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The Mitre

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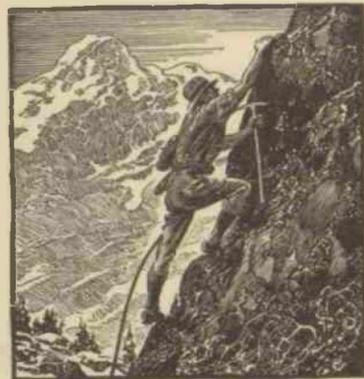


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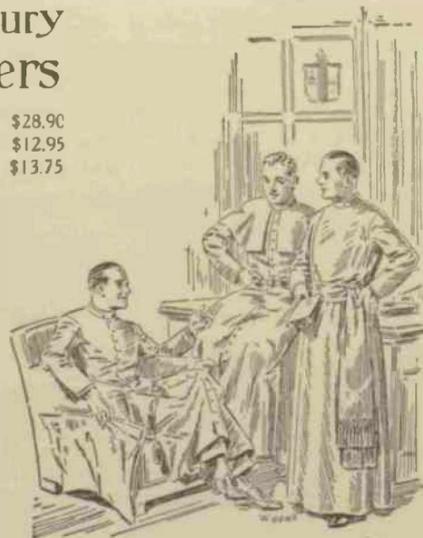
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THE MITRE

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The Mitre Board declines to be held responsible for opinions expressed by contributors.

Happy New Year! Yes, we're a bit tired of hearing that too, but as this is "The Mitre's" first opportunity we trust you will forbear. Besides it solves the problem of how to start an editorial.

Custom has decreed that New Year is a time of checking up on the past, balancing books, disposing of the hang over and heavy head that can only belong to a past year, and making of resolutions. 1934 is now a record on the pages of history, and by far the most important historical events for the student were the winning of the Intercollegiate and Q.R.F.U. Rugby Championships, the capture of the Inter-University Debating Trophy, and the distinction of having another Rhodes Scholar in our midst. Congrats, Oogie! (See special write up.) Wars and rumours of wars disturbed us slightly in the early part of the year and the college pacifism of 1933 shewed a little growth. 1934 was certainly a year of great achievement for the League of Nations, the recent settlements of both the Balkan dispute and the Franco-German agreement over rights of ownership in the Saar territory. This gives new hope that the League can meet and face in 1935 further international problems. (See "World Peace".)

Mention of the League of Nations brings us to that old chestnut — what is the consensus of student opinion on world affairs? The answer clearly is that there is not enough to make a census. What of it, as long as the team

beats McGill tonight, (they did, see "Sports"); we attend sufficient lectures; discover a foolproof process of manoeuvring fire escapes, (see "Over the Coffee Cups"); or — if a Divine — come to the definite conclusion that David may or may not have written all the Psalms? (No contributions on this subject fortunately.) And even if Europe did boil over into a war tomorrow and we are called upon to "defend our country" and two months from now after a pleasant lingering death are pushing up the daisies, (see "Cross Purposes"), what could we as students of Bishop's University in this pleasant country back-water have done to prevent it? (See "Canada and the Arms Race".)

To make New Year resolutions really requires clearing up our own backyard first; that's why so far we have been trying to clean up other people's. What of "The Mitre"? The Board has made a vigorous effort to liven it up, but we are far from satisfied, and received comments on the last issue with mingled feelings. "It is disgraceful that a magazine of your standing should print such things." "Not bad, I actually read some of it." "The writer of . . . does not know what he is talking about." "When a college rag begins to get under people's skins it shows it is of some value." Our greatest disappointment, however, was the result of our published letter. It only inspired one of our tamer poets in a wild moment:

Four jolly student boys, living in the Shed,
 Reading "The Mitre", said the thing was dead.
 Having nothing else to do, knowing no better,
 Wrote to the Editor a very catty letter.
 Then the fireworks started, fur began to fly —
 Next night found their beds all in apple pie.

The author dilated on how these verses would be expanded into an epic; but the Editor cut him short and referred him to the real poetry already accepted for "The Mitre" — "Fragment", "These Too", "Sleighting the Deer", "Common Sense", etc; and gently indicated the existence of the W.P.B.

"Brighten up 'The Mitre!'" is the cry sent up to board after board. In the last issue Religion held sway in the feature article and other contributions. (In this issue see Book Review: "Heaven's My Destination".) Not one of the least noticeable signs of 1934 has been a real growth in religious activities. The Church alone in Germany successfully resisted the whim of Hitler, in Canada we have been treated to a second invasion of the Oxford Group, and it is significant to note the increase in the number of religious articles published in current magazines. This tendency has been reflected in several articles in recent issues of "The Mitre" and the conversation even at bull sessions has drifted to the consideration of the strange activities of "Groupy" people. In this issue we have gone in for Art in a big way. The linoleum cuts are the work

of Miss Fleda Brillhart, Colby Aikins and Dicky Richardson. The "New Canada" series is continued by a contribution on Art by Mr. Lowrie Warrener. Mr. Warrener, who has studied at Antwerp and Paris, was a recognised Canadian artist at the age of 25, and has frequently exhibited with the Group of Seven. (See his article for the interpretation of this mystery.) He is now on the staff of Shawnigan Lake School, B.C.

We are very grateful for the interest taken in "The Mitre" by graduates and are glad to be able to publish two graduate articles and one from Mr. Lloyd. It is of great interest to read of the activities of those we know, and other graduates please copy! "Don't shoot the pianist, he's doing his best" runs the old crack, but we do ask you to shoot us a line on any subject about which you may or may not know something. And let's have some humour; there's humour in the college all right judging by the noise of at least one table in the dining hall.

"What's the use of College anyway?" is another question that has been brought to our notice in the closing months of 1934. An article in the December issue of "The Canadian" — "I am a Graduate of '34" — is well worth reading.

"Academically my first two years at university were miserably wasted . . . It was simply a recitation of boring facts, garnered from dry text books, delivered by a dull lecturer to a yawning class at the unearthly hour of nine a.m. No wonder I've forgotten most of it. It was a revelation to me to discover that Arts men were the only ones that could read a newspaper intelligently . . ."

His main complaint is that college does not fit one for life. This cannot be so true of Bishop's, which has a great advantage in having resident buildings, (no one could complain that the top floor of the New Arts Building is destitute of the knowledge of life), but it does remain true that many of the subjects studied at Bishop's are of little or no value to the student once he has scraped a pass in them, even if that pass did cost him the loss of his privilege to participate in student activities for half a year. Compulsory Latin may help the student to interpret the Latin grace, and an elaborate knowledge of Liturgics may one day help the budding Archdeacons and Canons of the Shed in the days of their blossoming forth to explain to a dubious congregation why they light one candle before the other. But would not a greater stress on psychology, modern economics and current history be of wider interest and value to both Arts and Divinity? Education, like anything else, is being questioned in these days by a critical world, and the real issue is not whether a subject is good or not, but is the maximum best?

So much for 1934. What of 1935? So far the news-

papers have been filled with two things — the Saar plebiscite, another triumph for the League by the way, and the Hauptmann trial. The latter is one of the best fruits of the tree of modern civilization and justice. An eye for an eye, said the old law, but the officials of the country whose faith and trust in God is expressed on every dime, are not merely content with an eye, they tear it slowly out, inflicting as much pain as possible in the process. Meanwhile Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh have to endure the prolonged exposure of the most deep and intimate things of their lives to the morbid gaze of a curious world, always ready to fasten like vultures on the sorrows of other people. This inverted method of sharing other people's sorrows is a brutal travesty of so-called Christian justice. Even if Hauptmann goes to the chair the aching void will not be filled, and the eaglet will not return to his nest. The trial is necessary, the publicity is not; and news of far greater importance is relegated to a second place to make room for some new thrill. It is argued that such stories increase the circulation of a paper, but do they? It will be interesting to see how the Canadian courts handle a similar case to be tried shortly.

There is still a great deal of discussion about the troubled state of the world. In hard facts what does this mean? It means unemployment, starvation in the midst of plenty, exploitation and suffering (see Book Review: "Human Exploitation in the United States"). There is a prevalent heresy of the most deadly nature that we as individuals can do little or nothing to bring about a better state of affairs. Let us begin at home. Is there any exploitation of labour at Bishop's College? (The Freshman problem is not considered as they are but Lowly Worms.) But does every member of the student body and staff receive fair and just treatment? From the student point of view this might bring up the question of food, but do we as students give to requests made to us the same consideration as the authorities give to our demands? Do all the members of the staff, be they professors, executives, janitors or waiters, receive a wage and treatment proportionate to their work and that really meets their daily needs without too much squeezing? Is it right that a man working eight and more hours a day in the College should have to find extra means of income to make both ends meet? Why are some members of the institution shepherded into a requisite number of chapels, and others forbidden to pass the gate? We can come closer than that, what about ourselves as individuals?

Perhaps we have suggested a train of thought, perhaps you disagree with some of our views, but make just one more New Year Resolution — an article, a poem, or even a joke for "The Mitre" for 1935.

E.C.R.

THE NEW CANADA

III - ART

by Lowrie Warrener

Who was it said "Change — the surest sign of life"? Whoever it was, it very aptly describes the conditions of Canadian art at the moment. For it is in the same condition as the batch of jelly that would not "jell". It is being reboiled in the hope that it has everything but enough cooking. Mind you, it appears all right to the majority of laymen and they are inclined to say "let it go as it is". But the few who have found it an acquired taste refuse to pass an opinion for fear of offending with "yeas or nays".

Fortunately, the cook in the matter is the Canadian artist and, being very sincere in his desire to give of his best, refuses to listen to anyone until he has first satisfied himself that his batch is the very best that conditions will allow him to produce.

You may say, "What is this, a recipe, and does the painter mix in so much cloud, a pinch of sun, a couple of ponds, a horse or two and a medium-sized man, and then stir?" If he is a creative workman he seldom uses the same recipe twice but always tries to use his finest spices to give it that flavour so peculiarly his and which means so much to him. I am inclined to think that it is not so much a case of too little boiling but just an overdose of the wrong kind of spice borrowed from another when our own supply has been exhausted.

Not so far back in the early 'teens, a group of men and boys in a Toronto advertising office clustered around a quiet man in his middle thirties who had just added his pinch of spice to a rather commonplace folder. The man was Mr. Thomas Thomson and the men and boys have become our foremost painters. The majority of the group liked the flavour immediately, but the youngsters felt that it should be just a little bit stronger and they have been adding extra pinches ever since.

Mr. Thomson was drowned in 1917. In 1918 the famous Group of Seven was formed and his associates in the advertising world were burning with the desire to show the world the wonderful things they had created in the intervening years since Mr. Thomson made his find. But they were unable to do so because the Academy was still content to go along undisturbed while the O.S.A. was almost as conservative.

Then someone discovered that a group of two or more could not be kept from exhibiting in the gallery; in fact, they could use the whole place if so inclined. With

this knowledge, he invited a number of young painters to meet and talk the thing over. They all had different ideas about painting but were unanimous on one subject — "Canada". Those wishing to exhibit were listed, and comprised the following: Mr. Lawren Harris, Mr. J. E. H. MacDonald, Mr. A. Y. Jackson, Mr. Arthur Lismer, Mr. F. H. Varley, Mr. F. Carmichael and Mr. F. H. Johnston. Their first exhibit is now history. It was some obscure reporter who made them known to the Dominion as "The Group of Seven".

Mr. F. H. Johnston left the group a few years later and Mr. A. J. Casson was taken in as a member followed by Mr. Edwin H. Holgate of Montreal and Mr. Lemoine Fitzgerald of Winnipeg.

You are all familiar with the work of the early group. Mr. Harris's canvasses of houses and factories in every kind of weather both pleased and hurt the beholders; his portraits almost spoke but still retained that over-hanging something one feels so strongly in great things but which is so sadly lacking in the work of our over-finished portrait painters; and, later, his austere landscapes that fairly took one's breath away.

The late Mr. J. E. H. MacDonald's things were poetry in paint, so kind and soothing that they made one feel the goodness of simple things round about us.

Mr. A. Y. Jackson has steadily progressed from good canvasses of Quebec landscape to everything worth painting across Canada to the Arctic. His paintings have a warmth of feeling and understanding.

Mr. Arthur Lismer, in some respects, has painted the most rugged things of the group. He seems ever to be trying to dig his roots just a little deeper, and fairly shouts his love of everything Canadian. His ideas are so clear and his nature so sensitive that he is able to work quickly in a very loose but strong manner. His sense of colour, design and rhythm makes you want to shout with him.

Mr. F. H. Varley for many years has been the outstanding figure draughtsman in Canada. His line is so sensitive that it flows right through you carrying his every mood and emotion. His later figure paintings are austere and arresting.

Mr. F. Carmichael has advanced from an early style so correct in subject matter as to be almost photographic to the creation of some of the finest pictures from the stand-point of mood, design and colour, of the hard and

bleak communities of Northern Ontario.

Mr. A. J. Casson was early known for his colour wood-blocks of flowers, but has given himself over solely to the painting of Northern landscapes and out-lying Ontario settlements. His rather heavy and earthy colours, combined with an almost flawless technique, are good.

Mr. Edwin Holgate brought a freshness to the group through his many and varied paintings, wood-blocks, carvings, etc. He appears to be an untiring worker who retains his enthusiasm through the variety of his subjects and seems equally at home in landscape, seascape, portraiture, figural compositions and wood-blocks.

Mr. Lemoine Fitzgerald appears in the closing chapter of the group. He has done everything from farming to the designing of posters, store-interiors and stage settings. For years he was the man back stage at the Winnipeg School of Art who kept the show from going to pieces. His personality was so great, combined with his sincerity and understanding of others that the students petitioned the people of Winnipeg to bring him from back-stage and give him full charge of the show. In proof of the students' faith in him he has put Winnipeg on the map artistically. He is a tireless worker and quite content to pause anywhere and record whatever lies around him. His subjects are realistic with quiet and subdued colour.

This group that suddenly made all Canada art-conscious and stirred her youngsters like nothing had before became a symbol of something fine and big. The work of this handful of men momentarily eclipsed all that had gone before, but they were directly responsible for the unearthing of the work of very early Canadian painters and bringing it to the public notice. Whatever their faults, they had finally gained and retained the respect of Canada and countries abroad, and were accepted, generally, as an institution that was here to stay.

