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Vol. xxxvii, No. 5  
March, 1930

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YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION TWO DOLLARS, SINGLE COPIES FIFTY CENTS.  
PUBLISHED BY BECK PRESS, REG'D., LENNOXVILLE, QUE.

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## EDITORIAL

### THE EDITORIAL PREROGATIVE

By C. W. Wiley.

Did you ever dance to a tune set to words like this?

Oh! the things they say and the things they do  
Keep me gessin' I'm tellin' you —

It ends up with something about "pickin' a chicken", but any one who is interested can consult the Victor Record Catalogue of the year 19—?

What especially appealed to my sensitive soul in the above couplet was the wide application of the personal pronoun "they". That is, as meaning what everyone else does and says as it impresses itself on my mind, as it appeals to or causes revolting to my faculties of appreciation.

And now the thought leaps to the fore. To what tune must I dance, with what thoughts shall I dally, against what opinions shall I dash my daring pen-strokes in order that I may please an audience that is composed of a few more or less literary-minded plus a greater number of lighter-minded critics? Believe me, whether the thoughts of a good editorial come from the "Editor's Easy Chair" or "From the Lion's Mouth" its no fun trying to please everyone with words of fancied wisdom while at the back of your mind

you feel that all the world's against you.

And now, before proceeding further to take the awful risk of being *literarily* hung drawn and quartered, allow me to maintain my prerogative as writer of an editorial to direct attention to a few of the things that are said and done which would not otherwise have been perpetrated had the speakers or actors managed things better by doing a little straight thinking before hand.

### *Elections and Life.*

As I write, we are passing through the first stage of the annual College Elections; and what I say hereafter will no more effect the issue of these elections than it will effect the elections of any demochacy, plutocracy or any other —'ocracy you like to think of. Personally, the inner works of politics and elections are beyond my comprehension, and I also believe the same applies to most people only they hate to admit it. My sole aim is to put up a plea for my own primitive ideal of elections; but though I confess, nay boast, an Irish ancestry I don't advocate club-'em on the head methods.

From the little I have heard, despite the recent stress of exams, college elections seem to be in a degenerate state. Electioneering (how I detest the word!) is as foreign to my ideals for gaining fair decisions as devils are to heaven.

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# ST. PATRICK

*By John Patrick McCausland*

No name is better known or revered in Ireland than that of Saint Patrick, the apostle of Ireland, the founder of her civilization and education. Throughout the entire world, wherever Irishmen are found, the little sprig of Shamrock, the little bit of green ribbon, a piece of sheet music entitled "The Wearing of the Green" and possibly the singing of "Saint Patrick's Breastplate" attest the fact, far better than any history-book or article, of the marvellous genius and deep character of the man whom we are pleased to hail as patron of our industries and protector of our nation.

Of his early life we know little except that he lived somewhere on the west coast of Britain. According to tradition his father and grandfather were both Christians so we may conclude that Sucat (his British name) was carefully taught the Faith. However he was considered a "wayward youth" for the times, and we have evidence that he gave little or no heed to what he was taught. Perhaps here there is some parallel between his life and that of St. Augustine of Hippo. His family seems to have been of some importance because the Romans, who at that time controlled Britain, knew him by a Roman name — Patricus.

When Patrick was about sixteen, he was taken captive one day by pirates and came over to Ireland. He later ascribed this to Providence. The pirates sold him to an Irish chief called Milchu who lived near the present town of Ballymera in County Antrim. He was sent to tend the sheep.

To digress a little, it might be said that Ireland was very different in those days to what it is now. The Romans had not attempted to conquer it and spoke of it as "insula barbarata". It therefore lay outside the bounds of the Roman Empire, and to the lonely slave boy it must have been very different to what he was accustomed. Ireland was uncivilized and warlike. Dense forests covered the great part of Ireland and wild beasts roamed in them. The government was still tribal in nature and a number of tribes was ruled by an "Over-King" who held his court on the Hill of Tara. St. Patrick's dwelling would be a very rude one. He lived in a "rath" or fort. A bank of earth in the form of a trench surrounded and protected the homestead. St. Patrick's "rath" is still preserved for us, I believe.

When Patrick found himself amongst strangers and enemies and knew that he was far away from home and friends, he turned again to the Faith that in his youthful madness he had almost given up. In his writings, he tells us that he would rise at midnight, and, going up to the top

of the hill, would pray that God would assist him to escape. At last his prayers were heard, and after six years of slavery he escaped to Gaul where Patrick settled down to study for Holy Orders. His great desire was to go back as a missionary to the people among whom he had been in captivity. He had many difficulties and hardships to face before he was ready for ordination. His relatives and friends were against his going and more than once he styles himself "unlearned and rustic". However he was ordained deacon and, very shortly after, priest. He finally dedicated himself to work in Ireland and for that purpose was consecrated "Bishop of the Irish" by the Bishop of Gaul.

When St. Patrick reached Ireland he landed in Wicklow and then sailed northward and stopped at one of the many islands in that part which has since been named Inispatrick — St. Patrick's Island. Again taking ship he landed on the shores of Strongford Lough. Here he made his first convert, a chieftain by name Dilchu. The chief was converted and gave his barn as a church. The place is still called "Sabbal Paidraig" — St. Patrick's barn.

Patrick was anxious to convert his old master, but when Milchu heard that Patrick was coming to him he became afraid and burned his house and barns. Patrick realized, by his long residence in Ireland, that the people were ready to follow the High King at Tara in everything politically and religiously. He therefore resolved to convert him and thereby get a hearing from the petty Irish chiefs. He sailed with some companions to the mouth of the Boyne (later a famous river) and leaving them with the boats he set out to keep Easter at Tara. A heathen feast was in progress and King Leary had forbidden fires to be lighted until the fire was kindled in the Royal Palace. Patrick, obeying the custom of the church, lit the Easter fire. The king seeing the fire was wroth and ordered his chariots to be prepared but only saw a single man in the garments of a Christian Monk.

Patrick's conversation with King Leary was partially successful and one or two nobles became Christians. It was here that St. Patrick used the Shamrock to explain the Blessed Trinity.

King Leary, although he remained a heathen, allowed Patrick full scope for his work and many souls were converted to the Faith. He gradually converted sections of the people in the whole of Ireland.

In his old age he returned to the Monastery of Gaul and died 17th. of March in the year 461, which has ever

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# SPORTSMANSHIP

*The Only Genuine Salvation for Souls*

We are to commune on sacred subjects; we are to infringe the confines of the holy itself; we are to discuss sport. We run grave risks, it is true; for we are going to handle topics which many can only handle with religious zeal and fanatical awe. But if we hurt the feelings or excite the indignation of the devotees of the god, we must take the consequences philosophically; after all it is not our feelings or our indignation which are being affected; we can afford to take this risk and bear it nobly with all the Christian fortitude with which other people's trials can be so patiently suffered.

In any case we have good authority for our adventure; nothing short of the good book itself, the dear old volume fraught with so many sacred associations, the holy pages which we learnt to love at our mother's knee; need I say that I refer to the Concise Oxford Dictionary? the Bible of the Bishop's man, the inspired, the infallible, the comforting, the sustaining word of truth; the source of those oracular and divine utterances which have enriched so many of our debating speeches and Mitre articles; the backbone of our mental life; the foundation of our educational system; the goal and guide of our moral endeavour. It is the ambition of every Bishop's man to have engraved upon his tombstone these immortal words from the pen of a writer who, with characteristic modesty, prefers to remain anonymous — "Blank Blank has fulfilled the Concise Oxford Dictionary Definition of a sportsman"; it is even said that a certificate engraved with those words, and signed by an august authority is to be given in future to all who represent our College in athletics, so that there may be no room for any foolish and unnecessary investigations or delays on the Day of Judgment. Kindly present this card at the door.

The definition in question is, "one who is not afraid to take the risk of failure", so that the writing of this article, and still more its presentation to the Mitre, is one of the most sportsmanlike acts that the College has ever witnessed.

It may be said by some that the article is ill-timed. Let us make fun of religion, it may be urged; let us amuse ourselves at the expense of God, prohibition, marriage, the police, the Pope, and the Principal of the University; but let us pause before we make fun of Sport. Surely this mad modern rush of flippancy and cynicism must stop somewhere; there must be something left which is sacred. The author of this article has given serious thought to this argument, and come to the conclusion that there is nothing in it. Philo-

sophic thought must take its majestic course even with regard to Sport.

Now the old idea of athletics was very simple. You played games because you liked it; it was just the enjoyment of bodily effort, of the fresh air, of the sense of contest. This remains the one and only really good reason for playing them. There are other possible reasons of course; but they are secondary.

You may do it for health, you may say to yourself "If I play games I shall be physically fit, and my digestion will function properly; therefore I shall play games". It is a true enough reason, but not the highest; nor can I imagine that the best play is achieved by those who are taking it as a medicine. It sounds a little lacking in zip. Nevertheless it has been proved that games are much better for the body than any artificial system of physical training; and that is why they must form part of the activities of any College, where time spent on study has to be balanced by vigorous out-of-door activities.

On the other hand, this reason distinctly militates against the idea of concentrating on a few men and producing a team of high merit and ability, such as we have at present both in football and hockey. From the health point of view it is better for all to play somehow, than for a few to play well. It is good, therefore, to note the growth of games for those who are not all first-rate athletes. Our development there seems to be on the right lines.

A second reason for playing is that athletics has developed into a kind of business out of which money can be made. We need not pause to say how bad this is. The recent report of the Carnegie Trust shows how it has ruined athletics in some American Universities; but I am told it is nothing like so bad in Canada. Certainly Bishop's is free from it.

A third reason is that by playing in the team you help your College, but this only applies to good athletes who would probably be playing anyhow.

Other reasons are, that you are afraid what people will think of you if you don't, or that if you don't you are not a real he-man, or that if you do you will be excused Freshmen's duties, or that it is a sign of cowardice to abstain from playing. These motives are beneath contempt.

When you really come to think it out, there is only one motive which can demand respect, and that is that you like it; to this we may add that athletics ought to form part of the activities of any College, because time spent in study

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## Graduate, Where Are You Going?

By Hambley White, B.A. ('29)



Leaders in Canada's business life have continually deplored in public utterance the continued flow of Canadian university graduates to foreign countries, especially to the United States, although a certain amount of satisfaction is to be derived from the high positions that our college men have attained in these countries. Canada, however, stands in need of young men to-day as, perhaps, never before in her history and especially does she need the services of trained and equipped personnel. E. W. Beatty, Chancellor of our sister university, McGill, and a member of our own Corporation, has been most outspoken in this regard and may well be considered as the greatest missionary for Canada to Canadian college graduates. His message is one worthy of the most careful consideration by every Bishop's student and every college student throughout the Dominion. It is a message of faith in Canada. Mr. Beatty stands not alone, for hundreds of business men on more than one occasion have endorsed the retention of university graduates in our own country and have passed resolutions to this effect at the last annual Conventions of The Canadian Chamber of Commerce.

Thousands of college students are on the eve of finishing their academic careers, "Brother Graduate, where are you going? Look where you will, you will find no country in the world which can offer you opportunities as abundantly as can Canada.

The development that has taken place on the North American Continent during the past fifteen years has been

peculiarly Canadian and it seems that it is upon this point that the lime light of Canadian publicity should the more brilliantly be directed. This development is a manifestation of the sound policies and foundations laid down in years gone by and there is not a shadow of doubt that we are entering upon an era of prosperity of which the past decade will be only a mere indication.

