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Among those enrolled in the C.O.T.C. of Toronto University are George Gorway, '13-’14, in the Dental Arm; Jack Rogers, B. A. ’78, in the Engineers, and Jack Ewing, B. A. ’76, in the Army Service Corps Branch.

The name of Professor F. R. Scott, M.A., B. Litt., of the Faculty of Law, McGill University, appears in the list of Canadians to whom awards have recently been made by the John Simon Guggenheim Memorial Foundation. In the announcement of the awards which appeared in the Gazette, it was stated that Professor Scott will prepare a book on "The Nature and Development of the Canadian Constitution, describing the principles underlying it, and analyzing the problems that have arisen in the field of Dominion-Provincial relations in recent years."

Professor Scott is a graduate of Bishop’s University. He was awarded a Rhodes Scholarship for the Province of Quebec, and went to Oxford in 1921, where he took the degrees of B.A. and B. Litt. In 1927 he received his B. C. L. from McGill. The Mitre heartily congratulates Professor Scott on the latest distinction which he has won.

(Continued from page 29)

from figures and symbols and conventions into men and women, and there is no jar in the process. Then one is made to realize something of the appalling conditions of ancient slavery, the one large Nazi concentration camp that was Gobinen, and the anguish which underlies the simple, objective words of the Bible. Finally, what might have been an obstacle to some modern minds, the treatment, of the miraculous, the story of the ten plagues of Egypt, for instance, or the crossing of the Red Sea, has been most ably surmounted in a narrative at once beautiful, impressive, and inherently convincing.

Here then, to sum up briefly, are four books: "Moses and Mosehistories," "In the Steps of Moses the Lawgiver," "On Eagle’s Wings," and "This Evil Generation," of three quite distinct varieties, but all united in their common conviction of the transcendent worth of this lovely, commanding figure, separated indeed from us by three thousand five hundred years, but whose significance is far from being exhausted even in our contemporary, and supposedly Christian, world.

Dean G. B. Jones.

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Alumni Notes

BIRTHS

Pattie—At the Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal, on the 7th March, a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. E. Lyle Pattie.

Eberts—To Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Eberts (née Martha Mayor) at the Private Patients Pavilion of the Toronto General Hospital, a daughter on March 26. Mrs. Eberts graduated in '14, and won the Rhodes Scholarship in that year.

Davies—In March, a son to the Rev. and Mrs. S. J. Davies, Mr. Davies who is now in P.E.I. received his B. A. Th. in '34.

MARRIAGES

Gall-Scroggie—On the 21st March at Calvary United Church, Montreal, Miss Olivia Margaret Scroggie, daughter of the late Wm. Scroggie and Mrs. Scroggie, Westmount, was married to Mr. Hugh Wilson Gall, B.A. '34, son of Mr. and Mrs. Monminn Gall of Leslieville, Que. Mr. Henry E. Wright, B.A. '34, acted as best man for Mr. Gall.

Brakelield Moore-Edwards—At All Saints Church, Ottawa, on February 11, the marriage took place of Julius May, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. J. Edwards of Regina, Sask., to Mr. Edwin Braekelield Moore, M.A. '35, B.C.L., member of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police at Ottawa, and son of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Moore of Sherbrooke.

Weaver-Parker—On the 15th March at Christ Church Cathedral, Ottawa, the marriage of Betty Aghard Parker, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Rupert Parker of Sydney, N.S., to Mr. E. D. S. Weaver, son of Mr. and Mrs. James A. Weaver of Trenton, N.J., was solemnized. Mr. Weaver received his B.A. in '32.

DEATHS

Ham—We regret to record the death of Dr. Albert Ham at Brighten, England, at the age of 41. Dr. Ham, Musical Doctor F. R. C. O., who was organist and choirmaster of St. James Cathedral for many years, was also Examiner for Degrees in Music of Bishop's University and was widely known as a composer. He took part in the Coronation Service of King George V and Queen Mary in 1911. To Dr. Ham's widow and two sons the Mitre extends sincere sympathy.

Monte—On the 15th March at渥太华, Mr. Herbert Granville Munro. Mr. Munro was the father of H. Bruce Munro, B.A. '34.
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Exchanges

Among the exchanges now on hand, the "McMaster University Quarterly," takes a prominent position, as one of the most outstanding college publications; we have had the pleasure of reading recently. This magazine has been favourably mentioned in one of this year's previous issues of the Mitre, and the March number easily warrants our continued praise. The contents vary from two amusing stories, based on the modern sport world, to a discussion of songs which have their origin in Shakespeare's plays, and an interesting article on Japanese art. There is also included an address by the late Lord Tweedsmuir, which will be read with interest by those who have always enjoyed his literary works and who know his exceptional power of expression.

A magazine which we have not received very often, up until the present, has come in to time be mentioned in this issue of the Mitre. This is the "Kings College Record," from the University of Kings College, Halifax. Amongst other entertaining material to be found in its pages, we might recommend "War's Fringe," a personal account of experiences in connection with the several wars and war scares in Europe from 1899 to 1918, written by a man who was, in one way or another, concerned in all of them.

The New Norhman," a publication of Queen's University, Belfast, has always been one of our best exchanges, and the current issue is no exception. It contains two short stories which are well worth reading, in addition to various articles and poetry. One article, entitled "Some aspects of an American University," gives one a startling idea of the multitudinous activities carried on at a large American college—in this case, Iowa State. Another good feature of "The New Norhman" is a series of short book reviews, which we think would be a welcome addition to any college magazine.

"The College Times," the magazine of Upper Canada College, also presents some book reviews in the Easter number. Three recent best sellers are considered—"Not Peace But A Sword," by Vincent Sheean, "The Grapes of Wrath," by John Steinbeck and "Young Man With A Horn," by Dorothy Parker. Another notable department in this publication is the Photography Section, in which some very fine scenic photographs are reproduced.

An amusing skit based on Hitler-Stalin-Mussolini mutual trickery and rivalry, called "Totalitarian War" it is included in the Contributions Division of "The Record," from Trinity College School. It takes the form of a poetic play, written in the Shakespearean manner, in which the three dictators are the characters.

Those who enjoy reading good French, and who like to study the forces which lie behind the present world situa-

(Continued on page 41)
If nothing else was accomplished the Bishop's team learnt something about basketball which it may not have known before. More than once in the season the Stansfield team went into Montreal and were beaten by Westminster by only three points.

On March 2 the team travelled to Montreal, under the masterly wing of Manager Rabatich, to play Macdonald. Pharo and Bateman led the tea into a 31-20 victory over the St. Anne's squad, both playing an excellent brand of basketball. Apparently a good time was had, and everyone returned quite satisfied with the week-end. The last game with the Spartans was rather an upset. The namesake of that ancient Greek people succeeded in pounding the Bishop's team to the tune of 65-36, most of their points being scored in the last half. Bishop's led by 24-23 at the end of the first half, but unfortunately the Spartans came back in strength too great to be withstood by our boys, and Barfield, Stewart, and Hammond led them to a resounding victory.

The last game of the year was against the Grads, and youth revolved itself by handing these men of the world a 10-33 defeat. By this game the season was officially closed, and all members of the ball and basket sport hung up the trunks for another summer. The record was not quite as good as we expected at the beginning of the year, but we are not downhearted chiefly because it has often happened that a whole season has been played without Bishop's winning a single game. As it was we finished in third position in the league, hoping that next year we will find at the top.

BADMINTON

The annual badminton tournament took place on the 4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th of this month. Entries were much as usual and the matches were played off without any broken legs, backs, or skulls. It is even said that there were no racquets broken in this tournament, but, even though Pete Greenwood has left the college, that is a little hard to believe. The highlights of the affair was the exquisite tea served by James Dewhurst on Sunday afternoon egg and jam sandwiches abounded, and, to the joy of all, there was actually coffee in the bazaar. Cartwright and Bateman and Terry Giles for the smooth way in which the matches were arranged; very few people missed their supper which is quite an achievement in the history of badminton tournaments.

Terry Giles again carried the singles crown beating Merritt Bateeman in the finals. Ray Thomson won the ladies' singles with Besy MacDouglas as runner-up. The men's doubles was won by Armstrong and Giles in perhaps the most thrilling game of the tournament against Dr. Raymond and Steve Rabatich. Gibee and Betty Denzegby beat Magee and Ray Thompson to win the mixed doubles and Ray Thompson and Mary Ward prevailed against Cynthia Baker and Kay Bancroft to win the ladies' doubles.

INTERYEAR ACTIVITIES

As usual the interyear basketball and hockey championships were hotly contested. A sudden death basketball game was played between second and third years. The second year team started off with five men playing and no reserves, but as the game went on some tardy arrivals appeared as replacements. Practically the entire graduating year was on hand at the very outset to help their class to victory and by force of numbers rather than by native ability they managed to eke out a victory over the hard-worked second year squad.

Interyear hockey has been a foregone conclusion since the beginning of the season; Second year gathered probably the most brilliant class team that has been seen in this college for years. After having beaten third quite easily they ran up against a snog when they were beaten by first year, but, since the second year team was not conditioned for this game, first year was regarded as slight opposition for the finals. After being Divinity in the playoffs they were faced with a slightly over confident first year in the finals. The game was a perfect recreation of the first year, and year mates, and money poured in to the pockets of their wise and numerous supporters.

SKING

Skining is quite finished for the year, despite anything Tomlinson might say to the contrary, but there still remain pleasant memories of happy days spent at North Harley, where snow and ice and Scotch and water filled many Sundays with long lasting joy. For the second year in succession Bishop's won the Eastern Townships' tournament, and an account of how it was done is given by George Kirwin below.

"Bishop's repeated last year's success in the annual Eastern Townships' ski meet by winning both the team and individual awards in the highest aggregate of points. The meet consisted of three events—the cross-country, slalom and downhill—and the Bishop's team gained first place in each of them. On February 12 the cross-country was held at Waterlo.-

Terry Giles covered the eleven-mile, wind-swept course in one hour and thirty-five minutes to win first position. Jack Peske rated third and Tomlinson fifth. Kirwin placed eighth but only the first three gained points for the team.

The next week-end the slalom and downhill were held at North Harley. The slalom event was run in the morning on a rather slow course. Tomlinson won the race with George Cross only one point behind him. Kirwin placed third in it and Gibley Stairs seventh. In the afternoon the downhill event was run on the maple trail. George Cross gained first place and Kirwin and Stairs held second and fourth positions respectively. Tomlinson rated sixth because of a bad fall on the second shot in his first run; however, he had the highest individual aggregate score and retained the individual trophy that he won last year. Cross who did not race at Waterloo, had the highest score in the downhill and slalom events at North Harley. He will not be supporting the ski team next year as he has left for England to be an officer in the Navy. We wish him the best of luck."

