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*Many thanks, nurse, but —
Make Mine Molson's!*

When Angels Whisper

When angels whisper
to a maiden's heart
of tender songs of love,
and passionate thoughts,
she lives a life of smiles
for she accepts
Love
as her destiny.
And in the dream-like moment of the day
when she conceives a naked soul
for love,
in silence
and in gladness
she prepares to share
earth's motherhood.
Yet
angels whisper not of Love alone
in wordless songs
drawn from the heart of God,
for
passion-borne
within her mortal womb
is silent Suffering.

—Leon Adams.

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some element of the supernatural, some relating of things seen to things unseen. In this primeval country of mountain and lake lurks much that is half forgotten, much that is dark and sinister. Stories of heroes who feast beneath Skiddaw and Blencathra are still whispered on the fells, strange doings have occurred by night at the rings of stones at haten Waten Lake and in the Forest of Skiddaw. Be it the Druid rites, the mediaeval sabbat, the furtive mass these hills have seen them all. So it is not surprising that in *Bright Pavilions* Nicholas Herries should have his strange encounter with the witch's daughter in Keswick market place and the affair should go so strangely. It is not surprising that the dalesmen, distrustful of strangers, should burn this witch beneath Skiddaw. To a writer who specialises in the contrasting forces of good and evil, this wild elusive country must only serve to strengthen the conviction that the power of evil is a very real thing. In all his Herries novels the peculiar brooding quality of the Cumberland scene is emphasised. Walpole like John Buchan feels the influence of landscape on character. Both of them look behind the veil and take their readers with them. One of

the best stories of the late Governor General, *The Watcher by the Threshold*, emphasizes the extraordinary affect of a lowering countainous district on a civilized cultured man. Walpole too never forgets the influence of environment, the forces of religion and superstition, and the strange aberrations of the human soul. Life for him is full of mysteries, it poses its own questions but rarely answers them. A man's character is rarely, if ever, absolutely definable, such terms as realist and idealist may be useful pigeon holes but only very unintelligent people would try to use them to describe the people they meet. Nothing in life is sure except life itself, there is no certainty as to what individuals will do. It is this very uncertainty that makes them individuals. If the British peoples are a baffling race it is because they are so intensely individualistic. Typical Britishers simply don't exist and the Herries novels which are preeminently studies in British character should make that clear to all who read them. *The Bright Pavilions* is no exception to the other four, it merely serves, at this time, to emphasize the fundamental similarity between the men who faced the Spanish Armada and the men who face the German invasion.

—Prof. A. W. Preston.

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Journeys of a Dollar Bill

I am a one-dollar bill. I was once quite a handsome fellow, clean and crisp, and made a loud rustle wherever I went. Now I am old and worn, with ragged dog-ears, and I can no longer make my presence known, for I have lost my voice. But I am proud of my worn condition, for it proves that I have been around, fulfilling my mission in life. However, it is not of my early life that I would like to tell you, but rather of the last few months only.

One day, not so long ago, I found myself travelling along the street in the pocket of a man who had received me in his pay envelope. He met a friend who said, "Come on, Charlie, let's go and have a few beers." But my new owner replied: "No, Bill, I have something important to do this afternoon and besides I have a new use for my spare nickels and dimes."

So he kept on going, and presently he turned in at the Post Office. Here he pulled me out of his pocket and handed me behind the wicket. The man gave him four War Savings Stamps, which he pasted in a little folder. As he left the wicket I heard him say: "Only four more and that will be another one completed." He seemed to be very happy about it all.

As I now belonged to the Government, I soon found myself along with a lot of my brothers, going to a small machine-shop as payment for some tools and dies. Here I am again placed in a pay envelope and given to one of the tool-makers in payment for an hour or so of his highly skilled time. In that hour this tool-maker had just completed a very complicated gauge for testing shells, so that, in a way, part of me was now on the way to a munitions plant. The tool-maker took me home to his wife and she used me to pay for some groceries at the corner store. The storekeeper passed me on to a farmer, from whom he had purchased a few bags of potatoes.

I was now out in the country, away from the noise and bustle of the city, but I was still doing my job. The farmer gave me to his hired man as part of his wages for helping him to produce foodstuffs so necessary at all times and more especially at times like these. The hired man spent me at the general store in the village, where he bought a new pair

of overalls. The village merchant gave me in change to a passing motorist who had stopped at his gasoline pump, and again I was on my way.

When the motorist reached home, in a Northern Ontario town, he used me to help pay for a ton of coal and the coal dealer deposited me in the bank. From the bank I travelled to a mining company's office as part of the payroll, and once more I was in a pay envelope. A miner received me for his labor, far down in the earth, turning out the ore from which nickel, copper and gold are extracted. The results of his work would soon be playing their part in winning the war. I felt rather proud that I had been used for this purpose. The miner turned me over to a shoe store when he bought a new pair of boots. From the shoe store I went to a cartage agent and from there to a garage.

The garage owner made a trip to the city and used me part of his fare, and the ticket agent passed me out as change to a man who was going to the Pacific Coast. I liked it very much out there and after much travelling around in hotels, stores, lumber camps and fishing boats I at last found myself in the pocket of an officer in the R.C.A.F., who was returning for a short furlough to his home in the East.

When he got home he gave me to his little girl as a present. Like any other little girl, there was a lot of things she would have liked to buy with me. But she was also a very wise little girl. She was very proud of her daddy and she knew that if he was to do his bit and return safely to them he would need the best equipment possible. She realized that she couldn't buy this equipment herself, but she did know of a way she could help to buy it. So she bought four more War Savings Stamps for her book and once more I was on my way, helping to keep things moving, helping to win the war.

I won't tell you where I am now, but if you'll reach in your pocket maybe that rumpled bit of paper you pull out will be me. If it is, won't you please start me on my way again, because I still have a lot to do.—From the *Toronto Globe and Mail*.

(From Canadian Publishers War Finance Publicity Committee)

Acadia Athenaeum, Acadia University, Wolfville, N.S.
 Silhouette, McMaster University, Hamilton, Ont.
 Dalhousie Gazette, Dalhousie University, Halifax, N.S.
 Queen's Journal, Queen's University, Kingston.
 McGill Daily, McGill University, Montreal.
 Quebec Diocesan Gazette, Quebec, Que.
 McMaster University Quarterly, Hamilton, Ont.
 The Gryphon, University of Leeds, Leeds, Eng.

Remorse

You held a fragile china dish
 Before the window light
 And shattered it against my wish
 With evident delight.

I touched your beauty with coarse hands
 Then viewed it from afar,
 And cursed the ugliness of hands
 Each time I saw the scar.

—Terry Malone



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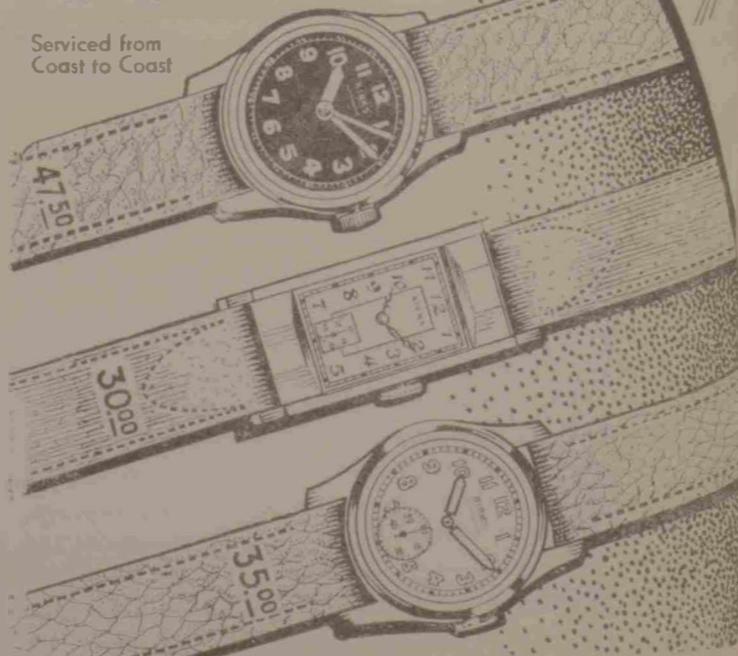
- 14kt. natural gold-case, 17-jewel Challenger movement - 50.00
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LINDA—(Continued from page 16)

tunity like that he wondered. Then, suddenly, he received the answer. Stephen was looking at Linda, and his eyes told Hugh all he needed to know. She was returning his look. Like a hammer blow Steve's words came back to him, "And now I'm stuck with her."

Linda had gone to bed but Hugh remained in his study, pacing up and down, vainly attempting to calm his overwrought nerves to decide upon a course of action. Then his eyes were attracted by something gleaming beneath the cushion of Linda's favourite chair. Absent-mindedly he pulled up the cushion and removed the article. It was a tiny, green leather book, bound in silver, with the word "Diary" scrawled across the front of it. Linda had been reading just such a book, when he had entered the room unexpectedly a few hours before. She had hastily left the room. Hugh couldn't remember what she had done with the book. He began to turn the pages, reading at random. Here were the usual trivial things, bridges, teas, theatre, excursions. Then his heart seemed to stop beating. On January, the twenty-third, the day Steve had dined with them, Linda had written: "Tonight I must meet him for the first time as Mrs. Graves. He must never guess. I shall be the perfect wife. It will prove to him that he was wrong." Hugh was not surprised when he entered the bedroom to find Linda awake. He heard her sobs, muffled within the pillow.

Linda entered the deserted house. Steve was with her. It was all over. She felt cold, lifeless. The coroner had delivered a verdict of accidental death. Hugh Graves had suffered fatal injuries. When the car he was driving skidded over an icy precipice. Linda slowly removed a crumbled piece of paper from her handbag, handed it to Stephen. "They found it in his pocket," she said brokenly. "I forgot to hide it the other day. It was an extract from a diary, dated January twenty-third."

"THE BRIGHT PAVILIONS" (Continued from page 21)

and center round Mallory, the home of Nicholas Herries. In Mallory we have the slow moving life of the more lush type of English countryside. The Elizabethan manor with its timbered walls and twisted chimnies, the formal garden the clipt hedges and the trees in peacock and other hapes. Life moves slowly here and with a sort of gracious peace. Walsingham's men may lurk round the corner but, on the whole, life is safe and easy. Contrasted with this is the bustle and hurry of London, the stench and filth of whose streets is relieved by the pageant of colour that passes

through them. Much of Elizabethan London is unfolded for us, the apprentices calling their masters' wares, the jostling beggars and footpads, the carriages of the great bearing them to a masque, the kennel of the poor festering with plague and death. The scene is ever changing and yet is always the same. The crowd which cheers the queen is the crowd which hooted at Champion as he was dragged on a hurdle from the Tower to Tyburn. And then we have the Tower itself, in all its grim majesty, the last home of Robin Herries as he seeks to right himself with his conscience. Down into its very bowels we go to the torture chambers where gaolers and half naked executioners work the rack and thumbscrew. Robin Herries is led down there, and, on his second visit, finds his bright pavilions in that last blinding flash of agony as the thumbscrew brings him release in death.

