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**Molson's Export Ale**

"The Ale Your Great-Great-Grandfather Drank"
bridge University. He was Principal of Bishop's University from 1900 to 1905. Shortly after returning to England he was appointed Dixie Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Cambridge, which position he held for twenty years.

The Mitre extends sincere sympathy.

R. B. Hutchinson, M.P., died on September 7 in Montreal. Mr. Hutchinson was a prominent Montreal notary and senior partner of the firm Hutchinson Bourke & Stevenson.

EXCHANGES (Continued from page 31) sports and the G. O. T. C. Of the school magazine which we have received, "The Ashburian", "The Bishop's College School Magazine", and the Trinity College School "Record" are above average, and will provide interesting reading for those of our number who attended one or these schools before coming to the University.

We have received and have read with pleasure the following magazine.

Loyola College Review, Montreal.

Red and White, St. Dunstan's University, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

Technique, Montreal.

The Loyalists, Queen Mary College, U. of London.

Revue de L'Université d'Ottawa.


The Torch, Town of Mount Royal High School.

The Quebec Diocesan Gazette.

The O. A. S. Review, Guelph, Ont.

The Breez' Student, Lewiston, Maine.

The Vox Ducum, Westminster High School, Westminster.

The Linter, Belford Road Collegiate, Saskatoon, Sask.

The Record, Trinity College School, Port Hope, Ont.

The Northland Echo, University College, Toronto.

Commoners' High School Magazine, Quebec, Que.

The Alma Mater, St. Jerome's College, Kitchener, Ont.

L'Hebdo Laval, Quebec, Que.


The Cracm, Auckland University, Auckland, New Zealand.

The College Cord, Waterloo, Ont.

The Bishop's College School Magazine, Lennoxville, Que.

The S. A. Student, South Africa.

The Nuns, South Africa.

The Argosy Weekly, Mount Allison University, Sackville, N. B.

The Argosy of Commerce, High School of Commerce, Ottawa, Ont.

The Black and White Review, Catholic High School, Montreal.

College Echoes, University of St. Andrew's, Scotland.

The Challenger, St. John Vocational School, N. B.

The St. Andrews College Annual, St. Andrews, Que.

The Adventure, Magee High School, Vancouver, B. C.

The Queen's Review, Kingston, Ont.

The Gryphon, University of Leeds, Scotland.

The New Northman, Belfast, U. Ireland.

The Windsorian, Windsor, Ont.


The Felstedian, Felsted, Essex, Eng.

The Ashburian, Ottawa.

The Argentum, Lachute High School, Lachute, Que.

The College Times, Upper Canada College, Toronto.

The Annual, Barnaby South High School.

Codrington College Magazine, Barbados.

The McGill Daily, Montreal.

The Acadia Athenian, Acadia University, Wolfville, N. S.

The Norvic, Northern Vocational School, Toronto.

The Queen's Journal, Kingston.

The Manitoban, Winnipeg.

The Xavierian Weekly, Antigonish, N. S.

The Acta Studentum, Toronto.

The Record, University High School, Parkville, Australia.

Nexus, Natal University College.

The Rhodesian, Rhodes University College, South Africa.

Acta Rideliana, Ridley College, St. Catharines, Ont.

The Waseda Guardian, Waseda University, Japan.

U. C. T., Cape Town, South Africa.

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LENNOXVILLE, QUE.
OCTOBER, 1939

Marshall-Laure—Among the August weddings of interest is that of Lorraine Rossmond-Laurie of Montreal, to Clifford Marshall, B.A. '35, of Strathmore.

Rocksborough-Smith-Parke—On July 29 at Montreal, Doreet, Eng., Iris Dorothy Parke to Mr. Edward Rocksborough-Smith, B.A. '30.

Tomkins-Dinning—The marriage of Agnes Aileen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. N. Ferguson Dinning of Montreal West to Mr. William Lyman Tomkins, son of Dr. and Mrs. E. A. Tomkins of Sherbrooke, took place on August 19 at Plymouth Church, Sherbrooke. Mr. Tomkins was Vice-President of the Students' Council in '34 when he graduated with a B.A., and President of Dramatics in '35 when he took his H.S.D.

Stevenson-Clive—In the Montreal West Church, Mrs. Marjorie Elizabeth Oakes became the bride of Dr. Robert Hall Stevenson, B.A. '27, son of Dr. and Mrs. Robert Hall of Danville, and a Lieutenant in the 9th Field Ambulance R.C.A.M.S.

Parker-Alexander —The engagement is announced of Leora Clive John Arthur Aylan-Parker, B.A. '36, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Aylan-Parker of Lennoxville, to Miss Jean Alexander, daughter of Brigadier and Mrs. R. O. Alexander of Toronto, and granddaughter of the Rt. Rev. Lennox Williams, formerly Bishop of Quebec. The marriage will take place on November 18.

Burk-Burke—The engagement is announced of Miss Maren Burt, B.A. '28, daughter of Prof. and Mrs. H. C. Burt of Bishop's University, to Mr. William Bourne of Montreal.

Buik-Burke—The wedding is to be celebrated shortly of David K. Buik, B.A. '28, to Georgina Lois Burke.

Gill-Soggie—The engagement is announced of Hugh Gill, B.A. '34, of Lachine, to Miss Olivia Soggie of Montreal.

DEATHS

The Venerable Archdeacon J. M. Almond

C.B.E., C.M.G., M.A., D.C.L.

Archdeacon Almond, Rector of Trinity Memorial Church, Montreal, died suddenly on Sunday morning, September 17, at his home in Marlowe Avenue, Notre Dame de Grace. The funeral was held at 2:30 p.m. on Wednesday, September 20. Throughout the day many hundreds of people entered the church to pray, and to pay a tribute of respect to the memory of a devoted friend and a faithful pastor. At the hour of the service large numbers stood in the street, unable to gain admission to the church.

Archdeacon Almond was a graduate of Bishop's University, having taken his Arts degree in 1894. He was a member of the university teams in both rugby and hockey during his course. When a Canadian Corps was formed in France, after the arrival of the Second Canadian Division, he was appointed Senior Chaplain of the Corps. Later he became Senior Chaplain for all the Canadian forces overseas, with the rank of Honorary Colonel, with the title being Director of Chaplain Services. His initiative, courage, and sound judgment were conspicuous in all his work in that responsible position. The organization of the Chaplain Service was in accordance with a plan which he devised. His plan was later adopted by the American Army for their Expeditionary Force in France, of which Bishop Brent was the Senior Chaplain.

When Colonel Almond returned to Canada after the war, he resumed his duties as Rector of Trinity Church in Montreal, then situated in St. Denis Street. Many members of the congregation had removed to Notre Dame de Grace. The rector resolved that a new church should be built in the district to which his people had gone. With characteristic enthusiasm and determination, he rallied people to the support of plan, and built Trinity Memorial Church in Sherbrooke Street West, as a memorial to Canadians who had given their lives for Canada and the Empire. The vast numbers which attended his funeral were eloquent testimony to the esteem in which he was held by all classes of the community.

He was honoured by the King for his military service with Companionships in the Orders of the British Empire and St. Michael and St. George. He was also honoured by his Alma Mater with the degree of D.C.L. honoris causa.

For many years he was a member of the Corporation and never failed in his devotion to the University's interests. His second son, Gerald, received his Arts degree from Bishop's in 1924, and is now practising law in Montreal.

To Mrs. Almond and her three sons, The Mitre offers very sincere sympathy.

We record with sincere regret the death of Thomas Ford Johnson, who was a member of the University in 1914 and 1915. Mr. Johnson was successfully completing a dental course at McGill University when he became suddenly ill and died at the Royal Victoria Hospital on July 3, 1939. During "Tommy's" course here he was a member of the senior rugby team and the junior hockey team, in the band of the C.O.T.C., and a member of the Glee Club.

Rev'd James Pounder Whitney, M.A., D.C.L.


Dr. Whitney was a distinguished graduate of Cam-
OCTOBER, 1939

transferred to Halifax with the Industrial Acceptance Corporation. He and his wife, née Louise Cann, were previously at Windsor, Ont.

Rugg, H. H., ’31, completed his course in Engineering at McGill last spring and will continue his studies at Harvard University, having been awarded a scholarship in Radio Engineering.

1932 - '33

Hall, George, B.A. ’31, is practicing Law in Montreal with the firm of O'Bron & Stewart.

Hibbard, Rev. H. F. J., ’32, incumbent of Cape Cove, has been called up for active service and appointed a member of the Commanding Officers Staff at Halifax. Mr. Hibbard was an officer in the Royal Navy before his ordination and was a Lieut.-Commander in the last war.

Moore, E. Blakefield, B.A. ’30, has completed his Law course at University of N. B. as a member of the R.C.M.P. with the degree of B.C.L. Mr. Moore and his fiancée passed through here on their way to Ottawa where he has been transferred to the Headquarters C. I. B. of the force.

Pattie, Dr. C. J., ’31, and Mrs. Pattie are now in Durham, North Carolina, where Dr. Pattie will continue his research for the next year at Duke University.

BIRTHS

Benson—To Mr. and Mrs. John Benson, B.A. ’33, at Ottawa on July 31, a son, Thomas Stuart.

Cooper—To Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Cooper, B.A. ’29, a daughter.

Dickson—To Mr. and Mrs. Wynne Dickson, a son. Mr. Dickson was B.A. ’52 and Mrs. Dickson, née Roberts Hodgens, B.A. ’55.

McKergow—To Mr. and Mrs. A. Roger McKergow at the Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal, on August 5, a daughter. Mr. McKergow was a member of the University in ’34-'35, and Mrs. McKergow, née Clara Parsons, B.A. ’35.

Perkins—To Rev. and Mrs. A. R. Perkins in the Magdalen Islands on August 27, twins, a boy and a girl. Mr. Perkins was B.A. ’16.

Rosenstein—To Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Rosenstein on September 26 at the Jewish General Hospital, Montreal, a son.

Rattray—To Mr. and Mrs. Donald Rattray, B.A. ’29, a daughter.

MARRIAGES AND ENGAGEMENTS

Calder-Marchant—On August 19 at Christ’s Church, East Angus, Emily Jane Marchant of East Angus, to Mr. Francis Cornelle Calder, B.A. ’39, of Arvida. The couple will reside in Arvida.

Earle-Litz—On Saturday, October 14, Margaret Isabelle Earle, B.A. ’31, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. R. W. L. Earle of Perth, N. B., to Mr. Alfred Foster Litz.

Eberts-Maguire—The marriage of Martha, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Maguire of Montreal to Christopher Campbell Eberts, youngest son of Dr. and Mrs. Edmond M. Eberts, took place on June 3 in the Church of St. James the Apostle, Montreal. Among the out-of-town guests were Dr. and Mrs. A. H. McEwan. Mr. Eberts was prominent in many of the college activities, graduating in 1934 with the Rhodes Scholarship. Mrs. Eberts is the sister of our present Senior Man.

Ewing-Moore—On August 19 at the Melbourne United Church the marriage was solemnized of Mary Alison Ewing, B.A. ’32, daughter of Mrs. W. J. and the late Col. W. J. Ewing of Richmond, Que., to Mr. John Clifford Moore of Treholen.

Glass-McNeil—The marriage of Miss Janet Wright McNeil, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Franklin McNeil of Boston, Mass., to Mr. Charles Lapley Ogden Glass, son of Mrs. L. Gordon and the late L. Gordon Glass, k.c., of Montreal, took place on September 9 at the Church of The Redeemer, Boston. Mr. Gordon Glass, B.A. ’32, was best man for his brother, and among the ushers were Mr. Christopher Eberts, B.A. ’34, and Mr. Charles Carson, B.A. ’35, of Hamilton.

"Oggie" Glass was a prominent member of the University from 1932-1935; in his final year he held the office of President of the Students’ Council and also gained the Rhodes Scholarship. He returned last fall to coach the rugby team, leaving us to go on the staff of the Montreal Gazette.

