

# THE MITRE



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MILK  
CHOCOLATE

Neilson  
JERSEY  
MILK  
CHOCOLATE

is the best  
chocolate  
made

A rectangular advertisement for Neilson's Jersey Milk Chocolate. It features two boxes of chocolate. One box is standing upright, and the other is tilted at an angle. Both boxes have the brand name "Neilson" at the top, followed by "JERSEY MILK" and "CHOCOLATE" below it. The text "You too will say" is written in a stylized font above the boxes. Below the boxes, the text "is the best chocolate made" is written in a bold, serif font.

University of  
Bishop's College  
Lennoxville, Que.

Volume 40  
Number 5  
June, 1933

# University of Bishop's College

## Lennoxville, Que.

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The Mitre  
ESTABLISHED 1893

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF BISHOP'S UNIVERSITY

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VOLUME 40, NUMBER 5

LENNOXVILLE, QUE.

JUNE, 1933

### FIRST YEAR ESSAYS REVEAL

## AN UNDERGRADUATE SUPERSTITION

*The Editor in Chief.*

There seems to be a superstition among the students that the Editorial Board of The Mitre is opposed to the free expression of student thought.

I discovered this recently when Mr. C. C. Lloyd did me the courtesy of allowing me to read a dozen of the best essays on "The Ideal University Magazine" sent in by members of the first year English composition class.

Five of the twelve mentioned the superstition. One of

them said that in the ideal college magazine "criticism would not be hushed up as it is now". Another spoke of students' "fear that when their contributions reach the editorial staff, they will be marked with a big X for being too light or lacking in dignity". "Radical thought", wrote another, "for that matter any thought, is seemingly undesirable". A fourth writer cites as widespread a belief which he, however does not share, that "new styles, light prose or radical

opinions would not be printed in the sacred pages of The Mitre". Finally, a fifth writer believes that "some editors still hesitate to print an article with which certain members of the faculty of the college would disagree".

Perhaps the April issue of The Mitre helped to disperse such ideas, but as it seems to me that here may lie the root of past difficulties in securing contributions, I hasten to say, with the full authority of the Editorial Chair, that such a censorship does not exist and has not existed during the two years of my association with the Editorial Board.

During that period we have rejected one article which

contained what amounted to a libel on one of the benefactors of the College. The Editor has no desire to be a defendant in a libel action, and will not publish personal attacks, direct or indirect. He will not publish anything dirty or merely silly. Otherwise there is no restriction on the subject matter of contributions—provided, of course, that the contribution says something worth printing in printable English.

The answer to the question "Is it that what a student

thinks about compulsory chapel, companionate marriage, birth control, or Socialism is not fit for human ears?" is: Why not give us the chance to find out? If any undergraduate, or undergaduette, of 18 or 19 has anything original to say on companionate marriage or birth control, I see no reason why The Mitre should not publish it.

The members of the faculty who are on The Mitre Board give us valuable help in many ways. They have the wisdom

and experience that we lack. But they do not attempt to dictate editorial policy. No other member of the faculty sees the contents of The Mitre till it is published, unless individual contributors show their work to a professor before sending it to the Editor.

The final decision regarding the contents of The Mitre rests with the Editor in Chief. The present occupant of the editorial chair has done what he could to encourage students to put their thoughts on paper, and those who know the Editor Elect, Gerald Cameron, will know that he is anxious to do the same.—M.A.S.

### WITHOUT COMMENT

"The Eastern Townships are really in need of a publication where youth can speak freely. The Mitre fills that need. I should like to see it going into every English speaking home between Montreal and Megantic, Rock Island and Quebec. It is jolly well worth the two dollars a year it costs."—Ted Bullock, in the Sherbrooke Daily Record, Saturday, April 15th, 1933.

THE PRESIDENT ELECT

## DISCUSSES SOME SUGGESTIONS

J. S. Ford

There is no person who has ever succeeded in pleasing everybody, and it is not likely that it will be possible for the members of The Mitre Board ever to publish a Mitre that will meet with universal approval. Particularly does this seem evident after a careful survey of the very interesting articles written by the gentlemen of the First Year on the subject of the Ideal Mitre. My perusal has resulted in another impression, namely, that these articles represent the writings of students who do want The Mitre to continue. They have undoubtedly been impressed by the improvements that have been made this year, and using them as a base, wish to build up an even more attractive magazine.

Two of the writers commented as follows: "The Mitre is for the Students" and, "It should not be in the form of an advertisement for the University and should not be published with the intention of impressing other colleges and the outside public with the learning and wisdom of our institution." Referring to these comments, let me say that it is true that our primary aim is to produce a magazine that will be read and fully enjoyed by the members of the Student Body. There are nevertheless certain standards to be maintained. It has never been our desire to advertise the wisdom or learning that may exist, but it is not desirable that, in order to prevent this risk, the Mitre Board should request the weakest literary efforts of their contributors. A magazine can be very readable and yet possess a certain dignity and style which marks it as the production of University Students.

Another student deplores the lack of Editorials, while another is heartily in favour of their abolition. My personal opinion is that a magazine is incomplete without an Editorial. In order to prevent it from becoming tedious, it may exist in the form of Editorial Notes which deal with a variety of subjects.

A new suggestion that was offered was that a column be devoted to a review of some of the outstanding Movie Productions of the year. In the past attention has been given to amateur productions of a theatrical nature, such as our College Plays, and as there exists no playhouse at present, the productions of the Cinema might be considered. There are many who could serve as excellent critics and possibly during the next academic year our finances may permit of the occasional grant of a free orchestra seat as a medium of compensation for the work that this entails. Of course it is very hard to exceed in this respect the carefully thought-out reviews of S. Morgan-Powell.

Poems are not, generally speaking, held in high favour.

(Continued on page 36)

AN AMERICAN SEMINARY AND BISHOP'S

## HONOUR DEAN CARRINGTON

On June 9th the Western Theological Seminary, of Evanston, Illinois, will honour the Dean of Divinity, the Rev. Philip Carrington, M.A., with the honorary degree of Doctor of Sacred Theology (S.T.D.).

On June 15th, Bishop's University will add the Dean to her list of honorary D.C.L.'s.

The conferring of these degrees is an indication of the reputation as a scholar which the Dean has been gaining throughout Eastern Canada and the adjacent parts of the United States during the last five years.

The S.T.D. (or Th.D.), is the highest theological degree obtainable in the United States. It ranks above the D.D., which is more common in America than it is in Canada. The Archbishop of Ottawa is another distinguished Canadian who has the S.T.D.

Dean Carrington first came into contact with the American Episcopal Church during a summer in charge of the Church at North Hatley, a centre which during the summer months is virtually an American colony. A few months later he received invitations to become Rector of two churches in Baltimore. Fortunately for Bishop's he refused both invitations.

The Dean first met Dr. F. C. Grant, D.D., Th.D., Dean of the Western Theological Seminary, while crossing the Atlantic. One outcome of the meeting was that in 1931 Dr. Grant came to Lennoxville to give a series of lectures at the Summer School of Theology on "The Growth of the Gospels".

Dr. Grant is the Editor in Chief of The Anglican Theological Review, the scholarly religious quarterly of North America, with which many eminent theologians on this side are associated. During the last two years Dean Carrington's reputation has been enhanced by his contributions to this periodical. His book on "The Meaning of the Revelation" was made known to American scholars by

Dr. Grant's review in The Anglican Theological Review.

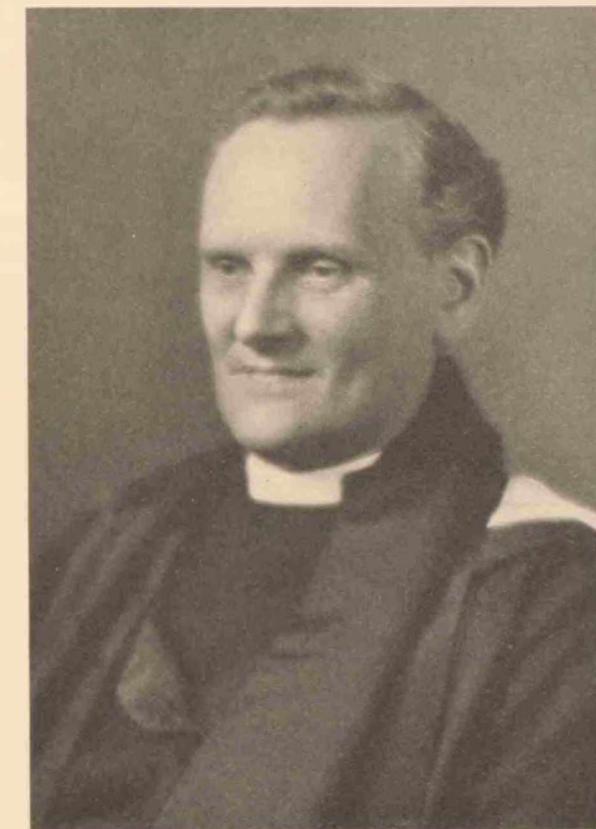
Dean Carrington is the son of the Very Rev. Chas. W. Carrington, Dean of Christchurch, New Zealand, where he received his early education. It was during these years in New Zealand that the Dean became interested in work among boys. He became a Scoutmaster at the age of 17, as soon as the Scout movement began, and has been in the movement ever since. At Bishop's he runs a Scout group in order to train students for Scoutmastership. He is the author of several books on Scout work and other work among boys.

After graduating from the University of New Zealand, the Dean went to Cambridge in 1914. The following year he won the Chancellor's Gold Medal for English Verse, a distinction which he shares with Alfred Tennyson and Lord Macaulay. His essay on "Christian Apologetics of the Second Century" won the Hulsean Prize in 1917, and was published by the S.P.C.K. in 1921.

After his ordination in 1918, the Dean spent five years in parish work in New Zealand. In 1923 he became Warden of St. Barnabas' College and Special Preacher at the Cathedral at Adelaide, South Australia, positions which he held when the Bishop of Montreal cabled for him to come to Bishop's in 1927.

A man of enormous energy and spiritual power, Dean Carrington has not been content to confine himself to his academic work at Lennoxville. Among many representative gatherings he has addressed in recent years are the Summer School at Macdonald College in 1931, while he had charge of the Cathedral Parish in Montreal; the Summer School for Sunday School Teachers at Knowlton last July; and the Student Christian Movement conference at Elgin House, Muskoka, last fall.

The engagements he fulfilled during Passiontide and  
(Continued on page 9)



## MY UNHEALTHY DOUBTS

Bruce Munro

*It is not to the Samaritans that Messias shall come. The Samaritans are accursed. They bring no offerings to the temple.—SALOME.*

How often have I been censured because I do not go to church? And censured too because I have often roundly damned churches both individually and collectively! In the eyes of the world I am not a Christian, but rather, like the Russians, an atheist. That such an accusation is utterly false it will always, I suppose, remain solely my prerogative to know. Fortunately for my peace of mind, when it comes to a clash between my conscience and public opinion, I am ever inclined to be to my own self true.

Society has come to consider it definitely right to go to church and definitely wrong *not* to go, but I feel that this is little more than a false 19th century convention based on the religious strong-arm methods of centuries. The author of Peck's *Bad Boy and His Pa* caught this idea exactly in that well-known scene where, having been led by the Bad Boy to mistake Sunday for Saturday, Peck starts raking the front lawn as the neighbours start past to church. The result in that typically conservative community is much raising of eyebrows by women and envious sighing by husbands, with the usual thrashing for Peck Jr. when the hoax is discovered. I was very young when first I read this story, but even then its realism impressed me.

