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# THE MITRE



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# The Mitre

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Several articles in this MITRE should make you think. Those who write them don't know much about their subjects, but they can present the problem as they see it. For a solution you must read the books of those who know, and then you must think.

When you read an article like Stephens on page 11, what's your reaction? Do you get all worked up about it, and then forget when some one proposes a movie? Do you say "idealist", and let it go at that? Or do you think it through? Come on, now, what do you do?

When you read something by Mike Wisenthal, what do you do? Do you laugh? Starving people, revolutions and murder aren't funny. Do you try to imagine that people really feel like that — eager to kill, to grab, desperate after long waiting?

When you read "Cry Havoc!" (we hope you've done that), what was your reaction? Did you say "War is certainly futile?" Did you say "Why can't Germans and Japanese see these things as I do?" Did you say "You can't change human nature?" (If you did, read the introduction to "The Great Illusion, 1933", and realize how wrong you are; besides, you're denying Christ). Did you think it through, though?

The same applies to the article of Pax. He presents

the feelings of a person very hostile to war, and all its works, but after reading his article you are no nearer to a warless world. His is not a solution to the problem of war, but a statement of the condition caused by that problem.

Colin Cuttell on the other hand has a definite proposal: get to know others. How many Germans do you know? How many Japanese? Unpractical? Yet here in this province a large section of the population speaks a foreign language. How many of us speak that language, and feel at home with people of that nationality? To take another way in which this principle may be applied: What class of person, what type of person, what particular person do you most dislike? Get to know them or him or her, try to understand their feelings and attitude, and the dislike tends to disappear. All these things begin at home. It's no use loving Germans in the abstract if you despise French Canadians in the concrete. If they work at home, why not between nations?

Do you consider yourself a slave? E. S. Davis does, on page 15. You thought that Wilberforce had got rid of slavery. Some people claim that the slavery to the machine, the slavery to habit, to money, to sin that exists to-day is just as bad as any previous form of slavery.

What, then, should you do when you read this provocative writing? The answer is — think it through. Think. Think. Think. Consider Stephens. Read his article. Now, get a piece of paper, and write down his reasons for being a Socialist. He hasn't any reasons? Come on, now, try to remember. Oh yes, the rich misuse their wealth and power, therefore give it to the state. What's to prevent the state from misusing it too? Think it through. But Stephens shows that the present condition is all wrong. He doesn't give an answer, he just declaims about the condition. Same with Wisenthal, same with Nichols.

Well, then, who has the answer? It's easy to rant about war threats, about unemployment, about maldistribution — but have you any answer yourself? Do you know where war starts, how it can be avoided? War is a solution to international problems — the Germany-Poland problem, the Anglo-Japanese textile problem. Have you any practical alternative solution to offer? Think it through.

Who offers alternatives? Angell does; he's for a stronger League of Nations, and MORE PROPOSALS limitations upon national sovereignty. Do you know what national sovereignty is? Do you know how limiting it would affect war? Read what Angell has to say. Think it through.

Hitler has a solution — he says that Poland should give in. Is that a solution? Isn't that what causes more wars? Think it through. There are nationalists in England, too, who contend that the way to prevent war is to have the Empire more powerful than any other nation. Doesn't that lead to armament races, and thus to war?

The Oxford Group has a solution . . . but that has been fully aired in these columns, and the higher command of the Board has asked us to ease down on religion anyway.

What about unemployment, and the labour conditions and high salaries that the Stevens committee have exposed? Have you any clear idea of what causes the trouble, or do you just talk it over in a hazy atmosphere of ignorance with people whose opinions you are not prepared to accept anyway? Do you really study the problem, try to get hold of the facts, read and compare the opinions of those who know?

In many ways this problem of national and international affairs boils down to the need for leaders who we are sure are honest, intelligent, courageous, industrious — in short, leaders whom we can really trust. Have you the ability to choose these leaders, or are you fooled by a plausible platform presence and pretty promises? Again, when you are put in a position, are you honest, intelligent, courageous and industrious in it? If not, why criticize others for your own failings. If you were Gray Miller, would you have paid yourself a large salary and bonus while cutting in half the price for the tobacco growers? Think it through.

Clear thinking and honesty are the prime requisites of a democracy. When the king ruled alone, or a small upper class constituted the government, clear thinking on the part of all the subjects was not necessary for good administration. Now a certain amount of clear thinking and the ability to choose the right man is required of all, which means you.

You've heard of the ship of state. Well, if you don't think, the ship will thurley think.

One subject that requires some clear thinking, and is very topical and even painful is: Why is it that so little studying is done at Bishop's? Two general reasons could be laid down: the lack of appreciation of and application in the courses, and the interference of other interests.

Let us analyse first the other interests. These include the major sports and minor sports, C.O.T.C., dances and other social functions, debating, dramatics and THE MITRE, public lectures and recitals, etc. The unfortunate fact about all these activities is that much the same group of students

carry on them all. In a larger university men would confine themselves to debating, or dramatics, or the university publication, and probably if prominent in any one of these would not play any major sport. At Bishop's some students undertake positions in two or even three of the former activities, and play on an Intermediate team as well. A very large proportion of the graduating class are either holding office or taking part in several activities. Despite good intentions, much of their time is taken up by their place on this board or that executive. Their labours are further enhanced by the fact that there are too few students at Bishop's to carry out all the activities properly, and in many cases the executive have to spend a lot of time goading those who might take part to bestir themselves.

How could this be remedied? One method would be to reduce the number of times one is called upon to debate, write or act, or play rugby, hockey or basketball. This would tend to relieve the situation. If there were only three MITRES a year, and a regular debate only once every two weeks, there would be more time for work. Greater care on the part of individuals in joining up with the activities would be advisable, also. Too often one accepts a position without realizing the amount of time it will require.

But is more time needed? Can a person take part in several of these activities and still do his work well. It is undoubted that it has been done, but by exceptional men. In most cases men who take part in activities to any great extent neglect their work seriously — and frequently leave it to the end of the term, save for a few desultory attempts. It seems right, therefore, that either the activities themselves should be cut down, or men should accustom themselves to taking part in fewer than they now do.

Activities outside the College, too, take up many precious hours. There is little or no warrant for this loss of time. While we are at Bishop's the College should be the centre of our life, except when we go away occasionally to get a change. All that goes on in the College should be our first concern, claiming precedence over anything outside. If this principle were universally adopted more time might be spent on such things as study.

There is another factor — the terrific capacity of the average student for wasting time. After meals, and between lectures, it always seems difficult to settle down. You wander into the reading room or library, or into someone else's room, and before you know what's happened about an hour has gone by, and you're that much nearer the exams. The pernicious habit of having coffee at 10 o'clock, too, splits the night and means the end of that night's study on frequent occasions. The obvious treatment here is to watch out for the time when there is the least inclination to work, mainly

after meals and between lectures, and guard against the tendency in advance.

Mention of the library brings to mind the many books read that have no bearing on the course one is taking. One should indulge in a certain amount of general reading, and the occasional novel is no doubt quite a relaxation if one has been doing some work. But there is a frightful temptation to start reading some fairly substantial book, just because it is not on the course. If two books are equal in interest and you have to read one, you naturally incline towards the other. For this peculiar quirk of human nature we have no treatment to offer, save the advice to use common sense in the matter.

Up to now this discussion has been negative, dealing with the things which keep you away from your work. There is also the positive side — the attraction and inherent interest of the work itself. By the time we reach College we have got past the stage where it is a crime to display interest in studies, a sin to be observed enjoying them. A reason of some importance in our coming here ought to be that we desire to know more about science, history, English, languages or whatever it may be. This preliminary interest, then, is assumed.

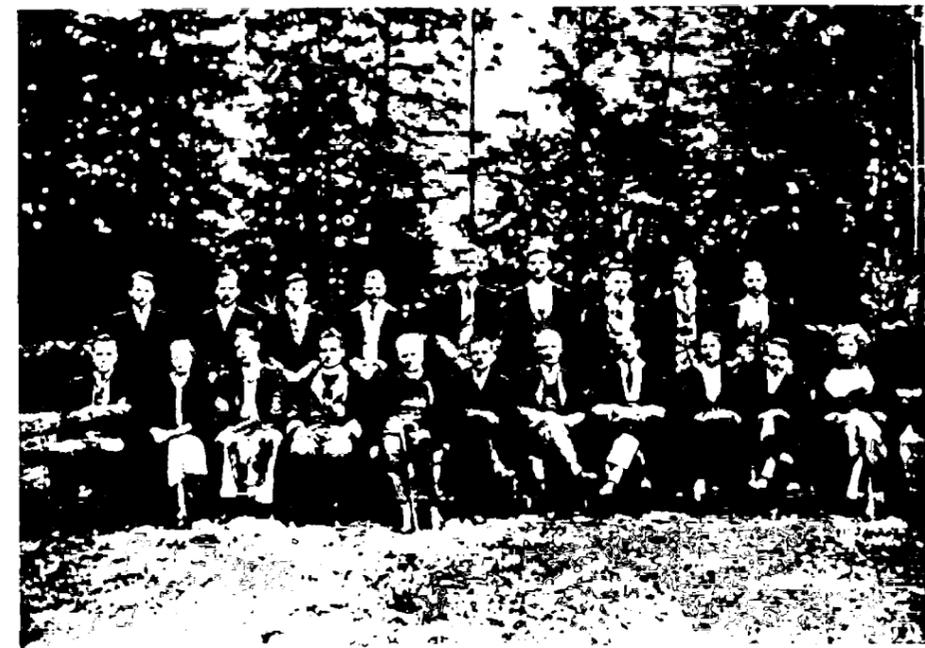
The sensible thing, therefore, is to try to find out all the interesting things about your various courses. There

are lots of attractive books to be read, lots of intriguing theories and problems to be encountered and examined and tested in every subject. The more you know, the more you want to know, and the more you realize your own gross ignorance. You should choose a course that attracts you, and not just the one that contains the least work. If you ever want to know anything, now is the time to start.

There is a feeling sometimes that the subjects on the various courses are not very practical, and don't enhance your value on the labour market. That may be so, but if you really apply yourself to your work you will have gained a preliminary knowledge of some branch of learning, and you will have learned how to work and how to think. These gains are worth a great deal more than money, the value of which is much overrated, anyhow. Most of the great pleasures in life are free, reading included.

There is not enough studying done at Bishop's. The remedy for this seems to be the removal of some of the obstacles to study, such as undue participation in activities and ordinary laziness, and on the other hand the cultivation by the students of a more intelligent and active desire for learning in general and the set work in particular. When you see your exam results, therefore, you will know what to do.

T.C.



THE MITRE BOARD

## SORROW -- H. Bruce Munro

The World is not a happy place.

Peculiarly this is so, for in the midst of a life which consists mainly in a search for happiness we turn to ourselves and find only a few flashes to illumine the vast shadow of sorrow. It is one bond common to all ages, all peoples and classes, bowing all heads and taking possession of all hearts. Sorrow may be said to be the keynote of life: its vibrations have echoed through the world since its genesis, and its tune is not unknown to one of the earth's inhabitants.

You ask what sorrow is? Quite sincerely may you ask the question, for it is much easier to feel it than to express the feeling. But is not sorrow the shattered dream, the swift return to reality from an unreal world we shall always hope to inhabit, and to which, during the infrequent moments of happiness we approach closest? Why do we mourn for the departed friend, were it not that we had fed a vain hope that our friendship would last forever? Why grieve, had we expected the end all along?

Nowhere is the manifestation of sorrow more evident than in religion. The chief appeal of Christianity lies in its recognition of this dominant mood of mankind and the inculcation of it within itself. Around Jesus — not the Jesus of theology, perhaps — cluster enough examples of sorrow to fill pages. It is the pity and sympathy that stand out in His life, pity and sympathy for the halt and the blind, for the grief-stricken, for those who were slaves to riches, and for those who burned themselves out with fierce pleasures. Who but one who appreciated grief could say: "Let him who is without sin among you cast the first stone," or "Her sins are forgiven; for she loved much." The life of Jesus, culminating on the Cross at Calvary, is the greatest tragedy in history, for it pictured what Aristotle conceived to be a spectacle impossible to bear — a man blameless being made to suffer pain. "He is despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief," prophesied Isaiah.