Gagnon-Clarke—In St. Philip’s Church, Montreal West, on October 7, Elizabeth Clarke to Mr. Carlan Lawrence Gagnon, B.A. ’39, of New Glasgow, Que. The bride was a member of the University during ’36-'37, and the best man, Mr. Kenneth Nish, B.A. ’32. The couple will reside in Bebe where Mr. Gagnon is Principal of the High School.

Henry-McVic—In the Westminster Baptist Church, on September 30, Mary Phyllis, daughter of Rev. and Mrs. W. P. McVic, to Donald Ward Henry, son of Dr. and the late Mrs. E. G. Henry of Lennoxville. The groom graduated from the college in ’36, and the bride was Senior Freshette in 1932. At best man was C. J. A. Parker, B.A. ’36, and among the ushers Sydney Meade, B.A. ’36. ’40.

Henry-Inkster—The wedding is announced of Douglas Steele Henry, son of Dr. E. G. and the late Mrs. E. G. Henry to Miss Marjorie Inkster of London, Ont. Mr. Henry was a member of the University during ’31-'35.

MacLennan-Frazer—The wedding is announced of Mary Fraser of Toronto to Mr. Robert MacLennan, B.A. ’32 of Montreal.
THE MITRE

(Continued from page 37)

GOLF—

The golf tournament has been somewhat disappointing this year. Because of serious interference by O.T.C. and football some of the players have been unable to find time in which to play. There seems little possibility that it will be completed since the flags have already been removed and the club is closed for the winter.Probably, last year's winner, together with Temple and Power have gained the semi-final round, but their efforts appear to have been wasted. We hope that the tournament may be continued in the spring and that the best man (if he is still around by then) may win.

SOCCER—

There has been a little trouble in assembling the necessary eleven men to form a team, and the first game of the season has been postponed a number of times. We hope, however, that by the time of publication the initial encounter with Cookshire will have reached a favourable conclusion and that our association footballers will then aspire to greater heights.

Alumni Notes

1939

Baker, Francis. The college rejoices that it has not lost "Buzzy" this year, for the has decided to return for her Teacher's Diploma. Among others in the class are Ken Willis, Don Bennett, Harry Morrison and Francis Cook.

Basketville, William. Canada is still the proud house of "Basketville"—attending McGill University in the Fielding of Commerce.

Bredin, Jim—sitting double duty this year, assisting in the Prep. School of B.C.S. and taking third year Science.

Cedro, Enrico is now working in Montreal.

Cogg, Bruce—paid a recent visit to the college along with Pete Gillis. Bruce is in Medicine at McGill.

Greenwood, Peter—after recovering from the affects of a Luxury Cruise to Honolulu has proved his mettle on the McGill senior team, filling the position of snap. Peter's academic record is:

Martin, Jack—returned to Lennoxville this fall for a flying visit as did also Don Patterson, both of whom are in Law at McGill.

McLean, Ian, and Sonny Patterson came down for the Loyal game from Toronto. They are enrolled at Osgood Hall as Lawyers in embroilings.

McOuat, Don, is now a member of the C. A. S. F. since the 35th Battery of Sherbrooke is mobilized.

Murray, Groff—took time out from Law at McGill last summer and returned to himself with a draught of Old Bishop's. Accompanied him was Bill Landravelle.

Sped, Janet—is studying the intricacies of Shortland at O'Sullivan's Business College in Sherbrooke.

Staples, Rosamond—is in the Dept. of Physical Education at McGill.

Viner, Bill, is another recruit of the Medicine Faculty at McGill.

Wiggert—Patty takes to nursing and the Royal Victoria Hospital is her new home.

Golf from the class of Education that Castanow Norm Golf is at Argyle School and Westmount and in his spare time lectures to the McGill C. O. T. C.

Gouley. The people at Riverbend already know what Les stands for and they appreciate it.

Robinson, Bill is now established at Trenton, Ont. and is of course, proceeding successfully.

Wright, Joe de', is stationed in Toronto and likes it.


Wright. Bishop's is sorry to lose to McGill Home Wright who was in the Freshman class last year.

ED. PARKER

1938-37-36

Belsof, Rev. W. J., '36. Bill and his wife are residing in the Magadan Islands, where W. J. is priest-in-charge.

Campbell, Rev. C. C., '34-36 — was ordained in September and sent to Cape Cove on the Gaspe coast.

Cowan, W., '37, has paid the college two visits this fall and from that can be gathered is doing well in Dentistry at McGill.

Gall, M. Wilson, '36. "Wing" is doing splendidly at Trenton as a Flying officer in the R.C.A.F. Also in the services are Charlie Wilie, A. P. M., and Russell Johnstone, a member of the University in '34-35.

Harper, Rev. Henry, L. S., '36, has transferred from the Cathedral at Quebec to Harrington Harbour in the Labrador Mission.

Hibbard, Joseph, has been awarded highest standing prize in the Faculty of Dentistry at McGill in his year.

Knox, Dago, '36, is displaying his usual rugby ability with McGill seniors this year. Dago is in second year Law.

MacNab, Jean, '37, is in charge of the school in Shagawake on the Gaspe coast and is, we hope, appreciated.

Millman, Katherine B., '37, returned to Lennoxville for a short stay this fall, and still considers it a veritable Nirvana.

Rogers, M. A., '36, attained highest standing prize in his year in the Faculty of Dentistry at McGill.

Sped, M. Catharine, '36, returned from an extended stay in Scotland last spring and is now back at "Uplands".

Stevens, Bill W., '37. When the Royal Montreal Regiment mobilized in September, Bill, a lieutenant in that unit, left the Steel Co. to go on the C.A.S.F. Recently he was appointed Intelligence Officer of the Battalion.

Steeven, Trevor, '31-35, is now in the employ of the Sherwin-Williams Paint Co. in Montreal.

Whalley, George, '37. In 1936 won the Rhodes Scholarship and since then has been at Oxford. He is extending his course of study at this university.

1931-36-33

Brooks, Laverence, '35, is now in Montreal as chemist for Edlamest Yeast Co.

Carson, W., W., '34. Bill and his wife are now in Scottstown. Last June he was inducted there by the Bishop of Quebec.

Hogg, F. John, '14, received his degree in Medicine at McGill Convocation last June, graduating with a very high standing.

McMurray, Gordon, '34, has been appointed principal of Three Rivers High School.

Nichol, L. E., who was at Bishop's in '33-34 has been
versity of the University of Heidelberg, he declared: "The new science is entirely different from the idea of knowledge that found its value in an unsearched effort to reach the truth." In other words, the theory as well as the practice of science must now be influenced by the chauvinism of the German war machine.

For more fighting he and the other received in a war where false and perverted ideas pass for vital truth, it is all important that ideas based on truth and reason should be set over against them.

The greatest books of the world are choice repositories of the ideals of Truth. As Emerson wisely said, they represent the process of transmitting life into truth. And they have the virtue of removing us from the smoke and din of controversy where the clear light of reason is obscured by the mark of passions being false and violence. To paraphrase the editorial of The Fugitive, which I have previously referred to: "By feeding the mind with thoughts and opinions, in beauty of language which by itself strengthens and sanctifies our resolve, they are "an active agent in the war of liberation."

This is not a day or a hour when we can afford to turn our backs on a library. In the first place, its books symbolize the immediate duty of the university student to carry on his preparation for his life work, the daily task, as he has said, he said opportunist and individuality at hand. In the second place, in view of the urgency of the present world crisis, books are a way of escape, a diversion and refreshment, transporting us for the time being from grim actually into a pleasant and delightful realm of the imagination. In the third place, good and great books are a source of courage and fortitude. They are a pledge of the resilience of man's uncommandable mood and the permanent resources of the human spirit. They restore our faith in the ultimate invincibility of truth, and in those eternal ideals of righteousness and human revolution towards which man aspires through the long travels of the ages.

W. O. Raymond.

BEEBE, WILLIAM — "ZACA VENTURE" New York, Harcourt, Brace 1934.

A review of "Zaca Venture" might be summed up in your words: "a thoroughly fascinating book." In more explanatory terms it is an account of the adventures of a scurvy expedition under Dr. Beebe, which during the months March-May of 1932, explored the waters of lower California.

Dr. Beebe, scientist and author, was born in Brooklyn, New York, in 1877. When he was but twenty years of age he became Curator of Ornithology of the New York Zoological Society of which he is also director of the Department of Scientific Research.

His first expedition was into the heart of Mexico, and since then he has followed the trails of strange and rare animals, birds and insects into the remotest parts of the earth. Abnormal curiosity about the ways and forms of living things has motivated his expeditions into the jungles of Bororo, Brazil and British Guiana, the waters of half a dozen seas, across the desert of Mexico and Madagascar.

When not in the jungle or at the bottom of the sea, Dr. Beebe lives in the midtown section of New York City. Eleanor Vane, the novelist, is his wife. It takes him only a day, he says, to become acclimated to the clime of the city after returning from one of his expeditions, which last from five to ten months. He believes that his scientific labours are the most enchanting in the world, and cannot imagine a more dreadful punishment than to be without work. The best key to his character seems to be that his favorite piece of fiction is "Alice in Wonderland."

Just as the waters which Dr. Beebe studies teem with life, so do the pages of his book teem with information. This book demonstrates anew the facility with which this well-known scientist writes for the general public, transmitting his enthusiasm and knowledge into sparkling description. Wonders here are as thick as the trees of a fairy forest, and they seem as magical. For all the author's knowledge and scientific curiosity, they always remain his god. For him nothing is more beautiful than life. He is largely for this reason that his records of interest to science hold the same wonder and beauty for the layman.

In this volume the author attempts only two things — to present a few of the adventures which happened, and to minimize our human stature and self-importance in regard to the wild folk which came to the notice of the members of the expedition. In his introduction to "Zaca Venture" the author writes: "The whole point is that our vessel and our score of lives were incidental, our presence in this region transient as our wake, whereas the creatures of which I write have evolved in these waters throughout untold millennia, and are still there to-day, living, feeding, fighting, courting and dying. In our memory they still exist as living fellow beings and enthusiasm and vital interest must be our excuse for interfering in their lives."


At long last, the immortal Captain Marryat has a biography worthy of him, for in this the author displays all the qualities that made for the success of his "Fanny Burney."

In the introduction he writes: "My aim has been to explore through the career of the man who was chiefly responsible for building up the picturesque legend of the old Navy the fascinating period which lay between 1806 and 1816."

Marryat joined the navy the year after Trafalgar. He bore an active part in the final years of the war. He served throughout the American War. He was at St. Helens at the death of Napoleon; he was engaged against the smugglers in the Channel; he wrote a pamphlet on the Proa Gang; and he commanded the naval forces during that forgotten but heroic expedition, the first Burmese war.

A career as varied as this throws light on almost every side of naval life. While merely sketching his last eighteen years when he won fame as a novelist, Christopher Lloyd has tried to fill up the very inadequate account of Mar- yat's naval career which has hitherto been the only one available. This biography brings together gracefully and skillfully all the events related to an incomparable man who led an eventful life. As Marryat's own sea career was as full and adventurous as any of his books, the result makes excellent reading if not a completely rounded biography.

The author knows his heroes, and his history. Whether or not he is as much the authority of Marryat and old ways can read this book with both profit and pleasure, and one can experience vicariously the hardships and cal- lous brutality of the old sea. Mr. Lloyd, setting out to write on Captain Marryat fell upon a larger subject, for he makes a fresh start with the beginning of an old man's youth. His vivid descriptive powers are manifested admirably in his portrayal of a sea-captain, or the tactics of an unrefined captain in handling his crew.

