical engineering and in addition to grand opera on Saturday afternoon, his time will be well rounded out. Reports come to us from S.W.C. that John is quite a man in a blanket.

Cyril R. Schein. Cyril is a western cowpuncher originating from Winnipeg, Manitoba, on May 28, 1924. Attending Forest Hill High, he was there, an active participant in debating, and dabbed in school journalism. He is taking a course leading to a B.Sc. After graduation he will continue his work in science until he has become a biochemist. Cyril rejoices in the knowledge that he celebrates his birthday on the same day as the Quinns. Cyril tells us he had one interesting experience that would interest us and that's why he's not telling it.

Tyler Wilson Stafford. Stafford was born in Hamilton, Ont., on December 15, 1924. He attended Ashbury College and B.C.S. He was an active individual in all sports which included soccer, cricket, football, hockey, skiing, and badminton. He was, in addition to those mentioned, an active member of the cadet corps and buglet band. Staff intends to continue with most of these and this winter will find him another appreciator of our golf-course ski-country. Already he is busy whipping up a tale for the Mitre, in whose service he intends to continue. He is taking a B.A. and in the near future the R.C.A.F. will be his main interest.

Harry Douglas Thorp. Harry's home town is Montreal and he was born on June 24, 1924. His former studies were pursued at Selwyn House, University School and Bishop's College School. His interests in sports are numerous, and they include skiing, rugby, tennis, track, cricket, golf, swimming, and gym work. At Bish on the Massawippi he plans to confine himself to skiing, golf, and tennis. Harry is working for a B.A. degree. It is his intention to enter medical college for a course in brain surgery after graduation.

John Stuart Grant Vaudrey. John was born in Thetford Mines on August 16, 1923. He attended Johnson Memorial High, where he participated in skiing, badminton, and golf. He intends to take the C.O.T.C. work with all seriousness, as he feels himself a promising sergeant. He is taking a course leading to a B.Sc. After graduation John will have a go at either the army or the air force.

Leonard Waldman. Leonard is also from Montreal and he was born on March 29, 1925. He has attended Farnham Inst., Sherbrooke High, and Baron Byng High. He steadfastly refuses to reveal any of his past activities, but at Bish he will ski, ply his pen for the Mitre, and try and date a certain evasive brunette. He is taking a course leading to a B.Sc. After graduation Leonard will become an engineer and also do a bit of travelling, but, he states bluntly, not West.

Robert Allen Westman. Bob hails from Marbleton, Quebec, on February 25, 1925. He attended Marbleton, Bishopston, and Sherbrooke High. At high school he turned out for track and softball. On the staff of the Dunbel magazine he acted as advertising manager. At Bishop's he intends to study for his course leading to a B.Sc. After graduation Bob would like to see service with either the army or the R.C.A.F. and when the job is done his profession will be industrial chemistry.
JOHN ARTHUR FARNWORTH. John was born in Sac­
ramento, Cal., on June 13, 1921. He has attended a great
many schools before finally arriving at the portals of Bish­
op's. To enumerate, they are Mitchell School, Sherbrooke
Iona, Montreal, Kent & Deronshire, Ottawa, East Ward
and Pembroke Collegiate and Cokshioke High School. His
activities there were skiing, basketball, and debating. He
intends to continue them here with a dash of badminton
thrown in. He is taking a course leading to a B.Sc. After
graduation he hopes to see a bit of flying with the R.C.A.F.

PAUL GAGNON. Paul was born in Barcelona, Spain, on
May 3, 1926. He has lived and travelled in a great many
European countries and just before his final trip to Canada,
Paul was travelling one hop before the Germans in France.
His education has a continental flavour with study at a
Barcelona Private School and Ecole des Rockes, Paris. The
French girls, Paul claims, were his main and most interest­
ing activity there. Before coming to Bishop's he obtained
his School Leaving Certificate at Sherbrooke High. Paul is
taking a B.A. course and plans to join the Navy as soon as
possible.

GEORGE ARTHUR HURLEY. Born in Sherbrooke on Feb­
uary 17, 1925, George has attended Sawyerville Consoli­
dated and Coaticook High. He states his activities there as
"a little studying". Being a very obliging freshman we
know that we will be able to find more for him to do here.
George says he is willing to try a hand at the art of skiing
and perhaps, if he has time, he will look into the woman
situation. George has no definite plans as to the future but
after achieving his science degree he will be another candi­
date for the R.C.A.F. As his interesting experience George
mentioned a certain night in the moonlight but he refused
to be specific.

THOMAS ROBERT JOHNSTON, better known in the New
Arts as "Doc", was born at Thetford Mines on September
13, 1924. He obtained an education at Johnston Memorial
High and Thetford Mines. There his main activities were
golf, badminton, basketball, and skiing. Here at Bishop's
he plans to continue in the same line of sports, but he fails
to reckon on our admirable group of freshettes. His course
of study is fitting him for a B.Sc. degree. The Army and
the R.C.A.F. appeal to Doc but he is undecided as to which
it shall be.

GORDON LARKY. Gordon is another of our day schol­
ers, hailing from Sherbrooke. He was born on February 1,
1921, and he attended St. Patrick's Academy. At the Academ­
y he participated in hockey, softball, tennis and badminton.
His activities at the college, however, will be confined to C.O.T.C. work, which is perhaps in preparation for his
future enrolment in the R.C.A.F. Gordy is taking an arts
course. Like most men, Gordy finds women a fascinating
and interesting subject.

JOHN ALLEN LYNN. John was born on our Island
Fortress in Preston, England. His date of birth is Novem­
ber 6, 1924. In England he attended Preston Grammar
School and in Canada, Sherbrooke High gave him his credits
to proceed to Bishop's. John is more familiar with soccer
and cricket, but we hope he will take to basketball and
hockey. He plans to put his brains in the debating society
when and if the debating society starts its activities. After
graduation John hopes to string an M.D. after his name.
His interesting past experience was England in her early
war conditions.

BRIAN LYNN. Brian, who is "Biff" to most of us, was
born in Quebec City on July 1, 1923. He is another of the
several lads that have migrated to us from across the St.
Francis this year, as he attended B.C.S. Biff indulged in
rugby and hockey at the school, and he intends to play
badminton here. Biff has already been elected as senior
freshman for the year '42-'43. He is taking a course leading
to a B.Sc. Biff is all out for the army which he intends to
join after graduation. Fishing trips are Biff's interesting
past experiences, and he is just the lad to string a line too.

HARRY ARBUT MACHAHRIM. Harry's place of birth is
Montreal and the date is November 11, 1925. He played
rugby and hockey and participated in track and skiing at
Quebec High. Harry, too, is a science student, who hopes
to see action with the air force before long.