We have all seen Canada take her place as a commercial power amongst the nations. Little did the world's buying merchants, even as late as the beginning of this century, anticipate the commanding position that Canada has taken up since the war in international commerce. To the old trade centres of Europe, to the newer markets under the Southern Cross, to the lands of the cherry blossoms, mandarins and Hindu temples, to the continent of the Andes and the Amazon, and from Cairo to the Cape, Canadian products are being sold and are increasingly in demand. Even if our grain and flour exports are temporarily down, our semi-manufactured and processed exports are permanently up. Go where you will to-day, into the booths, the shops, the warehouses of one hundred and thirty-six countries of the world and there you will find well-known Canadian commodities on sale or in use. No longer can Canada be regarded as the Cinderella among the export family of the nations. In 1928, Canada was third amongst the trading nations of the world as regards aggregate imports and exports. We are runner-up for international export honours with countries four to twelve times our size. Our export trade per capita is the highest in the world; in favourable trade balance we rank second only to New Zealand. We ourselves, of our own initiative, have proved that we can buy and sell in competition with the merchants of countries older and far more highly industrialized than Canada. Commerce is in our very marrow, we are bone of its bone and flesh of its flesh.

Canada leads the world to-day in fur-farming, wheat and flour exports, railway mileage, per capita newspaper production, hydro power development per capita, savings bank deposits per capita, pulpwood resources, nickel and asbestos deposits, aerial exploration, sea fisheries. In comparison to the world to-day Canada has the largest single unit elevator with a capacity of nearly 7,000,000 bushels, the largest smelter, largest single lock, largest inland grain exporting port, greatest wheatfield, biggest farmer's co-operative society which last year marketed an aggregate of \$1,000,000 worth of grain for every working day, great-

annual exhibition with yearly attendance of 2,000,000, the biggest dam which has twice the capacity of that at Assouan, and the largest railway yards at Winnipeg where mileage is over 250.

In many other respects, too, does Canada take her place beside the leaders in the world business, and at that, with a population of only ten millions of people.

How many college men in Canada realize the commanding position that Canada is destined to have in aviation? A short study of a globe shows that any air lines between this continent as far south as Florida to Great Britain, France and Germany will cross Canada. Air routes from the Old World to the Orient, westward, will also cross Canada, as well also the air routes to Australia and New Zealand. There is every indication that Canada will become the airport of the Nations, with termini at Saint John, Montreal, Toronto, Fort Churchill, Winnipeg and Vancouver. The arrival of the R-100 in Montreal this year will be the preface to Canada's air career in international circles.

A further point for consideration has but recently been brought before the business public. From the mines in the New England states, American manufacturers have processed hundreds of millions of dollars worth of iron and steel. All this wealth has been derived from that part of the pre-Cambrian Shield which exists in that section of the Continent, a mere five per cent. The other ninety-five per cent is in Canada and it is in this geological deposit that are being made the great mineral discoveries of the day, such as at Sudbury, Cobalt, Rouyn, Chibougamau and other parts of Northern Ontario, Quebec and Manitoba.

Canada, therefore, has not only made extraordinary advances in trade during the past few years, but she also holds the keys to future wealth in agriculture, lumbering, mining, fishing and in the production of oil. The vast new Peace River District, still a pioneer area in many respects, has potentialities in all the basic industries which have been impossible to estimate. This territory of 42,000,000 acres is only as yet inhabited by thousands and it is not from fear of exaggeration which prevents sane and practical business men from daring to hint at what is in store for this section of the Dominion. The five hundred delegates to the Canadian Chamber's Convention, held in Alberta last year, men who represented business not only in every one of the nine provinces, but who had come from all parts of England and the United States were positively amazed at this country, never having seen the like before although not a few of them had travelled many times around the world on business trips.

Lastly, in manufacturing we do not lag behind. Our products find markets in all countries and, as has been pointed out above, their quality and price competes with those from other countries. Canadian manufactured goods are, in fact, regarded as highly as those from England, the pearl of the processed article. Indeed, Canada is one of the largest exporters of rubber boots and shoes, motor tires, and automobiles as well as, of course, cereals and processed agri-

cultural products. The largest grain mills of the Empire are situated in Canada. Our exports of iron and steel products totalled over \$90,000,00 for the year ending last December. The capital invested in Canadian manufacturing concerns amounts to over \$4,500,000,000 and last year the gross value of products from these plants was almost \$4,000,000,000.

There is therefore every indication to show that we are of some account economically and no Canadian university graduate should ever have any hesitation in joining up with the forces of Canadian business. Yet, in the face of all these facts, we must not disremember that we are only in an embryonic stage of economic development. Our greatest period of prosperity is just now dawning. It seems, however, as if we could advisedly sell ourselves the more to ourselves and that we can still have more faith in our own future. To this, many modern Kantians would say that faith must be founded on reason. Precisely, and there is abundant reason for consummate faith in this Canada of ours.

As a nation, we have become united inwardly during the past five years and our national sentiment is well consolidated. Our people, our industries, our traders, and all the other attributes that go to make a nation fit and strong for business competition are new and full-blooded. Our economic sinews do not hang quite out of fashion like a rusty nail in monumental mockery, nor are they covered over with the verdigris of stagnation. We are a young and virile people prepared to imprint the trade mark of the Maple Leaf upon markets in all the nations, but let it not be said of us as it was of an ancient people, "They went forth fully armed, but turned back in the day of battle".

GRADUATE, STAY IN CANADA.

## The Formal Dance

Convocation Hall was once more the scene of an event not strictly scholastic when on February 11th the annual Formal Dance took place. At this dance, one of the most successful ever held at Bishop's, the patronesses were: Mrs. A. H. McGreer, Mrs. E. E. Boothroyd, and Mrs. A. V. Richardson.

The red and black checkerboard scheme of decoration formed an effective background for the brilliant colours of the ladies' dresses. Credit is due to R. B. Gustafson, designer of the decorations, and also to the army of unnamed workers who laboured late to bring the designs to realization. Several sitting-out rooms were swept and garnished, and proved very popular resorts between dances. The music supplied by Rollie and Ray's orchestra, was exceptionally good. Supper was served at midnight in the Dining Hall.

The dance committee, consisting of Messrs. G. W. Hall (Chairman), D. K. Buik, R. B. Gustafson, W. G. Bassett and S. J. Olney, is to be congratulated on the highly successful result of its efforts.

## Some Essayists of the 20th Century

By W. C. Bassett

Literature is the permanent record of the ideals, interests and influences of any period. Men invariably write of those matters which are their chief concern; their thought, which they express in words, is moulded by those affairs which are most characteristic of the time in which they live. Thus literature is an accurate presentation of those factors which are uppermost in men's minds. History is built upon literature, the two are inseparable in that the one is dependent on the other. It is only through extensive and varied reading that the historian is able to grasp the spirit of the epoch he is studying. He may know the course of events throughout any period and still not understand their significance in the broader sense. This comprehension is elusive; it cannot be seized upon and tabulated because it is as abstract as those factors which have influenced its composition. Chaucer does not tabulate the feeling of mediaeval England, nevertheless a wealth of historical matter is contained in his *Canterbury Tales*; Shakespeare is not careful to outline the busy chaos of the Elizabethan age, but it is not until we read Shakespeare, Bacon and their contemporaries that we can feel we are living in those times, which after all really constitutes full comprehension; Milton's work is steeped in Puritan influence which in this age of comparative religious indifference is difficult to understand as the dominant factor in man's life. And so on down through the ages, in any country and at any time, the spirit of civilization is reflected in its literature.

True it is that the age is reflected in its literature, but literature itself takes many forms. In one age it assumes a poetical form, in another that of serious tracts and pamphlets, in still another the novel is its most usual outlet. Some times one form is more adapted to the dominant motif of the period than another. It is because of this fact that we speak of the nineteenth century as the great period of the English novel, when a host of brilliant novelists made their appearance and left imperishable records of their work behind them. Of all these forms, however, the essay seems to fit every age and every condition. The familiar English essay holds a unique position in the literature of the world. No other nation seems to have been able to grasp its mystery; perhaps because of the nature of the English language which lends itself to familiarity, or perhaps it is because the inherent nature of the English people prompts them to discuss serious matters in a light and familiar manner to which the foreigner appears unable to bring himself. Hence if it be deemed necessary to find a standard form of expression the essay approaches most nearly to the ideal. It is for this

reason that the modern essay has been chosen as the most general illustration of the twentieth century — because it is the most general form of literary expression.

Although the modern essay does certainly express the spirit of the twentieth century it should not be inferred that it influences the life of these times. On the contrary it is influenced and made by the times and should be considered by the historian as a reflection and not an active force. The essay is quite passive and inactive. It would be an unjustifiable stretch of the imagination to suppose that the essays of Galsworthy shape the course of modern politics, or that Lucas and Milne are determining the social system of England at the present time. To hold such a belief would be a presumption beyond the limits of reason.

The essays of Mr. John Galsworthy afford interesting study for the present discussion. The dominant subject which the essayist has chosen is humanism. One would think that humanism died at the beginning of the sixteenth century with the expiration of the Renaissance. In its literal sense it did, but a modern reviewer has said of Galsworthy, "whether in novel or play, in his darkest tragedy or his most frivolous skit, he has never really had any narrower subject than the ultimate meaning of life". In his essay entitled *Castles in Spain*, Galsworthy considers twentieth century civilization, contrasting it with that type of civilization which built such works as Seville Cathedral. His contrast is between materialism and beauty. He sees no hope for modern civilization unless it gives beauty its proper place in the social order. Indeed he says, "destructive science has gone ahead out of all proportion", — uncompromising pessimism we say! If it is pessimism it is only a reflection of the age in which we live. The idea of a world-catastrophe which should leave our race so impoverished that it will be true to say of it, as of Anatole France's old woman, 'It lives — but so little!' can hardly be lost sight of in Galsworthy's essays but it is fully as difficult to erase the same pessimism from our own minds. Mr. Galsworthy's pessimism, if such indeed we are now willing to call it, like that of Thomas Hardy springs naturally from the age. In his essay, *Six Novelists in Profile*, the same theme is continued. It is not surprising that four of the six are Dickens, Turgenev, Tolstoi and Conrad, nor that the other two are such cruel detractors of human nature as Maupassant and Anatole France. They appeal to the essayist in two ways; the four in the first group stand for artistic perfection, followers of the cult of beauty, slow and painstaking craftsmen; they are the ideal for which the

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## The Glacier and The Lake

### Part 1. "The Glacier."

At times I've thought there cannot be a God—  
 Or, if He does exist, He's unconcerned  
 With trivialities and commonplace  
 Events of *this* world, its dull monotone  
 Of sufferings and querulous complaints!  
 He knows us as we are, mere pigmy-size  
 In body, mind, and soul, incapable  
 Of freeing narrow'd spirits from the chains  
 Of clinging selfishness that bind them taut.  
 And yet, unworthy as we are of grace,  
 It well-nigh angers me to think of Him  
 As One who might bestir Himself, and bring  
 Deep comfort, consolation, cheer untold,  
 To struggling millions 'neath His sovereign gaze.  
 Sometimes I think there is no God at all,  
 Or, if there is, He's just a Lordly Power  
 That *might*, but will not — cold and unconcern'd—  
 A God, perhaps, to worship — not to love!  
 I see Him as the Glacier, creaking chill,  
 Held high, secur'd by age-old mountain peaks;  
 Untroubled by the valley's storms below;  
 All unaffected by the Season's change,  
 Save as the harshness of the winter-blast  
 And all the grinding snows of a thousand years  
 Make it the harder and the longer-lived,  
 This coldness adamantine of the heights!  
 — The Sun, its own contemporary, shines  
 Upon this "flint of ages", lending it  
 A lustre and a glory near-divine —  
 Then, rapt, I gaze upon this miracle,  
 As unrelenting and unmoved it stands;  
 Almost against my will I pay it homage —  
 Such Beauty and such Everlastingness! —  
 Devoid of hint of softness in its texture,  
 It is a Power to worship — not to love.