He is the master of youth, not by false glamour of pretence, but by the homespun quality of an own unique temperament", so wrote Conrad in admiring how Marryat inspired him with an early love of the sea. "Marryat is really a writer of the service," he continues, "what acts him again is his facility: his pen serves his country as well as did his professional skill and his nautical courage. His figures move between water and sky, and the water and sky are there only to frame the deeds of his service. . . . He loved his country first, the service next, the sea perhaps not at all. But the sea loved him without reserve."

In recent times Marryat's works have been relegated to the minor. But his books can be read by both young and old with equal pleasure. He wrote too much and too fast, but he did produce more than one minor masterpiece. Conrad is right in saying that, with all his faults, "his greatness is undeniable."
IS VERY IMPORTANT—You cannot learn skiing in an armchair. Practice is needed—and that means hitching your feet to a pair of skis and actually doing your "sitzplats" in the snow.

Nor can you save money by simply wishing you had money in the bank; you have to make a start by actually depositing your first dollar or two in a savings account. After that it's just steady practice—Try it!

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THE BISHOP LOOKS DOWN

ERNESTINE ROY

The editor of this column, which deals with the general interests of the Library, has asked me to write a few words by way of introduction to it.

Under normal circumstances it is perhaps unnecessary to dwell on the importance of a library in a university community. Since the days when Geoffrey Chaucer pictured his Clerk of Oxenford with twenty black or red-clad books of Aristotle and his philosophy at the head of his bed, the book has been the sign manual of the student. Fashions in text-books change like fashions in neckties, and the "Rhetoric" of Aristotle may seem more antiquated than those leather bound "Commentaries" of Blackstone, which hedging devotes of the law used to tote laboriously to classes. Yet a glance at the calendar reassures me that our embryo philosophers of the second year at Bishop's still study "Deductive Logic, as developed from the Aristotelian Method." At any rate, whether the books be clad in black or red or in all the colours of the rainbow, they remain the indispensable companions and working tools of the student. And a university without a library as the heart of it would be as inconceivable as a student without a book. It is axiomatic that in the piping times of peace the value of the library is indispensible.

But, in common with other Canadian universities, Bishop's has opened its autumn term under extraordinary circumstances, and in an atmosphere which can scarcely be described as academic. In days of such grave international crisis it might seem as though an emphasis on the worth of our Library is misplaced. We recall Andrew Marvell's lines:

The forward youth that would appear,
Must now forego his Muse's care,
Nor in the shadows sing
His numbers languishing.

Yet a derogatory attitude towards books, and the library as a collection of books, at a time such as this, is shortsighted. About a week after the outbreak of war, the leading editorial of the London Times Literary Supplement was headed, "Books Must Go On!" In the course of this editorial it was pointed out that the dropping of millions of leaflets on Germany has been an indication of the vital importance of written communication in influencing the thoughts of men from whence their actions spring. "In the long history of wars never was so great a tribute paid to the power of the written word, to the armaments of reason and knowledge."

We are engaged in a struggle in which the pen and the radio are as mighty as the sword. The present war has been characterized as a conflict between ideologies, and the inception of some of these ideologies has been of a literary character. In Karl Marx's "Das Kapital" lies the germ of Communism; in Adolph Hitler's "Mein Kampf" lies the seed of Nazism. Away back in 1841, Carlyle's memorable "Past and Present" foreshadows the life and death struggle between dictatorship and democracy. While there are many complex factors entering into the war, it is clear that the intellectual and moral issues at stake are as vital as the material. In modern Germany we have witnessed what can happen when unscrupulous and blindly emotional propaganda has full sway and truth is crushed out. No scope of human activity or thought has been left unassailed. In the address of Germany's Minister of Science, Education, and People's Education, on the occasion of the 330th anni-
There was no first half latitude in this game. Bishop’s lost the toss, and were confronted with a strong opposing wind in the first quarter. Norsworthy, the kicker for the freshmen, with a very favourable gale behind him, was able to better Radley Walters’ kicking, and in the first part of the quarter McGill advanced slowly down the field. Obtaining an advantageous position Norsworthy tried a field goal, however, his kick went into touch after travelling only about twenty yards. Bishop’s then took the ball and drove the Redmen back a fair distance. Once again in possession of the ball Norsworthy failed in a second attempt for a field goal, and the quarter ended without further anxiety.

In the second quarter Bishop’s had the wind. However, McGill kicked across the Bishop’s line, and had it not been for a fine piece of running on the part of Ian Hay they would have scored a point. The rest of the quarter was Bishop’s all the way. After a steady advance Merritt Bateman strolled round left end for a spectacular gain which finished upon the McGill ten-yard line. A short gain by Walters brought the goal line even nearer, and Cross rushed through for a Bishop’s touchdown. The convert failed as Bishop’s were penalized for holding. The purple and white contingent took the ball after the kick-off and launched another attack. Udall caught a beautiful pass from Walters for a first down, and on the kick Walters forced the Red raid back to within five yards of their goal line as the half ended.

Bishop’s chose the wind for the third quarter, and received the McGill kick-off. Bishop’s failed to make yards, and McGill took the ball. Ian Hay fumbled a tricky kick from Norsworthy’s boot, but fortunately Walters recovered. Immediately afterwards Walters’ kick was blocked and Hay returned the compliment by falling on the loose ball. After this threat to their supremacy Bishop’s pushed down the field, and Merritt Bateman again made a sensational bolt round left and carrying the ball twenty-five yards for a touchdown. Scott succeeded in converting, and Bishop’s led 11-0. McGill kicked off and succeeded, in holding Bishop’s in their own territory until Norsworthy sent a kick over the line and Scott was rogued for McGill’s only points. Just before the end of the quarter Garfield Cooper was injured and had to be carried off the field.

In the final quarter McGill had the wind. They drove the Bishop’s team back, and a major offensive on the part of the Redmen was cut short when Hay snagged one of Norsworthy’s passes and raced up to centre field. Bradley, Scott and Bateman advanced the ball to the McGill ten-yard line, and after an attempted field goal, followed by an equally fruitless try for a rouge Scott went around left end and made the third Bishop’s touchdown. McGill made a valiant last minute stab, but failed to score in the game ended in a 16-1 victory for Bishop’s.

**McGill**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Loyola</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>H. Allen</td>
<td>Flying Wing G. Cross 2</td>
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<tr>
<td>R. Parr (Capt.)</td>
<td>Half R. Walters 5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>V. Veiltes</td>
<td>&quot; G. Scott 3</td>
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<tr>
<td>G. Gursky</td>
<td>Quarter D. Williamson 4</td>
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<tr>
<td>E. Audlin</td>
<td>Quarter D. Bradley (Capt.) 6</td>
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<tr>
<td>W. Shore</td>
<td>Snap W. Tulk 7</td>
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<tr>
<td>H. Mahony</td>
<td>Inside L. Lane 8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R. Ryan</td>
<td>&quot; R. Tulk 9</td>
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<tr>
<td>G. Audet</td>
<td>Middle J. Flintoff 10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R. Thomas</td>
<td>&quot; M. Bateman 11</td>
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<tr>
<td>F. Keane</td>
<td>End G. Cooper 12</td>
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<tr>
<td>A. Macdougall</td>
<td>&quot; E. Parker 13</td>
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<tr>
<td>B. Cleary</td>
<td>Alternates J. Hay 14</td>
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<td>W. Rowe</td>
<td>&quot; M. Robinson 15</td>
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<td>R. Boudrick</td>
<td>&quot; N. Schoch 16</td>
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<td>P. Limoges</td>
<td>&quot; P. Boyle 17</td>
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<td>H. Tingle</td>
<td>&quot; R. Lindsay 18</td>
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<td>S. Kroet</td>
<td>&quot; E. Udall 19</td>
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<tr>
<td>G. St. Arnaud</td>
<td>&quot; M. Gibbon 20</td>
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<tr>
<td>J. DeGaspari</td>
<td>&quot; D. Savage 21</td>
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The McGill Game

**Loyola**

1. H. Allen
2. R. Parr (Capt.)
3. V. Veiltes
4. G. Gursky
5. E. Audlin
6. W. Shore
7. H. Mahony
8. R. Ryan
9. G. Audet
10. R. Thomas
11. F. Keane
12. A. Macdougall
13. B. Cleary
14. W. Rowe
15. R. Boudrick
16. P. Limoges
17. H. Tingle
18. S. Kroet
19. G. St. Arnaud
20. J. DeGaspari

**McGill**

1. H. Norsworthy
2. E. Toceut
3. D. Russell
4. W. Edge
5. E. Cullen
6. H. Finley
7. A. Morrison
8. G. Woods
9. D. Chown
10. C. Stacey
11. A. Lemuestier
12. T. Postans
13. T. Seagram
14. S. Gibson
15. T. Davin
16. J. Thomson
17. E. Kydd
18. G. Jackson
19. W. Hiss
20. J. Simpson
21. D. Kerr

* Starting Line-up.

Bishop’s line-up same as for Loyola game.

(Continued on page 40)
Sports

Athletic activities, like everything else, have this year been somewhat hampered by "the state of war that exists in Europe". "Somewhere in France" battalions of men are fighting, somewhere in the quad, the O.T.C. is drilling, and somewhere on the football field a handful of players are making a valiant effort to assemble a team of fit calibre to beat Loyola. The very fact that they have only four practices a week (most of which are sparably attended because of "lbs", O.T.C., etc.) gives us a fair idea of the odds against which the squad is batteling. Yes, everyone has forgotten that "the Battle of Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton", and that perhaps some major offensive of the present conflict might just as easily find the origin of its success in the modest little Bishop's gridiron.

However, conditions are not as critical as might be expected. Our chief asset lies in our excellent coach, Archie Cruikshank, one time Westward half-back, is handling the team, and from all reports his work leaves nothing to be desired. We are sure his efforts will be rewarded, and we extend to him a hearty welcome and the best of luck. We have lost some material through graduation and war, Pete Groomwood, last year's captain and general handy-man on the team, has been lured into higher company by Doug Kerr, coach of McGill seniors. His loss will be a marked one, but it only goes to show the type of players that Bishop's turn out. Besides Pete we have lost John Starnes and Conrad Noel. Jim Braden and Lou Smith who has answered the marshal call. To counteract our losses we have some new talent in D. Williamson, M. Robinson, R. Lindsay and D. Savage. George Crom has come to live in this year, and in view of his past experience will be a great asset to the team. Parker, unable to play last year because of injuries, and Milt. Gibea, who has returned to Bishop's after a year's absence, are both welcome additions. And finally we have last year's veterans Waldo Tulk, Tubby Lane, Ray Tulk, Jim Flintoft, Merrill Bateman, Linee Major, Reddy Walters, Ian Hay, Nick Schacht, Eddie Udall, Gordon Cooper and Geoff Scott, both of whom turned out after some necessary persuasion. Among these veterans there is one who must not be forgotten, namely, Doug Bradley, this year's captain and quarter-back. In view of his line work last year, we are expecting great things for the coming season.

The Loyola Game

For weeks before this game reports spread about the gigantic team Bishop's would have to face. The papers carried long-winded "blurbs" streching the invincibility of Toremko's Torturers. Their size, speed and efficiency were discussed, and there were photographs to match. The results were that we were under the impression that Loyola had an extremely powerful team and would prove pretty tough opponents for Cruikshank's Crusaders.

The opening quarter of the game made us think our supposition would be true. Our boys were definitely not playing the football they were worthy of. Actually, Loyola's quarter-back led an attack down the field, and kicked to gain a strategic position. After a fumble by Bishop's, Loyola took the ball and scored a rouge for the first point of the game. But more heartbreaks were yet to come. Paul, Loyola's powerful captain, caught a pass, and strode down the field until Doug Bradley brought him down a little too close to our goal line for comfort. Things grew even less comfortable when Aselin continued the attack and scored a touchdown for Loyola. This was converted much to the sorrow of Bishop's team and supporters. In the second quarter Loyola scored another point making things look blacker than ever. Our team just wasn't functioning. The faces of the spectators pointed to a strong Loyola supremacy.

