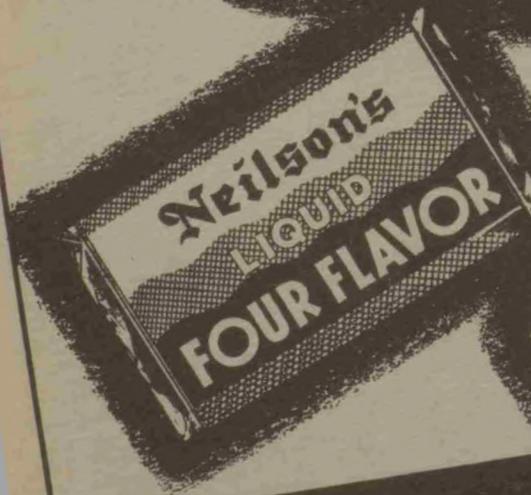


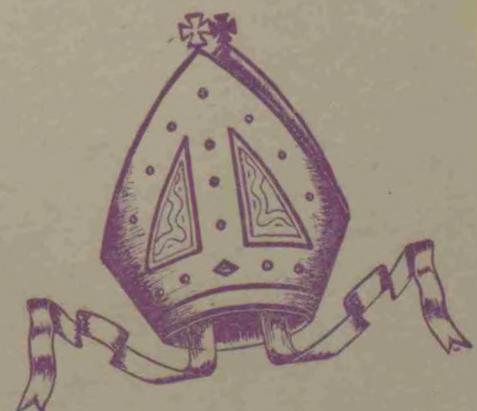
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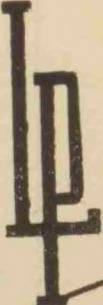


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IN THIS ISSUE

The *Mitre* is somewhat plumper this issue, and includes such a variety of pieces that no reader can fail to find something to his taste. We hope everything will come under that heading.

Again we have chosen an eminent man of letters to whom to dedicate the *Mitre*. His charming acknowledgement will no doubt draw tardy readers to his *London Journal*. Along with his letter we have a reply to Reed Scowen's of last issue by Herk Stanley, the author of the most disturbing *Visit from Arminius* which was published in the *Trinity Mitre* of last year. Certainly a controversy of acute interest to everyone on the campus rages here. It might be profitable to follow Mr. Stanley's suggestion that a debate be waged on the resolution "That the amount of time, effort, and money spent on intercollegiate athletics is out of proportion to that spent on the more intellectual student activities." We are not eager to prolong the correspondence on this matter further in the *Mitre*, but it would be gratifying to see some tangible result come from it.

Dr. Richardson's essay on *Lewis Carroll* combines scholarly research with keen personal interest and humor. It is very encouraging to have such a contribution from a member of the faculty not actively associated with the *Mitre* board.

94 and Not Out is a character sketch by our Art Editor, Boyd Sinyard. It is skillfully done in that it portrays the rugged life which must be lived in that locale, as well as it brings to life the amazing personality of Christopher Wood. Because of his extreme individuality, Christopher Wood was a story book character. We too often forget that fiction is supposed to be a picture of life; that the people involved in fictional plots are people from life. But here is a true story about a true man. It makes one wonder how many opportunities in the course of life each of us misses to gain from our associates what the author did from Fr. Wood, just for want of recognition.

We have two creditable contributions from Warren Stevenson: *Apogée*, a short story, which is somewhat frightening in its implication of the futility of all human efforts to bottle destiny; and *Poetess par*

Excellence, a critique (written with tongue-in-cheek, of course) on the Mother Goose Rhymes. Those readers interested in a similar example of satire are recommended to *John St. Vincent Smith* by Brian Kelley, which appeared in one of the 1949 issues. Mr. Stevenson's satire is on the modern mode of poetry analysis, which uses so many impressive and meaningless terms. However, he does make us think again about the rhymes which we have long forgotten. It is certainly entertaining, if imaginative, to search among them for psychological conflicts.

We include little poetry this issue, and hope more will be forthcoming next time. *Night*, by Beverley Urwick is an uncomplicated little word-picture which, in few words, creates the atmosphere of a situation she herself seems to have experienced. Springing up from the wrong side of the tracks is John Jordan's *It Could Be Verse*; we are all inclined to agree with him!

Reflets, by Louise Chevalier, is a bright description of an amusing incident from her own experience.

Margot Lods, in *Perditus*, has written a slapstick but embarrassingly penetrating satire on the modern magazine novelette. On reading it, one realizes the sameness of plot and character in so many short stories of the present day. It makes one newly aware of how difficult it really is to write anything that approaches originality.

Thy Hand, O God, Has Guided, by Beatrice Bill, is one of our most sincere and earnest contributions. Obviously it was conscientiously executed, and it presents a somewhat controversial thesis. It perhaps amounts to a new presentation of the theological argument for the existence of God. The whole problem of determinism, of inductive generalization, of arguing from past to future events, raises its head again. This is a thought-provoking issue; we hope some correspondence on the subject will be forthcoming.

We are privileged to present reviews of books written by faculty members, both of whom are honorary members of the Mitre Board. Dr. Raymond's *The Infinite Moment*, reviewed by Professor Gray; and Dr. Masters' *The First Hundred Years*, reviewed by Mr. Herbert L. Hall, an alumnus of Bishop's and at present a master at B.C.S. The College is fortunate in having such close association with men who have

so repeatedly demonstrated their fine scholarship, as have Dr. Raymond and Dr. Masters.

The pictures included in this issue are of the winning entries in the Mitre Art Contest. We were very happy to have encouraged recognition of an apparently popular campus hobby.

So once more this is it: we like it, and hope you do too.

I. M. T.





JAMES BOSWELL. Esq.

To whom this issue of the Mitre is respectfully dedicated.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Belial's Coffee House,
Pandemonium, S. E.

The Lady Editor,
The Mitre.

My dear Madam,

I am much affected by your genteel decision to dedicate your worthy publication to Me. Flattery is a sweet and delicious cordial of which, in my lifetime, I was not wholly insensible and from which, on occasion, we all exact at least a modicum of satisfaction.

I confess, however, to my erstwhile ignorance of the existence of your nobly titled magazine. "The Mitre", for me, has very different and more fluid associations. It was in the Mitre tavern in Fleet Street, indeed, that I supped one evening with Mr. Samuel Johnson and our talk turned to Canada, which we had just taken from the French. Johnson would not be persuaded that so vast a country had fallen to our levies. He proposed that I should go over and see if it was so. Because of pecuniary difficulties, I declined.

Since that evening in July, 1763, the face of the world has become much altered, and your country now enjoys a rare and admirable state of felicitous independency. I can hear my friend pronounce sonorous judgment against me:

"Well, Sir, are you satisfied? We believed that Canada was really ours, yet by the weight of common testimony and by the immutable facts of history we have been proved *wrong*."

You have asked me, Madam, for a word of advice. Is this not a strange request, in view of the malignancy so recently shown by my twentieth century detractors who spurn my *Journal* as the perverted meanderings of an irresponsible and immoral braggart? *O tempora, O mores!* My dear facetious tormentors, clear your minds of cant! Perhaps that is the best advice that I can give. As Johnson used to say, to have the management of the mind is a great art, and it may be attained in a considerable degree only by experience and habitual exercise.

I conclude, Madam, with the record of our latest conversation:

BOSWELL. The Editor of *The Mitre* has asked me to advise her readers. What shall I tell them?

JOHNSON. Tell them to study.

BOSWELL. After a plan?

JOHNSON. No, Sir, that is a feeble expedient. I have never pursued a plan of study above two days. A man ought just to read as inclination leads him, for what he reads as a task will do him little good. Idleness is a disease which must be combated. A young man or woman should read five hours every day, and so may acquire a great deal of knowledge. Tell them to be abroad as much as possible with men of learning; especially the professors of the university, and the clergy. Tell them to learn from them, and to settle by degrees into composed and knowing men and women.

In this dialogue will be found the seeds of uncommon good counsel, founded upon wise and solid principles.

My sincerest wishes to your readers. May your magazine flourish tenfold.

I remain, Madam,

Your most obedient and humble servant
JAMES BOSWELL



54 Holland Park
London, W. 11.
England.

The Editor,
The Mitre,
Bishop's University,
Lennoxville, P.Q.

Dear Madam Editor:

Let me commend your correspondent Reed Scowen, Esq., who so admirably countered all the bigotry in Arminius' scurrilous remarks about our magnificent young sportsmen. As long as we can boast such conviction and courage in our athletes, I am sure you will agree we need never fear that the warnings of Arminius will bear their wicked fruit at Bishop's.

But I fear he leaves Von T.'s fulminations in place and makes unfortunate statements about *me*, the defender of *his* faith against Arminius—a more intimidating opponent, I assure you, than his mere words on paper. When he says that I deliberately delayed publication of *A Visit From Arminius* in order to be spared the embarrassment of having to answer personally for my statements, he surely forgets that the Trinity Mitre usually appears before the end of term. Last year it did not; I was sorry, for I would have welcomed an open controversy on such an important issue. But my article was no secret even then, for my Council confederates were all apprised of my purpose and we discussed it on more than one occasion. The fact is that I waited for the final issue in order to speak from as complete a knowledge of Bishop's and of student administration as possible, rather than from "ignorance of the true state of affairs". My conclusions were based on four years' observation, not on single instances, as Scowen suggests; they were honestly reached and offered with sincerity and the desire to improve an ever worsening situation, not in order to take a Parthian shot at Bishop's. I should be delighted if the conclusions of *A Visit From Arminius* could be proved wrong, but I don't think Scowen has done it.

His attempt to justify the expenditures of the Athletic Association is based on the following sentence: "*If it is granted that intercollegiate sports have a part in this university, then it is ridiculous to suppose that travelling expenses could be reduced.*" Exactly. But in a debate the resolution is *never granted*; my point is that they do *not* have a part here, and it is precisely because such expenditures *cannot* be reduced that I say so. Your correspondent is begging the question.

The fact that so many men contribute to this programme does not reduce the injustice and disproportion of the students' budget. Men in high places generally contribute when asked—whether they agree with my view or Scowen's.

He says that I have termed our players "*poor sports*". I have no copy of my article so I am unable to trace the quotation, but if I am certain of one thing it is that I made no such charge. The accusation as I remember it, was that sports on the intercollegiate level breed bad feeling between teams and universities, and—far from encouraging the traditional sportsmanship—tend to bring out the worst in us: the reason being *that so much depends on winning*. But I am glad to learn that the

expression "kill those guys" is used merely figuratively and not dis-figuratively. It is a comforting thought, but I suggest that all players should be provided with memoranda—

Item: When the coach says "Go out and kill those guys", he does not mean "Go out and kill those guys", but merely "Gentlemen, I should very much like you to win. At the moment you are not winning; therefore we must redouble our efforts and apply ourselves to the present task with such energy and determination that if our opponents should attempt to halt our advance, the effort required of them would be so great as to endanger their health, nay, their very lives."

The charges brought against the debaters who went to Montreal last year was unfounded; their expenses were carefully scrutinized by myself and the Council before being approved. But I don't doubt that they travelled and fared better than the major teams; it is always so with smaller groups. Long trips before games *do* undermine "conditioning"—one more point for my argument against the present league. But let us not be martyrs about the "poor meals": the British football and rugby players still put on sparkling performances on a diet of eightpence worth of meat per week.

When Scowen claims that we can't properly compare debating and athletics "... (in debating) the only equipment needed is brain power. Athletics is in a different category" he almost states my case for me. Our universities are supposed to be, *primarily*, places for the encouragement and training of brain power, not something else, and when we spend \$2,500 on something else, and \$195 on a brain-power activity, we are putting our money on the wrong horse.

But I do not want to descend to hair splitting and quibbling, which would be necessary if I were to reply to each of Scowen's statements. My answers are all in the original article. Let me merely say this:

I am an ardent sport enthusiast. (I played a little at Bishop's.) I look with horror on the growing spectre of professionalism in university athletics in the U.S.A., (the annual bill for adhesive plaster at West Point is \$3,000) where the minimum cost of a winning football team is \$275,000, and where one university lost \$117,000 in 1949. This professionalism is already manifesting itself in some of the Canadian universities, at least one of which we play against. When you play in this atmosphere you lose all the value of sport, which I recognize as well as Scowen does.

Bishop's used to have championship teams when she was in a league better suited to her size. But she will never again enjoy her major sports, she will never make the best use of the money that is so generously given to her, and she will never fulfill the promise of her high calling until she leaves the "big leagues" and becomes again what she is supposed to be—a small university where excellent facilities are shared equally, where the sports programme is enjoyed by all, and where athletic expenses don't dwarf "brain-power" expenses to the point of ridicule.

The answer to the whole argument is made plain by the success of the intra-mural sports scheme now in operation. Such a programme *should* succeed because it is conceived, designed and planned with a sense of proportion and in harmony with our size and resources. Such a dictum as Brawny's (Campus Dec. 19) applies to sports on this level: "... it don't matter if you win, but only how you play." It should apply to intercollegiate sport, but it doesn't. Let's not allow an over-athletic tail to wag our university until its brains are rattled loose.

Yours respectfully,

HERK STANLEY.

~

THE GREAT GODDESS ATHA
OR
SCOW and THE COW
(being the description of an autumn rite at Bishop's)

The incense in the incense tray

Burned waftily before the devotees—

A football boot, now dapple-grey;

A lamb chop from their *déjeuner*;

And other tasty *entremets*,

Such as a baseball-plate *soufflé*;

A piece of the Lennoxville highway;

An effigy (*papier mâché*)

Of "Mac", the enemy that day;

The water boy's promising *protégé*

("Golf Ball" escaped, a tempting prey.)