So, when the group disbanded two or three years ago it was a decided shock to all those of us who are old-fashioned enough to believe that our best efforts of any period should be preserved as something to look back upon for inspiration and comparison. And, surely, the forming of the "Group of Seven" was the finest effort in the history of Canadian Art. However, a new group named "The Canadian Group of Painters" was hastily formed which is a direct outgrowth of the Group of Seven. I am not sure of the names of all the members but they include such outstanding artists as Mr. Bertram Brooker who is known for his abstract and symbolical creations; Mr. Charles Comfort, a sound painter who has done some fine things in water-colours; Mr. George Pepper, a young painter who sacrificed a career as an illustrator in order to help interpret Canada for the coming generations; Miss Yvonne McKague who has become known for the positive way in which she handles such subjects as mining-towns of Ontario and shack-clustered crooked streets of Quebec;

Miss Isobel McLaughlin who paints in a clear, simple manner combining the austerity of Mr. Harris with a warmth of feeling that shows her great interest in humanity; Mrs. Bess Houser, also, who combines very rich colour with a softened or pliable handling of forms that gives one the impression of strong but restrained feeling; Mr. W. Ogilvie whose decorative paintings and interpretive drawings show a great deal of thought; and, finally, Mr. Thoreau MacDonald who does natural things in black and white that appeal to everyone for their simplicity of design and pattern. Others, some of whom may or may not belong to the group, are: Mr. Carl Schaefer whose sense of design and fullness of colour combined with a knowledge of heraldry make him an outstanding figure among the younger painters; Mr. Robert Ross is a very fine figure-draughtsman with a very beautiful and distinctive style; Miss Pegi-Nicol of Ottawa paints in a strong manner and her style is quite unlike that of any of her feminine contemporaries; Mr. Richard Taylor is perhaps the most versatile of this group. He handles several mediums in a confident and masterly way and imbues all his work with a sense of humour that lends real charm and freshness to everything he does. Another painter with a fine sense of humour and who handles her subjects in a very youthful and happy manner is Mrs. Rody Kenny Courtice. Mrs. Kathleen Daly Pepper is a very sincere artist who confines her efforts chiefly to winter landscapes that have that feminine charm so sadly lacking in the work of most women painters.

Mr. John Alfsen, will, no doubt, be one of our leading portrait painters in time because he goes farther than a mere likeness and combines design and composition with a strong emotional quality.

Mr. W. G. MacDonald of Vancouver works in a very bold manner and his sense of design and rich colour brings him to the fore with our leading landscape painters.

Montreal has a group of very fine painters who have made history for that city in portraiture and landscape. Among them are Mrs. Mabel Lockerby, Mrs. L. T. Newton, Miss Mabel May, Miss Prudence Heward, Mr. A. H. Robinson, Mr. Gagnon, Miss Sarah M. Robertson, Miss Anne Savage and several others. Mrs. L. T. Newton has a distinctive portrait style while the others are noted for their interpretation of the Quebec landscapes and types.

Mr. Frank Hennessey of Ottawa has contributed much in animal and bird life and is a real asset to his department in the Civil Service.

Miss Emily Carr of Victoria has recorded Indian life in a rugged and sincerely convincing manner.

Other well known painters interested in the advancement of Canadian Art are: Mr. Edward Drover, St. Johns, Newfoundland; Miss Elizabeth Nutt and Mr. John McGillivray, Halifax; Mr. Murray Thompson, Hamilton; Mrs. Jannaca Van Nostrand Reid, London; Mr. Vivian Howard,

Miss Agnes De Pew and Miss Betty Gurd, Sarnia; Mr. F. Haines, Mr. F. H. Brigden, Mr. H. Palmer, Mr. J. Gauthier, Mr. G. Webber, Miss Grace Coombes, Mrs. Doris Heustis Mills, Miss K. Munn, Mr. Charles Goldhamer, Mr. Peter Haworth, Mrs. Peter Haworth and Sir Frederick Banting, Toronto; Mr. William Wood, Midland; Mr. John Byers, Fort William; Mr. W. F. Phillips, Winnipeg; Miss Mary Smith, Calgary; Mr. William Maltman, Mr. C. H. Scott, Mr. W. P. Weston, Mrs. Irva Code, Miss Vera Weatherby, Miss M. Williams, Vancouver; Mr. Max Maynard, Victoria.

Mr. Emmanuel Hahn enjoys the leadership of Canadian sculptors, not alone for his accuracy of reproduction and technical genius but for his ability to read character and to find something good in the most timid effort. The upward swing of sculpture in Canada is due mainly to his efforts. Others who have contributed greatly in this advancement are: Mr. Suzor Coté, Montreal; Miss Frances Loring, Miss Florence Wyle and Mrs. Elizabeth Wood Hahn, Toronto; Miss Beatrice Lennie, Vancouver.

While the above list does not even begin to cover all the names of Canadian painters and sculptors, it gives the majority of people who are active in lifting Art from the rut into which it had fallen prior to the time of Mr. Thomas Thomson. Some of these people will be responsible for the next radical change in Canadian Art.

In closing, I might mention a few persons who are not artists but who have helped a great deal in the education of our public. Mr. Marius Barbeau of Ottawa has been directly responsible for the restoration of B.C. Coast Indian art and the collection and preservation of Indian and French-Canadian folklore for the enlightenment of artists and laymen alike.

Mr. Norman S. Gurd of Sarnia has done much to encourage Canadian painters by raising funds to purchase their work for a purely Canadian collection that boasts some of the finest examples of painting in Canada. His enthusiasm has caused the citizens of Sarnia to demand travelling exhibitions in order to give them the opportunity of purchasing pictures for their homes.

Mr. Herman Voaden is directly responsible for the formation of a great many amateur dramatic societies throughout Ontario. He instigated travelling shows for

school children, (transporting actors and stage and lighting equipment from one district to another). He is in charge of a completely equipped theatre at the High School of Commerce in Toronto where his Principal has stood behind his every effort to produce Canadian plays and encourage amateur actors and playwrights.

The Hon. Vincent Massey has been untiring in his efforts to encourage appreciation of Art, Literature and Music. He has sponsored the "Hart House Little Theatre", the "Hart House String Quartet" and other artistic enterprises.

Mr. Carroll Aikins's experimental theatre at Naramata, B.C., his years as guest director in several experimental theatres in Canada and the United States; his aid to Mr. Voaden and other pioneers of a new theatre movement have given him a place among the educators of the twentieth century.

Two new movements under way which are attracting a certain amount of interest:- The Children's Art Centre, Grange Road, Toronto, where children of all ages are encouraged to express their ideas and learn to understand art for their own pleasure, and the "hobby shop" at the Shawnigan Lake School for boys on Vancouver Island — a large log and stucco building which has been constructed and will be fully equipped for the study of Photography, Taxidermy, Clay Modelling, Wood-working and Carving, Mechanics, Printing and Pottery, and Music. This is in addition to the regular Art and Music classes attended by the boys and will be under the direction of a supervisor assisted by the permanent staff of masters.

Having been asked to write on "New Canadian Art", I have tried to convey the general "sameness" that has persisted in subject matter and handling during the past ten or fifteen years, with the realization that we have only scratched the surface, albeit, in a more vigorous and bold manner than the forerunners of the "Group of Seven". Should someone ask what tendencies I think will predominate in Art during the next decade, I would hazard as my opinion, which I have based on the experiences gained from the depression — a greater individuality and a greater realism. In these characteristics it will find a new life and vitality.





"If I'm killed in the next war I hope they will put on my white cross a notation that the bullet which killed me cost a fraction of a cent to make and sold for three cents or more. Someone, I should like it known, made a nice profit on my extinction. . .

"The appalling political impartiality and detachment of the arms companies! They sell to friend and foe alike. I might add to my modest request if I am killed in the next war I hope I shan't be shot by bullets made in my own country."

— From an article in "Current History".

Look at him! Just look at him! He's the finest baby that was ever born. We'll make a real man out of him, won't we mum?" the proud father exulted as he gazed with shining eyes at the most marvellous mite of humanity (in his opinion) that had ever come to this earth — his son.

"You bet we will; we're going to make a big, strong man out of him," the mother happily replied as she deftly turned him over, caught up the three corners of the napkin and snapped the big safety-pin to.

* * *

Seventeen years of exciting, palpitating development slip by. Seventeen years packed with minor tragedies and tremendous changes. The proud parents still plan for "their boy."

"Oh! let him join the corps if he wants to," the father querulously urged, "A little military training and discipline won't hurt him; it'll make a man out of him."

* * *

At length the "next war" that people have talked about, anticipated and done nothing to prevent comes along. "Their boy" and thousands of others' "boys" are called out or are conscripted. His mother is proud but tearful. His father consolingly points out that "the experience will make a real man out of him."

They see him off when he has to leave. There's an effusion of tears and a profusion of handkerchiefs at the leave-taking. Everyone's heart beats fast and furious and is further made uncomfortable by a huge lump in his throat that threatens to choke him. The train slowly and painfully pulls out of the station. They watch till they

CROSS PURPOSES

by John G. Withall

can see "him" no longer. He's gone.

* * *

The mother and father settle down "to do their bit". The father enters a munition factory; he's a machinist by trade. He works in the rifle department. The mother knits socks and prays that "her boy" will be spared.

Among other things, it's the duty of the father to check over the serial number of each rifle. We can watch him checking numbers for a moment. As he reads them to himself he records them on a sheet of paper at his elbow. "Number 896570. Number 387580. Number 21 (twenty-one; that's my boy's age) 48 (forty-eight — my wife's age) 51 (fifty-one — my own age.) Number 673589. (I hope my boy's all right, I hope...) Number 673589. Number 62 . . ."

* * *

The particular batch of rifles we've just seen the father checking over is destined for the enemy troops. The father doesn't know that, of course. The armament makers, however, being impartial folks, believe in serving everyone alike. They ignore such trivial distinctions as friend and foe; they lump everybody under the all embracing and all-sufficient title of "customers" — and the more the merrier.

* * *

"Hier sie kommen!" gargled forth an enemy soldier. (If I'd known Japanese he would have sing-songed the exclamation forth in that language.) At any rate he snatched up his rifle (No. 214851 by the way. What a coincidence!) — he picks his target — an impetuous young fellow who was just a bit too careless and headlong in his charge forward — he fires; that's one less. He was just the age of "their boy." (He may have been "their boy" for all we know.) But back to the business at hand. Aim — fire — corpse. Aim — fire — corpse. 1 - 2 - 3, 1 - 2 - 3, etc.

* * *

It was just a short, a very short note. The mother's grief is awful to behold in its hard, dry stricken tearlessness. The tremendous sorrow of the father has traces of incredulity and rage in it. "Their boy" . . . dead?

"We'll make a real man out of him," the parents had declared. The armament makers, war-propagators par excellence, planned otherwise. "We," they magnanimously promised, "we will make a real corpse out of him."



CANADA AND THE ARMS RACE

by T. LeM. Carter (B.A., 34)

Firstly, what is the cause of the arms race and the threat of war it brings? What general measure should be adopted in Europe to ensure peace? And secondly, what part should or can Canada play in securing the adoption of these remedial measures?

The first part of the discussion starts conveniently with the general interest in the disclosures of the American Senate Arms Committee. The arms hucksters profit by war and war scares, and so they use their influence in the press to create the latter, and impede efforts for peaceful measures and traditions at Geneva and in the national capitals.

To curb this, "Take the profit out of war", suggests Senator Nye. "Establish an international arms commission, with power to investigate all arms manufacturing and trading, and publish their findings, and to see disarmament treaties are observed", say others. Despite any regulations imposed on the business, however, arms will continue to be manufactured, exported and imported as long as there is a market, a demand for them.

Whence comes this market, this demand for arms? People want arms (and with them armies, navies, and air forces) (1) To give them security from attack in the event of war. (2) To right what they consider injustice, if other methods fail (Germany). (3) To secure stable government in a foreign country, or provide it themselves if necessary (Japan). (4) To protect their nationals and and their nationals' property abroad (U. S.).

All resorts to arms or force likely to-day come under one of these headings. (1) and (2) are threatening in Europe. (3) and (4) concern weak and politically backward countries and are not so immediately important.

People in Europe, then, trust in arms to provide defence against an aggressor or to right the wrongs of the Treaty of Versailles and the other post-war treaties. But there is no defence, no security in an armament race. And justice cannot be secured by force. The only hope for security and justice in Europe and elsewhere lies in substituting for the methods of war, of force, and of decisions by nations in their own interests those of peaceful means, of law, and of collective action.

The immediate need is not security from attack in the event of war, but assurance that war will not break out at all. For a war nowadays would involve all countries with international trade, directly or indirectly. And war

will cease only when nations learn to put their confidence in the new peaceful methods to give them justice and security.

There are three necessary units in the legal machinery for settling disputes and providing international justice: a strong, quick moving executive, an impartial court, and a representative deliberative body. The beginnings of these now exist in the League Council, the Hague Court, and the League Assembly. Yet people seek justice and security, not from these bodies, but through armies, navies, air forces and alliances. Confidence in the collective agencies can only be built up by successful performance; and in the one great trial of League methods, the Manchurian invasion, they appeared to be most ineffective. Why did the League fail in Manchuria?

The answer is that the great powers, mainly England and France, decided that the new methods of collective action to preserve the peace did not apply here. So they put the brake on the more ardent spirits in the Council and saw that League action was confined to rebuke of the Japanese and passing a motion of censure after it was all done. The governments and the people in these countries did not see that if the collective principle were to apply at all it had to apply in every situation. They had not really accepted the methods of law and rejected those of force, anyway, else they would have shown their change of heart by a general disarmament treaty.

The test of Manchuria showed that if collective methods are to be effective they must be based upon the conviction of people in all countries that thereby lies the best means of assuring peace and justice. These people must empower their governments to take a strong stand at Geneva whenever any dispute arises, so that through practice the natural reaction to any threatened quarrel will be: "This must be solved by peaceful means through the League". The executive must be enabled to act swiftly so that they will not be presented by a fait accompli when they have made up their minds as to what course to pursue. Machinery for treaty revision and boundary change under the League must be set up. And nations must show that their change from the old methods to the new is sincere by all round disarmament by treaty. This last step would, of course, heighten the strength of security by removing the means of aggression.

But since the Manchurian episode the tide has run against the collective system — back to the old trust in arms and allies. France seeks huge arms expropriations and new alliances with Russia and anybody else who's willing to join, and tries to strengthen her old alliances, hoping by these means to secure herself from invasion by Germany. Germany abandons hope of getting what she considers justice from the League, and resorts to rearmament and friendly advances to Poland. Italy subsidizes a fascist régime in Austria, and strengthens her friendship with Hungary. England increases her air force, to provide defence at home and to try to maintain the peace in Europe. A naval race seems likely when the restrictions of the London agreement are lifted.

In the face of this return to the methods that resulted in the great war, and that have been shown time and time again to be fatal, what should be the policy of a European who desires peace and justice for both sides? The only answer is to reaffirm the proven truths, and to support a programme bold enough to fire the imagination of those who are really against war, and willing to sacrifice for peace, and radical enough to satisfy the legitimate grievances of all the nations. It should consist of a simultaneous advance on the three fronts of: arbitration through the League or World Court in all disputes, revision under the League of the Treaty of Versailles, and general disarmament.