### Part 2. "The Lake".

But now I know that I have met with God—  
 A God who cares, a God who understands,  
 Who, pitying, sees us suffering and knows  
 How sin has brought us bitterness and blight;  
 And, when we ask in humbleness and faith,  
 Grants us His grace immeasurably sweet.  
 I see Him now in sacrificial love  
 Of parents for their children; in the hope  
 That comes with wak'ning buds in early spring;  
 I know Him in the laughter of a child;  
 The kindness of my neighbour "o'er the way";  
 The vitalizing love of soul to soul;  
 The winsomeness of character in one  
 Whose life was hard and shallow ere He found;  
 I find Him in the Truth that poets sing,  
 The sense of strength infus'd when I am weak  
 And tott'ring 'neath the weight of shiver'd hopes—  
 — In *these* I meet a God whom I must love!  
 — I see Him as the Lake below the Glacier.  
 (That same unfeeling Glacier is the source  
 Of a life-giving Pool!) No artist could,  
 With all his colours blent in myriad shades,  
 Paint half its beauty; nor could any angel,  
 With all the harmonies of Earth and Heav'n  
 At his command, sing half the ineffable  
 And thrilling charm of that secluded Lake.  
 With radiance soft and tender loveliness,  
 With irresistible embracing wiles  
 It woos me, till its potency I own  
 And yield my soul in unresisting love.  
 The lyric of the birds, the poppy's gold,  
 The shimmer of the breeze-kiss'd Lake, combine  
 To burn within my heart a memory,  
 A sense of Love, quite unforgettable —  
 — I see Him as the Lake below the Glacier,  
 A God whom I must worship, yes — and *love!*  
 —Muriel S. McHarg.



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# The Great North West

*By The Rev. R. A. Malden, '10*

What sort of a scene does the expression "North West Frontier" conjure up? It has nothing to do with Dawson City, the gold rush or one hundred per cent hemen in hairy trousers, so beloved by the cinema; from a range of mountains which form a wall across the entire country, India hangs downwards, her base marching with the highest of high mountains and her head hanging down into a tropical sea. In her area may be found the history of mankind, from the naked dwarf who lives in a tree and slays his food by means of a blow pipe discharging a tiny poisoned arrow to the LL.D. of a Western University who directs vast business interests and sits in the council of the Emperor. But always overshadowing this vast country with its myriad races and problems (there are 222 recognized different languages not counting dialects) there looms the mountain wall of the Frontier, for through its passes always has come the invader and the destroyer, and the hive may swarm again at any moment.

There are two aspects of the Frontier which strike the observer, the one is the amazing hospitality and good cheer to be found in the most barren surroundings, where a few men gathered in an outpost will create for themselves an atmosphere of home, the more striking as it is contrasted with the land, the other aspect. This is an impossible land, yet how attractive it is. In summer you are burned to a cinder, bitten to pulp, scorched, prostrated with heat; a few wilted shrubs strive to retain a foothold on stony slopes and over all tower the heights barren of any green thing; in winter the icy wind sweeps over the country and drives the life out of any traveller who is found unprotected. A trickle of water will serve to keep alive a few hardy trees and to irrigate a tiny patch where a few crops may be gathered if the owner is lucky, while the mud walls of the villages serve to emphasise the desolate aspect of things, as each hamlet is a fort wherein a tribe lives at war with all neighbours. The people are exactly what one would expect; here is no need to picture Joshua and his merry men making hay of the Amalekites; with bobbed black hair and curls on either cheek, Jewish nose and beard dyed scarlet, the brigand Jewish warrior lives again, while among his sons the young David and Joseph in a coat of many rags and colours may be seen. To these folk such names as murder and sudden death are no mere names, they are stark realities and commonplaces of everyday life.

Setting off one early morning beyond the Malakand pass I met, as I breasted a low hill, a little funeral procession. Four stout men, guns slung on their backs, carried

the fifth on a bed; his gun was beside him, but the hole in his head would prevent his ever using it again; behind was his little son, fatherless and yet, tiger like, intent more on his father's gun than on his loss. The easy hospitality of the land made us halt, as the burden was placed on the ground and the inevitable tobacco produced; what was this? Oh, a mere nothing, just an incident in daily life. Daoud, learning that his enemy had returned from a journey, lay up in the field with the laudable intention of shooting him as he emerged at dawn from behind his village wall; the intention must have leaked out, as Yakob, instead of being in his village was lying up for Daoud — and got him. But what odds, is there not here the little Daoud? and will he not inherit his father's gun, together with a lively recollection of the fate due to Yakob? And so the feud will go on, handed down from father to son. These feuds are amazing, every house is a fort, and often there is a wall built from the door to the road on which we have driven through the country; for with a child-like simplicity, in this great game there is a place of safety where you are exempt from death, and the rule is largely kept; if you stand on the road no one ought to touch you. At a frontier race meeting, a go-you-please affair which gives great pleasure to all concerned and affords the Political Agent a chance to talk with leading tribesmen, I was introduced to a charming old gentleman; with snowy beard and benign countenance; he would have passed for a rich and favourite uncle at any juvenile party. His grand air and perfect manners as he chatted to the officers present and appraised the horses with a knowing look, marked him out as a chief man in his tribe; chief he was, a Khan by the right of no less than five murders whereby five of his family were prevented from disturbing his peace, but now the odds were against him, and for some years he had never dared to stir out of his house by day. He tried to return that night under cover of darkness, but they got him, though I never learned the particulars; they are not considered important, it is only one more move in the game of frontier politics.

Should enemies enlist in the British army there is a truce till the time of service is up, and when such an one takes leave he starts off for his trans-border home on any day except the advertised one. Whether or no he dares to stir out of his ancestral castle while on leave depends on the state of the family feud at the moment.

This manner of life has bred a corresponding people; liars, untrustworthy, believing no man, fearless, yet

CONTINUED ON PAGE 37



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# IBN BEN HASSAN

By Rho Beta

Ibn Ben Hassan looked fixedly at the very dishevelled German prisoner, who was standing in an attitude of anger and defiance under the charge of a giant Sikh. Captain Jessop had done his best to elicit from the man some information regarding the disposition of the Teutonic forces in the Arras sector, where massed movements of enemy troops presaged a new offensive. All his attempts to learn anything of the remotest value had been treated with scorn and contumely.

Ordinary means having failed so signally, the Secret Service Man called into requisition the marvellous mind-reading powers of the Sikh Prince. Having fortified himself with a small pipe of 'hasheesh', the latter signified his readiness to deal with this difficult case. His method was the directest form of thought-reading, namely, asking the captive the required questions, and giving him time to *think* the answers which no amount of persuasion or threatenings would induce him to give orally!

Turning to the Canadian Officer, Ben Hassan inquired casually,

"What was it you wished to learn, Captain?"

"Parker reported a successful reconnaissance yesterday in which four German planes were downed, and an ammunition-dump exploded. He claims that preparations are being made on a gigantic scale for an attack on our right flank. This fellow might be induced to tell us something."

"Very good," said Hassan, "with your permission I shall question the man, and you can note his replies, as I translate them to you."

All this was said quite openly in the presence of the young German, who evidently had a smattering of English, and was following the conversation with much interest. As the Sikh Prince referred to his intention to translate to the Canadian Secret Service Man any replies that might be given in response to his questions, the prisoner laughed heartily.

"Dot iss vot you call 'big choke'" he chuckled. "You vill then translate mein answers, hein? Ha! Ha! Ha! Das wird Ihnen etwas gutes tun, nicht wahr?"

Apparently, there were the very best of reasons why the man should be amused. It may well be assumed that he had in mind a German equivalent to the old adage: 'You can bring a horse to water, but you can't make him drink!'

Ibn Ben Hassan smiled genially, as he replied.

"Ah, but these questions of mine are so simple, you surely can answer some of them!"

"You think me a thundering fool, now, don't you?" sneered the unwilling witness.

"Far from it, my friend!" replied Hassan, in his rather stiff and precise College-taught German. "Judging from our very brief, and naturally, somewhat constrained intercourse, I should regard you as a young man of more than average ability and intelligence. It is for this reason I trust you may be able to give us at least *some* of the information we seek. Kindly weigh each question well before replying to see how far you can consistently meet our wishes. You can do us that much courtesy, I hope, without prejudice! First, let me ask: Do you happen to know of an impending attack on the British lines, and where, more particularly, this attack is to be made?"

The prisoner snorted.

"Is this one of your very simple questions? Not being the Commander-in-chief of our forces, I do not feel equal to answering it."

The Prince whispered aside to Jessop.

"The attack is to be made on Hill 64, at two o'clock Wednesday morning!"

"Who is your commanding officer just behind Arras, Her Lieutenant?"

"That is not for me to say."

Aside to the Secret Service Man: 'It is none other than the famous General von Falckenburg, Captain, and von Hindenburg himself is to be present to witness the assault!'

"I am very sorry you will not even let us know the name of your commander. Perhaps you could acquaint us with the number of troops he has at his disposal?"

This was too much! The prisoner merely glared defiance.

To the Captain: 'Five army corps, and four hundred guns!'

Jessop was startled, but managed to conceal his feelings.

Hassan proceeded gently to chide the German lieutenant.

"One reason, sir, why you so obstinately refuse to make any communication to us is that you are aware we never resort to the devilish practices of your own leaders in extorting information from any of our people that are so unfortunate as to fall into their barbarous hands. I have only one more question to ask, and I sincerely hope you may see your way clear to gratify us. What sections of your own lines will be depleted of troops necessary for this

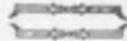
CONTINUED ON PAGE 41



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LENNOXVILLE

## An Hour with a Great Man

By J. C. A. Cole.

In answer to several requests for a continuation of my article, "Recollections of a Bell-boy", which appeared in the November issue of this magazine, I shall endeavor to say something of one of the personalities whom I had the pleasure to meet in the course of my daily duties as a bell-boy.

From the point of view of general interest and information, Dr. Wellington Koo, the Chinese Ambassador to Great Britain, proved one of the most interesting. We chatted freely on various topics for nearly an hour. He is a young man, short in stature, very attractive in appearance, and possesses that charming quality of making a person feel very much at home in his company.

He was in Canada for a rest and vacation from his arduous official duties in London, and was about to take a fishing trip in the vicinity of the Northern Laurentians, when I had the great pleasure of a conversation with him. He intended to take advantage of his stay in Canada by studying the great economic changes and progress of the Dominion, and said that Canada with her wonderful natural resources, and her predisposition towards peace and goodwill to other nations, has before her a great future.

When questioned regarding China's recent difficulties, he stated that during the last ten years she had passed through a stage of political transformation, attended by a great deal of strife, but was now rapidly emerging from this state and entering upon a period of peace and reconstruction.

Expressing keen interest in the Province of Quebec, he found it to be a splendid example of two great races living and working in harmony and co-operation.

Then we discussed "Christianity in China", which I shall reproduce in dialogue form after telling a little story about him.

Dr. Koo was attending a very formal dinner in New York. Seated next to him was a pompous American citizen from the Middle West, who, desiring to be sociable, turned to him during the early stages of the dinner and said, "Likee soupee". Dr. Koo did not reply at once, but after making one of his remarkable speeches for which the Chinese Ambassador is famous, he turned to his American friend and said, "Likee Speechee".