But the second half saw a new Bishop's team come onto the field. There was plenty of fighting in this newly awakened team. Major, Flintoft and Bateman in turn smashed through the Loyola defences for large gains, but we missed scoring by a fair margin, and Loyola succeeded in staving off the savage attack. But the scene had changed. Loyola was now battling for every yard. The purple and white team was not the same awkward machine of the first half. Loyola was held to a standstill in their own territory, and one could hear the spectators saying "that's more like it." The highlights came towards the end of the last quarter when Ed. Parker intercepted a Loyola pass, and passed to Geoff Scott who advanced the ball to within 15 yards of the Loyola goal line. Successive blocks by Bateman and Cross brought the ball extremely close to the "promised land", and with only a few minutes to go Lincoln Major bursted over the line to score a sensational touchdown. Geoff Scott converted bringing us within two points of the Loyola total. Bishop's made a desperate effort to score again, but the old enemy Time was against us. The game ended with Loyola on the scoreboard.

It was unfortunate that Bishop's did not play up to their standard in the first half. However, the team was a little nervous, and handicapped by so few practices were not quite sure of themselves. But watch your local newspaper for the Loyola vs. Bishop's game in Montreal—then you will see something!
predict a successful year. 1939 will go down in history as the year of Hitler's Blitzkrieg in Poland and the year that lightning tried its best to destroy one of the spice trees in Dr. Caffin's garden. It did fairly good job. However, the tree is still standing and if all goes well we suppose Poland will be too.

We believe the New Arc American has made yet another conquest in the war this year.

The other day we bolted thunderstruck — a diversity student has joined the ranks of exhibitionists who wear mustaches. ... We hear Letter Tomlinson seriously thinks of wearing a skirt at the beginning of this month ... We see the Freshman year has presented us with one more Darby and Joan.

Somehow we feel a change here this year; dullness, a sobriety. There seems to be a spirit of less play and more work this year. It is a good world; a world of constant and neverending plugging. We wish you all during the coming months the very best of luck. An aegis.

THE MITRE

(Continued from page 9)

terms: "The highest universality is also the highest individuality. It is in the most perfect shade of the universal and the individual that the truthfulness of a personality consists. It follows that the statesman who wills the universal—that is to say, the State, is not only the organ or instrument of the State; he is the State; he is, in the instant of his activity, so thoroughly identified with it, that it is active and conscious of itself in him and in his being."

The above quotation covers and illuminates much of the development of Germany in the nineteenth century and during the Nazi regime. It covers the legal theory which found in the person of the monarch the bearer of the authority of the State. The statesman to justify his research, the
minister provided by the Zeitgeist for the monarch. It covers the coming and the triumph of Herr Hitler, the leader whom, when the monarch was gone, the Volkgeist found for itself, and in whom it "recognized itself." How completely these descriptions have come true, is food for the service of Nazi doctrine is indicated in the words of a Nazi leader: "We thank the eternal God, our wonderful Fate, for this, in which we find immeasurable happiness."

He is now to the position to see how Nazi doctrine has added the strain of German Romanticism to the Fascist stream of ideas which we have seen fed by currents of thought flowing from Hegel, Nietzsche, Borges, Social and Pareto. We have seen that this German strain is independent of the peculiar doctrines of Nietzsche, and is derived from the trend and general character of the Romantic theories of Germany. The leader and his following belong to the primitive legends of the early Germanic tribe and the doctrine of heroic personality is steadily and deeply imbedded in the history of German thought from the end of the eighteenth century to the present day. By its use of the myth with its assumed Folk person and its Volkgeist, National Socialism endeavours to justify itself as being in the direct line of legitimate development of German political thought, and to identify its leader, Hitler, with the heroic leader of Teutonic antiquity.

We now see clearly the difference of origins in modern Nazi Germany and Communism Russia. Lenin had the clearcut philosophy of Marx to build his new state upon, but when Hitler brought about the National Socialist regime he had no such compact philosophy on which to build in Germany. He therefore appealed to the old Germanic myths of the leader and his following, and his innate loyalty to a central figure—himself. In the development of his doctrine and method he appears as an admirer and pupil of Mussolini; that is why it is hard to distinguish in some respects between Nazi and Fascist doctrine. In Russia today the present dictator Stalin appears as a minister but considerably unknown figure, directing Communist activity as it were from behind the scenes, but the emphasis is laid upon the system rather than upon its leader. In the Nazi doctrine the leader is the central figure and Hitler has built up the new German faith on the old German creed of race and blood and the "divinely appointed supremacy of the German spirit." He held out to a country war-worn and humiliated, reduced to a third-rate power by the treaty of Versailles, crippled in money, distracted during the brief period of the Republic by the strife of party fighting, social and industrial unemployment, the vision of a Totalstaat—the "a people of one blood, one party, one thought, one rhythm, marching as one to its appointed goal of racial purity, cultural uniformity, political solidarity, economic unity and military power." In the above quotation we have the core of the Nazi myth expressed in Hitler's own bombastic terms, but the myth itself was not, as we have seen, the invention of Hitler. It had already been elaborated by Gobineau. Also, Hegel and Trediazchi had propounded the theory of race-purity, of the conquering people and of the essential superiority of character. Hitler added to all these the "blood and iron" theory of Bismarck and the fantastic conception of Nietzsche's "blood beast", and he has dangled the compound before the Fascinated eyes of the German people until they have apparently become completely hypnotized by it and believe the "myth" to be fact.

October, 1939

Exchanges

Since the last issue of The Mitre was published in 1939, an overwhelmingly large assortment of school and college magazines and papers have been received by the Exchange Department. In fact, they are so numerous that we have not been able to look them all over, but, of necessity, have been obliged to concentrate on a limited number of publications which gave promise of yielding something of interest to Bishop's students, in view of the present war situation, which has changed university life to a considerable extent.

Naturally, the first question which suggested itself was, "What are the students of other universities doing to support Canada's effort in the war against Hitlerism?"

The answer to this query may be found in the current issues of college publications such as the "McGill Daily", the "Queen's Journal", and the "Manitoban", several numbers of which we have on hand. We learn that, at all these universities, O. T. C. contingents have been greatly enlarged as compared with those of previous years. U. of T. leads the Dominion in this respect with over a thousand enlisted members and the prospect of many more men joining the ranks. McGill and Queen's also have large turnouts. Special training in branches of the fighting services other than the infantry will be offered to the men of these units who serve. At Queen's, there is even talk of forming an Air Force unit.

As contrasted with the bewildered excitement which prevailed in and about Canada's universities at the outbreak of war in 1914, an air of quiet determination is found on the various campuses this fall. McGill, Queen's and U. of Manitoba have organized armed boards in order to help students to place themselves in a position to help the country in the capacity for which each individual is most suited. Both the faculties and the student bodies, as well as the military and welfare authorities are represented on these boards and, besides providing for personal needs, the boards participate in the activities of university leaders, that in the trying times which we are likely to encounter in the months to come, there will be an ever increasing need for university men and women in every branch of war service work. To supply this need, every effort is being made to provide the opportunity, for special training, military or otherwise, for all students, so that they may offer their help if the need arises. With this in mind, students are strongly advised not to commit themselves to any service outside the university, since it is thought that they could be of greater use if their efforts were directed by the advisory boards set up for that purpose. This attitude is well illustrated in the excepted from Principal Walker's welcoming address to the student body quoted in the "Queen's Journal": "It is the wish of the government that, for the present, the men of Queen's should carry on, and become more competent in order that they may give better service later if they are needed." The spirit which is required of university men and women at this critical time is described by Principal Douglas, in a short greeting to students, published in the "McGill Daily": "A courageous, frank, and, vital, cheerfulness is all the more motivated with a gay determination to carry on with the usual business of life, is one of the attributes of university men. It must be yours."

As regards the technical facilities which the universities are able to offer Canada in her war effort: research laboratories, air personnel are being mobilized for war work, and science students are being urged to carry on with their work. The course, since it is considered likely that demands may be made upon them in their professional capacities. This will probably be of interest to those here at Bishop, "who are not", to quote one of our eminent professors, "following a short cut to a degree."

But enough of wars and rumours of wars. A healthy show of student and faculty cartoons are being published in the "Canuck", a magazine published by the students of the National University College. The jokes, humorous stories and cartoons in the present issue are well worth looking over.

From "The Bates Student", we learn of a novel type of debate, in which members of the University of Southern California and of Bates College, Lewiston, Maine, recently participated. It seems that the spiritual and social sides were electrically recorded and then sent to a local broadcasting station to be sent out over the air. Here, surely, is real argumentative enthusiasm! Incidentally, Bates' is going to debate Bishop's sometime next month.

The editors of the "Leopard", from Queen Mary College, are to be congratulated on turning out a good magazine with an unusual and artistic cover design. We gather from the editorial that they, like us of the Mitre, have some difficulty in securing material for their publication. The appeal from the editor for that necessary item might well apply to students here at Bishop's.

As an aside, the "Young Men's Magazine" is a very creditable production, featuring some excellent snapshots of (Continued on page 46)
OCTOBER, 1939

Notes and Comments

It has been the custom of all writers of this column, coming back from eating the bread of idleness during the summer holidays, to pause briefly to strike a note of amazement at the amount of work done by the sub staff during their absence. Frankly we can't see any changes to greet us on our return this year, but we feel that this is, perhaps, a step in the right direction. In this changing world it is pleasant to find Bishop's unchanged, unvailed by the march of progress. Leave us our old lecture rooms, the drafty windows, our tattered gowns, our wailing plumbing. Give us at least time to become reconciled to the new bridge.

The annual Introduction Dance took place on Wednesday night, October 4. The party-makers were welcomed by Dr. and Mrs. McGreer. Some thirty-five freshmen and fourteen seniorites attended, as well as many students and friends of the college. Dancing ended all too soon for many at midnight.

The first freshman debate took place in the Common Room on Friday, October 6. It was held before the Pep Rally and a large audience gathered to hear Appa, Penfield, and Rubec ably uphold the affirmative of the weighty question as to whether "The sole aim of a Freshman's life was to oblige the Seniors." Pine, Van Horn, and Watson argued well for the negative. It remained for one of these freshman debaters to explain to us the role of a Senior in the scheme of things at Bishop's.

"A Senior exists," according to this earnest debater, "to point out the pitfalls in the life of a Freshman." Choose your pitsfall Senior! Here comes the class of '42.

The Pep Rally which was held the night before the Loyola game was a huge success. We received unexpected confirmation of this later while speaking to a milkman who somehow got mixed up in the snake dance in Lennoxville. He claimed that we had not left a door unopened in our efforts to make it a success, in fact he claimed that we had not left him a door at all.

At this same Pep Rally "Gibby" Stairs played his new "Victory March." It is not strictly a march at all. It being sung to the tune of a popular polka of this last summer, which extols the virtues of beer as a means of keeping a party from dying a slow death. We predict the song will be added to our growing list of popular college ditties.

Although we were beaten by Loyola hopes run high for victory during the week-end and the twenty-eighth. We know our adversary now, and our appraising has shown weak spots in the enemy's armour.

On Thanksgiving Day a group of students, under the watchful eyes of Professors Yarrow, Keating and Langford, scaled the slopes of Mount Oxford. In spite of the chilly weather they had a great time. Those who were so inclined brought back biological specimens to study in their leisure in the lab. Elsewhere in this issue are two photos of our mountaineers in their element.

And so we triumphed against the Reds in one of the most exciting games played here for a long time. Afterwards there was a well-attended tea-dance. This event, which was held in the gym, was a good spot to restore circulation after the chill of the afternoon. We thought that the orchestra was a great improvement over the records of last year and hope that those in charge of future tea-dances will take our observation as the general consensus of opinion.