AWARDS

At the hockey banquet held on Saturday, 20th of this month, awards were presented for achievement in hockey, basketball, skiing, badminton, and an indoor sport which has no place in this column. No hockey awards were presented at the banquet, but Savage and Russell were awarded major honors, to be presented on "Successful completion and so on." Geoff Scott was also awarded a major letter, but nautical commitments prevented him from being present. Bennett, Bradley, Cooper, Flintoft, Schich and Wilson were awarded the Eastern Townships' hockey and last year, and according to Professor Kuehnler will have them brought up to date. Walters and Waldo and Ray Tulik won their minor letters for junior hockey, both this year and last, and will also have them resigned. Grier, VanHorn and D. MacDougal all received special minor awards. Ralph Hayden was presented with a major award for basketball, and Pharo, Lane, Richards, and Bateman were mentioned as having won their major letters this year and last. Rabatich and Stevens will be presented with their major letters next year, and Robinson will receive his minor letter next year as well. Minor awards only are granted for skiing and G. Cross and B. Kirwin were awarded these. George Cross presented the same difficulty as Scott, so this letter was not collected. Manager Tomlinson had won his minor award this year and last.

This just about ends the sports chronicle for another year, and what will appear in the next issue of The Mitre under that heading is as unknown to the writer as it is to the reader. I only dare to hope that the very efficient Editor will good this very over-worked columnist (if that title is applicable) into digging up enough material to cover at least a page. For this reason then, I must exhort you all to run around the swimming, play tennis, golf, ping-pong, or fiddlefakie, in fact do anything you want in the way of athletic activity so that there will be something to say in a thousand words for the next issue. Until then I wish you all the best at your mercy.

APRIL, 1940

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Sports

While looking over the sports department in the last three issues of this publication I was amazed at the lack of imagination exercised by the writer in its compilation. In some it was so vast that the department was much too long to stimulate any interest on the part of the reader. The subject matter consisted of some very inaccurate predictions, and an elaborated list of victories and defeats followed by the conventional excuses. The result was dull to the extent of being morbid. There was no account of the spirit pervading the game, no mention of whether the teams played well or not, in fact, nothing to make the department worth reading. So, in an endeavour to reform himself, the sports commentator for the Mitre, in this and the following issue, is going to concentrate on brevity and analysis with a view to the interesting those who up to now have been exceedingly bored.

HOCKEY

It hardly seems appropriate to talk of hockey since this is officially supposed to be spring, but good work cannot go unrecognized. The Loyola game in Montreal was not such a success as was hoped. The Bishop's team had none of the virility of former games and fell prey to the suble tactics of the Loyola squad. Towards the middle of the second period our team tired visibly due chiefly to the fact that they had only two lines to Loyola's three. Harry Allen of the Irish squad was the most dangerous of the Loyola players and by the end of the game the sight of him carrying the puck towards our goal precipitated a sudden rush of hearts to the mouths in the ranks of the disappointed Bishop's supporters. Actually Allen is the most efficient player that Loyola has. His back-checking was as effective as his offensive play, and all things considered it is pretty safe to say that he and Vidiieux paced the Loyola team to a 1 to 1 victory. Cooper and Willis shone for Bishop's with Russel getting the only point on our side.

A four-point game played against Sir Geo. Williams College on our home ice proved to be the outstanding event of the season. The speed and energy displayed on both sides provided a pleasant contrast to the slow tempo of the Loyola game. Rouleau was outstanding for Sir Geo. Williams, and in the opening minutes his fast and somewhat accurate play was of a string diagonally across the ice seemed to baffle the Bishop's team. Later, however, Bishop's succeeded in hampering his freedom so that he did not prove as great a menace as was expected. Rouleau and Marrsow opened the scoring for Sir Geo. Williams and Scott scored on a pass from Savage and Russel at the end of the period, keeping Bishop's in the running. Hemstead scored for Sir Geo. Williams towards the end of the second period, but Scott countered with another goal for Bishop's a minute later.

The second line played sterling hockey in this period. Savage did a fine job both on defense and on the right wing. This was the best game that the second line played all year, for they seemed to find that necessary co-ordination which had been so sporadic in other games. Law scored for Sir Geo. Williams about half way through the third period putting his team ahead by four points to two. But it was really thrilling to see our boys drive after this point. The whole team excelled itself by continual onslaughts on its opponents goal. The result was a goal two minutes later, but it was called back because the referee's whistle had already blown. I don't know whether or not this mistake infuriated the team, but, at any rate, they fought harder than ever and Russell succeeded in scoring on a pass from Cooper a minute and a half before the final bell. This game may be fairly characterized as one of the harder ones to lose but in spite of that fact is provided a very satisfying conclusion to the hockey season of '39-'40.

Now to pass from the sublime to the ridiculous. It came to pass that there was much rivalry between two venerable institutions in this college. One was called the Parcheesi Club, the other the Froth Blowers. Someone was unwise enough to suggest a hockey game between the two sometime last year. The game was played and the result was victory for the Froth Blowers. The same thing was suggested this year, but the result was far different. The name of the players on each side are of little importance, but what is important is that the Parcheesi emerged victorious in both contests. The score of the first game was 3-1, the second was 6-3. The Froth Blowers are now ready to renew the conflict by transferring the score to the baseball field.

BASKETBALL

The last game reported in the Mitre was against Spartans; since then there have been two game against Lennoxville, one against Stanstead, another against Spartans, and one against Macdonald in Montreal. Bishop's best Lennoxville in both games by scores of 21-8 and 32-19. The second game with Lennoxville was the most rousing of the season. Since it was only an exhibition there was an absence of anyCRM' on either side, and everyone was concentating on enjoying the game rather than caring much who won and by what score. The final game against Stanstead, this season, was not exactly as satisfactory as might have been expected. The team down near the border were, all said and done, superior to our squad. Their organization and accuracy was a little more than Bishop's could cope with, and the result was 33-17 victory for the Red team.
Notes and Comments

Another Trinity term has rolled around and with the term has come no promise of spring. What high hopes there were for a record flood on the St. Francis were dissipated when most of the ice just melted away and the rest went out in an orderly fashion one morning when most of the students were asleep or at breakfast. About the only unkind thing is that the graduating year has succeeded in having its picture taken and handed their write-ups in to the editor of the year book, which is a sure sign that another academic year is coming apart at the seams.

When the custom of setting aside one year in four as a Leap Year and giving the seniors of the specin a special interest in it is begun it is neither here nor there, however, judging from the enthusiastic remarks of those students lucky enough to get a bid to the Leap Year dance put on by the club it is one that could be extended to every year.

What is our loss is the Navies gain is a trite phrase to sum up the departure of Geoff, Scott and George Cross, but unfortunately it is all too true in their case; however, there was sorrow at their departure there was also merriment as the Frothblowers and the Parchesi Club honoured their respective members. The Frothblowers gathered at their annual banquet at the Magog on March 20 and presented Geoff with a suitably engraved flask. Besides the usual members Jerry Wigger and Russ Blince were present and both addressed the club. Elected to succeed Geoff, as Senior Blower was Jim Flannoff, and next year's Senior Blower will be Les Tomlinson.

At the beginning of this term the members of the Parchesi Club honoured George Cross at their closing banquet. Others who attended were the honorary president, Jack Spray, Professor Farrill and last year's president, Professor Jim Breden.

The next departure which has caused universal regret was that of Tom, or as he was affectionately known "Moses." He leaves to take up a better position and all nocturnal wanderers will miss his sleepy beacon. The new man has succeeded to the progressive spirit of the age and uses a flashlight, a change that we deplore it.

Since the annual Formal Dance is taking place in Convocation Hall on May 3 the citizens of the New Arts are hard at work decorating the lower hall rooms which are to be used as sitting-out rooms. They did receive some help that can be said for their efforts is that they met with an icy reception a few hours later. Prizes are to be awarded for the best decorated rooms though Ed. Parker's suggestions for improvements are being met with the remark, "that this is not the Plumbers Ball." The O.T.C. is rapidly ending up its year. All that remain now is for the annual inspection to take place, the in this line from certain members of the Old Arts, but all practical examinations in the various arms, and the all important pay parade to end up a very active and successful season.

The elections for next year's Council have taken place and we find that Gay Marston is the next year's Vice-President, Syd Meade is the Vice-President and Ian Hay the Secretary-Treasurer. Other officials are Don Clute popular rugby manager and President of Athletics, Patrick Boyle who will guide the destinies of the Mitre as President, and "Shug" Shannon as President of Debating will attempt to stir up a little more interest in this activity as there has been in some years. Hector Bolton takes over the reins of the Dramatic Society and will attempt to keep it on its usual high level of achievement.

The Glee Club will once more justify its right to exist and make a trip to Compton in the near future. Syd Meade owing to pressure of work has turned the arrangements over to brother "Cec," the founder of the club, who will lead them. Doc, it is rumoured, will be with us again next year in the Teachers' course.

The annual Athletic Banquet took place on Saturday, April 20. It was conducted in a quieter tone than some previous occasions although some believe this a virtue. Linc Major presided and there were speeches from Dr. McGarter, Secretary Richardon, Kuchner and Raymond, while Parker and Scehch replied for the students. Bill Power gave the toast to the Aluna Master which was responded to in a very witty speech by Doctor Richardon. The Glee Club then entertained and the Principal gave the toast to the teams. Nic Schoeh then replied. Ed. Parker then propos the toast to the Faculty to which Dr. Raymond replied. Dr. Brookeld then presented the Skinner Trophy to the victorious Divinity faculty. Professor Kuchner then gave out the various athletic awards.

It seems that the Spagé fishermen is hooked this time. Major finds that the Mayfair is a swell spot for practicing Indian lore. Pennfield numbers among his accomplishments being-calling. The mysterious disappearance of a mandolin from the New Arts has nobody worried. They will start to worry if it shows up. Recent visitors to the college were John Chasidy in from Quebec and Lew Smith from Hamilton.

Recent visitors from the Old Lodge returned from the Macdonald Formal so impressed with the charms of a certain "southern gill" found in their travels that a song featuring some of her "features" was the result. The Old Lodge are pursuing an induction policy with regard to attacks. They claim their "Milkshosin Line" can't be broken. Doug Bradley has taken up the traditions of the Navy where Geoff, lets off...

So, until the next issue...
THE MITRE

have now been found for pushing back this date by at least one century, and possibly two. If the date is put back two centuries to the time of the king named Thothmes III, then the interesting probability is reached that the Pharaoh's daughter who rescued Moses was none other than the Princess Hethespout, one of the most remarkable, one might even say notorious, women in Egyptian history—a sort of amalgamation of Cleopatra, Jocel and Queen Victoria, with very modern, yet not so modernist, ideas about the role of women. Could it be that a good deal of information has been handed down, as, for instance, how she dressed in male attire, caused herself to be referred to as, "His Highness" and "she," and carried out many astonishing exploits. But that is another story.