Frankly, I am always rather embarrassed when I go to church, and not a little bored. My religion is very much of a personal matter, and whatever religious fervor I possess when I start out for church is always stifled by the atmosphere of mass-worship there. It is a characteristic of the modern age that men no longer weep salt tears at melodramatic renditions of *Silver Threads Among the Gold* or the *Ninety and Nine*, and so do I shrink away from any show of emotion in public. For that reason, church becomes dull and unmeaning to me, and, furthermore, it is foolish for any one to go to church who does not enjoy it.

The modern conception of prayer is that of communion with God rather than the demand for material blessings. In church it grates on me to have first to stand up and bellow (and not always musically) O God, what a wonderful person you are, and then kneel down and listen to a series of prayers which, boiled down, mean this: O God, give us a hand-out, we beseech thee. The whole spirit is one of You do something for me, and I'll do something for you.

One of the chief drawbacks to an essay such as this is that it appears to take no consideration at all of those who are really sincere in their religion even in its institutionalized

form. There are those who are genuine in their worship and love of God, tho if they alone went to church I would no longer be depressed by the atmosphere of mass worship. There would be so few.

I have often felt sorry for Christ. He left such a magnificent Idea on this earth. But the Idea has been so distorted as to be almost unrecognizable in its organized guise. How His wounds must bleed at the memory of past persecutions done in His Name! Inquisitions, St. Bartholomew massacres, crusades, wars, and all the rest of it. And these persecutions have not yet entirely ceased, nor would they ever cease if the Church had her way, for they are fine whips with which to chastise an errant flock. To-day, for instance, we have the marriage of two persons of different faiths so frowned upon and in some cases forbidden by the various branches of the Church that the lives of many a young couple are only too often blasted. Is this Christianity? If it is, I want none of it: it's damnable. Catholic hates Protestant, Anglican hates Methodist; Presbyterian scorns Baptist. And yet we still have sufficient gall to try to convert the poor Chinee! Rather bitter irony, I fear!

The custom of limiting Church membership to certain people is fundamentally wrong. Churches insist that people apply for membership and meet certain requirements, as tho the churches were clubs of some sort. It is ridiculous to assume that everybody can be in absolute accord with all the dogma of any branch. The privilege of receiving Holy Communion, for example, should not be withheld from any one, whether a member or not, and to my mind it is definitely a sin for the Church to do so. I am sure Christ would not have done so.

But . . .

Would I like to go to church if it were patterned after my ideal? Yes, I think I would. I do enjoy sitting almost alone in a lofty cathedral, with the faint odour of incense in the air, and the sound of music falling upon my ear—music such as Gounod's holy *Ave Maria*. My ideal of worship is something by which I may be both celebrant and congregation. A poetic dream? Well, perhaps. But "all that is not, is; and all that is, is not"—to a certain extent at least.

And the Holicherche itself? I suppose I must not criticize it too harshly, because it's probably a good thing for some people. The Church has a few saints (I know one), a few devils (I know several), and many good wholesome people besides. As for me, I shall just go on being non-sectarian and listening to that "still, small voice" which so strongly prompts my actions.

## “DULCE ET DECORUM . . .”

God forbid that I should defend War! War is the reaction of the Old Adam to the worst that is in him. But what one may not defend one may rationalize. There is no belief so superstitious, no custom so iniquitous, no policy so inane, as to lack apologists.

Marx, Lenin, Trotsky, Stalin, not to mention Bernard Shaw, give perfectly sound reasons why we should all be Communists: Mussolini, too, has succeeded in persuading a great civilized people that individual liberty is a fetish, and that the State is all in all: Hitler has so commended his personal hatred of the Jews to the intelligence of the German Nation that a hundred thousand University Students are busy collecting from libraries, private and public, all works produced by the race that gave the Fatherland Heine, the Mendelssohns, and Einstein—said works to be utilized for bonfires on a not far distant Tag. Incredible! Yes—but typical. Did not the late Kaiser, Ludendorff and Co. arouse the *furore Teutonicus* with the poisonous dope of the Divine Right of Emperors and *Deutschland über alles*.

Rationalization, then, like propaganda, is an attempt to convince people of the truth of things that cannot be proved. Everybody's doing it. Not even the United States and Canada are exempt! We are all amenable to reasons, if not to reason.

When money talks—on this hemisphere especially—it commonly carries conviction. Strong, silent men, square of jaw and compelling of eye, hypnotize Presidents into signing Smoot-Hawley Tariffs, or Premiers into granting water-power concessions, even when they have to "change their minds" in the process.

Even the prevailing social and economic system which has succeeded in putting 90% of the Wealth into the hands of 10% of the population has been and is being so beautifully white-washed that governments of the people for the people apparently see no flaw on its glittering surface. Possibly there's a reason.

But I started out to rationalize War. I do not like to do it, but that excellent April Mitre convinced me that something of the sort should be done. My private conviction is that War is altogether horrible, the most horrible of all our heritages from the "survival of the fittest" scheme of things. Justify War per se, I simply cannot.

The article by G. B. Greene Jr. serves as a splendid foil to the equally able and well-written article by T. LeM. Carter. On the whole, however, my sympathies are with the St. John Citizen, ready in spite of having been maimed and bereft, to respond with his two sons to the next call of King and Country.

The Dalhousie Gazette editorial: "Cowardice or Common Sense", is not at all a bad example of rationalization. The

mere use of the terms "professional patriots", "white feather propagandists", "ballyhooing militarists" is an appeal to the emotions, not to the intellect. It is a specimen of the "revolt of Youth", of which we hear so much in these days.

I quite agree that Youth should "value life too highly to throw it away on a *politician's battlefield*", and that they should contemptuously refuse to fight "another man's war". But the resolution debated was: "Resolved that under no conditions will this house fight for its King and Country".

The St. John Citizen feels no inclination to agree with the German Chancellor that Britain fought for a "mere scrap of paper". Fifteen years of peace have not convinced him; he feels that it was a German "politician's war", and that in that sense only it was "another man's war".

Let us turn to T. LeM. Carter's argument. As I have remarked already, it is deserving of praise. It, too, is a fine specimen of rationalization. This is shown in the selection by the writer of the United States as our potential conqueror. He claims that, supposing we non-cooperate, and "oppose changes in our judicial system and banking structure the invaders would withdraw"—presumably in disgust!

Well, they might, or they might not. Our St. John Citizen, I feel, is not at all convinced. He suggests: what if we substitute Japan for the United States? The Japs might not be so accommodating. They like the climate of British Columbia, and have no scruples whatever about upsetting our judicial and banking systems. Would not even much-dreaded death be preferable to leaving our families at the mercy of a foe so utterly alien?

May I remind Youth that there was a plain called Marathon near Mt. Pentelicus and a pass called Thermopylae? I am quite sure that the Shades of Leonidas and Miltiades would agree with the St. John Citizen and his sons, that there are times and conditions that justify an appeal to the "dread arbitrament of war", and that, in such emergencies the dictum of the Roman poet remains true: *Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*.

F. B.

## CONCERNING CHAPEL ATTENDANCE

The Editor received and accepted for publication a letter from H. H. Pibus advocating the abolition of the compulsory chapel rule. Since it was written, a petition, signed by 85 per cent. of the resident students and asking the Corporation to reconsider the rule, has been presented to the Principal, who has agreed to submit it to the Executive Committee. The Editor feels that while the matter is under consideration it would be wiser not to publish anything controversial on the subject.

[7]

FORMER SENIOR STUDENT

## EXPLAINS WHERE THE MONEY GOES

Russel F. Brown

\* \* \*

Whether or not one agrees with Mr. T. L. B. O'Neill's article which appeared in the April issue of the Mitre, all who read it must have felt that he raised a number of very important points. Some of his remarks certainly call for a reply and it is the desire of the present writer to attempt to outline briefly the policy of the Students' Executive Council in regard chiefly to financial matters, in the hope that the explanations given may clarify the situation and possibly remove the misapprehensions of any students who may feel, with Mr. O'Neill, that student funds are devoted almost entirely to the development of athletics.

One of the most important functions of the Students' Executive Council is the management of the funds of the Students' Association. The student income is derived from two main sources—an annual contribution from each of the students (\$16.50 per man and \$11.50 per woman) and an annual grant of between \$500.00 - \$600.00 from the funds of the College C.O.T.C. If one leaves on one side for the moment the contributions

from the co-eds and considers only the returns from the male students (averaging approximately 125 in number in recent years) and the grant from the C.O.T.C., it will be found that the Association is possessed of approximately \$2,600.00 with which to operate the student activities. At first sight this seems to be a very appreciable sum with which to finance the activities of 125 men, but a careful consideration of the operations which are under the management of the Executive Council will show that very careful financing is required to keep expenditure in line with income. The income and outgo naturally vary from year to year in accordance with the number of students enrolled and the extent of the activities in any one year but as a general rule there is no great difference between the "credit" and "debit" sides of the Association books; sometimes the balance is on one side, sometimes on the other.

## THEN BEAUTY WALKS

*When in the dull blue canopy of night  
A thousand stars sing madly near the moon,  
And murmurs of their song on shafts of light  
Pierce through the years of space, till soon  
The whole dull earth, awake from sleep, is bright  
With happy song, then Beauty walks. No tune  
Of burning day could give her such delight;  
No melody could charm her forth at noon.  
For Beauty haunts the shadows in despair  
Until the brilliance of the day no longer mocks  
The power of her gifts. With grace, she reigns  
Through all the quiet dark of night; and where  
The touch of day has failed, there Beauty walks.  
And with her magic silvers window panes.*

GERALD CAMERON.

admitted that athletics involve heavy expenditures. Mr. O'Neill also suggested that the athletic activities actively engage a comparatively small group of students, and that as a consequence the average student is deprived of his rightful share in the expenditures for student activities: here again the facts do not support such a view.

During the past few years the approximate average expenditures on athletic work among the men of the University, are as follows:

|   |             |
|---|-------------|
| Football.....   | \$ 450.00   |
| Hockey.....   | 580.00      |
| Basketball.....   | 185.00      |
| Golf.....   | 125.00      |
| Miscellaneous (Affiliation fees, insignia, printing, taxes, etc.).... | 140.00      |
|   | \$ 1,480.00 |

Non-athletic activities among the men average approximately as follows:—

|                         |            |
|-------------------------|------------|
| Mitre.....              | \$ 150.00  |
| Year Book.....          | 54.00      |
| Debating.....           | 122.00     |
| Reading Room.....       | 100.00     |
| Affiliation Fees.....   | 40.00      |
| Insignia (Council)..... | 40.00      |
| Printing.....           | 80.00      |
| Formal Dance.....       | 70.00      |
| Piano Rental.....       | 40.00      |
| Miscellaneous.....      | 424.00     |
|                         | \$1,120.00 |
|                         | \$2,600.00 |

Little need be said regarding these figures, for they bear witness to the contention of this writer—that athletic activities do not absorb practically all the Association funds, though the expenditures are admittedly heavy.

It is clearly impossible with the present student enrolment to meet running expenses out of current student fees only, and it will be obvious to the reader that not only are additional funds necessary but that, if student activities are to be got under way immediately the academic year begins, funds will be required long before the first instalment of the Association fees is due. Working capital is required directly the college year begins, and it is because of this urgent need that the C.O.T.C. grant is so important in student affairs. The transfer of between \$500.00 and \$600.00 of funds from the Corps to the Students' Association takes place in May of each year and this sum corresponds more or less with the balance which the retiring Students' Council is able to pass on to the incoming Executive, thus making it possible for student activities to re-commence in the autumn free from any financial strain.