Christianity, to the artist, ends with the Crucifixion; it is the work of religion to take it further. Bernard Shaw has said somewhere in his prefaces that "if the Crucifixion could be proved a myth, Christianity would lose ninety-nine percent of its devotees." Such a statement, while the judgement of a rationalist, is nevertheless an indisputable one. It is the drama of Christ's life far more than the theology of the Resurrection that holds men to the Church. A writer of the Nineties has put it very well when he says, after reviewing the component parts of the Tragedy:

"When one contemplates all this from the point of view

of art alone one cannot but be grateful that the supreme office of the Church should be the playing of the tragedy without the shedding of blood: the mystical presentation, by means of dialogue and costume and gesture even, of the Passion of her Lord; and it is always a source of pleasure and awe to me to remember that the ultimate survival of the Greek chorus, lost elsewhere in art, is to be found in the servitor answering the priest at Mass."

The Crucifixion becomes the most sorrowful event that has ever occurred because it represents the hand of reality upon a life so beautiful and so detached from the lives of men that it seems more like a dream than a fact. All sudden descents from the ideal must result in such sorrow.

But not to religion alone is the expression of sorrow confined. In literature there are odes, and elegies, and laments, but above all, tragedy, the acme of the arts. Here it flows forth in a pure, unadulterated stream, and the greater the tragedy the fiercer the sorrow; and what else is tragedy but the representation on the stage of happy potentialities gone astray through the blindness of man or gods.

Another favorite theme for art, still following the sorrow-motif, is that of love so excruciating as to become pain. Dante, in his laments for Beatrice, can say:

"Love, knowing that dear image to be his,  
Woke us within the sick heart sorrow-bow'd,  
Saying, 'Go forth.' And they went forth, I wish  
Unto the sighs which are its weary load  
Forth went they from my breast that throbbed and  
ached;

With such a pang as oftentimes will bathe  
Mine eyes with tears when I am left alone."  
Some where else he speaks of the "tears of love." Left to run to its ultimate conclusion this theme turns love into pleasure and is apt to lead to sadism and Swinburne. It is Dante's genuine, normal feeling carried to excess which is found in "Rococo" for example. Here the poet claims to have known

"The grief of cruel kisses,  
The joy whose mouth makes moan;  
The pulses pause and measure,  
Where in one furtive vein  
Throbs through the heart of pleasure  
The purpler blood of pain."

Where Dante is truly sorrowful, Swinburne is erotic, as a comparison of these poems will show.

Melancholy, which is the contemplation of sorrow,

has inspired poems without number in every age, which should cause little wonder: for when the coarsest nature can recognize the power of sorrow, how sharply must it affect the sensitive poet. Byron, perhaps the saddest of the poets, voiced his grief through a mask of unreal cynicism in the mournful music of the "Hebrew Melodies," and Shelley, reviewing the hectic years of his youth in England, seeks Italy to claim wearily:

"I could lie down like a tired child,  
And weep away the life of care  
Which I have born, and yet must bear, — "

while Keats can bid one

"But when the melancholy fit shall fall  
Sudden from heaven like a weeping cloud,

Then glut thy sorrow on a morning rose,  
Or on the rainbow of the salt sand-wave,  
Or on the wealth of globed peonies."

In the same poem he recognizes the subtle kinship of love and melancholy.

"Veiled Melancholy has her sovran shrine,  
Though seen of none save him whose strenuous  
tongue

Can burst Joy's grape against his palate fine;  
His soul shall taste the sadness of her might,  
And be among her cloudy trophies hung."

The women poets of all ages have a type of sorrow all their own which finds a voice in the bulk of their work. It begins far back with the Niobe myth, and Niobe may be considered the embodiment of the woes of womankind throughout every civilization. Sappho, the earliest of the songstresses can cry from the depths of her heart: "For they whom I benefit injure me most." Or, "I cannot weave my web, broken as I am by longing." Then, to come down to the time of the XIXth Century, we hear Christina Rossetti pleading

"All through the livelong night I lay awake  
Watering my couch with tears of heaviness;  
None stood beside me in my sore distress.  
Then I cried to my heart: If thou wilt, break."

Emily Dickinson, whose life was a pathetic tale of the conflict of love and convention — with victory for the latter — shows the same characteristics when she dubs herself "Empress of Calvary," while painful love and its corollary, loss in love, are the oft-repeated motifs of Edna St. Vincent Millay, as in the following lines:

"Sorrow, like a ceaseless rain  
Beats upon my heart.  
People twist and scream in pain —  
Dawn will find them still again —  
This has neither wax nor wane,  
Neither stop nor stop."

And Amy Lowell's close to a poignant love poem, where she says "Christ! What are patterns for?" may be put in the same class.

In all these illustrations we find the Niobe's salient characteristic: not only does she weep, she weeps for herself. Something of this same feminine point of view is to be found in much of the poetry of the Nineties. Consider these lines of A. E. Housman:

"With rue my heart is laden  
For golden friends I had,  
For many a rose-lipt maiden  
And many a lightfoot lad.

By brooks too broad for leaping  
The lightfoot boys are laid;  
The rose-lipt girls are sleeping  
In fields where roses fade."

And Oscar Wilde in "The Ballad of Reading Gaol" cries:

"Ah! happy those whose hearts can break  
And peace of pardon win!  
How else may man make straight his plan  
And cleanse his soul from Sin?  
How else but through a broken heart  
May Lord Christ enter in?"

John Davidson goes

" despaired down  
To dust and deep oblivion."

The mood of Lionel Johnson is equally depressed:

"Go from me: I am one of those who fall.  
What! hath no cold wind swept your heart at all,  
In my sad company? Before the end,  
Go from me, dear my friend!"

And so it goes. The taut string but once is plucked, but the sound is never stilled. It bursts forth as the melody of life, religion, and art; swelling magnificently in the octaves of Beethoven, and playing no small part in the poetry of all nations. If the proportion of sorrow to the whole in art is less than in life, it is because art is more apt to emphasize the ideal and to transcend reality. There is little place in an ideal world for sorrow, perhaps, although it seems as if it may be a necessity according to the laws of contrast. At any rate, the personal reaction to sorrow will fall into two categories: we may say, and believe, with Swinburne:

"For who shall change with prayers or thanksgivings  
The mystery of the cruelty of things."

or we may turn to the more wholesome philosophy of Shakespeare:

"The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,  
But in ourselves, that we are underlings."

The former is the saying of a man who saw in sorrow the whole of life, the latter that of one who felt that sorrow was but a deep dye necessary to a colourful existence.

## HALF THE BATTLE

Colin Cuttell

*"To conquer hate would be to end the strife of all the ages, but for men to know one another is not difficult, and it is half the battle."*

It was just like one of those highly romantic pictures in the fairy tale book of childhood days: a flaxen-haired princess gazing out over the rampart wall of an architecturally impossible castle balanced on the edge of an impossibly precipitous rock, with the river winding through the remote world of men so very far below. Not that Schloss Tammerdingen ever had anything to do with love-sick flaxen-haired princesses, and seen in the day time it is very solid and a little ordinary as Rhineland castles go.

But the glamour of the age when legend was more real than reality has never quite departed, and it all came back to me on that summer evening as I stood in the shadows watching the youth who sat there twanging with the touch of musical genius a guitar accompaniment to some centuries-old Bavarian folk-song. Beyond the wall the setting sun had thrown into sharp relief the spires and gables of a mediaeval city, while far to the right the silver ribbon of the Rhine, set in the deep olives and purples of the vine-clad hills, melted away into the misty skyline.

Perhaps if I had blundered in upon this perfect serenade with some laboriously learnt commonplace greeting, I might have never known Erich Kurz. As it was, this Bavarian pilgrim and I walked back together to the Gasthaus and proved again how food and fellowship go hand in hand.

Erich spoke a reasonable kind of English, having joined in earlier school-days a class that swapped countries with one of our own schools, as part of a splendid international education programme.

At the Gasthaus the policeman the postman and a forester were pooling the day's news and not until near midnight when the last glass of sparkling Munchen beer had gone to its own place, did we think of bed ourselves. We had discussed the great war quite sanely and practically. I learned the bare details of the last desperate German offensive that deprived Erich of his father and brought to Frau Kurz a posthumously awarded iron cross (funny that I had never considered the possibility of heroism and self-sacrifice on the "other side"); and a few restrained facts about the British raids over Geislingen Steige. Finally, we discovered the blockade of the long months following the Armistice, when a large percentage

of the child population of Germany suffered from rickets and malnutrition. Not that you would notice it in the physique of the youngsters who so sturdily and numerously hike along the broad highways of Germany today.

We were small schoolboys in 1917. We could both remember having hated very fervently, as was the fashion; and singing right lustily the appropriate national hymns for deliverance; and learning to pray Almighty God for deliverance from a monstrous tyrant.

As a matter of fact, the one prayer I remember so vividly was most liberal and latitudinarian in its comprehensiveness: "O God, bless all the soldiers and sailors at the war, and bring them safely home again, amen."

Erich and I take off our hats to that department of the war office on either side of the English Channel whose work it was to engineer hatred through the medium of a single-minded, patriotic press; because even we can remember that it did its job very well.

In Tammerdingen, over a German sausage and mugs of German beer (than which there is no better) we had in three short hours abolished all the peace conferences whose delegates ever carried portfolios to Geneva (or wherever it is they do carry them and had found no better way than the old way to world peace: that "to know one another is half the battle.")

I have wondered since whether the new government succeeded in making a good storm-trooper out of Erich, for as I remember him, he wasn't a bit stormy. I must admit that I don't know what Herr Hitler's ultimate aim in life is, and the press clearly can't be trusted. But it was very clear to me that Erich would not make a very satisfactory hater. All I can say with any degree of certainty is that we settled all that 1914 business over a German sausage in Tammerdingen long ago.

I remember a little Jugendherberge in the Schwarzwald. It was in the charge of an ancient and diminutive Hausmutter. There at the end of a long, dusty hike we met Georg Gerhard and Viktor, who shared our mess, and put away their much-loved black coffee in favour of the smoky brew of three Englanders. We believe that they were moved by a feeling stronger than curiosity or mere "passing" courtesy.

When night came on, billets in the little white-washed cottage were not easily arranged for so large a crowd, but

young Vienna, Cologne, Brussels, Munich and London dug itself in, and in the process got itself most hopelessly and yet happily mixed up in the most intimate affairs of its neighbours.

We Englanders sang our folk-songs with more enthusiasm than tunefulness, and the musical Deutsches under the rafters responded with both harmony and energy to prove that young Germany can also sing late at night after a long arduous day on the road.

Then there was Shiltach, a lovable little town of ancient half-timbered houses that leant upon one another in the oddest manner, and the three innocents abroad found the Deutsche Jugendherberge on the upper floor of the Gasthaus, with the landlord, a whale of a man, acting as Hausvater. This very likeable host was entertaining a large group of local politicians with his views upon the forthcoming elections, and his emphatic denunciations of something, some-body or other carried little conviction to his audience. At any rate, we could scarcely hear him above the clanging pewter pots, the peals of raucous laughter, and the deliberate opposition of a gramophone.

For the benefit of those who contend that Germans have no sense of humour, mine host, who had been on the

verge of an apoplectic fit, presently roared aloud with the rest of the company, among whom there was as much unanimity as one might expect with more than thirty political parties in the Reichstag.

My hope is that the people of Shiltach can still laugh over their politics, for they are a laughter-loving people in those parts, and any dragooning into solemn political unity would rob them of their chief opportunity for relaxation in the evening hours.

You will understand now that the Germany I know just a little and love quite a lot, is the Germany "over the hills and far away"; the Germany of pleasant fields, vine-spread hills, wide forest lands and cool shady ways: of a big hearted, courteous peasantry and a generous charming youth; a country where, it seems to one, in spirit swords have always been ploughshares and spears always pruning hooks.

This Germany we tend to overlook in times of stress like the present. But in the period between the war and Hitler many who know far more than I of the soul of Germany found a new understanding with her people. It is this understanding that is the true way towards the Christian commonwealth of nations.

## TO A MEMBER OF THE O.T.C.

Pax

Ha! you think that we ought to have the O. T. C. Ought? Well, you point out its advantages, and see no harm in it, therefore you think us better for it.

Tell me, what is the O.T.C.? You're not so sure. You declare it an advantage, and you don't even know what it is. Now I'll tell *you* something.

Though you don't realize it, that corps is actually a student club. So far, so good. But, and you forget this, it is a club with a purpose. It is a chartered corporation for the propagation of certain activities. When you join it, you subscribe to that purpose, and support the ideas and institutions of that group. The Officers Training Corps — teaching men how to lead the army. The army is to make war. That club is for the making competent of teachers, teachers who shall train others to be expert killers. If a soldier is not efficient, competent as a murderer, he is punished. Now the dear kind officer men do not like to see the soldiers in pain, and that they may not suffer, take them in hand, and see that they do learn.