The immediate objectives of such a programme should include: (1) Disarmament of all nations to Germany's level as soon as possible: this would meet Germany's claim for equality, prevent her rearmament, and provide for the much needed disarmament. (2) As attack by air is the great threat to security at present, it should provide for the abolition of national air forces and the internationalization of civil aviation, so that this potentially destructive agent would be organized for peaceful purposes under an international authority. (3) Establishment of an Armament Commission under the League to regulate the disarmament and the trade in arms, with power to investigate; this would help appease fears, particularly French fears of German preparations. (4) Acceptance by all members of the League of the principle of economic sanctions to be applied against an aggressor, though with the understanding that the League stands for the peaceful solution of disputes, and only applies force when a member state refuses to use the peaceful machinery (the success of this policy would depend upon the amount of convinced public opinion favourable to collective action in the offending state). The definition of the term "Aggressor". (5) The establishment of a commission by the League to examine the working of the Versailles Treaty, and recommend alterations to the Assembly, and also hear and make recommendations upon suggested changes in other treaties and boundaries. If possible, the constitution

of this commission should be deferred until feeling on the matter is less strong than at present, though rather than allow a crisis to develop it should be set up immediately.

Now we come to the second part of the discussion. Faced with the situation in Europe, and the evident need for a bold programme such as I have outlined, what should be Canada's policy in foreign affairs?

There are three views on foreign policy currently being advanced: (1) Imperial, trust in the British Navy and diplomacy for protection; and follow British foreign policy wherever that may lead, into peace through the League, or into war, if necessary. (2) Isolationist, declare the unwillingness of Canadians to fight in any war except in defence of their country, and withdraw from international and imperial obligations. (3) Collective, strong support of the League and assumption of sufficient obligations to security and justice for all its members, possibly at variance with the policy of the rest of the Empire.

(1) The Imperial programme is essentially one based on the old methods of security and justice by force. Under the new scheme we must trust for our protection in the acceptance by the nations of the rule of law in international affairs, and not in the Navy. To secure peace we must not be content merely to follow the policy of Great Britain, particularly when it is weak and ineffective as at present, but speak out ourselves to England and at Geneva, for we are vitally concerned.

(2) If the Isolationists' programme were carried out, a war, which would almost certainly involve Great Britain, would mean our break-off from the Empire, and consequent drawing closer to the United States. Even though Canada were not attacked, because of our trade connections with Europe we would eventually stand to lose. Such a policy, of doubtful value for the selfish purpose of giving Canada security, does nothing to help eliminate war from the world and establish international justice, to afford a hope of peace to those countries in Europe which cannot possibly be isolationist.

If, then, Canada is to renounce the imperial and isolationist doctrines and definitely align herself with the collective system and the League of Nations, what hope is there that her stand can have any influence on the world situation? In last winter's series of broadcasts by the League of Nations Society in Canada, Messrs. Ernest Lapointe, George Drew, H. F. Munro, J. M. Macdonnell, and Brooke Claxton all expressed the opinion that Canada might play a leading part in the struggle for peace and justice through the collective system.

In the first place Canada faces both Pacific and Atlantic. In our country two races live together peacefully and settle their differences through legal methods. Canada's history has been peaceful; she cannot be considered a possible aggressor to-day. Indeed, with her wealth and territory, she could offer valuable concessions to the peoples

of other lands. For we must remember that while with us peace means the maintenance of the status quo and Canada for Canadians, less fortunate Europeans and Asiatics seek to better their lot by emigrating to Canada.

Secondly, Canada is in a good position to advocate a vigorous policy due to her close relations with the United States and Britain and the other nations of the Empire. If these governments failed to fall in with our views, we could still put them forth at Geneva. And even though our proposals were not immediately accepted by many governments, if sufficiently radical they would attract support from people all over the world.

But our means for pursuing an effective foreign policy are as yet undeveloped. The Prime Minister is now also Minister of External Affairs, and cannot devote enough time to international problems. A separate Minister for External Affairs should be appointed, and the Department at Ottawa enlarged. Canada's diplomatic staff in foreign capitals should be increased, to enable her to propose measures to foreign governments.

Besides urging our suggestions on other nations, there are certain things that we might do at home. Our immigration laws discriminate unfairly against the Chinese as compared with the Japanese; this could be remedied. Chinese, Japanese, and Hindus are denied the franchise in Canada, a situation that bears consideration. If we are to co-operate with the League in measures against an aggressor, we must pass an act enabling the government to break off trade relations with an aggressor, and to prohibit the export of nickel at the request of the League Council. This act would lessen the power of the government of Canada, but if it would increase the security of Canadians and other people it would be worth it.

In the economic sphere we might pursue a far more pacific and unselfish tariff policy, which would show that our peaceful professions are sincere.

If Canada is to advocate these policies abroad and make these reforms at home it will do so because public opinion is thoroughly roused on the subject. It is essential therefore that these matters be debated in the House of Commons and Senate, as they were last year in the consideration of General McRae's motion that Canada withdraw from the League. If possible permanent committees of both houses should be set up to consider foreign policy. Members of Parliament and candidates should be required to have an opinion on foreign affairs.

Furthermore, the League of Nations Society in Canada, which exists to "arouse public opinion on world affairs", deserves the intellectual and financial support of all Canadians who desire justice and security through the collective system. It holds meetings, has radio addresses and publishes a monthly news sheet and "Interdependence", a quarterly review. Membership is cheap.

To be effective in the struggle for the collective sys-

tem, one must have knowledge and character. Knowledge can be obtained from the publications of the League Society, and especially from the reprints of last winter's radio addresses and the report of the Annual Meeting. The following Canadian writers are clear and informative on this subject: J. W. Dafoe, J. M. Macdonnell, Escott Reid, Mrs. Plumptre, Brooke Claxton, T. W. L. MacDermott. If you come across an article by one of them, it would be worth your while to read it. Norman Angell, Leon Blum, and Frank Simonds are three able foreign writers. "The Intelligent Man's Way to Prevent War" is a good symposium on international affairs.

Character is also needed — the same sort of devotion towards an ideal and self-sacrifice that was so common in the war. It is to be found to-day in Germany, Russia, Japan and Italy, but the ideal which is commanding the allegiance of young men in these countries is of doubtful value. It is far easier to become enthusiastic over some cause whose aims are tangible and where you enlist and get a nice uniform and are told what to do, than it is when you have to find out what to do yourself by study and you have to decide what action to take when you've arrived at your objective.

Patience may also be required, in tolerating what you consider injustice to your country and supporting the method of settlement by legal methods, and not by force. One must be prepared to refuse to follow his government if that government does not accept the collective methods in some dispute. For in the last analysis the success or failure of the League and other collective machinery depends upon how much men in each country will support it through thick and thin, and resolve that that their government will always work with the other governments against war and for security and justice through lawful methods. Real peace will come when the people and government of France can trust in the people and government of Germany not to use force under any circumstances, but always to solve their differences by law, under the League.

We must snap out of the inaction caused by the fact that we are one third isolationist, one third imperialist, and one third for the collective system. That has caused the recent paralysis in British foreign policy; she wants to support the League, yet she wants to keep out of European quarrels and maintain a large navy at the same time. Let's have no conflicting loyalties on this point. The collective system of securing justice and peace by law must succeed — and anything that stands in the way of its success must be done away with. As a country Canada must take the lead in urging a bold and radical policy upon the nations. And as individuals we Canadians must constantly support the League whenever its authority is threatened. Along these lines is the answer to the arms race abroad and doubt and hesitation in Canada.



Pierre Gauthier fumed and fretted at the delay of the winter ferry, which was waiting to leave the Quebec quay for Levis, just across the river. He was in a great hurry. Had he not completed a good day's business in the Ancient Capital, and was not Marie looking forward to the annual dansante at his Uncle Jacques? If the pest of a boat would not leave he would be late. Eh bien! He would walk. The ice bridge was safe. Yes! The ice bridge was the best way out of his predicament. The old timers around the wharf shook their heads and pointed out the danger to this impatient young man, and to those others who believed in getting home by the shortest route: "Look out for the rise in the tide," they said.

The ice bridge extended across the mile stretch between the two cities at the very point footing the mighty Cape Diamond and under the lee of the famous Citadel. Today prevailing northeasterly winds, whose temperatures had been lowering for a succession of days, culminated in a complete calm at the moment when the fifteen foot tide was nearing its full. Pushed up and down the long sinuous river were cakes of ice — some capable of arresting any one of the ferries which made a half-hour service between the cities.

Pierre and his companions started off over the mass of ice and frozen snow. Now he would soon be home. One had not to wait for a boat when Nature herself made a safe and firm bridge. He could not help feeling the grandeur of the scene he surveyed as he picked his way along this immense natural structure. Here in the middle of the river he sensed the greatness of God's work. But suppose the ice should crack. Nonsense, such a thing would not happen now; was he not in a hurry to greet Marie?

All went well till they were within a few hundred feet of the Levis shore. Then without the slightest warning, a roar of cracking, breaking ice told them of their isolation from the distant shore. Now they were being whirled in the rushing current at next to express speed. With grim humour Pierre told himself that he and Marie might meet in another world, where ice bridges were unknown.

Providentially Pierre had a flashlight, and this he used to distinguish the way across the rapidly disappearing ice beneath them. Suddenly one of Pierre's companions was

ADVENTURE ON THE ST. LAWRENCE

by Reginald Turpin

carried away, but by a lucky freak of current the ice floes were brought together, and by dint of severe struggling the girl was helped to regain her companions.

The suspense was awful. There seemed no possibility of help. Comfort was sought in prayer. Some sat down to rest as all realized the hazard of tiring themselves out. Pierre knew the tide would keep them on the move for some hours, when they would likely return towards the city. To remain still, however, was neither safe nor possible. They changed from floe to floe by the light of the flashlight, and criss-crossed the river several times. At about ten o'clock they discovered themselves slowing up close to a wharf at St. Romuald, some seven miles from their starting place.

With fervent prayers of thanks to their Maker they hastened in single file over the rugged ice and literally fell on the deep frozen snow which they knew to be covering solid ground.

The thrilling escape had not gone unnoticed on shore, and willing hands guided the almost exhausted adventurers to more comfortable quarters. Pierre, much more subdued than when he stood fretting on the Quebec wharf, was driven to the home of Marie, where he humbly promised his fair sweetheart that he would never give way to impatience again.

COMMON SENSE

E. S. Davis

Feel not so downcast, faithful friend of man,
Because men on your aid do turn their backs;
And try to run a world with books and plans,
Theories and laws and geometric facts.

Let the fanatic rave of freer life,
The fool let grovel in his blackest mire;
Let profiteers lead blind men on to strife,
And politicians hold their flags up higher.

Above, the ruler of this tangled lot,
Accumulated knowledge, takes his seat,
Grown fat with bounteous years of brilliant thought,
Inventions, rules, and scientific feats.

Take heart deserted one, for soon shall he
Be forced to take you into his company.

SLEIGHING THE DEER

by Emmett Timmons



In the woods, hunters say,
It is glorious and gay
To rush through their sporting career,
When the leaves, falling red,
Yield a ready-made bed
When they rest after slaying the deer;
On the venison steak
Jovial feasting they make,
And the flask going round aids the cheer,
While the logs blazing bright
Keep them warm through the night,
When they rest after slaying the deer.

But I know a sport,
Which is safer resort,
For girls will repine when too far
You are tempted to steer
In pursuit of the deer,
And they wonder "wherever you are";
So give me a sleigh
On the white frozen way
With woman beside me to cheer,
Who is never complaining
How long you're remaining
When thus you are sleighing the dear.

While we gallop full speed
As we run we may read
She rejoices how fast we have got on,
While the proud little minx
Wrapped in bear-skin or lynx
Just looks like a diamond in cotton.
Her cheek red as a rose
(We won't speak of her nose)
Oh beauty's a delicate thing!
Of a bloom on the cheek
Any poet can speak
But a rose on a nose we can't sing.

But never did I
In a sleigh hear a sigh—
In fact, there's no time for fretting;
As fast as the wind
We leave sorrow behind,
While the cold is our appetite whetting.
When the stomach's in order
No mental disorder
Upon any mortal can prey:-
If your Dear's temper's crosst,
Pray at once for the frost,
And fix her right into the sleigh.

If she would, she can't scold
For the weather's so cold,
Her mouth she can't open at all;
In vain would she cry,
For the tears in her eyes
Would be frozen before they could fall:
Then Hurrah for the snow
As merrily we go,
The bells my fleet horses can cheer
While the "belle" by my side
Is my joy and my pride,
Oh — there's nothing like sleighing the dear.

CANADIAN GAME

How many Canadians have at any time acquainted themselves with information regarding the tremendous stock of wild life and our almost innumerable game fields? The answer to this query would probably prove that the majority take for granted the fact that there is game in Canada, but have never become more than mildly interested in it as a national asset.

It is not so South of our international boundary line, according to the Hon. Thomas G. Murphy, Minister of the Interior, who reports that this year there has been



more than usual interest in Canada's hunting attractions in nearly every part of the United States. The information disseminated throughout that country is contained in a remarkably well written booklet "Canada's Game Fields", which is a brief description of Canada's big and small game resources. The provinces are dealt with individually in the publication, which thus should commend itself to Canadians as a means of obtaining exact knowledge of our huge country's varied wild life.

The book records the fact that in every province there are many moose, deer, bear and smaller game, while in the western parts of the Dominion there are also wapiti, caribou, mountain sheep, mountain goat, grizzly bear and lynx. Mountain lion, or cougar, are found in B.C. and in the mountains of Alberta, while in the far north there still exist herds of buffalo and musk-ox which, however, are given absolute protection by the Dominion Government. Ruffed and spruce grouse, prairie chicken, Hungarian partridge, Franklin grouse and ptarmigan are some of the fowl which may be brought down in various sections of the country. The myriad lakes of Canada afford a

fine field for the shotgun sportsman, as they are the habitat of many kinds of waterfowl. This is particularly true of the three mid-western provinces, where the lakes are of the shallow surface type which furnishes the most abundant feed for waterfowl.

Realising that the advance of civilization entails the extermination of wild life if left unprotected, the governments of Canada, both Dominion and Provincial, have entered upon a definite policy of wild life conservation which has for its object the perpetuation of all native game species. It is for this reason that Canada is able to offer to the sportsman such exceptional opportunities for hunting in season and at the same time a guarantee of future supply. Some of the methods of conservation adopted include the setting apart of large areas, including in the aggregate many thousands of square miles, as game preserves and National and Provincial Parks. In these areas the game multiplies rapidly and overflows into the surrounding country, restocking it and adding to the game supply available for the hunter.

This favourable condition, together with sound protective legislation regulating the open seasons, bag limits, the issue of licences, and in some cases providing close seasons throughout the year on species which show a tendency to depletion, is a powerful factor in perpetuating all species. Somewhat similar methods are pursued in the protection of migratory birds.