Mr. O'Neill's article suggests that the assigned pay of the members of the C.O.T.C. is transferred in toto to the Students' Association. This, however, is not so. The assigned pay goes to the credit of the University C.O.T.C. and a grant is made to the Students' Association by the Executive Council of the University Corps. The primary financial obligation of the Executive Council of the Corps is naturally enough that of making adequate provision for the needs of the Corps itself—then, and then only, does the transfer of funds to the Students' Association take place. The sum transferred annually represents on the average about two-fifths of the pay drawn by the members of the Corps.

"The money contributed to athletics is practically all enjoyed by twenty or thirty athletes"—so writes Mr. O'Neill; such a statement cannot be supported, for quite apart from the sixty odd men who play in Inter-Year Football, Hockey and Basketball, the College teams in these

sports actually involve, on the average, over fifty-five different individual students. Moreover the reader need hardly be reminded that the vast majority of students exhibit a keen interest in either Tennis or Badminton or Golf; indeed many take part in all three of these sports.

Reference has been made to the women students' fees. Funds derived from the co-eds do not have any great bearing on Students' Association finances generally, because in actual practice the funds received from the women students are returned almost entirely to them in one form or another. If 25 be taken as a recent average enrolment of co-eds, the total credit of their fees to the Association would be \$287.50. Against this figure disbursements on the average, for the women students, are as follows:—

|  |           |
|--|-----------|
| Direct contribution towards Women's Ass'n. funds at rate \$2.00 per co-ed..... | \$ 50.00  |
| Basketball.....  | 140.00    |
| Golf.....  | 25.00     |
| Mitre.....   | 30.00     |
| Miscellaneous, Share of Year Book and Dance, deficits, etc.....                | 25.00     |
|  | \$ 270.00 |

Enough, perhaps, has been written to show that student finances present a picture rather different from that suggested by Mr. O'Neill's article. Fuller details may, of course, be secured by an examination of the Association Financial Statements. These statements, which are posted on the notice boards at the close of each term, are verified by two members of the Faculty who act as auditors on behalf of the Students' Association.

DEAN CARRINGTON—(Continued from page 5)  
Easter this year give an idea of the Dean's exceptional energy. During Passion Week the indisposition of Dr. Vial and Fr. Sauerbrei obliged him to take all the divinity faculty lectures singlehanded. On the Saturday afternoon he rushed off to Ottawa, and on Palm Sunday preached in the morning at St. Matthew's, where the Rev. W. W. Davis, B.A. '31, is curate, and in the evening at Holy Trinity, of which "Bob" Turley's father is Rector. During Holy Week he conducted a children's service and an evening mission service daily for the Rev. C. G. Hepburn, B.D. '16, at All Saints', Ottawa, and on Good Friday he took the Three Hours' Service at the Cathedral. On Easter Day he preached twice for another Bishop's graduate, the Rev. Harold Waterman, L.S.T., at Pembroke, and on the following day for the Rev. T. A. Jarvis, L.S.T. '27, at Alice, Ont. He returned to Ottawa the same day to give a lecture to the people of All Saints' on Charles Dickens.

In his spare time the Dean has succeeded in writing another book, about the Gospels, which will be published in the fall.

"CONFESIONS" OF A

## "DARNED GREEN ENGLISHMAN"

E. C. Royle

It is not many years since the notice: "Male Help Wanted, No Englishman Need Apply," was not an uncommon sight in the West; and it was in the spring of 1930 that I first set foot in "Sunny Alberta", fortified with this, and other encouraging information about the attitude towards Englishmen in the West.

"Waal", I said to myself, affecting a Canadian accent, "I guess I'll be O.K., I'm takin' a job for an English farmer".

My first impressions of Alberta were good. Instead of a flat, treeless country, where the horizon was visible for sixty miles in any direction, as the English geography books had led me to expect, all was rolling, wooded and interspersed with lakes. But I had hardly been an hour on the farm before the wind arose and a dust storm was upon us. It was impossible to see ten yards, and after about an hour, when the wind subsided, everything was buried in a thick layer of dust.

My first job was to milk a cow. Fortunately I had seen a cow before and knew which end to start, but I forgot the cow's tail . . . .

I was disappointed to see no cowboys. Everyone was clad in (dirty) overalls; and as for the Indians, they looked commoner than a bunch of English tramps.

One day I was handed a twenty-two rifle, and told to go out and kill a sick hen. So out I went, got within about two yards of the hen, and fired. Wonderful shot! I had blown its brains out, but my pride in my marksmanship was rudely dashed by the roar of laughter from behind, where the family had gathered "to see how they do it in England". However, I got the laugh on the boss some weeks later, when he was forced to shoot a pig. He did not kill the poor animal, but weakened it; so while Harry, the other hired man, and I did a concerted and effective rugby tackle on the pig's fore and hind legs respectively, he slit its throat.

Harry, who was an Irishman, did not keep the job as long as I did. The wind and duststorms had blown all the top soil off an exposed part of the wheat field, and made a drift so deep in the lane that the fence was nearly buried. The cattle stepped over it to feed on the rest of the fresh green wheat. Harry and I were sent out with a scoop shovel to move the drift. As I was inexperienced with such instruments, the shovel scooped me over more often than I scooped it. The boss came out to see how we were getting along—over I went again, "More porridge in your pants" he shouted. "I'll show you how it ought to be done". So he did; and as he was trying to get a big, impressive load,

the shovel tipped him up too. "More porridge", said Harry. Harry left that night.

My boss was a little difficult to satisfy. One morning he sent me out to weed a two-acre potato patch. When I got home for dinner he said: "How much did you do?" I replied I had done less than half. "What the . . . . hav' yer been doin'? Yer should hav' finished that by now."

Two mornings later he sent me out to the potatoes again, and sweating all morning, by dinner I had finished; and told him I had done so. "Wot the . . . . ? Yer finished? Then you must have left mor'n half them weeds in". And so he took the hoe and amused himself all afternoon with the potato patch.

Another little job we had was brushing, that is, removing the trees and underbrush preparatory to breaking the land. It seems to me that the pioneers of Alberta have been altogether too keen on chopping down all the trees. A little care in planning the areas to be cleared would have done a lot to break the rush of the wind, hence reduce dust storms and preserve moisture. Now they are planting trees again. We did this job by cutting out all the small trees, and uprooting the big ones, hauling them down with a team of horses. All the while the boss kept me amused by telling me I was no . . . . good, I had never learnt anything, communism was the only hope for the world, and my parents and relatives in England were a bunch of "pension drawing suckers." I was glad when he left me to carry on alone with the job.

The boss was one of the original settlers in that part of the country, having been there twenty years. He has seen the country change from trackless woods with a shack here and there, to a prosperous mixed farming district, with all modern improvements. His own farm is an excellent example of good management, foresight, and many years' hard work. There is no money in farming, but it provides a home, health and happiness.

I was lucky in having some very good friends on the next farm, where I went on Sundays, and had a good laugh with Hal, the hired man there, who had once worked on the same farm as I was, over the events of the past week. Hal had come from England six years before along with forty others, under an emigration scheme to put English boys on Western farms. They had all spent a winter at the Vermillion Agricultural College, and then gone to farms. As far as Hal knew, only three of those boys were still

(Continued on page 13)

## THE MITRE BOARD

## SAYS GOODBYE TO ERIC OSBORNE

The four years' enthusiastic service which the retiring President, Eric Osborne, has given to The Mitre was eulogised at the annual meeting of the Board on May 5th. Appreciation was first expressed on behalf of the students not connected with the Board by John Aikins, Senior Man; John Ford, President-Elect, whose association with the Mitre also began four years ago, spoke of the retiring President's serenity in the midst of difficulties; and finally

Treasurer. The position of Advertising Manager will be filled by a newcomer to the Board, Miles Wisenthal.

The President's report showed that The Mitre has had a successful year financially. In spite of the difficulties in the business world the amount of advertising sold has been maintained at the level of the previous year—a little over \$1,100—and it is hoped that last year's balance of \$245 will be increased to \$400.



THE EDITORIAL BOARD OF THE MITRE

Standing (left to right):—L. N. McCaig, W. T. ELKIN, K. W. SMITH, G. B. GREENE, JR., T. L. CARTER. (Assistant Editor), A. G. C. WHALLEY, L. R. MURRAY, J. B. DOAK, R. TURLEY (Secretary-Treasurer).

Seated:—Miss K. SAVAGE, Miss H. K. BAYNE, H. B. MUNRO (Circulation-Mgr.), DR. F. G. VIAL (Hon. President), R. E. OSBORNE (President), DR. W. O. RAYMOND (Hon. Vice-President), G. J. CAMERON (Business Mgr.), Miss J. M. SMITH, Miss G. HUTLEY.

Absent.—THE REV. C. SAUERBREI (Hon. Vice-President), M. A. STEPHENS (Editor-in-Chief), J. R. HODGKINSON.

the Board added their tribute in a vote of congratulation.

The publication of The Mitre executive for next year was the other outstanding feature of the meeting. Mr. Ford explained that the principle of his selection had been to change men around and give them an opportunity for wider experience. Gerald Cameron leaves the business side after two years to take the editorial chair. Kenneth Smith, this year's Exchange Editor, forsakes the Literary Board to take charge of the circulation department. Basil Doak, another of this year's Literary Board members, is to be Secretary-

Mr. Osborne said that the graduates were still not supporting The Mitre adequately, and appealed to those leaving the college this term to maintain their interest in the college magazine.

The Mitre annual banquet took place at the Magog Hotel, Sherbrooke, on May 15th, when the Board had as their guests Mrs. Raymond, Dr. and Mrs. Richardson, Miss Norah Carter, John Aikins (Senior Man), John Ford (President elect), and W. R. Crummer (former Editor).

## IDEALISM VERSUS REALISM

J. R. Hodgkinson

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To set out by attempting to define the terms idealism and realism would be a procedure calculated to strike horror into the hardest heart. Such an undertaking would, in the first place, necessitate the cancellation of all previous engagements during the next two weeks. We would, moreover, require a rigorous, hardy constitution, three or four dictionaries (unabridged), an inexhaustible supply of patience, several reams of note paper, and a grim determination to see the matter out to the bitter end. And, when it was all over, we would still be far from any satisfactory conclusions. The prospect is appalling.

Fortunately, however, we have no such thorny path to travel. We can take a detour. We can ignore the cut-and-dried definitions of both words. In the last analysis, such definitions do not concern us anyway. What we are interested in is their modern connotation. What do the terms idealism and realism connote to-day?

One thing is certain. If you happen to be an idealist, you will be reluctant to advertise the fact. You will be disposed to keep it a dark secret. You will lock it up in the cupboard with the family skeleton, and experience a pronounced impulse to throw the key into the river.

In some circles, to charge an acquaintance with being an idealist is as dangerous as to accuse him of having committed a grave felony. He will consider it a slur on his integrity. He is accustomed to associating idealism with any undertaking that is preposterous and absurd, and he will resent the allusion very bitterly.

On the other hand, if you call a man a realist, he is flattered. The word implies that he reasons logically and carefully; that he calls a spade a spade; that he has a sound, practical, level head upon his shoulders. A realist is not a man to be misled by false hopes or to be deceived by a very promising outlook. He is quick to discern the fly in the ointment; he will even detect it while it is yet in the larvae stage.

To argue from the general to the particular, let us suppose that some condition exists in your community which is

## ON OPENING AN OLD, DUST-COVERED BOOK OF A "MINOR POET'S" VERSE

*Here was a soul that burst the bars  
Of a dull world's cage,  
That found a kingdom in the stars,  
And drew the honey from Life's flower;  
What's left of that pain, and joy, and power?  
A yellowed page.*

*Shall all the beauty I have felt,  
When Death takes me,  
Fade even thus to an uncut book?  
A shiver shakes me.*

A. J. H. RICHARDSON.

sadly to be deplored. You desire very earnestly to have the condition bettered, but grave obstacles stand in your way. To all appearances, at least, the difficulties which confront you are insurmountable. You are, in a sense, virtually up against a stone wall.