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G. H. A. MONTGOMERY, K.C., B.A., B.C.L., D.C.L., LL.D.,

On October 22, 1942, by the unanimous vote of the Convocation, Mr. G. H. A. Montgomery, K.C., B.A., B.
C.L., D.C.L., LL.D., of Montreal, was elected Chancellor of Bishop's University in succession to the late Hon. Chief
Justice R. A. E. Greenshields.

Mr. Montgomery is a graduate of Bishop's University, having taken his degree in 1883 with first-class standing
in Classical Honours. He is also an honours graduate in Law of McGill University. Over many years he has main­
tained a close connection with Bishop's as one of its Trustees. He is one of the most outstanding and successful
members of the Bar in Canada, and has been Batonnier of the Bar of Montreal and President of the Canadian Bar
Association. In 1929-30 he was President of the Conference of Governing Bodies of the Legal Profession in Canada.
He is one of the Dominion's foremost authorities on company law. He is an honorary member of the American Bar
Association. Mr. Montgomery's business interests include membership in a long list of financial and industrial boards.

The Mitre records its profound pleasure in the election of this distinguished alumnus to the University's highest
office.
How to Diet Unsuccessfully

Diet. To you, oh worthy reader, that is merely a word denoting the taking off of surplus weight by means of the sensible handling of the knife, fork, etc. To me it spells doom; the ruination of a finely organized schedule of face-filling, the loss, through force mind you, of that treasured privilege of bust-eating or stuffing. In the following paragraphs I shall describe my first attempt at rigorous self-denial of the niceties of life and how this glorious attempt was thrown to the winds.

Let it be known that on the eighth day of April in the year of our Lord 1942, I embarked on a hazardous expedition, the eventual destination being the land of the slim. In my mind’s eye, I envisioned myself, a tawny creature with a wasp waist, Atlas-like shoulders, negligently brushing a crowd of admiring females off my shoulders as would the average wall-flower rid himself of a cloud of mosquitoes. I saw feverish agents from the movie capitol begging me to sign on with their companies at tremendous salaries. Apparently they saw in me the makings of a Greek-godlike creature. Then I saw myself quietly ushering them from my presence and confidently grabbing a rich heiress who sighing happily, allowed herself to be carried off to the nearest justice of the peace. But enough. Let us face the grim realities of this sordid life of mine.

Herein is recounted the happenings and set-backs encountered on the road to Greek-goddiness. On this eighth day of April, I confidently descended the staircase to the dining-room. Here I quietly told Jim to serve me a glass of orange juice and a piece of dried toast. Taking a long look at my portly self, he laughed sardonically and forthwith brought in my usual double portion of cream of wheat. As is to be expected, I was aghast at this audacity and at once, in most emphatic terms, explained to the unworthy minion that I was from henceforth to be treated like a person with acute indigestion, and to be fed accordingly. When Jim saw the sincere light gleaming from my orbs, he at once removed the foul concoction from my sight and returned with the aforementioned orange juice and toast.

Bravely I attacked this, what was now, substantial meal and proceeding to the tap, drew from it water which I drank hurriedly, greatly fearing the complications which might set in had I let these fires eat at my innards much longer. As I expected, the fires subsided, but to my horror, they were replaced by most distressing gaseous condition which caused me to rumble and belch forth great quantities of air. Needless to say, this exhibition, though involuntary, was most disgusting to me as well as to my neighbours who complained that unless the building ceased to tremble, they would forcefully expel me until such time as I could reason to hope to be rid of this unfortunate malady.

What was I to do? I, formerly the wit of the building, one of the college's moremoronic intellects, a gourmet of renown, being threatened by the other ignominious occupants of the Old Arts, a condition which I had not thought possible to prevail. Something had to be done so I hastily donned my coat and sallied forth to Doctor Winder who listened to my story attentively and then gave me the most surprising advice. I was to cat hearty meals he said and this was I to be expected, I was astounded at this stupidity and at once, in most emphatic terms, explained to the unworthy minion that I was from henceforth to be treated like a person with acute indigestion, and to be fed accordingly. When Jim saw the sincere light gleaming from my orbs, he at once removed the foul concoction from my sight and returned with the aforementioned orange juice and toast.

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Imagine my despair, walking slowly over to Herbert's. No diet, no Greek-goddiness, no movie offers, no rich hir-"en. But then my obese mind suddenly switched to the sub-ject of food, and gone was my remorse. Suddenly I was suffused with a rosy glow at the thought of lunch at Herb's. Well, to make a short story shorter, after consuming innumerable hamburgers and other delicacies so ably prepared by Herb, my fat self being comfortably enconced in the aforementioned rosy glow, I staggered happily back to the college, where after taking off my suit-coat, I prepared my-self a light snack, and sitting back contentedly in my easy chair, I said to myself, "T. E. this dieting is the nuts." Then I complacently reached for another jellied doughnut, ate it slowly, with relish, and finally retired to my bed for a light nap.
In Memoriam

Hon. R. A. E. Greenshields, D.C.L., LL.D. [1861-1942]

Chief Justice Greenshields was a native of the Eastern Townships, having been born in Danville in 1861. A graduate of McGill University in Arts and Law, he had a brilliant career at the Bar, his first case being the defence of Louis Riel. For a time he was Professor of Criminal Law at McGill, and Dean of the Law Faculty. He was appointed a Judge in 1910 and Chief Justice of the Superior Court of Quebec in 1933. In 1932 he succeeded Mr. F. E. Meredith as Chancellor of Bishop's University.

By his death on September 28, 1942, St. George's Church, Montreal, lost one of its most devoted members, the Judiciary lost a distinguished leader, and the University a benefactor and unfailing friend.

The Last Days of Malaya

Well to begin at the beginning—a few days before war broke out the volunteers were mobilized, so Enid C— and her two little girls came down from Redah to stay with us in Temerloh (the safest place in Malaya!). The Sunday before war broke out we went for a lovely trip down the river on the house-boat. It was all so peaceful and settled somewhere. All the little villages by the riverside with the Malays in their bright coloured sarongs laughing and bath ing at the river edge. We were back after dark and Ted said, "anyway war hasn't been declared," because the street lights were on. The next morning the telephone rang at five. Ted staggered out to it and came back looking very grave, and said it was David, the Secretary to the Resident, calling from Kuala Lipis to say fighting had broken out in Kelantan and Singapore had been bombed. We were frankly stunned, as we thought if war came it would be up in Siam by the Burma Road, at least in the beginning.