Each province enacts its own laws relating to big game fur-bearing animals and non-migratory birds. While the game acts of the different provinces vary in detail, the



general policy is the same; it consists in defining the hunting season, protecting certain animals by close seasons, limiting the number of each kind that may be taken, and other related matters.

Quebec, the largest province in the Dominion, has a special appeal to sportsmen. The greater part of the population is concentrated in the southern and central portion, and it is estimated that over 300,000,000 acres of the province are still in their natural state, as vast areas of highlands, forest, rivers, and lakes. It is, then, little wonder that the game supply has been able to resist any serious reduction and that nearly all animals and birds native to that part of Canada are still found in abundance throughout their natural range. There are large areas of good hunting territory in almost every county in the province which are open to hunters and where the holder of a licence may follow the chase with rifle and shotgun.

The game districts of Quebec stretch from the coast of Gaspé on the east to the Kipawa district on the west, and from the Eastern Townships on the south to Hudson Bay on the north. In this great natural game field the hunter will find excellent sport under conditions varying from the richly appointed club-house to the tent and



campfire in the virgin areas.

The game found in Quebec includes moose (the haunts of this animal are simply countless), deer, bear, rabbit, wolf, partridge, duck, goose, brant, and other waterfowl. Caribou are also found in certain areas but at present may be hunted only in the Gaspé peninsula.

The Department of Colonization, Game and Fisheries, Quebec, will furnish

information regarding game laws and hunting conditions anywhere in the province. Much useful information regarding the attractions of the province, road conditions and other matters of interest may be had from the Provincial Tourist Bureau, Department of Roads, Quebec. The Tourist Bureaux of the C. N. R. and the C. P. R., both at Montreal, will cheerfully furnish information regarding conditions, accommodation, and the addresses of guides and outfitters along their respective lines. Sportsmen availing themselves of any of these services will find satisfaction in the game fields of Quebec. The Commissioner, National Parks of Canada, Department of the Interior, Ottawa, will also gladly supply information regarding hunting anywhere in Canada.

W.H.K.

THE SCAVENGER'S CORNER

"From the Gamecock we learn that one man — a chemistry professor — kept his promise to 'eat his shirt' when he was proved to be in error. He dissolved the shirt in an acid, neutralized the acid with a base, filtered out the precipitated material, spread it on a slice of bread and ate it."

— *The Bates Student*, Jan. 16.

"Where did you get that black eye?"

"I kissed the bride."

"But I thought that was the custom."

"Not two months after the ceremony, it isn't."

— *The Challenger*, Dec. 18.

"Girls are like examinations — they keep a fellow up all night worrying about them, and then ask the most foolish questions."

— *The Manitoban*, Jan. 4.

"Here is a story about a clever Dartmouth fellow who wished to get home a few days early for vacation. The fellow sent his family a telegram asking whether he should come home by Toronto or straight home. 'Come straight home', the family tersely wired. Armed with this the student obtained the dean's agreement that he linger no longer in college."

— *The Bates Student*, Dec. 19.



Ile Percée is an isolated rock mass rising out of the sea near the south-east coast of the Gaspé Peninsula. There is nothing unusual in a great sea-washed rock mass, for the restless waves of the North Atlantic have carved out many along the sea-coasts of both the Old and the New World. But Ile Percée is majestic and unique among all rock columns of the sea. Since the day when Jacques Cartier sought shelter under its lee from a driving north-east storm it has been the scenic heart of Gaspesia, and a magnet to travellers from far and near. The geologist, artist, and poet, people from all walks of life have gazed on it and but one theme underlies their characteristic expressions — admiration.

The rock lies about six hundred feet from the point of a low headland that divides the sea front of Percé village into its north and south beaches. At low tide one may cross a sand-bar from the foot of this cape to the landward end of the rock. The highest point on the rock is the prow, or landward end, which towers to a height of two hundred and eighty-eight feet. This height slopes away gently through the one thousand four hundred and twenty feet of main rock to one hundred and fifty-four feet at the outer end. The rear of the mass is pierced by an arched tunnel, about sixty feet in height, which gives to the rock its name, while at the seaward extremity stands a smaller mass, isolated from the parent rock by the collapse of a second archway. The width varies due to many caves and projections in the walls but in the widest part is about three hundred feet. It has been estimated that the exposed part weighs in the vicinity of four million tons of which about three hundred tons a year fall from weathering. This loose rock is then subject to the wash of the waves and gradually disappears. The summit has a gently undulating surface. At one time the rock angles permitted ascent but now that is impossible. Thousands of sea-birds nest there, doubly protected by the inaccessibility of the summit and by the law of the province.

This is Ile Percée statistically and it conveys little idea of its singular beauty. Unusual symmetry and brilliancy of colour contribute to convey that impression. The sheer cliffs are a colour symphony of warm browns, purple-red, bright-yellow, and blue-gray, the natural shades of the limestone. Great streaks of white calcite vein the

GLIMPSES OF PERCE

by K. H. Annett

darker hues. Colonies of deep-orange lichen cling tenaciously in crevices all over the sides. A carpet of green grass covers the summit and extends down as far as the slope permits. Picture this placed against its usual summer background of deepest blue sea flecked by white wave crests and surmounted with its halo of sea-birds circling unwearingly over their nesting ground, and you will realize why it is at once the delight and despair of the artist: delight at the superb blending of colour and the regular angles of rock, despair when he attempts to convey to his canvas an accurate representation of a master painter's skill.

Following in the wake of the great Malouin navigator came a procession of great pioneer hearts that made New France and laid the foundations of Canada. Sailing uncharted seas, guided only by Cartier's log, the tiny barques sought the St. Lawrence gateway, "our great river of Gaspay", which was to lead to something richer than the eagerly sought Cathay. To these the Pierced Rock was a welcome landmark for it assured them that they were on their course and nearing the goal. It told them that the battle with the storms and rollers of the Atlantic was at an end. Noble and peasant, convict and Jesuit, the Gentlemen Adventurers and hardy fishermen out of the ports of Normandy, Brittany and the western coast of France are but a few of the host that have passed under Ile Percée's shadow, on their way to participate in the drama that is Canada's history.

From the writings of these early travellers we glean a series of word pictures of the Rock which enable us to trace the effect of time and wave on its appearance. In Champlain's "Des Sauvages" of 1603 an account mentions one arch navigable by fishing boats. Sixty-nine years later Nicolas Denys mentions that two new passages are growing rapidly. These must have cut through for Father LeClerq says in his "Nouvelle Relation de la Gaspésie", 1691, "It (the rock) is so pierced by three or four distinct passage-ways that the barges pass at full sail and fully manned through the largest of these openings". When Sir Wm. Logan visited Percé in 1843, as director of the Canadian Geological Survey, two arches remained and only two years later the seaward one fell on the 17th of July with a thunderous crash. The seaward obelisk stands to mark its outer support.

As interesting as these results of long geological processes are the processes themselves. At Percé the sea has laid bare a section of the great Appalachian Highland so that the history of the mountains can be read from these rocks. This is fortunate as nowhere else along the long eastern seaboard of the continent is there a revealing gash or cleft in the mountain system. Traceable in the colour-stained cliffs and mountains above Percé are the succeeding divisions of Palaeozoic rock, from the foundation layer of Cambrian to the red blanket of Carboniferous conglomerate which lies with almost horizontal strata over beds of limestone and shale of nearly vertical strata. The limestone of the Ile Percée itself is attributed to the Early Devonian period. The tremendous and irresistible force

that formed the mountains tore asunder the rocks so carefully laid down by the sea and scattered them so that today it is only after much patient searching and careful study that geologists have been able to fit the fragments into a harmonious scheme.

Thus through storm and calm, sunshine and shadow has Ile Percée watched Canada progress. Past it, inward bound, sailed those destined to wrest from primitive forest and savage a prosperous nation: past it, outward bound, sailed Canada's First Contingent in 1914 bearing the youth of the land willing to sacrifice their lives that their land might have life. May Canada stand like Ile Percée, steadfast through fog and shadow to emerge unshaken, majestic, with the rising of the sun.

THESE TOO -- Constance Oakley

These too I love —
Red leather covers to a book,
White violets by a muddy lane,
Snowfall at dusk -- the heavy scent
Of lilacs after mid-day rain.

The gentle rustle of dried leaves,
Pink roses growing wild - - cool sheets - -
Blue dishes - - and the glare of lights
On wet and glistening city streets.

The warmth of sunshine - - daffodils - -
And haunting strains of music low,
Green shutters - - and the autumn woods
With russet, red, and gold aglow.

Pale wreaths of smoke - - sunbeams a-dance
Upon thin sheets of wind-tossed spray - -
Peach blossoms - - and the distant hills
Deep purple at the close of day.

Forget-me-nots still wet with dew,
Old beaten brass, a willow tree,
Frisled curtains at a latticed pane,
An open fire - - and toast for tea.

Blue hyacinths - - my old kid gloves - -
Soft laughter - - butterflies pure white,
Red embers glowing in the grate - -
Pale shadows - -
crystal - -
- - candlelight.

DOG WATCH -- George Whalley

As I walk the city streets in the grey of breaking dawn,
When air is clear and all the folks asleep,
There is melancholy there where was glory that is gone:
My heart is sad and all my soul would weep.

For I feel the canvas throb and the clipper running free
And the music of the waves is in my soul.
I can smell the salty spray when the fo'c'sle takes the sea
As she strains ahead toward the Southern Pole.

Far dearer then to me are the perils of the deep
Than the heartaches of this solitary town.
There life is fine and free, and death is but a sleep
In a clout of sail a hundred fathoms down.

POEM -- H. W. Gall

Hosts of haunting shadows
Marching from the past,
Marching, marching, marching by
How I dread the last.

And you cannot hold them
Or halt them as they go
Marching, marching, marching by
Row on row on row.

From tombs of ancient memories
An everlasting stream
Marching, marching, marching by
All a shadowy dream.



"You'll stay for coffee?" asked Billy.

With the entirely unnatural hesitation, which has probably never deceived anybody, I began: "Well, I only came in to . . . I don't want to . . ."

"Oh, that's all right, we've got any amount of coffee, and we've got to finish up these biscuits John and I got on the way back from the show on Thursday; they're getting stale."

I shuddered; I knew Bill's taste in biscuits. These ones had probably begun to get stale long before some grocer unloaded them on him, with a slight sigh of relief at being able to get rid of *that* stock. . . . But, anyway, I reflected, at least they're something to eat, and I can wash them down with the coffee. "Well . . ." I said, and lapsed quickly and ingloriously into acquiescence.

"Of course," I went on after a minute's pause, "it's honestly not the *food* that I always come in here for, it's to talk, to be in the atmosphere of . . . of . . ."

"Stale coffee?" suggested John.

"That remark," I replied with hauteur, "was firstly, not very humorous, and, secondly, untrue." With a noble effort of gallantry: "Your coffee's very good coffee, usually."

"Oh, then," said Bill, "you *do* come for the coffee."

I gave up any attempt at apology, and sat down.

"Oh, ple-ase," wailed John . . . "about fifteen people have sat on that arm since I tried to mend it this morning."

Personally, I regard John's chairs as hypochondriacal. I have sat on broken arms for hours at a stretch, and as far as I can make out, have not damaged them any further; but maybe there were internal injuries. Nevertheless, John always shrieks in agony whenever I touch one.

"Did you see that picture in the latest Esquire," I asked, "of the fat lady and the horse; your broken-down chair arms look something like the horse."

"I haven't seen the latest Esquire for several months."

I described the cartoon to him; I described other cartoons to him. The conversation became slightly anatomical. Bill entered with a full coffee-pot, and joined in the discussion. He contributed the story of the latest biology lab and the discussion of sphagnum moss. The conversation dropped to a still lower level than before. The coffee suddenly began to burp, and its odour was wafted

OVER THE COFFEE CUPS

around the room . . . Through the transom, too A head appeared at the door . . .

By half-past ten there were seven people sprawled around the room, now full of smoke and a slightly stale smell of coffee and biscuits. Fire-escapes . . . the porter . . . hockey . . . the Principal . . . the professors (imitated faithfully, for about the tenth time that week, by Jim) . . . the latest shows . . . radio programmes . . . Mae West jokes . . . all had been spent upon the evening air and their disembodied spirits now formed a respectable percentage of the surrounding haze. No one had the energy to leave; no one had anything to say; no one, save Bill, had the energy to start washing up cups, plates, and coffee-pot. A loud and interminable duologue was going on next door. Somebody upstairs could be heard singing in his bath.

It suddenly dawned on me that the bull-session, as well as liquor and drugs, has its habitués, poor humans so gregarious by nature that this sitting around was almost the highest bliss they knew. I imagined them holding bull-sessions in Heaven or Hell, discussing the female angels, the technique of harp-playing, the variations in temperature, for night after . . . but are there . . . ? . . . anyway, at regular periods.

Bill, still fussing around, flung open the window. A breath of twenty below zero air oozed into the room. Jim, who comes from south-western Ontario, shouted: "Hey!"

"What's the matter?"

"Are you trying to kill us all?"

"Wait till you get it fifty below," said Bill, "We Quebec people are tough."

Bull-sessions, it appears, cannot live except in hot air. Several people had got up to go already. "Well," said John, "I guess I'll go to bed now. Gotta get some sleep. I've got to work tomorrow evening. Biology drawings."

"Well, thanks," I said, "that was good of you. Come up and see me yourself some time. By the way, can I help wash up?"

"I've done it all," said Bill, as usual, appearing from the corridor. I breathed (inwardly) a sigh of relief; I had just remembered that Charles, who always had coffee around eleven, had just got a chicken from home. Cold chicken and cranberry jam . . . I started edging toward the door. "Thanks," I said again and then started off for the Old Lodge.

WORLD PEACE

by E'don S. Davis

During the past few months we have been constantly reminded of the deplorable conditions of the world. Newspapers put forth dark threatening headlines of impending danger. Fear-crazed nations look on each other with growing suspicion and seek to build up safety pacts.

That the newspapers are exaggerating the danger of the situation is evident, but the fact remains that the nations of the world are rearming at an alarming speed. Indeed the situation is quickly approaching the bounds of an armament race. Many people realize that an international struggle will bring about a disaster, the magnitude of which is difficult to perceive. What then is to be done, that the peace of the world may be maintained?

Some of our more radical pacifists blame armament makers and grafting politicians, and advocate the removal of these from positions of influence. They also propose that each individual should refuse to participate in war under any circumstance. The futility of both these propositions is apparent to anyone who chooses to give the matter his consideration.

