

*M. Olga Jackson*

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June, 1930

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## EDITORIAL

### THE END.

At this time of year, when one is on the "outs" with even one's best friends, and one's nerves are all on edge, and one wonders after all wouldn't it have been better if I had gone to work instead of pursuing a higher education, and regrets and worries are the order of the day, it is well to sit down and consider our *raison d'être* in the University. This time we are not throwing out any hints for such a meditation but merely suggest the idea. Unfortunately even Editors of College Magazines have to write examinations and try to make good marks. However we wish to take this opportunity of expressing our sincere appreciation of the labours of those who have helped to make our task lighter and pleasanter. To all those who have contributed material for publication during the year, all we can say is "long may you prosper and live to alleviate the sufferings of others." Now being almost inebriated with over much work even an Editor must come to an end, and wishes his readers one and all a successful examination time, and a healthful and recreational vacation time.

The end crowns all,  
And that old common arbitrator, Time,  
Will one day end it.

—Shakespeare.

### GRADUATES, WE WISH YOU WELL.

The following extract is reprinted from "The Tech Flash," Halifax, N. S.

The sentiments are exactly those which we wish to express, and it is so well done that we reprint it without further comment.

"Graduates, you have now finished with the classroom and the professors, but you have not finished with studies. These will still be with you as long as you continue to make progress and to advance in your profession.

Your profession ranks among the highest. You have not attained to it by a single effort but by unceasing endeavours extending over many years. Your industry in these years has marked you as the leaders of the future. The highest position to which you have climbed as a graduate engineer must be your incentive to reach still higher and to attempt to make your calling of greater value to mankind. Never for an instant must the advancement of your profession fade from your mind. Hold fast to it.

Your task is to bring into concrete existence the theories and dreams of the age. To you is given the power to create, to build, to perform, and in so doing to give service to your fellow citizens. Without your aid they are almost helpless; with your help they shall reach to heights

CONTINUED ON PAGE 19

## Confession of the Arch-Poet

*Note — These verses are translated from a medieval Latin poet connected with the University of Paris about the year 1160 A.D. His name is unknown but he appears to have*

*been the head of a Secret Society of Student Poets who wandered from one university to another.*

*Translated by Philip Carrington. ....*

I confess I haunt the tavern which I chant and eulogise;  
I never did despise it, and I never shall despise,  
Till the day I see the chorus of the angels drawing near  
To sing the vespers of the dead for this poor sinner here.

My mind's made up; a tavern is the fittest place to die,  
Where sundry wines and liquors stand conveniently by,  
That when the angels come for me, they may rejoice and say,  
'Have mercy on him God most High; he's very drunk to-day'

The soul's dark lantern kindles from the brimming of a cup;  
The heart that's drenched in nectar bright, soars up and  
up and up;  
More sweet by far the wine I drink a-sitting in this place  
Than the drink his grace's butler mixes deftly for his grace.

The noble band of poets may abstain from wine and meat,  
Avoid disputes in public and the riots in the street;  
But in order to produce a book of verse which cannot die,  
They die themselves in labour, overcome by misery.

Dame Nature gives to every man his special gift and  
function;  
And as for me I cannot fast, and write with any unction.  
For when I fast, a child at school could versify as well;  
And thirst and fasting are the things I hate like death  
and hell.

Dame Nature gives a special gift to every man; and mine  
Is making deathless verses while I drink the best of wine.  
The very best of liquor that the vintners can supply  
Is not too good to keep my well of words from running dry.

The better stuff I get to drink, the better stuff I write;  
Before I've had some nourishment, I can't begin to write;  
The stuff I write when fasting isn't a tinker's damn;  
I can do as well as Byron when I've had my little dram.

I am uninspired and lifeless, I'm a stranger to the Muse,  
Till my belly's saturated with the nobler sort of booze;  
And as long as Bacchus lords it in the castle of my brain,  
Why, glory be to Phoebus, I write miracles again.

## Some Criticisms of Shakespeare

### THE CHARACTER OF FALSTAFF.

By W. D. Humphrey.

It had long been the ambition of Shakespeare to write a play on the life of Prince Henry, later Henry V. It is evident that he is one of Shakespeare's favourite characters. His readings of Holinshed's Chronicles had made him familiar with the people and the times. When, however, he set about the actual construction of the play, he found it necessary to weave in a fairly strong thread of humour, in order to make it a play, and not merely a dramatic chronicle of events.

And so he introduced Sir John Falstaff. The fat old knight intrigued him, and before he knew what he was about, his comic character had grown to such dimensions that he overshadowed the more important and more serious characters of the play. One can imagine his dismay when he discovered the trick that his genius had played on him! The same thing seems to have happened to Milton when he unintentionally made Satan the hero of "Paradise Lost."

There are several types of humour in Shakespeare's plays. There is the High Comedy of Beatrice and Benedict; there is also the Low Comedy of Flute and Bottom; and there is the third sort, the Tavern Humour, of which Falstaff is the most outstanding exponent. Falstaff is at his best when he is seated at the table in the Boars' Head Tavern with a roast capon before him, a bottle of sack at his elbow, and congenial company who will appreciate his wit.

Falstaff is fully aware of the power of his wit and he uses it to the best advantage. He rides rough-shod over the wishes of his friends, he extracts money out of their purses with the utmost grace, he lives openly a life of vice, depraved in one of his years, yet all the while he is so superbly amusing and fascinating that one feels one could almost forgive him were his profession grave-robbing. It is his nonchalance and easy-going nature that is most interesting. One always envies a person who can live merely for the day. Falstaff might be called an Epicurean, for so he was. He uses his humour as a weapon to win for him an existence that is as easy and well fed as he can make it. He works his way to a place where he is above his companions and less worried with mundane affairs. As Bradley says: "The bliss of freedom gained in humour is the essence of Falstaff."

Falstaff's humour itself is worth earnest consideration. It is not the bitter humour of Jaques, nor is it the cloddish humour of Trinculo and Steffano. Falstaff creates the situations for his wit, and in this way he is superior to any of the other characters of that sort. His wit itself is perennially fresh. The greatest wit in the world is a

great bore if he repeats his wise sayings, or if he descends to obscure levels to point out jokes. Falstaff is always lightning quick. His jokes are always easy to perceive: not that they are simple, but that they are the purest humour; a combination of wit, buffoonery, joviality, and laughter. To quote Hudson at this point: "No one ever wearies of Falstaff's talk, — his speech is like pure, fresh, cold water, which always tastes good because it is tasteless."

No one can deny that Shakespeare has woven genius into Falstaff.

Falstaff's wit is intellectual and brilliant. His play upon words is really the cleverest in the English language. His vocabulary is by no means limited, and we are treated to the best of it every time he speaks. No one succeeds in placing Falstaff in a position whence he cannot extricate himself. Prince Hal, no mean wit himself, has many a time to cry "Quits." On the one occasion when Bardolf ventures to pass a remark about Falstaff's appearance, his ill-aimed barb returns to him as a shower of cudgels that belabour him as Falstaff turns the full play of his wit in ridicule of the venturesome, stupid fellow. Bradley says, "Falstaff's ease and enjoyment — are those of the humourist and the humourist of genius."

No Character of Shakespeare's, save perhaps Iago, and certainly no character we are led to grow fond of, is accused of so many vices and lack of morals as is Falstaff. There is much dispute over the fact that he appears to be a coward, but whether he intends to appear that way and is merely jesting, or is really guilty of the meanest of human defalcations is a matter of conjecture. No one who has grown to love the jolly fat knight can really conceive of his cowardice. We know him to be incurably lazy: what, then, is more likely than that he avoids the exertion of conflicts and brawls, for any exertion means a lot to a man of his girth. Mackenzie says on this point: "His cowardice, if fairly examined, will be found to be not so much a weakness as a principle: he has the sense of danger but not the discomposure of fear."

To use a modern phrase, one is led to believe that Falstaff is bluffing. But only under exceptional circumstances would he unmask himself and show his true colours. If, for instance, he were called to defend Prince Hal with his life we feel confident that he would show up a valiant man provided, of course, he realized the gravity of the occasion.

As Alfred Ainger says: "Falstaff is the wittiest of Shakespeare's witty characters, and is no exception to the rule that Shakespeare invariably associates wit with some moral deficiency." What is more true of every-day life?

## PREFACE TO A STRIFE

We had just seen the Shamrocks snatch a hockey game from the burning and were sitting pondering when he arrived. He was a gentleman who introduced himself as McTigue and said he didn't mind if he did. I ventured to comment on the evening's upset.

"Shure and there's nothin' strange in it. 'Tis only natural that the Shamrocks shud win. Indade 'twas the Oirish invinted the game. Thow there's niver a bit of oice in the ould land now, but in the ould days niver a winter but the Killarney Lakes were froze solid an' all the bhoys wint skatin' ache with his little duneen in his mouth and his shillilagh undher his arm.

Well I remimber me granfeyther tellin' me how the bhoys of Dublin College invinted hockey. It was the same year Dinty, the Great, Four Yards McCool discovered football an' Oireland whipped the wurld. The winter wuz on thim an' ivryman wint skatin', Dinty, Dan Cuspitude, Honest Puddy McPhungus, Brian Born, Napper Tandy an' aven me lord Sligo who had coached the football tame.

Dinty wuz a foine lad always up to thricks an' by the same token he ups with his shillelagh and whiskks the fate av me lord Sligo from undher him. Down goes me lord like a rabbit an' out pops his uppers on the oice. "Whurroo lads!" shouts honest Paddy pokin at the tathe with his shtick and just hookin' thim away from me lord Sligo's outstriched hand. In a minute Dinty and all the the others were pushin' the plate around the pond an' kapin' me lord from reshthorin' ut to his mouth. Av course some av the young fellies anxious to git on the good soide av the coach throied to rethrave ut but Dinty and the lads were too good for thim till suddinly McCool shtops, picks up the tathe an' hands thim to me lord. "Bhoys," sez he "'tis a new game."

But they cudn't be after usin' tathe all the toime an' prisintly McCool shtarted to look for somethin' ilse an' decoided to use a potato. An' so the game began with two soides ache throin' to kape the potato away from the others and usin' their shillelaghs very freeloike.