What do they teach them? Well, I've looked in their

pretty field manuals. There was a delightful and entertaining chapter on bayonet practice. It was neatly illustrated, like those in a butcher's handbook, showing just where to stab a person, which cut would draw the entrails, how to twist it so as to dis sever all the muscles of a limb, the position for withdrawing when the blade should have pierced the bowels and be jammed in the spine. You put your foot on his stomach, if I remember rightly. These diagrams are realistic, but not actual. What I would suggest would be greater verisimilitude — people, O dear me no! But animals, now; how would they do?

Look. Instead of government destruction of diseased and crippled cattle, why not let the army do it? Excellent subject for bayonet practice. As the Corps became more expert, they could work on the younger and more agile animals. Still better, the perennial crop of impounded dogs. They'd be splendid sport. Too, consider the artillery. Any day now you can hear youngsters down from Petawawa talking of the thrill of striking an objective, the joy of a direct hit, and the solid satisfaction

and sense of real accomplishment as they view the shell craters that they've made. — "Man, the ground was just blown to pieces. Ripped all to smithereens!"

What a bloody mess. The artillery *could* exult. But don't you think it a sound idea. Oh, nonsense, not a bit of it.

Ha, you hypocrite! So, you'd not blast a few cows. Separate them to bits, rip them apart with whirling steel. Why not, forsooth? Inhuman, barbarous; is it. You'd not so treat dumb cattle, much less a dog. How can you propose subjecting *humans* to such treatment. What do you care for a cow that you've not seen before. It hasn't brains enough to know that it *is* hurt. You're standing in the trenches, and your pal beside you breaks, and turns to run, and trips on his entrails. Your brother, enlisted with you, has his head smashed so that not a bone of it is sound. His brains flop out on to his shoulders. What can you do, with your leg torn and your thigh bone sticking out through your pants. It's white and jagged, and wobbles oddly.

Pleasant? That is the result of war. That is what you advocate. Deny that! You train men to do it, and curse those who won't. You'd never treat a dog that way. You would not treat a beast that way. You sadistic throw-back. How dare you suggest that we treat humans in that way, and claim yourself to be civilized. But I forget. The S.P.C.A. wouldn't let me anyways. Perhaps I *am* a barbarian. Just the same, 'twas a good idea.

## A LEGEND OF ISLE DUPAS

Lewis R. D. Murray

Not far from Montreal in the River St. Lawrence lies Isle Dupas. The old people of the island are fond of telling the stories which have been handed down from father to son. The following tale seems to be one which is their own.

One night a father was obliged to watch at the bedside of his sick child. As he walked up and down the room in order to keep awake he raised the heavy curtain which covered the window and served to keep out the icy winds from the St. Lawrence. He gave a sharp exclamation on seeing light shining from the windows of the Church. It was very late and nobody had any reason to be in the Church at that hour of the night. The light seemed to be strongest near the Altar and the man naturally supposed that the lamp which hung before the Holy Sacrament had set fire to the building. He called to his wife and then roused his son. The two men threw on some warm clothing and hurried out into the frosty night.

They had not gone far when they saw that the Church was in blackness. Each questioned the other as to whether they had seen aright or not. Completely baffled they returned to their home. All three had certainly seen the light and now the church was in utter darkness. The following day, Jacques Valois, for that was the man's name, told his experience to a neighbour who said that he had noticed the light a few weeks before and it had puzzled him. They agreed to watch each night until the light appeared again, to note carefully when it came and how long it remained.

That night as Jacques was keeping his watch he saw light suddenly shine from the windows shortly after midnight; and after about ten minutes, it as suddenly disappeared. Jacques' neighbour had noticed all this too, as he watched from his window farther down the road.

In the Magasin Général next day both Jacques and his neighbour told the story to the crowd of men there. Some laughed at the tale but others said they had seen the light at some time or another. Their interest was aroused and they said something must be done to solve the mystery. Plans were then made to surround the church that night and see that nobody approached the building.

Several hours after darkness fell a score of men could be seen making their way towards the church. Within thirty or forty yards of it they stopped and each took up a post where he could see most of the church. Shortly after midnight a flicker was seen and soon the light was streaming from the windows near the Altar. The braver of the men crept up to the windows where they saw a priest in his soutane in the act of ascending the Altar steps with a lighted taper in his hands. He made his reverence to the Sacrament and proceeded to light the mass candles. As he descended the steps he glanced around the Church as if in search of something. Someone whispered that it must be a phantom and with one backward glance at the dark figure of this strange priest, the men fled. Who could the priest be if he were not a ghost? None of them had seen him before. He was not like any visiting priest they had ever had.

For a few nights most of the villagers watched the light appear, remain for ten minutes and then disappear. They were all too afraid and too superstitious to do anything about it. Finally Jacques Valois, much to the distress of his family, said that he would enter the building and wait to see what happened. One evening he went into the church shortly after the light began to shine from the windows; he knelt down, crossed himself and said his prayers. The priest he had seen the other night was lighting the candles and as before, when he had finished, he glanced around the church on his way down from the altar. He returned to the sacristy and Jacques waited—breathless and trembling. The priest now emerged in

full Eucharistic vestments, carrying the sacred vessels in his hands. Placing the vessels on the Altar he went to the foot of the steps and there, after the Invocation, began the preparation for Mass in a clear voice "*Introibo ad altare Dei*", Jacques with great courage responded in the familiar words "*Ad Deum qui lactificat juventutem meam.*" Then came the psalm *Judica mea* and so on right through the Mass which was celebrated in the manner to which the villagers were accustomed, Jacques made the necessary re-

sponses.

After the Last Gospel, Jacques greatly daring, followed the priest into the sacristy. Having said his thanksgiving and removed his vestments, the priest turned to Jacques and said: "For a long time I have come here every night to say again a Mass, which I said carelessly during my life. I was condemned to come until I should find someone to hear Mass. My penance is fulfilled. I leave you with my benediction". And the apparition vanished.

## I'M IN EARNEST NOW

M. A. Stephens

When I went up to London University in 1925 I became a Socialist because it is fashionable at London for students in their first year to be Socialists. During the last three years I have become a Socialist in earnest. And I'll tell you why.

In the fall of 1930 it did appear that people as a whole were at last developing a social conscience. In the big business office in which I worked in Montreal there was both willingness to help the unemployed and generosity in making donations to relief organizations. Many of my friends kept an unemployed man as one of the family throughout the winter. Everybody seemed to regard the care of the poor as a duty. It was unquestioned that I am my brother's keeper. It looked as though at last true brotherhood was appearing on earth. I said to myself — Capitalism is having its chance to justify itself, and is doing so. I felt that a new age was beginning.

That was nearly four years ago. Today that spirit of brotherhood has disappeared. A rudimentary system of public relief has been evolved to keep the unemployed in semi-starvation, and people are contented with that. When a hungry man asks for a meal, he is told that if he were honest he would be cared for by the city. People are satisfied that their duty to the poor is done if, out of the taxes they pay, the unemployed are provided with dry bread and a bundle of wood. Because the occasional beggar smells of beer, it is assumed that all beggars are bums.

Miles Wisenthal wrote in these pages last February of the rich who have merely sacked one chauffeur and reduced the household staff to six maids, a footman and a butler. But it is not only the very rich who are indifferent to the sorrows of humanity. Here in this University we have students who will become intellectual leaders in the circles in which they move. During my time here, not one of the expensive luxuries of student life has been curtailed, in order that the money might be given to clothe the naked and feed the starving.

We have continued to throw away our money on the unnecessarily expensive formal dance and the unnecessarily expensive year book.

Some of us throw food around in the dining room as if we'd never heard of a breadline.

The members of The Mitre Board refused to forego the lining of their stomachs with an annual banquet in order to give the cost of the meal to the poor.

Except for a few individuals, the student body, the intelligentsia of the future, appears entirely unaware of the existence of grave social evils.

The earth continues to bring forth abundantly. But coffee, cotton, wheat are burned in some parts, and in others millions are naked and starving. I ask: Why don't you give these away to those who need them? And the answer thunders from a million producers', manufacturers', distributors' throats: If we can't make a profit out of the B----s, let them starve.

We should be daily denying ourselves all but necessities, that the others may have enough. We should be daily calling on others to do the same. What are we doing? Men continue to amass wealth. Year by year a larger percentage of the population falls below the poverty line. Most of us are indifferent. Unless something is done, the selfishness of the bulk of those who possess riches will lead to a progressive increase in the number of the underprivileged and in the bitterness of their resentment. When it has gone on long enough, there will be revolution.

I have been told, in a table conversation, that in a few weeks it will be my duty as a Christian minister to tell my flock that the powers that be are ordained of God, and that it is the duty of all to maintain them. If those who control the resources of the nation are allowed to continue to use them for selfish ends, I shall undoubtedly teach my people that the powers that be are ordained of the devil, and that it is their duty to support constitutional means for their overthrow. I have immense faith in

Christianity. History shows that the Holy Spirit does secure great triumphs through such imperfect instruments as men, but it also shows that the process of converting the world is a slow one. If the whole world were practically Christian today, there would be no social problem. But it is no comfort to the distressed to tell them that in several hundreds of years the selfish capitalist will have been converted and the gifts of God equitably distributed.

Concentration of wealth in the hands of those who use it, not for the benefit of all mankind, but for selfish ends, is a danger to the community. When my child starts playing with matches, I'm not content with warning her that matches burn. I take them away. When a gangster begins shooting up the town, I'm not content with exhorting him to repentance. I take away his gun. And when the rich begin to handle wealth in a way which menaces the peace of society, I must do away with that menace.

Since these years of depression have shown the failure of private ownership of wealth to use that wealth — as God intended — for the benefit of all, then private ownership must give place to a fairer system of distribution.

Capitalism has had its chance, and failed. So I'm a Socialist in earnest now.

#### DIALOGUE

You've lived a certain number of years, haven't you? You're quite sure of that? You seem quite positive. What is your proof. — Oh, you remember them.

Every night, for eight hours or so, you are asleep. You are unconscious. During that period, do you stay alive?

Yes.

Do you remember it as a part of your life?

*I grant that marble's fair;  
But O, ye Sun and Air,  
Buffet me bronze!*

*Olympian Zeus and Pallas, ivory-wrought  
By Earth and Hellas n'er have been forgot;  
(Thus, here no wrongs!)*

*Life-giving Sun, and Air that quickens Life,  
Buffet me bronze, and strengthen me for strife!*

A.D.B

No.

So far as you were concerned, you did not exist?

Quite so.

Suppose that you were to be made unconscious for three days. Suppose that you contracted sleeping sickness, and lay in a coma for a whole year, and then awakened, and carried on as usual. You'd be a year older. You'd have been alive for those twelve months. Would you remember anything about them?

No, they'd be just a blank space in my life.

There are many such blanks in all our lives. I know that I was alive a certain week in a certain month, but I cannot remember anything that happened. So far as I am concerned, I might as well not have lived that week.

You say that you've lived for so many years. You're sure of it, because you remember them. If it were not for that memory, all your past life would be a blank, and you would as well not have lived it. Can you tell me just what it is you remember — and what it is that you tend to forget.

Well, I remember things that happened to me, or those that I felt, and I forget lots of things that just did not make any particular impression.

Exactly. Just as I thought. *You remember only those things of which your mind was keenly aware.* Your past life exists to you only through remembering experience. And from this day forward, if you do not have any experience sufficiently intense to remember, your life will be a blank, and you might as well not have lived it.

Now, you've only one life. It is reasonable to get the most out of it. You are only alive, *really*, when you are conscious, mentally aware of yourself. And you are only conscious when experiencing. The intelligent life, then, is that which is very much alive, it is intensely aware of itself. The reasonable person is he who so governs his actions that at the end of his span, he will not look back on an animate blank.

#### BRONZE

*But, even though ivory's pure, still, the gold  
Of hair and shield and vestments, we do hold  
More splendid far:*

*And bronze, with all gold's tawny beauty, bath  
The strength to endure down the ages' path;  
So, gods that are,*

## SPRINGTIME NOT IN ARCADIA

Roy Berry

Ah! . . . Another beautiful day! That's lucky, because I can't come out when it's damp. The park's beginning to look green and fresh now, and sometimes the sun is almost too warm. Nurses bring out their children to play on the grass, so it must be quite dry. . . . That's Thomas behind me — my valet, who gives me my pills and tells me when it's time to go in. He's really very good.