It is far more likely that Moses lived under Amenhotpe IV, and that the Exodus took place about the time of that son of his white name was on everybody's lips a few years ago, when his mummy was discovered in the Valley of the Kings by Lord Carnarvon and Dr. Howard Carter—Tutankhamen. If that is so, then Moses' foster-mother may well have been Nefertiti. She may be termed the Egyptian Helen, having regard to the quite lovely portrait head of her which has been salvaged from the past.

But there is more involved in this than merely a beautiful woman. Nefertiti's husband, Amenhotpe IV, in the year 1350 B.C., launched a great religious revolution, the most interesting and most important movement in Egypt's whole history. He was a sickly youth and possibly subject to epileptic fits, but he was a young man of intense spiritual ardour, filled with an overwhelming zeal for truth and sincerity of religion, as the god Aton, in whom he understood God almost, it would appear, as we understand Him now. Aton, he declared, was the formless, intangible, omnipresent Father of mankind, the controller of the life-giving energy behind the power of the sun. He was the truth and matchless "Father and brother of all that He had made," the "Lord of Love" (these are actual quotations), the "Comforter," the Prince of Peace who hated warfare and delighted in happiness. He abandoned the city of Thebes with its many temples and pharaonic splendour, and founded a new capital at Tell el-Amarna. Here he preached his astonishingly enlightened monotheism, and the great hymn which he composed in honour of his god Aton is, in places, almost identical with Ps. 164 in the Bible. Unfortunately this wonderful flowering of spiritual religion did not last long. The people were not ready for the intellectual discipline which was being instilled, and young Tutankhamen was only a boy. Very soon the prints of the old gods whom the reformer had attempted to discredit regained control. Amenhotpe was posthumously denounced as a heretic and a traitor, and things were once again as they had always been.

But, in view of this astonishing attempt at religious reformation, the placing of Moses in Amenhotpe's reign, as is commonly done in recent history, is certainly redescended.

We need not necessarily assume that either borrowed from the other. We may have the phenomenon, not unique in history, of two great minds, at much the same time, and here in the same country, working along parallel lines to much the same conclusion. One reformer died and his work perished. The other, the inspired prophet of Jehovah, found, in the providence of God, and in the long run, a better issue to his labours. But both were centuries in advance of their time, and both suffered in varying degrees the inevitable penalty. Moses, no less than Amenhotpe, preached to a stubborn and evil generation. His teaching, too, soon became neglected and obscured—so much so that, until quite recent years, the tendency of interpreters has been to assert quite definitely that the religion proclaimed by Moses was not monothestic at all, and that the idea of one almighty God only very gradually and very late dawned on the consciousness of the Hebrew people, and did not emerge in anything like definite form till the very last of the prophets, when O. T. history was almost over. But the principle of progress of development, can be applied too stringent. There is no essential uniformity of movement—but rather a tadal phenomenon in which there are ebbs as well as flows, though on the whole perhaps the water rises. Certainly no great religion with an historic founder has maintained its pristine purity and lofty conception of God. It has been followed by a period of a thousand years of deterioration and decline, and later generations have had to rediscover the truths for which it once stood, and brush away the debris which have hidden the true nobility of its prophet. Such has been the fate of Moses—and more than once. But today, in the world of scholarship at least, he is being re-discovered, he is being reinstated in his true proportions; he is being recognized more fully as the prophet of a monothestic, of which, at the time, his people were unworthy, but the seeds of which he nevertheless planted in their hearts, to be brought to fruition at last by the slow discipline of centuries.

The other books I had in mind to mention are concerned with the details of Moses' life, so far as these are recoverable from the Bible story, aided by a sane use of the imagination. One of these books can be passed over with a brief note, however, for the author, who, with great verve, has written this story is Peter Ackroyd, and the fact is that his "Moses the Lawgiver," in which the celebrated Jewish

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novelist, Louis Golding, follows the road pioneered by H. V. Morton in his apparently ubiquitous travels in the Near East and follows it in a way which even Mr. Morton himself might envy. With all the volumes of the "In Steps" series now available: "In the Steps of the Mertz," "In the Steps of St. Paul," "In the Steps of Moses the Lawgiver," supplemented by H. V. Morton's latest volume "In Search of Bible Lands," there are few sections of the Scriptures, old or New, which have not been illuminated and interpreted and refined by these journalists of genius. If we wish to visit Egypt or Palestine today, we need do no more than go to the nearest reputable library and embark on a journey within our inspired guide will most decidedly make us see much more of our own limited vision could ever have taken in. There is something to be said for seeing through the eyes of other people, when these eyes are used to such purpose and so unfailingly see the right thing.

And now just a word or two about two books by A. E. Southon, named respectively "On Eagle's Wings" and "This Evil Generation." They are retellings of the Bible story of Moses and the Israelites in the external form of novels, and are, to my mind, extraordinarily successful examples of this difficult type of work. Imaginative reconstruction of this kind is a ticklish business. On the one hand, there is the ever present danger of merely expanding and elaborating about the "wings" of the sacred narrative, and so merely diluting and weakening it. On the other hand, if imagination is given free rein, there is the danger that the author, instead of developing what is implicitly contained in his source, or may reasonably be inferred from it, will merely make the excuse for his own fantasies. Unoriginality on the right, and improbable on the left, are the constant companions of him who essay to follow this narrow road. But why pursue this narrow road at all? Cannot we all read our Bible? Well, we can, but we don't, and so no merit of this particular species of work, if skilfully done, is the greater pressure it exerts in the right direction, shepherding us painlessly back to a fresh reading and understanding and appreciation of the Scriptures. Still, the story must stand on its own feet, and be judged by its own merits as it were, in substance as well as form, a modern novel. And, in these particular books, one gets absorbed in the vividness of the description, the beauty and power of the style, and above all in the verisimilitude of the character analyses. At the end, one is moved to exclaim: "Yes, I suppose this, or something like this, must be how Aaron and the tent must really be have if they were to report to have done." They have been translated

(Continued on page 40)

"LAND BELOW THE WIND"

Keith, Agnes Newton.

The "Land Below the Wind" is, literally, what the natives call Borneo. After their marriage, Mrs. Keith, and her husband who was the Conservator of Forests and Director of Agriculture in the British Protectorate of North Borneo, went to live between the sea and the jungle, in one of Britain's most remote outposts of the Empire. For more than four years after her marriage she struggled with servants, bookkeeping, learning the Malay language, traveling in the jungle, and has apparently emerged with her good companionship and humour intact.

This chronicle from the farthest wilds is a book of sustained and unaffected originality. It is marked by wit and warmth and curiosity rather than by excitement, and it contains a humor, charm, and unrestrained wit which makes this book charmingly readable. It is charming rather than informative, with an attractive, playful irony ever-present.

With the lure of a "farthest outpost," North Borneo has a good many visitors, who obviously go equipped with plenty of preconceived ideas to aid them in their search for the wild. "Around-the-world journalists often pass through Sandakan, but they seldom stop because the matter can be dealt with in passing through." And these "gallivanting geographers" can spin exciting tales easily enough, without bothering much with facts. "That's exactly what Mrs. Keith, in these bold stories of the Borneo wilds it seems to me that the adventures have passed over the most melodramatic scene of all, and the one which needs no exaggeration. Here is a jungle background almost as wild as our chronicles picture imminently readable. It is charming rather than informative, with a striking, playful irony ever-present.

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of high tension transmission lines (60,000 to 230,000 volts), and 2400 miles of distribution lines (10,000 to 22,000 volts) are used. One of the longest cable spans on the continent is included in this system. This is at Three Rivers, where the central span of the St. Lawrence crossing is 4,491 feet long. The territory covered extends from Okas on the west, eastward on both sides of the St. Lawrence as far as Kamouraska and Murray Bay, and south as far as the United States border.

The St. Maurice Valley has played a major part in supplying Quebec with electricity ever since the beginning of this century. This service will undoubtedly be continued for many years to come. To-day its potential capacity is well over two million horsepower. We may rest assured, then, that the St. Maurice will be able to produce electrical power in quantities which will meet the requirements of any further industrial expansion which may take place in this province.

**The Mitre**

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**The Bishop Looks Down**

**ERNESTINE ROY**

**MOSES**

Moses has been a good deal in the news recently, or rather to be more accurate, in the world of books. And when I say Moses, I mean Moses the Hebrew leader, the Prince and Prophet of Israel, the man to whom God spoke as to a friend, the establishment of the pure religion of Jehovah—and not some contemporary baseball player or racehorse. And when I say the world of books, I mean not merely the small section of it which has appeal and meaning only for professional students of archaeology, but that wider and less exacting domain in which any of us may happily and profitably wander, unencumbered with Professor's spectacles and a detailed knowledge of Hebrew.

Comparatively recently I have come across no less than four books which, in their various ways, seek to make the figure of Moses, obscured for many of us by the mists of antiquity, or, at the best, conventionally conceived as a stern, and on occasion rather irritable, old man, with a long white beard, grasping two tablets of stone in a somewhat intimidating attitude—which seek to make that figure more real, more alive, more human, and more probable.

I will begin with Sigmund Freud's attempted explanation of Moses, entitled "Moses and Monotheism." This Freud is, of course, the world-famous founder of psychoanalysis, who lived from his house in Vienna some two years ago, after the Nazi domination had made his life unbearable, and died recently in Hampstead, London.

It is interesting to notice, incidentally, the attraction which the explanation of Biblical subjects seems to have for many scientists in their declining years—not by any means always a fortunate attraction. Newton, for instance, after discovering the dynamics of the physical universe and formulating the Law of Gravitation turned his attention to ancient prophecy, and from being probably the greatest mathematician who has ever lived, filially degenerated into a very second-rate theologian. In the same way, it is safe to say that, if Freud had done no more than seek to uncover the Scriptures, instead of uncovering the somewhat irritable, sleepless, rational-prophet in a very human way, the divinity of the man who is the Bible's Moses, will no longer be safe, and that will be the subject of the next chapter.

**Evening By The Ottawa**

The Ottawa sings a quiet song,
A pine-song, sweet and low,
Weaving a skein of phantasy
Where the careless waters flow,
And when the tattered clouds of day
Go sailing to the west,
It sings aloud of loneliness
In words that it knows best.
It sings of stern escapements
Where man has never trod,
And purple-shouldered parapet
That whispers to their God.
It tells of summerstold gold
Hidden in the hills,
And silver treasures of peace
That the moonlight fills.
A river of a hundred ghosts,
Where Champlain ventured forth
Beneath the labyrinthine heights
Into the silent north,
Whose chanted vesper melody
In rapturous light
And welcome with the white-eyed stars
Our Lady of the Night.