It is, however, for the Cumberland hills and Lakes that Walpole keeps his special love and his special touch. For them he has in this book, as in all his Herries novels, the passion of an adopted son. Of them he has an understanding and an insight not given to many of those who dwell there. To anyone who knows Keswick or Ulpha Fell, Wasdale or Skiddaw's lonely height this book must be as delightful as any of the Herries series. To anyone who knows the shepherds, farmers and peoples of those dales this book must illustrate their past and illumine their present. They are an unchanging people sturdy downright and honest. Families come and go among them but they go on in what our author describes as this forgotten corner of the world. Forgotten perhaps by industry and commerce but never entirely forgotten by lovers of walking, lovers of nature and lovers of poetry. Industries have taken root there as indeed they did in Elizabethan times, but they do not seem to last, they die and are forgotten. But the Lake District, as it is commonly called, is never completely forgotten and is always being rediscovered and yields something of its secrets to people of divers sorts. A paradise to William and Dorothy Wordsworth in the nineteenth century, it has become equally a paradise to the bank clerk of Manchester and the shipping clerk of Liverpool in the 20th. Small as the area is there seems to be room for all, and all who care to walk there are free to do so, Styehed Gable, Scafell Pike and Butternere are hardly changed in the centuries and will hardly change. Nature is violent there but she can be kind, nowhere can it rain so hard or clouds hang so low yet nowhere can the sun shine more brilliantly between those clouds. If Wordsworth discovered to the English people the Lake district in the 19th century, Sir Hugh Walpole has rediscovered it for the boys and girls of the 20th.

No work of Sir Hugh Walpole is complete without

ally helping some farmers vacating a burning house not long ago; we wonder how they happened to be that far out of town . . . And just what was that second-year man doing the other night on the streets of Sherbrooke—what ever it was it didn't seem to be having very satisfactory results: ah spring . . . was it some one we know who said "Shall we make her happy?" or are we mistaken about the punctuation?

Well, now for a sunbath on the roof. Oh, we seem to recall that that pastime has been banned. Oh well, anyway, *Bonne Chance*.



SPORTS—(Continued from page 25)
near the end of the period when Giroux gained a second point for the Purple and White. However, it was immediately neutralized by Goupille who out-manoeuvred goaler "Happy" Day to score for the Pinards. In the second period the Pinards scored twice, both scores were made by Rediker. The last period was scoreless so that the final count was 3-2 for the Pinards.

SKIING

Skiing seems to be practically over for the year except for the persistent few who will "grub around" in sheltered spots on high ground for the last traces of deep drifts, travel north for the "corn snow" season, or move out to Orford for the Easter vacation. However, as far as the ski team is concerned the season is definitely closed; hence the complete results of the winter's competition can now be regarded in retrospect: we see that Bishop's was undefeated in all the meets it entered.

E. T. Meet

On the 2nd of February the slalom and cross-country events of the Eastern Townships' Ski Mee were held at Mt. Shefford. The meet was sponsored by the Waterloo-Granby Club.

The cross-country was run in the morning over an eight and a half mile course. The trail followed a mountainous terrain all the way so that it was extremely hilly, interesting and varied. The hills made it equivalent to an eleven mile run. Dick Tomlinson ran the circuit in the fast time of one hour, one minute and thirty-seven seconds to lose the race by one second to Olsen, of Cowansville—except for a sprained shoulder as the result of a bad fall half a mile from the finish he would have undoubtedly gained first place. "Gibby" Stairs made the run in sixty-three minutes, thirteen seconds to gain fourth position. Jack Peake rated seventh, and B. Kirwin and N. Brown ninth and tenth, respectively.

The slalom course set by Lester Tomlinson was run in the afternoon. It was on an excellent hill but the snow was

crusty and the course was soon badly rutted. The best competitive time was made by Voissard of North Hatley who made two fast runs of 29.2 and 23.3 seconds. Jack Peake placed second with Stairs, Shaughnessy, and Brown in third, sixth, and ninth positions respectively. Tomlinson was unable to run because of his sprained shoulder.

On the 16th of March the downhill—last event of the meet—was held on Mt. Orford. It was a warm day and the snow was slow. However, a few tricky turns tested for true ski ability and it was found in several of the contestants—skiing in the Townships has improved noticeably in the last year.

Dick Tomlinson won the event with two runs of 62.9 and 58.3 seconds. Voissard, of North Hatley, gained second place and Jack Peake took third place for the Bishop's team. Kirwin and Stairs who were also on the team rated eighth and twelfth, respectively. Newton and Shaughnessy placed fourth and tenth respectively, but their times did not count on the team aggregate.

In the combined results for the meet Bishop's held top position for the third consecutive year. The Hillcrest Club was second and third place went to the Chalet Club at North Hatley. The highest individual combined score of 271.0 was made by Voissard of North Hatley. Jack Peake was second with an aggregate of 267.8 points.

Coed Ski Meet

In a closed meet, originated by Ernie Roy and managed by Gibby Stairs, about eight Bishop's coeds competed at the Hillcrest ski club on the 24th of March with Ann Armstrong and Elizabeth Hume capturing first and second places respectively in both events, slalom and downhill. In the meet, the first of its kind ever to be held by the ladies of the college, Doreen Bishop was third in the slalom and the combined and Betty Donaghy took third place in the downhill contest.



THE SEMENOFs—(Continued from page 7)

he had not known the Semenofs personally. We were all disappointed.

Interest and curiosity of the Semenof family has not faded. They have been accepted as part of the town, almost as much as the old church near the bridge that is two hundred and three years old. We always point out this church and the Semenof house to visitors as points of great interest, as we townfolk are rather proud of both. The name of the Semenof family has become a byword for the county. They are left entirely to themselves, as they seem to prefer it. Some day we hope that we shall know the true reasons for this isolation from the world.

Exchanges

Among the exchanges now on hand, "The New Northman," from Queen's University, Belfast, takes a notable place. It contains three good short stories, of which "My Leader" deserves particular mention. Built on a simple but imaginative plot, the story contains some distinctly brilliant description, and several equally nefarious characters. The magazine has poetry of every style and metre, and also includes considerable literary discussion, such as in "Words and Emotions in Contemporary Literature". An editorial suggests the possibility of "The New Northman" expanding in scope and becoming, with the aid of writers outside the University, a magazine of Northern Ireland, rather than one purely representative of Queen's. We wish the publishers of "The New Northman" the best of luck in this enterprise.

We have just received the literary supplement of "The Manitoban", semi-weekly newspaper of the University of Manitoba. Too much cannot be said in praise of the literary qualities of this magazine. In contrast with the transient material of a periodical newspaper, the articles of the "Supplement" were thoughtfully written, and are of lasting value. Politics and personalities, literature and music, are skillfully discussed under such heads as "Poetic Truth," "Parliament for a Planet", "The Rowell-Sirois Report", "Aldous Huxley", "Modern Music", and many others. The two short stories give us the sterner side of life, and many of the poems are of a cynical nature, but they are none the less readable for it.

Space does not permit reference to each of the "Supplement's" best articles, but we feel that Al McFadyen in "Parliament for a Planet" rather ably describes the present state of affairs in the world when he says, "International relations on this planet are a mad welter of pushing and pulling, back-biting and back-stabbing and squabbling and bickering and wrangling—an idiotic and infantile chaos like a football game between rival insane asylums, convulsed by the intermittent epileptic fits of war." The reason for this unhappy situation lies in the lack of international control over the exploitation of scientific and technological development. When the great industrial advances of our times are internationally controlled, only then we can expect order out of chaos. But the author warns against a complete world "government", in the full sense of the word. Such a huge system would be accompanied by "opportunities for slackness and stupidity that would make a Russian commissar turn a bilious green with envy." Rather there must be international control boards over production, transport, police, and so on, but national boundaries and governments must remain. "You can still call yourself a Canadian, a Scot, a Zulu, if you like. Personally, I'd rather

D. D. ROSS

call myself a citizen of Planet Three."

"King's College Record", from Halifax, is an attractive magazine, with some good cuts as headings for the various departments. The sexes at King's College seem to be waging a literary feud, for "Men Will Be Boys" is an article written by a co-ed in retaliation for a similar treatise on girls in the preceding issue. The writer gives her description of the different types of men in the college, and, in keeping with the warning at the beginning of the article, she doesn't pull any punches.

From Ashbury College, Ottawa, and Trinity College School in Port Hope, come "The Ashburian" and "The Record", two publications which rank high among school magazines. Both are proud of their many distinguished graduates, and considerable space is given to Old Boys' Notes, letters from graduates, and lists of former students now in the armed forces.

Most student newspapers are at present busy reporting on election results for next year, and C.O.T.C. activities. The Reserve Army examinations of March 22-23 brought to a close military training at most universities across Canada, and the students are now preparing themselves for exams in their curricular subjects. The time for going to camp seems to range from the first to the middle of May, and is of course much earlier than our own date, owing to the length of Bishop's academic year.

We have received and have taken great pleasure in reading the following magazines and papers:

- The Manitoban, University of Manitoba, Winnipeg.
- King's College Record, University of King's College, Halifax, N. S.
- The Ashburian, Ashbury College, Ottawa.
- The Record, Trinity College School, Port Hope, Ont.
- Revue de l'Université d'Ottawa, Ottawa, Ont.
- The Queen's Review, Queen's University, Kingston.
- Trinity University Review, Trinity University, Toronto.
- The New Northman, Queen's University, Belfast, Ireland.
- The Challenger, St. John Vocational School, St. John, N. B.
- Loyola News, Loyola College, Montreal.
- The Gateway, University of Alberta, Edmonton, Alta.
- The Bates Student, Bates College, Lewiston, Me.
- Xaverian, St. Francis Xavier University, Antigonish, N.S.
- The Aquinian, St. Thomas University, Chatham, N. B.
- Campus Chronicle, Magee High School, Vancouver, B.C.
- Failt-Ye-Times, Macdonald College, Montreal.
- Argosy Weekly, Mount Allison University, Sackville, N.B.
- Brunswickan, University of New Brunswick, Fredericton, N.B.

“FOR MY WIFE AND FAMILY”

Remarked a client fellingly, "I have arranged my affairs well but what also gives me satisfaction is the belief I have left them peace of mind for I well know there is always an adjustment of conditions in a home when a father passes on and it can be made easier or left to take its usual hard toll."

Wisely this father had taken this fact into consideration. A regular monthly income paid to his widow will relieve her of money worries; she, too, will be able to devote all her time to the home and the children should they still require her care; all the responsibility and anxiety of estate management will be on our shoulders.

Peace of mind will be theirs.

Trusts under his Will is the method he has employed and as his Executor and Trustee it will be our duty to carry out his plans.

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Notes and Comments

W. G. PENFIELD, JR.

It's all so sudden that it's hard to believe, but spring is really here. The ice in the rivers quietly melted and floated away down-stream, the snow vanished before our wondering eyes, and the buds are already bursting on the campus. Two conclusive proofs that this long awaited season is here are seen in the fact that this issue of the *Mitre* is late, and the fact that the O.T.C. has put away its skis.

Yes, even before the Easter holidays, that organization marched, with rifle slung from shoulder, right into Sherbrooke, every man reveling in the warmth and strength of the sun's rays. (Our feet still ache with the memory of it.) Now everything is concentrated on the preparation for the inspection which is planned for the near future.

We suppose it must be the weather, too, which was responsible for the reluctance evinced by a number of students for returning after the Easter holidays, a reluctance which has resulted, for a few of our body, in increased observance (enforced) of the more coenobitic side of college life, and, for others, in payment (also enforced) of certain moneys, all of which has been for the good of the students in question, and an attempt to prove to them that regulations are not to be tampered with. The authorities seem to be worried, and not without cause, we feel sure, about the general waywardness which is probably directly resultant from the change in seasons. Twice have there been meetings in the common room, where members of the faculty have admonished their charges and pointed out to the students that such activities on their part is not conducive to harmony, and all agree that in a college of this size harmony is all-important.

That game golf is back with us again, despite the condition of the course, which is still slightly pock-marked with winter-kill and spring ponds. At this time of year we students feel that we are more than usually lucky in having a golf course of such high quality so near at hand.

