### LIST OF ADVERTISERS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Advertiser</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Bank of Montreal</td>
<td>-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beck Press</td>
<td>-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Birks, Henry</td>
<td>-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bishop's University</td>
<td>-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bradley, Elizabeth</td>
<td>-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carey, Philip</td>
<td>-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chaddock, C. C.</td>
<td>-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hunting's Dairy</td>
<td>-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Imperial Tobacco</td>
<td>-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MacPherson, Duncan</td>
<td>-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McKindsey's</td>
<td>-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Meredith, Holden, Heward and Holden</td>
<td>-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Milford, John</td>
<td>-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mitchell, J. S.</td>
<td>-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Molson Breweries</td>
<td>-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Montgomery, McMichael, Common and Howard</td>
<td>-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Neilson, Wm.</td>
<td>-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Royal Bank of Canada</td>
<td>-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sherbrooke Trust</td>
<td>-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Southwood, Campbell and Howard</td>
<td>-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stanstead Fire Insurance Co.</td>
<td>-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Whipple's</td>
<td>-</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**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 passion's breath
she knows a kind of smile
for the secrets
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.
some element of the supernatural, some relating of things seen to things unseen. In this primeval world of mountain and lake lurks much that is half forgotten, much that is dark and sinister. Scenes of heroes who feast beneath Skiddaw and Blencathra are still whispered on the falls, strange doings have occurred by night at the rings of stones at hales Watkin Lake and in the Forest of Skiddaw. Be it the Druid rite, the medieval 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 dalemen, distrustful of strangers, should burn that 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 effect of a lowering countenance 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.
**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

---

**BIRKS**

*Serviced from Coast to Coast*

---

**THE MITRE**

**APRIL, 1941**

**LINDA**—(Continued from page 16)

...tality 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 mind. He felt like a prisoner. Then his eyes were attracted by something gleaming beneath the cushion of Linda's favourite chair. Absently, 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, trains, 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 downstairs 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 crumpled 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 Malbery, the home of Nicholas Herries-In-Malbery we have the slow moving life of the more bub type of English countryside. The Elizabethan manor with its timbered walls and twisted chimneys, the formal garden the clipped hedges and the trees in peacock and other hedges. Life moved here, as it has with a sort of gracious peace. Walsingham's men may turn round the corner but, on the whole, life is safe and easy. Contrasted with this is the bustling and hurry of London, the stench and filth of whose streets is relieved by the pagan of colour that passes through them. Much of Elizabethan London is unfolded for us, the apprentices calling their masters' wares, the petting beggars and footpads, the carriages of the great bearing them to and from the shows. But the lists are shown with much in common with plague and death. The scene is ever changing and yet is always the same. The crowd which cheers the queen in the crowd which louts into the Tyson. And then we have the Tower itself, in all its grim majesty, the last of the nobility and Robert Herries as he seeks to right himself with his own science.

Down into its very bowels we go to the torture chambers where givers and half asked executioners work the rack and thumbscrew. Robert Herries is led down there, and, on his second visit, finds his bright pavilions in that blinding flash of agony as the thumbscrew brings him relief in death.

It is however, for the Cumberland Hills and Lakes that Walpole keeps his special love and his special interest. Here he has his 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 Kew or Uppa Full, Walpole or Skawen's lovely book must be as delightful as any of the Herries series. To anyone who knows the shepherds, farmers and peoples of those dale 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 mystery. Inmates have taken there an interest in the past, in the very secret loneliness of the past, and in the romance of the past, and the romance of the stories of their forefathers. A tale of 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 twentieth. Small as it is in those sense in its limits but all who are set to walk there are free to do so, Steeple Gable, Scarborough and Buttermere are hardly changed in the centuries and will hardly change. Nature is violent there but she can be kind, nowhere can one walk so hard or so clouds long so few yet nowhere can the sun shine more brilliantly between those clouds. It 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 evacuated a burning house not long ago, we wonder how they happened to be 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 who said “Shall we make her happy?” or are we mistaken about the punctuation?

