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**The  
Mitre**  
VOL. 44 NO. 5  
JUNE  
1937

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# THE MITRE

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**JUN  
1937**

VOLUME 44 NUMBER 5

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

By the time you are reading this we shall not be surprised if Convocation is very near. Some of our best friends will be leaving the College, some to business careers, some are entering the ministry and a few privileged ones will go on to other universities—to all of them we say not so much the conventional "good luck"—but may you make the best of your opportunities. It has been a very pleasant three years that we have spent together but like all good things they must come to an end. May you have success and happiness in whatever sphere you find your work.

Which reminds us that life is not exactly a bed of roses for any of us at this time of the year — this is being squeezed in between a couple of examinations, and just when we can squeeze the "Mitre" out is a matter of speculation. We apologize for the late date and can only offer the excuse of the duel with the professors.

How often have we expressed and heard expressed the sentiment: "Wish I had worked all year." Many have remarked that their courses suddenly become quite interesting about the middle of May!

This year has been crowded with a great many events —our sports items have been fairly adequately covered this year, but our Sports Editor, due to pressure of exams and lack of news, has not contributed to this issue. Therefore we feel quite in place by saying that prospects for next year look quite good. We still have several on all three major teams who will be playing for their third year, and a fair number of those who did so well last year will be

back with us. We are looking forward to more strength from the ranks of the "frosh," and generally speaking hopes are running high.

A word should be said about the Coronation. Those of us who were fortunate enough to listen to the broadcast from England had an experience we shall never forget. There is a good deal of sentiment bound up with England and the Throne; never was that better expressed with the feelings of deepest loyalty to our King than in the general spirit of the College on Coronation Day.

It only remains for us to wish you all a very happy summer vacation. One word in your ear — record your experiences in a little note book so that you will be able to write an interesting article for the October "Mitre" . . . thank you.

We are grateful to all those who contributed in any way to the "Mitre," this year and especially to this last issue.

It is extraordinary to think that in our modern civilization we continually overlook the fact that the life we lead is filled with corruption and graft, disguised only by a thin veneer of honesty.

Take for instance the lawyer, who may at home be a man of perfect integrity, yet whose very eminence depends on his ability to lead his clients through the loophole of the law. Compare the ethical standard of the sales manager while at home with the time he spends in convincing innocent farmers of the value of obsolete machinery, or the sweetness of rugous apples.

In this age of changing values, it is permissible to overlook many of the virtues of our forefathers, but it is an absolute necessity that we have a foundation for our society, and such a foundation lies in the virtues of honesty. An honesty that can function in all places and at all times.

## Peacemakers In America

### *The Work of the International Joint Commission*

SINCE the conclusion of the Great War probably more thought has been given to the devising of ways and means of preventing its repetition than to anything else. Plans have been brought forward and experiments tried in various parts of the world, but one can hardly escape the conclusion that, in spite of the almost universal desire for peace and friendliness between the nations, the problem remains unsolved. This generation wants peace and dreads war; the average man, it is safe to say, wants nothing so much as neighbourly relations with the man on the other side of the international boundary; and yet the possibility of war hovers continually over the world.

Without for a moment suggesting that the International Joint Commission is the long-sought solution of the question of how to transform misunderstanding into understanding and distrust into trust throughout the world, the fact remains that that tribunal has been deciding questions along the frontier between Canada and the United States for a quarter of a century, and deciding them so simply and unostentatiously, as well as effectively, that most of the people of these two countries are unaware of its existence.

How did this remarkable body come into being? To get back to the beginning, the germ of the idea is probably found in a resolution introduced forty years ago at the Irrigation Congress in Denver. One of the Canadian delegates, J. S. Dennis, proposed that the Government of the United States should be urged to appoint "an international commission to act in conjunction with the authorities of Mexico and Canada in adjudicating the conflicting rights which have arisen, or may hereafter arise, on streams of an international character."

These recommendations bore fruit. After prolonged negotiations, in which a number of eminent Americans and Canadians took part, a treaty was signed at Washington on January 11, 1909, by James Bryce on behalf of Great Britain, and by Elihu Root on behalf of the United States, with the whole-hearted approval of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, then Prime Minister of Canada, and Theodore Roosevelt, then President of the United States. This treaty provided for the creation of an organization to be known as the International Joint Commission. It also laid down a number of very important principles to govern the settlement of questions at issue between the United States and Canada. The general purpose of the treaty, as set forth in the preamble, was "To prevent disputes regarding the use of

Lawrence J. Burpee  
Secretary for Canada

boundary waters, and to settle all questions which are now pending between the United States and the Dominion of Canada involving the rights, obligations, or interests of either in relation to the other or to the inhabitants of the other, along their common frontier, and to make provision for the adjustment and settlement of all such questions as may hereafter arise."

It is not practicable to discuss here the various articles of the treaty, except in so far as they confer jurisdiction upon the International Joint Commission. That jurisdiction is three-fold. By articles III and IV, the Commission becomes a tribunal for the final settlement of all questions involving the use of boundary waters between the United States and Canada, of waters flowing from boundary waters, and of waters flowing across the boundary. By article IX, the Commission is given the duty of investigating and reporting upon "questions of difference arising along the common frontier." And by article X, the two countries went even further, and conferred upon the Commission jurisdiction to finally determine any question of any nature involving the rights, obligations or interests of either country in relation to the other, provided it is referred to the Commission by both governments, and has the consent of the United States Senate.