The quarterback's favourite *négligée*—
The high priest Scow rose up to pray;
And soared to unknown mystic apogees:

"Atha Letix is a cow,
A sacred cow,
A holy cow;
Will she win? You bet! and how!
Holy Atha Letix.

She won't let our star decline,
Cow divine,
Holy kine;
Never list to that moonshine—
Holy Atha Letix.

"Praise our sacrosanct bovine,
Feminine, not masculine,
Asinine, not libertine,
Worthy to be one of Nine,
To sit (or stand—or, still, recline)
Side by side with Proserpine;
Sister of the apple-wine,
With which we make incarnadine
Our cheeks (then take to alkaline),
Look on us with gaze benign,
Say to "Mac" "I'll ne'er be thine",
O Goddess Argentine,
O creature sibylline,
You are not saturnine,
But very mater-nine.
Cow divine,
Holy Kine,
We are Thine,
Sancta Atha Letix."

H. S.

LEWIS CARROLL

I wonder if *Alice in Wonderland* and *Alice Through the Looking Glass* are as much read by children and teen-agers today, as they were forty or fifty years ago. Whether that is the case or not, classics they were, and classics they remain; and as specimens of "logical nonsense" they have rarely, if ever, been surpassed. We need not be surprised that the works written under the pen-name of *Lewis Carroll*, — the two *Alice* books, *Sylvia and Bruno*, *The Hunting of the Snark*, and a few others — have had a far wider circulation and a more enduring fame than three or four small works on mathematics and logic, signed by the real name of their author, Charles L. Dodgson.

It has been suggested that Dodgson had a dual personality — that the rather prim and sedate Oxford lecturer was one aspect of the man, while the other was the "benevolent bachelor uncle" who delighted to entertain parties of small girls on picnics, inventing fantastic stories for them, and handing these stories down to posterity by means of his other hobby, photography. (Several recently discovered pictures taken by him in the 1860's were reproduced in *Life* not long since). The dual-personality idea is, however, rather discredited today; some people, basing their opinions on the fact that Dodgson was a mathematics lecturer and a clergyman, have jumped to the conclusion that he was dull and priggish. To correct that idea, we have only to skim through some of his works on Logic — for instance *Euclid and his Modern Rivals* — to realize that the mind which created the Mad Hatter and the Mock Turtle is still at work.

He lived in what is now considered a rather dull and stuffy age—his death in 1898, at the age of sixty-six, preceded that of Queen Victoria by less than three years, and so we must remember that he was a Victorian—and an eminent one at that. One of the most striking features about the *Alice* books is that they are written for people of all ages—children used to delight in them (and many still do), but it still remains evident that they could only have been written by one who was well versed in mathematical logic.

So we must consider Lewis Carroll as one person with three facets: entertainer of the young, logician, and mathematician—in this

order certainly, for as a mathematician he was not in the first rank; in logic he made, we are told, some useful contributions (I do not myself feel competent to pass a critical judgment here); as a writer of children's books he was *sui generis*.

Doubtless some of his work in logic has been superseded by more modern ideas and methods, but at the same time his examples are still amusing; for instance, what conclusion can be drawn from these two premises?

(a) Canaries that do not sing loud are unhappy.

(b) No well-fed canaries fail to sing loud.

(a) asserts the existence of a class of non-loud-singing canaries, and also the non-existence of a class of well-fed non-loud-singing canaries.

(b) asserts the non-existence of a class of well-fed non-loud-singing canaries. Therefore the non-loud-singing canaries, which are asserted to exist, must be both unhappy and ill-fed, from which we arrive at the conclusion that some ill-fed canaries are unhappy.

His paradox of 1894 produced, we are told, some sharp controversy at the time. Here it is:—

"There are three men A, B, C, in business together, whose movements are determined as follows:

(i) If A goes out, B has to go out also, (for A is infirm, and needs looking after).

(ii) All three men cannot be out at the same time.

Now (ii) can be put in the form—if C goes out, then if A goes out, B must stay in. But, from (i), if A goes out, so does B; hence it can be argued that it is false that, if A goes out, B stays in—therefore C never goes out at all. But it is obvious that C can go out whenever A stays in."

I leave the untangling of this to the Philosophy Department!

Nevertheless, the logical ideas involved in the A, B, C problem are akin to those of some of the *Looking-Glass* characters. I wonder to what extent Carroll had earned the reputation of being a fanciful writer, on account of the famous *Alice* illustrations by John Tenniel. In reading the "Jabberwocky" poem, it is hard to forget Tenniel's pictures; without them the famous verses become a study of neologisms. Just look at Humpty-Dumpty's explanations in proof of this.

It has been stated that the fact that all Carroll's jokes are logical jokes is one reason why his stories have made such an appeal to children.

He has not the slightest touch of superiority, and the fact that he uses a phrase in an apparently correct but really nonsensical way appears as plausible to him as to a seven-year-old. Even in such a would-be serious work as *Euclid and His Modern Rivals* (1879) we get many evidences of the *Alice* habit of mind. It must not be forgotten that Dodgson was a die-hard of the old school in the matter of teaching Geometry, and had very little use for intuition—it is quite evident that Euclid's "Elements" appealed to him as a monument of logic, first and foremost. His effort of 1879 is cast in dramatic form, and mercilessly ridicules the attempts to simplify the famous parallel postulate in such terms as the following specimen:—

—"As far as I can see, Mr. C_____ quietly assumes that if a straight line is inclined to another straight line, it is equally inclined to all others. He might just as well say that because a young lady is inclined to one young man, she is equally inclined to all young men.

—"She might make equal angling with them, anyhow."

Among his "nonsense" work, the famous *Hunting of the Snark* poem takes a very high place, in my humble opinion. It is nonsense indeed, but only inspired and logical nonsense could have produced such a scintillating mixture of the abstract and the concrete as—

"They sought it with candles, they sought it with care
They pursued it with forks and hope."

—and also the pseudo-scientific classification shows in the sublime couplet,

"Distinguishing those which have feathers, and bite,
From those which have whiskers, and scratch."

Nor must we overlook the Bellman's superb contempt for co-ordinate systems, when he proposes to navigate by means of a map which is completely blank.

"What's the good of Mercator's North Poles and Equators,
Tropic Zones and Meridian Lines?"

So the Bellman would cry; and the crew would reply

"They are merely conventional signs!"

It is hardly surprising that at the head of every chapter in the *Air Navigation Manual*, published during World War II, one finds a quotation (usually very appropriate) from Lewis Carroll.

As a regular mathematics lecturer at Christ Church, Oxford, for over 35 years, he must have been a familiar figure to many generations

of undergraduates. One reads of instances of his shyness, kind-heartedness, and painstaking accuracy, which have become almost legendary. He never seems to have had to teach any very advanced subjects, mostly confining his efforts to the freshman classes in Euclid, Algebra, and Analytic Geometry.

Most of his published work in Mathematics was in the nature of summaries, although he did produce a *Treatise on Determinants*—that book which, according to legend, was sent to Queen Victoria when, after reading *Alice in Wonderland*, Her Majesty expressed the gracious desire to possess any other works by the same author!

There must have been a distinct touch of the White Knight, or *Through the Looking-Glass*, in Dodgson himself. His suggestions for new symbols for the six trigonometrical ratios bear the authentic touch—one can almost hear him murmuring—"It's my own invention". These symbols did not catch on, but all the same they show the logical background of his mind.

He saw, of course, that purely logical argument had its definite limitations—witness the following gem with the appealing title *Arithmetic Cannot Lie*.

—"If 5 men, working 8 hours a day, can construct a wall 100 feet long, 16 feet high, and 2 feet thick, in 2 days, how long will it take four million men, working six hours a day, to construct a wall 150 feet long, 12 feet high, and 1 foot thick?" The answer to this, incidentally, as worked out by the ordinary processes of arithmetic, is a small fraction of a second. What would today's Trade Unions have to say about it?

The mathematical work which he carried out in his leisure hours, largely for his own amusement, is to be found in his *Pillow Problems* and in his diaries. One finds some quite interesting things here, and also one experiences a feeling of surprise in noting how he has overlooked some comparatively elementary things. To give an instance, Pillow Problem No. 14 is: "Show that three times the sum of three squares is also the sum of four squares", which he solves correctly enough by noting that $3(a^2+b^2+c^2)$ is the same thing as $(a-b)^2+(b-c)^2+(c-a)^2+(a+b+c)^2$; but it looks as if he were unaware of the famous number-theorem which antedated him by many years—"Every integer is the sum of four squares", of which the above is merely a special case.

These *Pillow Problems* (so called because they were worked out mentally in bed) contain one very startling paradox—one might almost

call it a "leg-pull". A bag contains two marbles, as to which nothing is known except that each is either white or black. Ascertain their colours without taking them out of the bag.

Solution: "One white, one black", arrived at by the following "argument".

"We know that if the bag contained *three* marbles, 2 black and one white, the chance of drawing a black one is $2/3$. Now the chances that the given bag contains (1) black-black, (2) black-white, (3) white-white are respectively $\frac{1}{4}$, $\frac{1}{2}$, $\frac{1}{4}$.

Now add a black marble. Then the chances of i) black-black-black, ii) black-black-white, iii) black-white-white, are, as before, $\frac{1}{4}$, $\frac{1}{2}$, $\frac{1}{4}$.

Hence the chance of now drawing a black marble

$$\begin{aligned} &= (1/4)(1) + (1/2)(2/3) + (1/4)(1/3) \\ &= 1/4 + 1/3 + 1/12 \\ &= 2/3 \end{aligned}$$

Hence the bag now contains black-black-white, and so before the black marble was added, it contained one black and one white". Again, I leave the fallacy-spotting to the Philosophers.

Characteristic extracts from the Diaries are:—

Oct. 31, 1890—"A Theorem that $2(x^2+y^2)$ is always the sum of two squares, seems true but unprovable."

Nov. 5, 1890—"I have now proved the above."

It is hardly credible that he took six days to notice that

$$2(x^2+y^2) = (x+y)^2 + (x-y)^2.$$

Dec. 19, 1897—

"Sat up till about 4 a.m. over a problem sent me from New York." —'Find three right-angled triangles, all of whose sides are whole numbers, and whose areas are equal.' I have found *two* of sides 20, 21, 29 and 12, 35, 37, but cannot find *three*."

And yet there are three: i.e. of sides 24, 70, 74; 40, 42, 58; 15, 112, 113. But the analysis of obtaining the general type is not of the easiest.

One gets the impression that Dodgson was out of touch with the more recent developments of his chosen field. But he had, it seems, a full and happy life in spite of his retiring habits. Even at a children's party he could meditate (surely the only time that a quadratic equation has ever occurred in verse form!) that.....

"What are all such gaieties to me,
Whose thoughts are full of indices and surds?
 $x^2+7x+43$
Equals eleven-thirds."

Alice is one of the world's immortals. If we wait till next autumn, we shall be able to see what Mr. Walt Disney makes of her and her famous companions. I wonder what Lewis Carroll would have said, had he lived to see this *dénouement*?

A. V. RICHARDSON.



'NINETY-FOUR AND NOT OUT'

I remember when I first saw Fr. Wood. I had just finished Theological College and was assistant to Fr. Isaacs in a Mission on the Great Northern Peninsula of Newfoundland. Here Christopher Wood had been a missionary for the greater part of his life. The mission itself extended for one hundred and seventy miles of rugged coast line. There were twenty-six ports of call for the missionary to make by boat in summer, and, when possible, by snowshoe in winter. I was introduced to the missionary life that summer as we cruised up and down the coast. My duties included being engineer on the "St. Mary Stafford", organist in the little Mission Churches, and Catechist.

During our trips, Fr. Isaacs had told me much of Fr. Wood and his work. He was now ninety-one years old, or, as he would have put it, "ninety-one and not out". He had retired at Westport, and the day we left to visit him I felt as if I were going to view some antique.

As the boat neared the pier I got my first view of the little white Church, with its biased clapboard and grey buttresses. The house, where Fr. Wood lived, nestled among the trees near the Church, was tall, old and weatherbeaten. The trees were old too. Some were toppling over with age.

Fr. Isaacs tapped on the door and went in. I was about to put my foot on the hooked door mat when I noticed that it had the Latin word SALVE very neatly worked in it. There was another one too, inside the door, facing visitors as they left, with the word VALE.

His housekeeper Mary greeted us, and we went into Fr. Wood's study. Fr. Isaacs introduced my friend, who had accompanied us, and was much shorter than I, and myself. Fr. Wood eyed us up and down, and before shaking hands said "Ay, the long of it, and the short of it." That was my introduction to Christopher Wood.

He sat there in a wicker chair by the side of his table, a small shrivelled old man with a little white beard, and oval, silver-rimmed glasses. He looked very frail, dressed in white garbardine trousers, khaki shirt and white apron. On a chair beside him lay his magazines, twenty-five *he subscribed to and read*; while on the table lay the books he had read or was reading that week. As I came to know him more, I discovered he corrected the grammar in each book as he read, and also marked on the back cover his opinion of the book. On cold winter nights which I spent there in later years, he would suggest a novel, telling me of course to take one with a big "G" on the back. Curiosity would often get the better of me, and I would look for one he had marked "X".

On the back of the chair on which I was sitting was a banner of Clare College, Cambridge, his old alma mater. The walls were dotted with numerous pictures and photographs. A group of ten prints of old-time sailing ships on the moulding of the wainscoting caught my attention. There was an old phonograph in the corner, and five cabinets of phonograph records which, I learned later, contained his collection of fifteen hundred records. A caribou head, flanked by two rams' heads, looked down from the wall. He called them after his friends. I remember he always referred to one ram as Tom Gavin. His grandfather's clock which, he said, had been ticking for two hundred years, hung on the other wall. By it was his own cuckoo clock which he looked after with meticulous care. The weights were now replaced by two long bottles filled with used phonograph needles.