Well you know what happened. The next day we had several alerts, but actually no bombs dropped in the district till after 1 I. The railway line going to Kelantan goes through Mentakab and all the reinforcements were sent up by it (no roads) and the wounded and exhausted troops brought down. We saw train load after train load of troops, lorries, Bren gun carriers, etc., going up. They didn't stop, but saluted and gave us the thumbs up sign; looking so grimly determined, poor darlings. However, it was the trains coming back that were our concern. We started a canteen at the station, after we discovered that most of the trains coming back that were our concern. We started a canteen at the station, after we discovered that most of the trains coming back were going all the way to Singapore. We constantly had Jap planes overhead and they bombed the nearby towns, but only once while we were there did they make any attempt on us, and then they swooped down and machine gunned the Coolie lines just at the foot of the hill our bungalow was on. Fortunately no one was hurt.

The same old story! They would leave, declaring they would soon be back and giving us three cheers. As a matter of fact in his hospitality he was a bit optimistic, for the night before we left the army literally moved in on top of us. All the government servants and civilians had been ordered out of Pahang and Ted most unwillingly had to leave on the 10th of January. He wanted to come out with the military as he felt he could be of assistance to them and also to the people. He got the General to agree to stay, but at the last moment the General rang up and said the British Resident was adamant, and so he had to go. He arrived down at Johore Lapis Estate on Saturday afternoon, and Was I glad to see him! He had to go to Singapore the next day and Enid and I followed on Monday.

The train was jammed with people, mainly Asians, all going South. The C—'s were perfectly marvellous to us, and if it hadn't been for our anxiety about Ted and Duncan we should have had three very pleasant weeks. Jock lent us one of the assistants bungalows on the estate, and also his car. At that time the R.A.F. were building a runway for fighter planes, and we saw a lot of the personnel—all New Zealanders and awfully nice lads. There was a club on the estate and we foraged there every evening to listen to the news; and on Saturday night we always dined there and danced. Ted managed to call me up about every other night. After we left Temerloh the army moved in and our house was the Officers' Mess; and the C.O. and second in command lived with Ted in the house. There was no fighting there and I think Ted thoroughly enjoyed it.

Of course all the time the fighting was creeping closer. We constantly had Jap planes overhead and they bombed the nearby towns, but only once while we were there did they make any attempt on us, and then they swooped down and machine gunned the Coolie lines just at the foot of the hill our bungalow was on. Fortunately no one was hurt.

Finally Jock had to tell us that we must go to Singapore—"as a matter of fact in his hospitaliDy he was a bit optimistic, for the night before we left the army literally moved in on top of us. All the government servants and civilians had been ordered out of Pahang and Ted most unwillingly had to leave on the 15th of January. He wanted to come out with the military as he felt he could be of assistance to them and also to the people. He got the General to agree to his staying, but at the last moment the General rang up and said the British Resident was adamant, and so he had to go. He arrived down at Johore Lapis Estate on Saturday afternoon, and Was I glad to see him! He had to go to Singapore the next day and Enid and I followed on Monday. Sunday we had the dubious pleasure of witnessing an army "strategically withdrawing". From early morning, cars, lorries, armoured cars, etc., began rolling in all over the estate. We went down to the club at eleven, and officers kept pouring in telling Jock they were taking over various parts of the estate. Civilian friends from Kuala Lumpur (which had been evacuated) kept arriving on their way down to Singapore. That night Enid and I and the two children slept in one room while ten army doctors occupied the rest of the bungalow.

The next morning Jock C— drove us to Singapore (112 miles). What a journey that was! Air raids all the way down—the children and both Enid's Amahs car sick—the
roads jammed with traffic of all descriptions. When we finally arrived in Singapore there was an air raid on, but we were safely landed at our destination eventually. Enid had just had a baby. There was another girl, Phyllis— from Pangang, staying there too. Ted joined the regular army and was given an emergency commission as second lieutenant. He was at a reinforcement camp, but was able to come home at night while I was there. The next two weeks were not dull ones as we had continual raids. Most of the women with whom I was staying when we were still thousands there. Ted was frantic to have me go, but I really didn't mind the air raids much and couldn't see why I shouldn't stick it out. However, I put my name down, or rather Ted did, at the P. and O. in the middle of the night of the 30th they rang up, and Ted and Cuthbert went down and got our tickets, just a mimeographed slip of paper. We had to be on board at noon of the 31st. That morning the Japs raided the docks and when we arrived everything was in a pall of smoke. Ted got leave to see me off and had to locate our luggage and carry it on himself as the coolies had run away. There was a raid on at the time and it was altogether hellish. Four big ships took the main bulk of the remaining women and children. There were about 12 thousand on our ship alone. It was very much a troop ship and we slept on mattresses and waited on the tables, etc., but these were small matters, although the complaining that went on was quite incredible. I heard one woman say, and I echoed her sentiments, "The more I see women in the raw, the better I like men". Two days out we were attacked by a loose bomber but fortunately we shot it down.

And so we finally arrived in Durban! Past little Iris Wood was ill all the way in hospital, and the crowning tragedy was that after she arrived here the baby died of gastric enteritus contracted on the ship.

We have heard various reports from people who escaped from Singapore and I must say on the whole they are definitely good. They appear to be treating the prisoners reasonably well, and there is quite definite information that the horrors of Hong Kong did not take place in Singapore. The Japanese general is stated to be a Christian so that may mean something.

(S. NARIZZANO)

A Kiss

She looked up at him, her eyes laughing and shining in the dimly-lit room. His heart was touched with the pure, unclouded joy and anguish that beat within his breast. He longed for her to falter, for her eyes to drop, her lips to entrance him and bewildered his desires. He tried to return her bewitching gaze, but he dared not. He felt that any sign of weakness on his part would encircle her. He longed to have her lips and he longed yet more desperately for them, but he was afraid. He wanted to be the conqueror. But her look remained intent and full, inscrutable, more possessing. His manhood was realized and he felt her confidence, her fearlessness. He wanted to be rid of this timidity and faltering. Breathing heavily and determinedly he raised his eyes, his glance meeting her chin small and firm, then her lips—full, red and slightly puckered, the upperlip small and thin. Her sharp white teeth peeped between the two parted lips, dazzling his eyes and confusing his purpose. Again he trembled and dared not look into her soft, inquiring gaze. His eyes remained riveted on her lips and his blood pounded, and each expressive twitch, each lascivious puckering of her mouth sent the blood shooting spasmodically to his head. She was a witch and he would have had her lips on his, for she was his fairy queen, for her soft presence wafted him to aetherial spheres. He was blinded and could not see, her eyes were clouded and befogged. He struggled for reality, but through the shadows her face was clear. He knew not how to conquer, and he was afraid. This was a strange passion, a new experience, one in which he had no knowledge, no understanding, only a driving motive—their possession. At their capture he would be dominant, his power of manhood would encircle her. He longed to have them and he knew they would be his but he hesitated uncertainly. He would, he must, he could not. Suddenly he had slipped, fallen, plunged into the pit where there was no bottom. His lips met hers, became bolder, more curving, more possessive. His manhood was realized and he felt a surge of joy at the discovery of his weapon of love. Now he was master, the slave.