Possibly we are stepping out of our department somewhat, but we should like to go on record as saying that in our opinion some of the finest badminton playing that we have ever seen marked the close of the winter term. Our congratulations to those who did so well in the final events. The badminton tea which took place shortly before this was a great success.

The last of the skiing was enjoyed by members of the Bishop's University Ski Club during the Easter recess, at Orford and at Mont Tremblant, at both of which places the skiing was excellent. The close of the season was celebrated the other night by some at the Hillcrest Ski Club banquet in the New Frontenac Hotel in Sherbrooke. This party was rollicking good fun and deemed by all a fitting

cap to a good season, particularly in view of that sport, spiritually so elevating, which runs a close second to skiing during the winter months.

The *Jerks of Jive* figured prominently in the Rapid Bowling Club banquet at the same hotel towards the end of last term and were voted capital entertainers. In the world of music, the glee club has also been leaving its mark. It now has two radio broadcasts to its credit, and considering the amount of time for rehearsing at that organization's disposal, did remarkably well. It is felt by most that the usual Compton concert which we regrettably missed this year, was almost worth passing up in the light of the experience which these two broadcasts afforded us.

Astonished were those who, a few weeks ago, awoke well past midnight with the whistles and cheers of a hockey game in progress ringing in their ears. It seems that high authority was also awakened from its slumbers, which shortly resulted in the termination of the game at which nearly all of the students in the college were present. This little episode officially closed the hockey season, which had been thought to be closed for some time on account of the lack, except after midnight, of decent ice.

The Canadian War Services Fund has had a very active and satisfactory campaign. Dr. McGreer gave the opening address for the Eastern Townships over station CHLT, to which the students of the university listened with an interest that was not unmingled with pride.

Little else that is new remains to be recorded, excepting that from an almost unprecedented excellence in the middle of last term, the quality of the meals has fallen off again to a new low—excepting, of course, on Monday nights.

We hear that the Charity Ball was a signal success. Apparently "just everybody" was there and all had themselves a nifty time. And so our winter social season came to a close.

This term there are the plays which have been even more successful than usual. The Dramatic Society again had the invaluable services of Mr. Dickson-Kenwin, and his work was reflected in the smooth performance given by all. We approved of the innovation of having girls doing the ushering instead of men, especially since the selection was so attractive.

It is with pleasure that we extend the congratulations of the student body to Hector Belton whose marriage took place in the college chapel recently. . . . The New Arts seem to be going in for the manly game of darts in a big way; let us hope they do not forget that they owe the introduction of the game to the Old Arts. . . . We hear that Darby and Joan (this year's model) were seen frantic-

Stanstead Town - Bishop's

Stanstead, runner-up in the Sherbrooke District Basketball League to S.W.C., tangled with the Bishop's cage quintet in an exciting game in Stanstead and came out on the heavy side of a 34-25 count.

The game had no effect on the league standing but it did offer an excellent brand of basketball with the Bishop's squad matching the Stanstead boys basket for basket, and it was anybody's game right up to the last two minutes.

Stanstead's shifty Eddie Duggan was the high man with fourteen points while Ivor Richards, playing his best game this season for Bishop's, was next with twelve points. Tubby Smith was also effective for Stanstead, sinking five field goals for ten points.

In the first half Stanstead started fast and took a 4-0 lead on baskets by Smith and Duggan, but Bishop's tied it up when Richards tapped a rebound in and Hay sunk one from the corner. The two teams battled on even terms for the remainder of the period, using tight zone defences through which lay-up shots were difficult, but opportunities for set-shots were numerous and Stanstead took the lead 18-14 at halftime because of their ability to sink long shots. Duggan had eight points for the half, Bender six and Smith four. For Bishop's Richards had nine, Lane four and Hay two. In the second half Bishop's started off fast and took the lead at the three-quarter mark by 20-18. At that point they began to tire and Stanstead drew even again, then took the lead 23-22. Bishop's called time out and went into a huddle but to no avail and with minutes to go Duggan and Tubby Smith rained in enough goals to clinch the verdict.

Rev. Earl Amaron handled the game efficiently, handing out 12 personals to Stanstead and six to Bishop's.

Fusiliers - Bishop's

Bishop's prolonged their losing streak in basketball by dropping another close game on their own floor to the Fusilier team by the narrow margin of 20-18.

The only bright spot for the Bishop's team was the showing of Ivor Richards, who scored fourteen points to lead the individual scoring. Lieut. Merrit Bateman led the army team with twelve points to his credit.

The game, although interesting, was marked by close checking, and it was almost impossible to get set for shots without losing possession of the ball.

The Army started off fast and Bateman was in there to sink two lay-ups before the purple and white team could register. Richards came in fast, accepted a bounce pass and flipped a beautiful one-hander in. Then Lane broke away, stopped sharply, pulled the guards out then flipped one to Richards who counted again. Bishop's drew away and at

halftime were leading 13-11.

In the second half it was the same old story and Bishop's remained in a state of relaxation until the soldiers had taken the lead 16-11. A drive brought them three points closer, then the Army punched home two goals to take a 20-14 lead. Bishop's fought back hard and Richards got two baskets to make it 20-18, but that was as far as they got before the bell ended the game.

Bishop's - Sherbrooke Y

The thirteenth held no jinx for the Bishop's University basketball squad as they nosed out the Y Bombers in a movie thriller on the Y.M.C.A. floor in Sherbrooke by the score of 42-41.

Tubby Lane, with sixteen points, and Ivor Richards, with fourteen, led the purple and white cages in their spectacular triumph. It was the final game for Richards and Lane after four years of cage activity and it was gratifying that they were able to pass from the picture on a victorious note.

For the losers Ronnie Welsh played a stand-out game to score sixteen points, mostly on long set shots. Tricky Amby Wootton was right in there to score ten points and "Chick" Whatley was good for six.

Ian Hay also, playing his last game for Bishop's was on the ball continually and scored six well-earned points. Lanky Bob Carpenter played a smart game at guard for Bishop's and came through with six sorely-needed points in the final minutes of the game.

In the first quarter Bishop's started off fast and Lane punched home three field goals before Welsh replied for Sherbrooke. Richards came in to lay up another to make it 8-2, but Wootton broke away and brought the score to 8-6 with two one-handed shots. Play see-sawed until quarter time when Bishop's led 12-8.

In the second quarter the teams matched basket for basket and at the half the score stood 20-16 for Lane and Richards each had eight for the half while Welsh and Wootton each had six points for Sherbrooke.

Bishop's suffered a temporary relapse in the third quarter and the Bombers swarmed all over them to take a commanding 31-24 lead. The Bishop's boys tightened, however, and cut down the lead to three points, trailing 35-32 at the three-quarter mark. Early in the final quarter Lane was fouled and he sank two shots. Richards followed with two more foul shots a minute later and Bishop's led 36-35.

Welsh let fly with a long one that dropped cleanly through to make it 37-36, but Bishop's Carpenter made it 38-37 on a one-hander from the side. That's the way it went until with seconds to go Bishop's led 42-41. Then Lew Hollinger, husky Bishop's guard drew a personal foul

for backing Ben Lynn and the latter was awarded two shots.

A death like calm settled down as Lynn prepared to shoot. His first one was off but he could still force the game into overtime. He aimed slowly but his second shot fell short. Bishop's froze the ball in their own zone for the remaining seconds and the game ended 42-41.

Bishop's - Sherbrooke Y

Bishop's University cage squad defeated the Y.M.C.A. Bombers in Lennoxville by the score 35-20 in a post-schedule grudge match.

Last week when Bishop's tapered off their schedule with a narrow 42-41 victory over the Bombers, the Sherbrooke lads doubled the ability of the purple and white clad cagers to duplicate their win, so they challenged them to an exhibition match. This time the Bishop's team did not satisfy themselves with a one-point victory and went on to sink the Bombers by a 15-point margin.

Tubby Lane sniped twelve points to lead the Bishop's squad and also was high man for both teams. Ivor Richards was not far behind with eight points on four field goals, while Bob Carpenter came up from his guard position to account for another seven. Charlie McGilton, young Stanstead product, scored only four points but he played a steady game, setting up many of the scoring plays. For the Sherbrooke outfit Ronnie Welsh and Amby Wootton each scored six points.

In the first half Bishop's drew first blood when Richards scored and drew away 4-0 on another basket by Carpenter. Wootton sniped one for the Bombers and Murphy tied the game 4-4 on a long shot. Lane sank one from centre floor and Bishop's drew away once more. Play in the first half was rugged and many personal fouls were called. Rough play held the score down and when the half ended Bishop's led 12-6.

In the second half the play opened up and baskets were scored in more abundance. Bishop's added to their lead on scoring plays by Hay, Richards, and Lane but Welsh and Wootton found their range on long shots and at three-quarter time the score was 19-12 for Bishop's.

Bishop's really opened up in the last quarter and the Bombers folded under the pressure. Carpenter, McGilton and Richards dented the mesh frequently in the closing minutes and when the smoke had cleared the final score stood 35-20 in favor of Bishop's.

BADMINTON

This year the Badminton Club is working smoothly under the direction of President Dave Savage. Several changes have been made in the club constitution which makes the organization much less unwieldy. Two matches

have already been played—both with Danville. In these matches several members of the first year showed themselves to be capable supporters of the team.

The first encounter was held at Danville. It resulted in a 15-5 defeat for the college. In the mixed doubles K. Tompson and L. Hollinger played an outstanding game and turned in a 21-18 victory for us; and Helen Kelley and E. Duval also played a fine game but were finally beaten by a 23-22 score. One of the best games of women's doubles was played by Witty and Kelley who won 21-16 over Danville. In the men's doubles Savage and Hollinger co-operated to gain a 21-17 win for the college.

On the 16th of March the Danville club was entertained by Bishop's. Our team was much stronger after a bit of preparatory practice and the final score was 10-6, in favor of Bishop's. However, nearly all the games were close and the competition was very keen. In the men's doubles Savage and Duval, and Westgate and Day both won closely contested games for the college. In the mixed doubles B. MacDougall and Savage went to 24-22 for a win.

On the 27th of March the annual badminton tournament started. The results will be given in the next *Mitre*.

HOCKEY

The first game of the Eastern Townships' Junior Hockey League was played on the college rink on the 27th of January against the Pinards. The score was a tie at two-all. A description of the game was given in the last *Mitre*.

St. Pat's - Bishop's

The next game of the league was against the St. Pat's team from Sherbrooke. It was also played on college ice but with less favourable results than the previous game. It ended after a hard struggle in a 5-1 defeat for the home team.

The first score of the play came in the second period when Martel of St. Pat's managed to get a shot past goaltender "Happy" Day. The period ended with the purple and white down three points. In the last period the fight raged furiously and both teams received penalties. The Sherbrooke squad raised their lead to five but with less than two minutes to go Van Horn took a pass from Giroux to give the final score of the game to Bishop's.

Pinards - Bishop's

The third and last game of the league was played on the college rink against the Pinard team. The two squads were evenly matched and the play was fast and strenuous from start to finish. The first score of the game was made at the two-minute mark by Atto in an unassisted rush on the Pinard goal. The scoring then remained stagnant until

(Concluded on page 28)

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BASKETBALL

Stanstead College - Bishop's

Stanstead Wesleyan College basketball team handed the Bishop's University quintet a 34-22 beating on the College floor in Lennoxville.

The play was closer than the score would indicate and Bishop's showed marked improvement.

For Stanstead, Dick Aboud and Mr. Amaron, the playing principal, each dropped in twelve points to lead their team. Lane, of Bishop's, equalled the same total of twelve to lead the purple and white cagers in the scoring column. Maitland, of Stanstead, and Hay, of Bishop's, each scored six points for their respective teams.