Other social activities around the college found the Parchesi Club and their rivals from the Old Arts, the Froshflowers, at grips after the McGill game. Many graduate members of both societies were on hand to help carry on the traditions. After a joint meeting in the Georgian both clubs adjourned in a body to Sherbrooke, where several of the party were tendered a civic reception.

Among those down for the McGill week-end were "Dixi" Mills, "Fog" Patterson and "Hooker" Starnes and others. "Pete" Bouncer" Greenwood arrived on Sunday in time to make the most sensational play of the week-end. That forward pass in the dining room brought cheers from all who witnessed it except those who were in the line of fire.

Talking of war, the O. T. C. got its first taste of what war conditions might be like when it carried out a tactical scheme last Sunday. After a parade to Divine service during the morning in the college chapel, where Dr. McGreer gave a fine sermon on the duties of a soldier of Christ, the corps ate lunch in the college dining room. That afternoon they proceeded to act as the advance-guard for a regiment. I know I speak for the corps when I express my thanks to Lt.-Col. L. L. M. Watson, Major J. W. Barns, and Captains H. H. Sangster for their kindness in attending the exercise and offering their experience for the benefit of all.

The Glee Club, under Sid Meade, extends an invitation to all interested in singing, to attend the meetings on Thursday night after supper in the ante dining room. We
son (one of the better lines Kipling might have written).

To be forever surrounded by an atmosphere which is alien to one's nature but which is prescribed for one by custom, is not likely to improve one as a member of a human family, in fact it is a miracle that such a thing as society exists at all considering the falsity and abuse to which its component elements continually subject themselves. There is only one true emotion held in common by the whole race of men; the ecstasy in doing absolutely nothing. Were there not this common bond, we should all be forever wanting to do something. Each of us would be a potential cause of thwarted desire to the rest, and those few frail ties, such as love and friendship, which help to keep human society intact would be rent asunder more completely than they are to-day in a whirlwind of competitive activity.

And so if the mountain won't come to you, don't you go to it; just ask yourself what you wanted with the moun-
tain in the first place, and if your answer is as stupid as I expected it would be, forget the whole thing. Rome wasn't built in a day, but it probably could have been; so don't feel over that which is left undone; you have your whole life in which to do your life's work, and if it isn't done when you pull down the lid on your grave, it's no longer any concern of yours.

Autumn

There is a lonely woman,
Autumn is her name.
Who in her drowsy hours
Into the woodland came
With reddened cheeks and eyes ablaze
And robed in majesty;
And she came softly calling,
Calling, calling,
And she came softly calling
Appealing to me.
I heard the voice of Autumn
Whisper tenderly,
And touched her lonely bosom
In silent ecstasy.
But it was cold and passionless,
And suddenly I knew
That she was slowly dying,
Dying, dying,
That she was slowly dying;
So quickly I withdrew,
Where branches intermingle
In a strange embrace,
There lurks a secret sorrow
Upon the woodlands face,
For Autumn with her loveliness
Is dying wearily,
And withered leaves are falling,
Falling, falling,
And withered leaves are falling,
From every ragged tree.

Leon Adams.

The Mitre

OCTOBER, 1939

That Swing!

Gentlemen, you have all at one time or another heard what today is popularly known as Swing. You have even heard over radio and gramophone some of the leading artists, such as Benny Goodman, Tommy Dorsey, and Artie Shaw.

You have no doubt danced to the local bands, and sometimes you may even go so far as to appreciate the music rendered. You have discussed peacefully and otherwise the merits of one player as compared with another, marching band with band; instrument with instrument. There is without doubt a fascination, a thrill, in the modern jazz that was only shared by our forefathers so many years ago when they were lonesome and stamped in tune to a tomtom. It is that appeal to our natures, which has but slightly changed since those days so long past, that makes the music have a meaning for us. I am glad that Beethoven and Bach cannot hear it—they would turn over in their graves.

Why is it, then, that so few people play any form of musical instrument, if music means so much popular interest? Is it that they just don't want to be bothered? Or is it that they lack the necessary funds to procure such an instrument as they would like to play? I think probably the first. I bought a banjo for twenty-five dollars, a guitar for eight, a trombone for ninety, and a trumpet for ten. My brother got a set of drums for twenty-five; and every one of those instruments has paid for itself many times over in the fun we've had. I think it is probably the dread of practicing skills that keeps most people from music; yet it was only a matter of a week on any of my instruments before I could play the ordinary jazz sheet-music. And I am no exception to the rule.

It is surprising to find how many fellows cannot make their own music. Even in Montreal, there seems few to make up an amateur band. My own experience is in a four-piece orchestra, where none can play even better than average. We write our own parts from the piano music, and have a tremendous amount of fun. Even playing "Red River Valley" at country barn dances is fun. Everywhere one goes, if he takes an instrument with him, he can be sure of having a great deal of amusement. It is so rare to find someone who can play a tune on anything but the piano that few people even know the sounds of various instruments by themselves.

Of course, the simplest instruments are often the best. There's nothing that can ever take the place of the good old mouthorgan, with perhaps a "tin whistle" as a duet. Whenever you go, a mouthorgan can be carried in your pocket. It will play any music written, and provides its own accompaniment if played properly. It costs from twenty-five cents up, yet how many people play one? Not many. Tin whistles can give wonderful close harmony, sometimes intentionally perhaps, but nevertheless good; and when combined with a mouthorgan for body can give forth some really "hot stuff!". The only trouble is that most tin whistles (Flageolets to you) are not in tune with most mouthorgans—but that proves to be the least of worries.

The old faithful, base of every orchestra, is the piano. There is an instrument which is a whole band in itself, supplying its parts with exact timing. Nothing sounds better than a well-played piano. Playing chords with instruments sounding the melody, it forms a first-rate background. On the other hand, there is nothing so monotonous as listening to a beginner practise. It is probably that which keeps most people non-players. Those "cat-calls" from the next house, while sounding quite plausible to the person engaged in performing, are not the most restful sounds; and according to some, scare away even the animals whose sounds they are supposed to represent. A saxophone is the most wonderful and awe-inspiring of instruments when in the hands of a beginner, and for the first two days would put a ghost to flight. But there is nothing quite up to the slide trombone's standard in connection with a "raspberry". I speak from experience.

The greatest and longest lasting type of music in such as the large symphony orchestras play; it is known by it'scker and jitterbugs as "Longhared stuff". Even they will listen to some piece as played by a good orchestra in majestic fashion. There must be something in it, because whereas a jazz tune lasts three months, that music has lasted hundreds of years. But to sound well, this type of music is best played by a great number of musicians. Even the popular tunes sound excellent played by a big band. But since most groups are small, popular tunes make wonderful music to play. Even two instruments can "give" with plenty of rhythm. Why, therefore, don't you try music of some form? You have seen how much fun others get, through their instruments, be they jiw's, harmonica, or tuba. Perhaps you have never thought about the matter? Well, think about it now.
The Importance of Loafing

Years of living have taught me a few things which I would like to pass on to you younger chaps still in the collegiate stage of life. Of course, your training at college will force you to do enough work to keep your feet firmly planted on the earth, but, in order to keep from being a mere automaton, you should do enough reading to keep your mind alive and alert. You should also take care to maintain your health. The man who is always working is apt to fall sick.

The first thing I want to say is that loafing is a good thing. In fact, I believe that it is indispensable to the development of the individual. It is through loafing that we are able to think and to create. In order to understand this, one must first understand what loafing is.

Loafing is a state of mind in which one is not engaged in any activity that is productive or constructive. It is a state of relaxation, of rest, of contemplation. In loafing, the mind is free to wander, to explore, to think. It is through this state of mind that we are able to think creatively, to come up with new ideas, to solve problems.

The importance of loafing is often overlooked, but it is essential to the development of the individual. Without it, we would be unable to think creatively, to come up with new ideas, to solve problems.

Loafing is also important because it is a necessary part of human nature. It is a natural state of mind, a state that we all need in order to keep our minds healthy. It is through loafing that we are able to relax, to rest, to think. It is through loafing that we are able to keep our minds healthy and active.

In conclusion, I want to say that loafing is a good thing. It is essential to the development of the individual, and it is a necessary part of human nature. We all need it in order to keep our minds healthy and active.

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Television

The greater number of us today are still wondering what this thing called "Television" is all about. Why isn't it perfected? What are the chief difficulties? Is it lack of sponsors, or is it lack of money, or is it both? Or what is it?

Almost daily the newspapers boast a column headed something to the effect that "Television is just around the corner." Somehow it seems to get a little farther over every corner. This year all manufacturers are advertising television attachments on the 1940 models. Many people, unfortunately, have become convinced by this rather clever selling idea that the sets are capable of receiving and reproducing television video signals. This of course is an entirely false idea. There is merely a plug-in attachment on the set permitting reproduction of audio signals transmitted in conjunction with the television video signals. A separate receiver altogether is required for the reception of the television signals.

When radio reception was first carried out on a commercial basis, improvements followed one another in close succession. The public, having shown a decided interest in this new development, played perhaps the most important part in encouraging engineers to bring radio up to the stage of perfection it enjoys today. But radio reception is still far from being perfect—one thing we still need is static-free reception. Uncontrollable atmospheric conditions are the chief reason why programs are relayed on leased telephone lines rather than by means of special short wave stations for television.

It is quite easy to see that such stations would be far more economical. Did you ever stop to think how many thousands of miles of wire had to be rented to relay Jack Benny's program right to your local station? This program used to originate in the Hollywood studios of the N.B.C. network. From there it was carried all over the States on wire, perhaps to as many as a hundred and fifty stations or more, not to mention a goodly number of Canadian relay points. Now, suppose that instead of relaying such programs over countless miles of copper wire they were transmitted on short wave transmitters. Then, the various stations which do the retransmitting for the networks could pick up the programs on short wave receivers; thus the expense of renting relaying wires for the purpose would be saved.

It is really only during the past twenty years or so that radio has been on an acceptable basis for the average home owner. Unfortunately, although radio is not yet perfect, it is so near to being so as it will be for some time to come.

We, in our own time, have seen just how rapidly radio has come. Now why hasn't television done the same thing? It may surprise some of us to know that a television receiver is essentially the same in construction as an ordinary radio set. There are, however, two distinct differences. Firstly, the television circuit is designed to work on far shorter wavelengths than we ordinarily encounter in a radio receiver. Secondly, the reproduction end of the set differs. Instead of the usual loudspeaker, we find a large and comparatively complicated tube known as a "cathode ray tube." This tube is similar in shape to our ordinary electric light bulb though much larger in size, the larger end being flattened in order that it may be used as the picture reproduction screen. The inside of the flattened portion is sprayed with a thin layer of a peculiar compound which, under proper electrical impulses on the completed product, is seen in the fluorescent screen. It is on this screen that the television signal finally acts and on which the signal finally becomes visible in the form of a picture.

Up to the present time television signals can only be transmitted for a distance of approximately fifty miles, and this distance only when the transmitting aerial is very high and the country round about very level. The technical reason for this is the fact that television signals are so short in wavelength that a large portion of the transmitted power leaves the aerial to fly off into space at a tangent to the surface of the earth. The earth is, therefore only those waves which travel from the transmitter along the ground that are picked up by the receiver. In other words, your television receiver would have to be in sight of the transmitting studio. In ordinary short wave transmissions, those waves that leave the surface of the earth are reflected back by the ionosphere. This is a layer, high above the surface of the earth, which has the ability to reflect the ordinary radio waves back to earth. Unfortunately the wave lengths used in television transmissions have very poor reflection characteristics. In short, very little of the transmitted power of the television station is reflected back to the earth, in fact practically all the power travels straight through this reflecting layer and

(Continued on page 46)
OF Tousan left on his great wooden rake and gazed about the fields that gently sloped towards the lake-side. His meet was certainly the best in all Megantic county. The last loads of grain were being taken to the great white-washed barn on the hill. The field was bare and neat. OF Tousan had now finished going over the whole field with his wooden rake. Every stone in the row had been gathered and carefully set out in line, for the grain had been cut before it was quite ripe. OF Tousan was satisfied. Very soon now if they were careful this farm of two hundred acres would belong to him and to his eldest son, Joseph. Then they need never fear again, the land would be theirs forever. Fifty years he had been paying for it but all that would end this fall. He had been lucky to get the farm when Tom Tim, an English farmer, decided to take his family west. They were the only French in the valley though many lived up on the Ranges. However, Les Canadiens Anglais were friendly and liked them well too. They were a strange people surely. But now the harvest was over and tonight all their friends were coming to help them celebrate. OF Tousan’s bright little eyes gleamed even more brightly as he thought of the party, and they’d have the big party, Tor-deux!