Q. Do the Chinese people read the Bible to any great extent?

Dr. Koo. When the Bible was first translated into the

Chinese language it was done very badly, and so it had no appeal from a literary standpoint. As it could not compare with the classical work of Confucius it did not command the attention of students. Since then, translation of the Bible has improved with the growth of Christianity, partly due to the ever increasing development of freedom of thought.

Q. Would you say that the Chinese are more tolerant than the Christians?

Dr. K. The majority of Chinese are much more tolerant than the Christians. This is due to the work of the Nationalist movement with its modern tendencies and youth. The older Chinese are very conservative and cling to their old viewpoints and traditions, and oppose the student-like modernists.

Q. Do you think, then, that the work of the missionaries is hampered through lack of a more intensive study of comparative religion?

Dr. K. The conception of the Son of God held by Christians is the great factor in the difficulties that arise. If you believe that your religion was started by the Son of God, you naturally cannot place any other religion on an equal basis. Christian missionaries display little interest in Chinese religions and refuse to study them.

Q. From your contact with Western civilization, which no doubt affords a criticism of Christianity, do you see a possibility of ultimate failure, either through lack of members subscribing to it, or through scientific and other intellectual causes?

Dr. K. I feel sure that religion will always exist, and that people will always respond to inner consciousness; but methods of practice will differ with progress.

Q. What is the attitude of the Chinese people to the several denominations and divisions among Christians?

Dr. K. Pious people feel that as there was only one Christ to imitate and to worship, there is no need for differences; but those who criticize from a more practical standpoint feel that division of labor is an excellent thing.

Q. Is there any one feature of the work of the missionaries that is responsible for their success?

Dr. K. Among the educated Chinese, nearly all conversions are made through argument along intellectual lines; but among the poorer classes there are more converts in spite of the fact that they have no clear comprehension of Christianity at all. The good unselfish work of the missionaries which is well organized, especially in medical and educational institutions accounts for most converts,

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MAIN STREET

LENNOXVILLE, QUE.

Q. It is often contended by those who oppose such work that foreign people should not be interfered with, and that especially in China it is the missionaries that cause all the trouble. Do you feel that there is anything in this statement?

Dr. K. This is an old contention and is quite wrong. It has arisen as a result of the harm done by a minority; people who go outside their own sphere and interfere in political, or exhibit purely selfish motives which impede the progress both of the missionaries and of the country itself. China especially is a great field for missionary work, and the right kind of man in any department whether missionary or commercial is an asset both to China herself and to the country of his heritage.

## DRAMATIC SOCIETY

The play chosen by the Dramatic Society this year for their annual presentation was a comedy by St. John Irvine, "Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary". We would like to congratulate the Society on the improvement in the choice of plays. Great credit is due to the President, Mr. John Comfort. Last year's production "You Never Can Tell" was a decided improvement on past efforts, and this year the general opinion seems to be that the choice was even better. The writer of this article has seen five plays presented by the Bishop's College Dramatic Society, and in his opinion this one was undoubtedly the best.

A large and appreciative audience witnessed the production. It was a good move on the part of the society to return to a one night performance. A full house adds to the pleasure of the audience themselves and is certainly more inspiring to the actors. The attempt of two performances last year showed that the theatre going population of Sherbrooke is not large enough for such a venture. Among the out of town spectators were the Chancellor, F. E. Meredith, K.C. and the Rev. Elton Scott, one of our graduates from Montreal. Among the Patrons were the Governor General, the Bishops of Montreal and Quebec, the Chancellor of the University and the Mayor of Sherbrooke.

St. John Irvine is probably better known as a dramatic critic than as a dramatist, but the few plays he has written are of very high calibre. The humour is not as subtle as Shaw's, and this is perhaps an advantage. There is a touch of cynicism and a good deal of satire mixed with it.

It is perhaps a little unkind to say that the actors were in all cases excellently chosen to suit the parts, and it is only fair to say that, while all the characters were very well portrayed, in several cases the parts were quite foreign to the actors real character. Mr. Arthur Speid is to be congratulated on his very able directing of the play. Not only the choice of characters but every detail of the performance showed the hand of a capable producer. The timing and the finish of the exits and entrances were of the highest order.

The make up was in most cases very good. Geoffrey was perhaps a little over painted and Mrs. Considine not quite enough. Her appearance, from the audience, was rather youthful for the part. The elocution of the men was uniformly good but the female characters, with the exception of Miss Raymond, were rather hard to hear.

Miss Raymond, in the part of Mrs. Westlake, the actress, was excellent. This was the leading part and Miss Raymond's clever interpretation went far towards making a success of the whole play. Mrs. Westlake finds herself in a quiet country vicarage, but by her carefree manner and her faculty of being engaged to several people at the same time and breaking off engagements with equal facility she contrives to pass the time in a manner, interesting to herself, if troublous to her host and hostess.

Geoffrey Considine, the amateur poetic dramatist, in love with Mrs. Westlake, but more with himself, was realistically portrayed by Mr. T. J. Matthews.

The part of Sheila Considine was taken by Miss Elsa Burt. Sheila is a modern young girl, whose ideas about the world have been derived more from reading than from experience. Mrs. Westlake tries to point out to her the error of her ways and, from her more liberal experience, helps her in her love affair with Geoffrey.

Humphrey Porritt, in the part of Sir Henry Considine, Geoffrey's troublesome uncle, was very amusing and quite lived up to the reputation he made last year in "You Never Can Tell".

The part of Mrs. Considine, the Vicar's wife, was played by Miss Eileen Montgomery. The character of the quiet English country lady was excellently portrayed.

The part of the Rev. Canon Considine was taken, in a most inimitable manner by Mr. C. H. Gibbs. If Charley is not a Canon some day there is something wrong with the church.

E. V. Wright played the part of Mrs. Westlake's business like and long-suffering cockney manager very cleverly.

Miss Mildred Clarke made an excellent Captain of Girl Guides as the keen worker of good deeds, Miss Mimms. It was a humorous part and well done. We can only hope that, for the good of society, Miss Clarke is not taking up that pursuit.

Russell Brown, as understudy to A. C. Church, did very well in the part of Beebe, the author of sensational but successful plays, and incidentally another fiancé of Mrs. Westlake.

Miss Alison Ewing, as Jenny, made a neat and pretty maid.

L. MacMoline was stage manager and J. McCausland and R. H. Thatcher had charge of the properties. To these men and their assistants is due the credit of the quick changes of scenery and the smooth running of all the little details which count for so much in the successful presentation of a play.

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# The Night of the Bath

By O. Jackson, B.A.

Of late many opinions have been expressed on that most deplorable of human tendencies — singing while taking a bath. Someone has even gone as far as to write a song on the subject — with a purpose in view, no doubt — but good or otherwise we are unable to ascertain. Is civilization just waking up to one of the major misfortunes which modern plumbing has brought upon it, or is it just beginning to express feelings of antipathy towards a subject which it has always endured in grim silence through the years? Has the process of exercising the vocal organs while laving the body, been one which man has practiced down through the ages? Were the ancient Greeks and Romans found guilty of disturbing the populace in such a manner when they entered the sumptuous public baths? History has not recorded the fact.

Of course there are two ways of looking at the thing. First, the view which the bather himself takes — a favourable one, of course, — and secondly, the effect which the "aqua solo", as it were, has on the helpless listener — this time a most unfavourable one.

There should be something done about people who make a habit of singing in the bathtub — but what? The logical time to take action is before the bath has begun, as when this is in progress the person in question is usually inaccessible, and gentle hints to the effect that his efforts are not being appreciated only produce more wailing. Psychology teaches us that courses of action tend to become strengthened habits by constant practice, and if a person continues this performance what a menace he will become to the people who are forced to live with him!

There are two types of bathers — the kind who take a bath each day, or maybe twice a day, and are therefore the people who need the most serious attention, and secondly, the "Saturday night" type or those who make a sort of ceremony of the thing at more or less set intervals. From the first type comes the quantity of music produced, and from the second, the quality or volume. Both are equally obnoxious.

To sing at all while taking a bath it follows that one must be happy in mind and be feeling comparatively well in body.

Happiness then, and a general sense of well-being, must be the underlying cause of singing in the bathtub. To this is added the further cause of the comfort which the modern luxuries of bathing bring. Some people find this so much the case that they even go as far as to read books, while submerged in warm water up to their necks!

Of course, to some individuals, the sense of achievement must be very great "when the body's washed and polished", and the natural thing then is to exercise the vocal organs in a melodious manner, that they may let the world know that they are well satisfied with the result of their labours. And doesn't the human voice blend well with gurgling water and foaming soap suds!

If everyone who indulges in this pastime could really sing, all would be well, but the chief trouble seems to be that the majority of persons merely pipe in a falsetto strain, or else they vary their songs from doleful hymns to tunes "that never were". Why not sing something appropriate such as "It All Comes Off in the Wash?"

It is not quite clear as yet what steps can be taken about the matter — should we make people excessively unhappy before they take a bath — make the bathroom very cold and uncomfortable and thus induce haste; invent a method of dry or steam-cleaning; build soundproof bathrooms — anything. Of course the sure way of escape is to leave the building from whence the uncalled-for song is issuing, but this is not always practical. Maybe some great mind will some day arise and solve this increasingly pressing problem. In the meanwhile let us strive for that most admirable of qualities — patience, of which you must always have a considerable amount if you have pursued this theme to its finish!

## SOME ESSAYISTS OF THE 20<sup>TH</sup> CENTURY CONTINUED ON PAGE 10

essayist longs but of which he finds so little evidence in twentieth century civilization. Guy de Maupassant and Anatole France appeal to him because he sees in them the reflection of the critical and hypocritical spirit of this century.

*On Expression* shows another reflected characteristic. From it one feels that the author's love of his own tongue comes from his sense that it is the most hospitable, the least pedantic, the most mellow and the most humane of the great languages. But one feels more than just that; one feels that he is mocking at all kinds of precosity in style, at those who would pretend to be what they are not. What reason can there be for this train of thought to enter into an essay which never pretends to discuss modern ethics, unless it be that the author sees so much of those qualities he is deprecating round about him that he cannot for a moment escape them?

His mockery too is expressive of these times. Good-



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natured and humorous he avoids making direct accusations and condemnations. He holds up hypocrisy and self-consciousness, puts his tongue in his cheek and inwardly scorns them, but never attempts to meet them face to face in open deprecation. These methods of viewing things are quite characteristic of the period since the Great War, indeed some future historian may term it "The Age of Passive Resistance and Polite Sarcasm".

However, it may perhaps be argued with some degree of truth that Galsworthy is not altogether typical of the modern school of essayists. It may be argued with an equal degree of truth that there is no general type. Suppose we consider E. V. Lucas and A. A. Milne. It will be found that somewhat different factors characterise their essays. These two essayists write on a vast number of subjects but always with indifference. The very title of one of Milne's collections is expressive of his attitude — *Not That It Matters*. What impression will future generations get from reading essays such as these? It must be admitted that they are delightful, that their taste is exquisite, and that in many cases they are almost perfect examples of English prose skill, but despite all that their apathy and polite irony indicate only too truly the age in which they are written. They show a restiveness which, if a fault at all, is certainly not in the authors but in present-day English society. They show no evidence of the revolt which has at various other times characterized English letters, instead they show a passive acceptance of modern life and conditions. They are, in fine, almost perfect expressions of one phase of the twentieth century.

In Chesterton's essays, however, it may be observed that the times have influenced the writer more directly than is the case with Lucas and Milne. Chesterton certainly does not agree with the trend which modern society has taken but his attack on it is different from that of John Galsworthy. He is always bitter but never vituperative. His is rather a cold cynicism which would disquiet the reader were it not for his admixture of inimitable wit. At times the same indifference which has been noted in Lucas and Milne assails Chesterton but only very rarely. He is always too keenly alive to current affairs to remain indifferent to leading questions. He more often plays the role of cynic than that of indifference.