FINISH—For a sunbath on the roof, Oh, we seem to recall that that pasture has been banned. Oh, well, anyway, Bonnie Chance.

SPORTS—(Continued from page 21)

The first day of March the downhill—last event of the meet—was held on Mt. Orford. It was a warm day and the conditions were good. However, a few tricks were readied for true ski ability and it was found in several of the contests—skiing in the Township has improved noticeably in the last year.

Dick Tomkinson won the event with two runs of 62.9 and 53.3 seconds. Voisard, of North Hatley, gained second place and Jack Peake took third place for the Bishop’s team. Kiwim and Stairs who were also on the team rated eighth and twelfth, respectively. Newton and Shawgenny placed fourth and tenth respectively, but their times did not count in the team aggregate.

In the combined results for the meet Bishop’s held top position for the third consecutive year. The Hillscrest Club was second and third place went to the Chalet Club at North Hatley. The highest individual combined score of 272.6 was made by Voisard 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 Gilby Stairs, about eight Bishop’s coeds completed at the Hillscrest 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 Bishop’s, Darren Bishop was third in the slalom and the combined and Betty Donaghy took third place in the downhill contest.

THE SEMENOFFS—(Continued from page 7)

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

Interest and curiosity of the Semenoff 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 Semenoff house to visitors as points of great interest, as we twofolk are rather proud of both. The name of the Semenoff family has become a byword for the county. They are left entirely to themselves, as they seem to prefer it. Some day we hope this shall be allowed. We know the true reasons for this isolation from the world.

AYR 1941

Exchanges

Among the exchanges now on hand, "The New Northeam," Toronto'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 brill- iant description, and several really marvelous characters. The magazine has poetry of every style and meter, and also includes considerable literary discussion, such as "In Words and Emotions in Contemporary Literature." An editorial suggests the possibility of "The New Northerman" 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 this editors of "The New Northerman" 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 usual 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-Stroi Report," "Aldous Huxley," "Modern Music," and many others. The two short stories given as the sinister 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 McAlady in "Parliament for a Planet" rather 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 squealing and bickering and all mild and incalculable chaos like a football game between rival insane asylums, culled by the intermittent epileptic fits of war." The reason for this unhappy situation lies in the lack of international control over the explosion of scientific and technological development. True, 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. "A huge system would be accompanied by "guaranteed" opportunities for slackers 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 call myself a citizen of Planet Three.”

"King's College Record", from Halifax, is an attractive magazine, with some good cuts at headings for the various departments. The ones at King's College seem to be wag- ing a literary feud, for "Men Will Be Men" is an article written by a co-ed in retaliation for a girl's 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.

As from Ashbury College, Ottawa, and Trinity College School in Port Hope, come "The Ashbrookian" 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 brought to a close military training at most universities across Can- ada, 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 Ashbrookian, Ashbury College, Ottawa.
The Record, Trinity College School, Port Hope, Ont.
Bates Standard, 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.
Falley-Tyne, Macdonald College, Montreal.
Argon Weekly, Mount Allison University, Sackville, N.B.

University, New Brunswick.

St. John, N.B.

Loyal News, Loyal College, Montréal.
The Gateway, University of Alberta, Edmonton, Alta.
The Bates Student, Bates College, Lewiston, Me.
The Aquinian, St. Thomas University, Chatham, N.B.
Campus Chronicle, Magee High School, Vancouver, B.C.
Falley-Tyne, Macdonald College, Montreal.

A HISTORY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MONTREAL.

Page 51

THE MIRTE

Page 21

D. D. ROSS

Page 39
"FOR MY WIFE AND FAMILY"

Remarked a client feelingly, "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 fall."

Wisely this father had taken this fact into consideration. A regular monthly income paid to his widow will relieve her of many 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.

Our experience and knowledge of Estate and Trust planning will be helpful to you. . . . May we assist you.