She was fifteen, seventeen. It was his first kiss.

THE MITRE

THE ECONOMIC SET-UP

For some time now I have discovered, in inspired moments, upon the economic set-up. This has finally resulted in a challenge from a few of my friends to explain exactly what my criticisms of the present system are, and what I would suggest in improvement. That they do this merely to fill up a certain amount of space in the Mitre is too clear to me, but the burning message which I have to give is to impel me to proceed with the task, regardless of all scoffers. I have stated that the economic system is all wrong. It makes far too great demands on one's life. The present system seems to function purely for purposes of punishing us for having been kicked out of the garden of Eden. By this I mean that it gives us about as much personal freedom as the Romans gave their galley slaves. Even before the war our work made such demands upon us that everything else had to be secondary. This is an intolerable situation. In the new economic system which I envisage all this shall be reversed, and work shall be secondary to everything else. As a matter of fact, work may be abolished altogether. This probably sounds to many of the mundanes like the dreams of a visionary. Already I hear them asking cynically "But how do you propose to bring about this change?" My answer to this is that, as a patriot, I cannot reveal all the details of my proposed system until after the war. It might interfere with the war effort. It might even land me in a concentration camp.

But though I do not feel disposed, at the present time, to lay bare all the details of a system which should electrify the economic and social world I feel perfectly free to criticise the present system partly for reasons of which I have spoken. If we have already paid too great a price for that stolen apple. I have always found work to be the greatest enemy of the soul, and in the new economic set up it shall have no place. I pity no more than the worker, a victim of that diabolical disease known as ambition, which quickly makes far too great demands on one's life. The present system has other terrible disadvantages. It retards marriage. I do not mind this personally, having suffered grievous disillusionment at the age of thirteen when the woman of my dreams ran off with another man, but others, less prejudiced, maintain that it is very unfortunate that prevailing economic conditions often make it impossible to marry until middle age. I agree with this, and I have decided that in the new set up marriage shall be compulsory at the age of five. I shall do this chiefly to reduce the divorce rate, since I feel that marriage might be much more endurable if we had never known anything better.

You may see from this that I have decided to change not only the economic but the social set up. Except in a very few instances, such as marriage, everyone will be free to do as he pleases, as long as he is careful to do nothing. Obviously no public works can be carried out, but great things will be promised by the new socialist-anarchist party, and in this regard I am sure that I need not worry. Hypocrisy shall be done away with, and in leader of the new party I shall be looked upon as the benevolent grasper, for I shall appropriate huge sums for recreational purposes, reserving special sums for travelling expenses. Since all those revolutionary enactments must be carried without work there must be a great deal of talking. The truth must be so confounded with falsehoods as to confuse everybody, myself and the opposition. Obviously I need lieutenants to carry out this great work, and I have in mind such men as Herr Gobbels and Hitler, if they are willing to recant on the subject of labour versus capital, since the new party will be against both.

All taxes shall be placed in the party funds, and no account
The party Gestapo will have no other function than to see that the decree forbidding all work is obeyed. The townspeople will be checked, as well as farmers, but little trouble is expected from them. It is felt that the Gestapo may ignore the colleges, and it is even expected that they will be held up as shining examples of what the new party desires. Degrees will be issued to only fifty percent of the college students, since it is felt that this will add to the value of a degree, and give the graduate a real chance for success. Only those showing no aptitude shall be admitted, and those few already in college who show this quality shall be expelled, preferably in the middle of the second term, immediately following the Frothblower's sleigh ride. Distinctions shall be issued to one percent of the student body—namely, to those learning the least possible in the longest possible time.

It is to be seen from this that something entirely different is to be expected after the war, though I have had time to provide but a glimpse of the shape of things to come. But I do feel that this offers something concrete to work upon after the war, and as such I submit it for consideration.

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Save wisely TODAY
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DECEMBER, 1942

The Split Label

You know, it's funny how when they're here
You don't think that in a month or two
They'll be swept into that bloody chaos
Of hell and hatred.

Now there's Robin, a pretty swell guy,
Even if he is a screwball and a materialist,
A fellow you're glad to call your friend
Where can he be.

Perhaps facing a Jap in the East
Or fighting for his life with the calculating Prussians,
Or even drilling his men with enthusiasm,
As he did everything.

Then there's wee Georgie McNeillie,
Always complaining of the work he had to do
But just never seemed to get around to;
A good little guy.

Remember how he'd get in debt?
Remember when his favorite girl wrote him?
How he would frown and moan or sing and dance,
But who wouldn't?

I drank a lot of coffee in his company
Maybe three or four times a day,
And it was fun. Just sitting there talking,
Mostly about nothing.

But who could forget Happy and his odd self,
Boy, could he bawl the "Admiral" out!
And his, "Oh, we're just good friends,
Nothing serious you know."

And then there's the tall suave boy, gone into the struggle,
But leaving quite an imprint on old Bish.
Yeah, that's Wilder, a smooth number
And a good label splitter.

Remember how he and Errol used to fight?
Errol would ask, "Why did they elect that bum?"
And Wilder would jolt him all the more
With his dry humour.

Next thing, we hear of friend Williamson, the Dean,
About to give up his freedom, not only for Canada,
No sir, he went and fell in love and now
He's getting married.

Ah, what's the use. I could go on all night,
Just sitting here and thinking back on the fun we had,
Good, clean, harmless fun too.
But a fellow just can't rave on about memories
Because I'm the only guy who's interested in them.
**A Business Connection**

The undergraduate of to-day is the business man of to-morrow and as such will require banking service. We welcome accounts of students, and an early association can be made the foundation of a lasting bank connection.

**THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE**

LENNONVILLE, QUE. Branch

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See our prices.

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SHERBROOKE, QUE.

CLOTHING, FURNISHINGS, HATS AND SHOES

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**Crown Laundry**

OF SHERBROOKE LIMITED

We serve the Eastern Townships

---

Did you say Harvest?

Most of us came back broker, wiser and more blistered.

The train trip West was memorable for the dirt, the cards, the liquor, and the sardines placed in open mouths while the unsuspecting innocents slept. Conductors were educated—the ones that played ball with the gang got along all right, but any trace of surliness prompted abusive treatment. One poor fellow lost all his lanterns and spitoons.

When some enterprising soul purchased some chalk to mark up our two cars with such slogans as "Come East and See Canada," "Regina, Here We Come," and "Bishop's in huge letters, train officials insisted that we erase the chalk. Everybody agreed with them, but it remained there just the same.

