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THE MITRE



University of
Bishop's College
Lennoxville, Que.

Volume 40
Number 4
April, 1933

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Lennoxville, Que.

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The Mitre

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Yearly Subscription
Two Dollars
Single Copies Fifty Cents

ESTABLISHED 1893

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF BISHOP'S UNIVERSITY

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VOLUME 40, NUMBER 4

LENNOXVILLE, QUE.

APRIL, 1933

THE EDITOR-IN-CHIEF ASKS

DO WE WANT THIS MITRE ANYWAY?

Do the students of Bishop's really want The Mitre? This question has been worrying the Editor-in-Chief almost continuously during the last six weeks. Six weeks ago we began a campaign to make the present issue of The Mitre the most popular and most representative ever published. It was to contain just the kind of thing the students really want in their magazine, written by those most qualified to write it.

We began by calling together the Literary Board, and that representative body, basing their recommendations on student opinion regarding the last Mitre, laid before the Editor several suggestions regarding material and the names of several students capable of producing it.

After that meeting the Editor posted a notice explaining the aim of the Board; assuring students that any material would be welcomed for consideration; and asking for comments and suggestions. There was no response. He also interviewed a number of students whose names had been mentioned at the Literary Board meeting, and secured certain promises.

A week later he made a further round of visits by way of reminder. During that circuit five of those who had made promises, for one reason or another withdrew.

Then came the harder task—that of persuading those who really intended to write to get started. In some cases the Editor has visited contributors' rooms in search of copy at least half-a-dozen times. March 15th was set as the date for contributions. The first arrived on March 17th. On the strength of promises that a number of articles would be handed in by the 19th the Editor called a meeting of the

Literary Board for the 20th. When the meeting began two of those articles were still in the typewriter and two hadn't been begun.

In this issue, which was to be the most representative on record, there are eleven student contributors. Eight are present or past members of The Mitre Board. Only one of the other three has never previously contributed. Of the eight, one has supplied fourteen items in the last ten Mitres. Two others have missed only one issue in two years. In spite of the Editor's blandishments, there is no contribution from the women students who comprise a fifth of the undergraduate body.

In four issues this year, counting everybody who has contributed even the most meagre paragraph about some student activity, 26 students have written for The Mitre. In other words only one-sixth of the student body has done more than offer criticism during this academic year.

Mind you, I'm not complaining about the quality of this issue. I say with emphasis that this Mitre's a good Mitre—but it has been produced—after all our campaigning—by the old guard. I'm grateful to them for their support—without which literally The Mitre could not continue—but I feel bound to ask—

If the college magazine is being produced issue after issue by a mere knot of students—who themselves are not keen enough to get their copy in on time—is it worth our while to continue publication at a time when business conditions make it increasingly difficult to run at a profit?

Do we really want our Mitre, or is that also too old at forty?

M. A. S.

A CRUSTY SUBJECT

"COLLEGE BRED"

M. Ortenberg

"College bred," some punster has said, "is a four year loaf."

He was not far wrong. The College student has made a science, almost a religion, out of the business of killing time. Whatever the good intentions of the ambitious young freshman may be when he enters the institution of higher learning, he is drawn at once into the dizzy vortex of residential life which whirls him around and around, and finally deposits him on the outside world with his degree and the wreckage of all his good intentions. Having passed through the above ordeal, the victim has earned the sobriquet "College bred". Yes, many a true word in spoken in jest.

But why is it that the average student does become too obsessed with the residential life to keep his work up? Why is it the college life is mostly a game of follow my leader? To begin with, the young student fresh from high school, where a certain amount of work was insisted on, and his parents were around to see that he did it, now finds himself in the glorious freedom of the university, where he is allowed to miss the odd lecture, stay up all night talking or playing bridge, and sleep in the next morning. Surrounded as he is by a group of "good fellows" also glorying in their new-found freedom and always up to some mischief, is it any wonder that the amount of work he does is very moderate, and that gray hairs appear prematurely on the heads of the harassed deans of residence?

This follow-the-leader impulse does more to make work impossible than anything else. Five boys may have the intention of sitting down to an evening's work, yet let a sixth suggest something—a show, a freshman parade, or just plain "hellery"—and all intention to work may as well be given up. Only an outsider would imagine for a moment that the boys would have their fun and after an hour or two return to their books. Two o'clock in the morning will probably find them lounging around in the room of some unfortunate who probably wants to go to sleep. Students are a gregarious lot.

Sometimes the student has to tax all his ingenuity to find some method of killing time and many queer methods have been noticed. One lad once spent hours drawing a most gruesome picture on one of his walls, a huge unsightly por-

trait which was supposed to represent all the characteristics of the villians of Shakespeare embodied in one man. It may have been a masterpiece of modernistic art. Sometimes the artist would spend whole mornings in bed staring as if fascinated at his horrible creation. One would enter his room at eleven a.m. to find him in bed, with the covers up almost to his eyes, gazing at the picture as if hypnotized. Of course, he was something of a simple person, and his amusements bothered no one until he began drawing on other people's walls.

This is only one example of how students can waste time. There are also the standard pastimes of cards, detective stories, and jig-saw puzzles. Or there is the almost obsolete method of working—when time hangs heavy on the hands. But be it as it may, the most popular way of wasting whole hours, days and weeks is in discussions, commonly called "bull sessions". These may take place at any hour of the day or night, usually the latter, and last for hours. The boys just naturally drift towards one room and, depositing themselves in various attitudes of repose around the room, proceed to unburden themselves of their thoughts, philosophies and ambitions. The discussion covers a wide range, from women to sport, from politics to a philosophy of life. The air is heavy with pointless argument or purposeful discussion. The hours fly by on magic wings. Even in April and May when students are making amends for misspent lives, and poring over the heavy history book or the well-thumbed Latin crib day and night, these "bull sessions" manage to crop up here and there.

But although the students are prone to misuse the golden hours of youth either in vain pursuits or airy persiflage, they are a fairly regular lecture-going lot (which may or may not be due to the roll-call). They manage to assimilate a fair amount of knowledge. And all the knowledge does not come from books. Even these many seemingly wasted hours yield something not to be found in books. The importance of the social side of a college education, especially at a residential college, can scarcely be overestimated, and can be appreciated only by those who have been through it and have been in many ways enriched by it. To an outsider, residential life may look like a long, glorious loaf, but it is something that cannot be had anywhere else at any price.

THE NEED FOR

A SUBSTITUTE FOR CAPITALISM

M. I. Wisenthal

"The law of the land is to give wealth to idleness and fleece industry till it be destitute; the law of nature is that industry be rewarded by wealth and idleness be punished by destitution."
—Hodgskin.

That there is something wrong, very decidedly wrong, with our social system, none will doubt; that stern and forceful measures are immediately required is a universally accepted fact; but at whose feet to lay the blame for our economic collapse, and where to look for salvation are both questions which are occupying the minds of people everywhere.

To accuse "high finance" of being responsible for this awful mess is both unfair and untrue. The position of the Capitalist in our scheme of things is not of necessity one of his own making. Perhaps his brains, his ability or his crookedness may have contributed something towards his success, but on the whole his place is the result of our entire economic structure.

As the world is to-day, Capital is the lifeblood of industry, yet to call it the lifeblood of industry is not exactly a true definition. It is better compared to the man who invests several thousand dollars in bridging a river and then continues to grow wealthy on the tolls, although the bridge has paid for itself a thousand times over. Capital is parasitic by nature. It has completed its life's span; and outlived its usefulness. Let it die.

That sixty men control the destinies of over a hundred and twenty-two million people in the United States is food for thought. To say that this mass is working for the sixty is not exactly true. They are working for themselves to a certain extent, inasmuch as their work provides them with homes, food and a certain amount of luxury. But in periods of economic distress do these sixty suffer the pangs of hunger? Do they feel the cold winter wind through a threadbare coat? No! Emphatically no! Instead, they issue statements to the Press telling the waiting, starving millions that prosperity is just around the corner, and warning them against the Red Peril.

The sons of these people go to college and live a life of ease and opulence as a preparation for a life of scientific loafing. Of course, there are some who are considerably more ambitious, and these become either lawyers or doctors.

In the first instance the young man may open office, grow old and wise waiting for clients, and be rewarded for all this by being given a seat in the Senate. Or he may become a doctor, hang his shingle, and charge exorbitant fees for telling overfed women that they require constant attention.

The sons of the one hundred and twenty-two million, on the other hand, may, if they are fortunate, complete their high school courses, and hire out as office boys, clerks or salesmen. Lying dormant within them may be the potentialities of an Osler or a Burke, potentialities which will never be brought out owing to their unfortunate birth.

The words of Jean Jacques Rousseau seem to be highly appropriate at this moment:—"Man is born free, but everywhere he is in chains". They are as fitting to-day as they were when they were uttered. Why should the children of the Sixty be given all the advantages which their birth permits them, while the other children grow up never to know the advantages which wealth brings.

The whole thing is so obviously wrong, yet the average person closes his eyes to it. The college student should be especially interested in this state of affairs. In a few years he will graduate and go out into a world which is filled with all sorts of misery and suffering which he will not be able to understand. His college education did not include a sensible study of economic affairs; thus he is in no position to help in their change.

Before we begin to destroy our capitalistic system we must have something better to replace it. Russia has replaced hers, but exactly to what extent the Russians have improved their condition seems rather a debatable point. It is somewhat early to judge the result of their experiment.

To quote C. L. O. Glass, "even keener minds than my own" are working on a suitable substitute for our present system. I have neither the audacity nor the ability to suggest a plan which would be an improvement.

Our duty is to think seriously about the matter, and not to let the University become a smug, conservative institution more concerned in the training of army officers and in the winning of athletic championships than in the welfare of the human race.

WHY I DID NOT JOIN THE C.O.T.C.

T. Le M. Carter

There are two important reasons given for joining the C.O.T.C. The most influential is the financial assistance it gives to the Students' Association; with this I will deal later. But of far more ultimate significance is the contention that the Bishop's C.O.T.C. and others like it, afford a reserve of officers ready to lead in defending Canada should another nation molest her. It is interesting in this connection to recall the events of the outbreak of the Great War. Russia was the first country to order a general mobilization, and thus in a sense the aggressor. And yet it was really Germany and Austria who, by their refusal to negotiate, brought on the outbreak. A German could thus make out a case for self-defence, and so could a Russian. Actually, neither country was blameless. In modern warfare it is almost impossible to draw a clear distinction between offence and defence, especially just before the actual conflict. So, if Canada were the aggressor in any struggle, politicians and the press could probably make her out to be the defender.

Another point to be considered in this regard is the truthful saying: offence is the best defence. Strategists tell us that in a future war a few hours earlier or later in invading will make a great difference. The crucial point of the whole war may be reached only several hours after the declaration. If in taking the offensive Canadian troops can win the first and perhaps fatal battle, they would be poor soldiers not to do it. It is hard to tell whether your country has a valid cause for fighting, whether it is an offensive or defensive war; and even if it is purely defensive, it may be essential strategy to take the offensive.

There might be some point in going to war, however, if one could defend one's country effectively. But I believe that I cannot defend my country, my family, nor myself by going to war. Take the family. While I am fighting at the front, they are liable to be blown up or burnt out; and if any war-maddened being molests them, I in the trenches cannot be of assistance. If they survive the war unscathed, they will have to live through a period of readjustment and before they are out of that they may have to undergo another war, if people still continue to fight for their countries. As to the country herself, at the end of the war there has been an enormous addition to the national debt, the weight of pensions has been added to the annual budget, and there is the above mentioned period to be gone through. I obviously don't defend myself.