An' many a grand shpree did they have till the excitemint was loike to take the place of Donnybrook Fair. Thin wan day a lad on the other soide called Dinty a dhirty name, McCool bein about thirty yards away from him but McCool niver hisitated "I'll knuck ye far a goal," shouts McCool and lets droive with the potato knockin' the omadhaun thru the fince they'd built around the pond. Thin Dinty gathers his men an' sez "'Tis a neu aspict av the game. From nou on we'll thray to score. Foive av us will play out an' git all the glory an' the sixth will play

by the fince an' git knocked for all the goals." An' so it was that the tame which knocked the goaler on the other tame thru the fince the most won the game.

From this the game divoloped amazin'. The oidea av droivin' the goaler thru the fince soon vanished for lumber wuz very ixpensive in Oireland an' the college couldn't afford it. They just made a hole in the fince an' throied to knock the goaler thru it.

Thin came the hard winter av forty-one an' all the potatoes were froze so that ivry toime you hit a goaler on the head the pratie smashed to smithereens. An' by the same tokin the potatoes ran short and Dinty had to foind a subshtitute. Sez Dinty "We'll git rubber, that'll bounce betther but we'll make ut flat so ut'll go faster." An' rubber it was just loike they use to-day.

Manewhile the ould shillelaghs had changed considerable. First Napper Tandy discovered that with a projeshun on the ind av his shtick he could thrip his opponents asier. Thin Paddy McPhungus had the projectin' pace made narrow so that he cud git it properly hooked in his opponents shkates. Foinlly McCool who was gethn' auld, this bein his forty-sivinth year at the university, the same year he dhropped his course in roidin' an' began to specialize on the zither, found his lumbago botherin' him afther bindin' over a short shillelagh so he shtarted to use a shtick about foive fate long an' niver a man but did the same.

Wan problem shtill confronted him. Niver a person cud think av a name for the rubber disk. However, McCool sittled the quistion. Wan day he'd bin playin' aginst a tame with McFarley in goal an' McFarley was a man quick on the dodge. McCool wud kape missin' him an' gettin' maddher an' maddher an' McFarley would kape clownin' and ridhucin' Dinty till at last McCool yells "The curse av Cromwill on yez! Shtand shtill or oi'll hand yez a puck on the gob." An' with that he let droive an' caught McFarley square on the jaw knockin' him thru the hole in the fince to win the game for dear old Dublin. An' puck it was from thin on. This same McFarley afther played in goals for Dublin an' he got so good that they had to change the rule about knockin' the goaler thru to make it sindin' the puck thru unattinded. Thin av course they had to have nets because it was too much throuble to chase afther the puck ivry toime ut wint thru.

An' from the very beginnin' whin me lord Sligo's uppers popped out on the oice till the day McCool finished his course in lip-radin' an' retoired to the country to raise pigs the Foightin' Oirish niver lost a game. An' what's more an Oirish hockey tame niver will lose. Thanks an' oi'll have just wan more." said Mr. McTigue.

# Life in a Military Camp

By the Rev. E. Parkinson, B.A.

I have always had a decided liking for military life of any kind, so when the opportunity of spending a whole summer in the militia presented itself, I had no hesitation in accepting. I had no idea whatever of the duties that would fall to my lot, but knowing that once I was under military control I should be taken care of, I had no worries, but went blindly on.

The first two weeks of vacation I spent in camp at Cookshire. As this is a cavalry camp, and I know nothing whatever about cavalry, things looked quite bad for me at first. However the chaplain happened to be a very old friend of mine so I was made "canteen sergeant," and given three men to help me hand out ice cream and cigarettes. The weather was terrible — cold and showery — but, again owing to a little "pull" I obtained a cot-bed, and was allowed to pick my tent-mate. We made things as comfortable as possible and prayed for the camp to break up. This it eventually did and we were free once more to bath and shave in comfort.

A week after camp broke up at Cookshire I was ordered to report at the Canadian Small Arms School, Ottawa, for a period of training in machine-gun work. The weather changed, and suddenly became very hot, so the first thing I did was to hunt up a pair of shorts and a sun-helmet for coolness. Here again I was lucky, as the Camp Sergeant-major was our instructor at college, so I was allotted one of the better tents, and given a few tips on the camp routine. My tent-mate was a much-traveled Englishman, a veteran pilot of the Great War. Due to his immense capacity for liquor, his generosity and an unlimited fund of funny stories, rhymes and songs, our tent was a great general meeting house when drinking and conversation were to the fore.

This was the best course of the year as far as amusement and experience were concerned, but also the hardest on the pocketbook. Most of the officers attending this course were school-teachers, undergraduates or insurance agents, drawn from all Canada east of Saskatchewan.

A good many of them came just for the change; a number to get away from their wives; four came on their honeymoon, and the remainder because they needed the course in order to obtain promotion. The non-commissioned officers were drawn mainly from the offices and warehouses of the larger cities, although a few were high-school boys. Collectively their intelligence was less, but their practical knowledge was greater than that of the officers. One officer especially, the editor of a financial paper in Toronto, was the prize dunce of the whole squad, being able to use neither his hands nor his brain in this line of work.

During most of the day we sat on benches in a large marquee, with a gun in front of us, and an instructor teaching us the different points. When he had finished we in turn had to teach the class, — this to accustom us to instructing, so that when we returned to our respective units, we should have not only theoretical but practical knowledge. During the last ten days we were taken on tactical schemes given night firing and range practice.

The camp routine was very pleasant when one became accustomed to it; reveille sounded at 6.30, breakfast at 8.00, lectures from 9 to 12, and from 2 until 4.00. From then until 9 o'clock the next morning we were free to come and go as we pleased. Boats were provided for us, a good beach was a mile down the road, while tennis courts and soft-ball equipment were provided for sports in camp. Altogether it was the neatest, best ordered and healthful camp I have ever seen. I hope to return again in a few years to take a "refresher" course.

The impressions gathered from attendance at one of these camps in the great interest taken by all classes of men in military matters. The number in attendance would point to the growth of a military spirit in Canada which could not be realized away from such a camp. The plan of the Department of National Defence in training instructors only provides a nucleus for a well-organized and quickly drilled army.



## Even In The Best Of Colleges

A large determined moon marched in an aggressive manner up the sky, shepherding a flock of restless stars. Somewhere beyond the river a quivering cry sobbed itself to silence in the night. An earlier generation would have made the sign of the cross and muttered a prayer against the were-wolf. But "The 8.25 is late tonight," someone said, and threw his glowing inch of cigarette out of the open window. It traced a golden thread for a moment against the dark mass of the building. A little breeze wandered into the quad and found a bit of blotting-paper to play with.

Oscar stood by the window, unseeing. Behind him in the room were cards, books, pipe, three beings tonelessly inquiring what is this thing called love. Across the corridor several young males were delightfully smoking pipes. But nothing mattered. The great world was calling Oscar.

When it was that he first felt the urge to live life to the full, Oscar did not know. But since he had entered upon this narrowing, rut-worn, obsolescent tradition called education, the call to the bigger things, to contrast with the great would as such, had become a summons not to be scorned. People! One's fellow-creatures. Sojourners with oneself for a short space in this oasis of the dusty reaches of eternity. Like oneself, living out god-given moments of life as individual atoms. People! Just plain folks, and Oscar needed them.

His limpid eyes were clouded with the unfathomable pathos of genius. Around his sensitive ears his hair might have fallen in silken tendrils, had not barbarous shears checked the display of all its luxuriant beauty. One nervous hand played with a tassel of the weirdly attractive dressing-gown he wore. A mighty yawn roused him, and he turned. A little pity tinged the infinite contempt with which he viewed the others — one blowing bloated, lopsided smoke-rings, one absorbed in pulling threads from his passionately tinted hosiery, one frankly slumbering with his ear pressed into yesterday's market reports.

Oscar strode in silence to the door; the two conscious men followed him, perhaps from having no choice in the matter, perhaps from having nothing better to do. They waited a moment in the corridor. Oscar had paused; now he stood reminding one of the Monarch of the Glen, majesty instinct in every lineament. Then with a gladsome cry he cantered away. His dressing-gown brought all the glamour of a Persian moon, and all the resources of student vernacular, in to the corridor.

A rustle of paper was followed by the unmistakable sound of a telephone crying to its operator. A moment,

and an unctuous bass voice, a very archbishop of a voice, said, "Mrs. Wilson? — Ah, this is Ignatius Dobree speaking. We are having a kiddies' service on Friday next, for the young members of the Congregation of Up-Standers and On-Marchers, and we want you and the little ones to attend — yes, a silver collection — I beg your pardon, I have a slight cough — Not at all —" And a moment later, chilled steel in the voice telling of desperation, of ruthlessness and of utter disillusionment, "—Mrs. Smith, of Smith & Co., confectioners? — No, it doesn't matter who's speaking. I'm just warning you, sir, that unless you stop putting so much vanilla in your creampuffs in future, hell will pop. Good night, sir," Then, a clear feminine voice with the endearing hush in it that makes talkies worth while for many a girl, "Pardon me, but is your middle name Clarence, or August? Oh dear! — The Purple mitten is out again, and they always get their man —" A cryptic message drifting out into the universe, and a woman's heart-break apparently going with it. And then a low croon, "Aw Margie, don't be sore — say, I didn't mean a thing — can't I come up tomorrow night? — tell the folks the show's great, —" our hearts throb, for there is stark agony in the voice now, "say, listen kid, don't you know I'm crazy about you — Margie—!" A desperate click marked the crust on a slice of real life. Then the gurgling amusement of a boy at play, "—three barrels of pastry flour, a dozen rubber bands, and a lemon squeezer — to I— Sm— University."

The door opened slowly and Oscar emerged, his face that of a votary retiring from a shrine. A faint refulgence from within seemed to veil him apart from his followers. A beatific smile played fitfully over square chin and antique profile.