In the hall were his guns, an old 12 gauge, double barrell shot-gun, a little .410, and his .30-30 Winchester rifle. Hung on the wall were his old binoculars. Nearby was a photo of his old mission boat — a yawl called "The Harbinger" which he claimed was "the

fastest boat that ever rounded Cape John." Over a bookcase hung a photo of his personal friend Dr. Grenfell.

I came to know that old house with its high ceilings, and old furniture very well during the next four years I was on the mission. I remember the cold, stormy nights of winter, when I would be visiting there, and the temperature in my room would fall well below the freezing point, and the wind would howl in the trees, the old house would creak, and I could not help thinking of Brontë's *Wuthering Heights* as I tried to get some sleep.

I enjoyed the hospitality of Fr. Wood and his housekeeper, and came to know more and more of this little old man. Nobody knew much of him really. He seemed to be an institution. Few people could remember much of the mission before Fr. Wood's era.

He was a real missionary. He had come of a good English family, had a university education, and had sacrificed his life in service to ordinary human beings in an isolated area. He was a good organist and a lover of music. He was a good sailor, a good sportsman, but above all, a faithful priest. In order to serve his people better he had even gone back to England to study medicine. The value of his life's work could never be estimated. Knowing the coast well, I can readily appreciate the difficulties he encountered in sailing that coast in a yawl, and sometimes in a row-boat. A sea-captain had remarked to him once "God help the man, that runs this coast in a yawl in the fall." Fr. Wood answered "Ah Skipper, He *does*."

I remember, too, the first time I had dinner with him. He sat at one end of the table, I at the other. About halfway through the meal, there was a sudden blast of a whistle and I almost dropped my fork and knife. He remarked "That's all right, that whistle is "C": that's for the bread." Holding up another he said "This is F, that's for more dinner." There were five whistles by his plate.

He still enjoyed conversation, or even a friendly argument. I learned too that he had been a good cricket player in his day. He always had a cricket ball in his chair, which he would throw with considerable force at anyone who disagreed with him. I ventured to disagree with him one day. That is how I found out he had played cricket. I had to pick up the silver which he had knocked off the buffet. The last time he threw the ball for a prank was at his housekeeper. She was not in the mood for pranks that day, and the ball went in the stove.

When on the rounds of the mission, I would go to Westport. Sometimes it would be raining, or the water would be rough, and I would come ashore as I was dressed, in seaman's rubber clothes, and rubber boots, but always on my way in the hall, I would tap on his study door to speak to him. "Ay, Skipper!" would be his greeting, as he looked up from his reading. And then as I would go out the hall to the kitchen I would hear him shout to his housekeeper: "He's here again, Mary Gillam, mug him up." In the winter I would have my snowshoes, pack, and parka, but it would be the same greeting. Sometimes if he thought I had had a hard trail he would add: "Mary, get him a beer."

There was one duty that I had to perform on these trips, and that was to revise his prayer list. The card was on his table with the sick names on one side, the departed on the other. I had to give a report of the welfare of the people, together with news of local happenings, who was getting fish, how many seals had been killed, who had trapped beaver and so on — as I was a newspaper as well as many other things.

While trying to rest or read, I sometimes heard him shout my name and I went to his study. "Did I tell you about the time I was on the Church Ship, "The Lavrock," with the Bishop, and the Skipper ran her into a Wharf in Salvage?" I would say "No," and even if I had heard it before he would enjoy telling it again.

"I said she couldn't do anything without her jib."

He would love to tell of the text of the Sermon that had been preached at his wedding, *Mercy and Truth have met together, righteousness and peace have kissed each other*.

Each visit I made I could see he was declining. Once, I noticed, he tried three times before he managed to get up from his chair. I offered to help him, but he refused with a laugh. "Getting old, I guess". He was then signing his name as "94 and not out."

It was in February, 1950, that I saw him last. I was on my winter trip to that part of the Mission and had been travelling for three weeks. I had been snowshoeing all that day and sometime that night, I arrived at a settlement where there was a telephone message for me to the effect that Christopher Wood was seriously ill; this, I thought was the end. In the early morning I strapped on my snowshoes and took the trail to Westport. It was noon when I reached it. He had had a heart attack, he told me, but was feeling better. I finished my

work, and on Monday I had to continue my trip for it would take another month or more to get back to my headquarters. I had to say goodbye to Christopher Wood, perhaps, I felt, for the last time.

I was fully dressed for the trail with my pack on my back, and snowshoes in my hand, when I went into his bed-study, to say good-bye.

He lay on his bed, eyes closed. "I must be going now, Fr. If you want me, send for me and I'll do my best to come."

"I won't send for you" he said slowly; "when it comes again it will be too quick to send for anyone." It was the first time I had ever heard him mention death. Then he continued, his breath coming in gasps: "It was along time ago Chritopher Wood came to White Bay . . . I remember the first trip I made . . . so many people and no one to minister to their needs . . . I stayed . . . Some men wouldn't bring their wives down here . . . mine came, she died here . . . I buried her by the Church . . . I have no money left now . . . They wanted me to be a Rural Dean once, I told them I didn't have time . . . I had a diocese to look after . . . They were going to make me a Canon . . . I told them to give that to Richards . . . Going up the Bay . . . Be careful of the ice off Purbecks Cove . . . you got in the water once, its cold . . . There's a tide there . . . Go in the living room before you go, in the cabinet behind the door, there are my records of *The Messiah* and the *Twelfth Mass* . . . they are yours. Be careful of yourself . . ." and then he put up his hand, and I took it, cold and feeble, "Put it there old man," he shouted with his last bit of energy. He opened his eyes and closed them again.

I went out feeling as if I had shaken the hand of an Elijah. As I stepped over the threshold the VALE in the mat meant something it had never meant before.

Some eight weeks later I was at my headquarters when the wireless picked up a message for me that Fr. Wood had died. The Arctic ice was running in the bay, in great sheets, and broken pans. There was no boat in the water, and that afternoon we spent installing an engine in a twenty-two-foot launch. In the morning it was calm, and we set out for Westport. It soon began to snow, and visibility was reduced to zero. The compass had gone haywire, and for hours we steamed, hoping to reach a recognizable place near Westport. Then we ran into ice. We got so near to the lighthouse that I saw it

once in the snow. We could hear the dogs bark but could get no further. The wind veered Northeast, and the ice began to run, pans crunching and piling on each other. We had to retreat. The next day it blew a hurricane and the Bay jammed with ice, miles and miles of it. Reluctantly I sent a wireless message to a layman to bury Fr. Wood.

When the Church boat "St. Mary Stafford" was launched again in the Spring, and the ice had gone, I went to Westport. As I entered the house the door mat still had its greeting of welcome, but there was no shout from the study.

The papers were still on the chair, the last book he had been reading was face down on the table, his half-smoked pipe was still in his ash-tray, the grandfather clock was still ticking, but the cuckoo had stopped. His watch lay on the table with its iron cross fob. The prayer card was still in its place.

One afternoon he had called "Mary Gillam" for the last time. She came as usual to his bidding. He just said "Good-bye" and died.

By the little white Church was an unmarked mound. There rested all that was mortal of Christopher Wood, among the people he had served. He has no monument. If he had one, there could only be one inscription on it — A Great Man. He will soon be forgotten in the Mission when the old folks die; but forget him, I never will. I will always remember his greeting "Ay, Skipper," and then those words which bespoke the best of his hospitality: "Mary Gillam, mug him up."

N.B.—"Mug-up" is a term used at sea on a schooner for a "snack" in the foc'sle before or after a "watch".

B. SINYARD



APOGEE

Ruggles grabbed the grinning gargoyle on the brass ring, pulled open the heavy, reluctant door, and entered the Central Public Library. He often came here on Saturday afternoons, for within these walls he had found his only contentment during the past twenty years. At first he had come here only to escape, to find calm and quiet, to relax and forget for a few hallowed hours the pressure and hypertension of the insurance office, and the equally erosive influence of his wife. After a few weeks, he had begun to read a little; at first, merely the travel magazines, then light novels, then histories, and finally, during the past few months, the ponderous philosophical works of antiquity, penned by intellectual giants of the past.

Last Saturday, off in a quiet corner of the classics room, he had read of Anaximander and auto-creation of opposites, of Pythagoras and numerical balance, of Calvin and pre-destination. Having only a moderate education, Ruggles did not comprehend all of what he read, but that which he did understand cast him into confused cogitations, and caused him to brood with increasing detachment and preoccupation. His office work did not suffer, for he performed it mechanically, having long since mastered its mundane intricacies. His fellow clerks ignored him, classifying him in their mental filing systems as "queer". His wife noticed a distant and impregnable look in his eyes, and after a few determined efforts to get at him, she retreated once again behind the barrier of her bridge clubs and afternoon teas. The insurance policy rendered her potentially independent of him, anyway.

Last week, while leaving the library, Ruggles had made his discovery. He regarded it as his own personal contribution to philosophy, and mentally referred to it as "Ruggles' Law of Leaving and Entering Edifices". He phrased it ineptly: "The number of times a person passes the portal of any edifice in his life will be an even number, providing he does not die and was not born within said building". He regarded it as a work of genius. It was the only thing he had ever created in his life. It was his, and it was true. And yet, he thought sadly, if he told his law to anyone, to his wife for instance, she would say, "Don't be

silly. You could always pass the door an uneven number of times by climbing out of a window. Don't be silly." That, of course, was not the point. That was destroying the beauty of the thing. His law was not really concerned with doorways, but with any form of egress. And it wasn't even really concerned with that. It was symbolic. It contained a grain of universal truth.

But then, two days ago, while thinking about his law, Ruggles had thought of something else which frightened him, — the inevitability and inescapability of it. It was inescapable and inevitable that he should pass the portal of the library, with its brass ring and grinning gargoyle an even number of times. Every time he went in, he had to come out. Who ever heard of anyone dying in a library? Of course, doubtless someone had, at some time, somewhere, done it, but that person could not have known his law, and hence had accomplished nothing. For all practical purposes, he had to pass the gargoyle an even number of times. And having realized this, he had wanted to rebel against it. Here, he was sure, was the chance to triumph over all the frustrations and futilities of life, symbolized by his law. He felt that the most important thing in the world was for him to pass the gargoyle an uneven number of times. How could he do this? According to Ruggles' Law, only by dying inside the library, where it was really very quiet and restful, anyway.

So, yesterday he had withdrawn all his savings from the bank, and with the money he had bribed that stupid clerk in the drugstore to get it for him. He could feel it now in his pocket, smooth and cool. He walked over behind a bookshelf, where few people ever came, put the capsule in his mouth, and slowly crushed it with his teeth. He experienced a strange, sad feeling of exhilaration. He was dying, but he had passed the gargoyle an uneven number of times. He had won. Ruggles' vision was blurred, and then a wave of benumbing blackness enveloped him.

Ruggles fought slowly for consciousness, like a swimmer trying to break the surface. What was that uneven, swaying sensation? Was this death? What was that unbroken expanse of light grey before his eyes? Suddenly, the greyness ended, and a square of green materialized, out of which emerged the shiny jacket of a book. So that was it. He was being carried out of the building on a stretcher, and was just now passing the "New Books" bulletin board, with its paper jackets. There must have been several of them, but only one title burned into his conscious-

ness, as he was carried past. It was "Of Mice And Men". He struggled to remember the lines, for his brain was clouded with pain. Then he recalled . . . "The best-laid schemes o' mice an' men . . ." What came next? Now they were carrying him through the doorway, and he was passing it for the last time, bringing the total to an even number. He had lost. There, just a few inches in front of his eyes, was the grinning gargoyle on the brass ring. Now he was moving away from it. What came next? "Gang aft agley" grinned the gargoyle, and Ruggles again sank below the surface.

The grinning gargoyle of gleaming brass was the last thing he ever saw.

S. WARREN STEVENSON.



NIGHT

*Cold, shivering, dim-mooned, almost starless night,
So mute, inadequate, gray
As slate. Filled with hate, yet
Less loathsome than day
When the soul's wounds gape
Raw and ludicrous.*

*Concealing, comforting, shadowy, still night
Voiceless, it all secrets keeps
Unknown. One alone wanders
While a too wise world sleeps.
A star rips open the night
And a heart breaks.*

BEVERLEY URWICK.

"THY HAND, O GOD, HAS GUIDED . . ."

"There is no system of history, as there is of any other science. It is rational knowledge, but it is not a science. For it never knows the particular by means of the general, but must comprehend the particular directly, and so, as it were, creeps along the ground of experience."

This is a criticism of History by Arthur Schopenhauer, a Nineteenth Century German philosopher. It is true, History describes particular incidents and it also records the action of great men. And on that basis it would seem that it is not the function of History to generalize. Each age has its different characteristics. Each age experiences the rise of new and great men whose personalities in meeting the forces of the times produce actions which have no counterpart in the previous records of the nation. In spite of the particular nature of History, however, surely it is possible to see in the record of man, in the words of Schopenhauer, "the same was, is, and shall be".

"A true philosophy of history," he says, "ought not to consider what always becomes and never is, and hold this to be the true nature of things; but it ought to fix its attention upon that which always is and never becomes or passes away . . . and in spite of all differences of special circumstances, of costumes and customs, to see everywhere the same humanity."