It appears that the Disarmament Conference will put some stop to aerial warfare, and so a future war would probably be waged partly on land. If no check is placed on aerial and chemical warfare, it is obvious that nothing that the

C.O.T.C. teaches will be of any use even in fighting, not to speak of providing a defence for Canada.

Well, you will say, if I'm not going to enlist, what do I propose to do?

I think that some effective machinery for trying disputes between nations should be set up, and that it should have the same authority that our courts have for trying individuals. This authority is public opinion. You may say that fear of policemen makes you keep the law, but in reality it is the conviction that having that law there and men to enforce it is the best way of making sure of peace and order. When the public of the world is convinced that the best way of ensuring international peace and order is by abolishing the present system and substituting a strong international court, then such a court will be established and it will be effective. At first it will probably need some form of police force to put its rulings into effect, but the real enforcement will be public opinion; just as now people support a judicial decision, so then the rest of the world will back up the winner of the dispute against the loser, or support the arbitration. But public opinion is not yet convinced. The French think that the best way to keep peace is to retain the Treaty of Versailles. Many other people think that the best way to cause war is to retain the Treaty of Versailles. Until the vast majority of people come to realize the futility of defensive war and declare for other methods, the only thing that I can do is to say that I will not fight if war breaks out, but that I will stay at home and try to persuade other people not to fight also.

Suppose, for the sake of argument, that the majority of the people of Canada have decided not to fight in defence of their country, and that they have abolished the permanent force, militia and C.O.T.C. But the people of the United States still have their army, and, seeing our defenceless position, they decide to annex Canada. They would not make this decision unless they thought that they would benefit financially, and if they gain by it we must gain too, provided, of course that their plans succeed. If they took over the political system of the country and changed it to the American system, unless people found the American system more suitable, they would oppose the change. They would oppose it not by force, but by non-co-operation, and Gandhi's campaign in India has shown how powerful a weapon non-co-operation is. In the same way they would oppose changes in the Canadian judicial system, the banking structure, and other features of our national life in which we differ from the United States. Further opposition would probably be forthcoming from the rest of the world, especially

the British nations. The net result would be, in my opinion, the withdrawal of the invaders. The idea that some writers advance of a foreign invader backing up its edicts by slaughter of unresisting civilians in cold blood, or of imposing a foreign language on a whole people is nothing short of ridiculous in modern times.

Let us suppose that the American invaders persist in their efforts to control Canada despite the hostility of the inhabitants, and the loss in trade resulting from it. Do we not lose our birthright; our independence, our national life and traditions and our British connections? The answer is a qualified yes. Anyone who sees the significance of the international economic crisis realizes that the day of the absolutely independent nation-state must go, and that the world needs an organization which will, to some extent, regulate production and distribution. The international court I have described would be another infringement upon national rights. So the loss of her independence would not be such a severe blow to Canada as one might suppose, and she would be bound to have a certain amount of autonomy; the history of the British Empire shows too clearly that self-government is inevitable under modern conditions. With regard to the other possessions I have cited, we would probably retain some understanding with Great Britain, much as the French Canadians have with France. If our traditions are of any worth they will survive, for things of that nature are not easily suppressed. So, if the United States did attempt to conquer Canada, which is unlikely, and if she persisted in face of opposition in Canada and in the rest of the world, which is even more unlikely, we would still be better off than if we had never abolished our defence forces at the outset.

But I don't advocate a policy of non-resistance because I think that as a result Canada will be annexed to the United States. I am only pointing that out as the worst possible

kind of result of the adoption of this policy. If non-resistance sentiment has grown at the same rate in the United States, and both countries decide to abolish armed forces at the same time, it is obvious that there isn't much danger in it for us. And it is to this state of affairs that I would point as an ideal: the abolition of defence forces and the recognition of some tribunal for the settlement of disputes previously decided by war. This ideal is in tune with the times. We are gradually developing a loyalty wider than the nation, and if we are Christians we must think of the people joined together as children of the same Father. Our loyalty to our family goes a certain distance, until it is displaced by the loyalty to our King and Country, and this in turn must, in the most important issues, be replaced by loyalty to the world and to our God.

In the first paragraph I alluded to the amount the C.O.T.C. pays into the funds of the Students' Association. The grant creates a false state of affairs by making the Association dependent financially upon the C.O.T.C. The amount, usually about six hundred dollars, could be covered by an addition of five dollars to the fees of the male students alone. If this change were adopted, the C.O.T.C. would be forced to stand on its own merits in soliciting enlistment.

What then are my reasons for not joining the C.O.T.C.? The C.O.T.C. exists for the purpose of defending Canada by armed resistance, a thing impossible to do. It stands for the principle of self-defence by war, a principle that must be overthrown before any lasting peace can be set up. The greatest potential harm that can arise from my individual dissent from this principle is less than the harm almost inevitably caused by my adherence to it. And if, as time goes on, more and more people realize the futility of self-defence and decide that they will not defend their country by force, so gradually will the period of international justice be ushered in.

QUERY

Who cares when winter dies?
Sun, lusting after play with spring,
Tree, pregnant, ripe for bourgeoning,
Crow, cawing through the skies?

Who weeps at winter's death?
Squirrel, anxious at his thinning store,
Cow, brooding by the stable door,
Seed, waiting April's breath?

Has winter then no friend?
Small evergreen, once decked with snow,
Tall, towering pine, aswarm with crow,
Lament on winter's end.

GERALD CAMERON.

CONCERNING TOC H.

THE HOUSE THAT LOVE BUILT

Colin Cuttall



* * *
 "Yborn it was in fer contree
 in Flaundres al beyonde the see
 At Popering in the Place."

CHAUCER'S SIR TOPAS.

Talbot House in Poperinghe was an insignificant dot on the vast map of the world war of 1914-1918. Even so, things then of first importance are now out of memory, while this one thing survives, the only fruitful memorial. Toc H, as the signallers would have it, served a tiny front then; to-day, its front encircles the world in a thousand gleams of light, and its warfare, if of a different order, is no less intensive.

For many the Great War and boredom are synonymous terms. The vital interests of the post-war generation are quite rightly vested in the future of the race and not in the retrospective glamour of a bloody war fought by our fathers in Europe.

Nevertheless, to understand the dynamic behind the Toc H that lives, moves, and grows in 1933, one must feel something of the spirit that immortalized the big white house on Rue de l'Hôpital, Poperinghe.

Mr. Punch summed it up most aptly: "There was a Talbot House in Poperinghe from 1915 to 1918, and it had an annexe in Little Talbot House in Ypres from the November of 1917 to the dark days before the final counter-stroke in 1918. Both were in the danger zone; both brought a corner of Heaven into the Hell of men's and officers' lives."

Because I am inadequate to the task, and the paper-space limited, I may not tell of all the humour and tragedy that centred there for four grey years; nor, for fear my pen get out of hand, dare I begin to speak of Tubby, the interpreter of the house that love built.

Out there in the hour-glass of the Salient, the sands of life were running through at the rate of 230 casualties every day; and at Poperinghe, the first habitable place coming out, was this lighthouse, radiating lightheartedness and deep-mindedness. A great body of men, as diverse in type as the London Zoological Gardens is in animal species, and clad uniformly in a fancy dress appropriate to the times, found here a rare, unfettered Fellowship. If the secret of that Fellowship was to be found in the door-sign, "Abandon rank all ye who enter here", it was sealed when men knelt in the old hop-loft before a carpenter's bench which served as an altar for the Carpenter of Nazareth.

* * * * *

AN ORDINARY STUDENT

APPEALS FOR HIS SHARE

T. L. B. O'Neill

The first question a new student is asked when he comes to Bishop's is whether or not he can play football. Ability to play football is considered one of the most important of all requisites for a good student (at Bishop's). First impressions of this university are that it bears a much closer resemblance to an athletic association than to an institution for the dispensing of the "higher learning". Except, of course, that more attention is paid to the individual in the average athletic association. Studies appear to be one of the very minor characteristics of college life—a mere formality to be gone through.

After the question of football has been attended to, the next issue of any great concern to be decided upon by a new student is whether or not he intends to join the C.O.T.C. The advisability of joining the "army" is usually made quite clear to the prospective "soldier", with the result that he rarely fails to enlist. This enthusiasm for the "army" is not aroused through patriotic motives, but because members of the C.O.T.C., at the end of the year are expected to donate their earnings of \$14.50, or more, to the Students' Association. This money is used to help pay for the travelling expenses of the various college teams. In return for wasted Friday afternoons, one has the satisfaction of knowing that it is through this effort that teams are enabled to travel about the country.

Having already earned at least \$14.50 for Student activities, largely sporting, every student pays an additional \$16.50 to the college for the Students' Association. This again is largely spent on sport. Contributing a total of \$31.00 towards athletics, one should expect to see games for "nothing", but such is not the case. For the privilege of watching his team play a student must either pay at the gate or buy a season ticket at a further cost of \$2.50.

It is argued that without such support from the student body teams would be unable to carry on as they do at present. Of this there is no doubt. The trouble is, too much money is spent upon teams and too little for the welfare of the ordinary student. Reflect upon the ease with which the football team can spend \$1,000. That money, instead of being wasted upon twenty men, should be spent in some way which would be a benefit to all students, or at least to the greater proportion of them. For instance, a swimming pool might be built which could be used and enjoyed by the entire student body. Schemes of this nature are never considered, although ways and means of raising enough money to build a grand stand on the football field are always being contemplated.

It is usual to place more importance upon inter-collegiate sport than it really deserves, especially in small universities. There are, however, no really good reasons for supporting inter-collegiate sport at Bishop's. Teams are not an advertisement to the college, as no one ever bothers to follow intermediate sport. Bishop's is much too small a university to participate in inter-collegiate sport circles. Teams do not foster a better inter-university spirit. To see the truth of this last statement watch a Bishop's-Loyola game. Practically the only benefits derived from these games are the trips enjoyed by the teams and the business given to the C.P.R. It would be much better if the college only played in a local league.

This is not, however, a mere condemnation of sport at Bishop's, but rather a plea that more money be spent upon the ordinary student than is the case at present. The money contributed to athletics is practically all enjoyed by twenty or thirty athletes. It is a simple matter for a team to be allotted \$200 for travelling expenses, but difficult to obtain five or ten dollars for the upkeep of badminton or tennis courts. The most flagrant example of the neglect of the ordinary student is the college rink. If the ordinary student attempts to use the ice for general skating purposes he is promptly charged 15 cts. or he must buy a season ticket—\$2.00.

For the majority of students who are not athletes but nevertheless wish a little exercise once in a while it is to be recommended that they take up either walking or skiing. These sports he may count practically the sole benefits of his athletic fees.

NEW TRAVEL FACILITY FOR STUDENTS

Canadian students crossing to Europe this summer will be able to obtain a Student Identity Card from the Confederation Internationale des Etudiants. Holders of C.I.E. cards find transport and customs officials strangely friendly, and may also obtain reduced rates from steamship companies, railways, airways, hotels and theatres. Cards, which cost \$1, are obtainable from Mr. A. Gordon Burns of the University of Toronto.