Their companion still appeared to be asleep, but his feet were moving rhythmically to the bleat of a gramophone in the next room. Oscar again stood by the window, one hand holding back the curtain, Mercury-like, pulsating with life and youth and joie de vivre. Greenish in the moonlight, a cat moved silently along the gravel below. Seeking, always seeking, thought Oscar. But he, Oscar, had found what life had withheld for so long, — contact with Man. A step further, telephones equipped for television, — he was about to solve the riddle of the universe, to his own end to all the world's satisfaction. His handsome teeth were clamped gravely on the stem of his pipe, and an exceedingly sweet savour mounted up to the hot-water pipes on the ceiling. The light from his study lamp dimmed, flickered, went out. The little breeze dribbled into the room.

## Hockey and Basketball Dinner

A very successful banquet was held in the dining hall, when the Faculty, a number of guests and the student body joined in celebrating the winning of Intermediate Provincial hockey and basketball titles. The occasion was also marked by the presentation of the major and minor insignia to the members of the hockey and basketball teams, and by various other presentations, including the inter-year trophies. Among the guests present were Messrs. Grant Hall, vice-president of the C.P.R., Rev. Canon H. R. Bigg, Dr. S. P. Smith of Bishop's College School, J. E. Corfield, J. T. Hawkins, W. P. McVie and Glen Samson.

After a very excellent supper had been served, Mr. George Hall, president of the Students' Association, called on those present to drink the toast to the King, which was followed by the singing of the National Anthem.

In his opening remarks the toast master congratulated the teams on their splendid achievements in winning two championships, stating that good teams did not happen, and that every man on every team had done his bit nobly in reaching the desired end.

Mr. Ralph Gustafson, B.A., in proposing the toast to the Alma Mater, recalled how Bishop's had almost acquired the "Championship Habit" during the past academic year, and said that the outstanding feature of the whole series of successes was the fact that the Bishop's traditions had been upheld, "Our Alma Mater" said Mr. Gustafson, "has a tradition which stretches back for over eighty years, a tradition of honest endeavour towards the highest ideals a tradition of clean, true sportsmanship." He pointed out the advantages of a small university such as Bishop's, where every man's individuality is developed to the best that is in it.

The Principal responded to the toast of the Alma Mater, and welcomed Mr. Grant Hall and the other guests. He told how the banquet had been made possible through the generosity of the Executive Committee, and reported statements of regret which had come to him from the Chancellor and some other members of Corporation unable to be present, but who extended their hearty congratulations. Dr. McGreer said that he felt especially pleased with the success of the teams in view of the fact that Bishop's men were so strictly amateur, no compensation of any sort being offered to any of her men for their athletic prowess. He sketched briefly the history of Bishop's University, and pointed out her unique position to-day as a small University entirely self-controlled. He referred to the remarkably high percentage of Bishop's men who turned out in every branch of athletics, and who were willing to give their time and ability for their Alma Mater. He concluded by re-stating

the pleasure he felt in being able to commemorate a triple championship.

Rev. H. C. Burt proposed the toast to the basketball team, Intermediate Champions of the Province. He related some humorous experiences which had come his way in various games he had played, and finally told the basketball team that the rules of their game had been formulated by a certain Naysmith, who claimed he had invented a game which was psychologically perfect. "The members of the basketball team," remarked the speaker, "were faced with the test of following in the steps of the rugby and hockey teams, and they did so in a highly creditable manner." In concluding, he expressed his regret that financial and academic problems had prevented the team from going after the Dominion title.

Mr. Sam Rudner, captain of the basketball team, thanked those present for their congratulations, and attributed the success of his team to the splendid spirit with which they had played every game. The support given this year's team was something unique in the history of basketball at Bishop's, and the speaker thanked both students and Faculty for their splendid co-operation. He paid a special tribute to Syd McMorran, whose work throughout the year as a guard has been outstanding.

Dr. Boothroyd, in his usual witty and entertaining manner, congratulated the Intermediate hockey team on winning the Intercollegiate Provincial Championship, as well as the Sherbrooke County Hockey League Championship. Dr. Boothroyd recalled his own experiences with athletics at University, and felt that there was no memory more pleasant than that of the feeling of comradeship which came through talking over the games, and also in actually playing in them. He complimented the men on the fact that they had played hard all the time, and expressed the opinion that that was one of the main reasons for their success.

Mr. E. E. Denison, captain of the hockey team, recalled the various successes of the year, which included the winning of the Intercollegiate title, the Sherbrooke County title and an exhibition game with the senior team of Dartmouth University. He paid special tribute to the star centreman, Joe Blinco, and thanked all those who had supported the hockey team in their games.

Mr. J. H. M. Brett, B.A., proposed the toast to the junior hockey team, and remarked that this team was the first to represent Bishop's in a Junior League. Mr. Brett congratulated the team on playing good hockey, and hoped that the coming year would see them do even better than they had done last winter. Mr. R. A. Carson replied to the toast, stating that the team had no apologies to offer

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SEATED — R. M. WALLACE - C. ROBINSON - S. G. RUDNER, CAPT. - M. A. TURNER - J. P. FULLER.



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except that there were better teams in the League, and he expressed a hope for the success of junior hockey at Bishop's in the future.

Mr. W. W. Davis, in proposing the toast to the Faculty, thanked them for their continued support during the year, and hoped that they would show due consideration to the athletes in the coming examinations.

Dr. W. O. Raymond spoke for the Faculty, and remarked that he felt quite embarrassed in the presence of so many learned scholars of sport, including doctors of basketball, hockey, etc. He pointed out how every nation had its own game, and said he felt pleased that Canada's national game should be the speediest and most graceful of all, namely, hockey. He told some of the difficulties of being a good sportsman, and, concluding in a humorous vein, he compared the exams as a game between the Faculty and the students. "We will meet in a fair way," said Dr. Raymond. "There's a clear field and no favors, and may the best man win."

Mr. R. R. Buchanan, B.A., proposed the toast to the guests, and took the opportunity of thanking Dr. Smith for his kindness in judging the Inter-Faculty debates. Rev. Canon H. R. Bigg replied to the toast, and expressed his pleasure at being present at the banquet. Canon Bigg said that he had followed the success of Bishop's teams with keen interest during the year, and extended his congratulations to them all. He felt that the Bishop's men were to be envied for their privilege of residential life in the University, and he urged them to build up the spirit of team-work, which he thought was essential in any walk of life. He concluded his remarks with a few lines from Kipling:

"The game is greater than the player of the game,  
and the ship is greater than the crew."

After the speeches the various trophies were presented. Rev. Dr. A. H. McGreer presented the Lady Meredith Cup to Mr. F. M. Gray, captain of the Arts '30 basketball team, inter-year champions. Mr. Grant Hall presented the MacKinnon Trophy to Mr. W. C. Stockwell, captain of the Arts '32 hockey team, inter-year champions. Mr. Hall expressed his pleasure at being present, and congratulated the different teams on their splendid success. He emphasized the importance of athletics in University life.

Dr. S. P. Smith presented the Greenleaf Trophy to Mr. R. P. Blinco as the most useful player to his team in the Sherbrooke County Hockey League. Dr. Smith commented on the close relations between the College and the School, and felt sure they were going to continue.

Mr. R. M. Wallace, president of the Badminton Club, presented the Raymond and Stockwell Trophies to Messrs. C. V. Smith and E. Rocksborough-Smith, respectively.

Rev. Dr. McGreer then presented major insignia to the members of the Intermediate teams, and minor insignia to the members of the Junior team.

The banquet closed with the singing of "O Canada"

and the National Anthem, and an uproarious rendering of "Duo Potamo."

## SONNET

To live with nature in calm pensiveness  
Is to the inward soul its own reward;  
No cold excuse for profit lost, or less  
Of future surety than toil could hoard,  
Need there be offered, though some minds there are  
That hold, to value sanely nature's boon  
Would be to coin the silver of a star,  
Or mint the idle gold within the moon.  
Far deeper truths than trade and commerce yield  
Are found within the sweep of silent hills,  
More power than industry can ever wield  
Is bound within desires a flower fulfills.

The colours of the rainbow can unfold  
The strength intrinsic in a coin of gold.

R.G.

## A Gift to the Library

Through the generosity of the Rev. Canon Bigg, rector of St. Peter's Church, Sherbrooke, Bishop's University has lately received the gift of a very interesting historic Prayer Book. The book was printed at Cambridge in 1758 by Joseph Bentham, printer to the University. It was originally the property of Jacob Mountain, first Bishop of Quebec. The book then passed into the hands of his son George Jehoshaphat Mountain, third Bishop of Quebec and the founder of Bishop's College. He, in turn, handed it on to his son, the Rev. Canon Armine Mountain, who presented it to the Rev. Canon Richardson, from whom it came into the hands of Rev. H. Reginald Bigg (Dec. 27th, 1902).

The Prayer Book is a large one, adapted for Church use. The handsome binding and clear print give it an attractive format and despite the age of the copy it is in an excellent state of preservation. It seems fitting that a book so intimately linked with the history of the Church of England in the Province of Quebec and with the establishment of Bishop's College, should now find a home in the library of the University.

We wish the Graduates  
and Students of the University  
life-long success and happiness



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LENNOXVILLE, Que.

PHONE 133

# Glee Club Concert

Members of Bishop's University Glee Club, assisted by the Ladies' Glee Club of the University, gave its second annual presentation in Convocation Hall on Wednesday evening, May 14th, before a rather small but highly appreciative audience. The Glee Club only came into existence last year, and it was feared that owing to the large number of clubs and societies already in existence at the University, the Club would find it difficult to win support and continue its work. The finish with which the different numbers on the programme were rendered, however, the hearty applause with which they were received, and the numerous encores requested by the audience gave evidence of the popularity of the Club among the students and the friends of the University.

The programme, consisting of men's choruses, women's choruses, solos and quartettes, was well received; the solo of A. D. Lennon especially calling forth much merited applause. During the intermission, Rev. Dr. A. H. McGreer, Principal of the University, thanked the audience for the appreciation shown in the work of the club, and also congratulated Mrs. E. E. Boothroyd, director of the Ladies' Glee Club, and Prof. R. Havard, director of the University Glee Club, on the splendid work they had done during the year. Dr. McGreer then presented Mrs. Boothroyd with a gift from the Ladies' Club in appreciation of the work she had done.