If, in the face of such discouragements, you insist that a remedy can be found, you are straightway classified as an idealist, and presumably you forfeit outright your claim to be considered as a serious thinker. If, on the other hand, you acknowledge that a stone wall is a stone wall, and you affirm that there is no sense in banging your head against it, you qualify on the spot as a clear-sighted realist, and your word will carry weight with a great many people.

To-day, it is the fashion always to take the realistic point of view. We are a hard-headed lot, and have both our feet planted upon good solid earth. In our leaning towards extremes, we sometimes find it difficult to distinguish between realism, pessimism and resignation. Some people do not acknowledge any distinction between them.

Among the latter individuals, we must place the author of "Regarding War As Inevitable", an article in the April Mitre. In this instance, the great social evil whose removal is considered is the menace of war.

The writer of the article in question is just as much averse from war as you or I. He is no fanatical militarist of the cloudy-minded type which extols the "glory" of war. Could world peace be consummated to-morrow morning, he would be in the fore-front of the cheering multitudes, and his enthusiasm would be equalled only by his agreeable astonishment. Unfortunately, however, he is a realist. He must needs regard the advent of world peace as an idle dream. "War", he says, "at the present moment, in a year, or a thousand years hence, is inevitable".

It does not matter that the man on the street is thoroughly sick of war. It does not matter that men everywhere earnestly desire world peace. It does not matter that the will of the masses is on the side of cessation of hostilities.

All that matters is the fact that men have always gone to war in the past, and that therefore they will always go to war in the future. Much as they would wish to have it otherwise, it is beyond their power to do anything. This, according to the writer of "Regarding War As Inevitable", is common-sense realism. According to some authorities, it would be considered as fatalism.

But, realism or fatalism, is the attitude of the above writer unassailably sound? Is it nothing more than futile idealism to imagine that what we want most, we can obtain? Is war inevitable?

Apparently, even the author to whom we are continually referring has his momentary doubts about the matter. Later in his same article, he says: "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 . . ." It does not matter that this "simple formula" is fallacious.

Again, in the same article, we read: "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."

Here is a contradiction indeed! How has the individual risen so suddenly from the ranks of no-account obscurity? We had been led to believe that the individual was in the power of an uncontrollable force, which would make war inevitable. Whence this unexpected emancipation?

During his darker moments, when all rays of sunshine such as the above are excluded, the same writer argues: "Man has fought for his existence ever since creation; it is in his blood to defend what belongs to him. It is the law of Nature which takes hold of us . . ."

At last we have discovered what the "uncontrollable force" is! At last we are told what Titanic power it is that can impose a hateful burden upon the will of thousands of hopeful peace-seekers. It is human nature. We do what Nature tells us to do, whether we like it or not. This must be true. We always have done these things, don't you know? It's uncommonly pathetic—but what can one do about it?

If we yield to resignation, if we sit back and resolve to do nothing about it, nothing ever will be done. Our task may be a heavy one—but it is a curious thing if our "heroic" patriots are afraid to tackle it!

And, moreover, is the task really as hopeless as it appears at first sight? Has human nature never been changed before? Do our "instincts" compel us to act in the same manner as our barbarian forbears? Are we under the control of all the same impulses which dominate the savages in the African jungle? Surely it is not "idealistic" to give a negative response to such queries as these!

But let us not be satisfied with such vague generalities as the questions which we have just raised. Let us con-

sider a concrete illustration of fact. Let us hark back to a scene in the early Christian era. Suppose any Roman emperor to be the subject of our observations.

The differences in human nature will quickly become obvious. The emperor was a far different man by nature from you or me. His idea of a perfect leisure occupation (for example) was to look on while some odd score of fellow mortals were unscientifically pulled apart by a number of hungry lions. It intrigued him to behold a process in which a sound and healthy body was reduced to a meaningless mass of disassociated flesh and bone. The shrieks of agony amused him; the sight of blood soothed his tired nerves. If any victim had guts enough to make a fight for his existence, the ensuing excitement thrilled him. It was all jolly good fun—for the emperor. It was a part of his nature to enjoy such spectacles. What do we think of such amusements to-day?

Further elaboration is as superfluous as it would be tedious. Common experience tells us plainly that human nature is not what it once was. It would not be right to say: "What we were, we are." Why should it be right to say: "What we were, we always will be"?

The whole history of civilization is a tale of man's successful struggle to bring his "animal instincts" under control. The whole idea of education is that such instincts can be subjected to proper guidance. Is civilization to stop now? Is education based upon a mere day-dream?

You may make your own choice of opinion in this matter: you may be a "realist", and give in to hopeless resignation; or you may embrace "idealism", and resolve not to be beaten as long as you can stand and see. Which is your choice?

## CONFESIONS OF AN ENGLISHMAN—

(Continued from page 10)

doing farm work, thirty were still in Canada at other work, and ten had gone home.

Fencing, weeding, ploughing fallow land, scooping away drifts, seeding green feed, occasionally visiting town, and once to a dance that lasted all night, so that we got home in time to start the day's work; soon passed the hot summer months away, and harvesting followed the haying. I spent three weeks stuking, and the boss was having trouble arranging for the threshing outfit to visit us. One evening he came home sore at not having made arrangements for threshing, and pitched into me for a mistake I had made in the chores. I listened for half an hour, and when he paused for breath, gently suggested he should try and control his temper sometimes. That remark had the expected result, he lost it utterly, and I was in the ranks of the unemployed. The harvest was practically over, so I went into Edmonton to take a night school course. There I got a job instead; and so said farewell to farming.

## WE WILL HAVE A FEW WORDS

Gerald Cameron

I attended a Rotary dinner a week or two ago. I had been at Rotary dinners before and so I had gone to this one fully aware of what would be provided as speeches. But this dinner was as disconcerting as finding a salt-waste in the Sahara. In a Society where poor speeches are the rule, the speeches at this dinner were outstandingly bad.

The President of the club was the worst, possibly because he had the most to say. I have heard since that he is a responsible business man with two sons at Princeton and a fondness for Baxter prints and motoring through Europe. That night I only saw him as an embarrassed stage-frightened man who mumbled and stuttered and oozed perspiration when he had to announce the plans for the coming banquet with the Newport Club and to say how grateful he was for the large attendance at the recent special "Help-a-Boy" dinner. "I am particularly, uh . . . appreciative, for the . . . real enthusiasm and . . . very real interest that you have shown . . . uh . . . uh . . . in this, the last endeavour of our Club . . . I can't hardly . . . I can't really, I mean, express my thanks . . . but . . . uh . . . I know that each and every one of you here tonight are really . . . uh . . . feeling better because we have gone the second mile and . . . uh . . . turned the other cheek . . . that is to say, I mean . . . helped a lame duck, dog, over the stile . . . and have shown just what Rotary really means".

I suffered, he suffered, and every hearty Jack, Bill, and Harry in the room suffered. For behind each monumental name-plaque, deep down beneath every expensive waistcoat, each man remembered some hateful occasion when he had endured equal agonies of self-consciousness and oozed equal quantities of sweat as he stood on his left foot and on his right foot and leaned on the table while he said a few words.

I suffered so much, both pity and agony, that I determined a life work of inestimable benefit would be one dedicated to the training of my fellowmen to speak in public. For hours after the dinner I brooded over the way I should begin. Then I gave up. The work was too overwhelming. Sometime again I may be stirred enough to dedicate myself to the task; but for my sanity and health I hope not.

The field of work is immense. I have mentioned banquets and dinners; yet every occasion for eating in a mass is an occasion for somebody to string together a chain of banalities and grammatical errors and to strangle himself in the coils. Business committee meetings are other occasions. Long reports are read most easily until some point demands interpretation. Then the executive who is reading flounders around until after he has entangled himself and his

(Continued on page 36)

fellows in a mass of unfinished sentences and meaningless qualifications and has imperilled their very lives with an array of hanging clauses, with an uneasy and almost pleading "That explains it, I believe," he rushes back to the safe and sure ground of his written report.

But not only at dinners and committee meetings do unhappy speakers make their fellows as miserable as themselves. At concerts, public meetings, they abound. At these it is usually the chairman who makes the occasion memorable. Chairmen who introduce the right person from the wrong place, who spill spoonerisms with the ease and aplomb of the reverend doctor himself, who take aeons to introduce the lecturer and who repeat half his talk in thanking him—these are too commonplace and too sore a subject to bear elaboration.

Yet, bad as chairmen and committee-report-presenters and banquet speakers are, they can be avoided. Preachers cannot. Of course, you needn't attend church; or if you do, you can leave before the sermon. But the organization of society has made church and sermons a necessary brand of respectability and rectitude; so church must be attended and sermons heard. There are many, too many, types of preachers for each type to be studied intimately and thoroughly. But we all remember with horror and trembling the pulpit pounder, the roarer, the supplicator, the wanderer down interminable bypaths, the poetry quoter, and the ascetic who heeds not the needs of man and who never has learned that dinners spoil and cooks get difficult when a sermon is over twenty minutes long.

I have often wondered whether any of these preachers, chairmen, executives or club presidents read the magazines. I mean the real magazines—True Story, Physical Culture, Strand, Maclean's. If they have they must at some time have seen certain advertisements by astute schools which promise to make spell-binding orators of the most self-conscious, mumbling stammerer who will pin two dollars to the coupon and mail it in ten days. Surely somebody must enroll for these courses or else the astute schools would not advertise. And I have been a faithful reader of magazines for nearly a score of years and the advertisements still appear with the same man mystifying those who "laughed when he got to his feet". And if those schools are thriving they must be improving speakers. But that is another question, one which is much too deep and bothersome to be thrashed out now.

The fact remains painfully true that people will always be called upon to make speeches; for with the radio becoming

## MITRE READERS' FORUM—

FAVOURABLE REPORT ON  
C.O.T.C.

TO THE FORUM

In the record of the year's activities an honoured place should be given to the work of the Bishop's Contingent of the C.O.T.C. The G.O.C. Military District No. 4 was impressed with the efficiency of the Contingent at the annual inspection on Thursday, March 23rd, and has sent a favourable report to Ottawa.

I congratulate the Commanding Officer, the Officers and members of the Corps on having earned a good report.

A. H. McGREER,  
Principal.A SUGGESTION ABOUT THE  
CALENDAR

TO THE FORUM

May I respectfully make a comment on the way the list of students has been arranged in the new University Calendar?

The home town of each student is given after the name. Among the Divinity Faculty list there are five names followed by the bare word "England" and one similarly followed by "Scotland".

I fear, Sir, that an outsider running through this list would gain the impression that the Church of England in Canada imports students from Great Britain for the express purpose of training them at a Canadian University for work in the Canadian Church. This impression is particularly unfortunate as the Canadian Church has more than once been accused of being incapable of producing an adequate supply of candidates for orders from among her own ranks.

The fact is that only one of the six gentlemen came to Canada with the intention of joining the Anglican ministry. Whatever influence had been working unknown before we left England, it was as members of the Church in Canada that the remaining five of us received our call to the Priesthood.

The Canadian Church should have whatever credit there is for that, and perhaps it would be fairer if in other years the divinity students were listed according to the diocese to which they are attached.

M. A. STEPHENS.

GOWNS THAT DRAG IN  
THE SOUP

TO THE FORUM

May I say a few words about the gowns we are obliged to wear all the time?

The other day I heard someone mention that "one could

get used to anything". He was indeed right, but sometimes it takes a very long, monotonous and annoying interim to adapt oneself readily to meet the requirements of past precedents. Precedents play too important a part in many of the institutions of to-day. Gowns are perfectly all right in their place—but where is their place?