Interesting student events in Europe this summer will include the annual congress of the C.I.E. at Venice in August and the International University sports at Turin early in September. The Editor has further details, but no space to print them. He will be pleased to supply information to those needing it.

IMAGINATION RUNS WILD.

AS IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN

G. B. Greene, Jr.

The Lounge Room of the United Services Club in the Mall is not unlike similar lounge rooms of any mens' clubs in London. The dark oak panelled walls and ceiling; deep richly-spun carpets spread upon the floor to keep that unholy silence so much cherished by Englishmen the world over; ferns in pots placed here and there; thick massive but serviceable furniture; long tables with monthly periodicals and papers scattered about them; cups and trophies upon the mantelpiece of an immense open fire-place; caricatures and paintings, mounted heads of deer, caribou, and the odd smolt, grilse and salmon adorning the walls; all these were true to their type.

The year was 1918. The room was thick with tobacco smoke. Groups of members, some in uniform, others in civilian dress, sat here and there, some playing bridge, others drinking their after-dinner port and still others just conversing.

Five officers were grouped about a table near the open fire-place which crackled joyously in defiance of the murky and dismal weather outside. There was "Bobo" Glass, a young naval sub. of twenty odd years, who had distinguished himself at Zeebrugge; "Peeps" Whalley, who was a "sky-pilot" to a Guards regiment; "Pogo" Carson, who had just received his majority after a little tussle at Salonica; "Piggie" Gall, late captain of the Seaforths, who now was convalescing after having been stamped "unfit for active service", and last but by no means least, "Toodles" Cu-Ray of Intelligence. "Toodles" had just joined the group of four after finishing an excellent dinner, and was now enjoying an excellent cigar.

"Well, 'Toodles'," the speaker was young "Piggie", a weak but wiry type of youth with a few straggling hairs adorning his upper lip in suggestion of a moustache, "When did you get back?"

"Just got off the boat-train this morning", he paused, re-lit his cigar and resumed, "How's everything with you, 'Piggie'?"

"Not bad," that worthy soul replied, "Not bad, you know. Get jolly well fed up with this sort of life, eating, drinking and making a damned fool of yourself generally." He stopped, a lustful look came into his eyes. "Wish I was in Folkestone."

"Well, laddie", replied "Toodles", "You can consider yourself bally lucky you weren't. Folkestone was raided last night, and your measly little hut was blown sky high from this grubby earth".

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"Just imagine!" he languidly exclaimed, "Just imagine!" and relapsed into silence.

"Where've you been, 'Toodles'?" asked "Bobo", who was holding his glass to the light in the manner of a connoisseur.

"Syria, chappie", "Toodles" replied, "Syria!"

"Syria?"

"Syria!—in fact, Aleppo."

"But why, in all what's holy, Syria?" questioned "Pogo", who was wallowing his port around his goitre with a particularly disgusting movement.

"Well, 'Pogo'," "Toodles" replied, placing his dead cigar on a tray and lighting a cigarette, "It's a long story, an exceedingly long story."

"Out with it man", bellowed "Peeps".

"So be it," replied "Toodles", "Well, laddies, as you already know, I was sent out to Aleppo by the Chief to scout about and see what I could see. Beastly place, Aleppo. However, as I was saying I was shot, baggage and all from Cairo. I found out that all was quiet and peaceful-like, in fact too bally quiet for the blinking War Office blighters. As you know, Aleppo has been alternately taken by the 'Jerries' and ourselves. Nobody wants it, but it seems quite the thing to have just now; in fact we sort of take turns capturing it, on the condition that no side is allowed to hold the town more than forty-eight hours at the most—Great fun, 'Bobo', you would have enjoyed it. We would see the 'Jerries' coming and we would hide. Then after they had stormed the battlements, it was our turn to hold the castle. When I arrived at the Front both parties were in the centre of the 'bloody field of operation', each side scratching their heads, somewhat in a quandary as to whose turn it was to hold the fort. It was quite war-like, I can assure you, laddies. I was very much afraid that I would have to intervene, because things were getting almost rough and I didn't want them to come to blows. A pretty sight, I must say. Our men were sprawled upon the grass in a very unbelligerent manner, picking their teeth. Their teeth, mind you. The 'Jerry' commander, with a napkin tucked under his collar was brandishing a bottle of the best Burgundy I have ever tasted. But that is getting ahead of my story. It was a lethal weapon, I must say. And as for our own commander I was astounded. In fact I was overwhelmed with surprise, absolutely top-holed with consternation! Was I seeing right? I asked myself that very question. Perhaps my oculus were taking the day off. But no!—I was right. I ask you, chappies, who was it?"

"Toodles" sighed and sank back awaiting results. They were not long in coming.

"Yes, who was it?" they all chorused in unison.

"'Beefy' Friday!" "Toodles" gave forth much in the manner of an ambassador delivering a memorandum to his Emperor.

"'Beefy' Friday?" again they came. This time with a heavy throaty voice mingled with surprise, anxiety and eagerness.

"None other!", "Toodles" replied like one making a decisive statement to the House.

"But I thought, in fact I am sure, he said at the University that he would never fight?" exclaimed "Pogo", who was the first to recover from the shock.

"Ah, laddie. He did and he is certainly keeping his word at that. If he is left out there much longer he will be having both sides knitting socks and making cakes for the people at home."

"But I don't understand", "Peeps" sadly exclaimed, "I honestly and truly don't understand!"

"Nor do I," said "Toodles", earnestly endeavouring to look serious but hopelessly failing, "Of course I sallied right up to him and asked what it was all about, and the first thing he said was 'Hallo, old horse! Meet the Hauptmann!' Can you tie it, chappies? Here we are at war, the greatest war since Creation and he goes and says, 'Meet the 'Jerry'! I ask you, was that nice?'"

"What did you do then?", the question shot from four puzzled larynx.

"Yes!", echoed "Toodles", "What did I do then?"

"'Beefy'," I exclaimed, "what do you mean by all this?" I tried to register sincerity. I failed.

"My dear sir, my dear old horse, do be reasonable, do try to cultivate the big, broad flexible outlook—"

He turned to me and broke away, not unwillingly and gripping my arm, drew me off. The sad and humble looking "Jerry" followed irresolutely.

"My dear old horse, can't you see? Upon my Sam, this is the giltest-edged scheme that was ever hatched. We'll get together the 'Jerries', the dear things, and ourselves, and jolly well become friends and then we will tot over to France and get all the other chappies becoming friends. Why, in a week we'll have them playing poker together, in a month they will be confiding to each other their family scruples and in two months it will be all over, see?"

I saw. I could just see the blighters at the War Office already welcoming "Beefy" with open arms. I turned to the Hauptmann who was disconcertingly attempting to place a flower in his button-hole.

"But 'Beefy'," I said, "'Beefy', old sock, what about the War Office? I think you had better come back with me, in fact I am sure of it."

"Me!" he cried, "ME? I like that! Upon my Sam, that's rich. Why, damme, if there is any justice in the world, if there's a spark of decency in your bally bosom, I think you should let me alone for suggesting the idea. It's a little hard! I supply the brains and you want me to tot it up to London as well. My gosh, I didn't expect this. This hurts me, by George! If anybody had told me that an old pal would . . ."

"Ichabod!" I murmured sadly to myself as I passed away between a Tommy and Jerry playing "Jacks", "Ichabod!"

"What did you do then, 'Toodles'?" enquired "Bobo", half in disgust, half in anxiety and eagerness.

"Yes!", chimed in the other three like a medly of chicks following the advice of the old Mother hen, "What did you do then?"

"Toodles", a smile of satisfaction, like that of an old sow which has just finished a particularly pleasant meal, playing about the corners of his lips, exclaimed, "I said, 'Ha'."

"You said, 'Ha'?" they trebled.

"I said, 'Ha', in fact, I said, 'Ha, Ha'."

"But why", asked "Peeps" boldly, "did you say 'Ha'?"

"Well," replied "Toodles", "I said, 'Ha', because I thought 'Ha' was as good a word as any, perhaps better. In fact, why shouldn't I say, 'Ha'?"

That settled it. They thought "Toodles" was off his cranium. More than likely they knew it. "Toodles" always had been a troublesome youth, even at the sticky jam age.

"What did you say then?" asked "Pogo".

"I said," replied "Toodles", "But 'Beefy'! you silly ass, can't you see what you're . . .?"

"Upon my Sam," 'Beefy' cut in, "It's hard. It's pretty hard. I come down here to inaugurate a great enterprise, a stupendous undertaking and I have hardly the time to turn round when you come to sneak on me. It's quelling, I say, positively quelling."

"I give up", I said and left him. I returned to Cairo and reported to my Chief, but rather than leave the blighter in his own stew I decided to go back and see if I could reason with him.

I was welcomed with the most astounding cordiality, and was ushered into his august presence. Upon entering his dug-out I was struck with a feeling almost of pity. There always had been something odd about "Toodles" to dull the moral sense.

"I've been in bed", said "Beefy".

"So I see," I replied. At College "Beefy" used never to dress before noon, and on one occasion, when a carelessly-thrown match had burned a hole in his only pair of trousers, had gone so far as to remain between the sheets for forty-eight hours. But sloth on so majestic a scale as this shocked me.

(Continued on page 13)

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ON INNS TO TAKE EASE AT

Gerald Cameron

* *

Last summer I realized how much the country needs inns. I had motored one brilliant July day to St. André Avelin. No one in the party—we were four—had ever been to St. André; in fact none of us knew anyone who had ever been there. Not that St. André is a forgotten outpost detached from civilization; it is less than sixty miles from Ottawa and not more than twenty up the Laurentians from Lucerne-in-Quebec. But no one could tell us what it was like. My friend had seen the name, St. André Avelin, on a map, and immediately was he seized with its beauty. St. André was old world. It must be with such a name; it was seventeenth century French Canada; its habitants were unspoiled peasants who lived a simple, wholesome life under the care of a simple, country curé. St. André was the place to live. And so to St. André we went to find a simple, honest, peasant who would sell his homely, white-washed, ages-old cabane and his father's and grandfather's acre to my friend for a country place.

We drove up narrow roads that straggled like dirty ribbons along the folds of the hills. Tiny farms stretched up the hills from the road. Here, here, was French Canada. The farmhouses gleamed with white-wash, the windows blossomed with geraniums, the yards teamed with pigs and children.

We reached St. André. We sought the hotel,—we couldn't buy land without planning our purchase over a bottle of ale or at least a pot of tea. We found the hotel. It was just "HOTEL, JOS. GROULX, PROP." We had not dreamed that St. André would have an inn—we did not wish to gild perfection; but to find the hostelry a three-galleried clapboard structure, its outside studded with brewer's signs and its inside humming with flies and reeking of last winter's beer, was a blow to our enthusiasm. And to find the hostelry called "HOTEL, JOS. GROULX, PROP." and not "LE POMME D'OR," or "LA DAME A PIQUE" was devastating.

We left St. André and ate our supper in a pasture. Once we might have surveyed the land with the appraising eye of a buyer and a future "grand Seigneur." Now we saw it merely as an unploughed field in an alien country a mile or two from a commonplace market village with an hotel called "JOS. GROULX, PROP." We wove dreams of what we might have done with the pasture and its boulders and thistles and tormenting unevenness: dreams we would have made realities had St. André been the St. André of our imaginations and had its tavern been an inn. Yes, just an inn. With only that to recommend it, St. André would

have gained an inhabitant. Its population would be increased and its curé would have smiled.