The men's chorus, of about twenty-five voices, contributed the opening and closing numbers of the programme, and also a selection directly before the intermission. All their selections but one were rendered in a four part harmony arrangement, and showed admirable control and training, which spoke well for their director, Prof. R. Havard. The opening number, "The Comrades' Song of Hope," by Adolphe Adam, was especially well received, and the Sutton arrangement of "Massa's in de Cold Ground," with banjo effects, proved very pleasing. Sullivan's "The Long Day Closes," formed a fitting climax to the programme.

The ladies' chorus, of about twelve voices, contributed some very pleasing English Folk Songs, including "Oh No John"; and the well-known Russian folk song, "Volga Boatmen's Song!" Their other numbers, "Soft the Music Sounds" (Beethoven) and "Swinging" (Strauss) were well rendered and earned much applause.

The University male quartette again proved popular, especially in the presentation of the humorous English song, "The Noble Duke of York," with the arrangement by Bing-Johnston.

Mrs. E. E. Boothroyd and Mr. A. D. Lennon

were exceptionally good as soloists, although credit is also due everyone taking part in the programme, as well as to Mr. R. Gustafson, B.A., who ably acted as accompanist.

The programme, which lasted about an hour and a half, included the following numbers: "Comrades' Song of Hope" (Adolphe Adam), by the men's chorus; solo, "My Dream" (F. P. Tosti), by Mr. John Comfort; two solos, "Volga Boatmen's Song" (Russian Folksong) and "Oh No, John" (English Folksong) by the ladies' chorus; solo, "The Open Road" (Stickles), by Mr. A. V. Ottiwell; quartette by the Glee Club, "Lullaby" (Brahma) and "The Noble Duke of York" (arr. by Bing-Johnston); also, "At Tankerton Inn," (Howard Fisher) by Mr. J. C. A. Cole; "Massa's in de Cold Ground" (arr. by Tom Sutton), sung by the men's chorus; "Tinker's Song from Robin Hood" (R. de Koven), by the men's chorus; quartette, by members of the Glee Club, "Sweet and Low" (J. Barnby) and "John Peel" (arr. by Mark Andrews); solo and chorus, "When a Merry Maiden Marries" (Gondoliers, Gilbert and Sullivan), with Mrs. E. E. Boothroyd as soloist, assisted by the chorus of combined clubs, "Soft the Music Sounds" (Beethoven) and "Swinging" (Strauss) by the ladies' chorus; solo "Captain Mac" (Sanderson), by Mr. A. D. Lennon, and the final chorus, "The Long Day Closes" (Sullivan), by the men's chorus.

## Appointment in English at Bishop's

Mr. C. C. Lloyd has been appointed as Assistant in the Department of English at Bishop's for the ensuing year.

Mr. Lloyd was educated at Marlborough College (1920 - 1925) and Lincoln College, Oxford (1925 - 1928). At Marlborough he obtained the Senior Farrar Prize for English Literature, and at Oxford was placed Proxime Accessit in the Stanhope Historical Essay Prize for a thesis on "Republicanism in the reign of Charles II." In the final examination of the Honours School of Modern History, in 1928, he obtained a First Class. From 1928 to 1930 he was Assistant Master at Malvern College and taught English, History, and French to the fifth and sixth forms. His teaching at Malvern has been very favourably commented on by the Head Master.

In addition to his work in History and English, Mr. Lloyd is a student of French and Italian Literature. He comes to us with a record of academic distinction at Oxford, and testimonials speak with appreciation of his personal qualities.

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MAIN STREET

LENNOXVILLE, QUE.

*ORDINATION IN CATHEDRAL  
AT QUEBEC CITY.*

*(From the Record)*

On the fourth Sunday after Easter, May 18th, in the Cathedral of the Holy Trinity, Quebec, the Lord Bishop of Quebec ordained six men to the diaconate, and three to the priesthood. The party motored from Lennoxville on Friday afternoon and were guests of the Quebec clergy while in that city. The Very Reverend Dean A. H. Crowfoot, dean of the cathedral conducted a quiet day on Saturday, during the course of which he gave some very practical and inspiring advice to the candidates for ordination. He spoke of the work of the ministry under the heads of work and equipment, stressing the fact that the only real equipment that the clergy had was the aid and assistance of the Holy Ghost, and that by their daily life more than any other way they preached the Gospel of Christ.

The ordination service proper began with a sermon by the Ven. F. G. Scott, Archdeacon of Quebec, in which he reviewed the life of the clergy from the three points of view of absolution, sacrifice and benediction, also stressing the fact that these duties of a priest should be as prominent in his private life as they were in the services of the church. Then followed the presentation of the candidates for the diaconate and the priesthood, after which the litany was read by Dean Crowfoot, and then the candidates for ordination. Messrs. R. P. Buchanan, E. Parkinson, R. G. Rowcliffe, R. K. Trowbridge, E. C. Ward, E. V. Wright, were ordained by the Bishop. The Holy Gospel was read by Rev. R. G. Rowcliffe, and then the ordination hymn, "Come Holy Ghost our Souls Inspire" was sung, followed immediately by the ordination of Rev. J. Barnett, Rev. O. Berry and Rev. S. W. Williams to the priesthood. A number of visiting clergy assisted in this very impressive service, among whom were the Rev. P. Carrington, who presented the candidates for the diaconate, and the Rev. F. G. Vial, Warden of Divinity House, who presented the candidates for the priesthood.

**EDITORIAL**

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5

of civilization never before attained. It is not sufficient that you follow in the footsteps of those who have blazed the trail in the past, but you must search out the hidden treasures of nature and having found them, to give them freely for the benefit of all.

You will be called upon as the years go by to sit in judgment on many vital questions. Your duty demands that you hold to the truth. Let no man tempt you. To err is human, but to fall from the true course in the hope of momentary gain is to bring dishonour upon your profession and yourself. Ever let your acts and speech be

such that you need have no fear of any man.

Be kind and considerate to all. Make no rash promises but rather let your works proclaim your worth. You have golden opportunities waiting for you. Lay hold upon them diligently and your name shall become honoured among men.

Graduates, we wish you well."

*A GIFT TO THE UNIVERSITY.*

John Hamilton, Esq., D.C.L., who was Chancellor from 1900 to 1925, has presented to the University a Chancellor's Chair and two Bishop's Chairs. They are of oak and of simple but beautiful design. The carved crest and the linenfold panels in the Chancellor's chair are good examples of the best work of the Bromsgrove Guild.

*THE GOVERNMENT GRANT.*

The University has received a grant of \$250,000.00 from the Government of the Province of Quebec which is to be used for endowment. It is a substantial contribution towards the sum which the University will endeavour to raise by public subscription as soon as business and industrial conditions in the country permit.

The University owes much to the Chancellor, F. E. Meredith, Esq., K.C., D:C.L., for the success with which he has presented its claims to the Government.

To the Government we would express our appreciation of their recognition of the work which the University is doing in the cause of higher education.

A.H.M.

*Mr. Leonard F. James.*

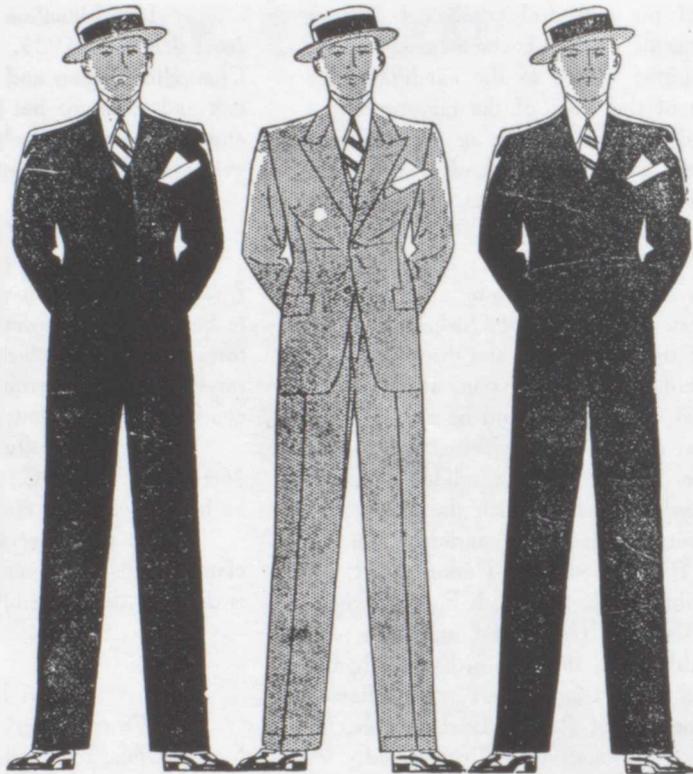
We regret very much that Bishop's University is to lose a member of its staff at the close of this year through the resignation of Mr. Leonard F. James. Mr. James has shown himself to be an intelligent and capable teacher who brought to his work a background of wide reading and varied cultural interest. He has made a place for himself at Bishop's and will be missed next year. Though we should like to have had him with us longer, we shall look forward to hearing of his success in his new sphere of work. On behalf of the faculty and student body The Mitre extends best wishes to Mr. and Mrs. James, and hopes that their residence south of the Line will not lead them to forget Bishop's University and their associations with it.

*UNIVERSITY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.*

An item of interest to us, and we are sure to all our readers, is shown in the List of Members of Convocation of the University of British Columbia. Four Graduates of Bishop's are members of Convocation there, which is another evidence of the ever widening influence of our Alma Mater.