Leon Adams.
The Year's at the Spring

According to the Gregorian calendar the year is now (April tenth) in its spring season, but to many of the fifteen million fishermen in North America spring will not arrive until the opening of the trout season. We cannot make a national holiday because the opening date ranges from April first to the middle of May, but each one of us probably celebrates the opening of the trout season in his own locality.

For weeks and months we have been preparing for this great festival. Our favourite rods are overhauled, lines are replaced, reels are polished, and the trout flies are brought forth once again into the sun long before the ice leaves the trout streams. If we are fly-tiers we have probably been working on our season's supply all winter. Otherwise we must replenish our stores from the local sport shops and from the many quayside catalogues which make their appearance about March first. Poolsrooms and bull sessions no longer ring to the laughter of rook jokes; now come the dull drabbling of fish stories, and the earnest discussion of whether lines should be level, tapered, or double tapered, and the pros and cons of automatic reels. Worm fishermen, the unteachable caste of troutmen, compare each other's methods of keeping their beloved worms alive. Dry flyers, wet flyers, and worms all congregate by themselves to praise their own system and to laugh at the others. Emotions are under an increasing strain as the Great Day approaches. Will the water be too high or too muddy? Will the fish be at all plentiful? Does the sacred fisherman's calendar foretell a good day? Tables of tides (even in nontidal waters) and moon phases are studied. Will the water be the correct temperature, and will the wind be in the correct quarter? All these are burning questions as the fly-fisherman counts the days.

Spring is coming along by leaps and bounds, just like a tom cat chasing a fish pedler down the street, and eventually the opening day draws upon the horizon. Long before that first dawn of the true spring approaches over the eastern mountains our fisherman has lovingly packed his boots, jacket, creel and net, his many flies and leaders, and his precious rod and reel into the car, and has driven to his favourite stream. Here he grotos the golden, glowing morning (though it may be raining trout flies and alderwolves) in the true fisherman's manner. He sings praises and half-lyads to his bamboo rod and to the fish in the stream, spins on his particular bait, and makes his first hopeful cast.

For many restless days and many sleepless nights our fisherman has been planning on that first cast, especially on the proper lure with which to open the season. Of course, if he is one of the purists—dry, wet, or worm—there is no doubt about what he will use, though there may be a lingering doubt in his own mind whether his particular lure is really the best. Personally, I am not a purist. Though it presents many difficulties in my tackle selections (different types of rods and lines are desirable for dry or wet and worm fishing), I fish with whatever lure seems to me to be the best under the conditions of the season. In the early spring I rather favour the common garden backle, the fisherman's favourite Annelida. Later I change to wet flies, then to dry.

That first cast is invariably unfruitful, and so is the second and the third. By noon our angler may have lost three immense trout, and have landed three just over the legal minimum length. He has twice stepped into holes over his boot tops, and he has tangled his line in the brush seventeen times. He crawls out onto the bank, takes off his boots and pulls the ties of his socks. Then he dives into the sandwiches and the apple pie which is accompanied by a large piece of ratted, rat-trap cheese. After lunch he rolls over to relax, and awakes at about half-past two.

During the afternoon and early evening he may land three more legal trout, step into two more holes, and tangle his line many more times, but he is happy. Those trout will go very nicely with the bacon and coffee in the morning, and the worms (or flies) did catch some fish as he felt sure they must.

He is refreshed in body, mind, and spirit, and he can once again face his hatchet-faced old buddy if he has been unlucky enough to become entangled with one along the stream of life. These women who have been vaccinated with a fisherman. They only desire him to wear a line to know why the screens haven't been put up, or the lawn mowed, or the garden weeded, or why they haven't been taken down to South Iceland, Maine, to see their dear cousin Lizzie whom they haven't seen since the thirty years since Lizzie two-timed them at a church social and walked off with the prize bachelor of the whole country, the grocer's boy who is still selling codfish and tripe at his father's old store—these women have driven many a man to drink, but save a fisherman. Once they drive him to wear a line in a while a fisherman may carry a bottle to guard against rattlesnake bites, but usually only the bottle has in that containing his pet fly dope. A friend of mine makes some that I use—that mosquito terror of his will run a black fly or mosquito through six miles of elder swamps, booting him right inside his check of his breeches at every jump. One time I threw away an empty bottle of it when I was fishing, and three months later when I happened past the same spot there was an old battle-scarred be-skulled sitting there smoking the bottle. The tears were running down over his face and splashing off his toes, and he moaned, "Oh, hell, what's the use?" and dejectedly slunk off.

Most men like to fish alone; woldmen more than two ever work together. It is a personal sport where one can soak up the silence and listen to thebrook talk to itself. Among old chaps once told me to, "No, I ain't asking you to go fishing with me. I like to be quiet and peaceful, and fish with myself, and sometimes with one other fellow that don't talk much and really knows how to fish. But there is plenty of good brooks and plenty of trout. You get your own like I do."

I took his advice. I found the brook and the trout. Later, when he learned that I had methodically covered the country, and had found many of his favourite holes, he invited me to go with him. Evidently he found that he did not talk too much and that I was very interested in fishing, for he showed me more of his favourite spots and gave me many unobtrusive, carefully worded hints on how to fish. That is it in the spring the thoughts of many men turn to fishing, and may we be thankful that on this continent we may indulge in this spring sport so much more healthful than war.

Power on the St. Maurice

A partly wooded farm on the west bank of the St. Maurice River marks the birthplace of Canadian industry. Here, in 1730, was established the first metal-working plant on the continent. For more than a hundred years these iron works were the only source of iron in the whole of Canada.

Today the middle of the last century the factory could no longer be profitably maintained and were allowed to become a mass of picturesque ruins. The reputation of the valley was not allowed to lapse, however; soon far greater industrial establishments have been established. To-day the St. Maurice Valley is outside of the world's greatest pulp and paper centres; its chemical industry is one of the foremost in the Empire; and its hydro-electric developments have been the most influential factor in the industrial expansion of this province. It is with the last of these, the hydro-electric developments, that we shall concern ourselves.

The St. Maurice River has its source in a series of lakes near the Hudson Bay height of land, some three hundred miles north of the river's junction with the St. Lawrence at Three Rivers. Its drainage basin, covering approximately 16,000 square miles, is well forested and likely to remain in this condition for many years. This forest cover and the many large lakes found in the district have an excellent regulating effect on the flow of the stream. In its journey to the St. Lawrence the river makes a descent of over 1300 feet, mostly concentrated in the 190 miles between the Maniwaki River and Three Rivers. There are ten distinct falls and many cascades and rapids. These conditions obviously make the St. Maurice an ideal location for hydro-electric development.

DAVE SAVAGE

The flow of the St. Maurice had still to be considerably improved before the river could be used to the greatest advantage. The problem was to conserve as much as possible of the water which would normally escape at maximum flow. This was accomplished by the construction of storage dams, the first of which was completed in 1908 on the Maniwaki River. Later two others were added on the same river, and to-day they have a combined capacity of 17 billion cubic feet of water. In 1910 the Provincial Government took over "The Management of Running Waters in Quebec." The construction which marked the beginning of the St. Maurice was the construction, near the headwaters, of the Grand Dam. This dam is 1400 feet long, 70 feet high, and forms a lake three hundred and sixty square miles in area. Its total capacity of 220 billion cubic feet makes it one of the largest in the world. In 1930 the first major operation on the Matagami River—with a capacity of 33 billion cubic feet. These five dams increased the low level of the river at Shawinigan from 6,000 to 18,000 seconds, and practically trebled the power capacity of the river.

The St. Maurice River is regulated, in power, by the Shawinigan Water and Power Company. The pivot point of their operations is Shawinigan Falls, where they maintain their most powerful plant. This layout was begun in 1899 with the construction of the first powerhouse. Delivery of electricity was commenced in 1901, and in 1909 the final generator was installed the plant had a capacity of 14,100 horsepower. It soon became obvious that more power would be needed in order to cope
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THE MITRE

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casted them, to be even as skunk-cabbage. They were exceeding unfair.
12. And the foolish Arts students mocked mock of them, and laughed at them, and said Go to, you silly Science students, do you never have fun?
13. But the wise Science students made no reply, and kept on in their way.
14. And it came to pass that a decree went out from him who was overlord of the college known as Bishop's, him who is first in authority, even the Principal.
15. Saying that on a near and imminent date there should be held an examination, and then that passed it should graduate, and them that failed it should not.
16. And to them that passed it honour should be done, and them that failed it should be held in low repute, and should be compelled to write those examinations known as supplenials, than which there is no greater disgrace.
17. Now the wise Science students read this decree and hearkened at it, and worked even harder than before, saying We must work or we shall fail, and we shall not graduate.
18. But the foolish Arts students mocked them further, nor did they any work, for they were exceeding foolish.
19. Then came the night before the examination, and lo! to the foolish Arts students came better realization that theirs was the way to disaster.
20. And they pondered amongst themselves, saying What shall we do, that we may pass our examination, and be graduated.
21. And one of their number said Let us go, even unto the wise Science students, and ask that they impart to us of their knowledge, that we may learn and pass and graduate.
22. Straightway they hied themselves to the dwelling of the wise Science students, and beat upon the door, and cried in a loud voice,
23. Saying Let us in, we beseech thee, and give us of thy knowledge, and teach us that we may pass this examination and graduate even with thee who art wise.
24. But the wise Science students laughed at them, and locked their doors, and poured cold water on them from urns, and from pitchers even from waste baskets,
25. And bade them depart and go their way, saying Get yourselves hence, you foolish Arts students, and take thee to the taverns,
26. Carouse amongst the freshsports, brawl in the motion picture theatres, and seek there that knowledge which hitherto ye scorned.
27. For ours was the way toward learning but ye shunned it, and now we have no time for such as ye, for we must study that we may pass and graduate.
28. Then came the examination, and lo! the wise Science students had passed, and had won distinctions, and they triumphed exceedingly.
29. But the foolish Arts students had failed exceeding badly, and could not graduate, and they hung their heads in shame.
30. And the professors took them, even the setapps of the Principal, and wore them with staves, and belaboured them roundly, and chastised them, and drove them hence.
31. And they sought refuge in the rink, and there was a waiting, and a longing, and a gnashing of teeth amongst the five foolish Arts students who had failed.
32. Then the professors came unto the wise Science students who had passed, and washed them with byssop, and anointed them with frankincense and myrrh,
33. And dressed them in fine raiment, and adorned them with purple and fine, and decked them with gold, and led them forth in magnificent procession.
34. Even before him who is overlord at the college known as Bishop's, who is first in authority, even the Principal,
35. And he bade them kneel before him, and he spoke to them in a strange tongue, even in Latin, and he conferred on them a degree, for they had graduated,
36. So that that night there was dancing and singing and much merry-making on their honour, and all manner of men did them homage, and the fair maidens looked unfavourably upon them.
37. But the five foolish Arts students sat in the rink, and covered their heads with sackcloth and ashes, and cried unto heaven,
38. Saying We who were foolish are wise, and we have learned our folly and do repent, and next year we shall study—just see if we don't!
39. For it is written, he that doeth drink in January shall pay for his time in June, and be that doeth ask questions at the year's beginning shall know the answer when the year shall end.
40. And thus spake the sage, it is written for all to read, and them that see wise will take warning, lest they be even as the foolish Arts students.
nearby spectators cast sorrowful glances at Alan, then turned their backs on him to watch the fire.