Write for copy of booklet

Your Will and Your Executor

SHERBROOKE TRUST COMPANY

SHERBROOKE, QUE.

APRIL, 1941

Notes and Comments

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 skates.

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 conscientious side of college life, and, for others, in payment (also enforced) of certain monies, 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 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 we all agree that in a college of this size harmony is all-important that.

That game golf is back with us again, despite the condition of the course, which is still slightly poach-marked with winter-kill and spring ponds. At this time of year we all 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 Chateau Hotel in Sherbrooke. This party was relishing 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.

The feet of five figured prominently in the Rand 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 having its share.

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 Christmas concert which we expectantly 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 whoosh and cheers of a hockey game in progress ringing in their ears. It seems that high authority was also awakened from its slumber, 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. McGregor 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 unmixed with pride.

Little else that is new remains to be recorded, excepting that from an almost 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 very nice 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 Belon whose marriage took place in the college chapel recently. . . . The New Arts seem to be going in for the mostly 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 frantically
Stanstead — Bishop’s

The first encounter was held at Danville. It resulted in a 11-1 defeat for the college. In the mixed doubles K. Tompkins and L. Hollinger played an outstanding game and turned in a 21-18 victory for us; and Helen Kelley and E. David also played a fine game but were finally beaten by a 23-23 score. Bishop’s women’s doubles was played by Witty and Kelley who won 21-16 over Dansville. In the men’s doubles Savage and Hollinger cooperated to gain a 21-17 win for the college.

On the 16th of March the Dansville 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 David, and Westgate and Dayville, were the closest contested games for the college. In the mixed doubles B. MacDougall and Savage went 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.

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 favorable results than the previous game. It ended after a hard struggle in a 1-1 defeat for the home team.

The first score of the play came in the second period when Mertel of St. Pat’s managed to get a shot past goal-tender “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 Groux to give the final score of the game to 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 by the two minute mark by Ayra in an unsuccessful rush on the Pinard goal. The scoring then remained stagnant until (Concluded on page 26)
Sports

BASKETBALL

Stanstead College - Bishop's

Stanstead Wesleyan College basketball team handed the Bishop's University quintet a 14-22 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 Mt. 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, About 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.

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

Fusiliers - Bishop's

The Sherbrooke Fusiler 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 half. The game was extremely fast and the score changed with machine-like rapidity.

Licut. 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 the top scorer was Charlie Taylor, who sank twenty points to trail the total of Bateman by six points.

Licut. 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 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 consensus 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.

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

Stanstead College - Bishop's

Stanstead College won its first 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 Joe 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 right zone defense, 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 spree.

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 same 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 personal fouls.
Another, are carefully warned in the author's preface not to take the novel literally.

The Bright Pavilions is the fifth in a series that began with Roger 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 1699 to 1936 will find in The Bright Pavilions a touching account of the gentle, honesty and Elizabethan antecedents of that typically English strain.

John Galsworthy's Forsyte Saga presented the prosperous, purse-proud, property-loving middle class who composed the city's landed gentry. The family was part of the Industrial Revolution. Miss Clemente Darm's Bronze Stage does much the same for a family of actors with their London passions, their superstitions and their feeling for an audience. Sir Hugh Walpole has taken a wider field, the history of similar families, and the growth of thought 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 of the essential sameness of character. The Herries are a family in the middle, never rising very high never sinking very low. The turmoil and Courtly and的变化 and the general home, poverty and degradation are not their normal state. They are not to be found in the front lines of our country's history but they are never entirely out of it. In them is to be found intellectual laziness and physical courage, neither of which 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 and many others 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 carnal kind. His is temperament and his is courage so strong. Robin Herries is as far Elizabethan, evidently spiritual, engrossed in other worlds, a admirer of Sir Thomas More, friend of the Herries are most notably the one who can appeal to the narrow world, who can keep the chill from his sweating veins, the very stones seemed steeled in the blood of political victims and the dark passages to re-echo their cries of agony.