Listen! . . . There's a robin. There were lots of robins when I first saw this park — but that was a long time ago. Fifty years, perhaps; I forget. I was just a youngster then; so was she. Thomas could tell you how long ago it was; he knows how old I am.

That big building wasn't here then, and there was no war memorial. The last time we came here was on a Sunday, I think. We'd been riding in the country, she and I, and stopped at this park on our way back. The fountain was there, so we sat near it and fed the squirrels with nuts, and talked. That was before I went to Canada, and we were making plans of what we'd do when I came back. I was to go out to the Golden West and get rich — I couldn't marry her otherwise, because her parents would only have someone with wealth or position. I didn't have either, but that didn't make any difference to her. She didn't care for outside appearances.

At first we were going to elope — she was the one to suggest that. We were going to steal away one night to my uncle, who was a parson and would marry us. There we would stay till her people cooled down a little, and then take our places in the world again, as man and wife.

But I wouldn't agree; I loved her too much to expose her to so much pain. She was fond of her parents in spite of their hardness.

So I came to Canada — out to the Golden West. I wasn't over strong, but I worked hard, and at the end of two years I'd saved up nearly enough. We wrote, but

the mails were slow then — no "Bremen" or "Majestic". I blamed it on the mails, but at last I began to believe what I feared — she wasn't writing so often. There seemed to be something she didn't want to tell me. Impatient as I was to get back and see what was the matter, I stayed on for another year. Then I returned, my purse full of money and my heart full of joy. I'd proved myself worthy of her; I'd worked patiently for three hard years so we could be married. But she'd married someone else.

Oh, I know. If I weren't myself, I'd sniff and say "The old story" too. But it makes a lot of difference when it happens to you personally. I'd heard and read

tales like it too, hundreds of them. And every time I sniffed and said "The same old story." But since it happened to me, I've been different.

Every Spring when Thomas lets me, I come out into this park, and dream about her and our last meeting here. I can afford to — I've worked hard all my life. I had to, till time took away some of the pain. But I was sick then; overwork, the doctors said. Maybe; I don't know. Anyway, Thomas has to give me pills two or three times a day now.

She had on a black riding-habit. . . . They say men aren't observant; I can describe in detail how she looked then. When I'm sitting alone, thinking, I go over it all again, to see if my memory is still good.

She was beautiful; and I thought she'd never looked more beautiful than she did that day, sitting against a background of green and white lilac. The squirrels came to her more readily than they did to me, as everything else did. We sat there for an hour, talking over plans, guessing about what my life in Canada would be like. We planned our wedding, and even decided to call the first child Evelyn. We talked till dusk, and then I saw her home. The next day my ship sailed for America.

#### MY CLOCK

*you rat  
gnawing away at my vital organs  
giving me life — then taking it away  
always varying your pace  
just to be cussed  
too fast when the moment of pleasure is vanishing  
too slow when the hour of pain is on hand  
and this — after the trouble i take to keep you right  
i'd break you to bits if i thought it would help  
but you're just a mouthpiece  
i realize that  
so tick on into infinity and see if i care*

Bruce Munro.

When I get to this part of my memories, I stop. I don't like to think about those three years of heart-breaking labour and their reward. Instead, I try to imagine what it would have been like if she hadn't married him. She, not Thomas, would be looking after me now; perhaps I'd have a tall son to pass things on to; I'd have a home, instead of a bachelor apartment; invitations would come to Mr. and Mrs. instead of just Mr.; and every Spring she and I would come out into the park . . . . .

"Your pills, Sir."

## A MODEST PROPOSAL

E. A. Hutchison

Of all the menaces to the residential collegian it is unanimously agreed that the male day student is the greatest. He is endowed with a keen, diabolical instinct that enables him to gain access to your room for the sole purpose of molesting you with his presence. This unique art he practices between lecture periods. It is not an uncommon sight to return from a lecture and find a day student taking absolute possession of your room. His books are strewn at random over your desk, his coat and other accessories in like manner adorn your bed or chair, while he to crown matters is most comfortably seated in your easy chair. Feeling no compunction whatsoever with regard to his intrusion but rather on the other hand confident of a hospitable reception he proceeds to demand a cigarette. The most tolerant residential must admit this is a fan to the kindled flame. Your angry passions rise, and your temper urges you on to annihilation of the pest; but, before the gathering storm breaks, your nobler parts repel these thoughts and you try, though with limited success, to raise the banner of compassion. While this mental conflict is raging he is devising some new method for further provocation.

On parade day he makes it a point to polish his buttons in your room. Of course this is absolutely necessary. It is quite unthinkable and even more impossible to make this change at his boarding house. He would be base indeed who would make any such ridiculous suggestion! Then as a reward for your kindness, he recompenses you by getting over to the dining hall first and sitting in your place, leaving you to shift for yourself as best you can.

From the point of view of the freshman he is a typical gentleman. He does not soil his hands in such menial occupations as moving the piano, chairs, putting lime on the rugby field, and many other degrading tasks too numerous to mention. He is a tactful gentleman.

Far be it from me, a mere residential, to make any

allusions as to the negligence of the faculty with respect to the oppressed day students, but I should like in conclusion to offer my humble suggestions to alleviate the deplorable distress which is at present confronting them. My suggestion is this; that a building of ample size should be erected in the near future for the accommodation of day students only. As to its architecture, its situation and its size. I will discreetly leave them in the hands of the non-residentials, since they, who are to occupy it, will best know what will meet their desires. Of course I should like to press the exigence of its being furnished with modern conveniences such as divans, chesterfields and easy chairs. There is undoubtedly among our day students an appreciation of music and perhaps even an ability to play certain instruments. In such case I suggest that the installation of radios, the purchase of phonographs and player-pianos would be most appropriate. Finally I would consider the employment of servants to serve coffee, cakes and occasionally ice cream; not too exorbitant a demand under the circumstances. Humble as my suggestions are, I deem them worthy of consideration. It behooves us not to shirk our duty but to hasten its execution.

## WHEN SILENCE IS A VIRTUE

A. E. W. Godwin

The question has recently been put to me: Is it right for a person to confess an injury done to another if the revelation will only cause pain to the person to whom the confession is made? I have unhesitatingly answered that in nearly every case it would be quite definitely wrong to make a confession. Silence is best. Let us suppose that someone of whom you are fond has spoken ill of you, believing at the time that he spoke the truth. If he knows you better now, and is your firm friend, what good would it do for him to talk about the poor opinion he once had of you and his reason for holding it?

We would unnecessarily hurt your feelings, and perhaps cause estrangement between you. If you were wise, you would tell him you did not want to hear anything of the sort, and that you were content to enjoy his friendship now.

Of course, the problem would be different if he had injured you in the esteem of someone else. It would be his duty to put that wrong right. Some people have a passion for knowing the worst that others have said about them. That is a sure way of destroying their own peace. Never seek to know any such thing if you can possibly avoid it, and never take notice of it unless the slander is so serious as to destroy your good name among people whose respect you value.

There is a malicious streak in some natures, which prompts them to reveal what they know to another's discredit without considering the mischief they may do in the telling. What a hateful thing it is to ruin the happiness of a home circle by exposing some folly of husband or son, and causing grief to wife or parent in the process. To sow suspicion and mistrust between old friends in the same manner is as wicked.

If you have reason to believe that a friend or neighbour is being tricked by a plausible deceiver, you may be morally bound to open his eyes, even at some risk to yourself; but this is not likely to happen very often in life. What does happen far too commonly is that people take an unholy pleasure in blighting a reputation without reasonable cause. If you happen to have come into pos-

session of a secret that would break an innocent heart if told, you would be a dastard if you told it. If no one would be the worse for your silence, keep your knowledge to yourself.

If you are yourself the culprit, and long to ask forgiveness of one against whom you have sinned, be careful what you do. *That longing of yours may be pure selfishness.* If your disclosure can only be made at the cost of lasting sorrow to one who cares for you and believes in you, do not rashly wound that love and trust.

The test of sincerity in speaking or being silent is consideration for the happiness of those with whom you have to do. There is no relationship in life wherein the truest kindness does not sometimes require a sealing of the lips.

## THE SLAVE

*Time stretches out its endless chain until  
We see man conquering from age to age,  
Binding the law of nature to his will,  
Building a great to greater heritage.*

*The argosies of steel track every sea,  
Making huge space contract into a span;  
Ships of the air place in his hand the key,  
Which keeps the vaults of never ending time.*

*The physicist curbs lightning's fiery spear,  
And makes that angry giant bend to rein;  
A white masked figure in the surgeon's gear,  
Saves twice ten thousand lives from death and pain.*

*And yet, this image of exalted dust  
Bows his poor head to envy, greed and hate,  
Leaving his own untended wealth to rust,  
Steals from his brother of a distant state.*

*Fleets of the air, meant for a nobler use,  
Are taught to rain pale death upon mankind;  
He makes vain patriot zeal his lame excuse,  
To satisfy his carnage maddened mind.*

*The scientist beneath fear's cutting lash,  
Creates dread weapons for the tyrant hate;  
We see his work on blameless millions flash,  
Leaving whole nations torn and desolate.*

*Can he who boasts his rule o'er sea and land,  
Drive not these tyrants from his wretched life?  
Alas, twice blind and deaf he fears to stand,  
When smiling greed urges him on to strife.*

E. S. Davis.

## DEBATING

## DIVINITY FACULTY TAKES TROPHY

The Final Inter-Faculty Debate of the year took place in Convocation Hall on May 10th. As each Faculty had a victory to its credit, the debate decided the winner of the Skinner Trophy, which was awarded to the Divinity Faculty when they successfully upheld the affirmative of the resolution, "Resolved, that Government control of the

trol would eliminate those whose interest it was to stimulate war.

E. Boothroyd, in opening the negative side of the debate, stated that if the Government was to have control over the manufacture of armaments, it must first be necessary for the Government to assume control over the basic



INTER-UNIVERSITY DEBATING TEAM

manufacture and sale of armaments and munitions would be in the best interests of mankind."

The main argument of M. A. Stephens, who opened the debate for the affirmative, was that the Government is justified in interfering in private business where that business is conducted so as to be a menace to the people. It was against the public interest to have war, yet the armament firms could only thrive on war. They must jeopardize the peace and safety of millions to make profits for a few thousand shareholders. They stimulated international armament races, disseminating false reports about the military strength of other nations and used publicity to stir up national fears and hatreds. Government con-

industries whose products were used in the production of armaments. Such a move would inevitably lead to Socialism, and this, he maintained, the affirmative were trying to prove would be in the interests of mankind. Under Government control, armaments would still be manufactured and there was nothing to prevent the Governments from being just as effective in selling these armaments as were individuals under the present system.

L. A. Maven, the second speaker for the affirmative, pointed out that the manufacture and sale of armaments by private concerns had been proven to be the means of increased prices. When the British Government set up nationally owned factories during the world war, it had

been the means of saving the Government a total of four hundred and forty million pounds. This saving was a great help to the taxpayer, as the profits gained by private manufacturers must ultimately come from the pockets of the taxpayers.

The second speaker of the negative, G. Deachman, pointed out that the manufacture of arms is a highly industrialized business, requiring such materials as steel, coal, chemicals, and electricity. Any country not possessing these materials would have to purchase them from another country, and therefore an attempt to control the products used in the manufacture of armaments would only serve to cripple international trade.

In concluding the arguments of the affirmative, Cecil Royle deplored the lack of patriotism as shown by armaments manufacturers. Arms rings had been established, through which the armament race had been accentuated by playing off one country against another. Arms manufactured in Britain had been used to kill British soldiers, and the same was true of other countries, it was claimed.

Government control of arms, he pointed out, would definitely shorten war, for no nation would sell arms to an opponent. Under the present system, with directors of arms firms reaping such large profits, it was in their interests to foster the spirit of war.

In concluding the debate, M. Wisenthal declared that the nationalization of arms could not result in peace. Governments were interested in the expansion of trade and territory, and would do all they could to secure their aim. He asserted that the best way of establishing peace was to place the manufacture and sale of armaments under the control of a neutral body, such as the League of Nations.

At the close of the Debate, a vote of thanks was tendered to Rev. A. Jones, and to Messrs. Rugg and Skinner, who acted as judges. The trophy was then presented to the winning team by Mr. Skinner, and the Inter-University debating trophy, won by Bishop's this year for the first time, was presented to the Inter-University debating team by the President of the Society, Ruston Lamb, on behalf of the Inter-University Debating League.