When the University of British Columbia was established in 1912, the members of the first Convocation were graduates of British, including Canadian Universities, with those of certain of the Universities in the United States

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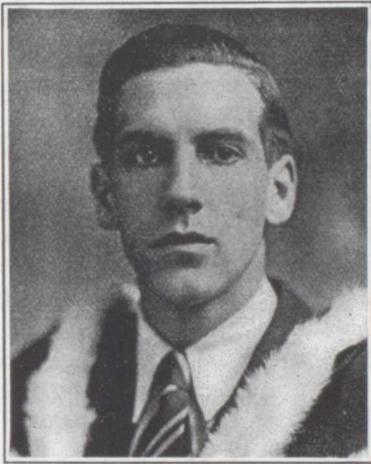
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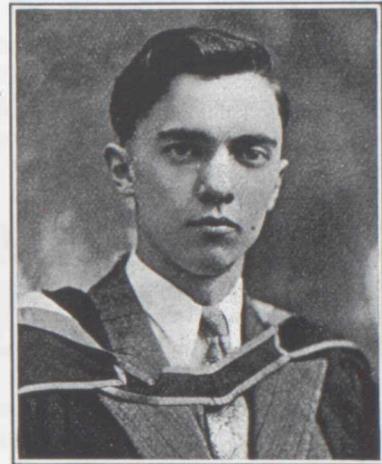
and elsewhere, such graduates being required to register as such. Subsequently all graduates of the University of British Columbia became ipso facto members of Convocation.

The four graduates of Bishop's listed as members of its Convocation are: Reginald H. Bates, B.A., James A. Gillespie, M.D., C.M., Henry Daning Hunting, B.A., M.A., and H. H. Morris, B.A., '71.



*Mr. W. G. Bassett.*

Before laying down the editorial pen, and handing it over to, we trust, more worthy and capable hands, we feel that a few words must be written about our worthy President. Taking over the Editorship of the *Mitre* after it had been under Mr. Bassett's capable administration was no light task, and it is only due to the ever ready, pleasant, interested, valuable and voluminous assistance that he has given this year, that the present Editor has been able to carry on his work. Mr. Bassett as Editor-in-chief, then President of the *Mitre*, has rendered a signal service to the College and one which cannot be easily repaid. Largely due to his untiring efforts and interest the *Mitre* has assumed its present proportions and enviable rank in the College magazines of our country. Mr. Bassett hopes to go to King's College, London, England, this coming Fall, and hopes to be in residence at Connaught Hall, the residence for Colonial Students. On behalf of our colleagues on the *Mitre* Staff, our fellow students, and the members of the Faculty, we wish him the best of success, and hope that he will find time to contribute to the *Mitre* during his absence from us.



*Ralph B. Gustafson, B. A.*

The *Mitre* takes much pleasure in announcing the I. O. D. E. scholarship award to Mr. Ralph Gustafson. While the award was made public some months ago it is only recently that the full details have been known. Keble College, of the University of Oxford has accepted Mr. Gustafson's application for entrance this October and he will sail for Europe early in July.

Mr. Gustafson graduated from Bishop's last June with brilliant success, after an enviable record at the University. Since his entrance four years ago Mr. Gustafson has been a most valuable member of the *Mitre* Board and his absence next year will be most keenly felt. His fine literary sense has been an inestimable asset to the Editorial Staff and his contributions, both in the realm of poetry and prose, have set a very high standard of literary excellence. Several of his poems have appeared in various Canadian periodicals from time to time, and last year he won first honourable mention in the Canadian Authors' Association poetry contest. Thus it may easily be realized that a contributor of this calibre will not be easy to replace.

Mr. Gustafson intends to continue his work in English literature at Oxford for at least two years. We feel that in choosing this course he has made no mistake and that evidence of his work will soon be forth coming. The *Mitre* wishes to take this opportunity of congratulating one of its own members on the showing he has already made and to offer all good wishes for the work still to be accomplished beyond the seas.



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## PERSONALS

The Chancellor of the University, F. E. Meredith, Esq., K.C., D.C.L., sailed for England on May 14th, and will be absent from Canada until July 1st.

The Lord Bishop of Quebec and Mrs. Williams will sail for England on June 6th, where the Bishop will attend the Lambeth Conference. They will be accompanied by the Rev'd S. W. Williams, and his wife and infant daughter. The Rev'd Sidney Williams has been appointed to a curacy in Bournemouth.

The Lord Bishop of Montreal will sail for England on June 20th, to attend the Lambeth Conference.

The Principal conducted the three hour service on Good Friday in Trinity Church, St. John, N. B. and on Easter Day preached in the morning in St. Paul's Church and in the evening in Trinity Church. The rector of St. Paul's Church is the Reverend W. H. Moorhead, B.A., and the rector of Trinity Church is the Rev'd C. Gordon Lawrence, M.A., both of whom are graduates of Bishop's.

The Dean of Divinity delivered a course of sermons in the Church of the Holy Trinity, Toronto, during Holy Week at the mid-day services.

Professor Boothroyd and Professor Richardson attended the reunion of Cambridge graduates in Montreal, on the eve of the Annual Boat Race between Oxford and Cambridge. The Bishop of Montreal who presided at the dinner sent a message from the assembled company to the Cambridge crew wishing them success. The result of the race was a victory for Cambridge.

Professor W. O. Raymond, Ph.D., will deliver a course of lectures to the summer school at Queen's University during July and August.

The Mitre extends its hearty congratulations to Mr. E. Owen, M.A., formerly lecturer in Classics at Bishop's University and now a member of the Faculty of the University of British Columbia, on his marriage to Miss Dorothy Arkley, B.A. (Bishop's).

The following graduates and former students have passed their examinations in the Faculty of Medicine at McGill University: First Year:- Messrs. C. Loomis, M.A. '29; E. Blake, B.A. '29; J. Dinan, m. '28. Second Year:- M. Banfill, B.A. '28; G. Daykin, B.A. '24.

H. Grundy, B.A. '27, received his B.C.L. with second class honours from McGill University at the Convocation on May 29th.

Jack Rudner, B.A. '29, has passed his first year Law examinations at the University of Montreal with exceedingly good first class standing.

The Rev'd Eric Almond, B.A. '28, with his wife, sailed from Australia for England in January and visited Palestine en route. Mr. Almond arrived in Canada in April and is now curate at Trinity Memorial Church, Montreal, of which his brother, the Rev'd Canon Almond, is

rector. Mrs. Almond will come to Canada in July.

The Rev'd Elton Scott, M.A. (Oxon), rector of the Church of St. Columba, Montreal, will sail for England early in June to spend two months abroad. He is to see the Passion Play at Oberammergau. Last summer Mr. Scott spent two months doing missionary work in the Peace River country.

E. E. Massey, B.A. '28, has been awarded a Teaching Fellowship in Chemistry at McGill University.

L. F. Somerville, B.A. '28, has been awarded a bursary by the National Research Council of Canada. For the past two years Mr. Somerville has been doing post-graduate work at the University of Toronto.

G. H. Findlay, m. '30, has been awarded a research studentship at Macdonald College. He will take up his duties there in September.

The Mitre extends its congratulations to Professor Kuehner on the recent successes of the students who have been trained by him.

"If I were to pray for a taste which should stand me in stead under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness through life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss and the world frown upon me, it would be a taste for reading. I speak of it of course only as a worldly advantage, and not in the slightest degree as superseding or derogating from the higher office and surer panoply of religious principles — but as a taste, an instrument, and a mode of pleasurable gratification. Give a man this taste, and the means of gratifying it, and you can hardly fail of making a happy man, unless, indeed, you put into his hands a most perverse selection of books." Sir John Herschel (English Astronomer).

### SOME CRITICISMS OF SHAKESPEARE CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

The true wit is often negligent of some part of his spiritual character. Perhaps he merely does not hesitate to lie, if the occasion merits it. Other wits use their talent to hide the fact that they are incapable of serious thought, or responsible work. Falstaff, living in a loose age, naturally falls a prey to the vices of the day. Wit does not seem to give its owner any spiritual uplift. Falstaff, the wicked, indulges himself at an age when most men are grave and serious. He uses his wit as a cloak to cover his real self. He creates situations merely in order to use his wit to get him out. He places himself in such positions to amuse himself. As Hazlitt says: "He is represented as a liar, a braggart, a coward, a glutton, etc., and yet we are not offended, but delighted with him; for he is all these as much to amuse others as to gratify himself." Falstaff is lacking in moral responsibility for his actions, he is incapable of restraint if his wit is to suffer.

This is not a suggestion that Falstaff is not genuine. In boasting that in a moment of great stress he would be a



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valiant man, he is perhaps unaware that he is such a man. His attitude towards life is inclined to be that of a poseur, perhaps unintentionally. He indulges himself, frankly, because he enjoys it. If one were to suggest to him that he take measures to reduce his ungainly weight, he would ask the advantage of being thin, he would conjure up such an array of reasons why it is better to be "a high hill of flesh" that the would-be reformer would retire in discomfort.

His lies are such glorious lies, his vices are such genial vices that we cannot help forgiving him. One of the greatest and most admirable characteristics of Falstaff is his love for Prince Hal. It is obviously so genuine, and when it withstands the base ingratitude of the prince we see that Falstaff is more than a wit, he is human, and is not lacking altogether in ideals; he is no villain, but a man who can forgive a great wrong.

Falstaff's cowardice is a pose, his indulgence in vices merely an enjoyment of a pagan sensuality, and his love for Prince Hal so real and so genuine that it offsets the others.

Maurice Morgan (1777) in an essay on Falstaff says: "we all like 'Old Jack'; yet by some perverse fate we all abuse him, and deny him the possession of any one single good or respectable quality — and yet this is not our feeling of Falstaff's character. When he has ceased to amuse us, we find no emotions of disgust; we can scarcely forgive the ingratitude of the Prince in the new-born virtue of the King." For several years Prince Hal was Falstaff's boon companion. He treated him as an equal, and led Falstaff to believe that he had at least a kindly regard for him. But, when he ascended the throne, he kicks Falstaff aside as a wornout plaything. His treatment of the jolly old knight seems almost incredible to anyone who has grown fond of the old wit.