Chesterton never discusses his subject apathetically. His essays reflect the restless activity of the modern age. Even when most damnatory they are full of vigour and impatience. Naturally at times he is dogmatic, but his dogmatism springs from the self-conscious and self-reliant attitude of all modern society. Someone has described Chesterton thus: "the man subtle in everything except his own self-assertion". This may be true; if it is it certainly is a natural reflection of the age. Personality and individuality are certainly considered prime factors in a man's success today. This has always been the case; at all times

the dominant personality has been the agent of accomplishment, but in a slightly different sense. The great individuals have been utterly unconscious of the strength of their own personalities. They have not laboured at self-expression. Their individuality was natural; modern individuality is artificial. Such artificiality does not create great personalities; it creates a race of egotists. Possession and instability have made this an egoistic age. Chesterton, then, is a great mirror in which we may view the image of this side of modern society.

Now to the essays of De Selincourt! Their salient characteristic is a quiet melancholia. Never obtrusive, this strain is sensed rather than realized. It is not until the reader has read through Mr. De Selincourt's delightful essays several times that he can discover where it really lies, or how it is actually connected with his subject. De Selincourt chooses a variety of trivial subjects, but unlike Milne he is not content to discuss them merely on their intrinsic matter. He uses them as examples, or rather as a kind of framework on which to build his philosophy.

Although his treatment is as different as could be from Galsworthy's his philosophy is very similar. He has given what Galsworthy describes as "the cult of beauty" a high place in his own life. The literary style of his essays attests that fact. His language and word-choice may be placed among the finest examples in English literature and the beauty of his collection *Streams of Ocean* cannot but appeal to every ear. I would attribute both his beauty of style and his melancholia to a psychological reaction to the stimulus of modern restlessness.

These five essayists, when taken together, are far truer expressions of twentieth century civilization than any social history could ever be. By reading them the very truest impression is photographed upon the brain without any apparent effort on the part of the reader. True there are no enumerated divisions and alphabetical subdivisions, no consistency, no positive assurance, nothing that is customary to the well-disciplined scholar, but there is that indefinable feeling, that comprehension which is so difficult to attain but which once attained is never lost. In these essayists we have discovered traces of materialism, disregard of beauty, restlessness, the lost appreciation of the picturesque, the cold and oft-times bitter cynicism which has grown from an age of exaggerated criticism, misconceived individuality and finally above all and through all the hurry and clangor of a mechanised age. All these attributes can be traced in Galsworthy, Lucas, Milne, Chesterton and De Selincourt, and in other moderns too were there time to consider them. These we know are factors in twentieth century life since we have only to look about us any day to see them when once they are brought to our notice, indeed literature of all types is the permanent record of the ideals, interests, and influences of any period, — ah! but that is just where I started.



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Mr. Montague was right when he predicted that this was Bishop's "year". Our Hockey team duplicated the performance of the Championship Football team with this difference, — the hockey team may go farther. This winter has been our most successful season within the memory of any present or past student and congratulations are due every member of the team.

*Everett E. Denison* — Right defense and Captain. The "Big Train" played the best hockey of his Bishop's career. Defensively he was excellent and his rushes were always dangerous despite his virgin scoring column. Denny will be missed next year.

*Russell P. "Joe" Blinco*. — Centre. Joe was the king-pin of the team. He scored twenty-one goals and also a great number of assists. His poke-checking was deadly; if you don't believe it ask the men who played against him. Unfortunately for Bishop's her greatest player departs from these halls next June.

*Jack W. Johnston* — Left wing. Jack took a long time getting started this year, but when he did it was just too bad — for the opposition. Jack was much better offensively than defensively in the majority of games, but even so he got results. His job will also be vacant next season.

*Frederic "Fiss" Cann* — Right Wing. Last year we lacked a first class right winger but there were no kicks coming this time. Fred possesses a dangerous shot and is a hard worker from bell to bell. His last game against Canadiens was an epic. Duplicate that when we meet our next opponents and Bishop's will be more than Provincial Champions.

*Gordon Titcomb* — Left Defense. This hard hitting freshman solved our defence problem, and how. He stepped into all and sundry, regardless of the weight, size or ability of the recipient. His main fault was inability to keep his shot low enough. We hope to hear more of this youth in the years to come.

*Gordon Glass* — Goal. Last term there were rumours that Gordie could tend goal, they are no longer rumours. He is a polished net-minder and much of our success this season has been due to his sensational work in that capacity. He also has a great hockey future at Bishop's.

*Kenneth Crawford* — Sub left wing. Last year's right winger switched to his real position this season and how that

boy can play left wing. Illness kept him out of the last few games but he will be in trim for the play offs.

*Jack Cleveland* — Sub right wing. Jack has developed into a fine stickhandler with a vicious shot and right now he is one of the best on the team. Too bad he is leaving us.

*Herbert Skelton* — Sub centre. Subbing for Blinco is no cinch but Herbie's consistent play has earned recognition. Only bad luck has kept his scoring low for he has one of the best shots on the team. Furthermore he is coming back.

*Arnold McArthur* — Sub defense. One player says he is the hardest defenceman on the team to get around. He is not strong offensively and needs experience. Next year he'll make somebody step for a position. This lad is a bear for work and we don't mean maybe.

George Hall, Norris Brough, Reggie Carson and Gillie Price each played in one game and delivered the goods in each case. Unfortunately positions on the team are limited.

## BISHOP'S vs U. of M.

The Bishop's University Intermediate hockey team chalked up another victory when they defeated the University of Montreal representatives in a rather uninteresting encounter played in the Mount Royal Arena in Montreal. The Purple and White puck-chasers found little difficulty in disposing of their opponents, and after establishing a comfortable lead they rested the regular line frequently and gave the second string a chance to "do their stuff". The victory was the third straight for the Lennoxville team.

Johnston and Blinco both turned in fine performances for Bishop's, while Lanthier and Jarry looked best for the Montreal team.

## Bishops take Intermediate Championship

The Bishop's University hockey sextette defeated their old rivals, Loyola College by a score of 1 - 0 in a regular fixture in the eastern division of the Intermediate Intercollegiate Hockey League played at Montreal on Saturday evening, Feb. 15th, and as a consequence won the Provincial title and the right to meet the winners of the eastern Ontario section in the semi-finals for the Dominion championship.

The smart aggregation from Lennoxville had a de-

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cided edge in the play throughout the entire game, and might easily have won by a much larger margin. Led by their centre, Joe Blinco, they carried the attack right into the Maroon citadel and peppered shots at Sinclair in the Loyola nets. Without the services of Paul Haynes the Montreal boys found their attack much less effective, and were rarely able to trouble Glass, except with long shots, which he handled with ease.

The game was just under way when Johnston went through on a pretty rush and Blinco batted in his rebound to tally the only counter of the game. With a lead established the purple and white team took things easy for the rest of the tilt, and the Maroon squad worked like demons to prevent any further scoring. The contest was fast and spectacular, but it grew quite rough towards the close as every attempt of the Maroons to pierce the Bishop's defence was frustrated. Penalties were fairly numerous, with the Maroons drawing the majority.

For the winners Blinco was outstanding, while Johnston turned in a first class game. Both Titcomb and McArthur worked well with Denison to make the Bishop's defence almost impregnable. Byrne, McCarrey, the Loyola defensive pair, teamed up beautifully, and deserve most of the credit for the low score. Neither goalies were pressed much, largely on account of the almost perfect defensive tactics employed by both teams.

#### *Bishop's Won Victory from Hanover Team*

Bishop's College hockey team surprised about three thousand Hanover fans on Saturday night, February 1st, when they defeated the Dartmouth College sextette by the score of 7 to 2 in a fast game staged at the new Memorial rink Hanover, N. H. The Dartmouth team was the best that Bishop's had ever met, and it was only by rising to the heights of brilliance that victory was achieved. The game was played at lightning speed, the fans being kept in a continual whirl of excitement, and it was not until the beginning of the third period that the visitors established a commanding lead. The game was maintained at a fast clip by Dartmouth's use of three entire teams in each period, and Bishop's were only able to hold their own through sheer determination and good condition. The main reason for the purple-clad puck chasers' victory was their superior teamwork, for, although out-skated by Dartmouth, the Lennoxville boys unleashed a superior brand of combination plays. The body checking was heavy throughout the game, at times very rough, there seeming to be no distinction between the blue line and the rest of the ice. In fact, the referee appeared to be handicapped by lack of inside knowledge of the game.

For Dartmouth, Jeremiah was undoubtedly the most outstanding player, time after time leading the attack right up to the visitors' citadel, only to have his efforts frustrated by Glass, who played a marvellous game in the nets.

For the visitors besides Glass, Blinco and Johnston put up a wonderful display of hockey.

#### *Bishop's Boys Defeat Canadiens in Exciting Game.*

The Bishop's University intermediate team furnished quite a surprise when they defeated the Canadiens in a fast and thrilling Sherbrooke County Hockey League encounter played in the University rink on February 18th. The Sherbrooke boys were without the services of their star defenceman, Viger and found themselves unable to meet the brilliant offensive which the Purple and White squad displayed. The Collegians established a lead in the first period, and the speedy Canadiens were never able to overcome it, though they tied the score on two occasions, and threatened to do so again just as the final whistle blew. The whole encounter was speedy and exciting, as first one team and then the other tallied after perfect rushes that produced clever stickhandling and snappy team work. The College boys were best on the evening's play, teaming up better than their opponents, and showing uncanny accuracy in finding vulnerable points in the Canadian's citadel.

Blinco, Bishop's brilliant centreman, was easily the best man on the ice, playing a spectacular game which really earned the three counters which came his way. His poke-check broke up rush after rush, and his tricky stick-handling and perfect passes gave the Sherbrooke team some bad scares. Cann also turned in a fine performance, chalking up three goals and back-checking well, while Glass in the nets was just as good as usual.

Roy, Canadian's right-winger, showed up well for the losers, while Lepage and Meeks were also effective. Workman turned in a sparkling display in the goal position, and had no chance to save on the ones that got past him. Only two penalties were handed out. The first and second periods were fast and clean, but in the third the play grew rougher and a few minor casualties resulted.

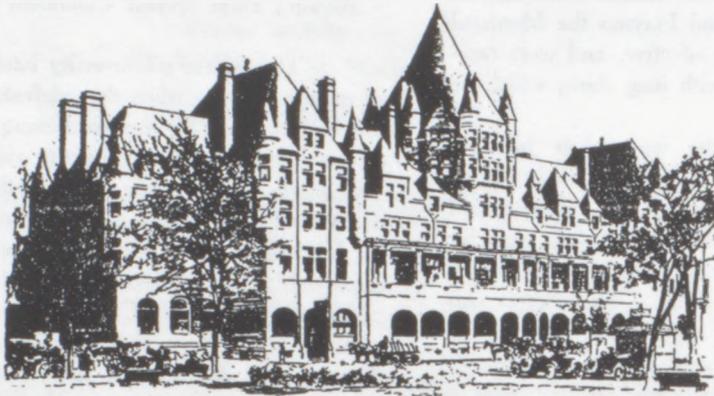
#### *BISHOP'S JUNIORS*

For the first time in the history of the University, Bishop's has been represented by both an intermediate and a Junior Hockey Team.

An Eastern Townships Junior Hockey League was formed by three teams from Sherbrooke, one from Lennoxville and one from Bishop's. The teams were evenly matched, with the exception of the Sherbrooke Nationales who were unable to finish the schedule.