"The same humanity" is the least common denominator of History. It is the basis of History. Without it History would not be History. If it is possible for History to generalize, it can do so on that common human ingredient. Schopenhauer calls it "the essence of human life as it is given complete in every age" and he believes that it is that which the historians should see and recognize. So often we fail to see in the personalities and incidents of History the apotheosis of our own nature. For instance, do we see in our contemporaries the "same humanity" which characterizes both us and Frederick the Great of Prussia? If we do, that is good. But let us not stop there with it. For when we see Man, working and striving for Man, we see the characters of a great

drama performing before an audience. It is only the occasional individual in the audience who will glance at his programme inquiringly to see who the producer is. And even that individual may fail to view the work of art from the point of view of the producer.

Do we, like a concert audience, watch the actors on the stage of History with the same objectivity? Or do we ask if there is any Force or Person behind it comparable in function to the producer of a play? In recent years, Arnold Toynbee and Herbert Butterfield, two eminent historians, have penetrated the surface of History and have recognized not only its basic human factor, but also the work of Providence. In the early part of the Nineteenth Century, D'Aubigne, a Swiss historian, exposed the same truths of History. He did so in his study of the Reformation in Europe and England.

D'Aubigne says in the preface that his work will take for its guiding star the truth that *God is in History*. So fundamental is this that to him, the historian who fails to see it in History is no more perceptive than an "intellectual ant" whose duty it is to record the activities of the colony for the benefit of future generations of ants. In contrast with the beliefs of the Twentieth Century, which maintain that man is a being subject to the forces of Progress, D'Aubigne sees man as the creature: the consummation of Creation, it is true, but nevertheless, the creature. But while there is this Creator-creature relationship, man is also the instrument through which the Almighty may give effect to His Will.

D'Aubigne does not see History merely as an amalgamation of events and movements with little or no bearing upon one another. He sees History, rather, as one great movement, guided by God, with all the peoples and individuals of the world working together, and not apart, as they themselves may think. C. S. Lewis was referring to the same idea when he said, man may serve God either as a John or as a Judas. In spite of what our estimate of men of former ages is today, the fact remains that they have been instruments in the hands of God.

I will cite an instance in D'Aubigne's work to illustrate this. The contemporaries of Martin Luther, and the type of historian which Schopenhauer has scorned, (he who has failed to see the "common humanity" in History) will criticize the Wartburg imprisonment as an unfortunate catastrophe in the course of the Reformation. If such an event had not occurred, they say, Protestantism might have proved a

stronger force in the succeeding centuries. But D'Aubigne is not morose. He rejoices. He hails the imprisonment interlude — because he sees in it the manifestation of God. At this stage in the development of the Reformation, he says, it was imperative that a Bible be made available to the people in their own language. At Wartburg, through the imprisonment of Luther, God was able to provide for this. The imprisonment served another purpose. Luther had achieved great things. He had overcome many obstacles. D'Aubigne says that it was necessary for him to be reminded that he was still merely an instrument in the hands of God.

While the main point of D'Aubigne's History is to show that God has brought about a "revolution in Christendom", the underlying principle is applicable to the whole of human history. That is, down through the centuries God has been revealing himself through the instrumentality of man.

What is so novel about D'Aubigne's work is that he is not writing about the Reformation as part of the story of mankind, from man's own point of view. But, rather, he is recording the events of one of the greatest movements in History from God's point of view. He stands back. He divorces himself from his environment, as it were, and views the panorama of History from a distance. He shows from this vantage point how each individual and how each event was used by God. For instance,

"Who will say that the Reformation was a political affair? No certainly, it was not the fruit of human policy, but of divine power. If Luther had been actuated by human passions, he would have yielded to his fears."

"Zwingli did not communicate with Luther. Doubtless there was a bond of union between these two men; but we must seek it above the earth. He who gave the truth from Heaven to Luther gave it also to Zwingli."

That then is D'Aubigne's first principle — God is in History. His next point of emphasis is the Incarnation of God in human flesh. The promise which God had made to man in History is fulfilled in History, in Christ. Christ now becomes the pivot of History. "Before Christ," D'Aubigne says, "we had a history of nations, now we have a history of mankind, an idea of the education of human nature as a whole. The work of Christ himself has become a compass for the historian, the key of history and the hope of nations."

Says Dean Inge,

"If we with the Church of the Creeds and Fathers, accept something like the Logos-doctrine, we have the most inspiring thought that the laws of the universe, in their deepest meaning, are the expression of the character of the creating and sustaining Word who became flesh and tabernacled among us in the person of Jesus of Nazareth."

To say that God is in History — or to say that History works in accordance with divine law — is not idealism in its most nebulous form. If proof is needed, the incarnation is sufficient in itself. In this single act, God proved definitively that He is the God of Time, the God of History, as well as, the God of Eternity.

D'Aubigne was as alive to the disruptive nature of the Reformation as he was to its constructive character. Luther's hammer on the great wooden door of the Wiltenberg Cathedral gave the signal for the release of human nature. Luther was being used not merely to break the unity of Christendom, but rather, to restore to it its original diversity. In religion there is a partnership between man and God. If the true nature of either is overlooked, we lose one of the great truths of Christianity. Unity is a characteristic of God — and without it our religion cannot be of God. But diversity is a characteristic of human nature — and without recognizing that, our religion cannot be of man. D'Aubigne sees the unity of the Church before the Reformation took place, as a unity of man's imposing. The Reformation in restoring liberty to the Church, restored to it its original diversity. Perhaps it would have been desirable for this diversity to have been allowed to subsist in the universal church without leading to sectarian divisions, but as D'Aubigne points out, sects are only the expression of the diversity of human nature.

While History teaches us that at every time something else has been, it also teaches us that at all times exactly the same was, is, and shall be. There is man and there is God. So there must be diversity as well as unity. It is only when we understand the ways of the producer and his standard of perfection, that we can best appreciate or criticize the character portrayals of the drama. So it is in History. When we understand the sustaining work of God in History, we can understand the "common humanity" in mankind and his characteristic diversity.

BEATRICE MARY BILL.

MITRE ART CONTEST

An exhibit of "Campus Art" was sponsored by the Mitre in Convocation Hall, in conjunction with an exhibit presented by the Adult Education Department for the Eastern Townships area.

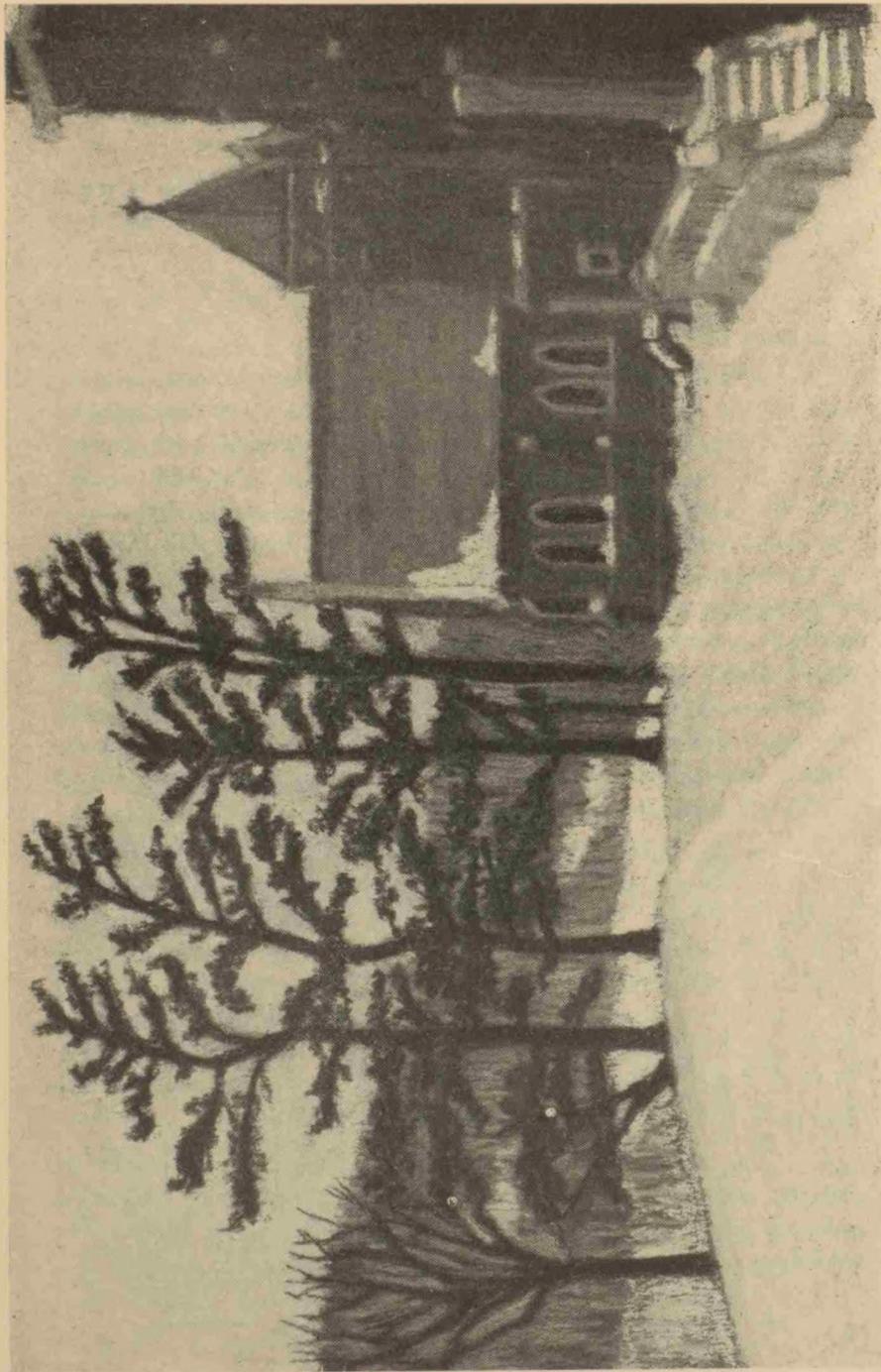
Every visitor was very much impressed not only by the number of exhibits, but also by the quality of the work.

In the oil-painting section there were nineteen exhibits, including two excellent still life paintings by Mrs. Richardson, and two paintings by Dr. Kuehner, one of which, a skiing scene, was especially well executed. Hélène Bourque won first prize for her painting of "A Child's Toys". This was painted from models and showed good composition, proportion and execution. Gordon McFarlane received an "Honourable Mention" for his painting of an outdoor scene, which was outstanding for its detail. Boyd Sinyard's painting of an iceberg, "Icy Gothic", a study in blue, also got an "Honourable Mention". Don Muller's best entry was a street scene in Brussels depicting the stock exchange. Mary Pearson's scene in the woods was very well done, and attracted much favourable comment. There were three oils by Roy Langley, the outstanding one being a scene on the Gaspé coast; and there were three abstract paintings by Grant Sampson.

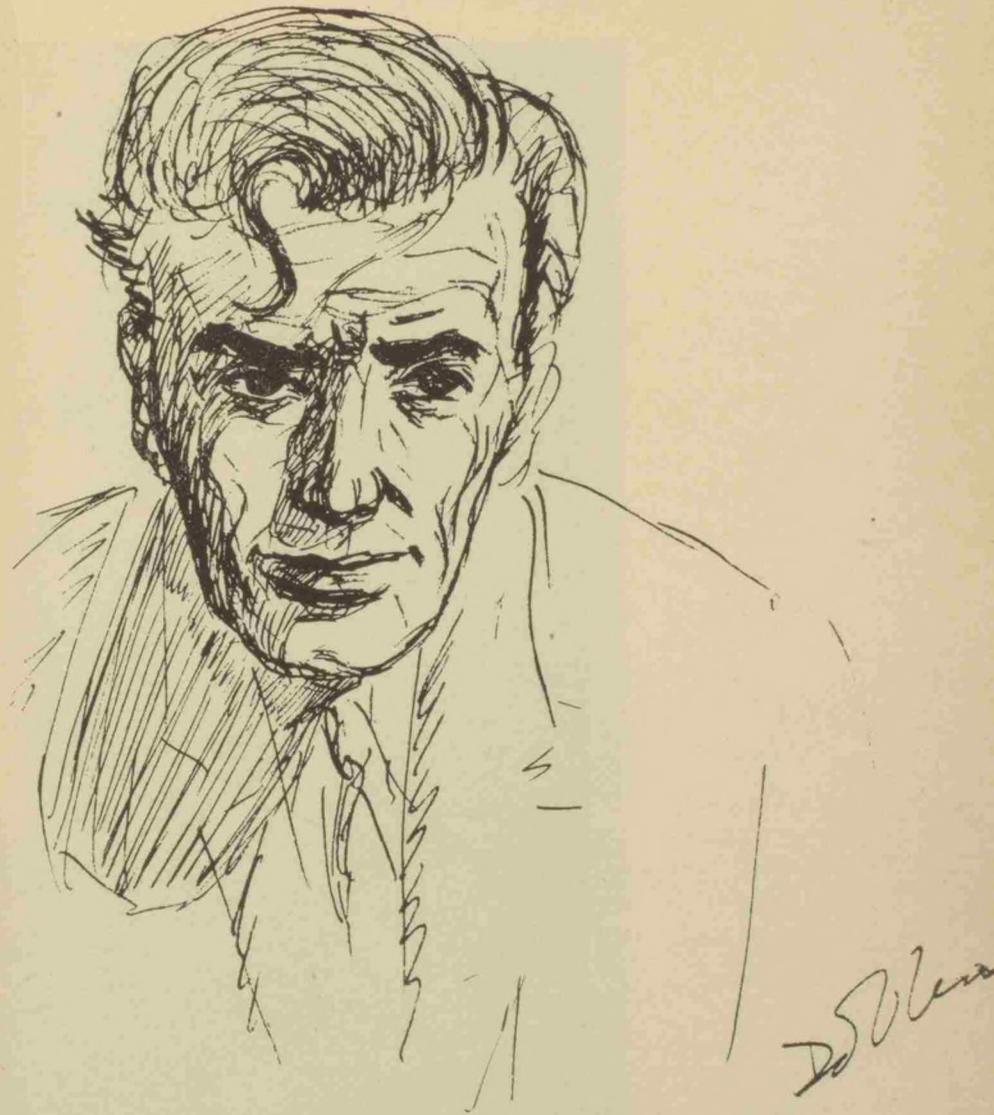
In the water-colour sections, two paintings by Dr. McCubbin were outstanding and received favourable comments, as also did three paintings of flowers by Mrs. Michell. Prof. Scott's pastel of "Old Arts in Winter" won the prize in that section. Boyd Sinyard's pen sketch of "Old Arts" was a piece of meticulous work. The prize-winning drawing was exhibited by Rosemary Dobbin whose pen-sketch of a man showed depth and character. There were only two exhibits in decoration. Mr. Muller's "Rose Window" showed ingenuity and patient work. Miss Bourque's "Butterfly" was a striking and colourful design.