## HART HOUSE QUARTET

The second visit of the Hart House String Quartet on April 24, gave us the very welcome opportunity of again hearing first class music played by a first class quartet. The pleasure experienced was all the more keen because seldom, if ever, is it possible to hear good quartet music in this part of Canada. The audience as a whole must look forward eagerly to the privilege of hearing the Quartet again next year.

The programme performed this time was certainly a more serious one than that given at the last visit of the Quartet; but there was a suitable group of pieces of a lighter character between the two long quartets and also some very enjoyable encores. The Quartet began with Schubert's famous Death and the Maiden quartet, and once more the lovely treatment in the second movement of the long melody which gives its name to the work stood out as the first of the movements. Among the shorter pieces that followed the well known Haydn Serenade and a beautiful Mozart minuet were most appreciated. Few people, however, seem to have been impressed by the rather "Georgian" piece of Mr. Lea Sowerby, a contemporary American composer. The Ravel Quartet which concluded the performance was perhaps the finest and also the most difficult work performed during the evening. This is the only quartet Ravel has written, and it was a unique opportunity to hear it performed by players who had studied it under the composer himself. The work illustrates the fluid and also extremely sensitive character of all Ravel's

music; it is very similar in style to his master Debussy's only work in this musical form. Though the third movement may seem rather long drawn out, the fast second movement is surely one of the finest pieces of quartet music ever written.

As a listener with no technical qualifications it would be mere arrogance to criticise the quality of the playing. But we may be allowed to praise the "pianissimo" playing of the first violin, and to admire the tone of Mr. Hambourg's amazing 'cello which was particularly apparent in the "pizzicato" accompaniment to the Haydn Serenade. The Hart House Quartet has played together long enough to ensure a perfect balance of tone; in time we may hope, they will achieve the international reputation of such great quartets as the Tener or the Flonzaley. To have the opportunity of hearing them in Lennoxville must be accounted a very great privilege.

In conclusion we may be allowed to say a word in praise of the behaviour of the audience, one of the most important considerations at such concerts. It is true that many insisted on applauding between each movement, a nuisance which, however, did not seem to annoy the players. But considering the notorious discomfort of the chairs and the difficult character of some of the music, the silence and respect of the audience was an admirable improvement on the usual programme-rustling, chair-squaking, throat-clearing habits of some listeners.

C.C.L.



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## MAJOR PLAY

### THE DOVER ROAD

The choice of "The Dover Road" as the principal production of the Dramatic Society for this year proved to be a wise one. Milne's comedy has an interesting plot full of the unusual, a great many charming and amusing lines, and some real openings for acting. Most of the parts are not very clearly defined; as a result, though some of the more subtle points were missed or fell flat, those who took part had a real opportunity to show what they were capable of.

The most successful performance among the difficult parts was that of John Macaulay as Latimer. He was helped in his impersonation by his make up, which was very good. While he was on the stage one felt that one was watching some entirely different person moving about and speaking. He adopted his normal gestures to the part in a convincing manner and his whole appearance gave one the impression of mystery and strangeness which belong to the character of Latimer.

Eleanor Raymond and George Whalley, as Eustasia and Dominic respectively, were most successful in somewhat easier parts than that of Latimer. As the cossetting and wifely Eustasia, Miss Raymond threw herself into the part with real gusto, and gave a flawless performance. She alone managed to get real variation into her voice, and her inflection was admirably suited to the part; before she had spoken more than two or three words one began to shudder at the mere sound of her voice. Whalley had a very grim presence, and one felt that he was always barely restraining himself from biting somebody. He packed the utmost of feeling and expression into every word he said, and into every movement. Right up to the end of the play he maintained his part with scarcely a let down, his acting contributing greatly to the general atmosphere of mystery.

The part of Leonard, played by Ogden Glass is quite difficult. In the first place, an English accent of the peerage is required, and Glass was only partly successful in this, occasionally lapsing to his own voice or to an intermediate stage. In the first act his acting lacked confidence, but he was more at home on the stage in the second act with a few props in the way of shaving utensils. In spite of these weaknesses, however, he put on a very good representation of a rather impetuous and stupid English lord, though hampered by lack of make up. His improvisation when he lost his razor on Wednesday night was very

natural and noticed by few in the audience.

The character of Anne, too, is difficult to portray, because she seems at times to be very ingenuous, and at other times to be most charming and intelligent. Though inexperienced and unable to show the most subtle changes in Anne's mind, Kay Speid made a charming and attractive Anne. At times her voice was not strong enough to be heard by all the audience, and in common with the rest of the cast, she did not always wait until the laughter had stopped before continuing with her lines. John Bassett was well cast in the part of the young and impetuous Nicholas, who falls in love with everybody in sight. He was a good foil for Eustasia. At times, however, he overacted, and occasionally did not understand what was required of him.

There remain to be mentioned the staff and the last arrivals. Tomkins was perhaps too disdainful, and superior even for a footman, and Morrow looked more like the part. The Misses Bradley were neat and stealthy maids. And everyone knew that Eberts was a duke the minute he appeared on the stage with his prospective duchess.

On the whole, though a bit slow at the beginning, the play went smoothly. At times, as had been said, the players were unable to give justice to Milne's very subtle lines. The English atmosphere was enhanced by the continual reference to "an hotel", somewhat jarring to a Canadian ear. The scenery and the costumes of the domestic staff were bright and helped to make up for the lack of costume. Most of the cast will be here next year, so with more experience they will be able to improve in the direction indicated.

Much of the success of the play must be attributed to Dean Carrington, who directed the production. He has had considerable experience in directing and acting, both at the College and in New Zealand. Consequently he was able not only to direct and dispose the actors on the stage competently, but also to help in interpreting the various parts. He was untiring in his efforts at rehearsals, and contributed many suggestions and improvements.

Pibus, Elkin and Dawes were in charge of the stage and properties, and are to be congratulated on their capable discharge of a thankless task. As far as one could see there were no hitches, and the properties were in keeping with the story.

T.C.

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## SPORTS

### FIELD SPORTS

The track meet with B.C.S. on the College grounds on May 14th was brought about chiefly through the energy of A. J. H. Richardson and the help of Bill Gedye. When he proposed the idea at a meeting a long time ago, it was not very warmly received as everyone imagined that they would be studying hard at the proposed date. True to nature, however, many turned out to take part in the sports or to watch them when the day arrived, and both the School and the College had a good number of entries in the various events.

The Ground Committee was composed of Richardson, Gedye, Perkins and Purdy. Dr. McGreer, Prof. Lloyd, Mr. Griffiths and Mr. Home were the judges.

The following were the results of the various events:  
100-yard dash—1, Dan Doheny, B.C.S.; 2, Bill Gedye, Bishop's; 3, J. Egerton, B.C.S. Time 10.4 seconds.

220-yard dash — 1, Doheny, B.C.S.; 2, W. Gedye, Bishop's; 3, J. Egerton, B.C.S. Time 21.4 seconds.

440-yard dash—1, John Baillie, B.C.S.; 2, Hugh Powell, Bishop's; 3, J. Egerton, B.C.S. Time 1.03 min.

880-yard run — 1, Allen Boswell, B.C.S.; 2, Fred Royal, Bishop's; 3, Chris Eberts, Bishop's. Time 2 min. 17 seconds.

Mile run — 1, G. Harley, B.C.S.; 2, Eldon Davis, Bishop's; 3, F. Royal, Bishop's.

One-mile relay — 1, B.C.S., A. Boswell, R. Moncel, J. Baillie and D. Doheny; 2 Bishop's, W. Gedye, H. Powell, Ian Hume and J. Egerton.

Running High Jump — 1, I. Hume, Bishop's; 2, "Rusty" Baird, Bishop's; 3, W. Gedye, Bishop's. Height 5 feet 6 inches.

Running Broad Jump — 1, I. Hume, Bishop's; 2, D. Doheny, B.C.S.; 3, Ernie Hutchinson, Bishop's. Distance 18 feet 5/4 inches.

Discus — 1, Syd. McHarg, Bishop's; 2, G. Baird, Bishop's; 3, Herb. Colditz, B.C.S. Distance 97 ft. 2 inches.

### INTER-BUILDING SOFTBALL

To judge from the enthusiastic crowd of fans present at the games, the introduction of softball as a minor sport seems to have been a success. A diamond was marked out on the field across the river, and as soon as the necessary equipment could be procured, a schedule was drawn up.

Four teams were entered: New Arts, Old Arts, Divinity, (the Old Lodge became temporarily Divines) and the Day Students. Unfortunately Divinity held rather

an advantage in that one member of their team had played softball before. Thanks to his almost professional pitching, the gentlemen of the cloth won easy victories over their less fortunate adversaries. The Day Students went down to Divinity to the tune of 20-9; Old Arts managed to steal one run, the score being 14-1, with Bas Stevens as the redeeming feature; while New Arts held them to the comparatively low score of 5-2.

Among the other three teams one game was played, and in it New Arts beat Old Arts with the score of 14-8. The Day Students, discouraged after their encounter with the clergy, refused to meet the laity and defaulted their games with New and Old Arts.

### CRICKET

This spring on account of the appeal made by C. Carson, C. L. O. Glass and others, the Council provided some equipment for cricket. The quality of the numbers that turned out to practice on the field or at the B.C.S. nets, showed that had we more time to spare at this season of the year we could form a creditable cricket team at the College. As it was, with the little serious training there was, it gave many people pleasure and exercise.

The first of the two matches in which the Bishop's "Jaegers" took part was with B.C.S. on the latter's field on the afternoon of May 2nd. In the first innings neither team showed much proficiency from the point of view of batting, although there was some good bowling and the fielding was very fair. The School led in that innings by nine runs.

In the second innings — or what there was of one in the hour's batting given to each team — the College settled down to some steady batting. By the end of "their hour" the Jaegers had only three wickets down and in the final "over" Glass piled up the amazing score of 26 runs. In their turn the School also showed improvement in their batting although most of their wickets had fallen at the end of their hour.

The School's leading bowlers were MacKinnon, Wilson and Byers, while Stephens and Gray took most of the wickets for the College. As the second innings could not be completed, the School won the day on the strength of their first bats.

The following represented the College in this match: Gray, Stephens, Griffiths, Curry, J. Carson, C. Carson, Glass, Bassett, Powell, Eberts, Aikins, Page.

A week later the College played with the B. C. S. Masters - the "Pedantics" - on their field. Messrs. Grier,

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Love and Griffiths bowled for the Pedantics, the first two taking most of the wickets. Stephens and Gray again bowled well for the College. Neither team batted or fielded well, but quite favourably considering how little they had practised. Mr. Grier got 48 runs, the highest score of the afternoon and Jack Carson did well with 37. The Masters won the match and afterwards Mr. Grier very kindly provided refreshments for the players — always a blessing to those who have been fielding for a couple of hours.

The following played for the Jaegars against the Pedantics:- Mr. Lloyd, Gray, Stephens, Glass, C. Carson, J. Carson, Bassett, Powell, Page, Muir, Aikins.

### ROAD RACES

The Mrs. McGreer Shield race and the Dunn Cup race took place on May 5th and 10th respectively.

Fred Royal won the individual race, completing the course in 30 minutes, 10 seconds. F. Davis and John Ford won second and third places, but Royal was not seriously threatened by them. Berry, Purdy, Macaulay, Walker and Doak also finished in the order named.

In the Dunn Cup race between years, third year and grads came in first. The time 33 minutes, 30 seconds made by Harry Griffiths, former McGill runner, sets a new record for the course. F. Royal followed Griffiths to the finish one minute later, and John Ford again took third place. He was followed by: Macaulay, Purdy, Boothroyd and Royle.