Then there was the second year chap who, when the train was stopped, leaned out and picked up a section gang's shovel, and when the train started up, carried it several hundred yards down the track before throwing it into a swamp. He was threatened with arrest and the last time we saw him, he was disguised in an old bath tub under a seat hiding from the railroad police who were searching for him.

And those upper berths, sans mattresses as we say, were hard.

Some how the diner missed the train, and we were forced to subsist on the C.P.R.’s gold plated ham sandwiches and coffee grabbed at various ten-minute stops along the way.
Mr. Yarell deserves a compliment for his handling of the excursion. He was always willing to give assistance, and he was available at any of the odd times when we were looking for him.

There were only a few who did not get out to Banff.

Considering the topography of the entire trip lives in Lennoxville. The Canada Year Book extends to over 1000 pages, dealing with all phases of national life, and including some articles on the effect of the war on the Canadian economy.

In the meantime Octo, Jules' cousin, had come to the city to see what prospects there were for a few harmless kidnappings, and found out that Jules had been rubbed out. Tony and Octo were also pals and they decided to make it hot for Brute and his mob. Tony started things by his speech at Jules' funeral. It went something like this:

"Pals, citizens, gammies, you just listen to me here,
Poor old Jules is dead,
You'll all feel the shortage of beer.

Now boys don't get sore,
Imagine what Brute would think.
But if you put the slug on him
Jules would be tickled pink."

That speech of Tony's was just what the boys needed to get them annoyed at Brute, so they grabbed their sawed-off shotguns and lit out after Brute, who had just taken it on the lam with Casey and the rest of the goons. They left Tony and his pal Octo to be the two big shots.

Now Tony was no angel and neither was Octo, so they started their rule of the rackets by bumping off anyone who was ever a friend of Brute's, including Jules. At least that is what Jules thought, and even Brute thought he was a friend of Jules, 'til a very low character, and somewhat of a stool pigeon called Casey started to work on Brute. This Casey told him that Jules was a heel and was somewhat of a stool pigeon, so he was considered hot stuff by one and all. He had quite a gang of punks who did the dirty work, such as bumping off his old pal, and partner, Pompey. Now "Jules" was a very smart customer, and when he had his gorillas put the slug on Pompey, he became the top racketeer of the community — in fact of any community. He ran the protection racket, owned all the slot machines and he used to have a whole fleet of rum-running trucks. As you see from this he was considered a very important citizen, and a dangerous one.

Now it seems that there was a guy around town called Brute, who was a friend of everybody — including Jules. At least that is what Jules thought, and even Brute thought he was a friend of Jules, 'til a very low character, and somewhat of a stool pigeon called Casey started to work on Brute. This Casey told him that Jules was a heel and was going to make life hell for him. Of course, it all turned out that Jules had been rubbed out. Tony and Octo were also pals and they decided to get them annoyed at Brute, so they grabbed their sawed-off shotguns and lit out after Brute, who had just taken it on the lam with Casey and the rest of the goons. They left Tony and his pal Octo to be the two big shots.

Now Tony was no angel and neither was Octo, so they started their rule of the rackets by bumping off anyone who was ever a friend of Brute's, including some guys who used to be their own friends.

In the meantime Brute had got quite a bunch of gunmen together, and he planned to have a showdown with Tony and his gang of cut-throats. But one day Brute found out that Casey had some kind of lottery racket going on whereby the gunman lost their pay to Casey before they got it, but as these bums were pretty dumb when it came to mathematics they thought all was on the up and up. Well Brute got sore at Casey for this and had a swell scrap, in fact they nearly drew their equalisers but were stopped when someone brought in the scotch. This scotch was...
Going Places?

RIGHT NOW
Many young fellows
Are making their presence felt.
It seems more than coincidental
That these chaps dress well.
Their appearance is important.
It indicates to their associates
That they think well of themselves.
In the long run
Good clothing costs less
Than so-called "cheap" clothing.

Notes and Comments

"A college carrying on in wartime is a greater thing than the records show." It is with these words in mind that Bishop's has entered into the fourth year of the war. And so it is that we find ourselves once again within its portals. It would be false to say that the war has not affected Bishop's far too is playing her part, and yet it would not be untrue to say that this year we are entering the college with a greater hope of victory than ever before. Upon our return we notice that the sub-staff, although somewhat changed from last year, has taken pains to have everything in perfect order for the seniors and their new protégés. Physically, however, there has been little change in the college. The goal posts on the now-forsaken football field sag with that same forlorn look so characteristic of the 1941-42 season, the light in the upstairs hall of the Old Arts building is still burnt out, and the fire escapes still creak at four in the morning. But in spite of this we are all glad to be back.

Accordingly, the first thing we must do is to extend a greeting to the freshettes and the freshmen. Indeed they are worthy of a hearty welcome for they have, each and every one of them, earned themselves a place in college life. To arrange the former in order of pulchritude would be a job that not even the rashest senior dare undertake for they are all, beyond a doubt, a very fine addition to the ranks of the weaker sex at Bishop's. As for the latter, they have, after a rather riotous start, finally settled down.

Those of us who arrived at College somewhat early this year were surprised to find that the faculty of the college had undertaken to prepare an aptitude test for the freshmen in order to help them in their selection of courses. From all reports this proved a great success among the new-comers for none complained of having his or her plans for the coming year changed from last year, has taken pains to have everything in perfect order for the seniors and their new protégés. Physically, however, there has been little change in the college. The goal posts on the now-forsaken football field sag with that same forlorn look so characteristic of the 1941-42 season, the light in the upstairs hall of the Old Arts building is still burnt out, and the fire escapes still creak at four in the morning. But in spite of this we are all glad to be back.

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provided an outlet for the excess energy and much later in the morning our boys would be seen cautiously wakening their beds, tired but happy.

Shortly after the Introduction Dance a call came down from Mackenzie King and his boys in Ottawa. Apparently the crops were ready and "Bown" was in a race against time to see whether the crop would be by the fall. He himself did not stop his labors and he thought that perhaps the men of Bishop's might be able to rush out and save the situation—if they could be supported by a few other universities from the eastern provinces.

A meeting was immediately held in order to consider the matter and upon gathering the boys learned that McCull had already volunteered 100 men. The ins and outs of the matter were discussed and then the meeting was adjourned until the following day. On Friday, October 9, the boys once again met with the faculty. This meeting was short and to the point. Upon an early vote it was decided to suspend lectures until November 4, and that the party would leave on the following Sunday, from Lennoxville.