The Mitre wishes to thank Mr. Paul Gagné, who judged the exhibits; and the encouraging interest shown by the faculty members is especially appreciated. We trust that this will be but the first of such exhibitions which are invaluable in fostering local interest in the arts.

G. B. S.

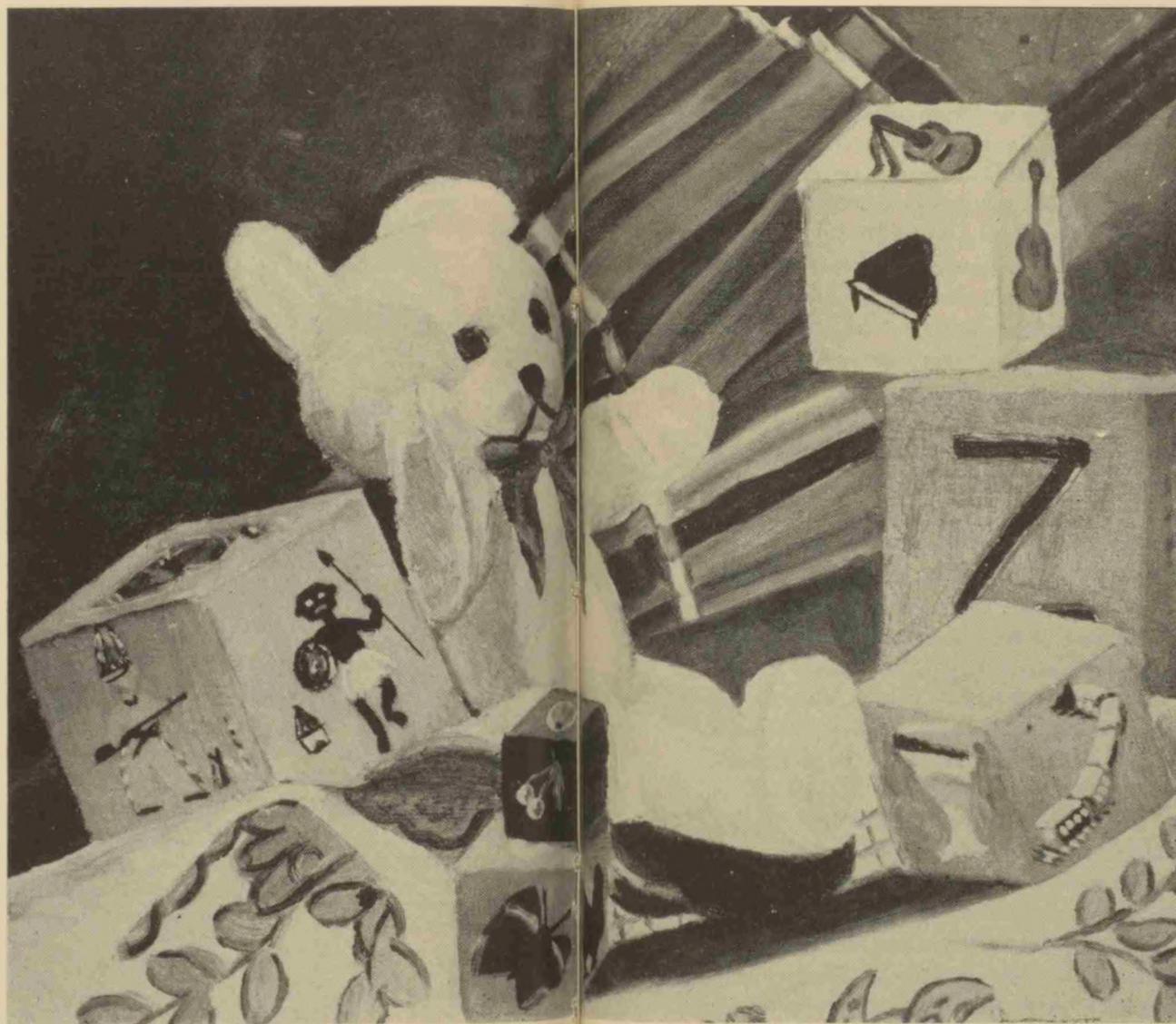


Old Arts in Winter (Pastel) by Professor E. Scott



Pen Sketch of a Man

by
Rosemary Dobbin



A Child's Toys
(Us)

Hélène Bourque

REFLETS

It was an enchanting Italian evening. Alice and I had just seen "Lohengrin" performed under the stars, against the ruins of the ancient Roman bath of Thermes of Caracalla. The whole scene created an atmosphere impossible to duplicate — the tall asymmetric pillars making one with the sky, the moon, and the stars.

We were told that the stage is larger than that at the Met in New York. To give some indication of its vastness, in one scene in the opera, two hundred actors and more than a dozen horses were performing without the slightest appearance of being crowded. The theatre seats twenty thousand spectators.

At these performances, one experiences a feeling of absolute freedom. The sky is one's limit, and when it is a Italian sky, the limit is limitless. Such was our poetic frame of mind, as Alice and I headed for the autocar!

We pushed and shoved our way to the entrance—all cities are alike in this respect—and with high glee pounced upon two good seats, not pausing to remember the peculiarities of this particular streetcar system. If one has done any amount of travelling, one will notice that, with a stretch of the imagination, the temperament of the people of each country will be reflected in the method adopted for taking tickets on the streetcars! In the Scandinavian countries, for example, one takes one's seat and the inspector of tickets comes very humbly to beg for one's ticket. In Italy, however, as in Montreal, the fare must be paid on entry. In the former, the fare varies, seemingly arbitrarily, with the distance to be travelled. One soon learns if it is to be 20, 25, or 60 lires: that is 2, 3, or 10 cents more or less. A receipt is given the traveller, and to make sure no one is cheating, an inspector constantly walks up and down the aisles punching the stubs.

To return to our entrance: we were in a large crowd. As we did not wish to risk losing our seats, we decided we would pay our fares just before we got off. We passed the Coliseum brightly illuminated by the moon shining above it, and we knew we had only one more stop to pass before reaching the Sancta Maria Maggiore. We produced our 60 lires fare each and rang the bell.

The lire is the only circulated currency now; it has suffered from devaluation since the war and 1000 lires is worth about \$1.50 in our money. Hence it is impracticable to carry much more than that around. Paper is scarce, and inefficient government hinders the circulation of new currency. That used now is at least five years old, so I leave its condition to your imagination.

To return once more to the scene of action. As we prepared to disembark, we handed the inspector the price of our trip. On reflection, our naive assumption that this violation of custom would be overlooked seems incredibly sanguine. In a moment the inspector was behind us shouting in fluid and indecipherable Italian. I was aware of the penalty for such an offense but Alice was not. With an ingenuous air we repeatedly offered our sixty lires, and repeatedly it was rejected. Somewhat to the pleasure of the inspector, a crowd was gathering, and to our displeasure, the tramcar had resumed its journey.

No people enjoy an argument like the Italians. They are never in a hurry, and they lead lives which must be most conducive to the health of their nervous systems. Time is like water to them, and a good argument is the wine of life, especially if an appreciative and participating audience is to be had.

The satisfaction of our inspector was at its height when he realized the interest of our co-passengers. We could distinguish from his jargon the word *contraventione*; he obligingly wrote down for us the figure 300 lires, but again we firmly proffered what we knew to be the regular fare—60 lires. We had no intention of paying such an exorbitant fine. Alice, in order to impress him, produced her American passport. But nothing could deflate him at this, his most glorious moment. We finally made out that he wanted to take us to the *commissariate di police* accompanied by a policeman as a bodyguard—for whom, it was difficult to decide.

By this time we were more than a little fed up with the whole thing, and Alice began to jargon in Italian to them. We did not know how to speak it, but we discovered that by adding one *i* or *o* to French words it sounded nearly like authentic Italian. We had started out from the streetcar to the Commissariat nearly at a run, but our virulent threats in Franco-Italian began to slow them down. We assured them we would *protestiones* to the *Americano Consulati* next *matina*. That did it —

we came to an abrupt stop. They began gesturing violently, we caught the word *dormire*, and so they tore madly down the street. We gathered they had dropped their charge. So Alice and I were left standing in a totally strange section of a relatively strange city at 1:30 in the morning. Fortunately we had some sense of direction. We started walking, and a man on a bicycle became our guardian angel for a time. We again lost ourselves; we discovered we were in a lane behind the Grand Central Station; it was dark, and reminiscent of the St. Lawrence Main in Montreal. Our angel on the bicycle suddenly reappeared however; he had been following us in case we got lost again, and he guided us home safely.

LOUISE CHEVALIER.

* * *
IT COULD BE VERSE

*There is nothing that causes such violent reaction
As a feeble attempt by some budding poet, at abstraction.
I look in vain for some meaning, or some meaning underlying a meaning,
But it isn't very obvious . . . without considerable screening.
They usually start with a completely unmetred line
And follow with an abstract philosophy that's fine
For those who like that sort of thing, but the hoi polloi
Aren't very often seen to jump for joy
Or claim any peculiar attraction
To abstraction.
Very often, we begin by looking into the bitter past,
Or reminiscing on some tender moment, that didn't last.
We read of solitude, and departed spirits, (non alcoholic),
As related by the poet, abstract, melancholic.
Oh, what a joy 'twould be to return with haste
To those poems some would say lack taste
And obviously are written by a ham.
I refer, of course, to verses such as Mary's Little Lamb.
But then, of course,
It could be verse;
I retract,
We'll keep
Abstract.*

JOHN JORDAN.

POETESS PAR EXCELLENCE

Mother Goose was a genius. It is high time her poetry received some of the recognition it deserves. Its unassuming simplicity has, paradoxically enough, obscured its greatness, and like "Gulliver's Travels" and some of Blake's poetry, it has had to bear the title "children's literature" until such time as it should come into its own.

Let us consider the gem;

*"Jack be nimble,
Jack be quick,
Jack jump over
The candle stick."*

Note the deceptively simple rhyme scheme (ABCB), and the metre, dextrous as Jack himself, running the gamut from trochaic dimeter in the first line to iambic dimeter in the last. The alliteration of "Jack jump" in the third line serves to prepare us for the actual leap, which seems to transcend time and space. And then, while we are breathlessly soaring through the heavens with Jack in the third line, this master craftswoman * brings us safely down to earth again by the sublimely simple introduction of a common candle. Note also the falling dissonance from "nimble" to "candle", the latter seeming like a dying echo of the former. Note too the repeated "ck" sounds in "Jack", "quick", and "stick", which are short and staccato, the first two representing the running steps of Jack as he prepares for the leap, and the last suggesting the shock of his landing.

*"Old Mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard
To get her poor dog a bone.
But when she got there
The cupboard was bare
And poor doggie had none."*

This is one of the most bitter diatribes against social injustice which has ever been penned. The superficial meaning is frightening enough — the dog deprived of his bone — but regard for a moment the deeper implications. "The cupboard was bare" — in other words, there wasn't even any food for Old Mother Hubbard! The irony in the last

* Or "mistress raftsman".

line is almost unbearable in its condemnation of an era which knew of no such things as social insurance or old age pensions. When we read "poor doggie had none", we are tempted to scream "What about Old Mother Hubbard?" Some cynic might suggest that she drew straws with the dog so that at least *one* of them might dine gloriously but I am sure that such virtual cannibalism was far from the poetess' mind, although admittedly it would add even more pathos to the scene. However, I feel safe in asserting that adherents to this theory of Implied Cannibalism are reading too much into the poem.

The poetess' preoccupation with the theme of social injustice has been further developed in "Tom, Tom the piper's son", and "Little Tommy Tucker". However, only scholars and researchers need refer to these more profound and philosophical works.

Next, let us consider;

*"Little Jack Horner
Sat in the corner
Eating his Christmas pie.
He stuck in his thumb
And pulled out a plum
Saying "What a good boy am I."*

Here, Mother Goose has revealed her amazingly modern psychological insight. Let us delve into the problem of "Jack". Firstly, he is not the same Jack who jumped over the candle stick. He is not even the same domesticated Jack Spratt, who could eat no fat. No, this is little Jack Horner, and must be regarded as an individual. We learn right off that he is not big, or medium Jack Horner, but "little" Jack Horner. Then, our pity is aroused by the picture of this introverted infant brooding over his pie in a corner while everyone else is celebrating in more orthodox fashion, ignoring this misplaced misfit. Yes, it is Christmas, but not for little Jack Horner, suffocating his sorrows in the pie which someone has obviously thrown him in the interests of peace and quiet. But Jack, through his juvenile sensitivity, is aware of the insult, and reacts accordingly. In sticking in his thumb and pulling out a plum, he rebels against the lack of understanding displayed by his elders, and exhibits the same noble refusal to be patronized as did the English Mason when treated somewhat cavalierly by a social worker:

*"Then spake up one old Mason"
Who had braved the Khyber Pass
"We don't want your Christmas pudding,
You can (throw it on the grass)."*

Thus, Jack senses the slight, and when he says "What a good boy am I," he means "I'd really much rather have rye." (A somewhat juvenile sentiment, but understandable when we analyse Jack's desire to act "grownup".) I might comment here that I consider the theory that Jack is suffering from an oral fixation unworthy of comment.