However, he was not needed in the field so he would go to the house. The lake and the distant hills shimmered through the best waves, and the blazing sun was murderous. The hill was steep, and when OF Tousan reached the stone steps he sat on them watching his grandson, Paul-Emile, scaring the chickens which wandered freely around the house. Suddenly he spoke sharply to the young boy, “Parbleu, Paul, you throw away the good nails at the chick!” Picking up the best nails he carefully placed them in the barrel near the shed door, scolding the boy as he did. One should waste nothing, and they must be careful, for the payment had to be made in the fall for sure. If they were careful, they would own the farm and never fear again. Marionning to himself OF Tousan went into the clapboard house, with the horseshoe hung over the outside of the door and the crucifix over the inside.

OF Tousan had never taken a chance on anything; he had never even before he could walk. He was not like Les Canadiens Anglais who took great risks. All his life he had feared lest he should lose possession of what he already had and he had been cautious. The land meant life, and he and his people were land hungry. The land had made them cowards, as a beloved wife, who through her love, makes a coward of the husband who adores her, makes him cautious and afraid to take a chance.

That evening the Tousans were entertaining the whole valley. People had come from as far away as the Seventh Range and the Bennett Settlement. Gabriel Dinette and ten of his family, their nearest neighbours Danby Poudrier with his four pretty daughters, OF Madame Prevendah, the wealthiest widow in all Upper Ireland, the Hoole family who had brought their home-made musical instruments, and whose presence made any party a success. There were a few English neighbours, Beausn Amedon, Jack Mack, who had the strongest voice in the county and could be heard across the lake even with the wind against him. With him was Théophile Naff who made the best maple syrup in Megantic county, and perhaps in Beauce county too. The only other Englishman was Orphé Nugent who always argued about politics with OF Tousan, the only Frenchman he liked. The others he never referred to as anything but “one of the natives”. But OF Tousan had delighted him when he first arrived with him. They had one at a party and Orphé, disgusted at OF Tousan’s worship of Tschereau, had said, “By the great bear’s blood, Tousan, you’d think to bet you talk that Tschereau was God!”

“Non, maybe not, but Tschereau’s, he’s young yet.” And though Tschereau’s picture no longer hung in the front parlour of the Tousan home, the old man was still loyal to him, and he and Orphé still argued.

Alphonse Frechette, a storekeeper from St. Ferdinand d’Halifax, three miles away, had suggested that the dancing took place; so Telephise Houle got out his violin and his sister seated herself at the old piano. Before long everyone, young and old, was dancing and the tunes could be heard clearly across the lake, and the shouts and squalls of delight. Soon OF Tousan called Paul-Emile to him and the boy went to the great tripod on one side of the room, and propping it up so he could see into the cello. Everyone knew that he had gone to fetch the wine, and they thought of the change with renewed energy. Then broaching them they heard a great splintering of glass and a yelp from the boy. Not only had he cut himself but broken a bottle of wine as well. But more wine was fetched, dandelion, chokecherry and beet wine, and nothing was said to the boy. Food and drink were to Tousan and his people as running water, and their hospitality to their friends was known throughout the district. They delighted in parties and would never once consider the cost. For food was not considered one of “les biens solides” and was given freely. Tousan and his wife would welcome a guest who stayed with them for a month and wish him to stay longer, but he could not take with him as a gift so much as a rusty nail or an old puit of blankets. “Les biens solides,” the joy of possession and the fear of losing what he already had were ever with OF Tousan and with his people also.

The next day Paul-Emile was lame and the cut on his big toe which he had got the night before was swollen and inflamed. OF Tousan was still the head of the house though his son was forty, and the boy was brought for his inspections. But OF Tousan took him over the Seventh Range to St. Adele where old Dr. Senus lived. Gangrene had set in the doctor said and unless the toe were amputated the boy would die. OF Tousan looked very grave when he heard what that would cost, for he could not spare the money. They drove home slowly; the old man deep in thought. He could not part with the money that might save the life of his favourite grandson. The money was three at home, in the stocking, but it must go to pay for the farm. And he had already lent him money so that an Englishman might not get the farm, and that had to be repaid also. Thus the old man thought as they drove, but there was never a change of expression on his wizened brown face.

When they reached the farm, Josephina came out to meet them and all three went into the kitchen, Paul-Emile lying on the couch at one side. OF Tousan talked to his son for a minute and then disappeared into the back shed. Mean while Josephina had brought some wine for her son who drank cagely all the while watching the door for his grandfather. The wine had brought colour to his cheeks and brightness to his eyes, but he was silent as he saw OF Tousan come into the room towards him, only a little widened as he saw the hatchets in the old man’s hand. With scarcely a glance at the boy, Tousan stooped, and Josephina held the foot in her hand, he examined it with care. Quickly drawing the skin back from the joint, he struck one sharp blow. The skin slipped down again and covered the spot where the toe had been. Tousan straightened up and glanced sharply at Paul-Emile who was still held by his father. The pain and shock had stilled the boy but he had not once cried out and now he lay on the couch weak and giddy. Josephina writhed with the apparent emotion and then turned away. Soon the ordinary life of the household was resumed; Paul-Emile’s foot being an object of interest to his brothers and sisters.

Everyone agreed that OF Tousan had done the only possible thing. If he had let his own foot he would have cut off the toe with no regard for his own suffering. He knew it. Once he had prised off a double tooth with a nail so that no money need be spent. All his life he had used his body as he would a machine in the service of the land and could view his own pain as impersonally as he viewed the suffering of the horses or even of his wife. His own hardship or those of his family were unimportant when compared with the dream that he might one day leave to his sons his houses and land—les biens solides!
The razor is now grasped firmly in one hand with the thumb and little finger on the under side and the blade held at an acute angle to the face. It is then moved downward, at the same time drawing it slightly forward. This action is repeated until eventually an absence of soap will indicate that operations have been completed on that side of the face. This whole process having been repeated on the opposite side the moustache is then removed and this phase of the process has been completed.

If the choice has fallen to the safety razor the method of sharpening will depend on the sub-type to which that particular specimen may belong. If the blade is double-edged the most satisfactory procedure will be to use a new one or, failing that, to rub an old one on the inside of a glass tumbler. If it has but a single edge it will best be sharpened on a specially constructed strip which is usually purchased with the razor. The more expensive hybrid razor is usually accompanied by a refined form of grindstone which is contained in the case, and over which the blade is moved hurriedly to-and-fro by means of an intricate attachment on the handle.

The sharpening having proved reasonably successful, the actual shaving is proceeded with in much the same manner as with the straight razor. The instrument is moved over the face in a similar way but in this case the blade must be held at a right-angle to the skin to give the most satisfactory results. A common practice, too, with the safety razor is to relax the face and proceed to shave again, this time moving the razor from the bottom to the top. While this may also be done with the straight razor the beginner is strongly advised to constrain himself in this attempt for the results almost invariably prove disastrous.

With the major portion of the beard removed the third and final stage may be entered upon. It is most desirable the face should again be rinsed with warm water special attention being paid to the neck and the interior of the ears. This may be followed by an application of cold water in order to close the pores of the skin. If the operative is not in immediate need of material attention he may help to stop the bleeding from minor lacerations by applying a stick of alum to the wounds, and if this fails, he may find that a piece of moistened cigarette paper will suffice. To the persons of his skin remaining intact he may apply an after-shave lotion, following this with a dusting of scented talcum powder, finely claimed by makers to possess the nebulous quality of a "real masculine odour". Thus the whole operation is completed.

The mental and emotional reactions accompanying this process are, perhaps, better left unmentioned. This beginning, once the thrill of shaving has been off, will discover them for himself, together with the knowledge that the one sure way of learning to shave is by trial and error.

God Is My Strength

God is my strength—He underlies my life,
My soul, though mine, lies passive in His Hand;
God talks with me and gives me peace in strife,
And in His light I walk and understand.

God is my friend, He shapes and moulds my will;
God, my physician, probe and cleans my wounds;
God brings me harmony and, small and still;
His voice rises me to the heavenly song.

God is my strength—beneath the changing years,
He loves and moves and breathes into my breast;
His thoughts are wings and, high above all fears,
They bear me to the golden gates of death.

Frederick George Scott.

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THE MITRE

ALBERT ERNEST WIMMIL was born May 7, 1921, in Verdun, Que. His past activities have been hockey and softball. He is a B.Sc. student aiming to help us out in rugby, hockey and the C.O.T.C. Albert has a bad case of the wanderlusts; he has already studied at five institutions—Bannentyne School, Verdun Model, Verdun High, Buckingham High, and Latchute High; next year he hopes to go to McGill.

HAROLD LESTER WOODEN entered in Sherbrooke on the 16th day of December, 1922. At an early age he removed himself to the bigger and better city of Coquitlam where he attended Coquitlam High School and played hockey. He has not yet drawn up his list of activities but we note that he is a science student uncertain of his future.

The Dramatic Society Presents —

"The show must go on", a phrase which applies to every lover of the legitimate stage the very highest tradition of the theatre, is a saying which has taken upon a very real meaning for members of the Dramatic Society at Bishop's this year. In spite of adverse conditions which seemed at first to be almost insurmountable, the society is putting forward every effort to carry through the usual dramatic program.

Despite the greatly increased extra-curricular activities at Bishop's this year and the resultant shortage of time to be devoted to the Little Theatre, it was felt that it would be most unwise to curtail dramatic activities if it were at all possible to avoid doing so. With this determination in mind the executive committee set about to select those one-act plays which would maintain the standard set in past years for the annual fall production.

All three selections deal with men and women of this generation and are well written around cleverly constructed plots. The settings change from the bright cheerfulness of a florist's shop to the grim austerity of a warden's office in a prison, and then to the luxury of an expensive hotel.

"The Florist's Shop," is a brilliant comedy revolving around the sympathetic character of Maude, a florist's bookkeeper, who successfully combines sentiment with business; in her relations with Henry, the tough office boy, Sleovsky, the middle-aged Jewish proprietor of the shop, the romantic spinster Miss Wells, and her unromantic suitor Mr. Jackson. Directed by Miss Olga Reid the cast will include Miss Betty Donnelly, Lord Shawbeshney, Miss Mary Ward, Leon Adams and Frank Stewart.

"The Trysting Place", the farce to be presented, portrays the amours of one family in a series of delightfully humorous situations bound together with that type of sparkling dialogue which is peculiar to Booth Tarkington. Four couples simultaneously arrange a rendez-vous in the same room in the hotel, and the situation becomes hilariously complicated before the cast is able to reunite. Miss Jane Graham will direct the following cast: Richard Grier, Miss Ernestine Ray, Miss Gwen Wesly, Miss Jean Sutherland, William Power, George Rackney, and William Van.

"The Valiant" is a stirring play with the reputation of making a great impression upon everyone who sees it. Considered the finest play of its kind ever written, "The Valiant" has won more than a hundred first prizes in dramatic festivals. Hector Belton will direct the cast consisting of Wilder Pendell, Hugh Mortimer, Miss Kathleen Hall, William Mounsey, Steve Rabatsch and Allen Magee.