There are five principal reasons why we are made to wear gowns. The first one is that it is a college rule. The second is that somebody makes money out of their fabrication. The next three reasons are seemingly more important—because the students of Oxford and Cambridge wear gowns; because it is just one more unbroken precedent; and finally, because of chapels. The last reason is, of course, perfectly legitimate, plausible and justifiable.

But cannot precedents be broken? I would say yes. And do we have to cater to the authorities of Oxford and Cambridge, so much as to follow their principles of compulsory chapels and gowns? There surely must be other means by which these two large Universities can recognize our noble Alma Mater. In most colleges where gowns are required they are used only for chapel purposes and important occasions. This I think is more sensible.

Gowns are very troublesome at meal times. I have seen many a good bowl of soup ruined by the overlapping of some part of that noble and dignified looking garment—and most of it is overlapping. At lectures, when they are worn, they are indeed a noticeable nuisance. Thank goodness that they do not have to be borne about all the time!

Gowns should be held sacred and symbolic of academic learning. When we wear them every day they become too common. Their appearance means nothing. They degenerate into a necessity, instead of being something that we reverence and respect.

J. E. RATTRAY.

ZEKE WANTS A SON'S  
DAYTO THE EDITOR OF THE MIGHTER . . .  
dere mister editur,

I am much moved by the gloreus kindly benine and emotive advertizmunce about next sunday beeing mothers day which are prittely plasrered on prides poast offis by mr meteaviey who wraks for the cpr cumpeny in shurbruk. i think mr. meteaviey is a vary nobel man for fostering this muvment and shud be lauded for it

I also think it would be much more to our advantadge if he started a campane for a sons day (not sundays) and rite on his posters

send sons day greetings by cpr co express money ordurs.  
hoping you are the same

ZEKE HOEGRASS

# J. S. MITCHELL & COMPANY

LIMITED

## Wholesale and Retail Hardware

Silverware,  
China, Glass and Crockery,  
Electrical Goods

Headquarters in the Eastern Townships  
for

## Spalding's Sporting Goods

SPECIAL PRICES  
TO CLUBS,  
COLLEGES AND SCHOOLS

"The House of Service"

78-80 WELLINGTON STREET NORTH  
SHERBROOKE, QUE.

### INTRODUCING A GRADUATE'S

## SUGGESTIONS FOR GRADUATES

J. R. Hodgkinson

"Silence", according to a reputable authority on the subject, "is golden". It is with mixed feelings, therefore, that your editor meditates amid the perfect wealth of silence that has emerged from the graduate ranks since our last issue. He is figuratively swamped in gold—an unkind fate for anyone. The graduates appear disposed to deal in silence to a degree that seems almost extravagant. To a despairing alumni editor, there remains but one hope: it is that the said graduates may be strong, as well as silent, men.

Amid such an accumulation of abstract gold (which, unfortunately, is not legal tender), your editor has found one solitary gem (forwarded prior to our recent outburst). The substance thereof is so wholesome, and so decidedly to the point, that the editor appends it herewith at as great a length as space will permit. It is a letter from a graduate of the Theology Class of '31, and reads as follows:—

### THE REV. W. W. DAVIS' SUGGESTIONS

Dear Mr. Alumni Editor:

We have it on no less an authority than that of countless Valedictorians that the graduate invariably feels at least a tinge of real regret at leaving College. He realizes that when autumn comes and the jolly crowd assembles he will not be there to join in the merriment (and supplementals). He thinks sadly of how the duties which he has regarded as his intimate charges will be upheld by other hands—someone else will have his place on the team—his seat in the dining hall—his room on the top floor, and so on ad infinitum. He remembers that the host of jolly good fellows whose friendship he has come to value, will reassemble to play and work and talk and smoke—and tragedy of tragedies—he will not be there.

These are some of his secret feelings and no matter how little "College Spirit" he has possessed, or how often he has spoken of the College in terms far from endearing, he feels just a trifle blue.

Were he a character in a Eugene O'Neill production, he would probably mutter (his thoughts) of course, "Well, I'll never forget this place. I'll keep in touch with everything and follow the progress of dear old Bishop's even though I should be in Russia".

This would seem to be the time for the enterprising Circulation Manager of The Mitre to sign up the tender hearted graduate as a 20 year subscriber. Obviously, too, this would be the opportune moment for the Alumni Editor to capitalize on the emotional feelings of the departing intellectual and secure his solemn promise that he would:

- (a) Notify The Mitre of any promotions, changes of address, marriages, etc., that overtook him in his race with life.
- (b) Send constructive criticisms to The Mitre with suggestions as to the kind of news the graduates were reading (if any).
- (c) Write articles for The Mitre when so requested.
- (d) Endeavour at all times to keep alumni in his district enthused over the University and in touch with The Mitre.

Unfortunately or fortunately (for the graduating class) this procedure is not followed and so the graduate escapes into the busy world quite unfettered by any promise made during his "weaker" moments.

For a year (or even two in some cases), he may subscribe to The Mitre chiefly to find out how "the old gang" are getting on. By that time most of the "old gang" have graduated and he finds that he is fairly safe from the persuasive powers of The Mitre Board. By setting aside (for consideration), the occasional appeal, and by forgetting about it gradually—he becomes more and more engrossed in the pressing duties which confront him in his new niche in the world. True, his interest in the "Dear old College" is still very real—but naturally enough he thinks of it as it was in the good old days when he was there and usually ceases to have any active connection with the present membership.

Not an encouraging picture to show to an enterprising Alumni Editor! But when we are told that the Circulation among Alumni is just over 30 copies we realize that is a true picture of what happens, quite naturally, in the majority of cases.

Personally I feel that our alumni circulation should be considerably larger and the interest greater. To maintain an alumni circulation a good alumni column is essential. The graduate is interested in the College—his Alma Mater—but even more so he is interested in the hundreds of friendships made during his own stay at College. He is anxious to hear how each of these friends is progressing in his or her place in the world. So the alumni column should be first of all a news column recording news about all the graduates of Bishop's.

How to get the news? Here, of course, I can only offer suggestions.

Where it is possible to form them, Alumni Associations are valuable. In such an association the secretary can help The Mitre by sending in any news items about the members.

## TROPHIES



Mappin &amp; Webb, Limited

ST. CATHERINE STREET

MONTREAL

It seems to me that such associations should be empowered to supply The Mitre to their members at a much lower subscription rate than that which is charged at present.

In fact a lower subscription rate to all alumni would seem to be advisable. The old argument that "anyone who really wants it will pay \$2.00," has not helped the circulation department. The average graduate subscribes to a number of magazines and the Mitre would have a better chance in competition if it could offer a lower subscription rate. Popular prices like \$1.00 per year and \$2.00 for three years should increase circulation of the magazine at least 100%, thus assisting the Business Manager in securing advertisements.

If the low subscription rate were limited to groups of say ten or over, it might have the effect of stimulating the formation of associations.

In districts where no association can be formed, The Mitre should endeavour to secure a correspondent who will make it his business from time to time to report the activities of any graduate in his district. In writing to secure the services of such a correspondent, the alumni Editor at the College, should send him a list of graduates in his district. This information could be secured from the Principal's list of the graduates and their addresses.

With the information obtained from correspondents, etc., the Alumni Editor could offer features to the readers of his column, such as:

- (1) What the graduates of '26 are doing.
- (2) Bishop's grads. in the Maritimes, or on the Prairies, etc., etc.
- (3) The Bishop's colony at McGill.

any one of which would be of some interest to all, and each of which would be of especial interest to many.

Quite a task to set before a Mitre Board already over-worked! Nevertheless it ought to be worth trying, and even if it were only partially successful that success would be of value, not only to the Alumni and to The Mitre, but also to our own Bishop's University. And after all, we all want to help her along, don't we?

And now, I must close with best wishes to you and The Mitre Board. As ever,

WILLIAM W. DAVIS,  
Theology '31.

## AN ANONYMOUS LETTER

After the material for this issue had been passed for the press, the Editor received a well-written but anonymous letter from Montreal, signed "Arts '29", commenting on the Alumni Editor's campaign to arouse interest among the graduates. Of course, we cannot publish material without knowing who wrote it, but if the author will send his name (not necessarily for publication) the Editor will be glad to pass the contribution on to his successor.



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## IN DEFENCE OF THE C.O.T.C.

Edward F. H. Boothroyd

In the last issue of The Mitre appeared a most provocative article by T. LeM. Carter, "Why I did not join the C.O.T.C.". The space available being limited, this reply is naturally very sketchy and the answers to his arguments are in consequence far from being fully developed. In order to facilitate comparison the reply is arranged in the same order as Mr. Carter's article, dealing in order with the statements that he makes. In short, this is a reply, not an exposition of why one should join the C.O.T.C.

I

As his first reason for not joining Mr. Carter submits the plea that it is difficult to determine which party is the aggressor in a war. As a case in point he explains that Russia, as she mobilized first, was in a sense the aggressor in the Great War. To this we humbly submit that Holland and Switzerland also mobilized; but we have yet to hear whom they aggressed. Mobilization does *NOT* constitute aggression. But though it is difficult in some cases to decide who is right and who is wrong, Canada can never be an aggressor under present conditions; for a permanent force of roughly three thousand men, backed by a militia, which would require two or three months' training, at least, to put it on a war footing, is quite insufficient as a force with which the country may commit itself to a war of aggression. Mr. Carter can therefore join the Corps with no qualms of conscience at the thought that he may be asked to participate in a war of aggression.

Next we come to the argument that by fighting a war of defence we are unable to defend ourselves successfully. This is a moot point. That if so minded a country can play havoc by aerial warfare with the civilians of another has been supported in these pages by one whose opinion I am quite ready to accept on this point. But two can play at that game, and any country will hesitate before attacking for several reasons, three of which must be stressed. The first two are utilitarian, one of which is suggested above, the fear of retaliation and the desire to protect one's own civilians from it. The second reason is, that a country at war does not wish to perjudice neutral opinion against it by acts which might be termed "atrocities"; and no less an authority than Major-General Fuller has stated that, for the above reason, there is little likelihood of aerial attacks on civilians until ground warfare has reached a state of stalemate. The third reason is the moral one, the sense of decency still remaining in nations at war; which secured, save for a few unfortunate accidents, immunity from attack for Red Cross and Red Crescent; and which Mr. Stanley Baldwin refers

to when he says that there were invented instruments so terrible to mankind, that the conscience of the belligerents in the last war prevented them from using them. So we can say that on this point there is considerable doubt, and that the probability is that civilians will be fairly secure. Lastly, with regard to Canada, the vast extent of our Dominion renders aerial attack of the interior difficult by all save the United States, a country with whom we have been at peace for over a hundred years.

The next point that national indebtedness arises from war is true; but the majority of people hold that national indebtedness is preferable to the loss of national entity following from non-resistance, with the possibility of crushing extortion from the conquerors.

That an effective machinery for trying international disputes should be established is, of course, the desire of all thinking people. But though there are the police and courts of justice, we still defend our property from robbers to the best of our ability, and the same applies to nations. As international courts are not yet established effectively, and as Canada has been shown to be incapable of aggression, she is entitled to prepare for self defence just as we are permitted to learn boxing. Mr. Carter's strong faith in public opinion as an adequate backing for these courts is hard to comprehend. For public opinion in international affairs is extremely gullible, especially when race prejudice preys on it, and racial psychology comes into play. In 1870 public opinion condemned France, yet what is opinion on the Franco-Prussian war guilt to-day? That public opinion and international courts are unable to deal satisfactorily with a problem at present is seen in their failure to produce any appreciable solution to the present Far East and Southern American Questions. The attitude that "Until a vast majority come to realize the futility of defensive war and declare for other methods, the only thing 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" is rather blind, in the first place it leaves quite open the question of offensive war. Apparently Mr. Carter will be quite satisfied if we realize what he calls the futility of defensive war; but prepare ourselves for aggression which apparently is *NOT* futile. Also he does not say what he will do when the majority declare for other weapons than the defensive war. From his present attitude it is likely that he will continue his attempts to be different and stand up strongly for the idea of the sovereignty of a nation and its right to do as it pleases.