Putting aside the question of Shakespeare's reasons for Prince Henry's action, and regarding it in relation to the Prince's character, we are struck by the fact that he seemed all along to have been merely amusing himself with Falstaff. There is an air of contempt in his attitude, carefully concealed but nevertheless there. We are sincerely disappointed in this action of Prince Hal. Need he have been so cruel? The family of which he was a member were usurpers to the throne, and that is what perhaps engendered his ingratitude. If he wished to get rid of Falstaff it would have been more to his credit had he quietly but none the less firmly informed the old man of his wishes, and having given him a pension, dismissed him from his presence forever. He knew that Falstaff was sufficiently intelligent to grasp the fact that he was being set aside and he also knew that Sir John was a good enough soldier not to whine and beg forgiveness. But no, he chose the cruelest and most unforgivable method of dealing what amounted to the death-blow. And Falstaff was perhaps the most genuine and loving friend he had. Princes have so few real friends that they cannot afford to spurn those that love them for themselves. Prince Hal takes a place as a model of in-

gratitude. As Bradley says at this point: "It looks disagreeably like an attempt to buy the praise of the respectable at the cost of honour and truth."

"But" as Bradley says, "Falstaff was degraded by Shakespeare himself." The play was not a comedy of the life of Falstaff, but a serious play of the reign of Henry IV, portraying the early life of Prince Hal. Shakespeare discovered that his comic character was growing beyond his control, so he realized that he must cut the character out or give up his intentions and make the play a comedy.

As G. F. Bradby says on this score: "Shakespeare himself realized that there would be no chance for the hero of Agincourt while Falstaff was in the cast — so he felt obliged to bury the fat knight somewhat hurriedly." Falstaff developed into somewhat of a Frankenstein, and threatened the whole fabric of the play, so his demise was necessary.

From the human viewpoint the degradation of Falstaff is unforgivable on the part of Prince Hal. From the dramatic side, it appears that it was highly necessary; it has resolved itself into the question of one or the other, Prince Hal or Falstaff. Falstaff had to go.

But we are eternally grateful to Shakespeare for Falstaff. He is immortal, and is as enjoyable in this the twentieth century as he was in the sixteenth. Oliver Oliphant speaks of the part Falstaff plays: "Without him the play would be an unwieldy mass of inchoate incidents. He is the nexus of humour and the electric thread of wit which bind them together."

#### "THE CHARACTER OF SIR JOHN FALSTAFF."

By W. C. Bisson.

"Cowardice minimizes itself!" To the casual reader this time-honoured saying may not seem to have much bearing on the present topic, but to the student the connection is at once obvious, for in these few words is enshrined a principle which is the explanation of every one of the speeches that Falstaff makes in defence of his cowardly conduct. And the reason why this idea is of such fundamental importance is that there can be no doubt entertained about his lack of courage unless it arises from his own attempts at vindication. On his deportment alone even the most foolish of critics would condemn him. Their chief difficulty can always be traced to his very natural endeavours to justify this base behaviour. More especially are his soliloquies a stumbling-block to these well-meaning gentlemen; with the exception of Stoll they seem to have deceived all the critics. Since they are then such a cause of erring on the part of sheep and shepherd, let us turn to a few of the examples which provide the greatest barriers to belief in Falstaff as a man entirely wanting in valour.

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There is that speech in which he says that he has led his men into the thick of the fray and lost all but three. This is the coward who thinks that he is the more valourous because he has escaped from the battle without sustaining any wounds. Many parallels to his philosophy are to be found in the speeches of other cowards represented in contemporary English and Foreign plays. His excuses recoil upon his own head. Thus, if taken to mean what he says, Falstaff is a coward. In this instance he is not escaping from the Prince and Poins, but from his own conscience, from himself. Stoll, however, thinks that in this soliloquy he is not meant to be thinking aloud, but, rather, addressing the audience or some imaginary person. He assumes that by the time that stage in the play is reached it has dawned on the onlookers that Falstaff is at heart nothing but an ardent coward. Thus it was possible to have Falstaff go on talking with his tongue in his cheek. Which ever way the passage is interpreted there can be no shadow of doubt that Shakespeare intended the man to act and speak like a coward as shown by preceding conduct and this speech. It can be taken as a law that when an actor says in a soliloquy that he is brave, this is to help the audience to realize that he is a coward, for he would not say this unless he had doubts about the matter.

In the second place there is his catechism on Honour. Some critics argue that the mere fact of his being able to make such a deliberate speech when in such imminent danger should be sufficient to prove that he was a bold and courageous knight. As a matter of fact, he was at the time in no danger at all, and, even at that, the sentiments to which he gives expression only reveal the cowardliness of his nature. In his soliloquy he unconsciously betrays himself. He knows that he can never win honour and like the frustrated fox in the fable tries to deceive himself into believing that he is better without that which in reality he covets most. This joking about cowardice is not meant to be a sign of superiority over it. Here Shakespeare is more intent on the 'double entente' of Falstaff's speech than on the philosophic drift of it. The author is allowing the player to reveal his own character through his own words. At this point the question might well be asked, "Has Falstaff a philosophy?" No, his philosophy is no real philosophy, for it merely consists in the selfishness of one out for self-gain and profit. This is merely one of the occasions on which his conscience troubles him, and the way in which it overrules its objections giving us a little jab, we find it hard to admit that he is at heart a coward. Here, as ever, he contrives to avoid the unwelcome principles, but when faced by facts he is exposed to us in his true light. Now that the coward has been discovered lurking behind these camouflages let us try to unmask him in the speeches which he made to Prince Hal and others whom he attempted with such ill success to deceive (though be it remembered to his credit that he has long made sport of those who have since attempted to diagnose his character).

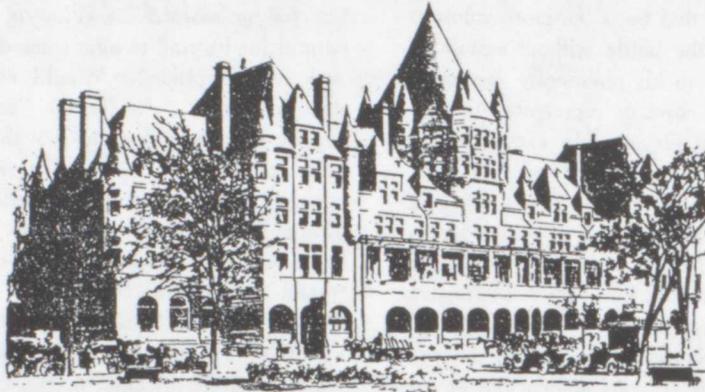
Take for instance those famous lines which throw

such a light on his real character, his latent potentiality for brave deeds; "Indeed, Harry, I am no Sir John of Gaunt but yet no coward." What is there in this? Is it not natural for Falstaff to offer some defence when Harry makes such an accusation? Would not any true coward have done as much? As for the "secret impression" theory I am one with Stoll in saying that there is absolutely no foundation for it. The whole play, and no less this particular passage, was written for immediate appreciation and the idea of Falstaff's "I am not Sir John of Gaunt" is merely to "bring down the house" now that the limelight has been turned upon him and everybody knows what he really is. This speech is not meant to contradict but to consummate and fulfill. The same can be said of all the speeches in which Falstaff attempts to justify his so conspicuous lack of courage, and the same method of testing them can be employed.

Now turn to comments upon Falstaff made by the other characters in the play. These in particular are supposed to be very suggestive and subtle in their modest praise of his virtues. Poins, by way of illustration, says, "Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-hearted cowards as ever turned back; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason. I'll forswear arms." "Our true critic would have us believe that Shakespeare inserted this little passage in order to give us some inkling of the rightful nature of Falstaff's character." He did, but, so far from meaning to give the impression that Falstaff is a man of valour, he meant, in an Englishman's way of understating the fact, to show that he was no better than the two knaves who were his companions. He adds a delightful touch of humour by describing his cowardice in words which convey the idea very well but yet are more fitting for a knight than those used in the description of the two rogues. If the shepherd was dull of understanding in regard to this passage, he must have been blind if he did not see the sentence below which says, "The virtue of the jest will be the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will tell us when we meet at supper." And yet they are not convinced. "Eyes have they and see not etc." Some of the critics even go as far as to try and show that his very behaviour bears witness to his bravery.

It is their belief that his going to war attests his courage and his taking a prisoner is an example of the greatest gallantry. Why did he go to war? Why, merely in order to avoid being called a coward (which would have hurt him because he was one) and to be able to boast of his bravery after the fighting. As for his taking of a captive, it is like the exploit of Pistol who is amongst his own men known to be nothing but a braggart. This is the comic exception to Falstaff's character, and is put in merely for the sake of dramatic effectiveness. All these instances should suffice to show that he is at heart nothing but a downright coward, and if any objections have been overlooked it is because they are not worthy of notice.

The other aspects of his character have not been



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touched upon, because they are at once intelligible to the intelligent reader and to the critic. Suffice it to say that he is a glutton, a spendthrift, a coxer, a cheater, and a man of licentious living. He is entirely given up to the indulgence of his evil passions, and that without any pretence whatsoever. If anything is certain about his character it is that he was not feigning when on his death-bed he called out on the whore of Babylon.

Yet, in spite of all, we like him because he is so thoroughly human in his weakness. Shakespeare has in this play, which Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch says is a sort of Interlude, combined in Falstaff the impersonation of gluttony, lechery and cowardice and exhibited nothing but their comic side. Hence his humour which in our eyes is his one great feature, and which tends to make us, as he did, minimize his vices. We love him for it, and we feel that as, when found out in lying, he outwits Poins and the Prince by making a sudden confession and joking the whole matter away, so he at the same time disarms us.

*The Character of Othello, the Moor of Venice*  
By Humphrey M. Porritt.

Before taking up the direct consideration of Othello's character it is necessary to consider also the play itself. It must appear obvious, however, to anyone that the greatest danger of Shakespearian study is that of over-criticism, which can often reach a ludicrous stage. Perfectly preposterous things have been attributed to Shakespeare's great dramatic talent. Seemingly impossible situations have been "proved" possible in order that Shakespeare worshippers might not be disillusioned. Shakespeare was not a doctor, nor a lawyer, nor yet a scientist. He was an artist and was concerned with writing plays that would please an audience of his day; plays that would make money. Play writing was his vocation and while he must have taken pains to be accurate in historical facts it is absurd to attribute to his genius too many little details to which he probably never gave a moment's thought at the time when he wrote them.