Bishop's Juniors did very well in spite of the fact that they did not receive the support and training given the Intermediate Team.

Carson, at centre, played a stellar brand of hockey, "à la Blinco", and was ably supported by Brough and Hall, speedy and sharp-shooting wing men. Soles and McArthur on defense presented a sturdy guard for Price who proved himself an able net guardian. The relief line of Cromwell,



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 (ASST. MGR.)      (DEFENCE)      (GOAL)      (R. WING & CAPT.)      (DEFENCE)      (MANAGER)  
 E. X. MONTAGUE (COACH) AND J. A. STEVENSON, **ABSENT.**

Puddington, Stevenson, Hodgins, and Martin were quite able to make any opposing team watch its step.

Although the Juniors did not "bring home the bacon", they played good, clean, hockey, and displayed fine sportsmanship. The team was greatly weakened in the last half of the season, due to illness.

Junior hockey has made a good start this season and we hope that it can be continued and improved in the future.

*Summary of games:-*

Jan. 17/30	Maroons at Bishop's	1 - 1
Jan. 21/30	Nationales at Bishop's	2 - 3
Jan. 27/30	Irish at Bishop's	0 - 2
Feb. 3/30	Lennoxville at Bishop's	3 - 4
Feb. 6/30	Bishop's at Irish	0 - 1
Feb. 15/30	Bishop's at Lennoxville	1 - 4
Feb. 17/30	Bishop's at Maroons	1 - 2
		G.C.D.

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INTER-CLASS HOCKEY

February 4th.

The Freshmen went into a tie with 3rd. year for the league leadership by registering a decisive five to one triumph over 2nd. year. The game was quite fast and some splendid bits of stick-handling made the game interesting. The first period was scoreless but early in the second Hodgins notched the opener on a long shot. A few minutes later Doug. Doak put his team two up by a neat bit of stick-handling.

In the third period the juniors faded out completely. Doug. Doak, Stuart Doak and MacRae scored in the order named for the Freshmen. In the dying moments of the game Chauncey Pattee saved his team from a whitewash by slipping a long shot by W. Stockwell. The game was well handled by Reggie Carson.

February 7th.

Today the two tail-enders of the Class League met. Divinity and 2nd. year, the result being a 2 - 2 draw. Incidentally it was the best and most exciting game to date. The game had scarcely started when Buchanan rushed from his own blue line and stickhandled past Crandall to put Divinity one up. In the second stanza Ted Pattee tied the score when he seized a passout from behind the net and shot through a maze of legs to plant the disc behind Matthews, within half a minute Chauncey Pattee scored on one of his bullet drives from the wing. Divinity attacked hard and their efforts were rewarded when Bill Davis took Brett's pass and scored after a scramble in front of the nets. The last period proved scoreless and both sides were satisfied to call it even.

Buchanan and Brett were the best on the ice although Brett was away off colour on his shooting. Bill Davis did a nice job in watching C. Pattee, the demon sharpshooter of the league. Stockwell, Crandall and both Pattees turned in good games but were too closely watched to do much damage.

February 10th.

Divinity and Second year again played a draw, 1 - 1, and both still occupy the cellar.

All the scoring was done in the first period, Buchanan scoring for Divinity and Chauncey Pattee for 2nd. year, McLeod giving the assist. The game was not

as good at their last encounter, play being very ragged. Buchanan rushed well as did Brett. Brett is the best stick-handler and fastest skater in the league, but suffers from an inability to hit the net.

The 3rd. year — Freshmen tilt was a hard hitting affair. The Seniors were handicapped by the absence of McMorrان, their centre ace, but despite this they managed to keep the ramping Freshmen to a 1 - 0 score. As 3rd. year had but six men they resorted largely to defensive tactics allowing their opponents who had six subs, to carry the game to them. Only once was 3rd year's defence caught napping and this was enough for pudgy Joe Simms who notched the lone counter of the game. Neither Douglas Doak nor MacRae were as effective as in former games. All the 3rd. year team used their weight to good effect especially Wood and Gray on defence. Both Stockwell and Bassett played well in the nets, Bassett positively scintillated at times. 3rd. year had but few real scoring opportunities, Wood was through once but was tripped, Findlay almost scored but missed an open net while Dean's long shots were always dangerous. On the whole the Freshmen deserved their hard won victory and but for Bassett and the good defensive work of 3rd. year the score would have been higher. Owing to this victory 1st. year are heavy favourites to cop the coveted MacKinnon Trophy which has been held by Arts '29 for the past three years.

February 20th.

The Freshmen beat Divinity by a score of 3 - 0 in their final clash of the season. Considering that Divinity was minus their outstanding player, Brett, as well as Matthews their regular goalie, they were fortunate in keeping the score so low. The Freshmen successfully concealed the fact that they could play hockey, putting up an awful exhibition. In the first spasm D. Doak scored two on nice rushes. In the second Dyer took a pass from MacRae to put his team three up. Shortly after this Buchanan was injured and had to retire, weakening an already riddled Divinity team. The third period was worse than the previous two and it is hard to say which were the worst. John Dicker deserves mention as he played well in goal, and it was his first crack at the position.

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BASKETBALL

This has been a very successful Bishop's year in Hockey and Rugby and the Basketball Team is displaying a style which should carry them a long way into the play-offs. With Sam Rudner as captain the team has developed into a smooth-working machine, with a complete sub-line which can give a good account of itself at any time. Robinson has been playing a great game at centre and getting a lot of assistance from Jack Fuller and Sam Rudner on the wings. "Crafty" McMorran is holding down a position as guard in his inimitable manner, and teaming up with Charlie McCullough.

The sub-line has Hobbs and Mitchell on defence and Findlay, Wallace and Mackay, as forwards.

"Mac" Turner has been kept out of the game with a trick knee, but we are hoping to have this brilliant forward on the line up for the playoffs, if we reach them, as seems almost certain from all indications.

*Bishop's vs Y.M.C.A.*

The Bishop's College basketball team chalked up a fairly easy victory on February 18th, when they defeated the Y.M.C.A. team in the college gymnasium by the score of 35 to 13 in a regular Sherbrooke City League fixture. The game was not very exciting and the score indicates about the edge which the collegians held over the Sherbrooke outfit, which was due not so much to their shooting as to the swift-passing game and the excellent defence put up by the five-man system, which the squad from the Y. found hard to penetrate.

For the Purple and White the best men were Robinson, Rudner and McMorran, who turned in excellent games. Robinson was probably the individual star, breaking up many plays at centre and showing wonderful ability to pass at the right moment. The visiting team had no outstanding player, but Edgar, Joiner and C. Stocks showed up best.

*Bishop's vs. Rangers.*

The College basketball squad found little difficulty in defeating the Rangers in a regular City League game on Saturday, March 1st. and chalked up a score of 25 to 11. Neither team showed very good form and the whole game was very ragged, the shooting on both sides being especially weak. The Bishop's team kept the play in the Ranger's territory at least three quarters of the time and only their opponents blocking ability kept the score as low as it was.

In the first half, after several minutes of loose play, Robinson started the scoring for the Purple and White team. Had Bishop's shooting been on a par with combination the Rangers would have been snowed under; and as it was they had to content themselves with long shots.

In the second half all the Bishop's substitutes were put on and playing five men up still kept an edge over their opponents. The visitors had no outstanding player on their line-up, and Robinson, Rudner and McMorran showed up best on the College team.

WOMEN STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION  
BASKETBALL.

At eight o'clock on Tuesday evening, Feb. 4th, an interesting game of basketball was played against the Y.W.C.A. team in the MacKinnon Memorial Building, Sherbrooke. The resultant score was 26 - 24 in favour of the Bishop's team, but as this testifies the playing was fairly even throughout, shot retaliating for shot.

After the game the "Y" pool was invaded and all players enjoyed a cooling swim. Not the least pleasant part of the evening was the social hour spent in the 'Common Room' where refreshments were served by the members of the Y.W.C.A., and heartily appreciated by the visiting team.

The return game was played on Thursday evening, Feb. 20th. This time the victory was more decisively ours, the final score standing at 36 - 26. Miss Miller starred for the visiting team, while Miss Brewer, Miss O. Jackson, and Miss Austin showed superior play for Bishop's. After the game at the college gym, refreshments were served by the members of the Women Students, Association in their Club Room. The line up for both games was as follows:

<i>Bishop's</i>		<i>Y.W.C.A.</i>
M. Brewer	Forward	F. Pearson
O. Jackson	"	F. Miller
D. Bennett	Wing	E. Conner
E. Austin	Centre	F. Leslie
J. Knowles	Guard	E. Odell
G. Jackson	"	Mrs. Walker
<i>B. Subs:—</i> M. Ross, L. Salicis, R. Mead, P. Montgomery.		
<i>Y. Subs:—</i> Miss Duberge, Miss Cosmer.		
<i>Referees —</i> Miss Anglin and I. Stockwell.		

\* \* \*

EXCHANGES

In its March issue the Mitre is glad to acknowledge exchanges from Pine Hill Theological College in Halifax, from McMaster University, and from Loyola College.

'Pine Hill' puts forth a semi-monthly magazine which is replete in Divinity news. We appreciate this type of exchange.

The 'McMaster University Monthly' is a production of which to be proud. It contains excellent literary articles, a good joke section, and a full record of the college activities.

The 'Loyola College Rugby Annual' reports a full account of the season's defeats and victories on the field, and also contains interesting pictures of the various teams.

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DEBATING

On Friday evening, February 28th, the local debating team composed of Messrs. C. E. Reeve and J. Ford met and were defeated by Messrs. Edminson and Collard representing McGill.

The resolution, submitted and upheld by McGill, read: "Resolved that woman's place is in the home."

The affirmative based their argument on the contention that a woman's greatest work was that of motherhood and the place where that work was done was in the home.

The negative replied that such work was important, but it did not take up all a woman's time or all women. They attempted to show, by the variety of positions which women hold and the success with which they compete with men in these positions, that they are capable of taking a place in the world out side the home.

The Rev. A. Jones of Lennoxville presided and Messrs. Reid, Matthews and Dr. Stevenson judged the debate.

BISHOP'S LOST TO DEBATERS OF U. S.

The United States debating team which is touring Eastern Canada under the auspices of the National Federation of Canadian University Students, met and defeated a Bishop's University team in a friendly debate in Convocation Hall on Friday February 21st. The American team was made up of Mr. Milton H. Williams, of Wesleyan University, Middleton, Conn., and Mr. William Erskine, of Williams' University, Williamstown, Massachusetts, while Messrs. F. P. Clark and Charles E. Reeves represented Bishop's. The visitors upheld the affirmative of the motion: "Resolved that we should pity our grandchildren" and upheld it so well that the judges felt that their contention was justified.

Owing to the speculative nature of the motion, the speakers found some difficulty in coming near enough to one another that their arguments might meet; but in spite of this handicap, all four speakers brought to light many interesting points, and Mr. Erskine especially proved himself quite an entertainer with a delightful sense of humor.

Dr. E. E. Boothroyd, the Honorary President of the Literary and Debating Society, was in the chair, and he opened the meeting by introducing the visitors, and mentioning the fact that they were sponsored by the N.F.C.U.S. He announced that this body planned to support a debating team from the British Isles in the autumn of 1930, and expressed the hope that the team might visit Bishop's University.

While the judges were arriving at their decision, Dr. Boothroyd announced that on Friday evening of next week a McGill team would debate at Bishop's, while a Bishops team would debate at McMaster.

The judges were Rev. Albert Jones, Mr. Wright Gibson and Dr. Stevenson, and they gave the decision to the affirmative after quite a lengthy conference. After a

hearty vote of thanks to the judges, the meeting came to a close with the singing of the National Anthem.