We must admit that the profiteer uses unscrupulous methods to reap his evil harvest of war; on the other hand we cannot believe that all the armament makers and politicians living could force an unwilling people to stage a war. It is only when a nation has a real grievance that the profiteer has something to work on. Now let us consider the refusal of the individual to participate in war under any conditions. What is the value of such an attitude unless it is universal, and how can it become universal while whole nations feel themselves deeply wronged? An example of this is Germany, that nation which has been discussed and criticised so much. If you were to question a citizen of that country concerning world peace you would assuredly get an answer like this:

"It is well for you of the British races to prate of peace and love and disarmament, you who have won one third of the land surface of the world by the sword, and who with the two largest fleets in the world hold dominion of the seas. What does peace mean to us? It means a continuation of the servility of our present condition. We have been beaten into the dust, and everything that was dear to us has been taken away. At the close of the Great War our colonies were confiscated, and we were



forced to sign a humiliating treaty. When, after all other nations had broken this treaty, we renounced it, the world branded us as an outlaw nation. The great Hitler came to our rescue, organised our crumpling government and brought back to us a ray of self-respect, yet you painted exaggerated pictures of his mistakes, heaped abuse upon him, and called him a menace to the world.

"Do you fail to realize that a German has feelings just as you, that pain and insult react on his nature just as they would on yours? Can you be so blind as to think that Germany will ever turn to peace while she is bereft of her colonies, of self-respect, and equality with other nations?"

We must not imagine that Germany is the only nation which feels itself wronged. Would not Japan and Italy point their finger at the wide dominions of other nations, which have been won by the sword, and feel the irony of their appeal for peace? Is it not natural that the citizen of Japan resents the superiority complex of some of the white races, who regard his people with lofty contempt, mingled with fear and possibly envy? Surely he feels that he has a right to equality with any nation in the world.

It is a well known fact that suppression is the greatest of stimulants; this has been pointed out again and again in history, and yet the nations of the world are seeking peace by surrounding the so-called dangerous countries with rings of steel. The highest explosive known will burn out harmlessly if unrestrained. Why then do the stronger nations adopt the futile method which has been proven useless again and again? Why also do they overlook the fact that these so-called "danger-spots" of the world may merely be nations which feel they have a grievance — a grievance which could be rectified by common sense?

What is to be done that peace may be established for all time? Truly two alternatives remain for the world. The first is a sacrifice of imperialistic ideals, the breaking down of ideas of racial superiority and the abolition of national prejudices; which will open the way to permanent peace. The second is a continuation of our present struggle which bears with it the grim truth that all things held by the sword will inevitably perish by the same.

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THE ART OF DEBATING



A debate is an attempt to convince by logical argument: and as practised at Bishop's, (a contest in which the decision goes to the ablest debater, no matter which is in the right. We've only to convince the judges that we are more intelligent and competent arguers than our opponents.) It is neither more nor less than a competition in skilful manoeuvring, as a game of rugby, — or chess.

The foregoing would indicate that debates are won, not from a lectern, but at your desk; the affray being one of planned tactics. In arranging your campaign, then, I would suggest the following general procedures:

1 (Study the phrasing of the resolution. Determine the exact meaning of every word in it.) Write down as a statement what your opponents must prove, in order to win. Write the statement that you must prove in order to win. You see then the maximum strength of their case against you: but, you may also derive a definite statement to fling at them, saying;

"Prove that wrong, or own yourselves beaten!"
(or, stealing their thunder, say)

"Our opponents must prove such and such, or lose!"
This last is very convenient, as it puts the burden of proof upon them. They do all the sweating, while you sit there and criticize.

2 Go over the debate as if on their side, finding all possible points for them. This, by contrast, will suggest many for your real interests. Find, then, all possible points for your side.

3 Have listed every point for either side. Write after each the refutation for that point. Write, if possible, the answer to that refutation.

(We have dealt with the gathering in of weapons. Now for the use of them.)

4 Divide the points into groups, each of which shall be a topic, and these between the speakers, according to the probable time required to deal with each.

5 Consider now your argument, with the topic as the unit. A certain topic, such and such points.

a Relate the positive points for your side, and your opponents, that balance each other. When approaching these, introduce your point this way:

"My opponent may suggest that 'X.X.X.&' is in his

favour, but perhaps he has not considered that 'C.Z.X.Z.' is the advantage of not following his proposal, and would offset, and more than compensate for the phantom benefits that . . ."

b (List all points that you can not possibly refute. When you speak, concede them at once. When they advance these in their own favour, their arguments would have no force, being admitted already.) Result = anti-climax at their expense, and their speech is flat.

c (List their points that you can refute. Introduce them, and refute at once; forestalling them. When they come to make them they're found refuted already, and opponent appears ridiculous.) This takes the wind out of their sails.

d List those that they may not make, and carefully avoid them.

e (For your side, try to appear convincing. Make your own points as if you really believed them. When on sure ground: ". . . . and I defy my opponents to disprove that".)

f (If yours are doubtful, point out the refutation, and the answer to that refutation. Their counter-arguments met in advance, they gain no points for rebuttal.)

6 Sum up, for if you're any good as a speaker, they're so interested in what you say that they forget what you've proved; even having agreed with the proof, as you made it. Tell them what they're convinced of, before you sign off.)

7 a In refuting, it may be convenient to assume that your opponent is right. So considering, draw his remarks to an illogical conclusion, and affect mystification, because, of course, he could not have been wrong.

b (At the last you are allowed two minutes, for rebuttal only.) Make the best of it, and if you've time over, mention again, and reemphasize the points in your favour. You can put this across, by laughing at your opponents' failure to refute them, which is concession. This trickery will annoy the

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chairman and please the judge. Go to it.
8 (The work is just under way. You must now test the show. Get your team together, and rehearse, as if for a play. Speak for and against your side, pick the weak spots, and arrange to have the audience ignore them. Omit where necessary; divide the subject exactly to suit the time; and fix upon a rate of speaking.) You really won't believe this, but rehearsal is the hardest work of all — and lack of it shows most of all.

"Yes, I know. Well, I really could not say. It goes I suppose to the team of best generals . . . the wiliest. . . . I concede a point that they would not have made . . . I mention, and answer, a refutation of one of my arguments. If they've not thought of it, I weaken my case unnecessarily."
In the case of perfect debating, if this scheme is right, victory goes to the cleverest gambler, and the best actor; but win or lose, you'll have put on a good show.

SELF-SATISFACTION

by S. J. Davies

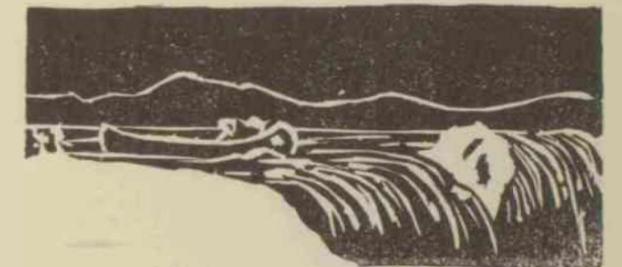
The youth of this age is too self-satisfied. Perhaps that statement is neither startling nor original, but it is the common state of the youth in any era. Most of us come to college directly from high schools and after the first few months we adopt an attitude of sophistication which most of us do not feel to be in the least sincere. We have the feeling, passed on to us through generations and hammered into us from our youth up, that if we have enough self-confidence, we shall succeed in our respective spheres of life. This belief has been over-emphasized to such an extent that the result has been the complacent smugness which we all dislike so much in other people.

It was suggested quite recently by a speaker in England that we should actually cultivate an "inferiority complex, a pessimistic outlook and a sense of dissatisfaction."

This at first glance might seem entirely contrary to those ideals which we deem so important to success, but after more careful consideration the idea may not seem so repulsive. This is only an exaggerated way of pointing out that self-satisfaction is a snare and delusion. It is quite obvious that the man who is entirely satisfied with himself will never get anywhere; it is only he who feels he has much to learn who will progress. A feeling of discontent with ourselves should spur us on to greater heights. As we advance we shall not feel the need of the spur so much but we shall be drawn on by the fascination of the paths which lie ahead.

Robert Browning expressed the opinion that a feeling of discontent should urge us on, in his lines:

"Then welcome each rebuff



That turns earth's smoothness rough
Each sting that bids not sit nor stand but go!
Be our joys three-parts pain!
Strive, and hold cheap the strain;
Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never grudge
the throe."

There are no limits to this desire for progress, along both spiritual and mental paths.

The fact that we try to go forward, and that we do welcome rebuffs with courage and a determination to "stick to our guns" makes for true satisfaction. This is far different from the attitude of the man who feels self-satisfied before he has even placed his foot on the bottom rung of the ladder.

What we should remember is that true satisfaction is a matter of progress and not a state. What we all need is the direct antithesis to a spirit of self-satisfaction, the spirit of humility.

Life is a gamble. We all can't hold the aces, but let us at least play the game of life as good gamblers, who are quite prepared to lose, but only after we have played our cards with all our skill. If we fail to win let us at least be "glorious" failures; if we win we shall be suitably rewarded.

It is an indisputable fact that too many people are going to college in America. Tucked away in the minds of most people in college is the idea that they are going to be trained as leaders. That is good, up to a point. That we need leaders cannot be disputed, but what we badly need is the type of leader who is willing to be led.

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— advertisement in *The New York Times Book Review*, Jan. 27, 1935.

"Mr. Queensly, of Cambridge, who was a great admirer of the Grecian poets, has left directions in his will that his skin be tanned into a parchment, upon which is to be written the whole of the 'Iliad' of Homer, which is then to be presented to the British Museum."

— *The Illustrated London News* for Nov. 15, 1862.

"This movement contains breathless passages for the wind instruments..."

— Mr. Gilman, on Elgar's Second Symphony, N. York Philharmonic Concert, Nov. 4, 1934.

OUR RHODES SCHOLAR

A Bishop's student has again won the Rhodes Scholarship. Just about a year after the announcement of Chris Eberts' success we hear that Oggie Glass, our Senior Man, has gained honour for his Alma Mater and glory for himself by being similarly successful this year. Bishop's, Canada's smallest University, has thus produced three Rhodes Scholars in eight years — a record to be proud of.

Charles Lapslie Ogden Glass, to quote in full, was born on July 21st, 1913, in Montreal. His first school was Lower Canada College, which he entered at the tender age of eight. 1927 saw him at school in Switzerland; but the next year he returned to the land of his birth to continue his education at Bishop's College School. There he proved himself an outstanding player on all four first teams — hockey, football, basketball and cricket. He became senior swimming champion, senior tennis ditto, and the winner of his weight in boxing. He was first a head boy and then a prefect. Moreover, he was vice-president of the dramatic society, and likewise of the debating society. Academically, he distinguished himself in English.

Then he came to Bishop's.

Here he justified the reputation which had preceded him. He has captained both teams, football and hockey; and though he found himself unable to play basketball regularly, his feats in the Inter-Year games prove that he has lost none of his old skill. He rose to the rank of sergeant in our local army. And as far as Debating and Dramatics are concerned — well, just look back over the last year or two. He played the title role in "Volpone", the play which was sent in to the Drama Festival, and he gained a leading part in the major play last spring. He is one of the University's crack debaters; last year he helped to bring the Inter-University Debating Cup to Bishop's — the first time the award has ever come here.

At the last elections he was chosen as Senior Man



C. L. O. GLASS

for the academic year 1934-35, and has filled the position remarkably well, being one of the few Senior Students to keep a monthly Association meeting almost interesting. From an academic standpoint, Oggie seems to be making a pretty good job of English Honours.

Concerning the qualities of gentlemanliness, sportsmanship, etc., they are so often attributed out of mere custom or politeness that it is apt to sound insincere when they are attributed in all sincerity. But even if no mention of them were made, the respect in which Oggie is held by all testifies sufficiently to his possession of those qualities. In addition, he has the rare and valuable knack of leadership, and what is commonly known as an attractive personality.

Congratulations, Oggie, and the best of luck!

WHAT TO DOON SHOULD YT BE CACCHING

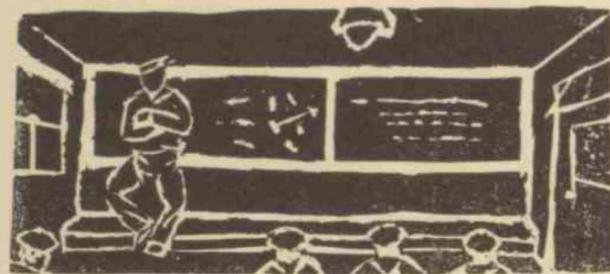
13. Chikken Poxe.

When that a certified leech do discover a Chikken Poxe, he shall immediately give to drink of a potion (strong) after which the bodi infected shall be lain in a warmed couch awaie from riotous noyse. Upon all them that have not formerly suffered attack and who have approached the sick, viz, by habitation in the same house, by affectionate encounter or by any other possible means, there shall be pronounced a ban. During the time of ban or banishment there shall be no advising with the world

without either by sending of tokens through a letter carrier or by foan speche. Thus may infection not spread through paper or wyre. Should no blemish, no signes, no vapours nor no fittes betoken approach of attack at the ende of the ban, there may be renewed contact with the worlde without, with iudicious drinking of coffee or gentle dauncing.

HIC EXPLICIT VERBA MEDICI IZALIS.

(from *The West Saxon*, Southampton Univ. College, England).



Dear Sir:

In the October issue of "The Mitre" you were good enough to mention the fact that I was "teaching naval history aboard H.M.S. Britannia". I am sorry to inform you that the Britannia hulk was broken up some thirty years ago and that British seamen get what is to all intents and purposes a good public school education on land, in the very fine buildings which compose the Royal Naval College, Dartmouth.

It may interest some of your readers to know what sort of education the officers of the Royal Navy get. The great majority go through this college from the age of 14 till nearly 18, but a certain proportion enter after their ordinary schooling, many of whom enter for the paymaster branch of the service for which good eyesight is not an essential qualification. At the beginning of each of the three terms in the year there is always a large number of candidates from the preparatory schools who want to enter the Navy by way of Dartmouth; from these, forty are carefully selected in an Admiralty examination in which the personal interview is always accounted the most important test. The result is that we get at Dartmouth a very picked set of cadets who are very justifiably considered to be an extremely smart lot, physically and mentally. And if their education here is not as broad, in the liberal sense of the word, as it is in the very best public schools, it certainly turns out cadets who are both alert and efficient in their mental processes.

The aim seems to be to give them a good education in rather a nautical atmosphere. The civilian staff of masters looks after the one side and, to a newcomer, the standard of teaching is extraordinarily high in comparison with the average school; while naval officers (who hold their posts for two years at a time) control the naval side of the business. This means that a civilian has nothing to do with the naval training; he has only to teach his subject — in my case English (much of which is like the first and second year syllabus at Bishop's) and History — a highly technical subject to get up in a hurry when you hardly know one end of a ship from another. To a newcomer the disciplinary side — the saluting and signalling and the complicated terminology in daily use ("shift" for

AN OPEN LETTER

"change", "stand by" for "wait", "gunroom" for "classroom", the 24 hour clock, etc.) is extremely odd. But after a while, as he has little to do with it, it even ceases to be interesting; although the standard set at parades is quite amazing, especially at big functions when the Board of Admiralty or the Prince of Wales (an "old boy") descends upon us.