The fire had made Alan forget his troubles momentarily. But the attitude of the older brought them back to him, and made him feel even more melancholy than before. Even Sue had turned again him! Suddenly the whole world—and the whole world was against him. What was the use of living? Perhaps he would end it all. Perhaps—the idea struck him with the suddenness of a blow from behind. He had heard that death by gas was the easiest way. And the man had said it was suicide to enter the building!

At one side of the mansions plant, bulk-head doors opened directly into the cellar. Alan stepped away from the crowd, and walked boldly toward these doors. At first he was unnoticed, then a policeman started toward him, thinking he was one of the more curious, and wanted to get a closer look. Alan ran the few remaining steps to the doors, turned down a few steps, and was inside. He was surprised that there was no fire in the cellar, though the place was full of dark brown fumes. Water dropped from the ceiling above.

Alan started to gag and cough at once. He had walked far too close into the center of the fumes. He knuckled his head realted already as he tried to get air. He tripped over something on the floor, and as he went down he felt it soft under him, and thought, "This must be Mattin." He struggled to get up, but the effort was too much for him, and everything went black.

Four hours later the blackness cleared away, and Alan found himself in the three-storey house that was Aldbrickham's hospital. He heard someone murmur, "He's coming around fine!" and wondered why. When he awoke again the room was empty, save for a patch of sunlight on the ceiling over the bed. Although he was slightly confused at first, Alan was not foolish enough to think he was in heaven or its opposite, but realized that he had somehow been rescued. He felt glad to be alive, and to wiggle his toes under the white sheets, and to watch the flickerings of the patch of sunlight above him. Then his thoughts went back, back to the time before, to the reason for his decision to seek death, and he was sorry to be alive, and wondered why fate was so spiteful toward him. People would despise him even more for what he had to try to do.

The door opened, and someone tiptoed quietly in. "I'm awake, Nurse," Alan told the unknown person, and turned his head toward the door. Standing beside the bed was a young lady wearing a plain dress and the brightest smile Alan had seen for some time. "Sue" he gasped in amazement.

"Oh, Alan! You were wonderful! But you mustn't talk, and I mustn't talk. The doctor said I could come in for just a minute, though you're all right, and you'll be up in no time. Oh, we're so proud of you!" She said it all in one breath, as if she were too excited to stop and draw another. Alan didn't understand, though it sounded good.

"The men had just arrived with gas masks when you went in. They said if you hadn't discovered Martin and got him out into the middle of the cellar, they wouldn't have been able to save him before the door fell in. As it is he'll just pull through."

"But, Sue, you don't understand."

"Yes, I do. Now not another word, or the doctor will scold me. You've got to forgive me for what I said yesterday afternoon. Everyone knows you're the bravest man in Aldbrickham. Now go to sleep."

Alan tried to protest, but in vain. After she had gone out he imagined he could still feel her lips pressed to his, and see her laughing eyes above his.

"It's a funny world," he murmured, just before he went to sleep.

**The Mitre**, 1940

**April 1940**

**The Spring Formal Murder**

(Any relation to characters either living or supposedly so is, of course, purely coincidental and should be taken solely in the spirit of good clean fun.)

Young Ephraim wearily climbed the two flights of stairs leading to his friend Eddy's room in the Old Arts building. He knocked gently, no answer. He knocked less gently, still no answer. So he slowly turned the knob and walked in. And there was Edward Fitzhiggin McBottomy lying on the Persian rug in a pool of blood and gore, a ruby-studded Malayan Kris sticking in his heart. Two army 45's lay on the floor at his side and in the late Mr. McBottomy's hand was half a glass of potassium cyanide. In the corner of the room was a smallebra 1940 taking a sun bath.

"Oh!" said Ephraim, and he shut the door carefully behind him as he left.

Outside, he took off his elastic bow tie and his Eton collar, and bracing himself against the wall, gave voice to his pent-up emotions. "Janitor," he called.

"Yah? What's this time?" The janitor's cultured voice preceded him from under the bed in the next room, where he had been needlessly rearranging the cigarette butts of an untidy student, and the sight of the man's intelligent face, peering through his hair lessened Ephem, who drew himself to his full three feet, and replied.

"McBottomly. You know Eddy? Well, he has returned to his maker."

The janitor thumbed through the pages of a pocket dictionary, and his face assumed an expression of clasping annoyance. Master of the situation, he removed the door and laying it against the wall, surveyed the body. "You," quoted he, "he smells," and called the police.

Patriotman Kelly looked at Eddy, "Chief! I think dey's been a murder. I'll have to call de sergeant."

Sergeant Theophile Dubonnet of the Lewinville Surete looked at Eddy, a smile of some satisfaction distorting his classic googly looks. "Mesdames, messieurs," he said, "set ez rey veymon. In ze inside left pocket of ze coat of ze late Monsieur McBottomly you will find a note from her sweetheart. Hers best friend is take her away from here."

"For de information, oh Best Beloved, this was the work end of de elusive Format. "Ah! you see? And vieille, zere two little spots of mud on ze collar of ze gentlemon's shirt. Sempale, non! But no, I wou left solve these cases. I cannot be bothered with such plebrian activities. Adieu, mes perez."

And zat was zat.

But the crime had to be solved, for the honour of de old Bishop's. So I had an idea.

I wrote to Shadlon Cohen (yes he is) was deeply engrossed in the April issue of Bears News when I broke in upon the peace of the great amateur criminologist's cheerful den in the basement of the gym.

"Professor," I said, "would you like to solve a murder?"

"A murder? Oh, boyohbah" cried the professor, tuming two or three of his priceless Ming vases out of the window.

"Well, it's this way," I said and told him all I knew about the terrible discovery in the Old Arts.

The professor seemed to be gazing at something far, far away as he took his foot out of the wastepaper basket. "Yah know, Smith," he said in his usual mysterious way, "there is a place in Tibet where they drink Scotch and sodan all day long except for an hour in the evening when the women go out and milk the yak. It must be wonderful." I started to say something but the professor removed his light from under the bushel in the corner. "D'you know, Smith," he continued. "I think that there is a certain faction amongst the other professors which seems to feel that I do not dress as well as I should. I wonder if I should procure a new pair of trunks. These are a little seedy, I supp-" He stared at me. "I've got it!" he screamed. "It was not suicide at all, but..."

Just then the telephone rang. It was Kelley, and he wanted us to come over to the porter's office—he had found the murderer. The professor slipped off his trunks and into a burlap bag in the twinking of an eye, donned a toque and his most mysterious smile, and vanished from my startled gaze.

I found them all surrounding the coweping culprits, who, with trembling neither lip, was shouting, "Yes, I killed him, and I'm not sorry. I've taken out every girl he ever kissed down here. And why not? I've been his friend for years."

Sally, she came out with some food crumb about having been asked here by Eddy, and absolutely refused to go swimming in the St. Francis, even without my millionaire about her neck. At this point several students of theology crossed themselves and got trembled as he reached up to assure himself that his new halo was still in place. The philo- tos of wardens nervously slipped the safety catches of their submachine guns. The prisoner straightened his tie and flickered the imaginary piece of dust from his immaculate suit. "Yes, there are lots of people that I have tried to kill around here, but they continue to walk about as if they weren't full of lead. I'm glad that I have finally killed somebody. Too bad that it had to be Eddy—he owed me that much."

He leaped to his feet with a scream, knocked out his pipe, and with a final wail that I shall hear until my dying day, diaryed through the open window under the wheels of the passing train.

Little Ephraim smilid a little smile as he walked across the quadrangle. Reaching up, he hoisted himself up on top of a hydrant, and abnormally tossing Mills bombs into a parked car of fate revivers, he chucked, "Sally's a wonderful girl. I wish my other daughters had as much sense. I must try to grade them soon, so that I can make enough money to buy her a dress. Thar steamng rag I found for her, well, really a sight." He drew out his English drill book and continued his work on the first page.
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Birks

APRIL, 1940

The Pacifist

Alan Whitelam crunched slowly down a dusty-laden street in the little mining town of Aldbricklasse. He was a slight young man of medium height, with stopped shoulders and a long, thin face. He walked with his eyes on the ground, and his slow, careless gait gave him the appearance of a man who dreaded reaching his destination. In direct opposition to his almost inactive body, the youth's mind raced from one bitter thought to another. Before the present war he had been reasonably happy, both in the small preparatory school here at home, and during the two years at college in London. That had been the big mistake—he never should have gone to London. If he had gone to work in the mine, the way the other fellows did, he would have passed up as soon as the conflict started, and thought nothing of it. But those two years—arguments, bull sessions, secret meetings, lectures—had made him see the futility of war, and the injustices of a society that expected men to go to war.

Passing to light a cigarette, his mind turned to more recent events. How angry his father had been when Alan told him he was to face the tribunal in Manchester for refusing military duty! The townsmen were, of course, much more intolerant. Old friends refused to speak to him, though when he met people on the street, their glances cried "Coward!" at him. He knew he was no coward. He knew it took more courage to face persecution (especially that of the tribunal) as he had done, than it did to join the army. Nevertheless, he winced as he thought of the chairman, Mr. Edwards, "a man with heart and soul and ability qualified you for military duty. Your father served his country in the last war. You call yourself a conscientious objector, yet you have no objection to war on religious grounds. Your object appears to be to avoid this unpleasant task. However, for the present you will be assigned non-military duty."

That had happened two days ago. As yet he had received no further directions. He had been able to hear the objections of his parents, the cat-calls of the crowd at his trial, and even the hostility of his townspeople. He had been able to bear these tribulations, knowing that others like himself had situations like his own to contend with. He had been able to bear them, knowing that he had left one friend who understood him. But now even she had forsaken him, that very afternoon, telling him in strong language that she would have nothing more to do with him. The words she had used kept recurring themselves over and over in his brain. Sue—who had been his best pal from childhood, no longer recognized him as a friend. Sue, who had grown up with him, who had even forgiven him when he took influence the week before their graduation dance, now hated him. They had never really been in love, but they had been such close chums that Alan had known he would some day marry her. And now she, like all the others, had renounced him. And only because she didn't understand things.