DIVINITY NOTES

Collected by Robins H. Thatcher

The Rev. A. H. Plummer, B.A. '11, visited the college this month, prior to his departure for England where he will attend upon the Bishop of Maine in a semi-official capacity during the Lambeth Conference.

After the conference Mr. Plummer intends to take an extensive European tour. He plans to attend the great Passion Play at Oberammergau.

Mr. Plummer will give a short series of lectures in the Oratory next Autumn describing the new Cathedral at Washington, D. C.

The Rev. Ralph Hayden, B.A. '10 of Camden, Maine has been appointed assistant secretary of the Diocesan Convention which is to meet this Spring.

The Rev. R. A. Forde, L.S.T. '12 has gone to New Zealand and has been appointed Rector of Balclutha.

The Rev. W. E. Patterson, B.A. '97, L.S.T. '99, has been appointed Diocesan delegate to the National Convention of the Episcopal Church in America. Mr. Patterson is Rector of Bar Harbor, Maine, where amongst other interests he has been very successful in introducing Church teaching in the public Schools.

On Saturday, February 22nd, a number of the Divinity students spent a very pleasant evening at Mrs. Carrington's when she held a dance for their entertainment.

The room was very tastefully decorated with thin streamers of varied colours and balloons hung at intervals. A very pleasing and novel effect was obtained by the use of candle-light as a substitute for electricity.

The Divinity hockey team this year was a good deal superior to last year's squad of puck-chasers. No one will deny that with Buck and Mac as our star-players we fought hard all through the Inter-year series.

And now on the verge of the Inter-year Basketball series we have a bigger and better team of hoopsters all on the "qui vive" waiting and ready to sail into all-comers. Under the captaincy of Mac Brett we have hopes of going far in this league, and of providing chance spectators with some real enjoyment.

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- Genteel Curses for Gentlemen, by John Stevenson.
- College Yells and How to Give Them, by Hambley White.
- Wood, by A. Block.
- Politics, by W. F. Armstrong.
- Leaders of the Church, by J. McCausland.
- How to Keep Your Temper, by B. Coole.
- The Handling of House-Parties, by S. J. Olney.
- A Book for Passionate Men, by Wallace.
- How to Read in Chapel, by Dewdrop.
- Love, and How to Avoid It, by Syd. McMorrان.
- Correct Behaviour in Chapel, by Clayton Vaughan.
- Satisfaction, by Jim Dewhurst.
- My Military Life, by Jack Puddington.
- Cursory Remarks on Swearing, by Doc. Martin.
- Inspirations, by R. H. Thatcher.
- How to Grow a Moustache, by Hutchinson.
- Women I have Met, by Fred Hobbs.
- Corridor Chats, by A Freshman and A Graduate.
- Big Casino, by B. A. Millar.
- The Mystery of Number Thirteen, by F. Gray.
- Animals I have Loved, by J. Hodgkinson.
- How to Grow Bulbs, by H. L. Hall.
- The Walking Skeleton, by W. Stockwell.
- Effect of Prunes on Morality, by R. A. Carson.
- Those College Meals, by R. Rowcliffe.
- Academic Dress with Variations, by Simms and Glass.
- Early Morning Rising, by M. M. Medine.

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THE GREAT NORTH WEST  
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

fear-ridden, they exhibit all the vices of fanatics, yet will hold to the letters of the law of village hospitality, and remain true to the salt of their regiment. Hospitality is a sacred law, so much so that a man may demand, and receive, shelter from a foe, which will be freely given, not that this prevents the host following the guest to the confines of the village and there, outside the charmed enclosure, putting a bullet in him.

The inhabitants of one valley were disgusted at the amount of through traffic which went past them to the shrine of a famous saint higher up the defile; the potential revenue accruing from a good and famous shrine is not to be despised; so cordial messages were sent to a Mulvi of proven sanctity to come and conduct their Lenten prayers. The good man duly arrived and was accorded the best the village could afford; at the end of the Roza (Lent) his throat was neatly cut and a little dome with flags streaming from the tree above proves to the traveller that there is no need to go

further up the valley to say one's prayers and be heard by a real saint.

The historical interest of the country is great; here is the road followed by Alexander, there is a Buddish town with figures shewing purely Greek workmanship still standing in the cells. Bactrian-Greek kings have left their coins everywhere, and the ruins of their forts are as common as the coins of their Buddish predecessors.

And always the great game of the Frontier goes on; a road is pushed out across a desolate plain and over a range of stony hills; a fort appears, manned by hired ruffians or picked members of the Frontier Force. The near-by tribes grow uneasy, "Zor" Power, is in their midst, keeping an eye on their raids and cutting them off from the rich lands of India proper. There is muttering among the young men and much talk among Mullahs; an officer is murdered in his house, there is activity on the telegraph wires and from some frontier post there emerges a small punitive force. They are away a few weeks and retire leaving a disillusioned Khan looking at his burnt fort, and angry village looking for its Mullah and facing the unpleasant fact that an armed camp is in their midst till a fine of rupees and rifles is paid; and the road slowly creeps forward another mile.

EDITORIAL  
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5

Defamation of character and distortion of facts or fable, either will suit, are carried to the limit in the spread of partizan propaganda. Imaginations run wild and tongues scamper after in the vain attempt to out-run those vivid faculties. The characters and past history of both electors and nominees are probed to the depths. Partizans on either side perjure themselves, alienate friends, dispute with heat and without logic, justify falsehood and falsify truth, purify and putrify motives at will; while the nominees themselves stand patiently by, the butts of scorn or the objects of hero-worship, and listen to their mistakes or successes, their strength or their weakness distorted out of all proportion. They say all's fair in love and war, but how much more truly does it apply to this business of electioneering.

Some may suppose by now that I'm a no-party man, others may think that I'm only amusing myself. Their astuteness is correct to a certain extent, yet I do feel that, if the imaginative energy employed in concocting, and the kinetic energy employed in disseminating some of the "tall stories that have recently been circulating were to be properly diverted to the pages of the Mitre, we might produce something really intriguing and without doubt interesting.

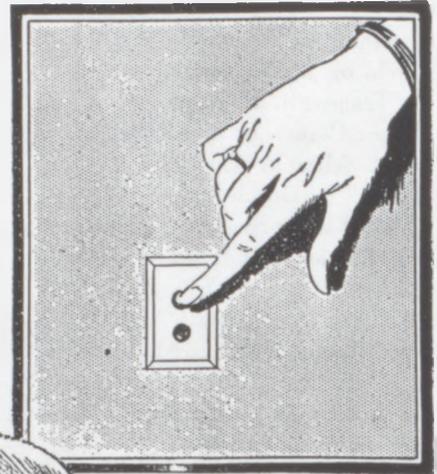
Election, considered as the faculty of choice, enters not only into college politics or world politics; but can also be relevantly thought of as a function of every man's three-fold nature as it expresses itself in thought, word or action. In this sense habit is the president seated in the chair and engaged in directing our individual lives. Whether 'the

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things we say or the things we do' are going to make those lives successes or failures depends on the habits of thought which we elect to take the presidential chair. As this is a Christian college I need trace the argument no further beyond pleading for a little more attention to the spirit of Kipling's "If". And if anyone thinks this is a sermon they probably need one, if they don't no harm will be done. At any rate my apology, in the classical sense only needs one finishing touch. It is often difficult to make right decisions; but there are a few things such as orderly thinking, sincerity of motive and consideration of consequence which, joined with plenty of kindness, will go far indeed to put a better government in power in our lives and have far reaching results outside ourselves.

Polling of votes took place on Monday, March 3rd. and we hereby tender to the successful candidates, Mr. E. V. Wright, President and Mr. Wm. Mitchell, Vice-President for the coming year our sincere congratulations. Mr. W. W. Davis was elected Secretary-Treasurer by acclamation at the last meeting of the students' body. We venture to congratulate him only as regards the confidence and esteem he has won from the same students' body.

In a recent issue of the McGill Daily we were pleasantly gratified to see that some of their valuable space had been set apart to acknowledge in glowing terms the victory which our splendid hockey team won from Dartmouth.

#### SPORTSMANSHIP

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

is not good for the health, and games tend to correct the harm that is done. In the ideal college, therefore, there would be any amount of attractive healthy athletic activities, and everybody would be engaged in some of them. The present system of inter-collegiate contests has probably done harm to this ideal, because it makes the production of one team of experts more important than the provision of games for all. Further, the work of these experts is so hard and intensive that athletics tend to occupy far too much of their time and attention.

So much for the legitimate motive for playing games. I now turn to the new motives which have been suggested lately, and have found a typical expression in an article in the last number of the Mitre. The theory is that while the minor reason for athletics is keeping students out of trouble, the major motive is the effect on the athlete's character. According to this view those who indulge in athletics are distinguished by unselfishness, courage, and good humour far beyond the average; "a clear eye and an alert look appear on every countenance"; there is "an expression of determination and will which is the mark of an athlete, the man who is prepared, not only for the game to-day, but also for eventualities in his later life".

Now I am far from denying that there is an element of truth in this preposterous blurb; it is, I suppose, a picture

of what the athlete might be, or at least of the ideal he has in mind. I confess, myself, to a considerable admiration for the athlete; the admiration often felt by a non-athletic person. When I was at school my state of health made it impossible for me to reach a normal standard in athletics; football captains were brutally frank about my performance on the field, and there seemed to be a general consensus of opinion that I was in the way, and in point of fact I was. I was the completest dud the world has ever seen. This fact did not extinguish the natural desire that most boys have, to excel in physical sports; nor did it extinguish my reverence for the great athletes of the school, it increased it. The admiration I then had for those who could excel in sports, I have never lost.

Later on, when I was at the University, I began to see the moral attractiveness which the athlete often possesses; his jolliness, courage, good humour, and capacity for comradeship. I don't doubt it yet; or at any rate I never did doubt it until I saw it claimed so absolutely in the last number of the Mitre. In my day the pose of the athlete was that he was rather a bad egg, a terrible fellow with the girls or with the wine when it was red; what is called at Cambridge a "blood". Now, if I may trust the writer of the article, all that is changed; the pose today is that the athlete is a sort of Knight of the Round Table. His strength is as the strength of ten because his heart is pure. Frankly I prefer the former.

Of course there were hoarse murmurs in the old days about playing the game, and a straight fight, and a good sport, and so forth; but there was no doctrine about it, no gospel. The athlete did not dwell on the thought of his nobility, like the sailor in Stephen Leacock's story; "At length, he said, I am rewarded for all my heroism" He did not think of his character and how it was becoming unselfish and courageous. He did not study his clear eye and alert look in the glass, and assume an attitude of will and determination before the camera. He was not, in short, a self-conscious prig.

Nor did he contrast himself with other poor benighted people who did other things, and think how much finer his character was than theirs. He was not a Pharisee.

Nor, to tell you the truth, does he do so today, but it is being done for him by the people who ought to know better, and the author of the article in the last Mitre has caught up their accents without thinking out thoroughly all the position implies. No one would accuse the author of that article of being a prig or a Pharisee; but let him look and see where his arguments lead.

He states that the other activities of the College do not foster the aforesaid virtues to the same degree that athletic sports do; and then proceeds to review some of them, and show how inferior they are in moral value. It is at this point that one realises just where his arguments would take him, if logically carried out; they lead to the position that those who play football (basket-ball and hockey come in for a casual mention) are morally superior; those who

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do not play football are morally inferior. Apparently then modesty is not one of the virtues fostered by athletics; and without modesty there is little virtue. When we become acutely conscious of our own virtues, when we begin to point out the inferiority of others, our own virtue ceases to be virtue any longer.