It will please those who groan at compulsory Latin at Bishop's to know that only "modern" subjects are taught here, navigation and seamanship taking its place. And the cadets don't seem to be much worse off. But their daily routine is so strictly planned out that they do not have a great deal of time to themselves, a fact which results in very little independent reading being done. Apart from this fact, no college could be better run.

I am sorry, Sir, to have to dispel any fiction that may have become current among students that I dance the hornpipe on the Britannia quarter deck at peep o' day; or that I (if you will excuse another personal reference) have become a fiery mouthed militarist, indeed an intelligent pacificism is as common here as it is at Bishop's. Disarmament affects us to the extent that there is a much smaller staff and fewer cadets than of old; and after all everyone admits that there must be some sort of a navy. But when the First, Second and even the Third Lord of the Admiralty invades my classroom you may be sure that I sometimes sigh after the easy ways of "dear old Bishop's".

And now, as I may for all I know be breaking the regulations of the "silent Navy", I can only wish, through your kind offices, all my friends at Lennoxville a very happy New Year.

C. C. Lloyd.

FRAGMENT -- George Whalley

I walk upon the ocean's floor
Mid bones of men picked clean by sharks;
And I am old and weak and hoar. . . .
The only light is starfish-sparks.

I drink the marvels of the deep.
I think how Life, like blood, is red;
How Death is dumb, an empty sleep.
And I am dead!

NEWS FROM HONDURAS



Hoy, No Manana", the motto of this diocese, could not have been more suitably chosen. Translated, it reads: "To-day, not To-morrow", and is particularly applicable to this part of the world where people are noted for their procrastination. Whether the motto has any effect on the general populace it is difficult to say; but after receiving "The Mitre" yesterday I was reminded of my promise to write to you, and then followed the thought: "Hoy, No Manana".

Let me say, first of all, what a joy it was to receive "The Mitre", which is not always sufficiently appreciated while one is at the university, but which is cherished very much when one is so far away from "home". In this place it is not easy to get reading material in English, and my knowledge of Spanish is yet very imperfect, so that papers and magazines from Canada are received with keen appreciation. Already the new cover has been much admired. Congratulations to the new board! The news of the Initiation ceremonies brought back many memories, and I thought the new practice of introducing the "Freshmen" at the Initiation dance a splendid improvement on our former lack of good manners with regard to those worthy gentlemen. The Graduates' column is exceptionally good. I hope that it will continue to increase in interest, and that more graduates will help to contribute their share to the life of "The Mitre" both by their subscriptions and their articles. The good news of the Teams had been already received in a letter from Dr. McGreer. Needless to say, I was delighted to hear of their successes, and was sorry to have missed the opportunity of witnessing the ever-popular game with Loyola in Montreal. The successes in rugby will, I trust, be an indication of the results in all the different phases of the year's work.

Since leaving the university in June of this year, my experiences have been very varied and interesting, as well as enjoyable; even though at times there have been some anxious moments. One can only appreciate the difficulty of being able to enter a foreign country after having had the experience of it. The most unusual of my experiences, which I was subject to in New York, was that of having my finger-prints taken — rather ironical in the case of a clerk in Holy Orders. However, after many vicissitudes,

I arrived at my destination. Belize is very pretty when viewed from the boat, and one's first impression of the place is very favourable; but the city itself is very flat, and after the novelty of some of the quaint sights has worn off it becomes rather uninteresting. It is a strange sight at first to see huge rain-water tanks at the rear of the houses. The reason for this is that the city is six inches below sea-level and the people depend upon the rain for their water supply, including drinking water. It is not uncommon to see signs outside of the houses advertising "water for sale", and after a long dry spell, showers of rain are literally "showers of blessing". One of my chief sources of pleasure while in Belize was that of meeting Karl Wade, a former graduate of Bishop's. He is a most delightful fellow, and we had a long talk about Bishop's and our mutual acquaintances among the "Old Boys". It seemed so strange to see so many of the familiar Group pictures of the College in such a far away corner of the world. His Lordship, the Bishop of British Honduras will be remembered as a former professor of mathematics at the university and Warden of Divinity House. As we were robing for Evensong on the day of my ordination, he said: "It's good to see a 'Bishop's' hood again", and I felt that after all I wasn't so far away from home, with two such worthy representatives of our Alma Mater so close at hand.

Transportation from Belize to other points on the coast is neither regular nor luxurious. One has often to wait several days for a chance trading boat which happens to be going to the nearest port of call, and then be ready to sail at a moment's notice. More patience is still required however, because when you get to the boat you are frequently told that it won't sail until to-morrow (Manana). This happened to me on two successive days, but I eventually got away on the S.S. "Annette" — a never-to-be-forgotten trip. There was no accommodation at all except for six bunks which were used by both passengers and crew. Fortunately it was only a twenty-four hour trip, and there was another passenger, a very interesting fellow, whose home is in La Ceiba. In this way the voyage was made more interesting than it would other-

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wise have been, and at the same time I was able to make a point of contact with someone in my new place of abode. We landed at Tela, and here one experienced further delay in being allowed to enter the Republic. The boat had to remain outside while we were brought ashore in a small row-boat, and then we had to wait on the beach until the customs' officials came back from lunch. Our baggage couldn't be brought ashore until he had examined our passports and given the necessary approval for entry. After waiting two or three hours, things were eventually settled and I spent the night in Tela with a confrère of mine who is stationed there. The next day I left by train for La Ceiba. To begin with, the train was three hours late — and what a train! First class accommodation is worse than our colonist class, and never had I seen such a strange lot of passengers. The only way one could get anything to eat was from natives who came on the train at different places along the line, but the fare looked so unappetizing that I decided to wait until I got to the end of my journey. After seven hours on the train without hearing a word of English and not understanding a word of Spanish, I was very glad to reach my destination.

La Ceiba is by far the nicest town on the coast, and for that I am very thankful. San Pedro, which is farther inland, compares favourably with it, and Tegucigalpa, the capital, is, I am told, a very quaint city. Most of the towns are practically controlled by the American Fruit Companies, who are responsible in a large measure for the development of the country. La Ceiba, however, has also a fair number of private industries. It has a population of about fifteen thousand, which includes the native Spaniards, and various races of coloured people from Jamaica, Barbadoes, British Honduras, and other Republics, as well as Americans, and white people from the Bay Islands. Unlike Belize, the surrounding country here is very mountainous and the climate is therefore not so oppressive. Once a month I visit Puerto Castilla, the place where Columbus landed on his fourth and last voyage to the Indies. The journey by train takes from twelve to

thirteen hours, and under the existing travelling conditions is, to say the least, very tiring. One of the troublesome features of the tropics is the insects, of which there are legion. No matter how careful one is, it is difficult to prevent the roaches from eating away the binding of one's books, especially those with cloth covers. I am trying to preserve mine by keeping a supply of insect poison in the house. The mosquitoes, ants, and sand flies are also a source of annoyance as well as pain, but they have to be endured. As you no doubt know, the natives of the country are not such peaceable citizens as might be desired. The laws of the country are, I believe, very good laws in theory, but it would seem that they are observed in the breach rather than in their fulfilment. There is no capital punishment for murder, and consequently there is little regard for life. With regard to the colour question, I have not experienced any great difficulty between the white and the coloured people. There is not nearly the same prejudice against the coloured people as there is in the Southern States, where they are not even allowed to ride together on the street cars or busses. The difficulty is to get the different races of coloured people working together in harmony. They seem to lack a spirit of confidence in their fellows, and each different race strives to claim superiority over the others.

I have not mentioned anything about my work, and I am afraid that you are finding this letter already too long. Let it be sufficient to say that I have received every encouragement, and the people, both white and coloured, are very kind and hospitable. The experience of the work here is on the whole enjoyable and will without doubt be of great value.

I should be very glad indeed to hear from any of my "Bishop's" friends. The address is:

Holy Trinity Mission House,
La Ceiba,
Honduras Republic, C. A.

A. V. Ottiwell.

PROSPERITY IS JUST AROUND THE CORNER

The hungry world stands mouth agape, toothless, on the brink of a crumbling cliff and receives a shower of life-lines. One of the mob receives the first line, glances not too slowly at it, and raises the shout, "It is not practical." Quickly the cry is taken up, and the shifting sands shift the quicker for the destructive force of the reverberations. The line is cast back at the rescuers.

Another is thrown.

"It is not practical." Like a dense cloud the holler swells from the mass of dusty throats.

Soon the self-appointed savers are fed up, and no more lines are thrown. "Let the damn fools fall."

— Bruce Munro,
(Bishop's '34).

ARE YOU BEING *Unintentionally Unfair?*

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GRADUATES — John Ford, B.A.

Men may come and men may go but 'The Mitre' goes on forever" is a line that is easily recognized as one that I have not only plagiarized but also slightly altered in order to state a fact which is essentially true. As long as it goes along it will still be "The Mitre", though no doubt a column so ably edited as this particular one may in this instance give a striking example of the loss which resignations must inevitably bring about. The past Editor did his work well and it is no doubt with regret that our readers must revert to the humbler and less vivid expressions employed by the substitute appointed in his stead. But, speaking of Alumni Editors reminds me of the time when James Hodgkinson, M.A., acted in that capacity. Friday, (as he was christened after a humorous episode), is not only the Assistant Principal of the LaTuque High School, but a frequent contributor to the home town press known as the Voice of LaTuque, as well as to a number of other periodicals. His writings have already received favourable comment. But LaTuque has another former member of "The Mitre" Board who is not wasting any of her time, namely, Helen Bayne, B.A. Helen is a bit uncertain in regard to the exact nature of her future work, but in the meantime is attending a course in which the requisites of a business career are being taught. Esther England, M.A., is also making her contribution in the High School and from recent reports is doing great work. So much for Bishop's graduates and the town of LaTuque.

Two delightful events occurred in Lennoxville during the Christmas holidays. The first was the marriage of Audrey Bennett, B.A., to Major Steeves of Montreal. The ceremony took place in St. George's Church, Lennoxville, on December 27th, the Rev. Albert Jones officiating. The only attendant was Doris Bennett, sister of the bride. The second event was the occasion of a Tea, which was attended by a large number of Bishop's graduates. This took place at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. M. Home.

Our sympathy is extended to a number of our graduates. A few weeks ago occurred the death of Dr. Stockwell, father of Ivan, Walter, and William Stockwell; and on Jan. 23rd Mr. J. L. Dean, father of Dorothy and John Dean passed away.

A number of old graduates were at Bishop's during the holidays. Pat Church, B.A., student at the University of Cambridge, was a guest at Harrold Lodge. Humphrey Porritt, M.A., was a guest at the home of Dr. and Mrs. W. O. Raymond. John Macaulay made a short call on a few of his friends.

We now recall a familiar figure at Bishop's a few years ago in the person of the Rev. R. K. Trowbridge, L.S.T. Fr. Trowbridge has been appointed as Incumbent

of Massey, Ontario.

Another old figure who enjoyed the favour of the Alma Mater was John G. Stevenson. John recently joined the R.C.M.P., and is now a recruit at the Depot Division in Regina. John should feel quite at home as a 'Mountry' as he is the fourth chap from Bishop's to go west in that capacity during the last few years.

Bruce Munro, now in the Princess Louise Dragoons at Ottawa, rode in the Governor-General's escort at the opening of Parliament on January 17.

Mac Muir left us last summer. Since that time he made a lengthy and interesting trip on a tramp steamer. He called here recently (for a bath), and of course incidentally to talk over events reminiscent of the past. Mac visited France and Italy, and the recital of his impressions was listened to with rapt attention. The attentive spirit of his listeners was no doubt accentuated by the graphic accounts which we received last June on the occasion of a visit from the Rev. John Dicker, L.S.T., who had spent some time in that tranquil country known as British Honduras. John is now on the Canadian Labrador, and the Editor hopes that he will find time to send along some news connected with his no doubt very interesting work. In another section of this Mitre a letter from the Rev. Arthur Ottiwell, B.A., has been published which should prove of great interest to his many friends. Arthur is in the Diocese formerly occupied by John Dicker.

In turning to the subject of hockey I feel that I am on delicate ground, and can feel the sharp reproving eye of that versatile Editor whom we will refer to as Bill. Nevertheless, I must mention the names of two or three of our grads who have continued their playing beyond the confines of Bishop's. Blinco and his achievements we are still pleased to read about in the public press, and just wish to add that in a recent game with Detroit our hero scored four goals. But Gordon Titcomb, a recent graduate, has also been doing great work. Playing for Three Rivers in a game against McGill Intermediates he was considered as the star player of his team. He is playing defense. Word has been received from Oxford — Christopher Eberts has been playing on the Oxford Hockey Team, and if I were writing Rugby notes, I would say that he made a flying tackle on the occasion when his team flew over to Geneva, and played a game there.

Peter Curry (who is now in Winnipeg, working for Oldfield, Kirby & Gardner, real estate and law) played as outside wing on the Winnipeg Tigers last fall.

Stewart Aird has not sent in any news recently, but we understand that he is busily occupied in obtaining a technical and practical knowledge of the Textile Business

in the large plant at Valleyfield. Another former student of Bishop's is Ralph Cooper. After occasional sojournings Ralph has returned to his work as a master at Pointe aux Trembles.

The Rev. A. R. Warren, though retired from direct parochial duties, has been rendering assistance to the Rev. H. Hibbard, at Kenogami. Mr. Hibbard (Skipper) has charge of a large territory in the Lake St. John district.

Ralph Gustafson, M.A., has written a book of poems entitled "The Golden Chalice". This book is shortly to be published.

The Rev. James Cole, B.A., is reported to have left his diocese in order to make a trip to New Zealand, his home country.

A letter has been received from the Rev. Albert Eagles, L.S.T., in which he informs us that he was ordained to the Priesthood on December 23rd by the Bishop of Fulham. The ordination took place in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, England. Apparently the large number of marriages awaiting to be performed had somewhat to do with Bert's short period in the Diaconate. Word has also been received from the Rev. C. S. Wright, L.S.T., who is also

in England, and from all accounts Sam is not only working very hard, but also very happy in his associations. The Rev. W. Elkin, L.S.T., the other member of the Dundas Trio, has much travelling to do in connection with his vast mission in the West. It is hoped that some account of his work will reach us in time for our next issue.

During the past year a large number of news items came in from graduates who are interested in maintaining this page. There are, however, many others who can cooperate with the Editor in this respect. It is hoped that many will write to us and let us know what they are doing. It is characteristic of our Alma Mater to desire that all her children keep in touch with one another. Some of her oldest children have travelled to very distant points and are not able to visit her very often. The next best thing is to write.