The men left on time and by the time it had passed through Montreal they had amounted to 77 under the capable guidance of Prof. Yarrill. The trip out west was rather quieter than the boys had predicted. Several things, however, became apparent: (1) That "Bown" had a girl in every station; (2) That "Sandy" was still rating his dilapidated chess set; (3) That Cyril didn't know, most of the time, whether the train was going east, west or just spinning like everything else. The boys managed to get around the great lakes in good order and into Winnipeg. In that fair city they formed a chain gang and having thus transported their luggage into another "Iron Horse" proceeded into the prairies.

There are, around this college, two very famous organizations which have not, as yet, come into prominence during this year. The first is the Glee Club, which has only just organized the season. It hoped this year that the club will be able to keep up its fine record of 1941-42, and perhaps extend their program somewhat. Further it is planned to incorporate the girls and boys Glee Clubs into one organization which will work together throughout the term. The column at this time wishes to commend the performance in such a fine manner.

Another organization that will work together throughout the year is the Chess Club. Those of us under our very olfactory is the Chess Club. To our calculations, on the third step... Is that it the same old attraction or has something new been added... Moreover, if any of you are getting tired of hearing "Take it off" continually bewailing forth from the common room, allow me to assure you that the blame rests on the head of a tall "Blood Bomber" known as "Good"... Then there is that good looking freshman with a pipe full of tobacco and a room filled with a pot mixtures, "Bown" in charge...

Another year, another term, another sublet... To make you squirm... A little pet... From here and there... It's all in fun.

—(Continued from page 27)

naturally some that Jules used to brew in the governor's kitchen. In order that others too may take notice of them.

And so we conclude this column. We hope that we have been able to represent adequately your activities at Bishop's during the first part of this term. And let us remind you that you only get out of college what you put into it—so let's put all into it and have a fine year.

Julius Caesar — (Continued from page 27)

his boys got the best of the fight, but Tony came back strong and cleared up.

Poor Brute was very disheartened over this. His pal Casey had made one of his own men shoot him, so he wouldn't be caught by Tony. This made Brute determined to kill himself, so he ran into Phil's bar and ordered a double scotch—straight. This, he figured, would kill anyone, just as it had killed his wife. But Brute just wouldn't die from it, though Phil's liquor could kill the best of them. Then Brute got a brain wave. He asked Phil for a glass of milk and they both died from the shock.

Well, kids, as you know Tony and Octo became the big shots, until Tony got mixed up with a doll called Cleo, and he went to the dogs.
SPORTS

Hindered again by the restrictions accompanying the war—even more severely than before—Bishop's has tried to maintain an interest in athletics, chiefly of an intermural and informal nature.

RUGBY

This year there was little or no talk of fielding a rugby team, but when the challenge came from Sherbrooke High School for an exhibition game, players and spirits were not found lacking at Bishop's.

On September 26, the first and only football game of the season was played at the Sherbrooke parade grounds when the University team defeated a fighting High School aggregation 10 to 1. Having had but one practice before the game, the Bishop's squad relied upon their weight for successive line plunges which wore down the Sherbrooke team.

Bishop's received the opening kick-off and ran the ball back ten yards as the start of a powerful march toward the goal line. Plunges by Stevens and Lynn brought the ball into the Sherbrooke territory, where Johnston booted a long ball into the end zone where Day covered it for Bishop's first five points. The convert failed.

In the second quarter, Bishop's threatened but did not come close enough to score. Long end runs featured the High School attack with long gains, and Campbell kicked over the goal line for one point.

Half-time saw the well-trained Bishop's team panting on the grass smoking cigarettes and one or two claimed they were too tired to go back. However, when the whistle blew for the third quarter, the line-up was complete again except for one man who needed another two minutes rest.

In the third stanza McMaster pulled a quarterback sneak and gained 45 yards, placing the ball on the Sherbrooke one-yard line. MacDonald in a powerful plunge put the ball over. The High School tried many forward passes, but gained little yardage. Stevens intercepted a pass from the high school and was nearly away for the third touchdown when he was stopped by Campbell's famous around-the-neck tackle.

Bishop's defensive play was strong with High School's bucks gaining little ground and their passes seldom being completed. Backing up the line, Day's work was outstanding, and Lynn, Tyler, and the other linemen proved too formidable for the High School. Bob Carpenter served as captain for the game.

GOLF

The annual golf tournament was won this fall by Charlie Worthen after he defeated Ian Scott in the play-off match. On September 12, about 12 of the college prominent golfers took advantage of a free day to stage the tournament on the Lennoxville links. At the end of the 18 holes, both Worthen and Scott turned in medal scores of 89, and a few days later, Worthen defeated his opponent, to take the Lady Meredith trophy.

TRACK MEET

On October 3 the seniors soundly trounced the freshmen 51-39 in the annual field day, continuing the practice started last year. One of the highlights of the afternoon was the 220-yard dash when Peake and McMaster ran a dead heat. And the gentlemen contenders who merely removed their coats to participate deserve mention.

In the aggregate scores, Peake came first with 19 points, Day was second with 13 and Schoch was third with 10 points.

The Summary

100-yard dash: Peak, Frizzel, Lynn; time, 11.5 seconds.

220-yard dash: Peak and McMaster, Moore; time, 25 sec.

440-yard dash: Peak, Day, Tomlinson; time, 1 min. 2.5 sec.

Half mile run: Schoch, Paterson, G. Scott; time, 3 min. 6 sec.

Mile run: Schoch, R. H. Smith, Schofield; time, 5 min. 42 sec.

Mile relay: Freshmen; time, 4 min. 12 sec.

Discus: Day, Carpenter, Spafford; distance, 79 ft. 4 in.

Shot put: Day, Tanner, Lynn; distance, 32 ft. 11 in.

High jump: Johnson, Tanner, L. M. Scott; bgt., 6 ft. 1 in.

Bread jump: Peak, Johnson, Tanner; distance, 18 ft. 4 in.

FIVE-MILE CROSS COUNTRY

The five-mile road race for the Mrs. McGreer shield was staged on October 8, with only two contestants participating. The event was won by Pete Schoch in 30 minutes 15 seconds with Dick Tomlinson coming second. It was the first time in several years that this trophy was competed for.

DUNN CUP ROAD RACE

The annual five-mile relay race for the Dunn Cup was staged over the usual course on November 19, with the
Bishop's and the War

When Bishop's opened its doors for another academic year the war had just started on its fourth year. Along with the rest of the civilian population we are feeling more and more the effects of the war on our daily life. Since College closed early last summer the rationing of certain products such as tires, gasoline, tea, coffee and sugar has gone into effect. Many other products are difficult to get and some luxuries have disappeared completely from the market. There is for instance, at the present more truth than poetry in that old song which starts, "Yes we have no bananas". All this is undoubtedly a good thing for it makes us who are far from the scene of battle, think that these are abnormal days. In his inaugural addres the Principal emphasized how fortunate we are to be able to carry on our university life in these days. It is to be hoped that we all make the most of our opportunity.