And lastly, let us consider Mother Goose's perception of economic and social trends.

*"Little Miss Muffett
Sat on a tuffett
Eating her curds and whey.
Along came a spider
And sat down beside her
And frightened Miss Muffett away."*

Symbolically, this is a masterpiece equalled only by "Chinky chinky Chinaman" in scope. Little Miss Muffett, the tuffett, and the curds and whey all serve to set a scene of agrarian contentment and simplicity. The spider is Industry and Progress, and his renown as a spinner renders him ideal as a symbol of the revolutionary developments which are taking place at the time the poem was written. Thus, just as the factory displaced the farm, so the spider displaced little Miss Muffett. Mother Goose leaves no doubt as to where her sympathies lie in the one-sided struggle. If she had to choose between the spinner and the spinstress, she would take Miss Muffett.

If Mother Goose were alive today to view the results of industrialization, she might say something like;

*"As little Miss Muffett
Abandoned her tuffet
As well as her luncheon array,
Of a sudden the spider
Became a confider;
"I'm not crazy for curds, anywhey."*

S. W. STEVENSON

PERDITUS
OR
ALL THIS AND HELL TOO

—ten —eleven —twelve — It was midnight of August 2nd, 1948. David McGuire looked over the bridge into the cold black water below. He moved nearer the edge.

—His mind went back to a year ago when he had first met her. He was lounging in his office, a small, drab, and dusty room. Business had not been good, but then it never had been for him. There was a knock on the door, almost a strange sound to him. He mumbled, "Come in," and looked up into the face of the most beautiful girl he had ever seen. Clear, serene, gray eyes gazed steadily upon him. There was not a blemish upon her white skin. Her hair, the colour of red autumn leaves in the sun, hung down to her shoulders in a page boy. She was slender and perhaps a little too tall but that was the way he liked his girls. Only he had never had a girl before. 'This is the one I have been waiting for' he thought to himself. 'She will be the guiding light of my life'. It was then, and only then, that he noticed her nose, crooked as though it had been broken and not properly reset. But it did not detract from her appearance; rather it seemed to emphasize the rest of her beauty by contrast. David stood up. For the first time he was conscious of his own appearance. He realized that his hair was too long and hanging over his forehead; he realized that he hadn't shaved for two days; his clothes were dirty and unpressed.

"Mr. McGuire?" she asked. He replied in the affirmative, a little ashamed. "My name is Hora Torre," she said. "I would like to talk to you."

"You must realize that I am very busy," he lied, "but I would be glad to talk to you over dinner tonight. I know a little French restaurant where they serve chow mein." She looked at him uncertainly but seemed to trust his frank eyes for she accepted.

'That,' he thought, 'was the beginning of the courtship which was to end in such a tragedy.'

She was a strange girl. Perhaps she was not a girl at all but some kind of machine. She never, in all the time he knew her, showed any sign of emotion or feeling. Her face was always composed and

without any change of expression. Her voice was constantly the low, controlled, contralto he had first heard; her laugh was flute-like and clear, although one felt that her heart was not in it. And why did she always avoid talking about herself? She said that she had been born in Abyssinia, which, he knew, was absurd. She couldn't marry him immediately because she couldn't leave her job. But when he asked her what it was, she laughed. She seemed to have no friends, no family, no life. But he loved her. Upon her he poured all the emotion that had been stored up within him for twenty-five endless years. Life took on new meaning for him. He worked hard and for the first time made a success of himself. The sun shone brighter. Life was fun, it was gay, it was full. He owed it all to Hora, he knew it, and he loved her, despite his complete inability to fathom her.

David McGuire was not a man to talk about his personal affairs, but this he had to confide to his one and only friend, Jim Donaldson. Jim laughed at him, told him not to be a fool. "When you have been with as many girls as I have, you know they don't mean a thing. Take them for what you can get out of them, then drop them, before they drop you," he said. "If this precious Hora knows no one, you can probably get her cheap." He looked at David rather scornfully. "Take me for instance. I always have two girls at a time. Variety is the spice of life. And what is more, I can get any girl I want. I concede that it is a problem getting rid of them. The last one even wanted to stay with me for nothing."

"Jim," David said quietly, "Hora is not that type of girl. She has never behaved in any but an honourable fashion. I don't know anything about her but do know that. She loves me and is going to marry me as soon as she can get away from her job."

"Sucker," said Jim, and laughed low and evilly.

But only three months later, the fateful night arrived. David was sitting downtown over a beer, or was it his third or fourth? Hora had had to work tonight. Quite often she had to work at night. Even Jim had been busy and could not join him. He had no one to talk to, and he could think only of Hora. 'Why does she keep putting me off?' he asked himself. 'Surely she could give up her job now that I am making more than plenty for both of us. Maybe she doesn't love me,' he even thought. 'She never shows any sign of it.' But that was absurd and

he knew it as soon as he thought it. After all, she never showed any sign of anything. His eyes roamed over the room. It was loud and noisy and smoky. Men were drunk; girls, with too little clothing on, were giggling and laughing and tempting the men. "This is a hell of a life," he thought to himself. The place made him overwhelmingly conscious of the old life he had tried to slough off like dead skin. Then he heard a voice, a low controlled contralto voice, the only voice, her voice. He looked up and into her clear gray eyes.

"Hello, David," she said.

Blackness descended upon David for a moment. The lights spun, the noise was confusion, he felt surrounded by black and ghostly figures. The walls were closing in upon him. He opened his eyes. What was Hora doing with Jim? What was Jim doing with Hora? He couldn't understand, he couldn't think, he couldn't speak. Dimly, through the grey fog which flooded his brain, he could hear Jim's voice and his laugh.

"Sucker," it said. "I told you all girls were the same. But I wish to hell you would do something, get her off my hands. I have been trying to get rid of her for six months now. God knows she's all yours, but you'll have to convince her of that."

David looked into Jim's arrogant and mocking eyes. He heard him say, "You're a damn fool, you know."

Then he heard a strange voice, that sounded something like his own, say, "Get out of here, both of you." When he opened his eyes they were gone. What had happened? Had he dreamt? Maybe he was drunk. Gradually the scene was recreated in his mind. He knew it was no dream, no illusion. It was the truth.

David got up and walked out. The waiter cried after him, "Your check, sir," but he didn't hear. The cold winter air blew against his face, car brakes screamed, people stared; but David walked on unconsciously. He walked for an hour, or maybe it was two or three or for a hundred years. Suddenly he came to his senses. He was standing in front of Hora's apartment. One light was on, and he could see the shadows of two figures.

He turned and walked away. He was in no daze now. He knew what he wanted and what he was going to do. He remembered that he had not paid his bill and walked back to pay it. It was on his

way home anyway. He walked deliberately but not quickly. When he arrived home, he found his gun in his desk drawer where he knew it would be. He cleaned it carefully and put two bullets in it. Then he left and went back to Hora's apartment. There was no light on now. The door was unlocked, and vaguely he wondered why. He went in and switched on the light. David looked around and found that Hora was sleeping — alone. Jim was not there. She woke up, and saw David standing with the gun in his hand, determination in his face, but still she retained her unchanging composed expression. Without a word, he raised the gun and aimed carefully. The bullet did not miss. It went straight into her heart — 'if she had one,' he thought to himself. She looked steadily at him, but her voice was weak and faltering, as her hand clutched at her heart, the blood trickling through her fingers.

"You have killed me," she whispered, "But I will destroy you as I would destroy all men," and she died.

Panic struck David. He looked at her with love, then with hatred. His eyes fell upon her crooked nose, and he raised his gun again. A bullet blasted that nose to pieces.

David rushed madly out into the nocturnal blackness. "I have killed her, murdered her!" he cried. "I have murdered the only girl I could ever love. Oh, Hora! Hora!" He realized only too well that by killing her he had destroyed his own soul. His body could not go on living.

—He stood on the bridge. He turned to say farewell to the city which had brought him such happiness, such sorrow. But tonight the lights, formerly so friendly, were accusing eyes. The town clock struck midnight. The cold black water enveloped his body. There was silence, silence and peace.

MARGOT LODS

A SHEAF OF BROWNING ESSAYS

To many students of the present day Robert Browning is an enigma. The romance of his private life is much better known than the work of his literary career, largely because of the play, *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*. His poetry has suffered from neglect and misreading, and his contribution to English letters has yet to be evaluated clearly. Dr. William Raymond, the author of *The Infinite Moment**, has done much to enable us to approach such an evaluation and to appreciate Browning's work in the light of interpretative commentary and valid criticism.

In a book of eleven interesting and scholarly essays, Dr. Raymond presents us with some of the richest fruits of his many years of labour and devotion. Ten of the essays are concerned, directly or indirectly, with Browning's poetry; the eleventh tells a fascinating story of literary detection in connection with the forgeries of the clever and notorious Thomas J. Wise.

In the opening chapter the author attempts an estimate of Browning's place in English literature. That place, he avers, is not established in the sphere of the intellect or in the realm of moral philosophy; it is found, rather, in the direction of insight — "insight into the heart of life and the problems of man's destiny." Rightly and convincingly Dr. Raymond singles out the reverie of Pope Innocent XII in *The Ring and the Book* as "a definitive summing-up of Browning's philosophy of life, and a high watermark of metaphysical thought in nineteenth century poetry, enriched by acute religious perception." (In a later chapter, "Browning and Higher Criticism," he substantiates this view).

The author readily acknowledges the obscurity of much of Browning's verse. He mentions the welter of confusing elements that go into the making of *Sordello*, "the elusive, ever shifting sophistries of *Fifine at the Fair* and *Aristophanes' Apology*," and the redundancy of Browning's numerous studies in casuistry. "Happily for Browning's enduring fame as an artist, he has written a large body of fine poetry in which he was able to exorcize his intellectual devil." He is, in fact, "a poet of whose work it may be said, 'here is God's plenty'." Dr. Raymond goes on to

* William O. Raymond: *The Infinite Moment and Other Essays in Robert Browning*. University of Toronto Press.

consider the various controversies (some of which are still raging, albeit in a subdued form) over the merits and demerits of the poet's work. He claims for it at least one abiding quality: "the informing presence of a discursive, fully charged mind that is an unfailing source of enjoyment to the sympathetic reader of his poetry... In this fibre of thought, interwoven with ardour of temperament, lies the genesis of his verse and originality — that flash of life which I have singled out as the essential quality of his poetry."

It is not surprising that the poet should have found the atmosphere of Italy most conducive to his lively inspiration. In his essay, "Our Lady of Bellosguardo," Dr. Raymond recaptures much of this atmosphere. Florence, with its historic and exotic appeal, its safe and pleasant harbourage for artists, sheltered a literary coterie of which Isa Blagden, a Eurasian lady of great personal charm, was the centre. Isa, who lived and entertained in a beautiful villa on the height of Bellosguardo, near Florence, commanded the friendship of some of the most distinguished members of the Anglo-Florentine community: Landor, the Brownings, Frederick Tennyson, Robert Lytton, Alfred Austin, the Trollopes, and Henry James, among many other Victorian celebrities. Yet she was, as the author tells us, in no sense a *grande dame*: "Engirt by the clever and gifted coterie of which she was the connecting link, she invariably occupies the background rather than the foreground of the picture." Her distinction lay particularly in the "unobtrusive radiation" of her character, her attractive personality, her infectious gaiety, her selflessness and generosity. These were the attributes which drew together "men and women whose intellect and genius were more scintillating than her own." Among the more scintillating was Kate Field, the brilliant and charming American writer whose beauty and intelligence captivated no less a person than Anthony Trollope. It is to be hoped that Dr. Raymond will extend his gift for portraiture to other members of the Browning circle, like Miss Field, at some time in the future.

The conclusion of this delightfully written essay on one of Browning's most intimate friends forms a pendant to the author's commentary on an evanescent society:

"It is a vanished society now, this cross-section of Victorianism with its shibboleths, conventions, artistic interests, and ideals — interblended with a dash of New England

transcendentalism. The cobwebs and creepers of time have dimmed some of its lustre; the searchlight of modern criticism has exposed some of its weakness. The Anglo-Florentine colony was in certain respects an exotic bloom. A choice company, but few in numbers, its members did not escape the foibles, the pruderies, the innate conservatism of the Victorian age, but they also exhibit the dignity and poise of that era. Now that the dykes of this settled and long-established order have broken down, and the world like a labouring ship tosses in the stress of the tempest, we may look back at times with longing to the idyllic havens where our Victorian fathers dwelt."

While, in many respects, Browning shared the characteristics of this conservative era, his thinking was far from sequacious. In particular, the poet's attitude to the prevailing rationalistic interpretations of Christianity was quite sharply antagonistic. Dr. Raymond, in a valuable chapter on "Browning and Higher Criticism," attributes this antagonism, in part, to the influence of the poet's earlier environment, to the insularity and conservatism of English theology. He shows Browning to have been evangelical in his religious affiliations or, at least, to have preferred simplicity to complicated ritual in forms of worship. He was a rugged individualist in his outlook, and "his approach to the problems of religion is inseparably bound up with the characteristic attitudes of mind, or dispositions of spirit, traceable through his poetry." Dr. Raymond also reminds us that, "in conjunction with a spirit of romantic idealism which aspires towards the infinite, Browning has a very deep sense of the necessity of stooping to the limited and finite channels of human experience." The poet, in other words, had his feet on the ground. In considering the nature of God, he never forgot the nature of human reality. In *A Death in the Desert* he tells us that "God is eternally manifesting himself throughout the whole scheme of the visible creation and the heart of man." In the *Epilogue to Dramatis Personæ* "the face of Christ became to him an object of infinite personal significance."