In the case of the play Othello we must remember that the author had to squeeze into the space of two and a half hours more dramatic situations and complexes than probably is in any other of his plays. We must not be too critical then when we realize that Desdemona is not in Cyprus more than thirty-six hours before she is murdered. Practically speaking, the action may seem a trifle "rushed" but again, dramatically speaking, the time is generous, for after all she might have killed at the end of thirty-five hours and still the play would have come over to posterity.

When you consider the character of a man, you look at him from different angles. You say that it would be 'unfair' to judge him from one point of view only. So

when we delineate the character of Othello and weigh his rival faults and merits we have to just see him, as it were, from different angles and take into consideration his varied nature and his different moods, so that we can form an unbiased opinion of the man.

Othello was a Moor who, at about forty years of age, had married a young, aristocratic Venetian lady. Moreover he was a soldier and knew very little about the ways of women, which forms one excuse for his accepting all Iago's statements as the very essence of milk. It is always a matter of wonderment to Othello that such a beautiful, virtuous girl as Desdemona, of whom her father says,

"A maiden never bold  
Of spirit so still and quiet that her motion  
Blushed at her elf"

should really love him; a man old enough to be her father and of a totally different race and colour. But was Othello really Black, negroid in appearance, or was not he perhaps a "dusky Moor," implying his having a more Brown than Black skin? There is only one point which might lead the reader to picture Othello as a Negro and that is when he is described as being "thick lipped." On this point, however, Coleridge says, "Can we imagine him (Shakespeare) so utterly ignorant as to make a barbarous negro plead royal birth — at a time too, when negroes were not known, except as slaves?" And again Hawkins says, in his life of the actor Kean, "Kean regarded it as a gross mistake to make Othello either a negro or a black and accordingly altered the conventional black to the light brown which distinguished the Moors by virtue of their descent from the Caucasian race." On the other hand, North says, "I cannot but believe that the Othello of Shakespeare is black, and all black. — The tradition of the stage too seems to have made Othello jet black." This, however seems to be the argument of an obstinate man more than anything else: the argument of a man holding onto his views whether right or wrong because everybody else is changing theirs.

Then again Othello's being a Moor must have made him more susceptible to jealousy than a man of a northern, Teutonic race. Perhaps if Othello had been a German or Swede he would not have fallen so quickly into the trap set by Iago. Then the whole plot would have been impossible. But that is in the realm of speculation. Surely such a vehement exclamation as "Damn her, lewd minx, O, damn her" must suggest uncontrollable fury especially as when Othello said this he struck his wife across the face — not a pretty sight. Such an action must suggest a hot, passionate temperament of a Southern nature. It was a Moorish trait which under the stress of the occasion he could not control. You may be able to change a man's colour but you cannot alter his inherited racial instincts or characteristics. Many long and detailed arguments can be based upon this but at best they are excuses. The critic in favour of the goodness — inate or otherwise — in Othello must have a little note book labelled "excuses" from which he can quote from time to time as necessity arises, for if the

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hero is really a fine, upright, noble character there are many points which need to be excused or at least overlooked.

As a soldier, Othello appears to be strangely inconsistent. It seems hypocritical to say that because Shakespeare is the greatest dramatist we know, he must be invariably perfect. It is especially foolish to uphold this view if we do not believe it. To say that Othello the soldier is consistent appears to be gross prevarication.

In Act I we have a picture of Othello as a great soldier; a fine, upright man, and we can almost picture him saying Henry's words

"If it be a sin to covet honour  
I am the most offending soul alive."

In every sense Othello is a true soldier, a good leader and a competent general.

In Act. III, Othello is a very wishy-washy soldier indeed. Where are the great ringing phrases of Henry V, the words one would expect a brave, time-worn soldier to say? Where is the courage of Henry to "grin and bear it" and face difficulties? Surely not in the monstrous "Farewell" of Othello. Who could picture a soldier possessing all the attributes of good leadership or the ability of the Othello of Act I; a crisp, blunt, out-spoken soldier.

"—Rude am I in my speech

And little bless'd with the soft phrase of peace."

"And little of this great world can I speak

More than pertains to feats of broil and babble."

Saying a little later on:

"O, now for ever

Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!

Farewell the plumed troop and the big wars

That make ambition virtue! O, farewell.

Farewell the neighing steed and the shrill trump,

The spirit-stirring drum and the ear-piercing fife,

The royal banner and all quality,

Pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war!

Farewell! Othello's occupation is gone."

"Mirabile dictu!" Glorious sentiments for a pessimistic poet but for a heart-broken soldier rather strange. As a soldier, the Moor is not in the same class with Shakespeare's other soldier-heros.

As a lover, on the other hand, Othello is far more convincing. He is a really loyal and noble lover. One to be admired if not to be emulated. His love for Desdemona remains throughout the play unspoiled. It is the one bright spot in Othello's life; the one flame, enduring and eternal. You feel that Othello is a great lover. It is thoroughly realistic and almost too terribly sincere. Love excludes everything else; is blind, heedless of all else except its own burning zeal and at the end of the play seems only to be temporarily extinguished. You feel that it must somehow survive and pass into the next world. It cannot die. You realize that Othello kills Desdemona for the sake of honour, believing her to be unfaithful to him; that he kills her simply because he is so much in love with her that he is blind to all reason. You feel a helpless sorrow for him and a pre-

mature compassion for the reaction you realize that he must suffer.

Agnes Mackenzie thinks that the final scene in "Othello" is one of the finest in all dramatic literature. Bradley has an interesting role which illustrates the Moor's passionate love for his wife, Desdemona.

In the Temptation Scene shortly after Iago's remark "Ha! I like not that," Desdemona leaves the room. Othello:

"Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul  
But I do love thee!"

on which point Bradley comments:

"—in his bliss he (Othello) has so totally forgotten Iago's 'Ha! I like not that,' that the tempter has to begin all over again."

This completes the enigma.

Now we come to the most important consideration of all: Othello, the hero of an Elizabethan tragedy. We must remember the fact pointed out earlier, that Shakespeare was writing for an Elizabethan audience. His characters had to please the pit and galleries alike. His very existence depended on his being able to create heroes and villains who would attract and hold the attention of the spectators. They had to be a strange mixture of the historical and legendary. Nobody will go to see a play which represents in its entirety every-day occurrences and deals with the actions of very ordinary people. The imagination must be stimulated, and so the characters in plays always seem to be half real and half fanciful. This fact can account for some of the inconsistencies of the play, "Othello," and its hero.

Again, the problem of staging a play in an Elizabethan playhouse must have affected the drawing up of a principal character. Othello had to "fit" into the scene and be in proportion to the rest of the drama, and as the time of the action in the play slips by so quickly, so also Othello's character must change and "run the gamut of human emotions" in a very short space of time.

We have studied Othello's character from four different angles. We have seen him as a representative of the Moorish race, as a soldier, as a lover, and lastly as the hero of an Elizabethan tragedy. The references to critics and other authorities have been selected so as to illustrate the two opposite view points — Othello being a good and Othello being a poor character.

The play "Othello" is undoubtedly one of the greatest dramas ever written, but the hero is surely too inconsistent and too changeable to be called a really well drawn character. At one minute he is a soldier and at the next an ardent lover or the representative of the Moorish people. He is a strange mixture, to say the least. He claims to be ignorant of the ways of women which leads one to wonder how he used to spend his time between wars. "Surely a Moor would not be a celibate for forty years.

It is insupportable to believe that Othello was blind to Iago's insinuations against Desdemona and equally ab-

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surd to believe that a soldier, especially one with a Southern fiery temperament, would not fly at the throat of a man so vile as Othello's Ancient and throttle the truth out of him. The Moor must have been very thick-headed to think Iago honest right up to the closing scenes in the play: And yet quick with an essential to good leadership.

Macaulay says, "Othello murders his wife; he gives orders for the murder of his lieutenant; he ends by murdering himself. Yet he never loses the esteem and affection of a Northern reader — his intrepid and ardent spirit redeeming everything." Why is a Northern reader specifically singled out? Is a Northern reader supposed to be less intelligent or more so than any other type of reader? Is it

because we lack the characteristics of a Southern temperament that Othello should particularly appeal to us as "intrepid." One would think that he was a Twentieth century aeroplane pilot.

It is gross impertinence to attempt to criticise Shakespeare at all, especially when you know that men like A. C. Bradley have only dared to do so after years of careful study and research. To tell anyone that Shakespeare's characters are poor is to provoke the gods and will probably end only by bringing destruction on your own head. The writer is in the happy position of uncertainty where he cannot possibly make up his mind one way or the other, but at least be it said that he "dared to try."