HARVESTING

The highlight, to date, of the war effort here is the harvest excursion to Alberta, which most of the men students indulged in. In order to make possible a response to the Government's appeal for students to help with the western harvest, lectures were cancelled from October 10 until November 4. Under the supervision of Mr. Yarrill the Bishop's party left Montreal on the night of Sunday, October 11. Mr. Yarrill made his headquarters in Calgary. Most of the Bishop's men worked on farms in the vicinity of Olds, Alberta, some fifty miles or so from Calgary. Snow brought most of the work to an abrupt halt before the threshing was completed. Many of the students made use of their time off by having a "look around" while they had the opportunity. Banff seems to have been the centre of attraction. By November 4 most of the harvesters had returned to the lecture room and had exchanged their pitchforks and overalls for books and academic gowns. In the recent issue of a Canadian periodical reference is made to the student harvesters and a list is given of those universities which sent students out West. Bishop's is conspicuous by its absence. This, we feel, is unfortunate for through closing down for nearly a month both our faculty and our students showed the fullest possible co-operation with the Government on this matter. The Christmas holidays and the Easter holidays are to be considerably shortened and the Christmas examinations commence on January 7.

THE C.O.T.C.

The work of the Corps has naturally been delayed as a result of the October furlough. Through lack of time for practice the Corps did not turn out for the Remembrance Sunday observances in Lennoxville. However, C.O.T.C. personnel mounted guard at the War Memorial during the ceremonies. The Corps is for the third year under the command of Major Church. Lieut. Harold Frizzell is Second in Command and Menz. Langford, Yarrill and Patch are the Platoon commanders. A Sergeant's course has been substituted for the Common to all Arms and Special Papers. The recruits are taking Basic Training and some men are taking advanced training. An assault course is being built on the College grounds. We have no doubt that the training gained there will have practical application around the College buildings in the "we are" hours of the morning.

WAR SAVINGS STAMPS

The sale of War Savings Stamps, so well begun last year, has been resumed under the direction of Morie Robinson. He is being assisted by Elwood Patterson. Why is it that the Shedites always get these jobs? Can it be that they are the only ones to be trusted with so much money? We hope that all at Bishop's will back up the efforts of Morie and his stamp salesmen. When two and two make five it's a good investment and it all helps to stamp out the Axis.

MAGAZINES

The collection of magazines for the soldiers is under the direction of Elwood Patterson. Duringly freshmen please note. They are sent on to the Y.M.C.A.

THE THIRD VICTORY LOAN

We at Bishop's were glad to see this loan go over the top with a bang. At a special meeting of the Students' Association thirty three hundred dollars was voted for the purchasing of a Victory Bond. In 1936 a reunion of the classes of '43, '44, and '45 is being planned. We'll be seeing you there.

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

SHERBROOKE DAILY RECORD

W. R. WRIGHT
Alumni Notes

Births

Bowers—At the Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal, on 27th September, 1942, a daughter to Mr. D. K. Buka, b.a. '36, and Mrs. Buka.

Pattee—At the Homeopathic Hospital, Montreal, on 23rd August, 1942, to Mr. F. Lyle Pattee, b.a. '31, and Mrs. Pattee, 2 sons.

Pharo—At the Sherbrooke Hospital on October 21, 1942, to Mr. and Mrs. Merritt C. Pharo (née Frances E. Baker, b.a. '39) of Trois Rivières, Mines, a daughter.

Mackernie—On 9th November, 1942, at Ottawa Grace Hospital, to Mr. and Mrs. Linton Mackernie (née Evelyn Brown, b.a. '36), a daughter, Dorothy Linton.

Collins—At Catherine Booth Hospital, Montreal, on 3rd June, 1942, to the Rev'd E. Cyril Royce, l.t. '35, and Mrs. Roye of Arundel, Quebec, a son.

Scott—At Barrie, Ont., on 19th August, 1942, to Lieut. H. J. Scott, b.a. '37, R.C.A.M.C., and Mrs. Scott, a daughter (premature).

Scarne—At the Royal Victoria Maternity Hospital, Montreal, on 8th August, 1942, to Lieut. John Kenneth Scarne, b.a. '39, and Mrs. Scarne, a son.

Marriages

Armstrong-Shaver—The wedding took place in St. Matthew's Church, Ottawa, on 22nd August, 1942, of 2nd Lieutenant Milton Erle Armstrong, b.a. '35, to Miss Dorothy Mayhew, b.a. '30, daughter of the Rev'd Canon and Mrs. C. R. Eardley-Wilmot of Quebec, to Leading Aircraftsman John Mayhew, b.a. '27, son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Mayhew and the late Mrs. Mayhew of Bury. The Rev'd D. H. McFarlane of Rosennont United Church officiated. The bride and groom will reside in Montreal where Mrs. Mayhew will resume his duties as principal of one of the city's schools.

Morrow-Kee—The marriage took place on 1st August, 1942, at St. John's Presbyterian Church, Hamilton, Ontario, of Miss Eleanor Bentley Kerr to Captain George Maxwell Morrow, Canadian Dental Corps, M. B. '36. The ceremony was performed by the Rev'd Dr. N. D. McDonald. The bride was given away by her brother, Mr. James W. Kerr, and Mrs. James W. Kerr was matron of honour. Lieutenant William A. Unsworth was best man and the ushers were Mr. Russell Urquhart and Mr. Douglas Marr. A reception was held at the home of the bride's parents, after which Captain and Mrs. Morrow left on a wedding trip to Northern Ontario.

Murray-Grosse—A naval wedding of much interest took place at King's College Chapel, Halifax, on 20th June, when Miss Elsie Grosse, b.a. '38, H. S. Cert. '39, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Grosse of North Hatley, Quebec, became the bride of Sub-Lieutenant John Clayton Murray, R. C. N. V. R., son of Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Murray of Saint John, New Brunswick. The guard of honor was composed of friends of the bridegroom of the V division which graduated from H.M.C.S. Kings on the same day. The bride was given in marriage by Sub-Lieutenant Christopher G. Love, R. C. N. V. R., formerly of Bishop's College, Quebec, who became Sub-Lieutenant Murray as a graduate of the University of New Brunswick. A reception followed the ceremony at the Carleton Hotel, Halifax. Later the bride and groom left on a trip to St. John's, Newfoundland.

Schofield-Addy—The marriage took place on Saturday, 27th October, 1942, in Trinity College Chapel, Toronto, the marriage took place of Miss Norma Evelyn Hasting, b.a., to the Rev'd Harry Amey, b.a. '40, Mrs. Amey is a graduate of Victoria College, Toronto.