Then I realized how much the country needs inns. I dilated on the necessity of inns. Let the whole frame of things disjoint but give us inns.

So, naturally, I was delighted when the hotel keepers of the Province of Quebec adopted resolutions in solemn conclave to promote the improving of inns. The French are realists; and the French Canadian hotel keepers are especial realists. They are proud of the native flavour of their race and the peculiarity this flavour gives to their inns. They resolved to guard it most jealously as one of their most important assets. They resolved to work tooth and nail to oust the hotdog stand from the front of the inns and to build kitchens behind. They resolved to become clean and godly and to war on flies. They denounced high charges. And if ever a perfect, or a nearly perfect, inn can be developed it will be through measures such as these. For after all, what a tourist or a traveller wants of an inn is that it be cheap, clean, comfortable, well-stocked with food and drink, and well tended by a kindly host. Give an inn these, and its atmosphere will create itself. And its fame will resound without ending.

Quebec can give us good inns; Ontario can't. Food and drink are the sand and mortar of an inn's fabric; and food without drink will never set. I know well that Ontario has seen her highways graced with a "PIG AND WHISTLE", a "RED LION", a "BLUE BOAR", a "PRINCE'S HEAD", all thoroughly Olde English with huge fireplaces, beamed ceilings, flag floors, Simmons beds and running water in every room. But when the charges for the rooms are never less than four dollars a night and the cheapest meal is seventy-five cents, and drinks can only be had in the secret places of the guest's chamber or behind the Tea Hostess's back through the connivance of sundry waiters, the comfort, the ease, the friendliness and true liberty of an inn are wanting.

An inn cannot be run by dieticians, hotel clerks, or any sort of hired managers. It must be run and managed by its host and hostess who are its owners. If they own the place and can be plump and bustling, and full of delight in obliging guests such as that paragon of hostesses, Mistress Quickly of the Boar's Head Tavern, Eastcheap, the inn will prosper. The host and hostess, when they own the place, even if merely on credit from the brewers, can give the inn the food, the drink, the flavour and the atmosphere of peace and repose that inns have always had and to-day is still their divine right.

The hostess is the inn. From the fastness of her kitchen she can conjure up kidney pies, veal pasties, tarts, that even Dickens and certainly Washington Irving never tasted for inspiration. She can mull ale and serve it to charm away dust from the weariest hiker; she can mix toddies to warm the coldest skier; and with her care and tending she can save the most rain-soaked wayfarers from colds that are worse than death.

But enough. Inns can make or break a country as they can adorn or mar a countryside. If we have no inns, or worse, poor inns, man's relations with man are stunted. He does not hike or ski or motor or travel up and down the earth or walk to and fro in it. We must have inns, and good inns. Inns are vital.

AS IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN—

(Continued from page 11)

"I had an accident," he explained, "Fell off my bicycle and sprained an ankle."

"You haven't got a bicycle," I retorted.

"I know. I borrowed one from the Padre."

"The Who?"

"The Padre!"

"And who, may I ask, in the devil is the Padre?"

"I thought you knew," he languidly replied, pulling the sheets over his head. "Why, Colin Clout."

"Colin Clout!" I exclaimed.

"Colin Clout!", "Beefy" affably replied. "Surely you remember him? We were at college the same time as he was."

"Yes", replied "Toodles", "I think I do. Anyway that is neither here nor there. What I came to say was . . ."

"Enough!", ejaculated "Beefy" in a voice filled with mortal fear, "Quite enough!"

And before I had time to gather my wits together he spoke again.

"You are staying to dinner, of course?"

"I guess so", I weakly replied, for I had given up all hope of ever seeing sane people again. The world had gone quite daffy and as far as I was concerned I could go potty too, so with a last effort, as a drowning man clings to a straw, I answered him—

"Yes, I guess so".

"Good!", exclaimed "Beefy", "You will be able to make a fourth", and before I had the time to divine his thoughts he again roared out—

"Wifflespoon!"—no reply—"WIFFLESPOON!"—no reply—"I say, Wifflespoon, damital man, where the devil have you been?", as that worthy soul stood framed in the doorway like a potted calf, "Wifflespoon, my lad, there will be four to dinner."

"Very good, Sir", and withdrew.

FROM AN UNDERGRADUATE'S DICTIONARY

J. R. Hodgkinson

ALE.—A resurrecting agent ("lifting" beer is one of the better known methods of raising spirits); paradoxically capable of rendering one dead to the world.

BIOLOGY.—Art or act of purchasing.

CAMPUS.—Tent-dwellers.

CO-ED.—One who uses math. periods to practice the fundamental principles of admission, distraction, mollification, and diversion.

DEAN (pronounced "dean").—Species of biped, characterized by a peculiar "gait"; stands for law and order (and there are few who can stand for that).

EXAMINATIONS.—Method by which professors discover what students do not know; ordeal by which students make an identical discovery.

FACULTY OF THE UNIVERSITY.—Group of harmless individuals who suffer hallucinations about a college being a place for study; to be distinguished from the "faculty of understanding", which is the ability to appreciate the discomfiture of a co-ed when she says she's going to "walk back".

GOWN.—a duster, a collection of ribbons; two sleeves joined together by a collar.

HOLIDAY (abbr.).—Monday, Wednesday, Friday, Sunday, Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday.

INTELLECT.—That which the normal student hasn't any of; not to be confused with "intelligence", which is a genius for getting marked present at lectures without attending same.

JACK.—The wherewithal to make purchases; something to raise something; also, something exceedingly difficult to raise.

KNOWLEDGE.—The lore of cocktail making. Knowledge is power.

LECTURES (obs.).—An opiate; also, letters from home.

MILK SHAKE.—Nervous cow.

NATURE STUDY.—Formal Education (See "Co-ed").

OVERTURES (music).—Advances made to a co-ed, usually carried out in undertones; a play upon the entire scale of emotions.

PROFESSOR.—A general affliction; mind usually absent.

QUADRANGLE.—Quarrel among four people.

RUGBY TRAINING.—Period during which anything in excess of two quarts is an excess.

STUDENT.—Formerly one who engaged in academic pursuits; now fortunately extinct.

TEMPTATION.—Six bottles of sparkling burgundy.

WORK.—(This word does not appear in the undergraduate's dictionary).

"HOLOCAUST" AUTHOR REPLIES

REGARDING WAR AS A NECESSITY

G. B. Greene, Jr.

As the author of "Holocaust from the Air", I think it advisable to explain my motives to the author of "What we think of Holocaust" and to defend the "non-intelligent, inhuman and unchristian" methods which I used to establish realism.

I deem it necessary to declare that "Holocaust from the Air" was composed solely for the edification of readers of my school periodical and it was immaterial to me whether the Mitre Board accepted it or not. It was only by request of the then Editor that I consented to its publication in the December issue.

Before I go further I would have it known that I by no means desire hostilities in any shape or form. In writing "Holocaust" this was far from my mind. War at its best is not nice. The world is thrown into confusion. Christian morals are scattered to the winds, and only disaster and disillusionment remain; but what I will say is that war, either at the present moment, in a year, or in a thousand years hence, is inevitable. It may be said that if such is the case and similar notions are encouraged and fostered in the minds of the rising generation who will in future take command of our country, only one conclusion will be reached, that of war. That is true, but I am equally prepared to state that if nations, I am speaking of no country in particular, are at the present moment reorganizing their militia and defence forces and encouraging research operations on implements of destruction in order to save their possessions from molestation, that the "will to peace" is an impossibility and the task of spreading an international good-will a task for a superman and a task so great in proportions that no one would even hope to accomplish it, especially as, at the time of writing, we are hemmed in by wars on all sides. Disarmament is being contemplated, true, but does research cease? Does it stop countries such as Japan and China from fighting? Does it stop Russia from having, in a few years' time, the largest military air strength in the world? Does it stop Germany, restricted by the Versailles Treaty, from having a standing army of 100,000 men and at the same time having ten additional armies of the same number each? Did it stop the fourteen wars which have occurred since the Great War? I leave it to you.

"The will to peace"—an excellent proposition, but how, may I ask, is it to be got about? Surely at a time such as this, one can readily understand what tremendous diversity of opinion there is in each and every individual in all countries of the world. I cite for example the atrocities caused by the van-guard of the German Army in its passage through

Belgium. The Prussian is no more horrified by this than we would be in passing a butcher shop. Could we talk the "will to peace" to a man of this calibre? I am striking at the individual for it is he who will count if we are to expect anything. Mass is swayed by mass propaganda and it is only through the individual we can hope to attain success. The world is governed by so many different characteristics, different languages, different morals, different religions and different mannerisms. Could we talk peace with a Japanese on one hand and a Russian on the other in the same intelligent manner?

My reasons for stating this are to stress the impossibility of a World Peace, a pacifistic ideal by all. Even if our politicians were content to sit back and say: "We desire peace", is the other nation going to reply, "We won't declare war; they are unarmed"? At this stage I quote from an address by the Rt. Hon. Stanley Baldwin entitled "The Realities of Disarmament", delivered to the House of Commons on November 10th.

Disarmament, in my view, will not stop war. That is a matter of the will to peace. That is absolutely right. As I have often said, there are two natural instincts that make for the preservation of the race—the reproduction of the species, and the preservation of the species by fighting for its safety—and the right hon. gentleman is perfectly right that the fighting instinct is the oldest that we have in our nature.

It is evident my critic neglected, or shall we say, hesitated, to include the rest of that honourable statesman's address.

"The Realities of Disarmament", by this great politician, is one of the finest addresses of its type ever made in the House. I wrote "Holocaust from the Air" as an authentic document in an attempt to make the civilized mind realize exactly what it is up against, not, as is supposed, to foster belligerent ideas. Facts were taken from papers from the Geneva Conference, the League of Nations, and a report on Chemical Warfare submitted to the United States House of Representatives; and it is my firm conviction that if the truth were to be opened to the public eye, such organizations as these would be the first to do so. I quote Mr. Baldwin:

There are some instruments so terrible that mankind has resolved not to use them. I myself happen to know of at least three inventions, deliberately proposed for use in the last war, that were never used—potent to a degree! I wondered at the conscience of the world.

"Holocaust" was terrible, that I admit, but by what right can we evade the stark truth? The attempts of a fevered imagination, you say, but if, mind you I said if, my imaginative qualities have wandered, do you dare say the same of Mr. Baldwin, "the best trusted figure in British public life"?

In defence of the "intriguing" title I have to state that this heading was found by the then editor to be less "lurid" and more appropriate than its predecessor which happened to be "Mors et Destructio". Could a title more suitable to that kind of article be found?

I believe that the only possible way in which to stop war is by a simple formula, that of making it so ghastly, so horrible that the cultured mind will shrink from its claws, not by underhand methods of preaching the Doctrine with one hand with a high explosive in the other. I attempted this in "Holocaust"—evidently I failed.