A supposititious case of the annexation of Canada by the

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United States is considered, and the extremely naive statement made that if they gain we must gain. This is true if you consider that by annexation we would become a part of the United States, but most Canadians surely believe that we would only be a part in name and that the Canadian people though suffering adversity, would continue as a nation in spirit if not in name. Truly it is unlikely that we would gain by it. Finland was annexed by Russia, because she would gain by the annexation; but the Finns certainly did not think that they gained by it. We suffer too much already from badly administered justice in the United States, to mention one point only, to be likely to gain by annexation. As to the power to gain one's ends by non-cooperation, which Mr. Carter lays so much stress upon, it failed to help Finland. Any philatelist will tell you that the only result of the Finnish funeral stamps was to stop the delivery of the letters bearing them, and it is questionable whether Ghandi's non-cooperation did much to coerce the British Government. Mr. Carter says the net result of this annexation would be the withdrawal of the invaders. But examine the annexation of Poland to Russia. Torn by party strife, she was unable to resist by force of arms, and non-cooperation did not save her. Since the Red Revolution, when Russia again made an attempt to annex Poland, she replied by measures of self-defence and Marshal Pilsudski repulsed the Soviet. This would seem to show the superiority of self-defence over non-cooperation.

Mr. Carter says that the idea of one nation imposing a foreign language on another is ridiculous in modern times. But even at the cost of differing with such an eminent authority it must be maintained that there is no especial reason to believe that it is ridiculous. Germany imposed one on Alsace-Lorraine comparatively recently. That "the British Empire shows too clearly that self-government is inevitable under present conditions" is debateable, and we would again instance Poland and Finland. The statement that in case of annexation traditions which are worthwhile would survive is questionable. That depends on the conqueror. Britain being lenient, they survived in French Canada to a great measure, but the same traditions disappeared in Louisiana, and forty years did much to kill them in Alsace-Lorraine despite the proximity of France.

The belief that non-resistance sentiments will grow simultaneously in all countries of the world is fallacious. History shows that mankind does not develop at a uniform rate. There are few people who do not wish to see a state of world peace; but until this is attainable, it is extremely foolish for one country to disarm completely in a world of armed nations, or even while one or two nations remain so armed that aggression and conquest are possible. Disarmament would be as profitable as free trade was to Britain in a world in which national tariff walls were piled up against her. And while self-defence remains a policy of the

government of our Dominions, it should, under present conditions, be supported by loyal Canadians.

II

The C.O.T.C. exists primarily to train officers for the militia, or to lead other forces raised to defend Canada against foreign aggression. Twenty or so members of the Corps avail themselves of the opportunity presented by the C.O.T.C. to secure this training, and these are the men for whose sake the C.O.T.C. exists. In order that it may have a sufficient number of men for proper training it needs the support of more members of the student body, and in return for this support the Students' Association receives the pay of the Corps, less running expenses. We know from the last issue of The Mitre how poorly student activities are supported, and the C.O.T.C. suffers like the rest; so that grant of money to the Students' Council is given to gain better attendance. For it is believed, perhaps, erroneously, that men will have the honesty to attend every parade when they are drawing pay, even if they do not receive it themselves, but donate it to the Association.

The C.O.T.C. properly supported gives to its members, both those training for the certificates and those who are not, an excellent return for their time. Supported properly, it develops in its members a sense of duty and a steadfastness of character. The man who says to himself, "I have a definite engagement every Friday afternoon", and makes it a point of honour to fulfil it, does, undeniably, develop this character. If he goes a step further and makes a point of having clean buttons, clean boots, a clean shave and a neatly-arranged uniform, he has progressed yet more.

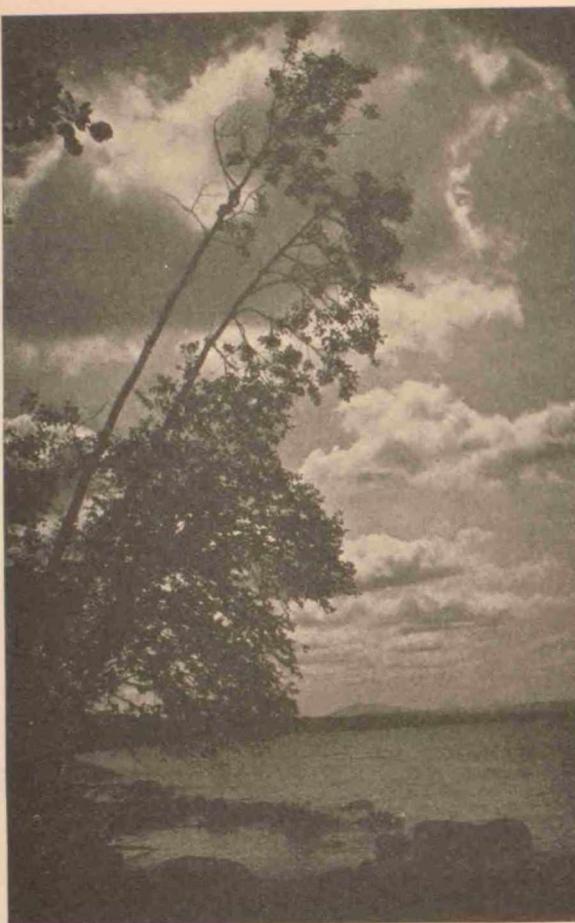
This is a preliminary to the actual work of the C.O.T.C.; but by teaching habits of neatness and punctuality, it helps to develop a sense of discipline. A disciplined man, one who has learned to obey the orders of those above him promptly, has gained an attribute which will help him in later life, whatever he may do. The development of the power of command follows that of obedience and is also taught by the C.O.T.C.

Physically as well as mentally the C.O.T.C. is beneficial, provided it is properly attended. It develops the body, straightening backs and improving carriage, as well as assisting in co-ordinating the muscles of the body to work promptly at command. These are a few of the reasons for joining the C.O.T.C. apart from that of preparation for the defence of Canada at need.

III

At the present time there is need for preparation for self-defence. The daily paper shows this, and when it is obvious, from the size of our standing army, that our country cannot undertake an offensive war, it is clear that we only train for self-defence. The plea that what we learn

(Continued at foot of page 25)



THE SILVER LINING

## "Here comes the sun"

In times of stress no one quarrels with retrenchment. During a cyclone the courageous follow the timid into the cellar. It is not fear that prompts this, but wisdom of the highest kind.

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## YES! WE WANT OUR MITRE

C. S. Wright

The Editor's query in the April issue of The Mitre, "Do we want this Mitre anyway?" presents a further opportunity for discussing the condition of affairs of the Students' Association. The result of a hard-working Editor and Board is obviously reflected in the past few issues of the College magazine, but as the Editor has pointed out, it cannot be maintained forever by a bare nucleus of students who may be only slightly more interested than the majority.

It would seem that the light is gradually beginning to dawn on the students of Bishop's that we are attempting too many things to make a great success at any. Wandering about from time to time, one comes upon an enthusiastic and heated group of students in a room, pulling to pieces one or more of the activities; and by "sitting in" on such a group, a great deal of reasonable and logical argument can be heard. The undergraduates of this University are not so different from students at other Universities; most of them have a few good ideas, but these don't get beyond the "select group".

Then, to consider those who will make self-expression publicly at student meetings or through the columns of our magazine, too much stress is laid on the changing of constitutions or on the observance of freshmen rules. That sort of thing is annoying at first and then it becomes amusing to think that the "seniors" (second year men are the worst offenders) are still puffed up with their superior position after living with the freshmen six months. It's strange but it's true.

It is very interesting to note that there are seven names

### IN DEFENCE OF THE C.O.T.C.—

(Continued from page 23)

in the C.O.T.C. would be useless in this world of science is false, in the first place because we will always find its character and body-developing part of use; and in the second place, because military authorities hold that the infantry man is still the deciding factor in warfare.

Finally the government still believes in a policy of self-defence and as it expresses the views of the majority of citizens the minority must support its policy if called upon to do so. The state exists because civilised men have learned to subordinate themselves for the good of the whole. If men hold that when the country is at war they have the right to refuse their co-operation, because they don't believe in warfare, they are acting though they may not realize it, in a manner destined to produce the downfall of established government and result in CHAOS. Other men may just as logically argue that they won't pay taxes, because they

on The Mitre Board list from the Freshmen Class. It presents the possible assumption that the literary activities of the College are becoming more attractive to the students of the first year. A scheme has suggested itself which may be worthy of further consideration and be very helpful in producing successful Mitres. At the beginning of the academic year, all the new students might be invited to meet the President and Editor of The Mitre and discuss their interests, if any, in literary work. The exposure to English Lectures which everyone must undergo before graduating from this University is bound to make some difference. The Dramatic and Debating Societies might try something along the same line. The idea behind it all is to show the new men that we are interested in doing any possible good that may be in our power. Instead of sophomores working themselves into an exhausted state about some miserable freshmen rules, they might try to find out the inner heart of the freshman, apart from the fact that he plays football or will join the C.O.T.C.

If there is any thought or intention of making one thing worth-while it should be The Mitre. It is the only means we have of finding out what reactions College life has on the other fellow; it embodies the literary talent and effort of a few; records sporting events and other activities of the College; it is sent all over the Continent to graduates and others interested in the University. There seems only one possible conclusion: if we have the true spirit for our Alma Mater, let us unite in co-operation and support to make The Mitre the very best.

don't believe in paying taxes unless they themselves, and not some other men elected against their wishes, vote them; or that as they don't believe in the criminal code, they won't be bound by it, but will run amuck murdering people if they feel so inclined. Peace fanatics are usually too narrow-minded to see these parallels, and claim that theirs is a special case, although the others have the same justification for calling theirs a special case. When a minority refuses to co-operate with the policy of the majority the state is in danger of disintegration. So while the country is prepared to defend itself, its citizens must be ready to play their part.

The C.O.T.C. at Bishop's is a symbol of the times, and until they change and war is placed beyond the realms of possibility, it is only right that the C.O.T.C. should be supported. Those of us who are fortunate enough to be in a position to fit ourselves for the call of duty, if it comes, should not shirk our responsibilities, but accept them cheerfully.

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## A BISHOP'S DIARY

By Peeps

April 24th.—Term opens, and the halls of learning open up their arms to receive us once more.

April 27th.—Did repair to gymnasium, where was staged debate on Mr. (Her) Hitler. Said debate preceded by overture in and by minors, in the loft. Most of the information therefor culled from the pages of "Liberty", that excellent journal that so many people are reading now.

April 28th.—Relaxation is turned to most terrific concentration in "42nd St." at movie palace. It is indeed a great show, and provides enough rhythm for a month for the College larks.

April 29th.—"Well, it really isn't like him, it's just like what he'd like to be." "And to think that he's only been at it two years." The Alumnae Association put on a good exhibit, especially considering the distance from large centres.

May 2nd.—Meeting of the Students' Association, with attendant forensic delights. Much belabouring of constitutions, and hence little real work done. (Thought a la Eugene O'Neill—Say, when're we going to get these constitutions fixed and start using them, anyway?). Following the meeting is the auction of the magazines. The Montreal Gazette goes for \$2.10. (Sucker!), and one of the gentry becomes religious.

May 5th.—The diarist forsakes the facetious to offer real praise to Dicky Richardson for his showing in the Dunn Cup Race. All honour to Second Year!