In the first half Bishop's started fast and forged ahead on baskets by Hay and Lane but Amaron came back to tie it up with two field goals.

Dick Aboud registered on two foul throws to put Stanstead ahead and they never lost their lead. Amaron added another field goal and a foul shot, Aboud two baskets on breakaways, and Maitland a field goal on a set shot to complete scoring in the first half for Stanstead.

Meanwhile Bishop's kept in the race on a field goal each by Hay and Richards, and two field goals and a pair of foul shots by Lane.

In the second half Bishop's came within four points of tying the score but near the end they tired and Stanstead pulled away.

Aboud added another six points, Amaron five, and Maitland four in the second half. Bishop's increased their total with six points by Lane and two each by Stevens and Hay.

Bill Wolter called only nine personal fouls during the game, which amount was small for the tempo of the play.

Fusiliers - Bishop's

The Sherbrooke Fusilier Regiment Basketball squad vacated the cellar of the Senior Basketball League when they upset the Bishop's University quintet by the score of 47-37 at the Y. The game was extremely fast and the score changed with machine-like rapidity.

Lieut. Merritt Bateman, lanky centre of the Fusiliers, went wild to score twenty-six points on thirteen field goals to lead the scorers in the individual column. For Bishop's Tubby Lane found his eye for twenty points to trail the total of Bateman by six points.

Lieut. Bateman was a member of the Bishop's quintet until he enlisted for active service, and it was with dismay that his former teammates regarded his ability to drop in

baskets from every possible angle.

The first quarter found the Fusiliers going out in front of the Bishop's squad by a score of 12-6 with Bateman scoring frequently by tapping rebounds through the hoop. But in the second quarter with the score 20-13 in favour of the Fusiliers the purple and white squad suddenly came to life with a bang. Lane scored eleven consecutive points before the army team could reply and when the bell ended the first half Bishop's were in front by the score of 24-20.

The concensus of opinion at half-time did not give the army a chance to win the game, but the soldiers thought otherwise. In the third quarter the soldiers tied the score up, then steadily pulled away with Bishop's frantically trying to regain the lead, but the game ended 47-37 for the Fusiliers.

Lieut. Welsh registered ten points to help the army cause while Richards, of Bishop's, with nine points, was the next highest scorer.

Stanstead College - Bishop's

Stanstead College won its fifth straight basketball game at the expense of Bishop's University by the score of 36-23 in Stanstead.

The game was Bishop's fourth straight setback and the purple and white squad completed the first half of their schedule without tasting victory.

It was a big night for Dick Aboud, S.W.C. forward, who rang the bell for nineteen points, with sixteen of them coming in the second half. Earl Amaron, the former McGill star and playing coach of the Wesleyans, ran up a score of nine points to aid the Stanstead cause. Tubby Lane, with nine points, and Ivor Richards with six, were the main contributors to Bishop's meagre fare of scoring.

The trend of playing the first half was quite even with Bishop's holding Aboud and Amaron in check, by a tight zone defence, and the score at half-time stood Stanstead 12, Bishop's 6. In the second half play opened up and it was then that Aboud went on his scoring orgy.

The Stanstead guards threw long flat passes to their forwards up the floor and Aboud broke away continually to drift the ball through the draperies. Bishop's played the to drift the ball through the draperies. Bishop's played better ball themselves in the second half and managed to add seventeen points to their total.

Duggan, refereeing the game, called personal contact closely and nineteen fouls were committed, eleven by Stanstead and eight by Bishop's. Waterman was retired in the second half with four personals.

another, are carefully warned in the author's preface not to read or criticise his work.

The Bright Pavilions is the fifth in a series that began with *Rogue Herries* and ended with *Vanessa*. From the point of view of time it is actually the first in this series although written last. Readers who have enjoyed the doings of the Herries family from 1690 to 1936 will find in *The Bright Pavilions* a very interesting account of the Elizabethan antecedents of that typically English strain.

John Galsworthy's *Forsythe Saga* presented the prosperous, purse-proud, property-loving middle class who compose the city of London. This family was a product of the Industrial Revolution. Miss Clemence Dane's *Broome Stages* does much the same for a family of actors with their sudden passions, their superstitions and their feeling for an audience. Sir Hugh Walpole has taken a wider field, the history of a family that derives from no revolution, that stems from no peculiar gypsy strain or troupe of vagabond players. This Herries family is begotten and made of the very soil of England, clinging to that soil with fierce tenacity, rarely rising to spiritual or intellectual heights, always returning to mother Earth. With its progress through the centuries we have unfolded the pageant of England's social history, the slow change in manners and modes the essential sameness of character. The Herries are a family in the middle, never rising very high never sinking very low. The world of Courts and diplomacy is not their natural home, poverty and degradation are not their normal state. They are not to be found in the fore front of their country's history but they are never entirely out of it. In them is to be found intellectual laziness and physical courage, naive simplicity and business acumen, gross brutality and infinite kindness, national pride and a sense of international obligation. In a word they present all those complexities and contradictions of character which have made the English people both hated and admired in continental Europe. It is true of the Herries as it is of the English people that they *feel* their way through life by some illogical instinct, they rarely *know* it by any clear rational thought.

Walpole is the most successful among living British novelists in drawing characters. He has an almost uncanny facility for analysing the contrasts which baffle and confuse the ordinary man. His well known interest in the Russian novelists and the work of Marcel Proust may perhaps account for this almost feminine power of intuition. For him the world is composed of the builders and the destroyers and between them is war to the end. His Cathedral novels, his London novels and his Herries chronicle, all of them, do, in the last analysis, portray but different aspects of this deathless struggle. Captain Nicholas and The In-

quisitor serve admirably to shew how the power of evil in one individual may disrupt the lives of many innocent people; while Harmer John might be taken as an example of what the power of good may do. These powers of good and evil are as active in the lives of *Vanessa* and Benjie in *Vanessa* as they are in the lives of Nicholas and Robin in *The Bright Pavilions*. For Walpole twentieth century England is not so very different from Elizabethan England, only the modes and manners have changed. Life still is a constant struggle, an undying and irreconcilable dualism.

In *The Bright Pavilions* the Herries family is living through forty years of transition, forty years when religious faction and political vacillation culminate in a new nationalism. There is some comparison between the England of the past 20 years trying to make up its mind to oppose aggression and the England of Elizabeth seeking for a definite clear-cut policy. The same doubts haunted the minds of thinking men before this war broke out as were haunting the minds of Elizabeth's statesmen. Germany is the enemy now, threatening invasion, Spain was the enemy then, seeking to impose its will on England. Within England herself was every kind of conflict, Protestant nationalism struggling with Catholic internationalism, the House of Tudor struggling with the House of Stuart, the physical prowess of men like Drake and the spiritual courage of men like Campion. Within the individual himself were similar conflicts, the robust enjoyment of things that are seen and the underlying fear of things that are not seen, the callous indifference to thumb screw and rack and the passionate love of sonnet and madrigal, the slow decline of pleasure in life and the upward swing of Puritan standards. All these features of Elizabeth's reign are to be seen in the lives and characters of Herries men and women as they live out their days in this story.

Nicholas Herries is true Elizabethan, intensely physical, untouched by thoughts of another world whether spiritual or celestial, kind, brutal, hot tempered, tolerant, paternal and strong. Robin Herries is no less Elizabethan, eminently spiritual, engrossed in that other world, admirer of Sir Thomas More, friend of Fathers Campion and Pierson, Protestant by profession, Catholic by sympathy, loyal to Elizabeth yet admirer of Mary, physically shrinking yet spiritually courageous. Yet it is Robin who becomes the third party to the triangle in the lives of Irvine and Sylvia while the more earthly Nicholas surmounts the temptation to play a similar rôle with Catherine Hodstetter. Each moves towards his natural destiny, Nicholas as father of a family and Lord of Mallory's broad Sussex acres, Robin in search of *The Bright Pavilions* by the arduous path of the thumb-screw and rack.

All this drama is played out against a background of changing political scenes, chief of which is the conflict between Mary and Elizabeth. Ampler space is given to the Queen of Scots and there is little doubt as to whom our author prefers. Yet he is not unfairly biased in the glimpses he gives of these startling women.

Both Elizabeth and Mary are figures of Romance whose baffling characters have recently been subjected to close analysis by such men as Stefan Zweig and Lytton Strachey. In Edinburgh, even to this day, people discuss both earnestly and heatedly the merits of the Queen of Scots and her Mary S. Elizabeth's tortuous character has interested most historians and has even prompted the myth of the Bisley Boy and stirred up the kind of controversy that surrounds the Shakespeare-Bacon theory.

For Walpole Mary is very much a Queen, a queen in captivity, but even so a Queen. In her he finds the qualities that inspire a blind devotion from a handful of loyal supporters. Her spell falls as much on Robin Herries who is neither Catholic nor disloyal as it does on Anthony Babington who is both. Her petty deceits and naive hopes of escape seem almost to endear her to her fiery court while even the Earl of Shrewsbury is not untouched by her pitiful state. At Chartley Manor things are not so bad, the pretense of being a queen in exile rather than a queen in captivity has some degree of reality, but at Fotheringay all this is completely changed. Sir Hugh gives us a picture of Fotheringay as it really was. Few castles have had so gay a name and so grim an appearance. Surrounded by a low damp marshland, this ghastly place of captivity seemed open to every wind in the heavens. Its stagnant moat and heavy battlements gave it the appearance of some loathsome creature of the swamp brooding in its primeval slime. No ray of sunshine could lighten its narrow windows or take the chill from its sweating walls, the very stones seemed steeped in the blood of political victims and the dark passages to re-echo their cries of agony.

Here in the great Hall Mary achieves her supreme moment, rising at last above all the petty intrigue, the deceits and shame of her humbled life. Beside her as she moved to the block all else paled into insignificance. Denied the ministrations of her priest, insulted even by the executioners who knelt in the silent mockery of begging her pardon, Mary dominated the scene. The dreadful silence was only broken by the impudent ranting of the over protestant, self-important Dean of Peterborough.

Of Elizabeth we get less noble pictures although the author does full justice to that noble state of exaltation that she could arouse in the people of her realm. It is the Elizabeth of Strachey's *Elizabeth and Essex*, boxing the ears

of her courtiers and prelates, coquetting with one favourite and then with another, calculating a marriage with the infamous Alençon just because he could amuse her. Henry VIII's daughter with her father's love of England, her father's coarse brutality, more than her father's brains and less of his generosity. Vain, brittle, courageous, learned and devout, an extraordinary woman who might well have been a caricature of a queen and was yet the last and greatest of the Tudors. The last picture of Elizabeth is pitiful, death is imminent and the old queen sits brooding and discontented in the Palace at Richmond. Despite the summer weather she hugs a cloak about her and bends to warm herself at a large fire. To Nicholas Herries it is a sad picture for he too is brooding on the changes that are to come. England is rapidly ceasing to be "merrie", soon the puritan creed will be in the ascendant and the divine right of kings will give place to the divine right of interference with the normal pleasures of life. To a man like Nicholas Herries this is a horrible prospect. Callous and brutal as the Elizabethan age may have been it was at least gay, and it is doubtful whether England was ever to be gay again until the thirties of the present century when as Monsieur André Maurois has pointed out the small car, the charabanc and the bus have enabled the people, as such, to enjoy themselves during those few years which followed the depression, saw the Silver Jubilee and ended with Munich.