We hope we may have your fullest co-operation and when the finished product lies before you, that we will see your enjoyment.

OCTOBER, 1939

The Fine Art of Shaving

The removal of twenty-four hours' growth of beard from the face with as much expedition and at little discomfort as possible, is a problem which has lately vexed the minds of the male sex during the past twenty-five years and, to a lesser degree, for centuries before that. A direct outgrowth of this problem has been the rise of one of the most frequently practiced of operations to what is today regarded almost as a fine art, namely, the process of shaving.

While there are many schools of thought holding widely divergent opinions as to the finer points, they all agree (with some heretical exceptions) that the process revolves itself into three main divisions. First, in the order of time, is the preparation in which the sole participant, prepares, not only his beard, but his face as well for the forthcoming operation. Secondly, and widely considered the most important of all, comes the actual removal of the whisker, commonly known as the execution. This technical term, however, has lately fallen into disuse with the passing of the straight razor. The third stage, the restoration, consists of carrying out all manner of repairs and applying one or more healing lotions to the skin.

The method and extent of the preparation varies with the individual. Its basic purpose is in softening the beard to render it more amenable to the action of the razor and by toning the skin to make it less likely to suffer damage from an uncautious handling of that instrument. To achieve this end some advocate nothing more than a hot rousing on. With others, again, disputes with this first step entirely. This is a highly widely prevalent among persons of the ultra-masculine variety, of which the neophyte would do well to beware.

To a third class, the preparation constitutes almost a ritual. After the customary morning ablutions of the face, ears, and neck have been completed the beard is covered with a thickness of special face cream, purchased from the local barber or perfumer at one dollar per jar. This, however, may be replaced by ordinary mentholatum if necessary. A small towel is then placed over the face, with the nose left exposed in the interest of normal respiration, and is left in position for about one minute. With the removal of the towel the operation is ready to begin the next step in the process.

Several choices are again open to the man who would shave himself. He may decide to make use of the newer brushless shaving cream, or he may decide to make use of the older form of shaving soap, to be applied by vigorous brushing. If he decides on the former, the business of lathering will be accomplished by merely placing some of the cream on the tips of his fingers and applying it evenly over his face. If he decides on the latter, he is faced with the problem of deciding between the tube, the jar, or plain soap. No matter which of these forms he decides upon, however, the method of application remains the same. Having obtained a brush he will dip it into hot water, place upon it a very small quantity of soap and proceed to work the brush about over the surface of his face until a good thickness of lather is obtained. This action being completed, the time is now at hand for the removal of the beard.

At this point we come to the subject of the bitterest controversy in this whole field—the matter of the choice of the razor itself. Roughly there are two main branches of the razor family, those belonging to the class known generally as the straight razor, and those that belong to the safety razor group. Although the former is now lessening in popularity due to a commonly held belief that the latter possesses those qualities that its name would seem to indicate, both types still have a large number of profoundly satisfied users. Either one is capable of giving a satisfactory performance provided that it is sufficiently sharp, and both tend to draw blood from the flesh in a quantity inversely proportionate to the time taken up in execution.
JOSEPH ANDREWS GRAVELEE. His birth was June 24, 1919, in Kingston, Ont. He has studied at Watertown High School, Ottawa Technical School, and comes to us from Smith's Falls Collegiate. Among past activities are listed track, football, basketball, and dramatics. Bishop's pastime, however, during his stay with us is to take B.A. in Theology. His object is, obviously, to join the clergy.

RICHARD SHEFFLEY STANDFORD GILR. He was born on December 18, 1920, in the city of Coaticook, Quebec. His parents attended Selwyn House School, Hatley College (Barbados, B.W.I.), Bishop's College School, and University School. He will study Science while he is amongst us and occupy his spare time with hockey, tennis, and dramatics. Bishop's career is evident and he has been selected for the V.C. team. He is interested in studies when he graduates from Bishop's College.

ROBERT ANDREW LINDSAY was born in Montreal on April 2, 1922. He received his education at Selwyn House and at Belvedere College. His activities here will include the track, football, hockey, and the Glee Club, the C. O. C. T., dramatics, and the Bishop's Little Theatre.

GEORGE MACDONALD. Born August 9, 1922, in Lennoxville. He attended L. H. S. where he learned the rudiments of football, hockey, basketball, track, and tennis. He joined the ranks of first year scientists, but is uncertain of the future. He does state, however, that he will play hockey, and tennis, and will help out the Glee Club.

NORMAN GERARD MAURY was born in Sawyerville, Que., June 8, 1921, and comes to Bishop's to study Science. He attended Sawyerville, Assiniboine, high school, but modestly omits any mention of past experiences. He is uncertain of what activities he will enter or of his aspirations after graduation.

EUGENE ROSS McCAY, born in Montreal, July 3, 1919, comes to take his B.A. at Bishop's after a preliminary education at St. Pat's, High School, Ottawa. He is a Boy Scout and has had experience in a cadet corps. He will write for the Mitre.

SA. KEITH MACLEAN—age 18, born in Sherbrooke, February 23, 1923. His past schooling comes from Mitchell School and Sherbrooke High School. He will be interested in dramatics and the C. O. C. T. He intends to graduate to a B.C. student into what he terms an undefined future.

H. ARCHIE McKEIL in 17 years of age, celebrating his birthday on the 25th of February. He was born in Aubrey, Que., and, after attending the Aubrey and Howick Schools, during which time he played hockey, basketball and ping-pong, came to the University to study Science, to play hockey and basketball, to march with the O.T.C. and, finally, to become a teacher.

WILLIAM BIRD MOUNTNEY—October, 1918, Lake City, Minnesota. He has been to a number of schools, namely, Sherwood School, How Military School, and Queen's University. He has included basketball, football, and dramatics, and literary work. He is here for a B.A. in Theology. While among us he intends to enter dramatics, soccer, the choir, and the O.T.C. Some day he will be a clergyman.

JACK PEAKES, who states that he was born in Provincetown, England, on August 22, 1922, and that he attended Peetsville High, San Francisco High, Victoria High and Magog High, will study for the B.C. degree. He has, in the past been interested mainly in track work.

WILBERT GRAVES PENFIELD, jr., was born June 6, 1918, in Baltimore, Md. He attended Riverdale City School, N.Y., Public School in Madrid, Spain, Selwyn House, Trinity College School, Fountain Valley School, etc. He would like to study Medicine in the U.S., and take the O.T.C. in the meantime occupy his spare time with football, hockey, and dramatics, and possibly writing for the Mitre. As yet he has not decided upon his vocation.

RUPERT JAMES RENDITCH PYLE—October 20, 1919, Cambridge, Que. The local school was responsible for his education. He has no intentions for the future, he only wants to play hockey and basketball, to leave Bishop's with a degree in Science and then, to either do office work or join the Air Force.

EDWARD GARDNER STEVENS was born April 30, 1921, in Sherwood, member of first year class. He has studied at Bishop's, and graduated in Science. He will consider himself in his spare moments, with the C. O. T. C. and would like to work on the Matrig Garden. His aspirations after graduation—nothing definite.

ERNEST FRANCIS DAVID STEWART—Kingston, Ont., was the centre of his birth on June 8, 1917. He has traveled somewhat; he will play tennis, ski, maybe do a little acting, and graduate with a B.A.; he aspires to work in Adult Education and Co-operation.

MORRIS PAUL ROBINSON of Dundas, Ont., was born in Los Angeles, March 2, 1920. He is a graduate of Dundas High School where he was an enthusiastic supporter of track and football. He intends to continue his athletic activities and to help out with dramatics while studying for his B.A. degree in Theology. He remarks that he likes Bishop's very much.

ROBERT RUBENSON SCHUMACHER to be his birthplace. The date was October 21, 1921. He has studied at Newlands High School where his athletic activities included basketball, track and softball. He joins the B.C. class with the intention of becoming an engineer. He will play football and basketball for the University.
Suddenly the Merry Little Breeze held their breath and, as the Smiling Pool grew calm, they could pick up a few words. The voices seemed to be saying: “Wordsworth... in eighteen hundred... and thirty-five...”

A bell sounded and the voices grew still. It was then that the Merry Little Breeze noticed Grandfather Frog.

Grandfather Frog was discouraged. Some people were so terribly dumb about the simplest things, such as signs and causes. It seemed to Grandfather that he had just finished explaining what to do. If only the Merry Little Breezes wouldn’t play so much, it would be easier.

So Grandfather Frog blinked and went back over the explanation murmuring every now and then and “Chogaram,” which means “You see.” as he tossed chalk.

He really loved solving problems for he was a wise old frog. Just then a bell clanged and the Merry Little Breezes ran off to see Mr. Mocker.

Now Mr. Mocker has a sharp pair of eyes and, as he saw the Merry Little Breeze, he threw back his head and laughed. He was in for some fun, for you know Mocker the Mockinbird just loves to mock everybody and everything for they all seem very funny.

At this particular moment Mocker was watching Longlegs, the Blue Heron.

Longlegs had stood all morning trying to impress the Merry Little Breezes, but the Merry Little Breezes were not easily impressed.

On this particular morning the Merry Little Breezes were bearing a very definite smug countenance. Longlegs doesn’t like strong winds like nicotine or spirits. It didn’t really bother him but he thought it was demoralizing.

When he told the Merry Little Breezes this, they laughed and laughed and kicked their heels in glee. And so it was that Longlegs grew very angry, very angry indeed, until something reminded him that it was Friday and he remembered that there would be a school of fish for dinner. He smiled and murmured, “I, bird food, manna.”

A long time ago Hooty the Owl was very, very lonely. Perhaps that was why he used to wander about in the dark trying to check up on the Merry Little Breeze, calling out, “Whooo! whooo!” and, this scaring him nothing, he would mutter, “Ha! Ha! dumb!”

Sometimes Hooty would hear Paddy the Beaver below working busily with his sharp teeth. Poor Paddy, he worked so hard, sometimes dictating painfully to the Merry Little Breeze. Hooty had been to the long, slow “Beverly-lee” and perhaps he wondered, along with the Merry Little Breeze, why people should worry so much about the antics of the animals, comparatively speaking, it seemed a waste of time.

One fine day just after Maureen Spring had returned to the Greens Meadow and the Green Forest, Granny Fox decided to take a look around. As she trotted down the Lone Little Path, she sniffed at the air.

“Spring is here!” her sense told her and, to Granny Fox, Spring meant chickens and nice young lambs. How she longed to be home! She would have been happy in the B.A. with the intention of some day becoming a teacher.

JUNE ROBERTS DONAGHEY was born in Sherbrooke on December 2, 1921. Betty graduated from Johnston Memorial High School, Sherbrooke Mines. In the past she has played basketball, badminton and tennis, and has had some dramatic experience. When resting from her work in the Arts course she will be busy at golf, tennis, badminton or dramatics. To be a nurse is her ambition.

MARGARET ALICE MARY DRUMMOND. This lady was born January 22, 1922, in Sennville, Que. She went to Lawrence School, Anglo Consolidated, Mitchell School, and Sherbrooke High School. Her spare time is devoted to skiing and badminton. One of the two girl scientists in First Year, she hopes to become a nurse, and wishes that her husband had a women’s residence.

MADALINE DUMUS from Coteau-Ais, who was born January 13, 1922, and educated at the Convention of the Prevention of Mary, comes to Bishop’s to take a partial course. She is undecided as to the future but resolves to play basketball, badminton, golf, and tennis.

KATHLEEN ELIZABETH HALL, this young lady, born February 27, 1922, has attended Mitchell School and Sherbrooke High School. While at Bishop’s she will study for a degree in Arts, enter dramatics, and play tennis. As yet she has formulated no plans for the future.