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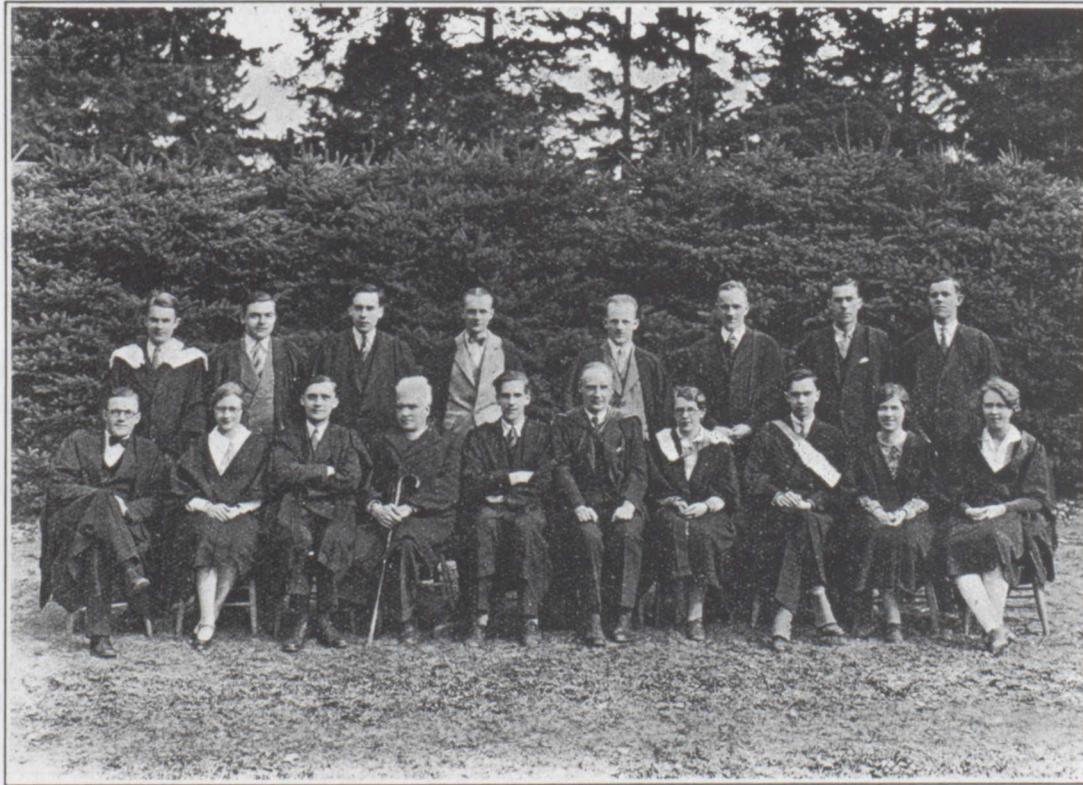
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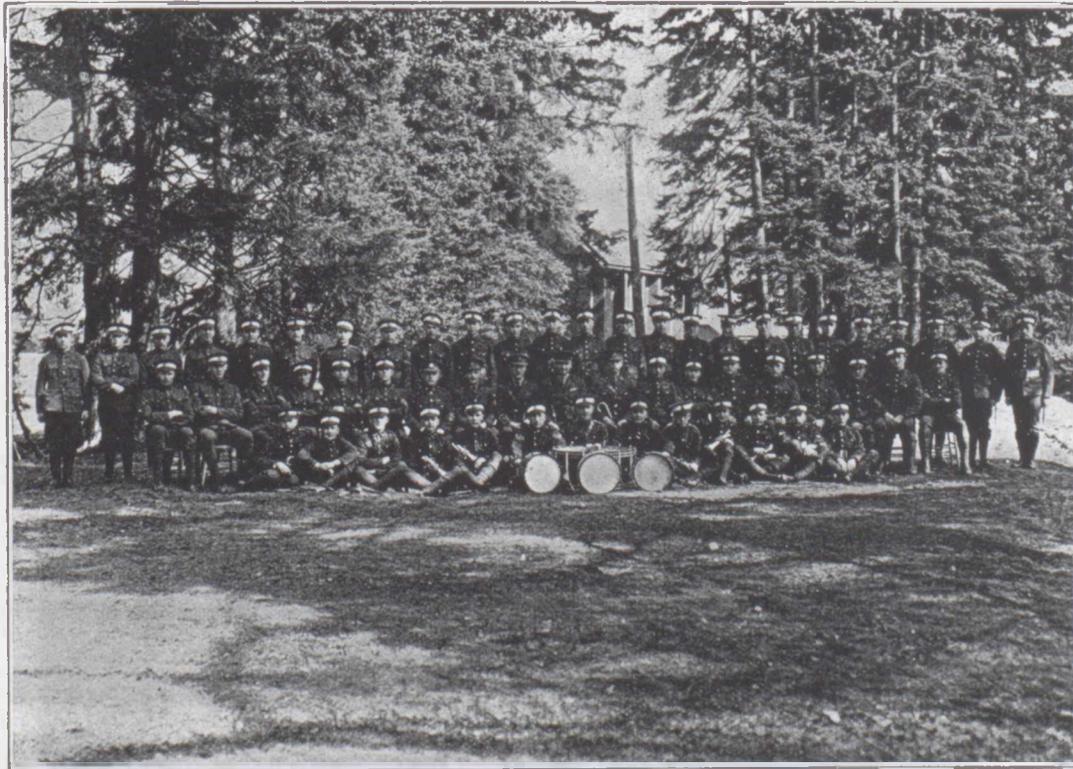
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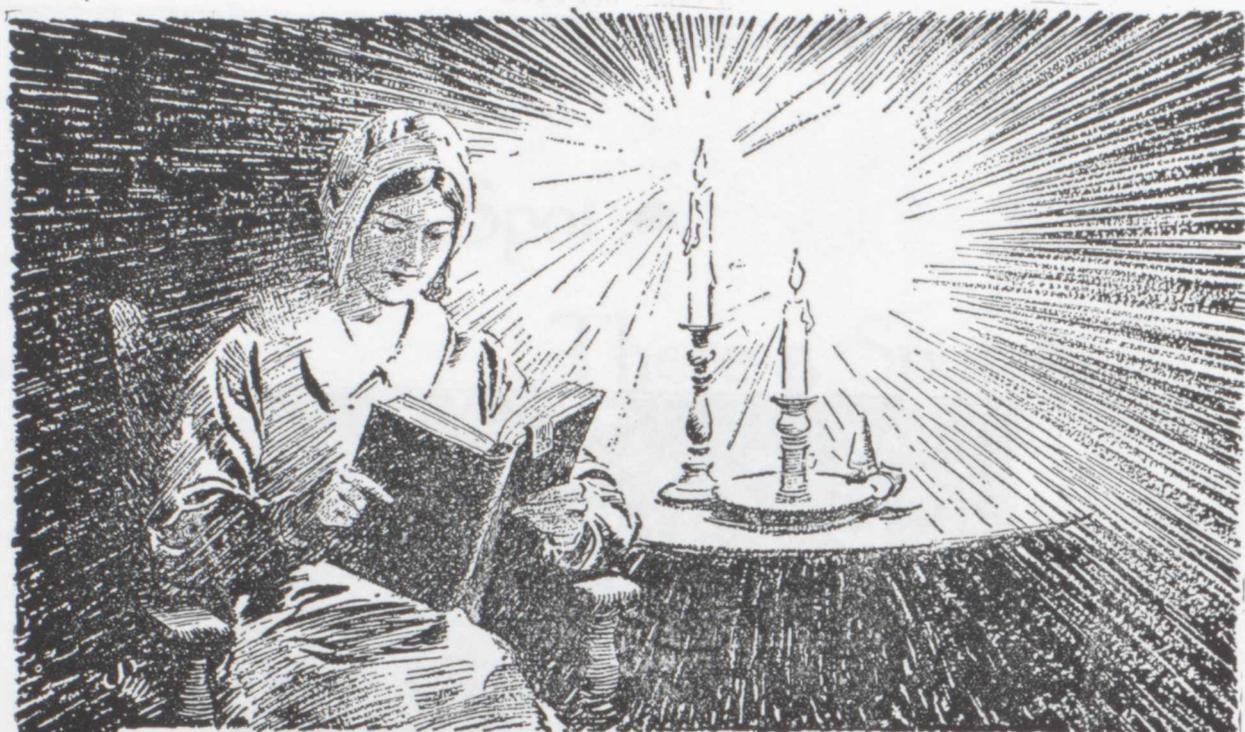
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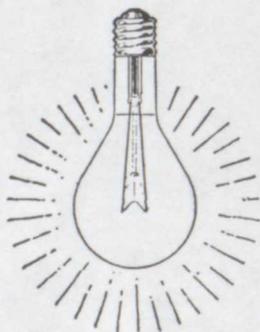
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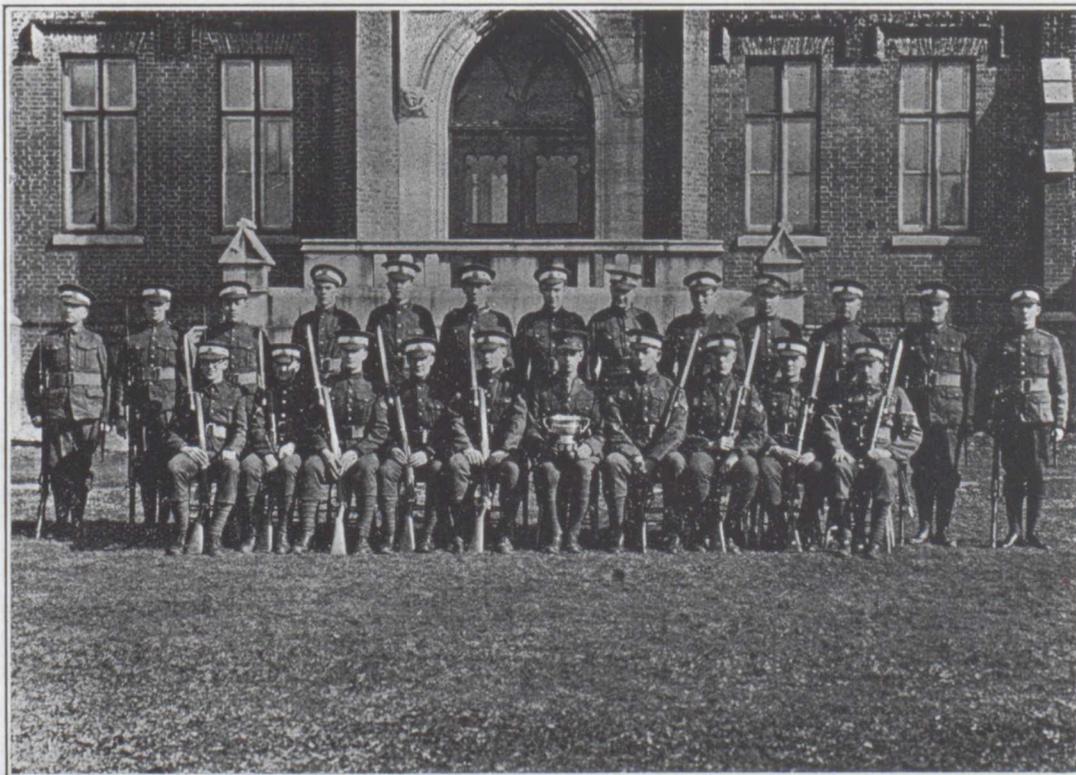
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