Of historical scenes in this book, other than the execution of Mary Queen of Scots, the most noteworthy is the murder of the Huguenots in Paris on St. Bartholomew's Eve. This is witnessed by one of the Herries family on a visit to business acquaintances of his father's. The horror of this massacre did more perhaps than anything else to stimulate anti-Catholic feeling in England and to increase the severity of repressive measures against the Catholic party. True though it may be that the massacre was political rather than religious, the ordinary Englishman of the day had not the subtlety to make such distinctions and feeling ran high. The hunting of priests and the persecution of the Catholic gentry became an organized system and Sir Francis Walsingham was to perfect a machinery of espionage which is the ancestor of all secret service organizations. Those who are interested in the ramifications of Walsingham's work should read Coyers Reade's interesting study Mr. Secretary Walsingham, to which more than one English novelist who has written of the period is indebted.

It is not, however, only in character, history and religion that Sir Hugh has drawn his contrasts, but in scenery too. The story works itself out in Sussex, in London and Cumberland. The Sussex scenes are rural in the extreme

(Continued on page 31)

Executive Council's Committee on Apportionments for the Church of England in Canada. Bishop Sherman graduated in '09.

The Rev'd Guy Marston, while finishing his course at Bishop's, is acting as assistant priest of St. Peter's Church in Sherbrooke under the Rev'd Russell Brown, B.A. '33, and also as priest-in-charge of Ditchfield, Quebec.

The Rev'd W. J. Belford, B.A. '36, has returned from the Magdalen Islands to the Eastern Townships.

Arnold Banfill, B.A. '35, is with the Royal Trust Company in Montreal.

"Oggie" Glass, Henry Holden, and Dr. Gordon Rothney, are teaching at Bishop's College School, Lennoxville.

Henry Rugg, B.Sc. '35, is with the National Research Council in Ottawa.

Jack Richardson, B.A. '35, is at the Dominion Archives in Ottawa.

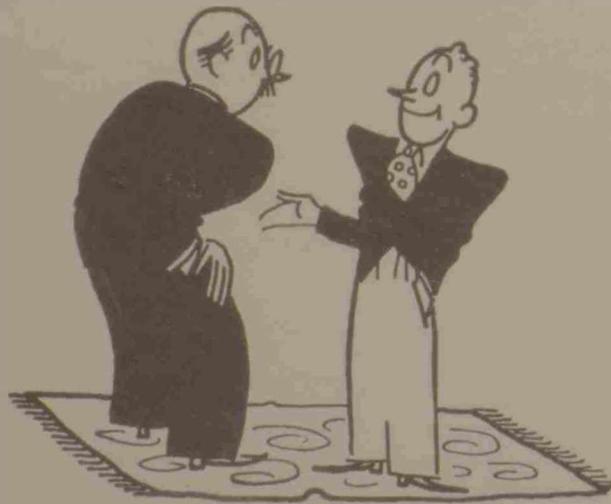
Recent visitors at the University were John Carroll, Gordon Cooper, Rupert Pyne, Don Bennett, Merritt Bateman, H. L. Rennie, and Ken Willis.

Morning Angelus

There's a shiver of bells
In the ash-coloured hills
And a tinkling of moccasined sleighs;
There's a song of the morn
In the solitude born
While the dawn swings her censer of haze.
And the ledge of the sky
Becomes tinsel with light
As the rhythm of day is begun,
When the angelus rings
With its old hallowings
And its voice like the prayer of a nun:
"Holy Mary, we hail,
Fairest Mother and Maid,
Among women so blessed in thy Son,
Pray for us at this hour
That His grace and His power
May be with us till life's day is done."

—Leon Adams.

TAKE A TIP FROM FATHER



o Mark Twain once said. "When I was a boy of 14 my father was so ignorant I could hardly stand to have the old man around but when I got to be 21, I was astonished to know how much the old man had learned in 7 years."

Fathers as a rule have quite a useful fund of knowledge . . . and much of the knowledge is fact. So next time you are home ask him whether he thinks saving money and establishing your credit with the bank is worth the effort.

When, from his own rich experience, he has finished answering your question, drop in to our nearest branch and open a savings account. It's a wise move on your part and one that will please your Dad.

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The Bishop Looks Down

MISS C. E. THOMPSON



F.B.

"OUT OF THE NIGHT"—VALTIN, JAN

"The book everyone is talking about"; that in a few words describes Jan Valtin's epic autobiography, "Out of the Night." Publicized in two consecutive issues of *Life*, featured in *Reader's Digest*, it is far and away the publishing sensation of the year, and a best-seller from New York (where Valtin rests today, after years of hectic adventure) to San Francisco, where as a prisoner in San Quentin, he first dreamed of writing it.

An absorbing tale of personal adventure, written by a former agent of the Communist International, "Out of the Night" lays bare an amazing underworld of revolution and violence, a secret network directed from Soviet Russia, which spreads its tentacles into every land.

A German by birth, Jan Valtin grew up on the Hamburg waterfront, a hotbed of post-war risings, and at the age of nineteen joined the Communist party. During those tragic years between two wars, he worked in all parts of the world organizing strikes, inciting riots, fostering revolution. In Los Angeles, on orders from the Party, he made a bungling attempt to kill a man, was arrested, and served three years in San Quentin prison. By 1931, when the Nazi party was rising as a militant enemy to Communism Valtin was admitted to the inner circles of the Comintern, and directed waterfront operations in Western Europe. The following year, while carrying out a mission in Germany, he was captured by Nazi man-hunters. What he suffered, what he saw in the torture chambers of the Gestapo, and how he escaped from Germany by becoming one of their agents, form a narrative almost unique in detail and intensity. Wanted by both the Russian and the German Secret Police, Valtin now lives a secured life in America.

Truly a book of peculiar power, "Out of the Night" is one of the most important historic documents produced in our time. Few commentaries on Communism, Nazism, the forces of rebellion and reaction have ever borne so penetrating a message to humanity everywhere. For sheer thrills few novels have equalled it. In the words of one critic:

"Its suspense is such that you will not be good for anything until you have turned the last page."

Just as "Out of the Night" is today the most daring exposé of what has actually been going on behind the scenes during the past, Herman Rauschnig's "The Redemption of Democracy" projects you into the future—paints a startling picture of what is going to happen this year and the years after.

"THE REDEMPTION OF DEMOCRACY"—

RAUSCHNIG, HERMANN

In "The Revolution of Nihilism" Herr Rauschnig foretold the totalitarian wave of destruction that was to sweep over the civilized world. Subsequent events—the Nazi-Soviet Pact, the invasion of the Low Countries, the inevitable victory of France—proved his predictions correct. However in his newest book, "The Redemption of Democracy", he unmasks Hitler's stirring up of dissensions in the free countries; how these work to his advantage; and how the "Coming Atlantic Empire" of revitalized democracies can become a bulwark against Nazidom's destructive strength.

Even while writing to the accompaniment of bombs over London, Rauschnig is convinced of Hitler's ultimate defeat. The real problem, he believes, comes after. We must build a new world, not on the pattern of totalitarian despotisms, but in accordance with democracy's own genius and its own tools—"gradualism, compromise, peace, freedom."

The "Redemption of Democracy" is indeed a challenging document, climaxing in triumphant hope for democracy and world peace.

Both these books, so moving and so significant, should prove illuminating reading for all democracy.

—C. E. Thompson

"THE BRIGHT PAVILIONS"

Readers of the historical novel will welcome Sir Hugh Walpole's latest addition to the Herries Saga. Superior persons who do not like historical novels, on one ground or

immediately put him in favour with the glamorous Linda. Besides with all her faults she was certainly beautiful. Why! he might even enjoy performing this service for his friend.

Then, somehow Hugh had failed to appreciate this great service. In fact at present he wasn't even on speaking terms with his would-be benefactor. He accused him of being a disloyal friend, or, to use his own words, "a double-crosser." This was the opportunity Steve had been waiting for, his chance to reveal Linda in her true colours, but all he could muster was a feeble "Sorry, Hugh," as he walked away, away from his college buddy, his best friend. For something had gone awry in his well-laid plans. Something as unwelcome as it was unexpected. Linda had fallen in love with him. She had told him last Sunday as they were speeding along the beautiful river drive in Steve's high-powered Cadillac. For a minute it was all he could do to stay on the road. He could think of nothing even remotely appropriate to say. What a fool he had been not to notice the danger signals; Linda always at home, waiting for his phone calls, Linda never with Greg, or Barker or Hugh any more. Gone now was all his former assurance. He felt trapped, helpless.

Miss Pringle's shrill voice intruded upon his thoughts. "Will that be all sir?"

"Yes, Miss Pringle," he replied, vainly attempting to assume an authoritative air. "Leave that letter for now. Have you located my party yet?"

"Mr. Graves still doesn't answer, sir, but a Miss Drummond called while you were at lunch."

Steve gazed at the desk top. His fingers beat nervously against its polished surface. "If she calls again, tell her I'm out," he replied, hating himself.

Linda Drummond sat by the telephone, her golden head bent, her slim shoulders convulsed by sobs, she had just phoned Steve again. There was always the same answer. She knew they were lying; Steve wasn't out; he no longer wished to see her. For this she blamed herself. She shouldn't have revealed her love for him so openly. But he had showed such marked attentions, she had never doubted that he loved her also. Or perhaps he had heard about that horrible divorce suit, and Mrs. Carter's insane groundless suspicions. Linda wanted to resign then. She knew now that she should have. Greg had pleaded with her. "You can't walk out on me now, Lyn, not with this steel deal coming up. You know it would take me months to break in a new secretary. Aren't we big enough to ignore this whole sordid business?" So Linda had remained. Hadn't Greg given her a job at the switchboard when she, a small town orphan, didn't know where her next meal was coming from. Besides, where could one get another job in a hurry nowadays? Well, if that was what had annoyed Steve she'd resign now. In fact she'd go down to his office immediately, plead with him,

and make him understand how foolish his suspicions were.

Linda was trembling as she stepped from the elevator and walked towards the door with the big gold letters upon it. Swiftly she glanced at a tiny diamond wrist watch. It was five-thirty. Miss Pringle would have left by now. Steve would be alone. She eased the door open a few inches and slipped into the outer office. There was somebody inside with Steve. It was a man's voice, Hugh's voice. Then she remembered that they were old friends. But they weren't talking like old friends. Their voices were loud, angry. Suddenly, she heard Steve mention her own name. His voice rose higher, angrier. "Very well, go back to her if you want to. I've wasted two months trying to show you what a blind fool you are. Dropped you fast enough when she thought she could get her fingers into the Baxter cash, didn't she? The worst of it is I'm stuck with her now. Well, I'm through playing nurse maid to a dumb kid, see?"

"You won't have her on your hands any longer," Hugh said. His voice was calm now even though it shook. "I'm going to ask her to marry me—tonight."

And that night Linda said "yes" to Hugh's eager proposal, but she turned away as she answered, lest he should see the tears falling from behind her closely shut eyelids.

Steve experienced a certain uneasiness as he climbed the spotless white steps of Hugh's cottage, Linda's home. A week before Steve had apologized to him begging his forgiveness. Hugh had invited him to dinner. It would be the cementing of their renewed friendship he had said. But how would Linda receive him? Certainly she must have forgotten everything. She had never tried to communicate with him after that first week, and now she was Hugh's wife. How wrong he had judged her. What a fool he had been. Thank goodness his blundering hadn't hurt anyone.

So he hadn't hurt anyone? How he laughed at himself hours later as he walked home from that dinner party. Rain was beating against his brow, his eyeballs, and trickling down his cheeks, but he didn't notice it. All he could see was Linda in a crisp white apron pouring the coffee, waiting on the table, waving goodbye to him from the doorway. How long had he loved her he wondered? Probably ever since he first met her, but he'd never realized it until tonight. And now he must leave. It would be letting his father down, smashing his hopes, but it must be done. He simply couldn't stay there now, accepting Hugh's eager invitations, seeing them always together.