In here the great Hall marks the supreme moment taking the last step into the past. The petty intrigues and the shame of her unhumbled life. Beside her as she moved to the block all else paled into insignificance. Demned the mistreatment of her, insulted even by the executions 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 prophet, self-important Dean of Peterborough.

Of Elizabeth we get less noble pictures although the author does publish, noble state and the situation that she could arouse in the people of her realm. It is the collaboration of Elizabeth's and Essex,盒子的 the ears of her courtiers and prelates, courting with one favourite and then with another, calculating a marriage with the infamorous Aheleen just because he could arouse her. Henry VIII's daughter with her father's love of England, her father's course brutality, more than her father's brains and less of his generosity. Mary, fierce, courageous, hard, devoted, 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's brooding and denounced 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 "merciful", upon 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 natural pleasures of life. To a man like Nicholas Herries this is a horrid 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 thirities of the present century when in Monsieur André Mazures has pointed out the small car, the charabanc and the bath for himself and to others during these few years which followed the depression, saw the Silver Jubilee and ended with Munich. Of historical scenes in this book, the only 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 lead to the enactment of the Catholic Church Act. True enough it be that the massacre was political rather than religious, the ordinary Englishman of the day had not the turbidity to make such distinctions and forbore to bemoan the persecution of the Catholic gentry because 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 Coburn's Radclyffe's Intimate 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 religi-
Executive Council's Committee on Apportionments for the Church of England in Canada. Bishop Sherman graduated in '09.

The Rev'd Guy Marion, 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. '93, 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. '31, is with the Royal Trust Company in Montreal.

"Oggi" 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. '33, is at the Dominion Archives in Ottawa.

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

Morning Angelus

There's a thriver 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 center of haze;
And the lode of the sky
Becomes dressed with light.
As the rhythm of day is begun,
When the angels rings
With its old hallways;
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.

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

Students' Accounts welcome

Mr. 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

In this, 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.

The Royal Bank of Canada

APRIL, 1941

The Bishop Looks Down

MISS C. E. THOMPSON

"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 ross 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 underwork 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 Russia, 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, Nazis, the forces of rebellion and reaction have ever borne so penetrating a message to humanity everywhere. For sheer thrills few novels have equaled 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 Raymond's "The Redemption of Democracy," projects you into the future—presents a startling picture of what is going to happen this year and the years after.

"THE REDEMPTION OF DEMOCRACY"—RAUSCHNING, HERMANN

In "The Revolution of Nihilism," Herr Rauschning forecast 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 unmask's Hitler's stirring up of divisions in the free countries, how these work to his advantage; and how the "Coming Atlantic Empire" of revitalized democracies can become a bulwark against Nazism's destructive urge.

Even while writing to the accompaniment of bombs over London, Rauschning 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 roots—gradualism, compromise, peace, freedom.

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

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

"THE BRIGHT PAVILIONS"

Readers of the historical novel will welcome Sir Hugh Walpole's latest addition to the Harvard 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. That said, somehow Hugh failed to appreciate this great service. In fact as people 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 settle Linda in her second husband. Mr. Pringle was a sweetie. "Sorry, Hugh," as he walked away, away from his college buddy, his best friend. For something had gone away 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 was always home, waiting for his phone call. Linda never with Greg, or Barker or Hugh any more. Gone now was all his former assurance. He felt trapped, helpless.

Miss Pringle's shell 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 your 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 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 him again. This time. She knew they were lying; Steve was out; he no longer wished to see her. For this she blamed herself. She shouldn't have revealed her love for him before. 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 regain them. 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 dealt coming up. You know it would take me months to break in a new secretary. Aren't we big enough to ignore this whole world 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 else had they called to, except for a sugar plantation in South America. Why should Steve need an oppor-

(Concluded on page 31)
Stephen Baxter now 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 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 time-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 cud 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. All 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 in a couple of Levis "flair" 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 plundered 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 table-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 reel deal with Greg." Then he had chuckled softly, "Reported to be the reason for Mr. Carter’s recent trip to Reno."