Preoccupied by his thoughts, Alan had failed to notice how unusually empty the streets were. As he turned the corner onto the road that passed by his own house, his attention was drawn to a scene of much activity. Far down the street a large building was on fire—he could tell what one at that distance—and half the population of the town was gathered around, either helping the fire-fighters, or hindering them by trying to get a good view of the conflagration. Alan increased his pace, and as he passed his own home he recognized the building. It was an old laundry which was now occupied by the newly formed Aldbricklasse Munitions Corporation, a recent offshoot of the war. The building was not large, it employed about twenty men, most of whom were too old to carry arms. The fire was by now well under way, and occasional licks of flame could be seen through the upper windows, from which dense clouds of smoke were pouring.

"Started by an explosion." a man at the back of the crowd explained to Alan. "Everyone got out safely but poor old Jack Martin. They've given him up, poor fellow. He was seventy-one last November."

"Can't they find him?" Alan asked. He remembered Martin, a kindly widower who used to make wooden whistles for the boys in the neighbourhood.

"They can't go in to look," replied the spectator. "It seems that the place is full of some sort of poisonous gas from the materials they use. It would be suicide to go in."

"Nitrogen dioxide," volunteered a younger man in soldier's uniform. "There's a huge tank of nitric acid in the cellar, and the first-at decomposing it. You can see the gas coming out of that side window."

He pointed to one of the lower windows that had been broken by the blast, and from which wisps of brown gas could be seen escaping.

"Is your name Whitelam?"

Alan wondered why the soldier looked into his face so keenly, until he remembered that his picture had been in the town's weekly the day before. He admitted his identity, and was hurt by the look of contempt that came over the soldier's face before he moved on, either to see the fire from another angle, or to find more agreeable company. Other
"My Reverie"

JAMES FLINTOFF

I've been dreaming again. I'm always dreaming. Whenever I'm not dreaming, I'm sweeping. I've been alternately dreaming and sweeping for a good many years now. At least, long enough to have built my sweeping-time to a minimum. Every morning I reach the end of my route a way ahead of schedule. The blithe on duty on the other side of the street sticks strictly to the time-table, always arriving at his destination on the--which is half an hour later than I. There is a lovely, old, wooden bench under a spreading oak up on a soft, grayish bank just a few paces from where my work ends. So when I lay down my broom, and am waiting for the truck to pick me up and my sweeping job, I usually stroll over to the bench, and stretch out—and dream.

In my dreams I have dealt with a wide variety of different situations. I have been murdered, and have committed the crime myself. I have rescued damsels in distress, and they have rescued me. By feats of strength I have overcome the blackest villains, and they have overcome me—by feats of strength. I have hunted wild animals, and they have hunted me. I have been tormented by love. Great is the range of my unconscious imagination. It has enabled me to travel to many distant lands. I have lain on the golden sands of Wakhé plucking breadcrumbs from a nearby whatever breadfruit grow on white from a copse of palm trees. I have heard the sweet melody of swinging guitars mingled with the velvety swish of grass skirts. I have stood shivering in the Alaskan snowy wastes watching a chorus of Eskimos go through their routine in moccasins, rights, and ear-mufflers. In the heart of the African jungle I have seen natives war-dancing to the strains of the "Tales of the Vimosa Woods." I have been to Russia, and have conferred with Molotov, Rachmaninoff, Balinoff, Abrahamovitch, and Ulovano-vitch; the purpose of the conferences being, of course, beside the point.

This morning, while stretched out on the old wooden bench I had a most extraordinary dream. Once more I was at Bishop's. It did not occur to me until I was standing in the Quad after having come slowly across the Masswipwop and up the drive that it actually was Little Oxford. Everything was as I had last seen it. Nothing was unchanged. To my right the New Arts Building still stood, although I can't think why all the windows were shuttered; to my left and in front of me the Old Arts was as it had always been. For some unknown reason I began to feel that there had been a change after all. It was as though I was facing the eastern horizon, but I could not see it. A large, unfamiliar edifice obstructed my view. Suddenly the realization made me gasp. "The new Science Building." I turned, I moved closer to look at the cornerstone mutilated by many re-engravings.

The place seemed deserted. All was still, the silence occasionally being broken by the roar of many human voices which came from the direction of the football field. I sauntered out of the Quad, through the elms, and turned to my right. On arriving at the spot, at the corner of the building just under Convocation Hall, where one gets one's first view of the campus I beheld a wonderful sight—where the football field had been rose a magnificent monument—the Bishop's Bowl, the thundering work of mingled crowds; even now they were yelling. "Touchdown! Touchdown! Touchdown!" went up like a fervent prayer to the gods of the gridiron. Eager to join the fray I ran down towards the gates, paid a very unpunished price, and was soon seeing high up in the vast dome of the dawn upon a strangely familiar sight. It was an old scene in a new setting. There strung out on the five-yard line the maroon monsters crouched. The men in purple broke from their bundle, and came up for the last play of the game determined to make good this chance of victory. The ball was snapped. Some men shifted in perfect rhythm, others pivoted, while still others hung forward to perform their various interfering jobs, and in a simple "tangle wing-back to the right off middle plunge crosswise forward pass" play he went up standing up. In the terrific din that followed I heard someone say, "Those Irishmen just don't seem to be able to beat the Bishop's Bowl jams.

The Chapel bell began to toll its evening summons, and automatically I proceeded to my room to get my gown. I found the room in which I had resided for three glorious years (or was that too a dream?) untouched. Dr. Pryde took my name at the door without betraying any surprise at my presence. The members of the Faculty were seated in their customary places. There were no more than the Chapel itself had. It seemed to me that each one must be encoiled in a vacuum through which time could not penetrate. During the service my attention was drawn to a tall lad with rather aristocratic features and a loud voice. He seemed more eager to respond than most of the congregation for his ament were very distinct. At times he found a place for them in the middle of a prayer. Beside him stood twins. At first glance one would have marked them down the way they were set out that they had a decided nautical roll to their walk. In

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the same pew were three other young men. Two of them gave an impression reminiscent of the I.R.A. In direct contrast the third's proud, defiant carriage lent an atmosphere of imperialism to the pew. On the other side of the Chapel up near the reading desk a fair-haired youth sat whose Hungarian features and black stare suggested deep thought. Six or seven dark, thick-set chaps were also in that row. They reminded me of two Yugoslavian lads I once knew. On our way out after the service a fellow came up to me and said, "Boy! Boy! There are plenty of rabbits in the Garpe." I tried to look as intelligent as possible.

In the dining room I took my place where I had always sat without encountering any resistance. Those around me did not show any signs of perplexity on seeing me. No sooner had we sat down than cries went up demanding the immediate presence of Dewhurst. After a dignified interval elapsed, little moustachioed Jim came trudging out of the scullery. Evidently he was still delighted in tantalizing the poor students. It was the same old stuff of starting and maintaining a pointless argument at one end of the table which did not take long to kindle the wrath of the impatients occupants of the other end, and caused the most abusive threats, mingled with curses, to be hurled at him. Then with an offended expression on his face he reprimanded them by saying, "Pardon me for checking you, sir, but when I'm talking to a gentleman--"

"Oh! For God's sake, Jim, shut up, and get me some

Seascape

Soon will the lovely petrel Bank upon my thoughts, And I shall watch again Him lay a wing against the heart. Ocean-shaker, land-shore, Snowed on headlong air Shall flaunt his flight mammonic To my solid flesh, my fear. Oh then, as he, claim ocean, Parallel had no more than the Bishop itself had. It seemed to me that each one must be encoiled in a vacuum through which time could not penetrate. During the service my attention was drawn to a tall lad with rather aristocratic features and a loud voice. He seemed more eager to respond than most of the congregation for his ament were very distinct. At times he found a place for them in the middle of a prayer. Beside him stood twins. At first glance one would have marked them down the way they were set out that they had a decided nautical roll to their walk. In

Lornlay

On Lornlay Hill the ground is white With the sweet drifts of apple trees And there I met my love by night On Lornlay, let the moon was white We said our hollow silences, these We named by moon and candlelight: We numbered haunted kists; these By yellow moon and candlelight; Bitter the scent beneath the trees Bitter the scent that ferment trees Of blossoms broken in the night By one deposited on his knees Moon-weird and empty is the night, A haunted Lornlay; in the trees, A murmuring, and wistful flight; With broken blooms beneath the trees The air is steeped, the ground is white; I taste, and listen on my knees, By moon and sallow candlelight.

Neil Tracy.
I wish you had more patience.

I wish you had more Sweet Caps.
had been born with a large cigar in his mouth, and indeed, he had gone farther than that; for he had managed to make his bar seem part of his head. He could also hit a spittoon while in conversation, at a distance of five yards.

At first I gathered that Mr. Beaz didn’t think it wise to produce "The Indian Knife" at the Forester’s Music Hall. He expressed himself in no uncertain terms, but with the aid of liquid refreshment, followed, as far as I was concerned, with a severe bilious attack, this histrionic magnate was persuaded that a production of "The Indian Knife" might add colour and prestige to his Music Hall. And so a date was fixed for a public presentation. Unfortunately, Noel Hunt developed mumps three days before production and all the intricate work of stage management was thrown upon my own shoulders.

The great day arrived, and the play was timed to appear immediately after the intermission. An acrobatic troup preceded the intermission, and this included a flaky female who did a realistic "strip tease" as a finale to the act. Flossie Higginbottom witnessed this exhibition from the wings, and turned round to me, saying, "I refuse to go on!" This placed me in a very embarrassing position, and I turned to Flossie and said, "I beg your pardon?" She repeated, "I refuse to go on!" and although I explained to her that the love interest in my play would be ridiculous without her, she kept repeating, "I refuse to go on."

Here was a situation which I had not anticipated. I went down to my knees to Flossie Higginbottom, and pleaded her to be reasonable. I ripped a hole in the stage cloth with my spurs, and finally plunged my fist through an oak tree, and the box conductor fell on the head of a perfectly frightful-looking stage hand, who promptly unwound himself from the debris, and punched me in the nose. I became most annoyed. I had no time to think about the man who said to his friend, "You have borne my house, robbed me of my money, put salt in my tea, stolen my wife, kidnaped my pet monkey, and generally blasted my whole life—I warn you! Don’t go too far!"

I ran amuck. I sent a terrific left at the stage hand’s jaw, and loosened all his wisdom teeth. He made a move of me, and I finally linded into the arms of the nude acrobat. Mr. Beaz came up and sent a verbal smoke screen, and finally Flossie Higginbottom consented to "go on."

The curtain went up on "The Indian Knife" and I made my debut before the public. On my entrance there was a mighty roar. I shall never forget it. I have never been able to understand the real motive underlying this explosion of beer than to the reading of the classic drama.
of this boundary face substantially the same problems. Maine and New Brunswick talk about the same worries; Cleveland hates John L. Lewis no less heartily than Toronto; dust mites the same tragedy in Saskatchewan as it does in the Dakotas.