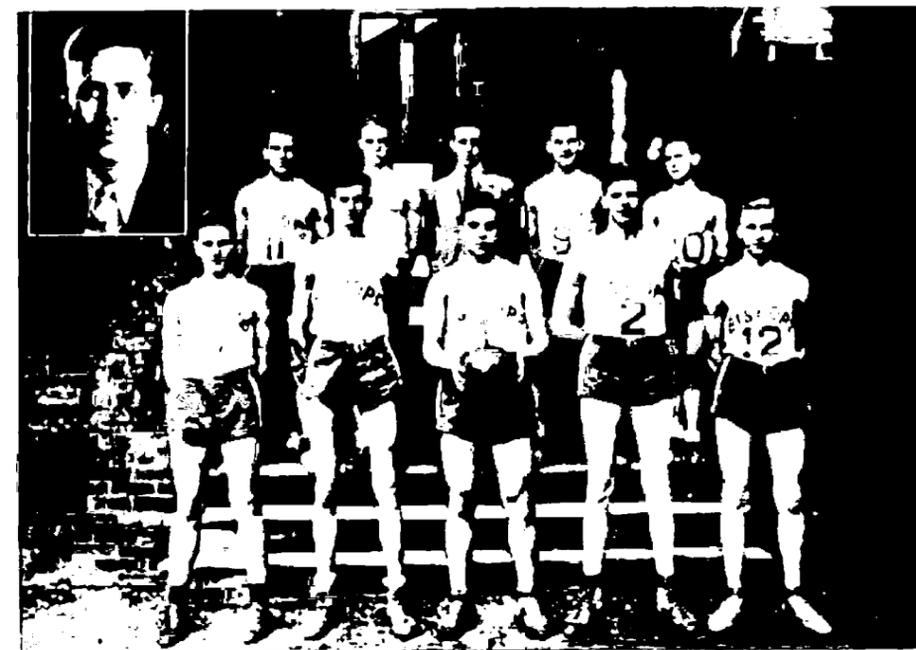
### TENNIS AND GOLF

Although, at the time of writing, the tennis-courts have only been open for a few days, they are in fairly good condition. Many strenuous sets have already been played and the interest in tennis seems to have survived in spite of the newly formed softball league and the "Austrian" tone which has become so deep-rooted in Bishop's since the "Jaegars" thrust a foot forward. Certainly, (and it is doubtless a definite sign of the popularity of tennis) even if you leave the dining-hall two minutes after 1.00 p.m. to reserve a court, you are just as sure as ever to find the courts crowded.

Nor is the golf-course neglected these days — no, poor thing. Of course we have some good golfers who turn out regularly and make the game look easy; but the greater part of these who play at Bishop's are just ardent beginners — and probably will always have to depend on beginners' luck or "guidance." There can be no doubt, however, that those intending to devote themselves to things literary, no matter how poor their game is, find golf useful for the practice of technique (or, more properly "first trials of their wings"); viz: in the turning of pretty phrases, similes, etc., resulting in fact in a decided widening of the intellectual horizon.

One gentleman, on being blinded by clouds of sand and flying turf, as he approached the Club-house the other day said: "What! I thought the Club was open! Why isn't their 'Men at Work' sign up?"

However, it is hoped that if in the meantime nature can compete with the devastations of man, we will have a good golf tournament after the exams.



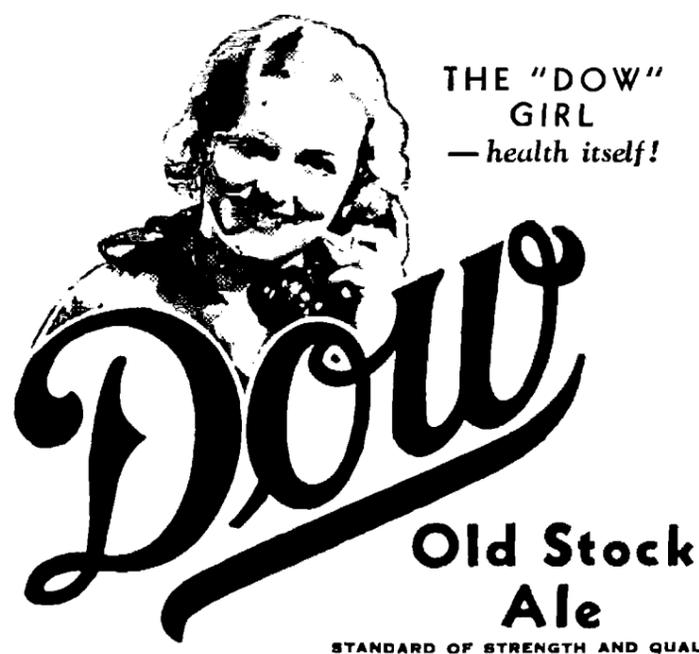
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### NEWS AND NOTES

## "NEATH THE CLOISTER'S SHADE"

### MITRE MEETING AND BANQUET

The final General Board meeting of The Mitre was held in the Council room on May 4th. After the annual reports from the various officers, the President, John Ford, thanked the Board for their work of the past year, before handing over the Chair to Jack Richardson. It was the feeling of all present that The Mitre had made very definite progress during the past few years, and not a little during Mr. Ford's term of office. This was seen in the fact that many articles on political and social questions had been arousing much interest among the students who, in former years, had never shown much response to The Mitre. Lately there has been more public-spiritedness in the magazine, and as was remarked, less of the "Muckin About the Malay" tone.

A very pleasant Mitre banquet was held in the Magog House on May 16th. In spite of the numerous pages of Ms. that our Editor, T. LeM. Carter (here more properly, Cave Man Carter) shuffled about during dinner, to the relief of all, when the time came for him to move a toast to the ladies, he gave only a few, short, caustic remarks on that most primaevial theme of restriction of woman to domestic duties.

Among the guests were Prof. C. C. Lloyd and Mr. A. V. Ottiwell who are leaving at the end of this year. The Board were especially pleased that they could attend the dinner as it would be the last occasion on which the generous help which both have given to The Mitre could be recognized. As the last speakers of the evening they made some good criticism of The Mitre and wished its President-elect, Mr. Richardson, the best luck for the future.

### POLITICAL DISCUSSION GROUP

The Political Discussion Group held two meetings in the summer term. At the first, held at Dr. Boothroyd's house, Lee Heath gave a paper on "Race and Politics". He outlined the division of the world's population into three great races, white, black and yellow, and the further subdivisions. Discussion centered around the question of the influence of the conflict of race and nationality in world affairs.

At the second meeting in Mr. Lloyd's rooms Miles Wisenthal gave a paper on "Lenin". His description dealt

with Lenin's life particularly before he acquired power with the establishment of the Soviet government. The paper evoked much interesting discussion on Lenin's work and the growth of socialistic ideas generally.

The meetings of the Group throughout the last two terms have been fairly successful, producing good papers and some informed discussion. There is a danger, however, for the discussion to degenerate into a free-for-all with each person trying to enforce his own pet opinions. The only way to prevent this is to centre the talk around the points brought up by the paper and have some person responsible for cutting short any who tend to wander.

### ROVER CREW

The Rovers have met five times this term, and during that time have entertained a number of guests in their den — in this respect we have been much more active than hitherto. R.-L. Meekren (of Stanstead), Cub-Master Hicks (of Sherbrooke), Mike Wisenthal, Mack Muir, Colin Cuttall, the Rev. J. H. Dicker, the Rev. Hal Church, 2 of the Lennoxville Scouts — and Ranger, have all visited us, and most of them have made repayment by a talk of some nature or by musical entertainment.

This activity culminated on May 14, when we had our final meeting for the year; Mr. Dicker, Wisenthal, Cuttall and Muir were our guests (most of them having visited us previously). George Whalley was unfortunately not able to attend. A book was presented to Bert Eagles, the only member of the Crew who will not be back next year. Mr. Dicker gave a talk on British Honduras, food (and menus) were amply provided, and musical accompaniment was supplied by Mack Muir. The meeting did not break up till midnight. A financial report was given, and we finish this year with 14¢ in the credit column. Jack Richardson was elected Mate for next term (succeeding Gordon Hall) and Bud Miller became next year's Scribe. At the close of the meeting guests and Rovers signed their names in the Log Book.

Perhaps the most valuable work done this term has been the open discussions held at most of the meetings, on such subjects as the relations of Rovering, Scouting and Cubbing to each other and to external authorities. It should be noted, too, that our Skipper attended the Rover Moot in Montreal this term.

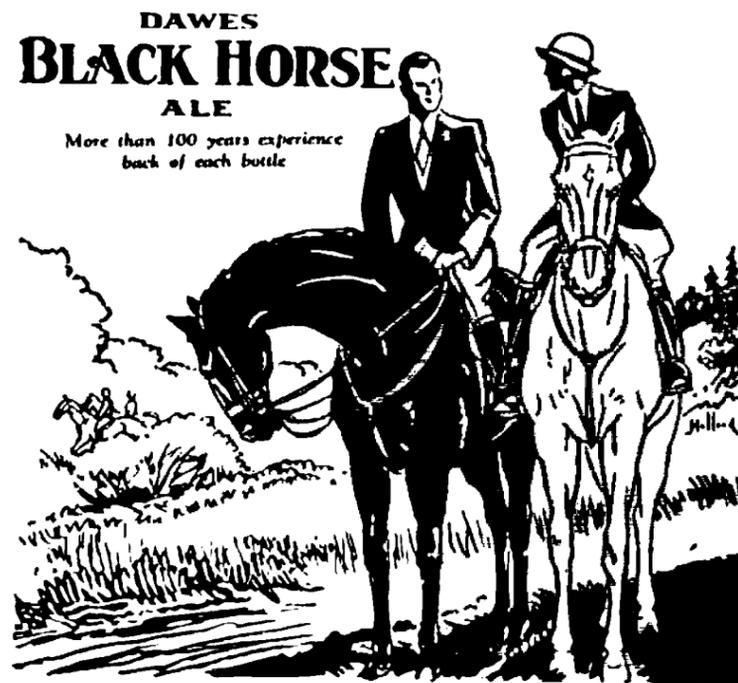
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### WOMEN'S GLEE CLUB

The Women's Glee Club met once a week either at the home of Mrs. Boothroyd or at those of other members who kindly offered to entertain us. The number of members was larger than that of last year, and though out of the recruits we could discover only altos, making three in all, we struggled through two and even three part songs with varying degrees of success. The climax was reached on May 9th when we gave a tea and musicale in Convocation Hall. The guest artists were Mary Earle, Jacqueline Schwartz, George Morrow and the Men's Quartet. With the amount of money received from it, we hope to buy a radio. Sincere thanks are due to Mrs. Boothroyd for her great patience and kindness, and to the girls themselves for turning out so well.

### VALE

Ever since the terse paragraph in the Gazette announced that Mr. Christopher Lloyd had resigned from the Faculty of the University, and with the announcement had confirmed the worst fears of the students, who had heard rumours and whispers for months, the members of the University have been trying to imagine what the place will be like without him.

He has been here four years. In that time he has done the ordinary work of a lecturer in the English department by giving a survey course to the first year and a novel course to the second. He has taught composition to both years, a yeoman task in itself. But it is in the more advanced courses of the third year and honour work that he has distinguished himself with his lectures on the Jacobean period, and on Literary Criticism. In his work he has revealed qualities of mind which identify him as a scholar and an enthusiast, who can communicate his scholarship and enthusiasm.

In the extra-curricular side he has touched the lives of all students, whether they have taken English or not. In this side he is a paradox. He professes disdain for brawn, yet he will play any man into a collapse at tennis, and he won a Badminton tournament this year. He has fostered the growth of a political discussion group and hands out literature of various shades of red and pink. He has an interesting and varied collection of gramophone discs and suffers the visitations of any undergrad who claims to 'like' music. He knows as much, if not more, about the modern drama than any member of the faculty or student body, yet he produced the most senseless farce the Dramatic Society has done. It nearly killed him to do it, but he did it because somebody had to. He has been dean of residence and has tempered justice with mercy, with mercy predominating.

Aside from all this activity and the prodigious efforts

demanding by his teaching, he has written a work on Robert Greene; as well as articles for the reviews, and an occasional bit for The Mitre. He has been a busy man and his busyness has been reflected in the life of the University. His work has made the students more serious, more curious, and, wonderful to relate, more industrious. His influence has been so strong it may be that the results will last after he has gone.

And now, toasted by committees and dined by boards, Mr. Lloyd goes forth to further teaching or post-graduate work. All who have known him at Bishop's wish him well

### LETTER

In connection with the article in the April issue about the history of the College, we have received a letter from President Moore of the University of King's College. Dr. Moore adds to Richardson's account a description of the fire of 1891. In that fire the Codex Sinaiticus which is now in the Library was recovered from the College grounds by Dr. Moore, where it had been left by a pilferer. The fact that we have a copy of that famous manuscript in the library today, therefore, is due to Dr. Moore's initiative. He also corrected the statement by Richardson that The Mitre was issued at first under the name of the Bishop's University Magazine. The mistake arose from the fact that the project was discussed in the meetings of the Students' Association under that name.

### ART EXHIBITION

As the Art Exhibition held last year by the Ladies of the University was a success, the venture was repeated from May 25th to 27th, Dr. Call assisting in procuring the pictures.