If a member of the Dramatic Society had written an article pointing out the many moral excellencies he had cultivated under the direction of Mr. Speid and Mr. Comfort, contrasting them with the moral unworthiness of men who indulged in athletics, it would have been recognized as an unwise article, and probably not printed in the Mitre; and this is the real reason why I have ventured to compose this little protest. There is a suggestion in the College (sometimes it is more than a suggestion) that a person who is not playing football is morally inferior, and has failed in a duty; it is because such poisonous ideas go uncorrected that the author of the article in the last Mitre penned his extraordinary lines, all out of the innocence of his heart, and that the Board of the Mitre saw no objection to printing them. There is a sort of religious attitude to football on the part of some, an attitude which they have taken for granted and never criticised. It is time it was criticised before it becomes dangerous.

It is not that I want to condemn football; I hope that has been perfectly obvious. It is that I want to champion the other activities. No combined activity can possibly be carried through without nerve, good humour, and team work, in Dramatics for instance the amount of comradeship, and self-sacrifice is even greater in some ways than in athletics — It is a hard thing to have one's personal mannerisms and modes of speech criticised and corrected; and the difficulties in the way of team work are enormous. It demands a great deal of restraint and self-effacement on the part of all. To depreciate all this, when one has never experienced it, is a mistake.

The cynical remarks about the C.O.T.C. astound me. A very pacifist would admit the many moral virtues without which military training cannot be carried on; and if our O.T.C. is failing in this, then there is something extraordinarily wrong with it. Comradeship, obedience, exactness, self-discipline, self-subordination do not seem to me to be negligible qualities in the moral make-up.

In any case, if the tone of the article correctly represents the tone of College athletics, we can point to one definite and all-important moral superiority in all the other activities; they do not appear to produce a sense of moral superiority over one's fellow humans.

Now I think myself the article is wrong in the impression it conveys; I cannot believe that our representative athletes have this unpleasant characteristic. I do not think the author of the article has it himself. But it is certainly the impression he conveys; it is equally certain the result to which his arguments must lead. And though the members of our athletic teams do not, I am sure, think it about themselves, it is present in a great deal of what is said about

them.

Turn to a photographic group of them, if you cannot at the moment go and study them in the flesh. They are obviously a collection of healthy, normal, Canadian boys of exactly the right kind, just the sort we are proud to have. But they are not noticeably superior in morals to any other College group; would they claim it for themselves? They vary just like any other group, in ability, in character, and in influence in the college. They have all the attractiveness of athletes, and all the particular virtues which are necessary to success in sport. There may be many others in which they are deficient.

My faith has been so much shaken by the article in question, that I have even come to doubt that the clear eye, the alert look, and the expression of determination and will are an athletic monopoly. I could point to many non-athletes in the College who have them. Turn to the photograph of the Hockey Team in the last Year Book; then turn to the photograph of the Executive of the Debating Society, and ask whether the difference is so obvious. The Executive of the Debating Society might well be an athletic team; the Hockey Team might just as easily be the choir. The main difference lies in the clothes. Doctor up the photograph a bit, and clothe them in cassocks and surplices, and see for yourself. It is at least a good way of deriving entertainment from the Year Book.

What is the conclusion of the whole matter? Men ought to be free to take up whatever college activities they like, and no moral stigma should rest on those who, for reasons of their own, do not take up this one or that one. Let us be proud of the pluck and comradeship of our athletic representatives (though it is probably better not to gush too much about it); but do not let us conclude that the rest of the College is deficient in these qualities. It is doing no service to sport.

If we create a college spirit in which the majority think that it is a sign of moral inferiority, and perhaps of lack of pluck, to be outside of athletics, we shall have done great harm not only to the College but to athletics itself. It may then not only be a surer sign of moral courage to be out of athletics than to be in.

—Philip Carrington

**IBN BEN HASSAN**  
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

great attack, for we know there is going to be one, upon Arras?"

Drawing himself up to his full height, the prisoner cast upon his strange interlocutor a glance of withering contempt, within the scope of which he evidently included the Canadian Secret Service Man, for all he said was:

"You can both go plump to the devil!"

"Sir, sir, you are most impolite!" chided Ben Hassan. "That is unworthy of a gentleman, which you

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no doubt consider yourself to be. And yet, though you have defied me, and wasted valuable time, I shall not take undue advantage of your helplessness. Auf wiedersehen!"

Turning to the Sikh orderly, the Prince said:

"Take the Lieutenant away, Ihsan Ullah, and treat him well he is a brave man."

As the German officer was led ceremoniously away by his giant jailer, the Prince turned to Captain Jessop a rather agitated countenance.

"The last item of information is of the utmost importance! Those parts of the German lines that are to be denuded of troops in order to carry out the mass-attack on Arras will be taken from sections 87, 93, and 101. I cannot help feeling that the situation is serious, but this knowledge may simplify matters for Marshal Haig!"

"Wonderful, my friend!" cried the Secret Service Man. "Thanks to your marvellous thought-reading powers, instead of the world being saddened by the tale of a British reverse to-morrow week, it will be cheered up with the news of a German set-back. You are really putting me in a false position by persisting in hiding your light under a bushel. For the sake of the cause, I cannot refuse to make the fullest possible use of the information you supply me, but I feel like a blooming hypocrite when, in order to shelve embarrassing questions, I am compelled tacitly to admit that the credit is due to myself. It is no use my ascribing it to my phenomenal luck. If I do, they say: 'What a modest chap Jessop is!' or else: 'What a sly dog!'"

"As a matter of fact ——" began Ben Hassan.

"As a matter of fact," interrupted Jessop, "I am neither!

Now, don't you see, old chap, what a rotten position you are keeping me in? It is really too bad that you insist on nobody excepting Parker and myself knowing the real source of so much invaluable information. Not once nor twice but several times, to my personal knowledge, has your mysterious gift saved Britain from a disastrous defeat!"

The Sikh Prince puffed contemplatively at his cigar without replying; he was evidently debating the matter in his own mind. At last, he seemed to have arrived at a satisfactory conclusion, for the deep line between his thoughtful brows smoothed out, and he smiled, remarking:

"Were my 'mysterious gift', as you term it, known even to one or two more, I should feel uneasy in my mind. In a multitude of counsellors there is not always Wisdom. A loose tongue has more than once availed to destroy a Kingdom! Moreover, it may not perhaps have occurred to you, being a modest fellow in spite of your disclaimer, that a man — shall I say 'blest' or 'cursed'? — with the gift you so admire, this power of reading the unspoken thoughts of others, can, in the very nature of the case, have but few Friends and yet, he has an all-sufficing compensation, for, in those that he *does* possess, he is doubly honoured and blessed!"

"At any rate, he is assured of their sincerity!" re-

plied Jessop, a flush of embarrassment on his swarthy cheek.

Whereupon, the two officers shook hands and separated, the Captain hurrying off to make his all-important information known to the General of his division, while the Sikh Prince, his stately head bowed in deep contemplation, returned to his underground abode to refresh himself with a pipe of hasheesh, an enjoyment which, in spite of its insidious charms, he rigorously restricted to one per diem.

"I am very glad that my good friend Jessop and Parker are to return to-night to pay me a visit," he said to himself. "It may well be that I shall have somewhat of interest to impart to them! If my new method only works — Well, it is on the knees of the Gods!"

Thus musing, Ibn Ben Hassan carefully measured out the ingredients of his magic pipe. His face was quite impassive, save for the gleam in his great dark eyes, that alone betrayed his inward excitement!

The Prince was about to put in practice one of the most advanced of the occult Mysteries known to the Yogi, namely, the projection of his 'Astral Body'!

"Well has it been said", mused Hassan, as he puffed at his pipe, "that man has in him something of the Infinite; he is conscious of his Divine Descent, though made from the dust of the Earth. Our own Yogis never doubted this, though they called Dyu their Father, and Prithvi their Mother; Plato knew it when he declared that the Earth produced men, but that God formed them. Tacitus found the same belief among the Teutons, who believed that Man was the grandson of Tiu, the God of Light; he tells how they called by the name of God 'Secretum illud quod sola reverentia vident'. Strange beings, indeed, are we! Were it not for a runaway horse, and a silly girl, I should not, in all probability, have had such thoughts as these, nor have ventured this night within the Borderland of Mystery!"

As the subtle influence of the sweet-scented drugs began to assert itself, Ibn Ben Hassan, taking the splendid diamond from his turban, fixed his gaze upon its ever-changing fires until consciousness passed from him, and he lay breathless and pulseless upon the divan!

Minutes grew into hours, and no slightest sign of life could have been detected by the most expert. Indeed, any Western medical man would unhesitatingly have drawn up a death-certificate. No stethoscope could have rendered audible a single heart-beat, or a rise and fall of the breath; a mirror put before the slightly-parted lips would have come away unsullied; animation was in utter suspension!

Small wonder that even the cool-headed Flight-lieutenant Parker was startled as he preceded Captain Jessop into Ben Hassan's underground retreat!

"Good God, Jessop!" he cried. "The Prince is dead! Now, isn't that too bad?"

"He certainly would seem to be," replied the Secret Service Man, after vainly endeavoring to discover signs of returning life.

"How often that happens," continued Parker, musingly, "when one of these poor devils goes in too strong for

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the dope! A grain or two beyond the margin of safety, and — another wreck piles up on the rocks!”

“Yes, indeed,” assented the Captain, regretfully, “some of the very finest fellows — men for the most part, of delicately-balanced nervous organization, like our friend here — succumb eventually to this insidious abominable habit! Fancy a man of Prince Hassan’s marvellous potentialities snuffed out like a candle! None but ourselves will ever know the loss the British Empire has sustained this day. Thousands of our brave boys already owe their lives to him. By his mind-reading feat this afternoon, we hold the enemy at a great disadvantage, and only some silly bungling on our part can deprive us of a notable victory. Oh, the pity of it! Learning, wit, genius dissipated in the infernal smoke-wreaths of hasheesh!”

“It’s a damnable shame, that’s what it is!” growled the big lieutenant in impotent wrath, kicking the offending pipe under the divan.

“Yes, we cannot realize what it means to us yet,” continued Jessop. “Who can guess what that very important and exclusive information may be that Hassan promised to supply me in just precisely twelve minutes from now?” consulting his watch as he spoke.

Five minutes dragged heavily by, and the two officers were about to go out from the chamber of death, and break the sad news to Ben Hassan’s elder brother, when the silver alarm-clock on the little table at the head of the divan tinkled musically.

Instinctively, both men turned to gaze on the re-

cumbent figure on the couch. A quiver ran through his limbs, he drew a long breath, color returned to his pallid lips, and, as the cuckoo-clock on the opposite wall announced Midnight, the Prince sat up, and fixed his mysterious eyes on Jessop’s face!

“The hour is come,” he said.

TO BE CONTINUED IN APRIL

**ST. PATRICK**  
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

since been kept as a holiday. His grave is still preserved for us at Downpatrick.

Saint Patrick has left us “His Confession” and the beautiful hymn “Saint Patrick’s Breastplate”. We have also certain other of his private writings. Saint Patrick’s bell is still preserved in Dublin Museum and the Cathedral in Dublin is built over the well in which Patrick used to baptize converts. His pastoral staff was kept until the Reformation when it was burned amongst many other valuables. In the Library of Royal Irish Academy in Dublin there is an old manuscript of the Gospels said to have belonged to Patrick. His name is used to dedicate many churches and cathedrals and many sons of Ireland love to own his name. But interesting as all these relics are, his best memorial is his holy life and the Christianity which sheds its light in Ireland to-day making her affectionately known as “The Island of Saints”.

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