May 8th.—C.O.T.C. steps out and has last dance in Sherbrooke. As I didn't step with them can only say that from all accounts it was a good party.

May 9th.—Tennis courts are opened. New nets, tapes, etc. Once again the devotees of the bounding ball may vent their spleen in the usual manner.

May 10th.—The noble game of cricket is revived for a brief spelle in the College, and bears fruit in a joust with B.C.S. The score was one-sided, but we really put up a good show, considering . . .

May 15th.—Reunion of the arty at the Magog, to dissipate some of the Mitre surplus. Three cheers for the "No speech" rule. Other banquet organizers please note!

May 18th.—Divines "studying" on porch roof are disturbed by mysterious wading excersizes in local goldfish pond. We trust our fishy neighbours enjoy good health.

May 22nd.—Dramatic impulses lulled into quiet acquiescence by close embrace of nature at Society meeting. Congratulations to new executive.

(Continued at foot of next column)

## DUNN CUP RACE WON BY SECOND YEAR

George Whalley

The Dunn Cup Road Race was run off on May 5th. Teams were entered for Second Year and Divinity, while the winner was the sole representative of First Year. Favoured by cool but fair weather, the race was started at the War Memorial in Lennoxville, the course being about five and a half miles long. The finish was rather thrilling due to the fact that the winner, A. J. H. Richardson, and the runner-up, F. H. Royal, were separated by only thirty seconds. The winner's time was 34 mins. 30 secs., while the time for second place was 35 mins. E. S. D. Weaver and P. S. Broadhurst finished third and fifth respectively, securing the cup for Second year. C. Cuttell, E. C. Royle and M. A. Stephens, representing Divinity, finished fourth, sixth and seventh.

## CRICKET AGAINST B.C.S.

On Wednesday, May 10th, a cricket team was made up to play B.C.S. The score was:—B.C.S., 218 for 6 wickets, Bishop's 68 for 5 wickets. This is an excellent showing when it is remembered that most of the men have not played for some time, and that there was very little opportunity for practice. The players were: C. L. O. Glass, W. T. Gray, C. F. Carson, M. A. Stephens, C. C. Eberts, P. D. Curry, E. S. D. Weaver, A. D. Porteous, J. I. Benson, S. E. A. Sherrell, A. E. W. Godwin.

## NEXT YEAR'S OFFICIALS

The appointments for the offices in the sports for the academic year 1933-34 are as follows:—Captain of Rugby, Peter D. Curry (Intermediate Rugby Team, 1931-2, 1932-3); Manager, Hugh Gall (Assistant Manager, 1932-33); Assistant Manager, L. N. McCaig. Captain of Hockey, C. L. O. Glass (Intermediate Hockey, 1932-33), Manager, W. T. Elkin (Acting Manager, 1932-33); Assistant Manager, D. M. Muir (Acting Assistant Manager, 1932-33). Captain of Basketball, Peter D. Curry (Intermediate Basketball, 1931-2, Captain Elect, 1932-33); Manager, A. D. Rollit; Assistant Manager, S. M. Medine.

## A BISHOP'S DIARY—(Continued)

May 24th.—The Scouts go off for their annual binge and relief from stupor induced by too much study.

May 29th.—College bills must be paid by this date, by heck! Also, the exams. start.

June 14th.—Annual Con-ocation Dance. Everybody should \*\* go to this.

June 15th.—Best of luck to those getting degrees, and I hope they find somebody who is still fool enough to think it means something.

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## LOOKING OVER THE EXCHANGES

Kenneth W. Smith

Again the *TAMESIS*, from the University of Reading, leads our Exchange Column as a work of art. Interspersed among the well-written articles are numerous poems, written not only in English but also in French. Outstanding among the articles is one entitled "In Praise of Pipes" in which the author reviews the four ways of taking tobacco, and finds that the pipe is by far the best. He says that the cigar is a symbol of prosperity and of big men doing big things. Only a man who has made his own way in the world, and who cares for no man, dare smoke a cigar. Opposing the cigar we have the cigarette, "a scrawny pipe of wretched straw". The secret of the cigarette is that it is meant to be thrown away and not smoked down to the manufacturer's name. It has dignity when only just lighted, when an inch and a half long it is an ugly sight, while a stub is a loathsome spectacle. The truth is that the only enjoyment to be obtained from a cigarette lies in rubbing the little piles of white ash into a thick carpet. In comparison with the burly cigar and exotic cigarette the pipe is a magnificent and comfortable thing. To the smoker it gives an air of calmness and mature reflection. The pipe is the perfect instrument for a grave race, one that is deliberate, and one that thinks well of itself and has pride in its achievements.

The *TECH FLASH*, coming from the Nova Scotia Technical College, deals chiefly with subjects which are of a scientific nature. Besides these, however, are a number of articles of a high literary standard written on outside interests. The magazine is divided into several departments, and at the head of the page of each department is a cut telling the nature of the subject matter which is to follow. Our Mitre Board for the coming year might do well to follow the example of the staff of the Flash in selecting such pleasing and appropriate cuts.

The *ACTA RIDLEIANA* is one of the brightest of student publications. It abounds in short stories written on a wide range of subjects, some being serious, some humorous while others are amateur thrillers. Considerable space is given to the write-ups of the various activities, especially the sports section. Some amateur photographers have collected a number of pictures of student life in and around the buildings. These photographs have been reproduced in the magazine in a pleasing manner and should be of great interest to the boys at Ridley.

The contributors of the *COLLEGE TIMES*, from Charlottetown, P.E.I., seem to favour poetry rather than prose for although the magazine is by no means a small one, there are very few articles or short stories by the students. The greater part of the publication is filled with excellent verse. May we point out, however, that, while it is very pleasing to see good verse in a student magazine, there is the danger that too much will become tedious, spoiling the effect of an otherwise interesting issue. One column which is of special interest is one that goes under the heading: "Things We Would Like To Know". In this column questions are asked concerning certain happenings in and around the College. The subjects dealt with are of personal interest to the students and should provide many a laugh. Even to the outsider with an imagination several questions are quite humorous. In previous years the Mitre has published a column very similar to this one with marked success. Why can it not be revived next year?

\* \* \* \*

Again the much-discussed subject of initiation is brought to our attention in the *ACADIA ATHENAEUM*. The article says that we are but weak-minded prototypes of our pre-historic ancestors if we allow paddling with barrel staves, duckings in cold water, fights and so on to remain as forms of initiation. We are told that our colleges are founded upon British models, but in the Old Country there is no place for initiation. In the British colleges freshmen are treated as gentlemen, and they are without questioning admitted to the life of the college. If the older residents of the college have anything to offer the freshman that will be of help to him in his puzzlement over getting used to the new life that he is going to lead, they should help him along by doing their best for him, by making him a part of their society and helping him along with a spirit of brotherhood.

\* \* \* \*

We wish gratefully to acknowledge the receipt of the following publications: The O. A. C. Review; The Alma Mater; The Cap and Gown; Trinity College School Record; In Between Times, and The College Times; Revue de l'Université d'Ottawa; The Grove Chronicle; The Diocesan College Review; The Torch; The Brunswickian; The Fait-Ye Times; The Xaverian Weekly; The Dalhousie Gazette; The College Cord; and The Argosy Weekly.

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### NEWS FROM THE GRADUATES

(Editor's Note—The majority of these paragraphs came through the Principal's Office. None was received direct from a graduate).

The death occurred in Ottawa, on March 18th, of Mary Ethel Acheson, wife of George B. Acheson, and mother of Aubrey Acheson, B.A. '29, and Helen Acheson, Arts '35.

A daughter, Joan Mary, was born in Montreal on February 28th to Howard Church, B.A. '29, and Mrs. Church (née Mary Brewer.)

Professor A. G. Hatcher, M.A., formerly head of the Department of Science at Bishop's, has been appointed President of the Memorial University College, St. John's, Newfoundland.

The University library has received a gift of books from C. E. J. Hemming, B.A. '76. They include an interesting series of histories, and a set of "The Chronicles of Canada", edited by George M. Wrong and H. H. Langton, in 32 volumes.

The Rev. Gordon Holmes, L.S.T. '25, has been appointed Rector of Revelstoke, B.C.

E. E. Rocksborough Smith, B.A. '30, who is reading theology at Selwyn College, Cambridge, rowed in the college boat in the Lent races. The boat was second on the river.

The Ven. F. G. Scott, C.M.G., D.S.O., M.A., '84, D.C.L., has resigned the living of St. Matthew's, Quebec City, which he had held since 1899. He remains Archdeacon of Quebec. "Selected Poems" of F. G. Scott have recently been printed by Emile Robitaille, of Quebec.

The Rev. Sidney Wood, Divinity '32, has been appointed Rector of Danville, Que., and will begin his new duties on August 1st.

#### DEATH OF HAMBLEY WHITE

Hambley White, B.A. '29, M.A. '31, died from pneumonia in the Royal Victoria Hospital in Montreal on May 5th, his birthday. He was 24. After graduating with first class honours in philosophy in 1929 he became assistant to the secretary of the Canadian Chamber of Commerce in Montreal, and Editor of the Chamber's magazine, "The Commerce of the Nation". While at Bishop's his great interests were the Dramatic Society and The Mitre, of which he was business manager for two years.

At the annual meeting of The Mitre on the evening of May 5th, Gerald Cameron, the present business manager, spoke of Mr. White's continued interest in The Mitre, and the varied help he had given the present executive. The Board asked the Secretary to send a letter of condolence to Mr. White's mother.

Requiem Mass was said at the Church of St. John the Evangelist in Montreal the following morning, and prayers were also said for the repose of his soul at the Eucharist in the College Chapel about the same time.

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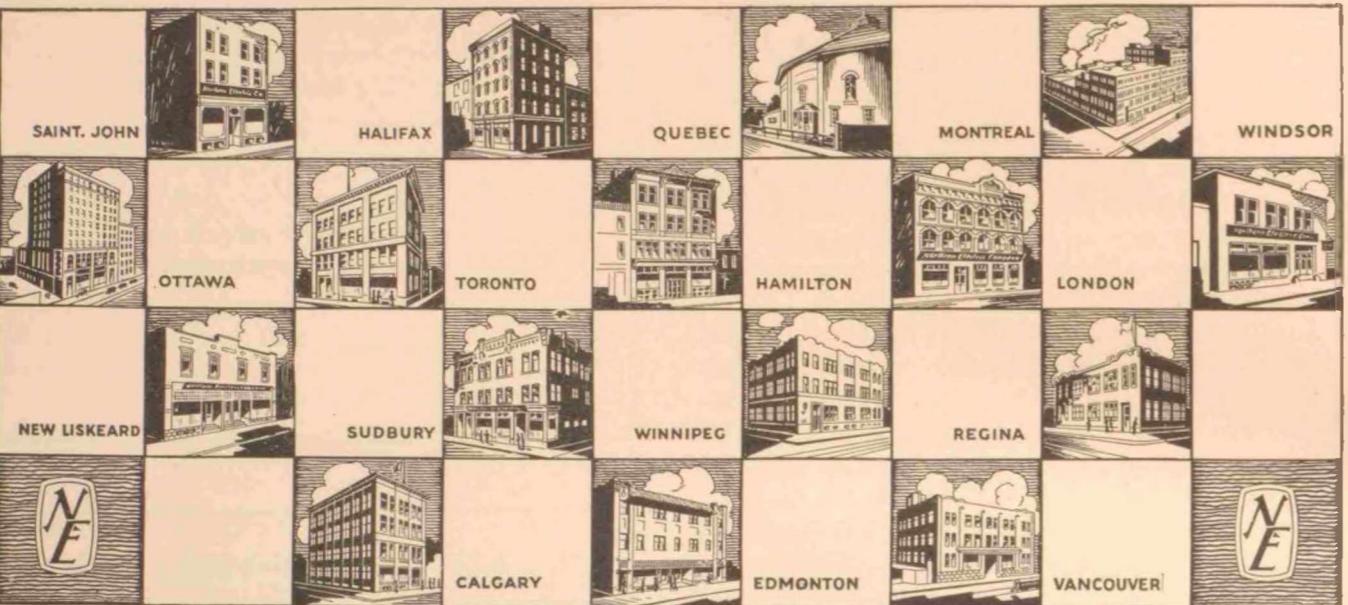
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#### FROM THE BOOKSHELF—

### A NEW SINCLAIR LEWIS IN "ANN VICKERS"

*Ann Vickers*, by Sinclair Lewis; 562 pages; Doubleday, \$2.50

Lewis, the Nobel prizewinner, differs from the Lewis who wrote "Main Street" and "Elmer Gantry". The milk of human kindness is less sour, his characterizations are not so cruel. Perhaps it was receiving the Nobel prize that influenced the man, but we are more inclined to believe that it is the approach of middle age and the changing scene in America. Time has a way of softening the ferocity of the reformer, and Lewis can safely look forward to a comfortable middle and old age. The people on Main Street are in sore straits these days; Babbitt and Dodsworth, while still retaining the manners that Lewis found ridiculous in them, are more pitiful than funny, and Lewis, who really loves these brain children of his, cannot bring himself to belabour them with the same savagery. Not that "Ann Vickers" is less stirring than any of the preceding books, but the people are more human, less caricature. Lewis mirrors America with the same inimitability, but the distortion is less brutal.