It is indeed true that Browning kept to a man's eye view of God's universe. He once wrote that Shelley's aim was to see things transcendently, as Plato saw his ideas — "not what man sees but what God sees." Browning's own aim was to see God's truth through the eyes

of a man. In *The Ring and the Book*, for instance, he reveals to us every angle of human motive, virtues in conflict with each other, religious half-truths, fragmentary ethics, and emerging out of the chaos and confusion the faint promise of a reconciliation in some higher purpose.

As the late Lord Tweedsmuir said, "the main tenets of Browning's creed are simple: freedom at all costs, as became a protagonist of the Italian Risorgimento — freedom which, as in *Waring*, may be almost purposeless, and, as in *The Flight of the Duchess*, fantastic; a passionate theism built up in the vision of Christ in the fourth Gospel; the insistence upon love as at once the test and the true happiness of mankind; a stalwart Viking morality, a strenuous faith in an after life, and a conviction that this world is a place of probation." Such a creed is no product of ivory tower cogitation or ascetic sanctimoniousness. Everything in life counted for Browning. Even the most earthly experience could be turned to noble use:

"Let us not always say,
'Spite of this flesh to-day
I strove, made head, gained ground upon the whole!
As the bird wings and sings,
Let us cry, 'All good things
Are ours, nor soul helps flesh more now
than flesh helps soul'."

There are many other "good things" in Dr. Raymond's book: three chapters dealing with the source material of *The Ring and the Book*, including a record of the discovery, twelve years ago, of a new account of the Roman murder story on which the poem is based — an account which was translated by Professor Eric Yarrill and printed in the *Baylor Bulletin*, 1939; a searching chapter on Browning's conception of love, as represented in *Paracelsus*; and finally, for students of Browning criticism, a valuable section on "Browning Studies in England and America, 1910 - 1949," which includes a useful bibliography.

To all Browning scholars and to the scores of students who profited by Dr. Raymond's lectures in the old Oak Room of Bishop's University, *The Infinite Moment* will be a source of much enjoyment. To those who find it increasingly difficult, in these grim times, "to greet the unseen with a cheer," it will be a refreshing reminder of a great fighter who could face the worst with unflinching courage.

JAMES GRAY.

BISHOP'S UNIVERSITY THE FIRST HUNDRED YEARS

by D. C. Masters *

Those who love Bishop's, and cherish the ideals of her founders, will be glad to learn that her story is now available in book form.

Professor Masters' book, which was published last November, deserves to be widely read, not only because the story of the growth of this institution which today enjoys such an enviable position is long overdue, but also because it unfolds to readers a steadfastness of purpose by which the Bishop's tradition has maintained itself through the years.

The author divides the history into three very clearly-defined periods:— the Nicolls period of establishment and consolidation (1845-77); a period of slow and steady growth (1877-1922); and the great period of achievement under Principal A. H. McGreer (1922-47).

The reader's interest is caught and held from the opening page when young Henry Roe, after spending two years at McGill 'in the budding metropolis', makes his way, by stage-coach 'to the college in the woods', where the first principal, Jasper H. Nicolls, impresses him far more than does 'the ugly building of the college, a rambling old place later described by Nicolls as the least unsuitable that could be found.'

In the second chapter, the author goes behind the scenes and graphically describes how the establishment of this college, unappreciated at first by Roe, later to become its Dean of Divinity, was the result of ten long years (1835-45) of arduous work on the part of George Jehosopht Mountain, third Bishop of Quebec, and the Reverend Lucius Doolittle, the rector of Lennoxville and Sherbrooke, and founder in 1836 of a grammar school (now Bishop's College School), the history of which parallels that of the University for sixty-seven consecutive years.

The writer gives a vivid picture of the difficulties met by these two men as they translate dreams into realities, and see their college firmly established in 1846 in a new building and on a new site across the river; and also recounts a further seven years (1846-53) of laborious work on the part of Mountain and Nicolls to obtain not only the Royal Charter, granting the College the power to confer degrees, but also to raise funds to put the institution on a sound financial footing.

* D. C. Masters: **Bishop's University: The First Hundred Years.** Clarke, Irwin and Sheffield Shop, Sherbrooke.

So passed these fifteen crucial years.

In his Convocation address of 1860 Principal Nicolls reviewed the work so far accomplished, as he reminded his hearers that "even after the College had gone into operation, its efforts were sneered at and its prospect of success ridiculed." That success finally crowned Nicolls' efforts, even though he says "The work of my own life, and of my own generation, in the college, I look upon . . . as little more than the laying of foundations," is attested to when the author points out that the position of the University, as outlined in his address, "was and still is the position of Bishop's at its best."

The years move on and a reading of the next seventeen (1860-77), telling of the setbacks and achievements that Nicolls experiences, fully justifies the author's words, as he brings this period to a close. "He was one of the two great principals which Bishop's has produced. He established the institution in the life of the Townships and of Canada. Its basic position which he had so eloquently described in the Convocation address of 1860 was largely derived from the Christian humanism of Jasper Nicolls."

With the aid of a diary written by one of the students of the time, and by interspersing his material with humorous anecdotes, the author conjures up a remarkably life-like picture of Bishop's in the early years of this period (1877-1922), of 'slow and steady progress unattended by spectacular gains'. But readers who think that life at the college during these years under Principal J. A. Lobley, Nicoll's successor, was soft and easy, have only to read the following words to be convinced otherwise: "Modern students live in luxury compared with their forbears of the eighties. There were no baths in the building. Hot water was hard to secure. Bathing in the river was common in the warm weather, and 'the only means of getting a wash all over.' The students had no gas or other means of illumination, except lamps."

And so the reader is taken through the 80's and 90's — years of progress but not without setbacks and difficulties — under Principal Lobley (1877-85), and his successor Thomas Adams (1885-99). "A Time of Crisis (The Stigma Riots)", "Fire at Bishop's", "Bishop's in The Nineties", "The Turn Of The Century" — such are the headings of some of the subsequent chapters. Not clear sailing obviously, but the storms are weathered as the increase in student activities, notably the

establishment of the *Mitre* in 1893, and the general development of the college, are recounted. It was a period of expansion not only in buildings, but in staff also — an expansion that carried into the early years of the century.

Then follows what the writer refers to as a sort of inter-regnum — the years 1899-1907, when Rev. J. P. Whitney (1900-05), Rev. T. B. Waitt (1905-06), and Rev. H. deB. Gibbins (1906-07) succeeded one another as principal.

In 1907 the Rev. R. A. Parrock was appointed principal, and remained in office not only 'in this halcyon era' as the writer characterizes the years prior to the outbreak of the First World War, but through the war years themselves. Upon his resignation in 1919, he was succeeded by the Rev. H. H. Bedford-Jones, who resigned the position in 1922.

The aftermath of the First World War however, affected Bishop's as elsewhere. To quote Professor Masters: "The fortunes of Bishop's were at a low ebb in the year 1922. After seventy-seven years of operation the University still had only sixty students. The teaching staff was still small, and totalled nine altogether. The University had rallied only slightly after the war period, and in the spring of 1922 it was a divided body. The future of Bishop's looked grim, and the prospects of complete collapse seemed not beyond the bounds of possibility. It was in this atmosphere of general gloom that the new principal, the Rev. A. H. McGreer, was appointed in the spring of 1922 and installed in office in October."

In his installation speech, the new principal said: "... I cannot resist the conviction that the future of this University is to be one of steady and even rapid progress and expansion." The truth of these courageous words is well expressed by the author when he writes: "The principal's predictions were destined to be fulfilled by a long career (1922-47) at Bishop's characterized by vigorous, enterprising and imaginative leadership."

To assess the merits of a man so recently dead is no easy task. But Professor Masters' closing chapters are a worthy tribute to a man who built wisely on the foundations so firmly laid by Nicolls, and whose accomplishments raised the status of Bishop's to unprecedented heights.

The book ends with a chronological list of graduates and their accomplishments, prefaced by the following words: "In a sense the story

of a university can never be more than a sketch. The real significance of a university is in the lives of its graduates. Each graduate's contact in his profession or business with society brings the abstract force of the institution to life in the community.... Theirs is a fine record and constitutes the most eloquent testimony of the services which have been rendered by Bishop's University.'

With the publication of this book, Professor Masters has performed a great service to a university whose ideals and service to the community, and Canada at large, merit a recognition equal to that of similar institutions in the country. It is an absorbing book, and one that should be in the library of all who value Christian principles, tenacity of purpose, and fortitude in the face of adversity, — as exemplified in its founders, here brought so vividly to life, and who, until this book was published, were to so many people mere names in a remote past.

HERBERT L. HALL.



RAMBLINGS WITH THE ALUMNI

An Open Letter to the Alumni Association:

In the preceding issue of the *Mitre* brief mention was made of the fact that ignorance and misunderstanding regarding the work of the Alumni Association were rampant among the student body here at Bishop's. If anything, the article was an understatement. Ignorance and misunderstanding have given way to an outright feeling of hostility, and in some cases to a deep-seated bitterness. "They never do anything," say some. "They show no interest in the activities of the student body." Others who know better are rather inclined to the opinion that whenever the Association does get generous with its rather limited funds it takes on a self-sacrificing, or worse, a patronizing air. "And besides," they say, "we never hear about it anyway."

The solution is almost as simple as it is obvious — publicity. Would students see red or snicker when they heard the Alumni Association mentioned, if they knew something about its aims and activities? Would they laugh the Association off as a minor and rather pathetic joke, if, for instance, they knew about its recent gift of \$100 to the Dramatic Society? That gift, incidentally, received one line in one of the back pages of the *Campus*, and the *Campus* probably got its information from the Dramatic Society Executive, not from the logical source, the Alumni Association itself. Certainly the gift might have received more prominent coverage in the *Campus*, but the fact remains that initiative for better coverage ought to have come from the Association. The Executive are not, after all, philanthropists; they are handling money accumulated from Alumni and friends of Bishop's who probably would not mind having some idea as to what use their money is being put.

It may be that the Alumni Executive are suffering from that typically Canadian disease of not being able to give themselves the occasional pat on the back; or when they do they look quite foolish and sensitive about the whole thing. The ability to perform good works without "blowing one's own horn" may be a great virtue, but under the circumstances it is bad business for the Alumni Association. Student attitudes towards the Association are damnably but explicably bad. Initiative for their improvement can come from no other source than the Association itself. Judicious and organized use of publicity is practically the only solution.

To say that your prestige is falling would be an understatement, gentlemen. I recently heard a hilarious description of last year's annual meeting by an undergraduate in his final year. It may have been bad, but certainly not *that* bad; but if that sort of feeling persists, how are such people, who may sometime be valuable members of the Association, going to react when they receive a letter asking for \$3 or \$5? Such misconceptions of the Association's work can only be corrected by informing the student body of its aims and its achievements. You may complain that you lack the funds and the membership to achieve all that you might wish. So what? Let us know the circumstances and show us what is being done in spite of inadequate resources. Let us know your ambitions, your handicaps — and your successes.

The Women's Alumni have recently exhibited a great deal of practical interest in women's affairs here at the college, and the co-ed crowd seem very pleased about the whole thing. Part of a trust fund initiated some years ago has been turned over to the girls for a silver tea service and piano for the new Women's Common Room. The rest of the fund is to form the basis of a bursary.

APPOINTMENTS:

Dr. C. V. Ward (Bishop's '20 and M.D., C.M. McGill '26) recently received promotion to assistant professor of obstetrics in the Faculty of Medicine of McGill University. Dr. Ward is a native of Waterville.

Mr. Douglas D. McCord, a Bishop's graduate, has joined Associated Textiles of Canada Ltd. in Montreal, as a fabric designer.

The following Bishop's Graduates, all members of the 38th Light Anti-Aircraft Regiment RCA (Reserve), received new appointments and promotions during January:

Lt. Col. J. N. Wood, M.B.E., E.D. (B.A. '29) is now Commander of the Regiment, and was promoted from the rank of Major.

Capt. M. C. Tyler (B.A. '43) has been made Adjutant of the Regiment.

Lieut. W. Van Horne (B.Sc. '42) — Signal Training officer of the 75th Battery.

Lieut. G. E. Bown (B.Sc. '45) — Transport officer of the 75th Battery.

BIRTHS:

To *Mr. and Mrs. Brock MacLaren* (nee *Catherine Daintrey* '43), a son, *George Daintrey*.

To *Rev. and Mrs. Church of Drummondville*, a son, *Philip*. Young *Philip* was baptised by the Archbishop of Quebec.

DEATHS:

In Montreal (January) *Dr. Paul Villard*, D.D., M.D., a noted cleric, scholar and professor of French Literature at Sir George Williams College. *Dr. Villard*, a native of France, graduated from Bishop's College of Medicine in 1905.

MARRIAGES:

Miss Joyce Andrews and *Mr. Lyman Roberts* (both '49), in Lennoxville on December 23. They are residing in St. Lambert.

The Very Reverend C. Ritchie Bell, B.A., D.D., a Bishop's Graduate of some years back, and Minister of the MacVicar Memorial Presbyterian Church (Montreal) since 1936, is now full-time lecturer and Head of the Department of Pastoral Theology and Homiletics at Presbyterian College.