So Stephen was saying goodbye to Hugh and Linda, and Hugh was wondering why he was leaving. Steve loved his work, loved the gay, mad life of the city. "A grand opportunity," he had called it, managing a sugar plantation in South America. Why should Steve need an oppor-

(Concluded on page 31)

Alumni Notes

Births

ELKINS—At Jeffrey Hale's Hospital, Quebec, on March 4, 1941, to Mr. and Mrs. Stuart P. Elkins (formerly Vivian Woodley, B.A. '35) a son.

BROWN—On Saturday, March 29, at the Sherbrooke Protestant Hospital, to the Rev'd Russell and Mrs. Brown, a son.

GALL—At the Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal, on January 31, 1941, to Lieut. and Mrs. Hugh Wilson Gall, a son. Lieut. Gall received his B.A. in 1934 and his High School Diploma in 1935.

Marriages

BELTON-GUSTAFSON—On Saturday, March 22, 1941 in St. Mark's Chapel, Bishop's University, Ingrid Pauline, daughter of Mr. Carl O. Gustafson of Sherbrooke, was married to Lieut. Hector Macdonald Belton, 'M '40, of the Sherbrooke Fusilier Regiment, son of the late F. H. Belton and Mrs. Belton of Winnipeg, Manitoba.

The Rev'd Dr. A. H. McGreer, Principal of the University, officiated at the ceremony, assisted by the Rev'd Guy Marston who celebrated at the Holy Eucharist.

CARTER-PECK—The marriage of Barbara Muriel, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Brian Peck of Montreal, to Lieut. W. LeM. O. Carter, R.C.A.S.C., A.C.A., son of Dr. and Mrs. W. LeM. Carter of Quebec, took place on March 15 at Christ Church Cathedral, Montreal. The Bishop of Montreal officiated at the ceremony. Lieut. Carter received his B.A. in 1938.

JOHNSTON-MACLENNAN—The marriage is announced of Flight Lieut. E. Russell Johnston, M '37, to Miss Winnifred Jackson MacLennan of Brookfield. The bride is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. B. MacLennan of Brookfield, and the bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Johnston of St. Lambert and formerly of Lennoxville. Lieut. Johnston and his bride will reside at Summerside, P.E.I.

BENNETT-SWITZER—The marriage took place recently, at the Church of the Messiah, Toronto, of Sgt. Pilot Donald Ward Bennett, R.C.A.F. (B.Sc. '39), to Elise Switzer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Switzer of Regina, Sask. The bride and groom spent their honeymoon in Montreal and the Eastern Townships.

Deaths

MICHAELS—On April 7 Sergeant John Lewis Michaels, 29, who had been serving with the Imperial Forces in the Middle East, was killed in action.

Sergeant Michaels was born in Westmount, Quebec, on June 20, 1911, and attended the Argyle and Westmount

LEON ADAMS

High Schools. He received his B.A. at Bishop's University in 1935. After graduation he travelled in the Near East. In 1938 he enlisted in the Royal Worcestershire Regiment and saw action in Palestine where his unit participated in subduing the Arab rebellion. He was wounded on one occasion, and was awarded the Military Medal.

WITH THE KING'S FORCES

Major the Rev'd C. G. Hepburn, B.A. '08, B.D., has been promoted to the rank of Lieut-Colonel and Deputy Assistant to the Principal Chaplain. He will be attached to the Canadian Corps under Lieut.-General A. G. L. McNaughton.

Walter I. Neilson, B.Sc. '40, has been transferred to the Fleet Air Arm and is taking a nine months' course leading to a commission and work as a navigating officer on the long range Sunderland flying boats.

Gordon Cooper, B.Sc. '40, who recently visited the University, is stationed with the Air Force in Ontario.

The Rev'd D. B. Mackay, B.A., '35, has become an army chaplain.

M. M. Medine, B.A. '31, M.D., is with the R.A.M.C. in Palestine.

Capt. B. W. Stevens, B.A. '36, is overseas with the Royal Montreal Regiment.

Lieut. Edward Parker, B.A., L.S.T. '40, is overseas with the Canadian Infantry.

The Rev'd A. V. Ottiwell, B.A. '34, is now in England as an army chaplain with the C.A.S.F.

F. M. Bunbury, B.Sc. '39, is taking a course in High Angle Gunnery with the R.C.N.V.R.

Jim Davidson, B.Sc. '39, is stationed with the Air Force in Ontario.

Sub-Lieut. A. G. C. Whalley, B.A. '35, of the Royal Canadian Navy, has been transferred to H.M.S. Tartar as navigating officer.

GENERAL

Miss June Graham, B.A. '40, is now on the staff of the Montreal Daily Star as Associate Editor of the Department of Women's Activities.

Miss Vivian Parr, B.A., is working in the main office of the Bell Telephone Company in Toronto.

Miss Janet Speid, B.A. '39, and Miss Roberta Richardson, B.A. '39, are with the Bell Telephone Company in Montreal.

Miss Peggy Richardson, B.A. '40, is studying at Sprott's Business College in Montreal.

The Right Rev'd Ralph Sherman, L.S.T., M.A., D.D., Bishop of Calgary, has been appointed Chairman of the



"They haven't sent my dress for the Dance"
 "Your dress! They haven't sent the Sweet Caps."

SWEET CAPORAL CIGARETTES

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



Linda

ANONYMOUS

Stephen Baxter rose abruptly from his desk-chair, and with two strides reached the window. He looked down, down eighteen stories. There were miniature people hurrying by, fire sirens screaming, horns tooting. There were the voices of Tony, the Italian fruit vendor, and of old Meg, peddling gardenias: cries of "Fresh fruits, all kinds," and "Gardenias, ten cents a piece, only a dime, folks," mingling with the endless din of city traffic.

Stephen turned away from this confusing, human panorama. But still he didn't look at Miss Pringle, sitting there before him, complacent, critical, notebook clutched firmly in left hand, pen in right awaiting his next faltering words as intently as a bird of prey awaits the final expiring gasps of its victim. Moments slipped by, these words remained unspoken; his eyes darted restlessly about the office — his office. Yes, he owned it all, every piece of carved mahogany, every leather-bound volume, even the gleaming trophies, with the little statues on top, and his name was on the door in big gold letters — "Stephen Baxter, Jr., Vice-President," it read. But at that moment it wasn't his office at all, it seemed. It was his prison. And Miss Pringle, that timid old maid who jumped if you dropped a pen nib, no longer appeared as his reliable secretary, but as his jailor, menacing, accusing. What could she, or anyone else, accuse him of? Was it a crime to help a friend in trouble? Hugh Graves was certainly his friend. Then there was Linda Drummond. Why should he feel such a cad about that? She'd gone around with plenty of men, fooled plenty of men. Ten to one she was fooling him right now. Yet even as he thought it, he knew he was wrong, hopelessly wrong.

His thoughts went back to that night not so very long ago when they had first made friends with Linda, Hugh and he. It was on one of those rare occasions when the two men met over a bottle of beer to chat about the old days; of that morning when as a couple of timid "frosh" they had first entered Harvard; and of the four years that followed, years of working together, playing together, laughing together, years during which Hugh waited on table and puzzled over calculus, while Steve captained football squads and dated Wellesley girls. Then graduation day had come. They had gone their separate ways, one to a cannery by day, and a law school by night; the other to a ready-made job in his father's office. Still Steve hadn't wasted his time. He could say that now, in all modesty. Only the other night his father had said to him "I'm not as young as I used to be Steve. You'll have to take over before long. Not worrying though, the business will be in good hands. I'm sure of that." Steve was sure of it too. He'd never betray that trust. Hugh hadn't been entirely unsuccessful either during these years. He was a full-fledged lawyer now, and had

won a couple of cases. The newspapers were describing him as "promising." Oh, there was a long struggle ahead alright, but, the foundations were laid. And then Steve had taken him to the Lincoln Club. Linda had been there.

He could picture perfectly how she looked that night: her blond curls a shining circle, surrounding her dainty face, her carmine lips smiling, her violet eyes dancing. He could also remember how Hugh had looked, watching that sable-clad figure entering the room on the arm of an army officer. "Boy, isn't that something?" he said, interrupting Steve's reminiscences of old Prof. Newburg: "Know her?"

Steve's answer had been casual, disinterested, "Sure. That's Carter's secretary. Met her once when I was up there discussing that steel deal with Greg." Then he had chuckled softly, "Reported to be the reason for Mrs. Carter's recent trip to Reno."

"Whose that she's with?" Hugh had been undaunted by Steve's remarks.

"Him? Why, that's Reg. Barker, a captain in the Royal Rifles. Went to Canada and joined up about a month ago. Used to belong to my club. Plays a keen game of squash. Guess I'd better go over and arrange a game for tomorrow."

"Mind if I tag along?" Hugh had demanded eagerly, already half-way across the room.

"O.K.," Steve laughed good naturedly. "But she's not your type. Don't say I didn't warn you."

That's how it had started as simply as that. Suddenly Hugh was never at home when Steve called, at first he didn't know why. Soon he found out. It was Linda. Hugh was hopelessly in love with her. He was asking her everywhere — night clubs, horse races, operas — everywhere he couldn't afford to go. And what was more serious, he was neglecting his work, losing cases. Steve knew Linda didn't love Hugh. She was only playing around, amusing herself. He had seen her often — with Greg, dining, dancing, smiling into his eyes; golfing with Clyde Morgan, the cement king; or riding with young Ken Dexter, millionaire playboy. Well, those were the men for Linda, rich and smart, not like Hugh, struggling to make good, full of high ideals, and ambition. That's what he tried to tell him in that first argument and in all the vain, useless quarrels which followed. But it was no good. Hugh just wouldn't listen to reason. It was then that that cursed plan took root in his brain. What devil could have planted the seeds there? Actions spoke louder than words didn't they? Well, facts would speak louder than reports. He'd show Linda Drummond up for what she was: a pleasure-seeking, gold digger. He'd convince Hugh. He'd take her out himself. Women had never interested Steve much but he knew he was more than passably attractive, and his enormous bank-roll would

considered worthy of selling. It was a violin. As far as I could see, it appeared as though it had been buried in a cupboard by someone's grandfather for safe keeping and had just been exhumed. The auctioneer banged his table for attention. The crowd did not respond, they had become too involved in their own interests to take any notice. The auctioneer, however, continued bravely to praise the quality of the violin. He commented on its finely built body, the softness of its tone, the deep shade of its strain, the fine grain of the wood. There was still no response from the people, except for a gentleman with shaggy hair, square-toed shoes and a suit that was shabby, but of fashionable cut. He pushed and wove his way forward from the back of the room toward the auctioneer. He stepped up onto the little dais that held the table and the auctioneer above the heads of the crowd. He spoke a few words to the holder of the instrument, which seemed to be a request to examine the violin, for the auctioneer handed it to him. The stranger placed the violin carefully under his chin and delicately took the bow in his right hand. He slowly drew the bow across the strings of the violin. His long, pale, patrician hands fingered the strings. He closed his eyes, his face seem to lose its sense of frigidity and for a flashing moment to light with a glow of contentment. His pale cheeks grew hollow, his thin curved lips were holding a hidden smile. There was an expression of infinite tenderness and infinite irony on his countenance. He tenderly threw a few melodious notes into the air, and through the murky din rang a song not born of earth, an endless deep unechoing thing. The crowd ceased their activity and their eyes roamed curiously to find the cause of this unusual disturbance that penetrated the hollow vastness of the room. The man played on. He seemed to be playing only to himself, yet the effect of the melody was apparent on every face. The music rose above us. Its deep enchantment towered like a forest of singing birds and leaves. There was a deep mystical ecstasy in the style of his interpretation that caused a heavy silence to flow across the room like a wave. The silence like that of a city, when it pauses; or of the woods, before the winds of spring begin. What strange, haunting, foreign melody was he playing? No one knew. I cannot, even now, recall three consecutive notes of that composition. I was so entranced by the rich chords, the compassionate mood, the brilliantly, effective movement of the fingers on the string, the great and intimate expressiveness, the dynamic changes that provided all the colour and the interest. The music and the playing set all hearts beating beyond all power of words.