"Ann Vickers" is a portrait of a woman who is A Woman, yet all the while is but a woman. It is the story of a struggle within Ann Vickers between the urge to DO SOMETHING and the urge to be just Ann Vickers, a not very beautiful yet not unattractive woman.

Ann herself is, naturally, an egoist (being a militant suffragette in early days), yet, like most female egoists, she can become the most abject doormat for a man. Ann is neither erotic nor frigid, in spite of her apparent preference for feminine company. She carries within her a large capacity for mothering, serving and loving the man she loves.

The Dr. Ann Vickers, M.A., LL.D. (honorary), penologist, lecturer, politician, settlement worker, executive, New Woman, is overwhelming at times. It overwhelms Ann herself occasionally. The fire of reforming, the urge to DO SOMETHING, provide the driving force that carry her to unusual heights, heights that are bewildering to Ann Vickers, the girl from Aubanakee, Wis. At fifty, Ann Vickers is a Great Woman, capable, wise, and a bit pathetic.

With Dr. Ann Vickers, Ann Vickers struggles for happiness. The woman strives with the executive for enjoyment from life. Ann is not unattractive and men play a large part in her life. Her first experience of love is unfortunate in its result, and while she bears the scars, her outlook on life itself is not warped permanently. For a short time she turns to women friends, but that too,

perhaps happily, is unfortunate. Sexual eroticism revolts her and she renews her attack on the social system as a relief from the private worries of Ann Vickers. Having recovered her normal outlook, men are again attractive, and Ann is attracted. As must be expected of a woman of such intelligence and broad views, conventions do not hamper Ann Vickers, but she is no degenerate.

While Ann Vickers is one of the most human of Lewis' drawings, she is, nevertheless, the Carrie Nation of prison reformers. All the gall and wrath that Lewis did not pour on his characters, he used in attacking the prison system. His bitterness is suggestive of Upton Sinclair at times. Many scenes are horrible, especially those laid in Leatherhead Gap penitentiary, and the reader is impressed with the need for reform, but like only too many others, Lewis' solutions are vague.

Lewis' style has not suffered in the aging process. It may be that the clean, cold air of Stockholm drove away some of the dust that he inhaled while grubbing about Main Street. Whatever the cause, Lewis still has the happy ability to pick some fad, mannerism or shibboleth out of the welter of American life, hold it up to the light of sanity, and there expose its pettiness. While he has dropped some of his acrid, ruthless portrayal of mankind, his control of language has improved, his wit is sharper, drier. The Brahmins are ridiculed more masterfully because in choicer words. One has the feeling that his reaction to the revolution sweeping America is more pity for those whose tin gods have been destroyed than amusement.

While Ann Vickers is not as spiritually beautiful as Leora in "Arrowsmith", she is by far the most powerful character Lewis has yet created.

W. D. HUMPHREY, B.A. '31.

\* \* \* \*

### SUMMER SCHOOL LECTURES ARE EXPANDED

*The Growth of the Gospels*, by Frederick C. Grant; The Abingdon Press; \$1.50.

Two years ago a Summer School was held at Bishop's University, at which lectures were given by a number of Theologians of international distinction. Among these was Dr. Grant, Dean of the Western Theological Seminary, Evanston, Illinois. Dr. Grant is the author of a number of theological books, of which the most striking is perhaps, "The Economic Background of the Gospels"; and we were much interested when he chose for his subject at Lennoxville: "The Growth of the Gospels".

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THE MITRE, June, 1933

These lectures have now been published with considerable amplification, and those who attended the School will be interested to read them.

Dr. Grant's book is the result of much reading and study, so much so that it practically becomes an index to the most recent literature on his subject. For this reason alone, it will be very valuable to the student who wants to know something of recent publications in England, America, and Germany.

A second merit is that it is written in a simple, straightforward style, avoiding the learned jargon which most theologians feel it necessary to affect.

Dr. Grant's judgments are sane, common-sense and direct; and if there are times when they may seem a little radical to an old-fashioned thinker like the writer of this review, it must be borne in mind that there is no progress towards further truth without the clear criticism which love of truth demands. This is emphatically a book for the conservative thinker; it is a plain statement of the modern critical position by a man who is a believer.

It will be possible through this book for the ordinary reader to get a clear idea of the sources such as Q and Proto Luke, which are now seen to lie behind our gospels. But it will be necessary to take the New Testament and work over Dr. Grant's references with it. No one will make such a study without understanding their gospels better.

Dr. Grant's book is also a guide to the modern speculations on the period before our gospels were written; but perhaps his best work of all is his analysis of Mark, which is clearly the fruit of long and devoted study.

St. Luke remarks that the Bereans were "more noble" than the Thessalonians because, when Paul preached to them, they "examined the scriptures daily, whether these things were so". Dr. Grant's book is pre-eminently a book to be treated in this manner.

P. C.

\* \* \* \*

#### DISTINGUISHED GRADUATE'S POETRY

Selected Poems of Frederick George Scott; Quebec, Emile Robitaille.

Coming as it does soon after the announcement of his retirement from St. Matthew's parish, Quebec, where he has been rector for many years, this volume of poetry is of interest to all who know of Archdeacon Scott as a man and as a poet. It is of special interest to Bishop's University because he and some of his sons are graduates, and he was awarded a D.C.L. in 1909.

The poetry is that of a mature man, and is concerned chiefly with the poet's experience of God. As he says in

"On the Threshold": "I seek the ultimate truth, Not found in youth". The two great revelations of the divine that he has known have been in nature and in the War.

The first part of the book is taken up mainly with the poems of nature. Archdeacon Scott has found quiet and repose in nature, and prefers the restful type of natural beauty to colourful and startling scenes. He expresses this attitude in 'My Garden':

"My garden shows no bright array  
Of rich exotics in its beds,  
But little sunbeams in it play,  
And leafy maples lift their heads".

A very striking poem in this section, particularly to those familiar with the crosses of this province is "A Wayside Cross". Archdeacon Scott's philosophy is summed up briefly in "The Gates of Time":

"Into the Infinite  
Pass we for ever,  
Knowing the Light of Light  
Faileth us never".

But it is as a war padre that Archdeacon Scott is most widely known, and it is here that his poetry reaches its highest pitch. In the poem "On the Rue du Bois" he tells of the religion that is found in the trenches, the fine spirit that rises out of the great soul-stirring adventure of war. "For life is born of life's self-sacrifice". Again, in "The Unbroken Line", he describes this best product of war:

"Let us not lose the exalted love which came  
From comradeship, with danger and the joy  
Of strong souls kindled into living flame  
By one supreme desire, one high employ".

Dr. Scott has not much new to say; but he writes with such simplicity and directness and easy flow that the old things take on a new spirit. The form of the poetry is conventional, with several exceptions, including a fine epitaph on Marshal Foch. Intermingled among his serious work Archdeacon Scott has placed several lighter poems, that show another side of his nature. Still, the tone of the volume is essentially religious, and throughout his work the poet is revealed as a man of deep faith, faith that has guided him through life and will guide him, now he is to

" . . . have an idle time  
Before I come to die,  
When I can watch a mountain stream  
Or lie upon the grass and dream  
And gaze into the sky".

T. C.

## WE WILL HAVE A FEW WORDS—

(Continued from page 14)

more and more of a utility the demand for speakers is growing everyday. But for radio broadcasting a speaker must be good. He cannot rely on gesture, physical mannerisms, his tailor or his barber to get him across. He must be able to manage by the beauty of his voice, his diction and pronunciation; and most of all by his knowledge of his subject.

Perhaps radio will do more to improve speakers than anything has been able to do since the serpent addressed Eve. The stern discipline of a station manager and a finicky public may accomplish what a sense of duty to one's fellows has never been able to do. For Carlyle who certainly wanted to be a speaker sweated blood before each of his lectures and talked in a harsh and untrained voice; Coleridge shot off at tangents that left his audience bewildered and wondering what abstract metaphysics had to do with Shakespeare. Both of these men had to please their audience in order to succeed as lecturers. But neither could learn to speak.

In fine, through the radio, if by no other means, the hand of God may at last be interposed to grant us a release from all those who should not speak in public, and do, be they tinkers, tailors, soldiers, sailors or Presidents of Rotary.

## THE PRESIDENT ELECT—

(Continued from page 4)

students in spite of their denial of the spirit of conservatism. It is a great and difficult problem. Also, our finances have not permitted the expense attached to this matter. We do hope to have a new cover next Fall, and every effort will be made to satisfy in this respect. Besides a new cover it is our desire to improve the pictorial side of the magazine as well, and again may I add, if finances permit.

Space does not permit any further examination of these suggestions nor the consideration of further ones. When the Mitre Board once again takes up the responsibility of producing a magazine I am certain that there will be an evidence of appreciation that will have a concrete form. Again, may I remind all our readers that we can only do our best, and that real success lies in the efforts that are put forth by each and every member of the Student Body. If we lack poems that are appreciated, articles that are popular, humour that is mirth producing or are deficient in any other respects, while some defects may be traced to us, on careful examination it may be just as in the past . . . a lack of student effort.

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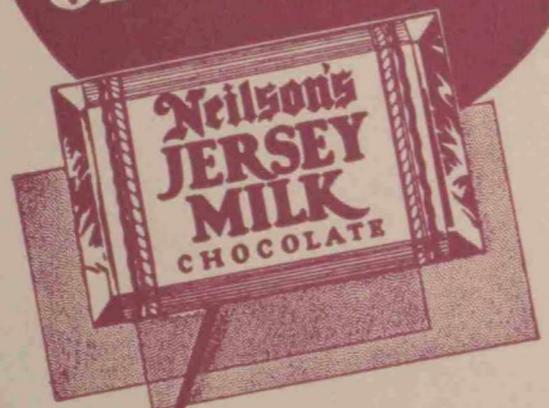
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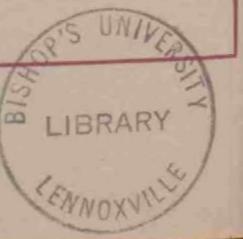
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