Professor Sidney Childs, who needs no introduction to most of us, is currently residing in Toronto. Friends and former students, in remembering his long association with Bishop's, sincerely hope that his years of retirement will be long and pleasant. For those who might wish to contact him, his address is 219 Indian Road, Toronto 3.

BITS AND PIECES — *George McClintock* (B.A. '49), now at United Theological College, has been a frequent visitor to these parts. *George* tells me that he is attending and sleeping through his usual number of lectures, and that he expects to get married in May . . . *Brian Kelley* (B.A. '49) has given us warning that he is working for a stock-broking firm in London, England, and attending lectures at Birkbeck College of the University of London . . . He sends along the information that *Colby Fitzhugh* is taking Divinity at Oxford, *Ronnie Robertson* is also at Oxford (Wadham College) and *Herb Stanley* at King's College, London. *Brig Day* is studying International Law on the continent, and *Douglas Smith* is studying for the ministry at Lampeter, Wales . . . It seems that a fairly recent Alumnus (Honoris Causa variety) had a bridge named after him . . . Etc.!!!! *Dale Hibbard* ('49) has joined the Air-Force

N.C. . . . also *Dun Joslin* ('48) . . . *Bob Assad* ('50) (Mineralogy - McGill) manages to stay awake long enough to visit a certain friend in Lennoxville occasionally. *Gord Dickson* ('50) who is now in the paper business in Vermont, was up for a riotous weekend . . . *Miss Grace Beaton* ('46) is now teaching in Drummondville . . . *Bill March* ('50) has been engaged in newspaper work in Halifax, and from all reports, he is doing well . . . *Hap Day* has been made secretary-treasurer of the Alumni Association . . . The Year Book is still waiting to hear from the A. A. re a little matter of advertising . . . Note to M. G. B. (Ottawa): The local Divinity Faculty was incensed at your reference to *Ormond Hopkins* as an assistant "pastor". And you with your first classes in Divinity I! . . . *Ray Setlakwe's* (B.A. '49) engagement to *Miss Yvette Bourque* of Sherbrooke recently announced . . . *Howard Fumerton* ('45, I think) after numerous adventures behind the iron curtain, is now teaching in Val d'Or.

E. C. B.



EXCHANGE

Since this magazine bears an ecclesiastical symbol on its cover, it may not be inappropriate to remark upon some Church publications which have reached us. The *Quebec Diocesan Gazette* keeps up a high standard in its field, both in appearance and content, for it always has interesting articles on work inside and outside the diocese. From the *Algoma Missionary News* we get the impression of a lusty younger sister, working hard to meet growing needs: the September issue has as its cover a picture of a window in the Church of the Epiphany, Sudbury, where Dean Coleman served some years ago. From there it is an easy step to Wycliffe College, where the *Cap and Gown* displays a lively interest in missions (in both senses). A predecessor in this department found cause to say that the *Cap and Gown* was rather dull. Perhaps, but the present issue reveals an appreciation of the larger responsibilities of the Church which it would be rather hard to detect in the *Mitre*.

A companion among such unassuming efforts is the *Cord of Waterloo College*, in which an excellent balance is maintained between domestic news and students' thoughts on the world at large. In particular we would mention an article "We Deserve To Lose India" as a corrective for those who are tempted to see the present situation in terms of blacks and whites.

Other Canadian students display a considerable interest in the Arts. Both the *McMaster Muse* and *Acta Victoriana* have articles on jazz music, and the latter contains acute appreciations of Eugene O'Neill and Euripides. If you are interested in the production side of the drama and are tired of the sirupy tributes to every actor and producer, take a look at the *Leeds Gryphon*. Here too you will find some attractive illustrations, including a coloured cartoon for a stained glass window. It is remarkable considering the troubles which English printing faces, that such a high standard of format has been maintained. Nearly all the magazines have attractive covers and the photographs in the *Nottingham Gong* are really beautiful.

In spite of a rather widespread preoccupation with the seamy side, creative writers have produced some entertaining short stories and poems. "They Also Serve" in the *Cap and Gown* of South Wales University

College has edge, and we also liked "Request Stop" in the *Liverpool Sphinx*. In the Reading *Tamesis* there is a descriptive poem "Fiacre" and a collection of clerihews entitled "Motley". Specimen:

"If I had a choice 'tween Kafka and Joyce, I'd hesitate Mate."

In the last issue this department referred to the entertainment to be derived from advertisements. It is no doubt regrettable, that the most fertile minds in this field often belong to the brewers, but we cannot help quoting this offering just as an antidote (interval for good stuff as A. P. H. would say) to the eye searing crudities so frequently purveyed.

"We needs must love," the climber claims,

"The highest when we see it;"

You think he means the summit

But that doesn't seem to be it,

For having reached the lofty top

Of Snowdon or Great Gable,

He scrambles down the other side

As fast as he is able.

The height of his ambition

In the valley where the inn is —

Summit attempted, summit done,

Has earned a glass of Guinness.

This is to be found on page four of the *St. Andrews College Echoes* which also contains a report on a survey to determine whether membership in societies has any detrimental effect on academic achievement. (Presumably the B., P.C. and A.O.F.B. would not qualify as societies.) You will be pleased to hear that the lowest Mean Failure Rate was found among those students who belonged to five societies. For a gentle chuckle read *Men of Science: W. A. Cooke (1770-1827)*.

Equally satisfying is this issue of the *Nottingham Gong*. Its serious side varies from the short story "The Day The Dog Died" to "After London":

"Shall I be left to skirt

The swamp of faintly radioactive mud that once was London

.....

We shall be herded in some iron work camps

Watched by troopers, booted and belted,

And both they and we will lose our wills

Soulless and blind numb to serve ice blue philosophies."

From there we go on to the warm, full blooded humour of "Christmas Comes to the Cathedral" and "The Grisly Tale of Bishop Tallowbread":

*"Those rounded calves for all to see
Made the Archbishop skip with glee
Until one day at Evensong
He sensed that there was something wrong.
He felt his gaiter pressure rise
Till both his legs were twice their size."*

Which brings us back to where we started, does it not, gentle reader?

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following magazines:

Revue de l'Université d'Ottawa
The Marker (R.M.C., Kingston)
The Muse (McMaster University)
Acta Victoriana
Acta Ridleiana
The Cord (Waterloo College)
Cap and Gown (Wycliffe College)
Quebec Diocesan Gazette
Algoma Missionary News
Profile (University of Cincinnati)
The Dragon (University College of Wales)
Cap and Gown (University College of South Wales)
The Sphinx (University of Liverpool)
The Gong (University of Nottingham)
The Gryphon (University of Leeds)
Tamesis (University of Reading)
College Echoes (University of St. Andrews)

Bishop's readers will find these magazines in the Lower Library.



BISHOP'S DIARY

- Nov. 18 Football game against Sherbrooke won by the college despite the efforts of "Crazy Legs" for the losers. "Battle of the Campus" at half time saw a mass of arms and legs in frustrated turmoil leading to nothing, till an Irishman appeared from the mob and ran the length of the field. Football Dance. One professor much more at ease after he had safely hidden his aqua fortis. Ken proved his versatility.
- Nov. 20 Reading Circles find a new star — a former "Sport" becomes an actor.
- Nov. 21 A.Y.P.A. entertained by a cockney, three girls from "An Old Maid's Prep", and a song and dance couple. The Windsor visitors were inspired!
- Nov. 22 Celebrated violinist gives magnificent performance, as Louis "Stops the Music" to punch the clock.
- Nov. 23 Key to equipment room hides in shoe of frantic detective but is finally found and happily allowed to remain guarded in Magog.
- Nov. 25 Sadie Hawkins Day followed by a rise of prices in the drinks at the Wilbryn. Another very interesting party held at Hillcrest! Dancing was unfortunately limited as electricity failed — leaving chatting by candle-light as the only possible remaining activity.
- Nov. 28 The intentions of two males are doubted as girls are penalized for a courageous act of bravery. However they are soon let out on parole, much to the relief of all concerned.
- Nov. 30 Skinner Debate attended by 100% of the Divinity Faculty. Arts win unanimously as 12 spectators raise a rousing cheer.
- Dec. 18 Old Arts at Home provides a very pleasant evening for those who are in the mood. A magician was witnessed as refreshments were served. His hypnotic powers were great as those under his spell had to be helped to bed.
- Dec. 19 Minor plays are a great success as red pyjamas and eccentric portrayals steal the show.

- Dec. 20 Xmas Dance enjoyed both in common room and dining hall. Santa Claus arrives in magnificence to give out everything from interesting literature to pictures of indecent co-eds. Evening finishes as a bugle blows retreat causing immediate, panic-stricken, protective action.
- Jan. 3 People slowly return. The Iron Curtain is more strongly drawn and guards are put on duty to fend off suitors. Complaints heard from many quarters, about many people and many things, but space unfortunately prevents us from printing names or events.
- Jan. 18 Senior Man causes a shift in the demand curve of cigar sales as college happily receives the news of the arrival of the Junior Lady.
- Jan. 15 Bede Party has good entertainment as quartet passes out, drums steal the show, and the "A & P" disband (due to P's complete lack of talent). The Divines were luckily saved by thaw from the alluringly aggressive co-ed team. Unfortunately, the college being very studious for this period before the exams, there was no news obvious enough for a diary to notice and so I must omit any activity assuming that no one was active. This is a shame. But it is a great credit that the students take their exams this seriously. I hope you all understand, indeed are even proud, that there can be no diary. However I feel that a flu epidemic will come shortly after the exams which will cause spectacular news to recompense for this gap.
- Jan. 21 - Feb. 1 Exams! People who scoff at scholars all term come crawling for their notes on bended knees. In a room so large, containing so many mixed emotions, nerves jump and pens squeak to failure or success.
- Feb. 2-3 Hockey team plays Mac, and meets the same Eskimo referee against McGill, but the boys who had a night's complete relaxation in a palatial suite at the Bell Lodge are confident. Bishop's loses but Dr. McMaster shows his genius in reviving Bob.
- Feb. 5 N.F.C.U.S.—N.F.C.U.S.—n.f.c.u.s.! A grand bash except

- for the disappearance of faculty hooch. — And yet maybe a successful feat for some poor failure. Former student returns and the "Saguenay Flows" once more.
- Feb. 6 First formal supper. The men once more agree to allow the women into the dining hall. However one table remains celibate, and a regular attendant is banned for twenty-four hours for disobedience and negligence of the rule. Epidemic hits the college. The two college thermometers are in great demand as fiery mouths wait in expectation. Dr. and Mrs. Jefferis prove excellent doctors and "Montague" is a fast moving nurse. Flu even hits the English Department, but they rise and shine without missing many lectures. Girl's plague is the mother of invention and the nickle and the bell take a beating, as voices of opposite sexes mysteriously resound in the two residences.
- Feb. 14 St. Valentine once more is remembered. Best valentine of the day goes to a disguised envelope containing "To Son" card. Twin pianos at night show artists equally good on the wood and ivory.
- Feb. 15 I.U.D.L. Debates. One team goes to Montreal and enjoys Winter Carnival while home team successfully upholds the negative.
- Feb. 16 McGill captain is graciously received by home crowd and spends most of his time entertaining At Home — his home — the penalty box. N. F. Swen must now retire to paint his picture for the Mitre contest. Hoping you will all carry on extremely humorous activities between now and my next Diary. I remain, your devoted diarist.

N. F. SWEN.



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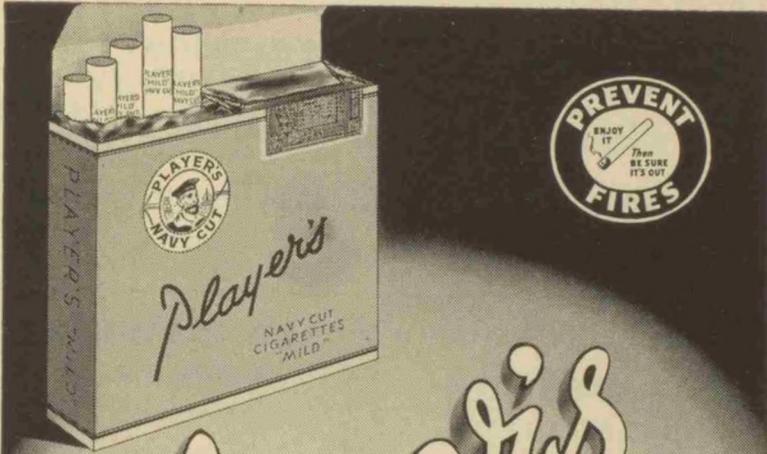


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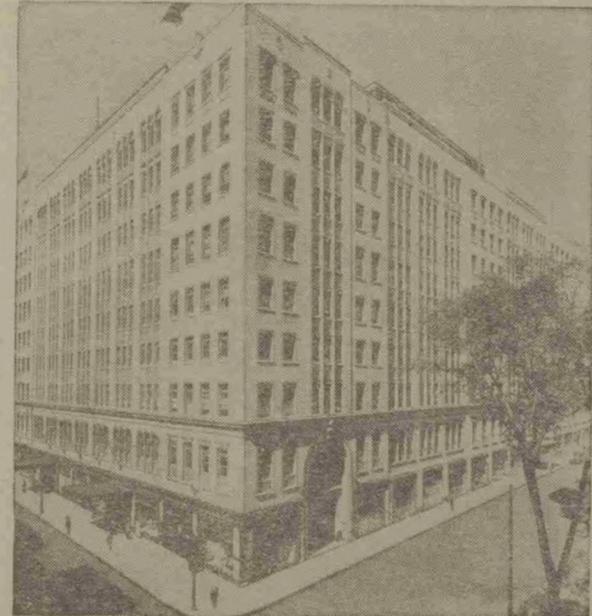
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