I would be a very vain person indeed to say that Mr. Baldwin agrees with my convictions, but as his address came out at a time suitable to the occasion I see no reason why his remarks should be withheld. I apologize for consistently quoting, but it is impossible to come to clarity in this matter without doing so. The author of "What we think of Holocaust" writes:

We, who otherwise might justly claim to be intelligent men, must cease to play with war and the idea as though it were but one more recreational pursuit; and put away as unclean all talk of the defensive value of anti-aircraft radium atomite, or whether a hundred tons of bombs will satisfactorily reduce five millions of helpless men, women and children to raw, bloody human meat within a given space of time.

and yet, the very speech of Mr. Baldwin which he quoted continues:

The speed of air attack compared with the attack of an army is as the speed of a motor car to that of a four-in-hand, and in the next (I ask you to note the word "next" which was so condemned by my contemporary) war you will find that any town which is within reach of an aerodrome can be bombed within the first five minutes of war from the air, to an extent which was inconceivable in the last war, and the question will be whose moral will be shattered quickest by that preliminary bombing? I think it is well also for the man in the street to realize that there is no power on earth that can protect him from being bombed. What ever people may tell him, the bomber will always get through, and it is very easy to understand that if you realize the area of space. The only defence is in offence, which means that you will have to kill more women and children more quickly than the enemy if you want to save yourselves.

I ask you, is that not somewhat contradictory to . . . "and now the popular interest, fostered by the press, has been transferred to lurid copy dealing with the 'next war', which if not so prolific a source of sensationalism, is likely to prove profitable to American magazine proprietors especially as the Rt. Hon. Stanley Baldwin, "the best trusted figure in British public life", a great orator and a great statesman says:

I just mention that at the beginning of what I have to say that people must realize what is waiting for them when the next war comes. I will not pretend that we are not taking our precautions in this country. We have done it. We have made our investigations, much more quietly and hitherto without any publicity, but, considering the years that are required to make your preparations any Government of this country in the present circumstances of the world would have been guilty of criminal negligence had they neglected to make their preparations.

A cry was raised when civilian towns were first bombed. It was not long before we replied. We were horrified when gas was first put into effect. It was a matter of minutes before we did likewise, and naturally. These are extraordinary instances of the psychological change that comes over all of us in times of war. Man has fought for his existence ever since creation, it is in his blood to defend that which belongs to him. It is the Law of Nature which takes hold of us, not the "Law of Love".

The most pacific-minded amongst us will not say that, by some extraordinary miracle, war will be completely abolished. We emphasize the fact that, like everyone else, we hope from the bottom of our hearts that there will never be another war, but just so long as we can do no more than hope, just so long shall we need the nucleus of an army to act as a training cadre for a citizen army in times of peril. Every country must be prepared, not for wars of aggression—the size of our own standing army precludes even the thought of such things—but to protect its own borders and its own nationals wherever they may happen to be.

Scrape aside the mud of propaganda and war is revealed as a struggle between two conceptions of civilization, two mutually antagonistic philosophies of life. That the policy of western man in 1914 was (and may still be) so deplorably and defectively organized upon unspiritual and realistic foundations that such a disastrous social disturbance is possible, is a fact which does not compromise the truth of that description of war. In the past the security of states has depended upon armed force, and it may be that we are approaching an era in human history when the foundations of security will rest elsewhere. We hope and pray for that happy event, none the less ardently by recognizing that until it occurs the security of the British Empire in times of

(Continued on page 39)

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A SIDELINER

REVIEWS THE YEAR'S SPORT

W. T. Elkin

* * *

It is my task in this short article to present to the readers of The Mitre a resumé of sporting activities at Bishop's during the present academic year, and to offer any criticisms I may have regarding sports at this university.

As Rugby is the chief branch of sport here, I shall first turn my attention to that. Bishop's again had two teams in competition, the intermediate team in the Intercollegiate Union and the Eastern Townships section of the Q.R.F.U., and the junior team in the junior series of the intercollegiate league. The intermediates signalized their entry into Q.R.F.U. competition by winning the group championship, but did not proceed to the provincial play-offs, preferring instead to centre their efforts on capturing the Intercollegiate title. Their efforts, however, were not quite good enough, for they were forced to bow before Loyola in the final game at Montreal. By a strange turn of fate, the juniors won their league championship without playing a game, both Loyola and McGill defaulting their games to the purple and white team.

Great credit for the fine showing of the intermediates is due to the energetic manager, Wally Hodgins, who was always on the job, and to the popular coach, Hal Chard. In Hal the teams had a coach who knew the game and had also mastered the art of handling football players, with the result that harmony and co-operation were in evidence at all times.

The intermediate team this year was composed chiefly of players who had represented Bishop's in past gridiron struggles. Among these were the two "war horses", Gordie Titcomb and Captain Don Masson, whose line plunging was largely responsible for the team's success. Supporting them on the line were Pete Curry, the ever-reliable snap, Dick Evans and Andy Porteous at inside, with Charlie McCullough at middle. Many of the yards gained by "Tick" and Don were the result of the ability of Pete and Co. to make holes for them to go through. Calling the signals and throwing most of the forward passes, we had Bill Bradley, whose masterful handling of the team is to be commended. Last, but by no means least, of the old guard was Bruce Munro, the Dave Sprague of the team. Bruce's long gains through the open field were always spectacular, many of them ending in well-earned touchdowns.

The new members of the squad were not numerous, but their lack of numbers was offset by their ability. In "Chick" Carson and Harry Pibus, Bishop's boasted a pair of fast, hard-tackling outsiders. At flying wing we had

"Oggie" Glass, a product of B.C.S. "Oggie" also handled the kicking duties, and his educated toe accounted for many of the team's points. With Bruce Munro on the half line we had Ken Ross, former Sherbrooke High star, and if Ken's efforts last season are any criterion, we can look for big things from him next year. The team was fortunate this year in having alternates of a high calibre, all of whom should be available in the fall when manager Hugh Gall issues his call to duty.

We next turn our attention to hockey. Here the gods of fortune failed to show even the faint trace of a smile. Two teams, intermediate and junior, were again in competition, but neither was very successful. The intermediates were entered in two leagues, the Intermediate Intercollegiate, and the Sherbrooke County Hockey League. This resulted in a heavy schedule, and a consequent lack of victories. "Moral victories" were numerous, but unfortunately these did not better the team's league standing.

The coaching duties were again looked after by Jerry Wiggett, and the lack of victories cannot be attributed to his system of coaching. Jerry worked hard with the team but Lady Luck failed to smile on his efforts.

Many new faces were seen on the team this year, and much good material discovered for next year's campaign. In "Chick" Carson, "Oggie" Glass, and Larry Brooks, Bishop's had a fast-skating forward line, whose one weakness was their inability to score goals. A painful throat injury to "Chick" forced him out of action for part of the season, and resulted in the disorganization of this first-string line. During "Chick's" absence, the centre-ice position was filled in admirable fashion by "Judd" Christison, the utility man of the team. To these newcomers must also be added the name of Tony Earle, who started the season as a junior, but whose ability and gameness soon earned him a place on the intermediate team.

The remainder of the squad were members of last year's team. With Art. Williams in goal, and Gordie Titcomb and Capt. Don McRae on the defence, Bishop's boasted one of the strongest defences in the league, as is shown by the low scores registered against the team. Relieving Williams in the nets we had "Lab" Labaree, and as relief forwards Wally Hodgins, Chris. Eberts, Dick Evans, Ernie Hutchison and Rod Sterling.

Before concluding my remarks about hockey, it might be wise to add a few words concerning the manner in which many of the players failed to take the game seriously. One of the chief requisites of a hockey player is good condition,

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the lack of which was quite apparent during the season. Attendance at practices was not what it might have been, and in the opinion of the writer, these two factors were largely responsible for the team's poor showing this year.

Despite the severe set-back received before the commencement of the schedule, the Basketball team "came through" by winning the Sherbrooke City League, but were unfortunate enough to lose the Provincial Semi-finals against 57th Battery of Quebec, by 80 to 65 on the series.

The team was most fortunate in having "Mac" Turner as coach again, and much of its success can be attributed to "Mac". Of last year's team, only Charlie McCullough was available for duty this year. Charlie has been moved from guard to centre. He, Sam Rudner and Ken. Ross, form one of the fastest and best-shooting forward lines seen at Bishop's for some time. The guards this year are Mike Wisenthal and George Baird, both of whom are wizards at preventing the opposing forwards from scoring. The alternates have seen little action, but have turned out regularly for practices, and the success of the team can be attributed in no small measure to their faithful attendance.

Of minor activities I need only mention that "Mac" Turner won the McGreer Shield Road Race, and Alex. Ames the golf tournament. There have been no official tennis or badminton tournaments.

* *

BASKETBALL AND HOCKEY IN BRIEF

George Whalley

* *

BASKETBALL

To say that the Basketball team has had a successful season would be a gross understatement. In spite of the severe set-back caused by the withdrawal of the captain and several valuable players at the beginning of the season, the remainder rallied, and by using the men who were to have made up a junior team, built up a team that made an exceedingly fine showing. With tiresome regularity they defeated their Sherbrooke rivals, the Y Blues and Reds and Sherbrooke High School, to win the City Championship. The play was not always one-sided, as those few who saw the games will testify. In fact, the Y Blues gave them a "good run for their money" before the league games were all played off.

McCullough as captain and Rudner as playing manager, made a solid basis for the team, and by the example of their consistency and hard work raised the standard of the whole team. Although last year's team was represented, the freshman class supplied many valuable and fast men, such as Ross at left forward and the mighty Wisenthal at left

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guard. From time to time there were exhibitions of amazing long shots that went into the basket too regularly for the element of luck to have had much to do with it, supplying the spectators with no small degree of entertainment, and no doubt just a little disconcerting to the team's opponents.

THE PROVINCIAL SEMI-FINALS

After winning the Sherbrooke City League, the Intermediate team went on to meet 57th Battery, Quebec, in the Provincial semi-finals. The two semi-final games were recent enough to deserve individual reports.

March 18th, Sherbrooke Y.M.C.A.

QUEBEC, 24 — BISHOP'S, 41

The conflict on the Y.M.C.A. floor in Sherbrooke proved lively and, for the Purple and White, victorious. The first half showed very evenly-matched play, but during the second half Bishop's gained the advantage and managed to pile up a lead of 17 points. It was significant that most of Quebec's points were scored from well outside the foul line, which shows the good work of our guards as well as the accurate shooting of their opponents. Probably the small floor and the low gallery around the corners had something to do with the Quebec team's playing. I cannot let this opportunity slip of mentioning that, although there were more supporters from the college than usual, there was not by any means as large a crowd as there might have been.

March 25th, Quebec.

QUEBEC, 56 — BISHOP'S, 24

With a seventeen-point lead in hand, Bishop's travelled to Quebec to play off the game that would decide who would enter the finals. Quebec, playing on a floor to which they were thoroughly accustomed, started from the first whistle to destroy their opponents' lead and raise their own score to win the round. The play was even faster than the game in Sherbrooke, and Quebec showed themselves to be the better team. At half time Bishop's had a one-point lead for the round—that is, Quebec were sixteen points ahead. The lead was exactly doubled in the last period, with the final score 56 - 24 and the round score 80 - 65. This was not attained without a good fight, however, for in the last two minutes Bishop's scored eight points on four successive plays. Bishop's has the consolation of knowing that they were defeated by a really good team—Quebec went on to beat Y.M.H.A., Montreal, for the championship.

THE SEASON'S RESULTS

The following table gives the season's results at a glance:

Jan. 26th	Sherbrooke High School	loss	34 - 36
Feb. 4th	Y Reds	win	47 - 15
	10th Y Blues	win	31 - 18
	17th Sherbrooke High School	win	36 - 27
	28th Y Reds	win	37 - 21

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Mar. 4th Y Blues.....	win	34 - 25
18th Quebec—57th Battery.....	win	41 - 24
25th Quebec—57th Battery.....	loss	24 - 56

Summary:—

Played 8; Won 6; Lost 2. Points for 284; against 222.