Numerous pictures were hung, mainly from private collections in Lennoxville and Sherbrooke, a picture of the Rockies by Cullen was one of the most finished productions. Other well known Canadian artists who were represented were A. Suzor Coté, E. Wylie Grier, A. Y. Jackson and F. Coburn.

Among those who exhibited from Lennoxville were Dr. Call, Mrs. Richardson, Mrs. Boothroyd, Miss Gill, Mr. Sauerbrei and Mr. Hawkins. The Principal, the Dean, Mr. Kuehner, Mr. Preston, Mr. Grier and numerous students and friends of the College lent pictures and in that way contributed to the success of the Exhibition.

Those who conceived and carried out the idea of an Art Exhibition this year and last are certainly to be congratulated. For despite the fact that Lennoxville is quite a distance from any large centre or collection of painting, they managed to secure a group very representative of Canadian Art.

## Greetings !

To the Graduates, under Graduates and  
Students of Bishop's University  
we extend our best wishes  
for your health and  
prosperity

BECK PRESS REG'D.

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## GRADUATES IN LENNOXVILLE AND OTTAWA

M. A. Stephens

After almost a whole academic year of scratching for fragments of graduates' news, the conductor of this column has been so generously assisted for the present issue that he has felt he need do nothing but join his hands across his paunch and dream of the days — at hand now — when he also will be a graduate, able to turn a deaf ear to the wails of the Alumni Editor.

All the news about our graduates which precedes the first big black dot below comes from the typewriter of Grace Jackson, vice-president of the Lennoxville Alumnae. The account of the merry feasting of various Ottawa clergymen, which follows, is contributed by the Rev. W. W. Davis, B.A. '31, who is enjoying life at Ottawa as Curate of St. Matthew's, Ottawa correspondent of the Canadian Churchman, and husband of Aubrey Acheson, B.A. '29. Bill will be with us at Convocation to receive his B.D.

To these correspondents much thanks. The news below the second black dot is your Editor's justification for having his name at the head of the column.

### A PRIZE FOR CO-EDS

On Easter Tuesday afternoon, April 3rd, the Lennoxville branch of Bishop's University Alumnae Association held its annual meeting at the home of Mrs. Fred Pattison on the Moulton Hill Road. The success of the meeting was due in part to the record attendance, and in part to the pleasant social atmosphere which we were able to enjoy through the kindness of Mrs. Pattison. The retiring president, Geraldine Seale, B.A. '30, was in the chair, and conducted the business meeting. Among other decisions it was agreed to donate \$15.00 to the Women Students' Association to help with the expenses of their club-rooms, and to offer a prize of \$10.00 this June, to the co-ed obtaining the highest aggregate marks in second year. The election of officers which followed resulted in the appointment of Dorothy Hall, B.A. '25, as president, Grace Jackson, B.A. '31, as vice-president, and Dorothy Dean, B.A. '28, as secretary, while Mrs. Pattison was chosen by acclamation to retain her office of treasurer for the next year.

During the tea hour the living-room buzzed with the gossip of old friends meeting and greeting, and the chatter left no doubt in our minds that the Alumnae liked to hear the "hows", "whens", and "wherefors" of the members of their exclusive society — the "old girls". And what of the things we heard there while we sipped our tea and munched our buttered rolls?

Dorothy Dean informed us that she intends to leave her urban haunts to teach in the Mitchell School, Sherbrooke, next year. Also Greeta Frizzell, B.A. '31, we learned, is going to teach grade VIII in the Sherbrooke High School.

Iola Beaulieu, B.A. '32, is leaving Sherbrooke to help educate the youth of Quebec city. She will teach in Commissioner's High.

Mabel Blier, B.A. '32, intends to continue on at Knowlton, where she teaches in the High School.

Marion Burt, B.A. '28, is leaving Ayer's Cliff for the Bedford High School, but Lennoxville will see her weekends as long as driving is possible.

A number of our Lennoxville members are teaching in Montreal or in its vicinity. Among these are to be found several famous ones of old — Jean Colquhoun, Phyllis Smith, Dorris Bennett and Olga Jackson, all of '29, and also Edith and Margaret Swanson, graduates of '30 and '28 respectively, and Jean Pearton of '30.

Esther England, B.A. '27, and Bernice Hunten are taking their M.A. degrees this year, both writing their thesis on some historical topic.

"Pat" Strong of '31 we learned took a business course last year in Montreal and has since become a competent member of the office staff of The T. Eaton Co.

And so the news ran. There were more items than we can record here just now, but as it was decided to have a Mitre representative among the Alumnae officials, next fall will probably see a longer and more representative list of members with their activities and positions recorded.

But before we stop, it has just come to our notice that "the marriage of Miss Catherine Addie Seiveright, B.A. '12, M.A. '30, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Seiveright of Sherbrooke, to Mr. Harry Little of Montreal, son of Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Little of Bourne-mouth, England, took place very quietly on Saturday (May 5th) at St. Stephen's Church, Westmount, the Rev. Harold Laws officiating."

And also we have learned that a daughter was born to the Rev. J. H. Macklem Brett, B.A. '29, L.S.T. '31, and Mrs. Brett (formerly Nancy Wood, B.A. '30) in Jarvis, Ont., on Sat., May 5th.

### OTTAWA ALUMNI LUNCHEON

A right merry affair was the annual luncheon which the Bishop's graduates who are clergy in the diocese of Ottawa held on Wednesday, April 18th. For many years it has been the custom of the Bishop's men to have a



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luncheon together when they come to Ottawa for the diocesan synod, and this year the gathering, with about 25 members present, was as lively as ever. The Ven. Archdeacon D. T. Clayton, B.A. '86, M.A. '13, occupied the chair, while the Rev'd. Canon R. B. Waterman, '88, and the Rev'd T. H. Iveson, B.A. '03, M.A. '31, were also at the head table.

The President, Archdeacon Clayton, expressed the regret of the Association at the death of one of the members, the Rev'd T. G. Acres. The Secretary sent a letter of sympathy to Mrs. Acres. The Rev'd R. J. (Bob) Turley, B.A. '33, and the Rev'd. R. Eric Osborne, B.A. '33, were welcomed as new members and were duly enrolled by the Secretary, the Rev'd W. W. (Bill) Davis, B.A. '31, after they had paid their fees. The Secretary was asked to send a letter of congratulation to the Very Rev'd. Dr. Whalley, B.A. '07, M.A. '10, B.D. '11, who was appointed Dean of Halifax Cathedral during the year.

Humorous sallies worthy of Bishop's were in order with the Rev'd. C. G. Hepburn, B.A. '08, B.D. '16, leading the way. Eric Osborne and Bill Davis, who are planning to attend the June Convocation, were asked to convey a greeting to the University from the Ottawa Association.

Recent visitors at Harrold Lodge have included the Rev. W. H. M. Church, B.A. '29, L.S.T. '32, and the Rev. John H. Dicker, L.S.T. '32. John Dicker expects to be-

gin pastoral work on the Canadian Labrador about Aug. 1st. He will relieve the Rev. J. Barnett, L.S.T. '29, who is to become curate of the Cathedral of the Holy Trinity, Quebec City.

The Rev. R. Eric Osborne, B.A. '33, is now assistant to the Rev. Harold Waterman, B.A. '14, L.S.T. '20, B.D. '33, at Smith's Falls, Ont. The Rev. Linley Macmorine, L.S.T. '32, formerly curate of Smith's Falls, is now in charge of the mission of Madawaska.

The Rev. Marshall W. Talbot, L.S.T. '31, has returned from Ireland to take up the care of the parish of Gore Bay, Ont. Shortly before he left Ireland he married Miss Frances Carolin, B.A., T.C.D., daughter of the Rev. J. S. Carolin, B.D., of Kill of the Grange, Dublin.

We hear that the Rev. Cecil Ward, L.S.T. '31, is engaged to be married to Miss Doris Le Gros, a native of the Gaspé Coast, now teaching school at East Angus. During the summer Ces will be stationed at Loretteville, Que.

The death has been reported of J. F. Crowdy, B.A. '03, who for a number of years was an official in the household of the Governor-General at Ottawa.

The Rev. Harold Plummer, L.S.T. '12, rector of Sanford, Maine, gave an address to the resident members of the Guild of the Venerable Bede at Compline at the annual St. Bede's Day festival. This was held on Thursday, 24th May, as the 27th was Trinity Sunday.



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**EXCHANGES -- A. J. H. Richardson**

The apologists for National Socialism and Fascism are gradually beginning to appear in English college magazines, normally tinged (sincerely or otherwise) the fashionable pink; two such are the author of "Impressions and Suppressions" in *The West Saxon* (anonymous, as are all contributors to that publication), and "Euge" in *Tamesis*. But it is significant that both these writers only defend these political creeds to claim for them, immediately after, a socialist objective:

"The curious thing is that Hitler has brought about results which most people in England would denounce as pure Communism, without the violent methods, brutality and bestiality; that is why so many Communists have wholeheartedly gone over to National Socialism,"

says the contributor to *The West Saxon*, who denies a state of political terrorism in Germany. Speaking after a personal visit to that country. "Euge" closes his article:

"No social system which leaves out of account the spiritual side of life can possibly last, or be worth lasting if it could; and it is, after all, in this more than anything else that Fascism comes not to destroy but to fulfil the Socialist system which it must supersede."

There are some stimulating articles amongst our exchanges which treat of the more spiritual and artistic problems of this age. *The Student* (Edinburgh University) has "Tradition and Heresy", mainly a discussion of T. S. Eliot's "After Strange Gods", and a very intelligent discussion, too. In *The Rotunda* is "Preaching", which maintains that a sermon is potentially dangerous to both preacher and congregation:

"In the mind of the preacher it inevitably tends to create the illusion that he is wiser and better than his fellows or that he is actually doing his duty. The congregation which listens approvingly and thrills easily to his idealism tends to congratulate itself that it is able to respond to such fine sentiments. With a preacher and a congregation 'bathed' in sentiment the Gospel is nullified,"

and recalls the story of John Bunyan, who was once "complimented by a devotee. 'It was a sweet sermon,' and said Bunyan, 'Ay, the devil told me that before I was out of the pulpit.'" For the listener, there is the old danger of the state of readiness for action taking the place of action itself.

"The Misunderstanding of Music" in *The King's College Record* is another article we most definitely recommend to all readers of *The Mitre*:

"To-day many people make no secret of regarding music as a soothing drug. The listener who looks upon it as a stimulating force is thought unusual . . .

"Most people, even those who claim to be fond of music, never hear the music that is played to them. They perhaps think that they hear it, and may rest content with what they hear. It is beautiful, they say, and makes them think about beautiful things . . . again,

"They seem to be content with what is on the surface. They say they like melody or rhythm or the tone of a violin: which is just as much an insult to the art of music, as it is an insult to the art of poetry to say that you like richness of language or the flow of meter, apart altogether from the meaning of the words."

These three articles will all make the reader think, and think harder, more deeply, and to more purpose than usual.

*The Trinity University Review* contains two articles on political and economic problems that are worth the reading. "War Scars and Scares" attacks the misleading war scare headlines of the daily press, and the publication of pictures of Great War horrors, which, it claims, arouse old bitterness and help to create a "war complex" in peoples' minds; these are both products of the modern newspapers' desire for sensationalism. Certainly, it is impossible to believe that the world is literally daily beset with diplomatic crises as serious as our newspapers would give us to understand.

"Let's Advance" underlines our economic condition today, five years after the Crash:

"If we do not attempt to change the relationship between industry and labour we are going to slip back — wage rates in 1933 were carried back to levels of 15 years ago! That we cannot afford to slip back is illustrated by the fact that in the United States . . . in 1929 — 'America's flushiest period' — only one out of every four families was receiving an income of \$2,000 a year or over which income is supposed to provide a 'decent American standard of living.'"

The general run of articles in our exchanges this month is decidedly serious. Despite the very real interest of these, any humour or nonsense is welcome after wading through a number of these magazines; and when we get such an excellent fanciful morsel as "Gas", in *The Fet-*

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tesian, an imaginary dream under the influence of gas at the dentist's, we can just sit back and let our mind delightedly rove at ease through such passages as this:

"Below him sat a typist playing the Moonlight Sonata on a penny-in-the-slot machine. Modulating suddenly into a dark brown key, she trod upon the tail of a passing pheasant, which rocketed at once, leaving a trail of purple smoke which gradually burgeoned into the word 'hecatomb.' From the 'o' there descended a pink parachute with orange whorls. It touched ground, and its occupant began to invest the divers with the order of the Turbot. The last recipient, having received his decoration, lit a cigar which exploded noiselessly, leaving a faint aroma of Pond's Extract. The fire-brigade was quickly on the scene; they erected their ladder in vacuo, and an elderly ticket-collector ran nimbly to the top, where he chalked his billiard-cue. The hose began to play upon him; he changed into a crimson penguin, and the billiard-cue into a bicycle pump, with which he began to conduct some highly enigmatical variations played by an orchestra of two typewriters, a sewing-machine, a motor horn, a bombardon, a Jew's harp and a zoetrope."