The crowd assembled in the hall seemed entranced. Mouths forgot their hate and dropped their bitter lines. The old lady with the vase sent writhing gasped up her ropy throat to the tight line of her mouth. The auctioneer had fallen back into his seat and a mixed expression of pleasure and wonder had taken control of his countenance. There was not a sound. Not a word was spoken. They were unable to speak. Their very souls had been lifted up and stolen away. They had entered into another world, a world of ethereal wonder hanging from heaven on a single, bodiless note.

They were listening to a master play.

A Vi-Co at Herb's

What about a vi-co
at Herb's
and maybe a hamburger
or a hot-dog
dished up by Herb
himself
in soiled jacket
and baggy
pants.
We shall chew
our straws
and shoot the bull about
hockey
and basketball,
exams, so close,
and (to quote)
our lovers
and our hopes.
We shall sip vi-co's
while in their dens
learned professors
compile,
with glee
and vigour,
questions
to drive us nuts in
June.

—G. H. Day.

Recruiting for Service

PHYLLIS E. ADAMS

This isn't an article for the Army or the Air Force, though they are uppermost in our minds to-day. No, rather it is for those of us who have to face the fact that in the near future we must begin to assume our own responsibilities and scratch for ourselves. Of course, we must consider the best scratching grounds. Sad as it may seem, most of the fields are staked out. It is a big problem for us to know just what to do. If we take up one thing and find in a few years that it was a mistake, it means just that much time and money wasted—and time and money is certainly at a premium now.

How many of us have ever thought of Social Work? If ever there was a field of opportunity for young college graduates, both men and women, it is here. Practically everything else is so overcrowded that certain rather stiff qualifications are necessary in order to have even a chance in it. Social work has been called "the profession of the twentieth century." Here there are so few workers that the only stipulation is a college degree.

One may well ask what social work is. In the words of one writer, "Social work is a new profession which is concerned with the welfare of human beings." In other words it is a profession whereby men and women strive to help others who are not only less fortunate than they are, but who have run up against problems which are too hard for them to solve alone. It is "helping others to help themselves". These problems are brought to workers trained to know the answers and ready to give every assistance in their solution. In many districts, this work is organized and is supported by either personal or public funds. It covers everything from teaching to preaching. There are teachers in group work; there are medical workers who assist doctors and nurses, some others have charge of family welfare or of special case problems; and there are others connected with church organizations. In short, whenever there is material necessity, marital unhappiness, illness, homelessness, unemployment, a social worker finds a field of service. It is a field where every bit of one's knowledge is brought into play, where one's tact, ingenuity, even imagination in the solution of the problems of others are employed.

To be able to do this requires special training. Besides a bachelor's degree, two years of training at some of the Social Work training schools is necessary. There is opportunity for actual work during the training period and class hours are arranged with that in mind. It probably isn't possible for any one to be absolutely guaranteed a job or position; but the fact remains that there are only a few hundred—six or seven—trained workers in all of Canada. Compare that with the population of the cities where social work is organized to-day, and it will be evident that there

is ample opportunity for somebody to rise to the top.

"But," you say, "what do I care about all this? I want something exciting, something with a little more zest to it." The average person at present probably hasn't the slightest idea what social work means; but the time will come when men and women will become socially conscious. When that time arrives these leaders will be in clover. To be a leader and to be in clover, however, requires a beginning somewhere. In spite of the hard work, the long hours, the short vacations, there is plenty of excitement. Read some of the stories of the slum districts in any city and this fact will be evident. But, added to the hard work and the excitement, there is the satisfaction of knowing you are doing something useful for your fellowman, and also that in doing this, you are using every ounce of grey matter which you possess.

Money? The salaries aren't large, but they do afford one reasonable security from the proverbial wolf. As social work increases in prestige, salaries will increase. Through the open doors of opportunity the social workers will march to bigger and better things. Those of us who attach ourselves to their caravans will go along too—but we must go on our own power.

Social Service Work flings out a challenge to us. By accepting that challenge, and by giving our very best in whatever branch we choose to apply ourselves, there will come back to us a knowledge and an understanding, as well as a keen enjoyment of life itself. It is well worth a thought; well worth an effort.

Parallel

This letter, written by one Benjamin Sillman, Sr., to his mother early in the eighteenth century, appeared recently in the Yale University Alumni Review. The punctuation is the author's; apparently Sillman was a rugged individualist in such matters:

Edinburgh, Jan. 7, 1806

"I beg you to be entirely easy about the invasion of England. If it happens at all it will not happen for a long time. Buonaparte, it is true, is inveterate against England, and no doubt meditates vengeance, and his late unexampled triumphs over the Russians and Austrians will increase his pride and power—for in 3 months he has destroyed and captured not less than 150,000 men—he is now in possession of Vienna, and has overrun all Austria. But the recent destruction of his fleet and the irresistible superiority of England on the Ocean will oblige him to defer his attempt for perhaps several years. It is however, a period of the greatest solicitude in this country, and certainly not without reason."

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The Master

H. ROSS BRADFORD

The evening is still, very still for the early hour. The courtyard of the inn is rich with patches of violet darkness. The lamps that light the cobbled roadway throw fitful lights upon those people who are hurrying by. Some are just now returning from their day's work, others are happily on their way to their evenin's entertainment. If one listens very, very intently, it is quite possible to discern the several, different, characteristic noises of the passing crowd. Some are laughing for no apparent reason, others seem to be quarreling among themselves. One can hear the loud voices of those who are discussing their day's activity. All are rushing to their own self-interested goals and objectives.

Into this crowd stepped a man from the already darkened courtyard, by no means an impressive person for there was nothing startling about his appearance to segregate him from the rest. He was an excellent specimen of his class. Everything about him was according to standard, from his long, shaggy hair to his square-toed, serviceable boots. His collar was loose and revealed a somewhat slender, pale neck that matched the pallidness of his countenance. He wore shabby, but rather well-cut clothes. He carried in his hand a short, briar pipe, which for the moment, he seemed to have forgotten. As he passed one of the flickering lamps, one had an opportunity to observe the rather startling mold and expression of his face. It was of a type that one finds very difficult to describe accurately. It was entirely devoid of desire, doubt or pain, yet it was not an expression resulting from a serene mind. He was deep in thought and was completely oblivious of the people passing by him. He walked slowly down the street and seemed to be headed for the center of the town. In many of the little shops that lined both sides of the street the shutters were already down, and the weary people were ending their long day. On one or two of the shop steps, one could see an apprentice sweeping away the dust that had accumulated from the feet of the many purchasers that had been there that day. He passes a tavern, where half a dozen people are seated drinking golden ale in the cool of the summer evening, then turns quickly up a side street. Behind him the darkness pales to a mist of deep purple.

He was going to the church. The church stood on the side of a hill in a semi-circle of proud, lofty poplars which staged it with a form of grandeur. The church itself was rather small and undecorated. There was nothing about it to differentiate it from a dozen, similar churches in the county, except that it had a stumpy, little tower, about ten feet high, made of rough-hewn blocks of grey stone. The roof had a shape like a dunce's hat. To add to this slight difference it had nailed on its main entrance a large red

flag, that now feebly reflected the dying brilliance of the twilight. There was an auction going on inside the bowels of the church.

The auction was being held in the church hall which was situated in the basement. There was a certain mustiness about this place that gave one the feeling that it had been flooded every spring by the waters that run down the hill after the heavy rain. When I arrived, the auction appeared to be nearly over. It was being run by the town auctioneer. This person was a portly man dressed in wide checkered trousers of a style that was fashionable, heaven knows how many years ago. His features are regular. He wears a collar four sizes too large for him, so that his whole neck, that is massive, is shown. He has rather the appearance of a Roman Emperor of one of the early tragedies. His stumpy frame and checkered pants make this appearance rather absurd to behold. This air of an actor is enhanced by a deep booming voice which at that moment is voicing the attributes of a rather preposterous vase which he is holding in his right hand, while with his left he is accentuating its qualities.

"This beautiful vase of an early Chinese dynasty. What am I offered?"

An old woman with cheeks like waxen folds made a brave attempt to shout over the loud noise of the crowd that she was willing to pay one shilling for the beautiful vase. The auctioneer, who knew his business, allowed her no opportunity to withdraw her offer. He shouted "going, going, gone," and rapidly brought his hammer down with a terrific wallop on his table. The old woman wrapped her tattered shawl, with her faded hand, around her and hobbled up to receive her treasure.

Now that the auctioneer was searching around for something else to sell, the crowd assembled, considered that they had been still long enough; and as their attention no longer was centered on the auctioneer and his *objet d'art*, they started forth with a terrific clamour of conversation. There was a loud symphony of scraping chairs, base coughs, someone blew a solo on a handkerchief, one could hear the high, ear-penetrating notes of a feminine voice chanting an evil aria of gossip to her companion, who was at the same time talking to a friend sitting next to her. The incessant sound of the conversations, the people laughing, quarrelling, joking, shouting, arguing, and gossiping became slowly nerve racking to me. It was a ceaseless din. It was amazing at first, then confusing, exasperating, and at last maddening. One longed for a moment of utter silence, and felt that it would come as an inexpressible delight.

The auctioneer had finally found something that he

and the body healthy. There are so many temptations which good sound healthy exercise, help us to resist. It is generally the idle person, or the lazy thinker who cannot find time to do things. It is not really the time but the will which is lacking. The optimist is a very active person. He finds time for all he wants to do. "Idleness," says Jeremy Taylor, "is the greatest prodigality in the world, it throws away that which is invaluable in respect of its present use, and irreparable when it is past." Every moment of time wasted is so much character and advantage lost; and every moment of time usefully employed is so much laid out with compound interest for ourselves and others.

"I wasted time," said Richard the Third, "now time has wasted me." If we deduct the time required for sleep, meals, for dressing and undressing, for exercise, etc., how little of our lives is really at our disposal. "I have lived," said Lamb, "nominally, fifty years, but deduct for the hours I have lived for other people, and not for myself, and you will find me still a young fellow."

It is not the hours we live for other people which should be deducted, but those which benefit neither ourselves or anyone else. These, unfortunately, are often too numerous.

Many, thoughtlessly, throw away much innocent happiness. The man who cannot be content with little, will be incapable of appreciating much. We are apt to work too hard for that which cannot satisfy. We give ourselves an immense amount of trouble by encumbering our lives with excess baggage.

The spirit of optimism is the cure for most ills. Even when these assume outrageous proportions. Even events

which look like misfortunes, if boldly faced, in the beginning, and with a smile, will melt like mists in the morning. And circumstances will turn out to be good, after all. On every occasion which seems to lead to trouble, the golden rule can be applied with complete success.

Our own good fortune lies in our ability to meet bad fortune. If indeed, we feel that we cannot be happy, the fault is generally ours. Think how much there is to be really thankful for. Always be ready to minimize the serious side of terrible conditions. But it is wiser still to recognize the strength and value of dignified confidence. We are so often urged to think that simple every day blessings are trifles, and we forget that it is the trifles that build perfection. And perfection is no trifle. The optimist is a very logical person, for he continually and persistently recognizes his right to happiness.

The provision made for our enjoyment are in overflowing abundance. Who, that has revelled in the marvels of thought and contemplation, does not confess that the Creator of all things exists for the sole purpose of devising new means to please the human soul?