INTER-YEAR BASKETBALL

The inter-year basketball was this year played on a "knock-out" system. Third year defaulted to First year, and Second year beat Divinity 10-7. In the final Second year defeated First year, after a close and interesting game, by 16-10. The games showed a rather higher order of play than is usually seen in these contests.



HOCKEY

The Junior team have left behind them a record of consistency that it was difficult for even the Intermediate team to surpass. Out of nine games played the Juniors won one, drew one and lost the other seven. This bald statement is not, however, indicative of the playing of the team. On occasion they managed to turn out some excellent hockey, but as a rule seemed to lack the necessary amount of "scoring punch", as the long list of "moral victories" will indicate. There were one or two very closely contested games with the Red Jackets, and the Bishop's team was inconsiderate enough to defeat them once and tie them once. Unfortunately the faster and more experienced B.C.S. team did not wish to throw away their good reputation on a mere Junior Team. Probably the best and most interesting hockey that the Juniors produced was in a series of games with the Lennoxville "Independents", an aggregation of players many of whom we had noticed playing against the Intermediate Team. These games were always closely contested and the laurels were pretty well evenly divided, with, perhaps, a whisker more for the Independents. As a matter of fact, in the last game, it was necessary to play two periods of overtime to break a three-all deadlock.

SEASON'S RESULTS

The following gives at a glance the results of the Intermediate hockey games. The Junior results follow them.

Jan. 14th Lennoxville.....	tie	2 - 2
18th E. Sherbrooke.....	loss	2 - 4
19th Canadiens.....	loss	1 - 3
21st U. of M.....	loss	1 - 3

Jan. 23rd Magog.....	loss	0 - 5
28th Loyola.....	loss	1 - 2
31st Magog.....	tie	0 - 0
Feb. 4th St. Francois.....	loss	1 - 2
8th St. Francois.....	loss	0 - 3
11th Loyola.....	loss	1 - 4
14th McGill.....	loss	2 - 3
16th Lennoxville.....	loss	1 - 6
18th McGill.....	loss	Default
22nd Canadiens.....	loss	2 - 4
23rd E. Sherbrooke.....	win	1 - 0
25th U. of M.....	tie	3 - 3

JUNIOR RESULTS

Jan. 16th Red Jackets.....	win	3 - 2
18th Red Jackets.....	loss	2 - 6
20th B. C. S.....	loss	0 - 2
28th B. C. S.....	loss	0 - 2
30th Red Jackets.....	tie	1 - 1
Feb. 1st Red Jackets.....	loss	0 - 1
3rd B. C. S.....	loss	0 - 2
10th B. C. S.....	loss	2 - 7
14th B. C. S.....	loss	0 - 6

INTER-CLASS HOCKEY

These amazing feats of endurance and skill (not in playing but in maintaining a position perpendicular to the surface of the ice), coming as they always do, at the end of the season, are regarded as one of the high-lights of the year. This year seems to have been a high-water mark in the history of high-lights.

Although Divinity and First Year both defeated Second and Third Years with quite high scores, this was not effected without closely fought games. As a rule, there was plenty of body checking and that accidental slipping of a stick into the opponent's skate that keeps the penalty time-keeper busy. Feeling ran high in the large crowds that gathered to behold these contests, and there seems to have been more enthusiasm worked up over these games than over at least two of any of the other games.

Divinity and First Year clashed in the last game of the series, and after a hard-fought battle (in more than one sense of the word), Divinity was victorious. It would be invidious to make any distinction between the individual players, so those who feel they played rather well will have to be content with the credit given to their team.



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A BISHOP'S DIARY

By Peeps

- February 25th. Bridge fans swing into Alumnae tournament, suitably refreshed. Others watch hockey team hold U. of M. to close tie.
- February 26th. Drama feeling runs high, when Reading Circle and "The Sign of the Cross" battle for favour. As supporter of the legitimate, I attended the former.
- February 27th. C.O.T.C. Dance fought to a finish. Some were not finished, and essayed other fields.
- March 1st. Was much impressed by chapel talk of the Principal. First of what proves to be an admirable series.
- March 3rd. On coming down for noon regalement, noticed important library changes announced. It appears that same will be open to wee sma' hours, making good place for study.
- March 4th. Much entertained by the coeds, at delightful club. Afterwards I went to game; many ungallant fellows preferred watching basketball victory.
- March 5th. Sunday. Week of training starts in divinity faculty.
- March 7th. A day of meetings. First, Dramatic Society meeting, then more dramatic Students' Association, meeting. Constitutional expert found. Oratory. To hostelry and after to bed.
- March 9th. Coeds sleigh drive brings out the ladies' men. Much snuffling.
- March 10th. Russel Brown gives erghastive study of Technocracy. Much sobered by thoughts of doom of civilization. Retired and dreamed of new world and endless leisure. Applause.
- March 13th. Lovely day. Might conquers in the Scout hike and the bootleggers get off.
- March 14th. Unlovely day. Freshmen of New Arts are tastefully decorated by sportive seniors.
- March 15th. Elections. Cast vote on side of Truth and Justice, neither of whom were elected. In the evening, divertisement for the spirits of the losers in badminton tournament. Congratulations, Armstrong, on the day's play.
- March 16th. Pacifism has its outing. The white feather boys turn out and nearly hold their own against the die-hards. Fine debating. Booin.
- March 17th. Artisans labour to build up the wall at Ice Carnival. Good fun and an addition of \$20 to the Anglican Fund.
- March 18th. Basketball team again victorious and is started on its travels.
- March 19th. We are asked to cut down dissipation for the little box with the big thermometer this week.

(Continued at foot of next column)

ODE TO A COLLEGE SAUSAGE

With most humble apologies to the memory of John Keats, from whose works much of this is shamelessly appropriated.

Quod scelus latet? Vergil.

I

Thou still unfathomed Bag of Mystery,
Thou foster-child of villainy and crime;
Grisly historian, who canst best imply
A hideous tale more bloody than our rhyme!
What felony-begotten fable shrouds thy shape,
Of homeless mongrels, or of mice, or both,
In shady dells of Francis' babbling stream?
What men or gods are these? What mortals loth?
What uproar mad? What struggle to escape?
What nightmare now uprist within life's dream.

II

Inhaled effluvia can oft be sweet,
But those unsmelled are sweeter far, I trow.
Therefore, concoction foul, with thy putrescent meat
Begone! Excruciating tortures rack me now.
Thou'rt served on charger cold—I need not prove
Thou ne'er art warm—and yet to be endured!
From me all sense of taste is wrung,
No human passions more within me move.
To contemplate thy mystic form's ensured
A burning forehead and a parching tongue.

III

Oh Jove! May ne'er it be my hapless fate
In some sad moment of amnesia
To swallow one of these and e'en thus sate
Mine inborn twilight suicidal mania.
Ah then! what ghastly throes of wretched anguish
Would thrust my feebled mind o'er saneness' brink
Into eternal restful depths of sleep:
There never as in weary life I'd languish,
Nor dread thee, Menace of the Morn, I think,
Nor chant in wailful choir for eggs—then weep.

A. G. C. WHALLEY

- March 22nd. Granada enhanced by presence of Lee Tracy, Claudette Colbert, and Frederic March. Latter two combine in fine movie. Thrills and heartbeats.
- March 23rd. Congratulations to Number Two Platoon.
- March 24th. C.O.T.C. Inspection day. Festivities detain debaters, and E. Boothroyd substitutes ably for E. Boothroyd.
- March 25th. Free day; good old Sol smiles his approval. I skirted hills and dales in fine ski run.
- March 30th. Beer Conference, and the narrative ends in good odour.

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CHANGES IN THE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

During the last month it has been evident that the University Library is undergoing radical changes. Miss Grace Jackson has taken up her duties as Assistant Librarian, and is engaged in cataloguing the books. Bright new small tables and chairs have replaced the old long tables and benches. And besides the cataloguing, the method of withdrawing books is gradually being changed to a modification of the Newark system. Further, the Library hours have been extended to include the afternoon and much of the evening.

These changes have been made possible by a grant of \$4,500 from the Carnegie Corporation of New York. This grant will be paid in three equal instalments. The Corporation has from time to time made numerous grants to colleges and universities throughout the United States and the Dominion of Canada.

Miss Jackson, the new Assistant Librarian, graduated from Bishop's in 1931 and has since taken a degree in Library Science at McGill. She is therefore admirably suited for the position. She has as student assistants C. S. Wright, W. C. Bisson, W. R. Crummer, and A. R. Eagles, who are on duty on certain afternoons and evenings of the week. The new tables and chairs have been provided out of a bequest to the College by the late Miss Annie Reid, of Sherbrooke. With this added accommodation and the increase of hours it is hoped that the students of the University will use the Library more for study. Study in the Library has two advantages over study in one's room: first, quiet and freedom from interruption; and secondly, convenience in the use of reference books.

The cataloguing of the Library is being based upon the Dewey system, which is generally used in University libraries. Under this system all books except fiction are listed under ten headings, such as History, Philosophy, Natural Sciences, and so on. Each subject is further subdivided into ten groups. When a book is catalogued, it is given first the digit of its main heading, then that of the subdivision, and then that of its own place in the subdivision; the whole going to make up the catalogue number. Any number of books may be included in a subdivision by the use of decimals. Thus a book's number immediately tells its subject. In addition, in the alphabetical index the cards will in future contain not only the title and author of the book, but also a summary of its contents, and a cross-reference of the subject. Most of this information is supplied by the cards of the Library of Congress of the United States, which are issued for every book published in the United States since 1898, including many English and Canadian reprints. The Library will secure these cards for all the books covered by them.

The change in the method of borrowing is a great improvement. Henceforth, there will be two cards in the back of each book: one inserted in an envelope, and another pasted on to the leaf. When the book is withdrawn, the name of the borrower and number of the book are written in the first card, which is then withdrawn and placed in a file under the date. The date is stamped on the second card, to remind the borrower of the day the book will be due. Two weeks later, the Librarian comes to the file in which the first card is, and if the book has not been returned a postcard is dispatched asking why.

Absent minded borrowers might remember that it is the intention of the authorities to tighten up the regulations about fines.

RECENT ADDITIONS TO THE LIBRARY

The following selection from among the books which have recently arrived in the University Library is printed in the hope that readers of *The Mitre* will find such lists useful. The selection does not claim to be exhaustive.

LIVING AUTHORS, A Book of Biographies, edited by Dilly Tante, with 371 photos and drawings, 462 pages, published by the H. W. Wilson Co., New York, 1932.

UPTON SINCLAIR PRESENTS WILLIAM FOX, 377 pages, published and presented by the author, 1933.

EXPRESSION IN AMERICA, by Ludwig Lewisohn, 590 pages, Harper, New York, 1932.

WHO WERE THE GREEKS? by J. L. Myres (Sather Classical Lectures at the University of California, 1930), 539 pages, published by the University, 1930.

JOSEPHUS AND THE JEWS, by F. J. Foakes Jackson, 293 pages, Smith, New York, 1930. Presented by the author.

SHAKESPEARE'S WORKMANSHIP, by Sir Arthur Quiller Couch, pocket edition of a work first published in 1918, 297 pages, Cambridge, 1931.