If anyone thinks that a piece of fantasy, of convincingly dream-like free association like this is easy to write, let him try it. The style leaves a shrewd suspicion that the author has read his Auden ("The Orators") and his Michael Roberts ("Non-Stop Variety").

The irrepressible Joe Egg returns to *The Arrows* with "My Family", a mock genealogy. Here are some of the choicest flowers from his family tree:

"HAROLD EGG — Brother of 'Praise-the-Blessed-and-Bring-Low-the-Daughters-of-Music' Egg. One of the few Eggs with a name he dare sign on a dog license . . . Started the plague 1665. Started the Fire 1666. Started a limited liability company 1667. Started for Virginia 1668. Pepys mentions him but the passages are expurgated.

"PILKINGTON EGG—A dandy and friend of George IV. Fagged for Beau Brummell. Fagged for anybody who paid him . . . Could drink with the next man provided the next man paid. Had an unparalleled collection of double-headed pennies, marked cards, and other people's letters. Finally collected a letter belonging to Jem Belcher, who, in claiming it, was moved to strike Pilkington, and so we come to

"JOE EGG . . . half-witted and last of the line. Father a financier, and Joe always meets him when he comes out . . . Has written for this magazine because no one else would, but will not write for it again . . ."

*The Cap and Gown* publishes "Shakespeare A-'Bridged'", a collection of "bridge quotations" from Shakespeare

rather better than the usual set of such, or similar, extracts; it includes:

"On family foursomes —

'Look here, love, this diamond was my mother's: take it, heart.' (Cymbeline, I, i.)

"On failing to raise partner's bid —

'You scarcely have the hearts to tell me so,  
And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.'  
(Richard III, I, iv.)

"On getting poor cards —

'And I nothing to back my suit at all.'  
(Richard III, I, iii.)

"On failing to make contract —

'You have put him down, lady, you have put him down.'  
(Much Ado about nothing, II, i.)

"On dispute over tricks —

'It was his queen, his queen.'  
'And I think I have the back trick.'  
(Twelfth Night, I, iii.)"

How, o how, do all these writers cull their quotations for such articles? Surely they have not all read completely through their Shakespeare in search of them. Is there in existence a book of Shakespeare-quotations for all branches of modern life that they can draw on? And, somehow, writers in *The West Saxon* have got even more abstruse extracts that they have found apposite for students of their college and various modern phenomena. It is here that we find John Donne linked with the Loch Ness Sea-Serpent in a quotation:

"A monster in no certain shape attired  
And whose original is much desired."

Among the stories perhaps the best are "Accident" (*The West Saxon*), "Lodder" (*The Gong*) — curiously compelling — and "The Gate of the Garden" (*The Northerner*), but the standard is by no means high. The poetry in *The Northerner*, by the way, is considerably poorer than in the last issue, there being much less originality of thought or expression. Lines (from poems by different writers) such as:

"Cast in this penthouse dry as pariah's bones  
would I had the endurance of the cactus, the silence  
of vast sand.  
Here I have the tortured memery of bright water  
which runs so smoothly in a corner of rock and  
palm."

"Soon I shall go,  
take hat and gloves, leaving you killing time  
in the dead light from the seven candle-flames."  
"while your voice  
rubs, like a cat, the furniture of mind."

are all derivative from Eliot, and there are numbers of other echoes throughout. Even "Kast" is writing more to a formula in this issue. But *The Northerner* is still delight-

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fully perfect to look at; we honestly doubt that there is any college magazine in existence with a better format.

The March issue of *Acta Victoriana*, normally produced by the editor-elect for the following year, is organized this year by the three candidates for the editorship, elections not yet having taken place. An excellent series of literary reviews carried on throughout 1933-34 ends with an article on Edwin Arlington Robinson.

It is interesting to see, in *The McMaster Monthly*, the reprint of a speech made against the Bishop's Debating Team at Lennoxville by Charles Humber, on the Socialization of Medicine. This magazine, which has been produced this year in a very neat but not very up-to-date layout, will probably be modernized this fall, if the present editor's suggestion is carried out.

*Shawnigan Lake School Magazine* contains a very useful feature, which *The Mitre* would do well to copy, in its "Old Boys' Register", which gives the present address of all Old Boys. In *The Millstream*, the paper of the same school, a Latin teacher complains that, if Beverly Nichols's ideas are carried out, the old sets of Latin sentences dealing with war will have to be scrapped and such as the following substituted: "We shall remain at Geneva for three days to attend the Disarmament Conference." And, speaking of disarmament, we notice that at Nottingham University College there are an Anti-War Society, an International Society, and a League of Nations Society, all apparently flourishing.

Since the April issue of *The Mitre* went to press, we have received the following exchanges, which we acknowledge with thanks — *The Student* (Edinburgh U.); *Honi Soit* (U. of Sydney, Australia); *McGill Daily*; *Tamesis* (U. of Reading, England); *The Arrows* (U. of Sheffield, England); *L'Hebdo-Laval* (Laval U.; 4 issues); *College Echoes* (St. Andrews U., Scotland); *The Northerner* (Armstrong College, Newcastle, England); *Canta* (Canterbury College, Christchurch, N.Z.; 3 issues); *The Bates Student* (Bates College, Lewiston, Me.; 4 issues); *The Gong* (Nottingham U. College, England); *The West Saxon* (Southampton U. College, England); *The Intercollegiate Digest* (New York); *The Wesleyan Pharos* (West Virginia Wesleyan College; 4 issues) *Journal of the Malta University Literary Society*; *Revue de l'Université d'Ottawa*; *The Brunswickan* (U.N.B.; 2 issues); *Argosy Weekly* (Mount Allison U.; 5 issues); *The Trinity University Review* (Toronto); *The King's College Record* (U. of King's College, Halifax); *Red and White* (St. Dunstan's U., Charlottetown); *The McMaster Monthly* (McMaster U., Hamilton, Ont.); *Toba* (U. of Manitoba Arts quarterly); *Acta Victoriana* (Vic-

toria College, Toronto; 2 issues); *The Xaverian Weekly* (St. Francis Xavier's College, Antigonish); *The Tech Flash* (N. S. Technical College); *The Faint-Ye Times* (Macdonald College; 2 issues); *The O. A. C. Review*; *The Cap and Gown* (Memorial College, St. John's, Nfld.); *The College Cord* (Waterloo College, Ont.; 2 issues); *Quebec Diocesan Gazette*; *Diocesan College Review* (Montreal); *Cap and Gown* (Wycliffe College, Toronto); *The Rotunda* (Emmanuel College, Saskatoon); *Alma Mater* (St. Jerome's College, Kitchener); *The Stonyhurst Magazine* (Stonyhurst College, England); *The Fettesian* (Fettes School, Edinburgh); *Acta Rideliana* (Ridley College, Ont.); *Shawnigan Lake School Magazine* and *The Millstream* (Shawnigan Lake School, B.C.); *Junior Journal* (Princeton Country Day School, N.J.); *The Grove Chronicle* (Lakefield Prep. School, Ont.); *The Challenger* (Vocational School, St. John N.B.; 3 issues); *Technique* (Ecole Technique, Montreal); *The Grumbler* (Kitchener-Waterloo Collegiate, Ont.); *Northland Echo* (North Bay Collegiate); *The Howler* (North Toronto Collegiate); *The Lanternette* (Bedford Road Collegiate, Saskatoon); *Tech Sparks* (Hamilton Technical Inst., Ont.); and *The Special Edition* (Vancouver, B.C.). In addition to these exchanges, copies of *The Mitre* are now being sent regularly (at their request) to the Library of the University of Bombay, which issues no publication of its own.

**MAY SONG**

of a member of "The Mitre Board,  
after hearing a motion to donate  
the dinner Funds to charity.

When May arrives, with fiery sun  
And cooling showers (from upper "winders"),  
The insect tribe starts to appear  
And all our simple pleasures hinders.

Junebugs make hideous each May night,  
Buzz heavily through every crevice,  
Play havoc with my studying;  
Even mosquitoes raise their levies;

Midges and ants take half of every meal;  
For days on end, now, I've been getting thinner;  
Why should these prairie grasshoppers begin  
To try and mulct me of my "Mitre" dinner?

[This is the end of the last MITRE. If you have enjoyed it, fine. If not, we can't give you your money back as we've already used up the surplus on the Dinner — Ed.]

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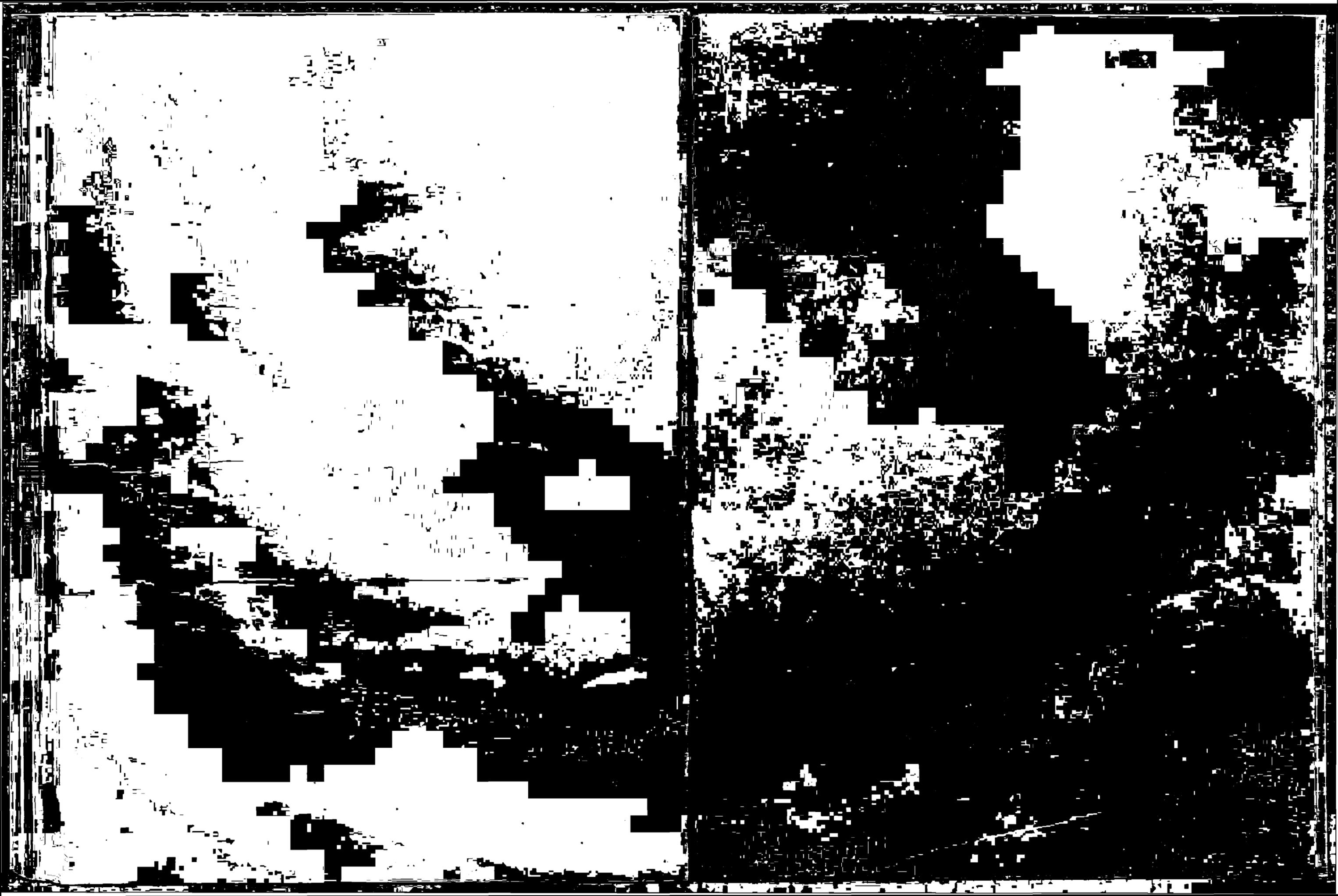
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