The final, and I trust appropriate comment, that I desire to make is in connection with the Alumnae. A report is expected from this source in the next issue. In the meantime it is hoped that those who have not written to the Editor already, will continue to send in contributions to his successor.

NEWS AND NOTES

It is now the height of the season for proposing amendments to the Constitution of the Students' Association, and our budding Justinians have been very busy with their "para 2, sub-section A, line 3". At the close of last term following a debate of half an hour which practically turned into a lecture on the Shakespearian Stage, the Students' Association turned thumbs down to an amendment to change the name of the "Bishop's University Dramatic Society" to "The Bishop's Men." But at a more recent meeting the Association passed unanimously an amendment which raised the annual fee to the Association to \$21.00. The object of this amendment was to make the finances of the Association independent of the C.O.T.C. grant. Under the new arrangement the members of the C.O.T.C. will probably receive their pay, which will amount to more than the \$4.50 raise on their Association fee, direct, and the student will feel free from the near obligation of joining the C.O.T.C. to support the student finances. One more ardent pacifist has declared that "the death-knell of the C.O.T.C. is sounded", and certainly the corps will be free of those who joined under protest, and the officers can reasonably demand full attendance from men who are being paid. The greatest gain is that the C.O.T.C. will stand more on its own merits, and the figures of next year's enrollment will be watched with close interest.

The Mitre" extends its sincere sympathy to John and Edward Parker, and also Don Bennett who recently suffered the loss of their mothers.

DRAMATICS

The Dramatic Society has finally decided on "As You Like It" as the major play, to be presented in the College "Little Theatre" on April 29th, 30th, May 1st.

LITERARY AND DEBATING

The occasion for the Debating Society's first Common Room meeting of the term was a Freshman Debate on the subject "Resolved: that this house approves of Movie Censorship". The debate, if we are to believe the report in the Montreal "Star", took place before "a large representation of the Student Body". The Affirmative was upheld by King and Turpin, the negative by Knox and Davies. The decision was given in favour of the latter by an audience vote. Following the debate an interesting discussion took place on the merits of the subject.

The preliminaries of the Inter-University debates take place on February 14th; Royle and Mackey will represent Bishop's against Loyola in Convocation Hall. The subject under discussion will be "Resolved: that the League of

Nations was justified in admitting Soviet Russia as one of its members." Bishop's will uphold the affirmative. On the same evening Ford and Boothroyd will meet Ottawa University in Ottawa to debate the same resolution. They will uphold the negative.

C. O. T. C.

Perhaps the most satisfactory report of the O.T.C.'s activity can be given by an explanation of the Corps' weekly programme:

- Tuesday: 6.45 - 8.00 p.m. Small Arms instruction (Light Automatic and Rifle). Practical work for the "A" Certificate exam.
- Wednesday: 6.45 - 7.30 p.m. Band Practice.
- Thursday: 2.00 - 5.00 p.m. "B" Certificate Lecture. 7.00 - 9.00 p.m. "A" Certificate Lecture.
- Friday: 2.00 - 4.15 p.m. Parade of the Corps to the Sherbrooke Armoury. 7.00 - 9.00 p.m. "A" Certificate Lecture.

The tentative date of the Practical Examination is February 22nd, while the Theoretical Examination will be

held on March 5th and 6th.

The next dance of the Corps will be held on February 12th.

Members of the Corps regretted to hear of the death of a former Commanding Officer, the Rev'd Everett Thompson, B.A., L.S.T., and wish to express to his widow and sister their sympathy for their bereavement.

MISS WARREN LECTURES

Under the auspices of the Lennoxville Branch of the I.O.D.E. an illustrated lecture on "Gardens" was given by Miss Warren in Convocation Hall on Friday, February 1st. Miss Warren opened her lecture with a brief resumé of gardening in ancient times and then continued by recounting several popular legends about flowers. A great variety of modern gardens was shown including views of the King's gardens at Sandringham and several French and Italian gardens. It is very seldom that a lecturer is equipped with so many and such excellent slides, and Miss Warren's slides were doubly interesting being nearly all made from her own paintings.

SPORTS — W. J. Belford

A few almost deserted buildings, guarded by a few erstwhile janitors, were the reception committee for the advance guard of our more ambitious hockey players on the 14th of last month. One bright, cold Monday afternoon, the 14th ult., Hank Wright landed back to try to bring order out of the chaos and a hockey championship for Bishop's; and since then things have had an optimistic outlook. We have had our setbacks due to examinations and inroads from neighbouring hockey magnates, but to date (February 1st) we have won one game and lost one in the Intercollegiate loop, and the Intermediate team has showed up extremely well in practice games with the best junior teams in the local league. Our Juniors are off to a good start — they lost their first game by a narrow margin at the Sherbrooke Arena, when the league-leading Nationals came out on the big end of a 3 - 1 score; but the kids regained their prestige when they held the runners-up to a 3 - 3 draw on their own ice in the village.

The team is more than glad to have its old defense and goalie of last year with them again; Christison's health is giving us all too much worry, but we're hoping for the best. The whole College is sorry to hear that the Intercollegiate ruling makes it impossible to share Ash Hibbard with the Sherbrooke Maple Leafs — and needless to say, the Sherbrooke County champions share our regret.

Other veterans from past seasons include Oggie Glass and Chic Carson (whom the McGill Intermediates of this season should not forget), who constitute one forward line with Larry Brooks — another veteran, who sometimes alternates on defense, and is likewise a marksman who makes the opposing goalies remember that they're never safe. Ted Bissonnet played both games, subbing for Rud Johnston, and has done well by us. Another great help to the squad is Hutch — Hutchison, who is always around to help make the boys practise against someone worthwhile. The class of '37 has given us a Grade A forward line in Johnny Hibbard, Paul McMahon and Rud Johnston, who by this time will need no introduction to anyone in the College.

The Juniors are doing their bit by keeping Ern Powell and Al Scott busy and in shape for future reference, and with the new material form a good junior aggregation. Snuff Wigle shows that he was made for other games besides rugby, and Dago Knox is another youngster who knows the rink as well as the gridiron. Carl Norris, too is a new-comer, but we old-timers see another Ken in him, and even now have begun to reminisce of our Freshman year when Ticker banged up against his successor. Charles Willis and Hans Geggie are the pick of the rest of the freshmen, although others are showing signs of ability it would be most foolish to suppress.

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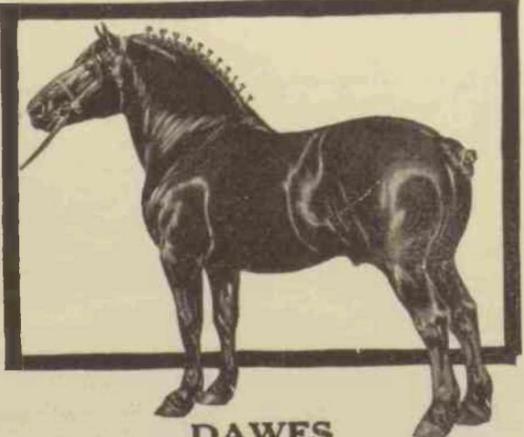
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DAWES
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LOYOLA (2) at BISHOP'S (1)
January 26.

We opened the Intercollegiate season here with a spirited game against none else but Loyola, and was it a game. At the end of the first period Dinny Dinsmore's gang was two up on us, but that couldn't last, and in the second period we began to tighten up; but they did a bit too and that part of the session finished with the account showing Loyola 2, Bishop's 1. The final frame saw Bishop's outplaying the visitors, but Kierans saved the day — or rather the night — for the Irishmen, and the boys couldn't get the two points they wanted for this game.

BISHOP'S (3) at MCGILL (2)
January 29.

We got up at an early hour and braved the sub-zero weather to board the C.P.R. train for Montreal to take the McGill seconds into camp — and maybe we did, if the boys had to eat ice cream and honey to keep them cool and make them stick to their guns.

We gained the lead in the first period 1 - 0, but before much of the second period had passed we were behind 2 - 1; and work as hard as they could the boys couldn't change the score for the rest of the period. But as soon as the third period got well under way, and Chic Carson got away both from his team mates and the opposition, the score was tied 2 - 2 (Blessings on Chic — may his shadow never grow less.) He likewise gave McMahan a pass to secure the game for the purple and white team — a victory that put us well in the running for a hockey championship that will soon be ours, we hope.

The Juniors got their start at the Arena on a Friday evening, against the Sherbrooke Nationals, last year's champs who are still going strong. They beat us 3 - 1, but were lucky to get off so easily. Snuff showed up well in this game, as he always does, and the whole team was better than anyone expected it to be.

Their second game was against the Lennoxville Jrs., at the Minto rink in the village; and here the boys again pulled the unexpected and got their first point by forcing the villagers to a 3 - 3 draw, showing everyone that if all goes well we have an exceptionally fine chance of collecting some silverware by way of our Junior hockey players. Give the boys your support — they deserve it.

Gerry Wiggett has been on hand regularly and the team shows the result of his coaching. Gerry is optimistic of the chances in both leagues — and he knows his hockey. A bad blow to the team came when Hank Wright found the worries of a manager's post too heavy to couple with those of a pedagogical course, and handed over the job to Bill Belford — and the players are probably still wondering why!

BASKETBALL

Bishop's opens its basketball schedule Saturday, February 2nd when the Intermediate team meets that of Sherbrooke High School. The schedule promises to be a most interesting one this year, the team being entered in the Sherbrooke City and District Basketball Association League as well as in the Intermediate Inter-Collegiate Basketball Association League. The former league now consists of five teams, a new one having joined up this year. Bishop's have in all eight scheduled games this season.

The team has been hard at work since the start of the term holding daily practices under the able coaching of G. E. Baird. Several tried players of last year's team have turned out:

- Baird (capt.)
- Hume
- Royal
- Rollit
- Mayhew
- Stevens

and the freshman class has furnished some very promising material in:

- Pyper
- Mutton
- T. Johnson
- Rosenthal.

Two exhibition games have been played. The first on January sixth against Lennoxville High in Bishop's gym, resulting in a victory 21 - 6 for Bishop's. Again on January 29th Bishop's met Y.M.C.A. Reds in their Sherbrooke gym winning from them 27 - 24.

A Junior team has also been organized and is holding nightly practices under Sid Medine as coach. The prospects are good for the Juniors and although no games have been played so far a schedule is to be issued shortly for them.

Sidney Medine is Manager of Basketball for this season being assisted by A. F. C. Aikins.

WOMEN'S BASKETBALL

At the beginning of the year hopes ran high concerning the Women's Basketball team — there was even talk of the possibility of having two teams; but all that has vanished, and now we are having difficulty to get one team of players together. It seems strange that out of nearly forty co-eds, we cannot find nine or ten people who have played basketball before, and who are willing to give up an hour for two or three afternoons of the week to practise, and thereby build up a team of which the college could be proud.

Of last year's team Betty Brewer, Jackie Schwartz and Lynie Jackson are the only members left, Gladys

Christison and Dorothy Wallace finding it impossible to play this year. Sups are keeping two of our most promising freshettes on the sidelines, in the persons of Mae Harris and Janet Kirkpatrick. Other good material is found in Marg Robins, Kay Millman, Edith Titcomb and Millicent Marlin.

For various important reasons we were unable to get any practising done before Christmas; but the day College opened certain of the more enthusiastic members turned out for the first practice. "Rusty" Baird has taken over the job of coaching the team; but it's a none too easy task, because there are never enough out to have even a scrimmage, so that we have had to get some of the boys in to help us.

Lynie Jackson is manager of the team this year, and at a recent meeting, Betty Brewer was unanimously elected captain.

Our team belongs to the Sherbrooke County Girls'

EXCHANGES — A. D. Banfill

The *Acadia Athenaeum* for December throws "The Mitre" a bouquet which reads in part as follows: "The Mitre is certainly a successful literary effort . . . The most interesting feature of *The Mitre* is the absence of flippancy from its pages (not the absence of humour.)" There are those in the University who have recently criticized "The Mitre" as being too literary, and as not containing enough of the humorous element; and at least one of the magazines with whom we exchange, *The Tech Flash* is of the opinion that our tone is too serious. We naturally prefer bouquets to brickbats; but, regardless of preference, we take this opportunity (while on the subject of criticism) of saying that "The Mitre" welcomes all kinds of criticism and suggestions from other college magazines.

The Arrows of the University of Sheffield, England, continues to be one of our best exchanges. In the latest issue appears "Scrambled Eggs", another chronicle of the Egg family by its worthy scion, Joe Egg, who has long written amusingly for *The Arrows*. The following excerpt from "Scrambled Eggs" not only illustrates Mr. Egg's refreshing humour, but offers several alternative solutions to a pressing problem which has puzzled many of us:

"My Cousin Dahlia finished estimating the cost of every female garment within sight and turned to me.

"'And how are you getting on, Joe?'

"I answered metaphorically and monosyllabically.

"'Why, you got a degree, didn't you? What are you going to do with it?'

Basketball Association, a new five-team league that was organized this fall. Games are played every Friday night. We played our first game on Friday, January 25, against the Y.W.C.A. Whites at the McKinnon Memorial in Sherbrooke, and were hopelessly beaten to the tune of 38 - 6. We almost consider that 6 an achievement, when we think of the difficulties we have been working under (coal dust included), and the fact that some of our players had never taken part in a game of boy's rules before.

So there is room for lots of improvement, and before long we hope to see new strength added to the team, and a faster team, better able to hold on to the ball and to pass it. Come on out, you co-eds who have played basketball before, and those who haven't — you'll soon learn! And what sort of a team will the College have in a couple of years if you don't start in now at the beginning? — I ask you!

"The question was probing. There are so many things one can do with a degree. Frame it, mount it. Back pictures with it. Draw on the plain side. Make blotters out of it at Christmas. Have a paper-chase with it. Stuff chairs. Make underclothes of it in war time, and a luck body-belt in peace time. Make a bed for the cat out of it. Use it to plug the sink up, or as a tablecloth when relations bring the baby to tea. Plane it down and use it for cigarette paper. Test your eyes trying to read the signatures on it. Use it as a bath-mat, filter paper, antimacassar, radiator muff. Make a kite, and for once fly high with it. Keep it dark, it is too valuable for its uses to be vulgarly known."

In the November number of *Acta Victoriana* (Victoria College, University of Toronto) is an article giving a graphic account of the two outbreaks of civil strife which troubled Austria in 1934. The article is entitled "Disunion in Vienna," and the author, Harry M. Beer, was apparently an eye-witness of the attempted Social-Democratic revolution of February, which resulted in a very serious street-war in Vienna. In this vivid account, the writer says that on being told that a strike had begun among the workers and was likely to lead to more serious things, it "seemed incredible to those of us from Canada; we assured the old gentleman that really there was no need for fear — we had a postal strike at home some years ago, it had been annoying but such things weren't really very serious. The English students too thought the idea of bloodshed ridiculous. Why, there had been a general strike

in England a few years ago, but everyone had chipped in and done his bit, and old England had struggled through without much difficulty. However, we were soon to remember that we weren't in England or Canada but in the heart of the continent — a political cauldron wherein the boiling point was much more quickly reached than at home." This article shows how the February trouble led directly to a union of many Socialists with the Nazi party, and thus to the "Putsch" in which Dollfuss met his death in July.