In practical, immediate, everyday affairs the Canadian can understand his cousin (or frequently his brother-in-law or brother) to the south. But when that brother acts from decisions which spring from deeper and more basic attitudes, he is confused and believes that the relationship is pretty thin after all and here's a man to be watched. The confusion is greatest when ten to thirty millions of that cousin's cousins from the United States affects the livelihood of the Canadian and seemingly threatens his way of life.

Then he is hurt and suspicious and very angry.

The sorry truth is that the average Canadian has accepted the three thousand miles of undefended border plat- egde so long that he doesn't appreciate its full meaning. He has allowed himself to be cast for the part of unofficial ambassador of the Empire and has played the part very badly. He has made little or no attempt to know American history, aside from a few dates and battles and names. Consequently he is entirely unfamiliar with incidents which have dictated actions of the federal government in the past and which have borne the warp and woof of Washington's policy today.

This lack of knowledge might be pardonable in an aver- age of ignorance. It is even more pardonable when we consider that the road to Canada is infested with incidents which cannot be forgotten, though, when it becomes the basis of those whose duty it is to know better. I remember the bland humor of a seemingly well-educated Englishman who told me that he'd just heard about the war of 1812. "A couple of gunboats on a lake, a man got shot, and that was it."

I am not sure when he asked and not just when I read the biography of Andrew Jackson and learned how much the defeat of the British at the Battle of New Orleans in 1815 had coloured the antipathies of the South. Today, January 8, the anniversary of the final battle is celebrated all over the country with Jackson Day dinners. While they are manifestly to raise money to pay off the Democratic party debts and are a revival of the dinner President Jackson gave to mark the paying off of the national debt in 1832, this nice distortion is overlooked and the memory and deeds of crochety General Jackson are roused by a hymn anew. And even if the dinners don't understand old Hickory's prejudices and hatreds, they accept them as part of the heritage which gives direction to the attitudes of a large bulk of the party be founded over a century ago.

Now, I don't intend to recommend that Canadians should drop every thing and point their whole educational system toward the south instead of across the Atlantic. In their own interest, however, I feel that they must be less prone to complain that Americans don't act as they should. It is their job, by hook or crook, to learn a lot about the United States. And how better can they learn than by with a wide, more intelligent reading of American literature, par- ticularly the many fine definitive biographies of statesmen which have appeared in the last few years. Not to overlook literature and history in the making they should undertake a searching examination of the problems which face the country today by going to their public libraries and looking into such topflight magazines as Harper's, the Atlantic, Fortune, and Time.

We have a sound literary authority for doing this, be- cause novelists of every country have told us what many of us know from our own experiences: that cousins are harder to live with than strangers. And though the original blood tie which bound us to the south has been thinned considerably by torrents of foreign blood from every cor- ner of the globe and entertained water, we still speak the same language, pretty much. They live right next door. They are tremendously important. It's time we got to know them.

An Etching and A Song

There's midnight mist upon the moon.
And in the starless sky,
Strange moonlight magic weaves a veil
Dipped in witch's dye.

And moon-born fairies slide upon
The shafts of misty light,
While snow is falling, snow on snow:
An etching, black and white.

The righteous breezes softly sing
An old antiphonal,
With ragged stars responding low;
Sad and poetical.

And in the shadow black of hills
Where sylvan voices throng,
I hear a weird, unearthly strain:
A moon-begotten song.

Leon Adams

APRIL 1940

Stage Dust; My Histrionic Debut

In these days one is apt to get so enrammed full of every- thing, that one really knows nothing at all. I am reminded of the school boy who was asked to define anatomy: he wrote, "Anatomy is the human body which consists of three parts, the head, the chest, and the stomach. The head consists of the lungs and a piece of liver. The stomach is de- voted to the bowels, of which there are five, s, e, t, o, u, and sometimes y w and y."

To be bright and cheerful under all circumstances requires great effort and courage, and those who are able to retain a sense of hope and humour, will be the ones who will win through in the end.

A little time ago, in Toronto, I heard a dear old lady ask a street car inspector if it would be dangerous to put her foot on the car line. The inspector replied that it would be perfectly safe provided that she placed the other foot on the trolley wire.

"Are you in earnest? Seat this very minute.
What you can do, or thank you can—begin it."

At the age of fifteen, I was in earnest about taking up a stage career. So one day I escaped from school to visit the Royal Theatre at Regent's Park, Lon- don, which was being held for the benefit of the Actors' Orphanage Fund. I thought that here it would be possible to see all the great stars of the stage gathered together sans make-up, sans wigs, sans mannerisms. I was greatly thrilled. One of the sideshows was a juicy melodrama called "Buck- s of the Blood Thirsty", which I quite enjoyed. The actors were as real as the meat there is in the legend of the old Englishman"s son: given as proper name, sent by Gerald du Maurier, and in the case were Ellen Tewy, H. B. Irving, and Bebovom Tree. I remember see- ing Brandon Thomas, author of "Charlie's Aunt" standing on the stage outside the tent dressed as a "middle- way" showman. He caught sight of young Bernard Shaw in the crowd of spectators, and shouted: "Walk up, ladies and gentlemen, walk up, and see the live monkeys stuffed with straw, feathers in their hats and feathers in their caps, walk up! Walk up!" Then he pointed at Shaw and said—"See that young fellow over there—that's Bernard Shaw, the only man born with a beard; soon he will be promoted to a British top hat—Walk up ladies, walk up." Bernard Shaw called back: "You've a rotten actor, Brandon;" and the latter replied, "I quite agree with you, old top, but what is our opinion among so many?"

This scene greatly impressed me, and I actually believed that Bernard Shaw had been born with his beard, and I thought it that were really so, I might have been born an actor. And so, on the 4th of June, 1897, I became a stage- struck youth.

I was a somewhat unruly pupil at the West Hampstead Preparatory School, and my particular philandering was Master Bonavia-Hunt, who later became one of England's most famous organ builders. As a boy, Hunt was an extradi- nary fellow who's hobbies were practical jok- ing and amateur chemistry. I remember that he once succeeded in con- structing a radio wave which grew in the nape of his neck, into the shape of a collar stud. He fixed his Eton collars to this, and I shall never forget his howls when he stepped down to pick up a book.

I decided to follow the play, of course my powers of following the play, and I thought I was destined for a stage career, so between us we wrote a one-act play and called it "The Indian Knife." We wrote about India because Noel Hunt's sister once met somebody who had been there. The "Indian Knife" was just as dark and juicy as "Buckets of Blood," There was a grey-skinned villain, a comic chambermaid, and a village policeman. I decided to play the part of Percy, ve De Vere, and, subsequently, a supposedly professional actress, Fiona Higgenton, was engaged to play the romantic heroine. One line in the piece which stood out, and for which Noel Hunt was responsible, was "You are not the daughter of your mother, she is your aunt, and Rudolph is heir to the estate." My elder sister typed the script, and it was complete in every detail, including such directions as "Go to L:" and "Exit through gap in hedge, cautiously."

The scene took place in a dark and gloomy forest, with half a dozen serenades dotted about in casual positions. We arranged to have a dummy box constructor hanging from one of the trees. The locality in which this awful mess was to be presented was somewhere near the summit of Mount Everest. Noel Hunt and I kept this venture secret until we found a suitable opportunity to launch it upon the public.

Finally we managed to get an introduction to Mr. Fred- erick Bear, manager of the Forester's Music Hall in White- chaapel. This opportunity came through influence, and owing to the fact that Noel Hunt's aunt sent her laundry to a Chinaman who knew somebody who lived next door to somebody who had an interest in an east-end op- ening near the Forester's Music Hall.

I interviewed Mr. Bear, who was a man who presided over the destinies of a community more prone to the al-
that seems to Pater best to achieve that union of the intellect and the imagination 'where artists and philosophers and men of action breathe a common air and catch heat and light together;' a union which he commends in his preface to Studies in the Art and Poetry of the Renaissance Pater, whose admiration of the Middle Ages appears elsewhere, especially in his essay on the cathedral of Amiens, first demonstrates that the spirit of the Renaissance is already discernible in medieval days in the history of Abelard and the legend of Tannhauser and in the language delicacy of the troubadours. Then we are introduced successively to Pico della Mirandola, who in the fifteenth century Florence attempted to reconcile Christianity with the religion of ancient Greece; to Sandro Botticelli, painter of ineffably melancholy Madonnas; to the ethereal grace and purity of Della Robbia's reliiefs; to the strange intermingling of sweetness and strength in Michelangelo; to Leonardo da Vinci with his enigmatic and exotic genius; to the shadowy figure of Giorgione, with whose memory the fantastic splendor of Venice is traditionally interwoven.

But beauty to Pater is not merely a matter of painting still-qualities and what are known as this. In beauty is equally to be aimed at in the intellectual activity of the mind and in one's conduct of life as a whole. The full enjoyment of beauty, that is to say, involves philosophy, and it involves religion. Pater's volume of Plato and Platonism deals with the milieu and the work of the greatest of philosophers and discusses in a delicate non-technical manner the supreme aesthetic value of Plato's method and Plato's doctrine. To Pater, Plato is the greatest of philosophers because he is the philosopher of love. The sensitive lover in Plato becomes a lover of the invisible but still a lover after his earlier pattern, carrying into the world of intellectual vision all the associations of the actual world of sight. He is able, in fact, to think and feel about abstract ideas as though they were living, active, almost corporeal, as if with hands and eyes and the idea of Beauvoir was his volume for Plato the central idea of his philosophy. As for the Platonic process of arriving at truth, Pater describes it as a journey to the top of a mountain, an operation the very prosecution of which is the moral creation. It is only upon the final step, with free view at last on every side, uniting together and justifying all those various successive, partial apprehensions of the difficulty—only on the summit, comes the intuitive comprehension of what the true form of the mountain really is, and is thus either an imaginative hold upon which, for the future, we can find our way securely about it; observing perhaps, that next to that final intuition, the first view, the first impression, had been trustful about it.

Pater's most ambitious and most important work is the famous contemplative novel, Marius the Epicurean, dealing with the spiritual history of an aristocratic young Roman of the second century A.D. who, having been brought up in an environment of old-fashioned Roman piety, comes in contact with various phases of contemporary culture, is captivated by the literary charm of the brilliant writers then in vogue, and won over by the hedonistic philosophy of the Cyrenaics while at the same time filled with reverence for the noble Sthenian of his imperial master, and finally comes under the spell of the primitive Christian community that surely seemed to be bringing into the un-happy pagan world a strangely pure and serene delicacy of outlook that might prove the salve and the anodyne of its great sorrows. In this magnificent though melancholy narrative Pater has summed up his aesthetic philosophy and has at the same time recapitulated the mood of that fascinating era of the Antonines, the age of Lucian and Marcus Aurelius and of that kindred spirit Apollus whose tale of Lapid and Psiche, the lover of allegories, is here retold and serves almost as the keynote of the whole book. For Psiche stands for the human soul that wandering hither and thither rests not till one day in pursuit of the vision of divine beauty, which having once experienced though but dimly and intermittingly it knows no peace until the union that has been broken becomes indissoluble. But the happy ending of the fairy story is not paralleled in our life on this earth. For the quest of the soul no satisfactory conclusion is to be expected: complacency with our attainment means that the adventure has been abandoned. And this is the note on which Marius concludes, summing up the genuine aesthetic attitude as one of eager, heroic endeavor for removed from the largeness voluptuous mood of Psyche stands the modern hedonist.