Even if we are alone we store up our happiness and enjoyment so that we may share it with someone we love. Love lasts through life, and beyond this plane. Love adapts itself to every age and circumstance. A hearty smile inspires strength, hope and happiness in every heart.

The time will come when the world will be peopled with optimists. This will be the New Order, and when it dawns, we shall know what it is like to live, blissfully, under a true and divine democracy.

Doubt

He hung upon the cross
With love still in His heart,
Till dripping life blood urged
That men renew their start.

We hang upon His love
While nails of habit taut
The sinews of our life
And loose the blood of doubt.

—Terry Malone

The Semenofs

The Semenof house was situated at the end of the main street of our town, and the town being small, their garden extended as far as the river, beyond which were wheat fields. The house was an ancient mansion in a very, very bad state of repair. It had large, rickety pillars on either side of the spreading veranda which overlooked a broad terrace. This terrace had, in years gone by, lost its green splendour and was now clothed in a dismal cloak of wet, brown hay. The large, gloomy gardens had run to waste, for the most part, except for a tiny plot near the rear entrance which blossomed with nurtured vegetation. At night, the whole estate seemed to wrap itself in a ghostly mantle. It was as if sad, forlorn spirits were wandering through the tangled thickets, or restlessly pacing the dusty floors of the mouldering edifice. Years ago much of the house had been shut up. The windows stared at one like cadaverous, empty eyes. One or two of the rooms had, however, faded, lace blinds on their windows. I am of the opinion that no more than three rooms had been used in the last fifteen years. Even as a small child this house had had a terrifying effect upon me, and reminded me of the gloomy House of Usher. The effect was more terrifying on those damp, spring evenings when a faint mist hovered about the parched surface of the lawn. It was as if something of the past still wandered along the silent walks and amid the motionless trees. One could see the sunset, reflected in the river, as it flamed in the west and sank from sight leaving the surrounding country engulfed in lonely darkness. Such was the house of the Semenofs.

When I grew older, I discovered that the inhabitants of this impressive house were in no way in keeping with the atmosphere of their residence. Any of the neighbours near this place will tell you that the people who live there are a queer, old couple. One is old Sonia Semenof, who is reported to have been an amazing beauty in her day, with the haughty nature of a peacock, but one does not see much of her any more. And the other is her sister Kari.

The truth of the whole story is that the Semenofs are really people of quite noble stock. They came to this town around the latter part of the year 1908; that was the year of the drought. They had come from Russia, or rather that part of Russia that had been known then as Georgia. Their father had been a famous military general, who had been (some say falsely) accused of plotting against the Czar. Though no one really knows. The father had been executed and the family, consisting of the mother and two daughters, had been forced into exile. They had been allowed, for what reasons I do not know, to bring some of their former for-

H. ROSS BRADFORD

tune with them. It seems that they also had a yearly income that was quite large. The mother died the next spring and most of the Ladies' Aid of our church turned out to the funeral, for they said it was a shame to let the poor woman go to her grave alone. Probably they were just curious and had hopes of becoming acquainted with the daughters. I do not know. The farthest they got was to receive a letter of thanks and appreciation from the daughters, written in quite beautiful English. The letter was signed simply "Sonia and Kari Semenof". I guess that is the only way the people of this town ever found out the names of these two, strange solitary characters.

As time went by, it became obvious that friends and acquaintances were unwanted by these two sisters. They politely snubbed everyone that tried to make friends with them. I really think that they considered themselves far too good for common townspeople. However, the people of the town did not seem to mind, and I can say, quite truthfully, that I never heard a word of spite against them. We learned from Tom Slade (he's the town lawyer) that the enormous amount of money they had brought with them had dwindled away to nearly nothing. Their income had stopped after the revolution in Russia. These facts became more apparent as time went on. The gardener that they had hired, to keep their ground in its stately condition, was dispensed with and one no longer saw him around the place. The two ladies never went out together. Why they never did no one really knows. I think that it was because they did not wish to attract attention. I can recall having seen Kari frequently as she went for her groceries, and also I can recall that as her years went by, her visits became fewer as did the parcels that she took home with her. I remember well that once, when I was too young for Sunday School or church, she stopped me on the street one Sunday morning, asked my name and clasped me in her arms and kissed me in an insatiable manner and then hurried off. I also remember that there was no one else on the street except us.

One day a visitor came to dinner at the mayor's house. He was a man that had had the good fortune to do quite a bit of traveling. He had heard of the Semenof family while he had been in their native land. He said that the Semenof girls had been great beauties and that the house of their father had been one of the greatest centers of social life and entertainment. He told us that the Semenofs had been known all over Georgia for their large, expensive and luxurious parties. We all hoped that he would go and visit them. It turned out that he left the next morning and that

(Concluded on page 28)

Editorial

A story is told about an elderly woman in Saskatchewan who recently signed a pledge to buy one War Savings Certificate every month.

The lady's income is twenty dollars a month—a sum she realizes on a pension.

To the canvasser who supplied her with the form, the old lady said she could buy one certificate each month by doing without one meal each day.

What strong motive lay behind the decision of this Canadian citizen of the West? Certainly it is highly unlikely that she was thinking of her *own* future. She has just about travelled her allotted distance on the road of life.

Could it be that by this subscription, one Canadian woman is making a thank offering for the peace, the freedom and the resultant contentment which has been her's in this country during a democratic regime?

And if this were true, could it not be an example for millions of her fellow-citizens to follow?

Canada has had her depressions during the past seventy-five years. There have been inequalities which have caused suffering for many of her citizens time and time again. The western farmer has put up with drought, hail and poor crops. Many have lost their homes in the wake of poor times. But generally speaking, life in Canada during the past seventy-five years has been heaven on earth.

The Canadian citizen has been able to think and talk as he pleases. He has been able to write and enforce laws for the protection and benefit of the masses. Labour enjoys the right of collective bargaining. Labour has been able to employ the strike weapon without fear of opposition from an armed force. Injured workmen get compensation. Dependent widows receive allowances from the government. Elderly people, unable to work any longer, receive old age pensions from the government and need not face the prospect of destitution. Canadian children benefit under one of the most inexpensive and efficient educational systems in

the world. Canadians enjoy the privilege of working where they please. A Canadian can read his newspaper or magazine, secure in the knowledge that the facts he sees printed before him *are* facts and *not* doctored-up statements issued by a governmental agency.

Canadians have a standard of living unsurpassed on other continents. Thousands and thousands of factory hands ride to work in automobiles. The Canadian home without a radio is the exception rather than the rule. In scores of cities, indoor plumbing, electric lights, and other devices and many other domestic conveniences are taken for granted. Electricity flows into thousands of farms for general use. And even thousands of those who have been forced to accept unemployment relief have not been forced to do without electricity and the radio.

Is this not heaven on earth? There may be thousands in Canada who might answer "No". But seek the answer from Englishmen, Frenchmen, Italians, Germans, and almost every other race in the world, and the answer would be "heaven indeed."

For centuries our forefathers moved very slowly, up through the eras of military tyrants, feudal lords, property barons, and more recently, exploiters of the capitalistic system. But in Canada, the people have risen rapidly to a standard of living undreamed of only a hundred years ago.

Many Canadians feel that there is much left to be done to make this country a happier one. The time has come however, when without abandoning hopes and plans for further progress, we can pause and look back over the last seventy-five years with a great measure of thankfulness. In a fighting spirit, then, we should consolidate what we have gained. With a full knowledge that Hitler squints enviously in our direction and will, if he can, place his bloody feet on our shores, we fail those who have contributed to our present position, if we do not sacrifice every last dollar we can spare to the effort being made against this despoiler. Let's buy War Savings Certificates to the very limit of our resources and *crush the German menace*.

Let Us Be Optimists!

DICKSON-KENWIN

The true optimist is no speculative philosopher. He attaches his mind to the realities of life, and adheres, at all times, to the underlying principles which govern the nature and existence of God.

We find two ways in life, and, if we would but consider these two ways soberly and earnestly, and before moving forward, chose the one that truth, reason and courage tells us leads to honour, happiness and success; we will have wisely chosen the path that points to permanent accomplishment. Furthermore, we will develop, within us, the spirit of optimism, which is the natural and normal state of the human being.

Perseverance

A seer once said: "Continual dropping wears a stone"; and in the same way, persevering labour must gain its goal. It was perseverance that built the pyramids of Egypt; erected the great temples of the Holy Land; sealed the cloud-capped Alps; opened a highway across the watery wilderness of the Atlantic; levelled the forests of a new world, and reared in their staid a community of states and nations. Perseverance has wrought from the marble block the exquisite creations of genius, and painted on canvas the gorgeous mimicry of nature. Perseverance has engraved on a viewless surface, the wonders of a picture, and has whitened the waters of the world with the sails of a hundred ships, and navigated every sea, and explored every land. Perseverance controls man's march in Time, and up to date, has conquered the air with winged engines, and explored the mystic depths of the stratosphere. Nature has been reduced in her thousand forms to as many sciences and arts—her laws are being understood and her future movements prophesied.

But what are the productions of Science and Art compared with the splendid achievements won in the human soul by Perseverance? What is the monument of constructive genius compared with the living domes of thought and the sparkling temples of virtue?

It is the optimist who stores up these rich treasures. All worth while things are created on the bright side of the fence. Optimism demands a close attachment to those two indomitable divinities—hope, and a sense of humour. Many people don't know how to smile. They go through life without even a consciousness of fun. Where are they? What are they? and what are they going to do?

As we think, we travel. Our thoughts of to-day will become our actions of to-morrow. If we would apply the spirit of optimism to every crisis which confronts us, we should soon discover, like Cramner, that "Here we stand,

we can do no otherwise, so help us od."

The idea of each day being a little life in itself is very helpful to those who are struggling, daily, against the rising tide of pessimism. Life is a great gift, and as we reach years of discretion, we naturally ask ourselves what should be the aim of our existence. There are, alas, many who doubt whether there is any aim in life, at all. Some consider it is not right to be completely happy. It is surely right, and our duty to be happy, at all times. But this true personal happiness cannot be attained if selfishly sought.

There is no doubt some selfish satisfaction in yielding to melancholy. But this is apt to lead to self-pity, which is a very destructive form of reasoning. It is the breeder of cowards, and the way of morons. There will always be an England because that "tight little Isle" is peopled with optimists. It is no more possible to imagine this war being lost to our great commonwealth of nations, than to conceive of God falling off His universal pedestal.

To be bright and cheerful at all times, requires great effort and courage, and there is a great art in keeping happy. The philosophy of optimism requires us to watch and manage ourselves as if we were someone else. Life certainly may be, and ought to be, bright and interesting. "If all cannot go to the piazza, everyone may feel the sun."

If we do our best with what we have, and we have much, and if we do not magnify trifling troubles, and if we resolutely acquire the habit of looking on the bright side of things; we shall be able to avail ourselves of the manifold blessings which pour in upon us from every direction. We must always feel thankful for the sacred trusts of health, strength, and time.

The Value of Time

To gain a fuller appreciation of the value of time is surely the first duty of those who are discouraged and melancholy. If we wish to be optimists we must find time to enjoy the results of optimism. What are friends, books, health, interests of travel, or the delights of home, if we haven't the time for their enjoyment? One often hears it said that "Time is Money"—it is no such thing. Time is Life? Many who cling so desperately and despondently to life, think nothing of wasting precious time. No normal person should lead a life of drudgery. The capacity to enjoy the rational and innocent pleasures of life, must be developed. We should always keep a sharp lookout for the high-spots of life. They can be found in every nook and corner, and under any circumstances.

Time used in social and family intercourse and healthy amusement is well spent, and keeps the mind in balance,



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