CANADIAN LANDSCAPE PAINTERS, by Albert H. Robson, Ryerson, Toronto, 1932.

LIBERTY IN THE MODERN STATE, by Harold J. Laski, Faber & Faber, London, 1930.

DEMOCRACY AND RELIGION, by T. R. Glover (Josiah Wood, Lectures at Mount Allison University, 1930), 108 pages, published by the University, 1932. Presented by the publishers.

FICTION

FLOWERING WILDERNESS, by John Galsworthy, a sequel to *Maid in Waiting*, 280 pages, Heinemann, London, 1932.

BLACK MISCHIEF, by Evelyn Waugh, 312 pages, Farrar, New York, 1932.

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	Premium Income	Assets	Surplus
1915	\$ 90,933.84	\$254,250.79	\$229,834.06
1920	135,068.49	354,735.24	323,861.85
1925	256,736.73	561,164.80	378,869.60
1927	311,141.58	660,458.46	425,311.37
1929	388,425.70	853,128.92	538,163.57
1931	393,905.28	877,889.96	551,256.93

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AN EPICURE EXAMINES THE "EATS"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MITRE

DEAR SIR:

Complying with the request made by the Mitre Board that letters be addressed to you, as a means by which we may air our grievances, I should like to take this opportunity of voicing some opinions held in common among the Student Body.

Complaints have been made concerning the meals, but I am sorry to say, have not brought many results. To be brief—Breakfast, with the exception of what we are led to believe is coffee, is undoubtedly the best of the three meals. I may add, however, that since several complaints have been submitted to the bursar, the coffee has changed colour. May I suggest that in the future we be given coffee without the previous addition of "cream" and be allowed to add the cream to suit the taste. We are very much surprised to learn that the gentlemen at the "head table" get cream with their cereal. Oh! to be at the head table!

In no way will the expression "from soup to nuts" hold good in describing dinner, as we only get "soup" once a week and (no offence being meant) the only nuts we have at the table are those that eat. "Use Wrigley's no longer. Come to Bishop's and try our Steak, made directly from the cow, gentlemen or lady; we guarantee healthy gums and no after effect. Ask the man who uses it."

Supper must not be overlooked in this "First Epistle to the Mitreites." In order to obtain the best results from study, the student must have food which will refresh not only his brain but his body; if this could be kept in mind by the dietician of the University perhaps the student would feel more apt to study. May I suggest, therefore, less starchy foods and more fruit and jellies at night.

One other point, Mr. Editor, before I bring this letter to a close; I should like to suggest that remaining in a college building other than our own residence after ten o'clock, may not be counted as a late leave.

Very respectfully yours,

INDIGESTION.

A PACIFIST ASKS

Dear Sir:—

As one who on March 16th was painfully obliged to sing the National Anthem immediately after deciding not to fight for my King and Country, might I ask if any of your readers can supply a satisfactory allegorical interpretation for the words "Send him victorious"?

Yours sincerely,

WHITE FEATHER.

N

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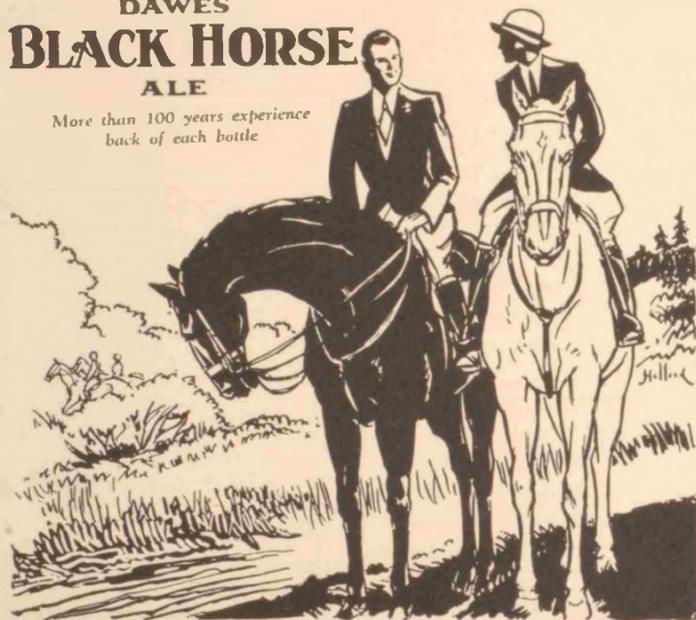
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Liturgy and Worship, edited by W. K. Lowther Clarke, D.D.,
assisted by Charles Harris, D.D., 868 pages, S.P.C.K. 1932.

This book has been published by the S.P.C.K. for the literature committee of the English Church Union. It is intended to be a companion to rather than a commentary on the Book of Common Prayer. It was planned with the following objects in mind: to give a full account of the Eucharist, in keeping with its importance in the life of the Church to-day; to study Anglican problems against a background of wider knowledge, and, to give special attention to problems which have come to the front in the twentieth century.

The clergy will probably welcome the book for two reasons. First, it sums up the well-known facts of the history of the Prayer Book, as well as knowledge which has been acquired more recently, in a compendious form. It is a large compendium however, over eight hundred and fifty pages. The first section is historical and deals with worship in general, with worship in the synagogue, and in the Old Testament. Then there is a long essay by Dr. Davin in which the origins, the history, the theology of eucharistic rites are all set forth. This is followed by the history of the Prayer Book down to 1662.

The middle section of the book deals with the several parts of the Prayer Book. The essays on the Catechism, on Children's Worship, Confirmation, Solemnization of Matrimony, and the Visitation and Communion of the Sick will be of value to the numerous clergy who are perplexed by the various problems that arise nowadays in connection with these subjects.

The book closes with a collection of supplementary essays on miscellaneous liturgical subjects.

This sketch will show that, even in a day of "omnibuses", "Liturgy and Worship" is an imposing book. It is a mine of solid fact and information that not even the industrious will be able quickly to exhaust. But the book contains something else; and this, I think, should be a second reason why the clergy should welcome it. It contains the materials for a new and fresher outlook in liturgical practice. The Church of England is to a great extent dominated by history. Many of our practices are only to be explained by setting forth their history: it is impossible to understand them fully without looking to the past. Tradition, however, is notoriously apt to become a dead-weight, and impediment

(Continued at foot of next column)

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to progress. The past has handed down to us, in the sphere of liturgics, a lavish inheritance—but recent controversies show that we are at times apt to occupy ourselves too much with our historical inheritance, and that a lively interest in it can blind us to the unreality of a corporate life which is so intent on the past that it loses touch with the present. Some of the essays in this book, notably those by Dr. Harris on the Visitation and Communion of the Sick, show clearly that liturgy must be a changing and a moving thing: that liturgical history—like every other kind of history—is an affair with a present as well as a past, and that that present must always exhibit the quality of courageous experimentalism that is the proof of life in an institution. I think it is also fair to say that this point of view can also be read into the rest of the book. The past is elucidated for us so that we can understand the present and plan better for the future. The Church must guard herself against the deadness of a too-strict conservatism; she must conserve in order to keep experiment and innovation within bounds. If she can succeed in keeping the middle way between these two excesses, liturgy will be the worthy expression of the life of a living Church.

C. S.

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AMONG THE GRADUATES

J. R. Hodgkinson

In the last issue of The Mitre, this department served notice of an intention to seek a quarrel with the graduate ranks of the University. If there be any who dare not "throw their hat into the ring"; if there be any who cannot come out definitely on one side of a question or the other; if there be any who are too indifferent or apathetic to tackle a vexed problem and push it to a solution—if there are any such, let them turn to other reading; this column is not for them.

To those who can accept a challenge and resolve to "get in on the fight", your editor is going to have some good wholesome truths to send home. We are not going into the question of "student apathy"—indifference seems to be an attitude possessed in common not only by students but by people in general, no matter what their occupation or their environment. The important point is that, if any sort of progress is to be achieved at all, that apathetic attitude has to be beaten down. To bring the discussion nearer home, to open the warfare, in fact, right in the realm of graduate affairs, your editor would point out that our alumni have permitted themselves to adopt a "laissez-faire" attitude towards several matters of importance.

An endless succession of editors has bemoaned in these same columns the extreme difficulty of securing contributions to The Mitre from the graduates of the University. The present editor will not be satisfied to drop the matter there. He is convinced that the graduates of this University, as a body, lack a fundamental organization. There was at one time an institution known as the "Alumni Association of the University of Bishop's College." Now its bones lie with the dust of the Pharaohs. "Where, O where is my little doggone Alumni Association?"

The first important step to be taken in graduate affairs is, in your editor's opinion, the resurrection of that same "Association". This revived, The Mitre problems and other subsidiary considerations will work themselves out.

Is there any reason why the Association should *not* come back to life? Is it that the Alumni enrolment of the University is of too inefficient or too incapable an order to maintain and operate such an institution? Are we to assume that our graduates lack the intestinal fortitude to carry out such a project?

If such is the case—if our graduates are satisfied to sit back and be a party to such an attitude of defeatism,—then the only thing left for your editor to do is to turn his pen into a glorified tooth-pick, and secure himself a position at the nearest hot-dog stand. He will undertake to do just

(Continued at foot of next column)

GRADUATES ARE PLEASED WITH THE MITRE

The Mitre is gratified to be able to print extracts from letters written by two alumni who were well pleased with the December number.

The first, addressed to the President, Eric Osborne, reads: Thanks very much for the new issue of The Mitre. I can hardly say how pleased I am with the improvements.

There are wonderful improvements in every department, even including Alumni and Sports. I noticed in the first issue that the Exchange Editor had injected new life even in his moribund corner.

Perhaps it is because the new publisher is so willing to please, but whatever it is, I feel I ought to congratulate you on publishing a magazine that so far transcends the old Mitre as I knew it that I can hardly realize there was so much literary life in the whole University.

The second letter, addressed to John Ford, who produced the December issue, says: In my judgment The Mitre has never been better, in material, arrangement and appearance. It is a credit to you, the Board, and the University—and a magazine to which we graduates can point with pride.

This correspondent goes on to comment on the proposal to found a new fortnightly student publication, to which Mr. Ford had referred in his editorial. He says:—

"Unless the student body are becoming (a) more literary-minded, (b) more prolific in ideas, (c) more facile in expressing them than in my day, it will be a dangerous experiment. . . .

"On the other hand the present Mitre is a job worth doing, being well done. It appears to be a worthy Vox Populi of the student body, and I feel strongly that a weekly or fortnightly publication would merely serve the purpose, and have the appearance of a supernumerary notice-board, slightly out of date".

that, if the graduates are content to accept the stigma of what is implied. Is such the case?

In the meantime, your editor is proposing to be as belligerent as possible. Just so long as the graduates refuse to take an active interest in their own affairs, he is going to decline to undertake the task which they so loftily spurn. There are no "alumni notes" appended to the present column. There will be no alumni notes published in the succeeding issue of The Mitre—unless the graduates themselves forward the necessary information by mail. If the graduates desire to see more "notes" published herein, those notes must be provided and submitted by the graduates themselves.

The cap has been thrown into the ring . . . If the hat fits, what is going to be done about it?

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PACIFIST DEBATE PROVOKES REPLY

On March 16th, the subject "That under no circumstances will this House fight for its King and Country" was debated for the second of the three inter-faculty debates for the Skinner trophy. The Divinity team, who took the affirmative, were awarded the victory by the judges, although on a show of hands a mixed audience of students and visitors were adjudged to have voted against the resolution. The letter reproduced below was received a few days later by the Divinity team:—

ST. JOHN, N.B.,
CANADA,
SUNDAY.