"Whose that she’s with?" Hugh had been unadvised 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. Gave ‘em 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 at 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 taking 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 herself — with Greg, dining, dancing, smiling into his eyes; golfing with Clyde Morgan, the cement king; or riding with young Ken Dexter, millionnaire 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 cruel 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

**SWEET CAPORAL CIGARETTES**

"The purest form in which tobacco can be smoked."
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-cut hands and a nose that was stubby, but of fashionable cut. He pushed and waved his way forward from the back of the room toward the auctioneer. He stopped up onto the little dais that held the table and the auctioneer above the head 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 fingers glanced the strings. He closed his eyes, his face seemed 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 love 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 vacuity 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 arrange, haunting, foreign melody was he playing? No one knew. I cannot, even now, recall three consecutive notes of that composition. I was so en-tranced 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 color 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. Mouches forgot their hate and dropped their bitter lines. The old lady with the case set, watching gaped up her rosy throat to the sight 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 a solid 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 up vi-co’s whole in their dens
learned professors come
with glee
and vigour,
questions
to drive us nuts in June.

G. H. Day.

Recruiting for Service

This isn’t an article for the Army or the Air Force, though one might suspect that in a few years it is. It is, 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 scratch areas. Sad as it may seem, there is one problem. It is this: Where do we find the time and energy 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 an extreme luxury.

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 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 such things as

—hiring 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, wherever there is material necessity, marital unhappiness, ill health, 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.

They are the social работа workers. 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 student to be 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 in it." The average person at present probably has 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 must 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 "shoe slug districts" in any city and the 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 fellowmen, 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 oursevles to their caravans will go along too—but we must go on our own power.

Social Service Work brings out a challenge to us. By accepting that challenge, we can gain 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 writer's, apparently Sillman was a rugged individualist in such matters:

Edinburgh, Jan. 7, 1808

"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. But, supposing it is true, and we are to take up arms against England, and no doubt meditates revenge, and his last unexcelled triumphs over the Russians and Austrians will increase his pride and power—for in 3 months he has destroyed and captured more than 100,000 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."
The Master

The evening is still, very still for the early hour. The courtyard of the inn is rich with patches of winter darkness. The lamps that light the cobble way 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 evening's entertainment. If one looked very, very intensely, 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 quarrelling 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 pallidity of his countenance. He wore shabby, but rather well-cut clothes. He carried in his hand a short, brist 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 mild 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 would slowly down the street and seem 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 shaded it with a form of grandeur. The church itself was rather small and undecorated. There was nothing about it to differentiate it from a number of 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 freely reflected the dying brilliance of the twilight. It 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 mutiny about this place that gave one the feeling that it had been flooded every spring by the waters that ran 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. She shouted "going, going, gone," and rapidly brought his hammer down with a terrific whoop on his table. The old woman wrapped a tattered shawl with her faded hand, around her and bobbed up to receive her treasure.

Now that the auctioneer was searching around for something else to sell, the crowd assembled, considered that they had missed their chance, and began their conversations, laughter, and gossiping. One could hear the high, ear-piercing notes of a feminine voice chanting an evil air of gosp 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 lugging, quarreling, jokin, shouting, arguing, and gossiping became so 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 insuperable 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. "If you'll," 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 wasted, for the time I have spent upon myself, 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 life. 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 mist 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. What, that has reviled 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.