The interest cooled a little, however, when I was told by Professor Longfellow, whose opinions and diet I heard were truth itself and whose taste and knowledge, like Mrs. Caster's virtue, were beyond reproach, that there was no American literature. I was foolish and the university was wasting its time in attempting to elevate American writing to a place where it could be considered along with those of the written expression of England or France or Germany or even Russia, to mention only the moderns. The woman was a graduate of Oxford. But there was nothing, to do the university was commuted and gave the course. I was subjected to it and took. And after living and studying and working in the United States for five years, I am convinced that a course just like it should be required in every Canadian college and every Canadian high school. And that is a great deal about America. Not that I had travelled. Not that I knew much about anything. I merely took it for granted that the United States was a giant composite of all the nations I had glanced from moving pictures and magazines and certain novels of great importance and popularity.

I knew, of course, that Americans were shrewd and energetic and generous and extravagant and clever and rude. I had met several. I knew, too, that their culture was a thin and thinning film of no substance and not worthy of extended examination in any reputable Canadian university. I had been made aware of this two years earlier when as a freshman I had, by an honest itch, qualified for a new honorm's course in English. In this course was a section called "American Literature" and I and one other were to be the guinea pigs on whom it was to be tried out.

I was excited. Now, at last, I could get my teeth into a study of both the American literature they saw as the "true" America; we saw as the "true" America; and I was to be able to see the true America, to be able to see the world in which Washington Irving stood in relation to Hawthorne and Thoreau to Poe and Longfellow to Whitman and how all this managed to produce Hemingway and Pound and Drieus and Mencken. I plunged into the course hungrily because I had read snippets of all these but their works never seemed to fit into any pattern or stand in any niche in the structure of American writing.

My excitement cooled a little, however, when I was told by Professor Longfellow, whose opinions and diet I heard were truth itself and whose taste and knowledge, like Mrs. Caster's virtue, were beyond reproach, that there was no American literature. I was foolish and the university was wasting its time in attempting to elevate American writing to a place where it could be considered along with those of the written expression of England or France or Germany or even Russia, to mention only the moderns. The woman was a graduate of Oxford. But there was nothing, to do the university was commuted and gave the course. I was subjected to it and took. And after living and studying and working in the United States for five years, I am convinced that a course just like it should be required in every Canadian college and every Canadian high school.

With every part of the world in an uproar today, the United States stands in a very peculiar situation. London and Paris and Berlin and Rome are not only destinies in newspaper dispatches. They are centers of decisions of vital significance. What they are reported as doing or saying today influences the fate of our civilization tomorrow. And on that side of the Atlantic, what Washington says or does is waited on with increasing anxiety and importance by their four other capitals. What Washington does might anger Berlin or Moscow or Paris or London. It might even unseat Ottawa and income Montreal and devastate Moose Jaw.

It is quite possible, too, that the wheat farmer in Saskatchewan and the factory hand in Ontario and the broker's clerk in Quebec might be furious at Washington and everything that Washington stands for. They might think back to 1917 or try to remember what someone told them about 1917 and become very nasty in their opinions of their cousins to the south.

But the wise money is on the fact that they don't know their cousin and have never made any attempt to know them. They have catered to his wants when the cousin came up to spend a quick vacation or to show a few dear or to see the "Quants." They have listened to him and felt his voice was in their ears and have laughed at him. The thin ribbon was less than a little pity at his ignorance of Canadian geography and history. They knew that they, themselves, couldn't be so naive or ignorant of the United States. They knew that they were forty-eight states and what the principal rivers were and who was President and what was the capital of Canada. They knew that Hollywood made movies and Chicago gangsters and New York, well, anything.

But they didn't know and the sad part of it is that they didn't know because they were so busy doing their own things they didn't even know one another. They might mention that the midwest farmer doesn't enqueue in the demands of the Pennsylvania steel workers; nor the Connecticut mill care very much about the condition of the California magistrates except when they read a "Great Wrath." But, stating a fact, doesn't excuse the Canadian; because whether they like it or not to Canadians, they occupy a position of increasing importance in the relationships of the United States to the rest of the Empire and to everything that the Empire stands for. The thin ribbon of population which runs along the international boundary is very close to the variety of Americans which stretch from Maine to Washington, and the men and women on each side...
The use—or rather the abuse—of the radio by modern governments in time of war has made newswriting and censorship a very nasty problem indeed. Today all parts of the world are placed in intimate contact with each other by the radio and anyone who possesses a set may hear the conflicting broadcasts of warring nations. The result has been that governments have tended to exaggerate their news reports with the twofold intention of confusing the enemy and of undermining the civilian morale of the enemy. As an inevitable consequence no one has known exactly what to believe.

Now that we ourselves are at war this problem becomes a vital question to us. We have seen the confusion of reports when other countries have been involved and it is only natural that many should wonder if British reports are being coloured at those of other nations have been.

The British Government has appreciated this situation. The British, it is hardly necessary to reassure, consider free speech to be one of its inviolable rights. They would feel that any party which proposes to take away that privilege had betrayed him and he would immediately lose confidence in these leaders. The Chamberlain policy reflects the attitude of the English people. No restrictions other than those which are absolutely necessary are placed upon the free expression of opinion in the daily press and in the House of Commons. The Englishman listens to whatever broadcast interests him. It is significant that he regularly 00\$s Lord Haw Haw’s program from Germany and listens to it with indifference—although life processes have to become inured to the interested audience. The British Broadcasting Office could produce no photographs and they therefore reported, ‘Our pilots saw fires; neighbouring peoples heard terrific explosions, we believe considerable damage was done.’ The Norwegian sisters who reported for a British newspaper and at once asserted they had sent seven ships to the bottom. Neutral sources have since confirmed the British report that only one ship was sunk.

It would be easy to argue, therefore, that although all reports made by British sources are perhaps not absolutely correct, difficulty of obtaining information is very great—the English are making an honest attempt to offer the truth to the nation. The difference in the German and British method of censorship and news reporting is but another point in the battle of ideals between the two nations. The Allies stand for freedom of individual thought, for reason, for truth; the Nazis represent rigid control, individual subservience to a higher authority. We would make the perhaps unnecessary comment that the Mitre shows its preponderant weight upon the side of Britain and France.

W. E. T.

The Mitre

The Centenary of Walter Pater

Walter Pater, the centenary of whose birth has just occurred in this year 1939, was one of the greatest English prose writers of the late Victorian period and indeed one of the greatest modern writers. It is almost unnecessary to say how much his influence has extended. To the general reader of today his name is likely to conjure up little more than a vague recollection of a somewhat fastidious and self-conscious literary epoch. Yet actually Pater can best be studied and enjoyed without reference to the transient vogue of any cult or school, and his work today even more than on its first appearance provides a stimulant and a corrective for an age struggling painfully for acceptable standards of value.

To Pater the quest for beauty is the absorbing preoccupation of a cultured existence, and the achievement of beauty in one or other of its forms provides us with our most intense and most satisfying experience. Throughout his life Pater was happily able to attain and enjoy this multiple consciousness of beauty, which was peculiarly developed in him by a harmonious physical environment. His childhood at Enfield followed by schooldays at Canterbury and the rest of his life at Oxford resulted, to adapt his own expression, in an inward and outward being woven through and through each other into one inseparable texture. In an essay entitled ‘Life and Time’ we are presented with an exquisitely coloured though idealized picture of the writer’s own early surroundings “among high gardens, walls, bright all summer time with golden and brown-and-golden wall-dweller” where time, as he tells us “seemed to move ever more slowly to the murmur of the bees in the lime-tree, till it is almost stilled on June afternoon.”

And again in the essay on Charles Lamb, speaking of the place where his own he had fallen as had Lamb’s before him. “Nowhere,” he says, “are there no sights to captivate one by the brighter weather, nowhere is there so much difference between rain and sunshine, nowhere do the clouds roll together more grandly; that quaint suburban pastoral gathering a certain quality of grandeur from the background of the great city with its weighty atmosphere, and portent of storms in the rapid light on dome and bleached stone steeples.” Pater’s own schooldays have clearly inspired the delineation in his imaginary portrait of Edmund Ushart of Blenheim, the distant city with its typical English school where, as he says, “we teach boys their Latin and Greek under the shadow of medieval church towers, amid the bantams, the traditions, and with something of the discipline of monasticism, and it is all of himself too that Pater is thinking, he describes Ushart’s place from youth into manhood when he has passed finally from the old Gothic gates of the school and finds himself in his own quaint college rooms at Oxford looking out from his windows in the old black from eastwards, to the distant nights the scent of the hay, the wildflowers, comes across the narrow fringe of town to eight and left; seems to come from beyond the Oxford meadows, with sensitive half-repentant thoughts from the gardens at home.”

Pater’s published works are all concentrated in one way or another with the search for beauty and with the interpretation of its manifold varieties. Trained as a classical scholar and engaged most of his life in the teaching of classical, particularly of Greek, literature, he naturally sought in the works of Hellenic culture the basis of his interpretation. His approach, however, is not that of conventional scholarship. His hero is the great German humanist Winckelmann, who laid the foundations in the eighteenth century for the modern interpretation of Greek art and refined in his own person the life of ancient Greece instead of studying it academically from the outside. And in so Pater’s volume of Greek Studies we find first a chapter on the god Dionysus and his place in mythology and art, Dionysus the rival god of the vineyards with his slyly train in their gothic garb but the same Dionysus that inspired the origin of freemasonry and the frightful vengeance upon the damned king in the great tragedy of Euripides. Here too we have the story of Donorat and Porosphone as interpreted in sculpture as well as in poetry, the masterful analysis of ancient Greece painfully seeking for her abandoned child. Next comes a strange imaginary sketch called Hypernymes Visored, where the fatal tale of Theseus’ son is linked up with the grey cliffs and sloping olive yards of pre-classic Attica and the sight in brightness and colour and in changeable form side by side with that love of order and severe composition, the blending of grace with an intellectual atmosphere, that is symbolized in Dorian architecture and in the religion of Apollo, and so to the ancient Greece.

Next to ancient Greece it is the Italy of the Renaissance

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