TO M. STEPHENS, R. BROWN AND C. ROYAL

Dear Sirs:—

You will pardon us for quoting from your recent debate: "In no circumstances will this House fight for its King and Country".

It is indeed to be greatly regretted that in such a country as ours we should find any of the younger generation who are spineless enough as to make such a despicable statement as the above.

In no time have we ever needed to possess a strong, determined younger set of strong hearts as we do now; and when a person reads an article such as I am enclosing, it is enough to make a person doubt the calibre of "Young Canada". There is one redeeming factor about the whole question, however, and that is that you are decidedly in the minority; and that our Maritime universities at any rate do not share in your cowardly decisions.

Do not think that I speak on a topic which I do not understand. At the outbreak of the Great War I was in London, Eng., and enlisted with an English regiment; when our Canadian troops landed I managed to get a transfer to my own buddies, the fighting 26th Battalion. I was gassed and lost one eye; to say nothing of losing two brothers. Even under present conditions I am proud to be able to say that I am ready at a moment's call to lay down my life for King and Country, and I'm thanking God that I have two sons that feel the same way as I about it.

I lament the fact that there are any of your kind in our country.

Yours (un) respectfully,
A ST. JOHN CITIZEN.

Readers should notice a quotation from a Maritime University magazine among the Exchange notes on page 37.

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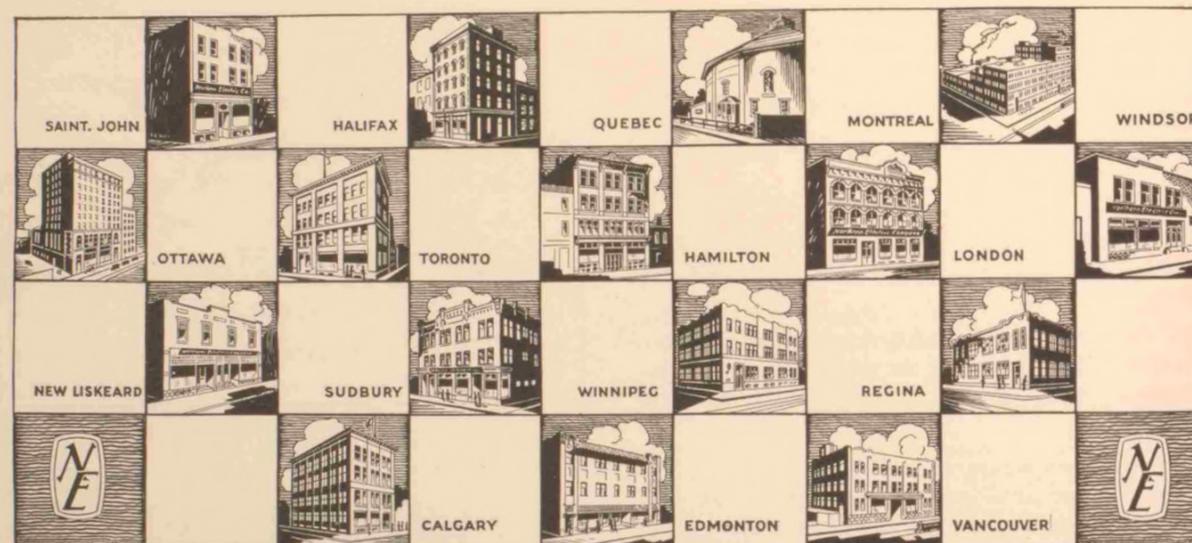


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LOOKING OVER THE EXCHANGES

Kenneth W. Smith

From the University of Reading comes that delightful and very readable magazine *TAMESIS*. The variety of its reading matter, the high literary quality of the articles, together with the careful selection of linoleum cuts, make it difficult to offer anything less than a laudatory criticism. Many attempts have been made to maintain a similar standard of literary quality by our own *Mitre* Board, and this issue of *TAMESIS*, and a careful reading of the recent article written in our own magazine on the subject of the ideal University Magazine, should serve as an inspiration to our Literary Board.

* * * *

A subject of debate which was recently very prominent in the debating circles of several well-known universities, namely, "Resolved that under no conditions will this house fight for its king and country," was debated at our last Inter-Faculty Debate. *THE DALHOUSIE GAZETTE* in the issue of March 14th, contains an editorial on this subject, which we include for the attention of our readers.

COWARDICE OR COMMON SENSE?

When, and if another war comes, will the youth of the nation enlist and fight; will the professional patriots, the ballyhooing militarists, and the white feather propagandists inveigle thousands of young men with brilliant futures before them into murdering the young men of other nations to settle some quarrel in which they have no part? Colleges all over the continent are discovering that the percentage of students who would enlist in the next war is very, very small; each year the feeling is greater against fighting for an ideal existing in the minds of the politicians. The prevalent feeling is to let those who wish to fight, fight; let the people who start the war fight it; don't make cannon fodder out of those who wish to live, maiming them, and ruining their lives. The next war will find the ranks of the slackers and those who are "hard to find" considerably augmented by students who have learned the futility of fighting another man's war; who have ceased to regard patriotism as something essentially fine and noble; and who value life too highly to throw it away on a politician's battlefield. The war-time cries of "slacker" and "whitefeather" will fall upon deaf ears, for common sense is supplanting patriotism and the divine right of militarism.

* * * *

THE BRUNSWICKAN, the very successful newspaper of the University of New Brunswick, again brings forth

some excellent numbers. An article in the column entitled "Editorial Viewpoints" illustrates the value of a college education. It says that the students themselves may wonder what it is all about as they are carried away in the mad rush of activities or are enveloped in the incessant preparation for exams. Although some great men have not gone through a University it does not follow that a college education is valueless. If it were, why have so many prominent men contributed greatly to the endowment of these centres? The article concludes by mentioning two things that a college education ought to do for the student. To begin with, it ought to give him a general grasp of things, while the increase of interests ought to broaden his outlook on life. Further, it should help him to think straight.

* * * *

From Winnipeg comes *THE JOHNIAN* with an interesting article on the value of an Arts course. It points out that many people to-day are in doubt as to the value of such a course because they do not realize its true purpose. The chief aim of this course is to fit one to take up a book on any subject at any time in one's life and to dissect it, so as to learn the main points of the theory it is attempting to propound. There are three factors which help to break down the effectiveness of the material in the curriculum. They are: the professors use the discussion method far too little; the studies in the high school do not give sufficient background; and the present method of examination is at fault. However, until a better system is discovered, the present method of examination must stand.

* * * *

In each issue of *THE XAVERIAN WEEKLY*, the paper of St. Francois Xavier University, there is one article of especial interest to all. While the pages of this paper tell of the many and interesting debates and the various games, these special articles deal with some subject of outside interest. There is an outstanding article on "Beards" which says that this form of facial adornment is one of the few remaining distinguishing marks of the male sex. From earliest times the beard has been the symbol of virile manhood. Although beards are not in fashion at the present time, the article goes on to say, perhaps beards, "Piccadilly" moustaches, and "side-burns" will soon reign supreme in spite of the vehement opposition of the fair sex.

* * * *

THE ARGOSY WEEKLY, from Mount Allison University, is a paper that is almost entirely given up to student activities and events of interest to the scholar. In an

"IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS"



*Player's
Please*

*Cork
tipped
or
Plain
ends*

**PLAYER'S
NAVY CUT**

article on the function of a college newspaper, it divides these papers into two classes, one which serves as a bulletin board, the other which is a journal of opinion commenting on school activities. A college paper, it contends, cannot serve a University by being only a bulletin board, but should loyally support the school in athletic and academic competitions. Editorially, the paper should present the honest opinions of the editor, and that column should be open for the students to express their opinions.

* * * *

The O.A.C. REVIEW, while being chiefly concerned with articles of agricultural interest, also has many articles dealing with other topics. Prominent among these is one entitled "Has Our Initiation Outlived Its Usefulness?" The article says that the initiation does absolutely nothing to help the freshmen to lay a foundation for the year spirit which is so essential to the fullest enjoyment of college life. While the abolition of freshman discipline would be disastrous, the initiation should be designed to serve a constructive purpose by making the frosh plan and work together as a whole right from the beginning. It suggests that the initiation should take the form of compulsory sports, stunts and competitions that would cover all fields of activity. While giving everyone a chance to display his ability, it would bring the true leaders to the fore and expose those persons who love to boast of their imagined powers.

* * * *

THE COLLEGE CORD, from Waterloo, Ont., reports the election of a new board. The editor states that, since

the paper is a student publication, the staff will endeavour to satisfy the demands of the students. The following quotation will show that the editor will not follow in any rut: "Little it avails us to seek our destiny in the past. That has become a memory and a memory it must remain. Our destiny lies in the few remaining months of the school term." We wish them every success.

* * * *

The students of Sussex High School, Sussex, N.B., have begun a publication worthy of encouragement, namely the ROUGE ET NOIR. Not content with the present Ten Commandments, they have written ten of their own. Apparently there is life in the student body for the Fifth Commandment is: "Thou shalt not say anything unprintable."

* * * *

THE TORCH, from the Town of Mount Royal High School, contains a number of short articles on various topics. While some of the articles deal with everyday facts, others are of the more serious nature. Besides these, there are several short numbers of a lighter vein, among them some rather good poems by the students.

* * * *

The Mitre wishes to acknowledge, besides the above-mentioned numbers, the receipt of the following publications: The Manitoban; The King's College Record; The Alma Mater; The Cap and Gown; The Liverpool College Magazine; The Meadville Journal; The Algoma Missionary News; The Pinehill Messenger.

"HOLOCAUST" AUTHOR REPLIES—

(Continued from page 15)

war depends to-day, as it did between 1914-1918, upon the existence of a fleet provided with adequate material, which must, by a process of evolution, grow ever more complicated, and manned by officers and men who must be more than ever fully educated in the widest sense of the term.

And so drama ends. Military victory is not equivalent to success in war. The struggle which saw the end of the military power of Bismarck's Germany and the break up of the Austrian Empire saw also the collapse of Russia menacing the security of victor and vanquished alike. Our failure to secure an earlier decision lays the present and many future generations under the burden of an impoverishment which will barely be eased by "Retrenchment" and can only be aggravated by "Reform". Above all it has entailed a loss of life which must mean the diminution of a capacity already limited, to discipline the vulgar march of progress to the needs of mankind. These results were not at all inevitable. It is no hard task to seek for their causes in the

poignant and dramatic story of mistakes, miscalculations, and mischances which make up as largely the records of war as of peace.

I have said enough. Perhaps too much. So I bring to a close this "riposte" with the words of Aeneas Sylvius Piccolomini, Pope Pius II, to Ladislas, King of Bohemia and Hungary:

Every youth destined to exalted positions should further be trained in military exercises. It will be your destiny to defend Christendom against the Turk. It will thus be an essential part of your education that you be early taught the use of the bow, of the sling, and of the spear; that you drive, ride, leap and swim. These are honourable accomplishments in everyone, and therefore not unworthy of the educator's skill. Ponder the picture which Vergil gives of the youth of the Itali, skilled in all the war-like exercises of their time.

Change "Turk" to what you will. My picture has been drawn.

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