---

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 spaceship which overlooked a broad terrace. This terrace had, in years gone by, lost its green splendour and was now clothed in a diurnal cloak of we, brown bay. The large, gloomy gardens had run to waste, for the most part, except for a tiny plot near the rear entrance which bloomed 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 deserted edifices. Yes, so much of the house had been, that up. The windows started at one side as 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 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 over the parched surface of the lawn. These, it is said, is the past six wanderers, 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 impressively 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 family. One is old 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 fortune 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 funnier at the thought that she should be buried with her daughters. I do not know. The fact that they got was to receive a letter of thanks and appreciation from the daugh- ters, written in quite beautiful English. The latter was signed simply "Sonia and Kari Semenof". I guess that is in 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 townpeople. 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 hawker) 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 patches that she took home with her. I remember well once, when I was about to go for Sunday School or church, she stopped me on the street and asked me if I was not going to go around the church. The two ladies never went out together. They never did know each other well, and I never saw them together. Though 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 agreed 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 ponted 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 look 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 lunatics, and more recently, exploiters of the capitalist 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 desperado. Let's buy War Savings Certificates to the very limit of our resources and crush the German menace.

Let Us Be Optimists!

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 relations of things. If 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 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 bad thing. For it is the breeder of cowards, and the way of monsters. There will always be an England because that "right little life" 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, 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 relatively acquire the habit of looking on the bright side of things, we shall be able to avail ourselves of the manifold blessings which pour upon us from every direction. We must always feel thankful for the sacred trusts of health, strength, and time.

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 — health, health 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 dreariness. 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 will wear out, and keeps the mind in balance,
The Mitre

Established 1893

REV. DR. F. G. VIAL
Hon. President

DR. W. O. RAYMOND
Hon. Vice-President

T. P. BOYLE
President

EXECUTIVE BOARD

R. J. CARPENTER, JR.
Vice-President-Editor

H. E. MACKENZIE
Managing Editor

1. M. RICHARDS
Advertising Manager

J. H. APPS
Circulation Manager

H. E. MACKENZIE
Sec.-Treasurer

C. L. TOMLINSON
Advertising Manager

J. H. APPS
Circulation Manager

W. G. PENFIELD, JR.
L. B. G. ADAMS
B. H. W. KIRWIN
R. J. ERYET
D. D. ROSS

LITERARY BOARD

L. B. G. ADAMS
R. J. ERYET
C. L. TOMLINSON

G. S. LOOSEMORE
Miss J. E. SUTHERLAND
R. H. TOMLINSON

The Mitre Board declines to be held responsible for opinions expressed by contributors.

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL

FEATURE ARTICLE—

Let Us Be Optimists

Dickson-Kenwin

ARTICLES—

The Semenofs

"The Late Christopher Bean"

The Master

Recreation for Service

Parallel

Linda

Journeys of a Dollar Bill

POETRY—

Doubt

Bloodthirsty Bud In His Sub

A Vi-Co at Herb's

Morning Angelus

Remorse

When Angels Whisper

Remorse

Terry Malone

Bad Torrance

G. H. Day

Leon Adams

Terry Malone

Leon Adams

Terry Malone

Leon Adams

Leon Adams

Leon Adams

Miss C. E. Thompson

D. D. Ross

THE MITRE is published on the 20th of October, the 10th of December, February, April and the 10th of June, by the Students of Bishop's University, Lennoxville, Quebec, Canada. Subscriptions: One year, one dollar fifty; two years, two dollars; three years, three dollars.

With the Compliments of

BECK PRESS REG'D
Printers of this Magazine

PHONE 133

LENNOXVILLE
University of Bishop’s College
Lennoxville, P.Q.

Founded 1843
Royal Charter 1853

The only college in Canada following the Oxford and Cambridge plan of three long academic years for the B.A. and B.Sc. degrees

Complete courses in Arts, Science in Arts and Divinity. Post-graduate courses in Education leading to High School Diploma. Residential College for men. Women students admitted to lectures and degrees. Valuable Scholarships and Exhibitions. The College is beautifully situated at the junction of the St. Francis and Massawippi Rivers. Excellent buildings and equipment. All forms of recreation, including tennis, badminton, and skiing. Private golf course. Lennoxville is within easy motoring distance of Quebec and Montreal, and has good railway connections.

For information, terms and calendars, apply to:

THE REV. A. H. McGREE, D.D., PRINCIPAL, or
THE REGISTRAR, LENNOXVILLE, QUE.