Natalie Rebecca Merlezeth, a Maritime product, born July 11, 1921, in Sackville, N.B., has spent the greater part of her life in Cookshire, Que., where she was probably the shining light of the local high school. As a member of the Arts she will amuse herself with tennis, drama, possibly, hockey. She is uncertain as to the future.

BETSEY COSS was born May 31, 1920, at Sackville, Que., where she learned much of what she knows at Scotsburn High School. She intends to play badminton and tennis, and, when she graduates, to study physiotherapy at Toronto University.

ELIZABETH MAY CROPP. This young lady comes originally from White-Falls, Finland, where she was born March 26, 1927. A product of L’emilion School, Victoria School and Commissaires’ High, the numbers among past activities, physicals, basketball, badminton and tennis, here at Bishop’s will be busy at golf, tennis, badminton and skiing. She hopes to have time to become a French specialist and comments that she would like to see a girls’ residence.
Bedtime Stories at Bishop’s
(with apologies to everyone)

Work, work all the day;
We have got no time to play.
Work, work all the night
While the stars are shining bright.

Now this wasn’t exactly true, but that’s what the Merry Little Breezes were murmuring as they routed from nightmares of Algae and Chaucer on the first day of term just as Jolly Round Red Mr. Sun kicked off the bedcovers and peered from the tip of the sugar-loaf hill preparing to shed his radiance over the Green Meadow and the Green Forest of Bishop’s.

On this fine morning the Merry Little Breezes were feeling very gay and light-hearted. As they blew about the golden curls of Farmer Brown’s Boy, who was looking out through the window at Jolly Round Red Mr. Sun beaconing from the brightness, they heard him murmur “Quelle belle journée.”

But as the morning progressed the Merry Little Breezes grew more boisterous and of a sudden Farmer Brown’s Boy looked up. “Could it be raining?” and then he remembered someone had “forgotten” to turn off the water in the bathtub.

As the Merry Little Breezes scampered off, they stopped behind the trees to watch Johnny Chuck.

Johnny Chuck was perplexed. Yet sir, Johnny Chuck was perplexed. It was such a fine morning too.

Just then Johnny Chuck heard someone coming down the Little Lone Path, and he tried to smile. But Peter Rabbit had been too quick for Johnny Chuck and now he was standing there staring at him.

“Hello there, Johnny Chuck,” cried Peter.

“What are you staring so hard for?” asked Peter. “Your brow was all wrinkled up.”

“Oh, was it? I guess I must have been thinking too hard.”

“I suppose with winter coming on you’re having a hard time finding enough food.”

“Oh no, but before I go to sleep tho’, could you tell me why it is the Merry Little Breezes can’t remember the History of the Histories, the Histories, and the Hebrews?”

Peter scratched his ear a moment with his long hind leg. Then he shook his head sadly and said:

“No, I don’t know why.” (Do you?)
The Mitre

October, 1939

into the unseen future. Parce adds to these elements the factor of the "myth", which has come to have so large a place in the developed Fascist and Nazi doctrine. This factor of the myth is important since it makes its appeal to the "heart" of man, creates a personal bond and develops racial pride, super-
iority, and exclusiveness. We are now in a position to sum-
murize the significance of this tide of thought. Led by the strong
man, stirred by the contagion of his emotion, pre-
pared for the leap and its contingencies of violence, served by
this leader and his successors, the people were to move into the
future. This may be called a Latin tide of thought since it is in Italy
that it has attained its height and consummation. Almost every utterance of the Duce reflects or emphasizes some element I have indicated in the
above paragraph. Perhaps one reason why this doctrine, developed
and applied by Mussolini, has made such a strong appeal in Italy is
because Italy has again and again, in the course of its history, produced
great and arresting person-
ages which have deeply affected its life, and in some cases the destinies
of Europe. In a country which has suffered from a long past of disunity, its personal figures very readily
become the symbols of national unity, so it is no wonder that the Latin tide of thought which moves towards per-
sonalism has found its ready entry into Italian affairs. All this
has been clearly explained by Bergson, as we can see if we turn to one of the documents of Italian Fascism which
summarizes the core of the Latin version of personalism.

The crucial words in the preamble to the Statuto or Consti-
itution of the Fascist party are those which turn on the position of the leader. "The people recognized the leader
by the marks of his will, his force, and his achievements."

Again, the corollary of emotion is recognized in the words,
"Fascism is above all a faith, which has its confessor, and
the actions of the gods have become actions of men today
as rigorous as combatants." The notion of the leap and struggle
is also recognized in this document in the following
words, "Fascism has always considered itself as being in
a state of war...removed from dogmatic formulas and
philosophical ideals and is today in the possession of
continuous renewal. In the ardour of struggle action is
always preceded law." One might go on with quotations but
enough has been said to see how strong has been the influence
of the tide of thought I have been describing upon the
Fascist doctrine of the dictator.

Turning now to Germany we let us see how Nazi ideology
has made use of these elements of personalism which, we
were so strongly developed by Italian Fascism. Nazi ideol-
y has added other elements, especially those which derive
their origin from what we may call German Romanticism.
From the days of Herder and Schelling those German Ro-
mantics who interested themselves in the moral and political aspects
of German culture speak of the Folk. In the tradi-
tions of the Germanic tribes they thought they discovered
the existing society of the Folk, or tribe, or tribe, already
united by the personal bond of a common loyalty. In the
view of the Romantic philosophers the Folk is a spiritual
being (Volkgeist) which acknowledges, as such, a common
loyalty. To whom, or to what, is the loyalty due? The
answer of the Romans is that this loyalty is owed by the
Folk to its national god, and the latter is a self-sacrificing
pervading spirit who manifests himself in many ways. Each
Folk is a manifestation of Him; the members of each Folk
acknowledge Him in the manifestation of His nature given
to them in their particular area of space and within their
own epoch of time, as the community centre and magnet of
their common loyalty. This is a creed of personism which
ends in the super-personal. It makes the Folk —
and the State in which the Folk issues — into a personal
group. (From the notion that the Folk is a manifestation of
duty and that the duty is a pervading spirit which directs
is the next step of defying the Folk or State and so we get
the good German god of the Nazi doctrine.) But popular
thought discovered a simpler form of personism than
that developed by the Romantic philosophers. This form
of personism in the Folk and in the State, made person-
istic philosophers could be depicted as caught in
and reflected by the leader; so that it has been said of
a German Romantic that "it placed leadership in the hands
of great men and those great men became the people, directly
radiated and by whom it was organized." Thus the
Romantic doctrine of personal leadership may be traced both in
the political philosophy and the legal theory of nineteenth
century Germany. It has played a prominent part in the
uniting of the German people, the folk philosophy
the spiritual Folk of the Romantics has been transformed into
an organized and civilized state and the leader who
incrassates the spirit of the Folk becomes recognized as
the directing and organizing force of such a State. Hegel
can thus regard the universal spirit (the Weltgeist) as neces-
sarily concrete andsolidified in individual personality —
concrete generally in all the persons who form a Folk, but
particularly concrete in the highest and most representative
personality. A modern German writer, Troeltsch, has
exposed the significance of Hegel's theory in the following
(Continued on page 30)
The Philosophy of Dictatorship

One of the most obvious marks of our times is a new eruption of the personal in the governments of three of the greater countries of Europe. In them older systems and institutions of government are obscured and the impersonal and fundamental principles of statesmanship have been completely set aside. The peoples of these countries turn for their inspiration to the living flow of personality rather than to the settled and permanent principles of law and order. Leaders who have risen up from hidden and elemental depths command a passion of personal loyalty, and have themselves become the law, and their personal edicts have become the statutes of that law's enforcement.

The riddle of history, however, is that the leadership has always been a great factor in the history of human communities and states. The dedication of the ruler was the cement of the Hellenistic monarchies and of the Roman Empire which inherited their tradition. It seems, however, a strange anachronism that the European countries should now be apparently recurring, in the twentieth century, to a similar practice. The problem for our study may be put in the form of this question: What sides of contemporary thought and what exigencies of contemporary life lead up to the current doctrine of the emergent dictator?

There is one tide of thought which began with Hegel. Hegel regarded history as the highest form of knowledge, and it was on history that he founded his philosophy; the most difficult of modern philosophies, as it is probably the greatest. Its edifice, Fascist Italy, and Nazi Germany may be regarded as Hegel's spiritual children. Hegel is an illustration of the fact that even a profound thinker is affected by the circumstances of the age in which he lives. Hegel lived in Prussia when, after the battle of Jena, his country was overrun by invading French soldiers. This naturally meant the existing of a vivid nationalism, and of an exaggerated loyalty to the particular qualities of his own nation. The State, by which he meant the Prussian State, was to him an institution of paramount importance. He called it "the incarnation of the divine idea as it exists on earth." He asserted that every aspect of human life must be dominated by the particular genius of some State, and must be subject to it. Hegel's doctrine of the State "blazed the trail" for Marx and Lenin, for Trotsky and the Nazi spotters.

Although Fascism derives more or less directly from the Hegelian philosophy it has a complementary origin in Nietzsche. He believed that in a healthy society the bird of normal men and women must fly under the heel of the superman. Nietzsche was a disciple of Machiavelli, who eulogy of Cesare Borgia had obviously influenced him, and in the nineteenth century he was anticipated by Gob Grisi, a French writer whose remarkable Renaissance studies are a plea for the worship of the superman. It is too often readily assumed that the dictator is the result of Nietzsche's emphasis on the superman. Hence it is important to notice that it is the Fascist interpretation of Nietzsche rather than his own doctrine which is the parent of the modern dictator. Nietzsche was not a logical thinker. He was a master of transcendent sophisms which often contradicted one another. He was a rank individualist. He loathed state tyranny. He was certainly not a patriot. The superman of whom he dreamed was really a new super-species, to be achieved in some future age by the intervening travail and self-discipline of strong and chosen spirits who mastered themselves in order that their descendants might master the universe.

The "will to power" of which he wrote was not a will to power over other men, it was a will to power over the self, which would ultimately lead to power over the universe in which the self is set. He was certainly not an apostle of the national totalitarian state, inspired and controlled by the genius of a dominant personality; and it is one of the endless paradoxes of human history that his ideas, murmurdest and degraded, have become largely the basis of Nazi philosophy. His superman, who belonged to the future, and was a species rather than an individual, has been translated into the present and turned into an individual who has been identified with the modern dictator.

Let us now follow the development of the philosophy of Hegel as it affected the philosophical aspect of the Russian Revolution. The line of succession from Hegel to Lenin is by way of Marx. Lenin adopted from Marx and further developed the doctrine of dialectical materialism, which Marx derived from Hegel. Dialectical materialism is the justification of both Communist theory and practice. While Marx accepted two of the fundamental assertions of the Hegelian philosophy, i.e., that all organic processes are dialectical, and that reality is an organic process, he rejected the idealism of Hegel's third assertion, that reality is idea. For this latter, he substitutes the proposition that idea does matter, but the powers of production have been the prevailing forces in human evolution. Lenin associated the develop-
Courtesy

Treating a person like a rich uncle, so that you may extract his coin or services, is not courtesy—that's forgetfulness.

Offering your seat to a man who enters your home or your office is not courtesy—that's duty.

Helping a pretty girl across the street, holding her umbrella, carrying heroodle—none of these are courtesy. The first two are a pleasant, the last, politeness.

Courteous is doing that which nothing under the sun makes you do but human kindness. Courtesy springs from the heart; if the mind prompts the action, there is reason; if there is reason, it is not courtesy, for courtesy has no reason. Courtesy is good will and good will is prompted by the heart full of love to be kind.

Only a generous man is truly courteous. He gives freely without a thought of receiving in return. The generous man has developed kindness to such an extent that he considers everyone as good as himself—treats another not as he should be treated, but as he ought to be treated.

—The Ink Spot.
Riddell, Stead, Graham and Hutchison

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