Engagements

Williamson-Thompson—Mr. and Mrs. James Edmund Thompson of Lennoxville announce the engagement of their daughter, Catherine Edith Thompson, b.a. '41, to Lieutenant James Dean Travers Williamson, b.a. '42, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Williamson of Georgetown, Delaware. The marriage is to take place in St. Mark's Chapel, Bishop's University, the latter part of November.

Deaths

The Mitre records with regret the death of Pearl Beswick, who for several years was a waitress in the College Dining Hall. She was going to Newfoundland on the S.S. Caribou to join her husband who is with the R.C.A.F., when the ship was sunk by an enemy torpedo.

Mrs. Beswick was a courteous and efficient waitress. Her husband was formerly an employee of the College. Mrs. Beswick's body was recovered and the burial service was held on Saturday, October 24, in the United Church, Lennoxville.

General

The following Bishop's men have recently been ordained to Holy Orders.

Stevens-McDougall—The marriage took place on 15th of August, 1942, at St. James' Church, Three Rivers, of Lieutenant Trevor C. Stevens, M.A. '40, and Miss Agnes Robina (Nancy) McDougall, b.a. '38, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. R. McDougall. Mr. Edgar Stevens, M.A. '43, acted as best man for his brother.

Wilson-Bainbridge—At St. George Church, Goring, England, on Saturday, 30th May, 1942, the wedding took place of Flying Officer Christopher Wilson, M.'37, to Miss Norma D. Bainbridge, daughter of the late Colonel Norman Bainbridge, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., and Mrs. Bainbridge of Streatley-on-Thames. The bride is a Section Officer in the W.A.A.F.

Amey-Hastings—On Monday, 12th October, 1942, in Trinity College Chapel, Toronto, the marriage took place of Miss Norma Evelyn Hasting, b.a., to the Rev'd Harry Amey, b.a. '40. Mrs. Amey is a graduate of Victoria College, Toronto.
Officer in the R.C.A.F.

Mr. H. I. Apps and Mr. Reginald Turpin, ordained Deacons in St. Matthew's Church, Quebec, by the incumbent of St. Paul's Church, West Sherbrooke, has been October 21, Mr. Robert Mackie, Mr. Percy Clark, appointed Rector of St. Peter's Church, Cookshire, and was pointed to the Mission of West Sherbrooke and has been Domestic Chaplain and travelling missionary in the Diocese of Quebec.

Mr. A. T. Woodard, b.a. '37, has completed his training in Clinton, and has been commissioned as Pilot Officer in the R.C.A.F.

Mr. Woodard—The Rev'd Colin Cuttell, b.a. '37, of the Mission of Wabamum, Alberta, has been appointed Bishop's Domestic Chaplain and travelling missionary in the Diocese of Quebec.

Mr. Colin Cuttell, b.a. '37, formerly Incumbent of St. Paul's Church, West Sherbrooke, has been appointed Rector of St. Peter's Church, Cookshire, and was formally inducted by the Bishop of Quebec on September 30.

Mr. Robert Mackie, b.a. '41, has been ordained Deacon in Christ Church Cathedral, Ottawa, by the Lord Bishop of Ottawa.

Mr. Robert Mackie—On the Feast of St. Luke (transferred) October 21, Mr. Robert Mackie, b.a. '41, was ordained a Deacon in St. Peter's Church, Sherbrooke, by the Lord Bishop of Quebec.

Mr. Percy Clark—On the Feast of St. Barnabas, June 11, Mr. Percy Clark, b.a. '42, was ordained Deacon in Christ Church Cathedral, Ottawa, by the Lord Bishop of Ottawa.

Mr. Percy Clark—The Rev'd John Ford, b.a. '38, has been appointed to the Mission of Sandy Beach. Mr. Marston was formally inducted by the Bishop of Quebec on September 30.

Mr. J. Guy Marston—A. T. Woodard, b.a. '33, has been appointed Copy Editor of the Washington Times-Herald. The paper has a daily circulation of 225,000 and frequently prints eight editions.

Mr. Colin Cuttell, b.a. '37, has been appointed part-time Chaplain to Military District No. 5. Mr. Cuttell is now attached to the Diocese of Quebec.

Mr. Colin Cuttell—The Rev'd Claude Sauerbrue, b.a. '24, l.s.t., late of the Diocese of Rangoon, has been appointed Chaplain to Bishop's College School.

The Rev'd W. J. Belford, b.a. '36, has been appointed to the parish of East Harley.

Mr. Marston—The Rev'd J. Guy Marston, b.a. '41, is now in charge of the Mission of Sandy Beach. Mr. Marston was formerly Assistant Curate of St. Peter's Church, Sherbrooke.

Mr. J. Guy Marston—On the Feast of St. Luke (transferred) October 21, Mr. J. Guy Marston, b.a. '41, was ordained Deacon in St. Peter's Church, Sherbrooke, by the Lord Bishop of Quebec.

The following are the exchanges received: McGill Daily
Queens's Journal
Le Carabin, Laval
 Xavierian Weekly
The Acadia Athenaeum
The Gateway, University of Alberta
The Bates Student
The Argosy
The College Cord
The Silhouette, McMaster University
College Topics, University of Virginia
Brunswickian
The Manitoban
Queen's Review
Triune University Review
The Adventurer, Magee High School, Vancouver
The Record
The Asbublican
Revue de l'Universite d'Ottawa
The Yale Literary Magazine
Loyola College Review
College Times, U. C. C.
King's College Record
Aris Ridleiana
Dalhousie Gazette
Quebec Diocesan Gazette

November sixth as freshmen duties cease on that date.

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Dalhousie Gazette
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Bown, W. A.  44
Canadian Bank of Commerce  24
Chaddock, C. C.  44
Chateau Frontenac  43
Crown Laundry  24
Delisle, H. J.  43
Echenberg Bros.  43
Fashion-Craft  24
Fontaine & Son  26
Gervais, J. A.  43
Hunting's Dairy  46
Imperial Tobacco  16
Laiberté Leo  41
Levesque Ltd.  43
Loach's Restaurant  46
McConnell, H. J.  43
McKinnon's Drug Store  44
Milford's  41
Mitchell, J. S.  32
Mitchell, May  43
Nelson's  Back Cover
New Premier Theatre  39
Nichol, John & Sons  38
Pelletier, J. A.  43
Pignon, J. A.  43
Quebec Maple Products  41
Rosemary Gift Shop  39
Rugge, Mignault, Holsham and Grundy  41
Sherbrooke Laundry  2
Sherbrooke Record  31
Sherbrooke Trust Co.  40
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