A short skit called "A Souperstition," in the magazine of East London College, (London, England) illustrates the fact that the quality of the meals is a topic of interest, and sometimes of attack, in almost every residential college. This playlet is a rather clever parody of the Cauldron Scene in "Macbeth", it is in three scenes, the second of which we quote.

"A dark cave. In the middle a Cauldron boiling. Thunder.

Enter 3 Cooks and Student.

1st Cook — Round about the cauldron go

In the macaroni throw,
Beef and cabbage — buttered beans,
Roasted pork and last week's greens,
Of baked potatoes, — all the lot
Boil thou first i' the charmed pot.

All — Double, double indigestion,
'How much water?' — that's the question.

2nd Cook — Sago, rice and stuffed sheep's heart,
Apple roll and Bakewell tart,
Jellied eels and chop in batter
Make our cauldron spit and spatter.

All — Double, double, etc.

3rd Cook — Buttered carrots, leg of pork
Curried egg — , and the stalk
Of the ravined cauliflower,
For a soup of greatest power
Stewing at the midnight hour.

All — Double, double, indigestion
'How much water?' — that's the —

Stud. — What! is this so?

All — Ay, sir, — all this is so.

Stud. — Take thy face hence . . . !

Student faints on floor of kitchen."

In this magazine also is "What to Doon Should Yt be Cacching," a piece of humour which will be found reprinted elsewhere in "The Mitre".

As "an example of the depths to which the human kind can sink," the *Queen's Journal* prints a most atrocious collection of puns, with the caption "Webster Revised, or — Noah, Noah, a Thousand Times Noah!!!" Here are

a few of these:

"Ink: a corporation.
Knoll: Christmas eve.
Vermin: The female sex.
Quince: The Dionne kids.
X: President Hoover.
Zipper: Evening meal.
Fret: Male Sorority."

The Student, published by the Student League of Canada, has in the December issue an article on "The Death of College Papers," by M. Marks, which deals briefly with the history of the newspapers of the larger Canadian Universities during the past few years. According to Mr. Marks, freedom of speech is gone from most of these, and they are now subject to rigid control by university authorities. He tells how editors of *The Varsity*, *The Ubyssy* and the *McGill Daily* have been suspended from time to time in recent years because they dared to differ with constituted authority. In reading *The Student* we get the impression that it objects very strongly to "constituted authority" of any kind; it is tinged with a pinkish radicalism more destructive than constructive.

"The Mitre" acknowledges with thanks receipt of the following magazines: *The Challenger* (St. John Vocational School, St. John, N.B.), *The Trinity University Review* (Univ. of Trinity College, Toronto), *Technique* (Ecole Technique, Montreal; 3 issues), *The College Times* (Upper Canada College, Toronto), *The Howardian* (Howard Gardens High School, Cardiff, Wales), *Saint Andrew's College Review* (Aurora, Ont.), *Acta Victoriana* (Victoria College, Toronto; 2 issues), *The Arrows* (Univ. of Sheffield, England), *Cap and Gown* (Wycliffe College, Toronto), *Red and White* (St. Dunstan's Univ., Charlottetown, P.E.I.), *The West Saxon* (Southampton University College, England), *College Echoes* (St. Andrew's University, Scotland; 3 issues), *The Gong* (Nottingham Univ. College, England), *The Stonyhurst Magazine* (Stonyhurst College, Blackburn, England), *The Albanian* (St. Alban's School, Brockville, Ont.), *The Magazine of East London College* (London, England), *The Student* (Official publication of the Student League of Canada), *Acta Ridleiana* (Ridley College, St. Catharines, Ont.), *Diocesan College Review* (Montreal Diocesan Theological College), *Journal of the Malta University Literary Society*, *Revue de l'Université d'Ottawa*, *Acadia Athenaeum* (Acadia University), the Magazine of Codrington College, (Barbados, B.W.I.), *Quebec Diocesan Gazette*, *The Ashburian* (Ashbury School, Ottawa), *The Record* (Trinity College School, Port Hope, Ont; 2 issues), *The King's College Record* (Univ. of King's College, Halifax, N.S.), *The Lantern* (Sir Adam Beck Collegiate Institute, London, Ont.), *Notre Dame* (Marguerite Bourgeoys College, Mont-

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real, P. Q.), *The O. A. C. Review* (Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, Ont.), *Blue and White* (Rothsay Collegiate School, Rothsay, N. B.); and the following college newspapers — *McGill Daily*, *The Varsity* (University of Toronto), *The Fair-ye Times* (Macdonald College), *The Argosy Weekly* (Mt. Allison Univ., Sackville, N. B.), *The Quill* (Brandon College, Brandon, Man.), *L'Hebdo-Laval* (Laval U., Quebec), *The College Cord* (Waterloo College, Waterloo, Ont.), *The Bates Student* (Bates College, Lewiston, Me.), *The Manitoban* (U. of Manitoba,

Winnipeg), *Queen's Journal* (Queen's University, Kingston, Ont.), *The Brunswickan* (Univ. of New Brunswick, Fredericton, N. B.), *Dalhousie Gazette* (Dalhousie University), *The Ubysey* (Univ. of British Columbia, Vancouver), *The Xaverian Weekly* (St. Francis Xavier Univ., Antigonish, N.S.), *The Gilmorchill Globe* (Glasgow Univ., Scotland), *The Johnian* (St. John's College, Winnipeg), *The Intercollegiate Digest* (New York), *Alma Mater* (St. Jerome's College, Kitchener, Ont.), *The Wesleyan Pharos* (W. Virginia Wesleyan College).

BOOKS TO READ

HEAVEN'S MY DESTINATION, by Thornton Wilder. New York, Harper Bros., 1935. 304 pp. \$2.50.

George Brush is my name;

America's my nation;

Ludington's my dwelling-place

And Heaven's my destination.

(Doggerel verse which children of the Middle West were accustomed to write in their schoolbooks.)

Thus, on the title-page, is the reader introduced to the hero of Thornton Wilder's latest novel. The introduction is from one point of view an epitome of the whole book; for only in the American Middle West could be found such a character as George Brush, whose business is bookselling, and whose chief interest in this life is to save his own soul and those of others by the principles of evangelical fundamentalism.

Brush is one of those peculiar people who are so painstakingly honest and serious that they must be either fundamentalists or atheists, as far as religion is concerned. Because of a certain childlike faith, in addition to these other qualities, he is a fundamentalist, with a burning desire to spread the good word. He is always cheerful, happy, and tries to be understanding; but because of an absolute lack of that quality of being able to see the other fellow's point of view, which is sometimes called a "sense of humour," he does not succeed either in understanding or making himself understood. This vagueness and lack of elucidation is the basic cause of most of the incidents of which the story is composed.

While reading "Heaven's My Destination" one finds it always amusing and sometimes screamingly funny. The light-heartedness with which it is written prevents a serious tone from creeping in at any point in the story, and it seems a book written solely for an hour's amusement. The enjoyment of it is added to by the author's penetrating insight into human nature and character; the people are real, live beings, whose very personality is con-

veyed to us by a few indirect and very deft touches. In "The Bridge of San Luis Rey" Mr. Wilder showed that he was a great portrait-painter in words; here, that fact is confirmed. The reader expects to lay down "Heaven's My Destination" with the comfortable feeling of having enjoyed a good, light, humorous book, whose humour is all the better because it is somewhat irreverent.

And it is all of these things; but there is something more. As one reaches the closing chapters, one realizes that this is not all pure fun; nor does it seem so light-hearted as at first. And the final conclusion is, that George Brush, in spite of his shortcomings, is not a figure of fun, but the hero of a tragedy. Granted that he is too literal; he is fanatic, he raises his voice to a scream when any "reasonable" person tries to argue with him (as is the habit of fanatics); in spite of this, one comes slowly to the realization that here is a true Christian; because he is literal, he carries out to the letter the precepts of his passionate belief, thereby demonstrating in a finely ironic manner how impracticable Christianity is under the conditions of modern life. After much thought, he decides that banks and saved money are wrong; he therefore immediately goes to his bank and draws out his money to give to the poor, and in trying to explain his reasons to the president of the institution, gets himself thrown into gaol as a "suspicious character". This is an example of the experiences he is always having; after deep, laborious reasoning, with relentless logic he works out his solutions to the problems of life, and, in acting upon them, is always misunderstood, always in trouble. After following through the book all his reasoning and all his experiences, the reader is forced to the inference that it is impossible to adjust the old moral and ethical standards to our modern life; and an explanation that offers itself is, that our modern life is rotten to the core. George Brush is a Christ-like person, and the modern world spurns him, not in anger, but with cold and unintelligent indifference.

A.D.B.

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SAVE THE POKER HANDS

HUMAN EXPLOITATION IN THE UNITED STATES, by Norman Thomas. New York, Stokes, 1934. 389 pp. \$2.75.

This book is a staggering agglomeration of economic facts, reinforced by seven pages of bibliography, which numb the mind of the uninitiate and should therefore be assimilated in small doses. Yet the author produces his economic medicine with the sugar coating of a good style, relieved by occasional flashes of dry wit, which aid in swallowing, if not in digesting, the hard facts of an exploitation that in many cases leaves the barbarities of the Middle Ages a bad second.

Mr. Thomas' bête noire is the Capitalistic system and he appears to lay all the blame at the door of the big corporations and moneyed interests, quoting with relish the exposure of Colonel Stewart; but throughout his book it is evident that the root cause is far deeper in the greed and selfishness that easily dominate the heart of man.

In the opening chapter "Land and Those Living on it" the living conditions of a vast section of the population are portrayed, and in the following chapter the basis of the wealth of the landlord is shown in the sufferings of the tenants. "Nine people will live in a three room apartment (originally designed for coal bins and storage lockers)... Air will be anything from foul to merely stale. Baths will not exist. Toilets will be hall toilets shared by as many as twenty-five people and cleaned by none of them, so that the resulting fetor will be literally indescribable within the limits of printable English." These landlords include Trinity Church Corporation and the Astor family. A series of chapters exposes the facts of waste and exploitation caused by the warrings of the big moneyed interests in competition for control of the lumber, mining and oil industries.

Rapidly and clearly outlining the major difficulties in each, the author piles up facts about wages, working conditions, unemployment, women in industry, exploitation of children, and the colour question. One wonders how many American citizens know that one of the fruits of their civilization is an army of 200,000 child tramps whose creed is well expressed: "We don't know what to do, and so the bulls beat us, and the Christians steal our soup, and the judges send us to jail."

The chapter entitled "The Labour Struggle" is well worth reading, for not only does it exhibit all the marked characteristics of the book, and give a series of clear pictures of American life that do not appear in the folders and guide books published for tourists, but it also contains kindly but trenchant criticism of the labourer for allowing himself to be exploited. Yet the author's suggested solution shows that he is by no means disinterested in politics himself.

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and there are two pages of summary of what we pay for. At this point (page 308) for the first time the activities of the armament makers are introduced, and the reader learns that in the Bethlehem Steel Company "In the years 1925 to 1928 inclusive, not a dollar of dividends was paid to common stock holders, but \$6,800,524 was paid in bonuses to a few favoured directors and other executives without the knowledge of the stock-holders."

"Little Owner, What Now?" is a few glimpses of the mysterious banking system that ends in so many bank failures; and these glimpses are best summarized "...daring bandits robbed an armoured truck of \$427,000, which was being handled for a bank. Yet even so stupendous a theft hardly put these underworld racketeers in a class with certain bankers and directors of guaranteed certificate mortgage companies for whom the police are not yet combing the continent."

In the chapter "The Government as Exploiter" we learn that 72% of the federal income is devoted to expenses connected with war. Like an oasis in a desert this chapter contains one whole page recording positive achievement and alleviation of distress — the record of the recent work of government scientists.

With a sense of bewilderment and individual futility the final chapter "In Conclusion" is reached. "What we have been doing is not so much to give a picture of exploited America as to make test borings of its various strata!" The reader stops with a jerk, the intellect is confused with many facts, the emotions of pity are aroused; these problems must be faced and solved, but the solution seems hopelessly remote. "In conclusion" some definite solution or line of action or even suggestion might well be expected, but the final chapter is a disappointment — 388 pages have passed and piled up a mountain of facts, but the great fault of the book is the total lack of constructive or remedial measures. Page 389 contains five lines and an anti-climax: "Final emancipation... is to build a system which seeks to share the abundance which already we can create." But is not the system so rightly condemned by Mr. Thomas the first fruits of the Age of Democracy?

The book is well worth reading, either to be digested thoroughly or taken out for the evening and read here and there. Such information should be in the hands of youth who are eternally ready to "set right the mess their fathers made."

E.C.R.

Students of the University were deeply grieved to hear of the recent death of the Rev'd Everett Thompson, B.A., L.S.T., and extend their sincerest sympathy to his widow and sister.

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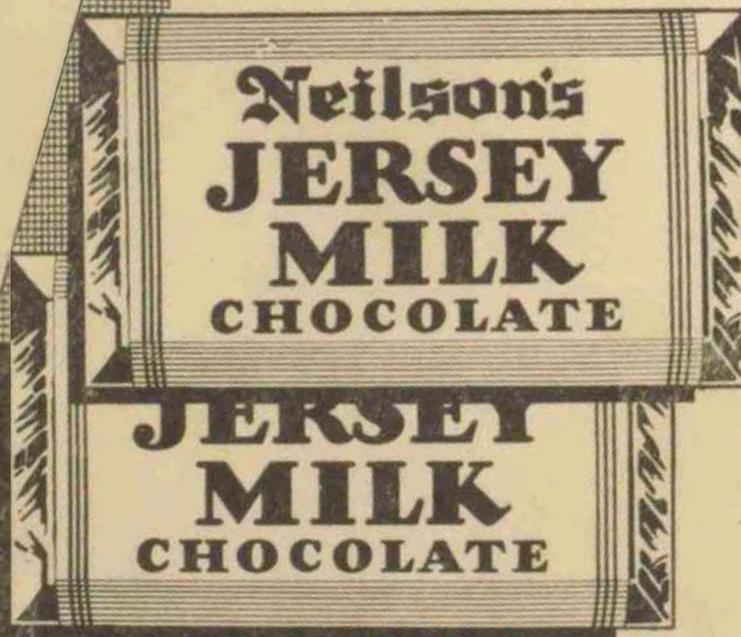
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