It would be difficult to exaggerate the importance and significance of this action on the part of two neighbouring nations, in creating an international body, on which they have equal representation, and transferring to it a material part of their own sovereignty. Such a remarkable departure from the traditions of the past is, of course, only practicable in the case of two countries feeling for each other such mutual confidence and respect as exists between Canada and the United States. The International Joint Commission is an experiment, a very unusual, interesting, and daring experiment; an attempt to demonstrate in practice certain theories as to the relationship that should exist between two neighbouring peoples; an attempt to extend to the citizens of two nations, without impairing the independence of either, the same spirit of good fellowship and fair dealing that binds together men of common allegiance.

A unique feature of this Commission, and one that differentiates it from similar organizations in the past, is that there is no casting vote. The Commission consists of six members, three appointed by the President, and three by the King on the recommendation of the Canadian Government. There is no umpire, drawn from outside and lacking intimate knowledge of the problems, whom each side would try to influence to its own point of view. These six com-

missioners, half American and half Canadian, are pledged to a view-point that is American in the continental sense. They must regard the people on both sides of the boundary as equally entitled to their best possible judgment. There can be no "smartness" or jockeying in such an organization. All six commissioners represent the same broad international constituency; and it is a very significant fact that in all the cases so far dealt with, their decisions have been practically unanimous.

Since its organization, the Commission has disposed of a number of important cases under article III, of which the St. Mary's River power case may be taken as a typical example. In that matter two big steel corporations, one American and the other Canadian, came before the Commission seeking approval of certain proposed works in the St. Mary's River at Sault Ste. Marie. They wished in effect to dam the river from shore to shore in such a way as to ensure a more regular supply of water for power purposes on both sides of the boundary.

At the public hearing it developed that such a dam, if operated solely for the purposes of the applicant companies might unduly raise the level of Lake Superior and do serious damage to municipal works and private property in communities as remote as Fort William and Duluth. These cities and other interests around the lake expressed serious apprehension, but were completely satisfied when the Commission announced its decision that the regulation of the levels of Lake Superior by the proposed dam would be at all times under the control of an international board of engineers, with the Commission itself as a final court of appeal, in case the engineers themselves should disagree.

This provision for an international board of engineers, Canadian and American, has since been applied to a number of similar cases at various points along the frontier. The adoption of such a policy means that, while the power or other works may be on one side of the boundary or the other, and may be owned and operated by private interests, the control will always be exercised by an independent board, with the International Joint Commission behind it, and in this way the general interests of the people, American and Canadian, will be safeguarded so long as the Commission continues to exist.

Under the provisions of article IX the Commission has carried out several very important investigations. One of these had to do with the pollution of boundary waters in the Great Lakes and elsewhere. This enquiry, involving as it did the health and comfort of millions of people on both sides of the international boundary, was one of tremendous importance, and involved several years of detailed investigation. It was, in fact, the most ambitious undertaking of the kind that had been attempted up to that time. The result of the field surveys and laboratory work was to

make it clear that at certain points, particularly in the Detroit and Niagara Rivers, sewage pollution had reached a very dangerous stage. The Commission reported the results of its enquiries to the United States and Canadian Governments, and made certain definite recommendations designed to conserve these boundary waters as a safe source of water supply for the millions of to-day and the hundreds of millions of the future. These recommendations have since been crystallized in a formal treaty, which it is hoped will be ratified before long by the two Governments.

Incidentally it is worth noting that, as a direct result of this investigation and of the Commission's recommendations, many towns on both sides of the boundary have voluntarily improved their water and their sewage systems, and the death rate from typhoid has steadily decreased in the region of the Great Lakes. That is a tangible and immensely important fact, which alone would more than justify the existence of the Commission.

Another investigation under article IX had to do with the levels of the Lake of the Woods. That lake may look small upon a map of North America, but it drains a large watershed, and interests representing a vast amount of capital were concerned about the regulation of the Lake between certain levels. Out of this investigation grew another for regulating the levels of Rainy Lake, a boundary water connected with the Lake of the Woods by Rainy River.

Still another enquiry under this article of the treaty was that of the St. Lawrence waterway. The Commission was asked to investigate and report upon the most effective means of obtaining from the upper waters of the St. Lawrence River its maximum efficiency in terms of both navigation and water-power. This proved to be a most intricate problem, involving all sorts of considerations, engineering and economic. It necessitated elaborate field surveys and the gathering of voluminous data for the engineering side of the report, as well as the assistance of experts and a series of public hearings in Canadian and American cities from New York to Boise, and from Montreal to Calgary, to bring out the economic facts. With this information in its possession, the Commission found itself in a position to put before the governments certain clear-cut conclusions and recommendations. Because of the very magnitude of the project, however, and of the interests involved, the Commission recommended that before undertaking the proposed improvement of the St. Lawrence for navigation and power, the governments should create a larger board of experts to review the Commission's engineering conclusions. That suggestion was adopted and acted upon by the governments. The various recommendations were finally crystallized in a treaty, which still awaits the approval of the United States and the Canadian Parliament.

Under article VI of the 1909 treaty, the Commission was given jurisdiction and control over an unusual irrigation problem in the west. Two rivers, the St. Mary and the Milk, rise in Montana and flow across the boundary into Alberta. The former remains in Canada and finally sends its waters to the Saskatchewan. The Milk, after a course of a hundred miles or so in Canada, returns to the United States side of the boundary. These portions of Alberta and Montana are in what is known as the semiarid belt, where water is vitally necessary for irrigation. In such a region men will get more excited over a water-for-the-land problem, than they will over politics.

The treaty provides that the two rivers are to be treated as one for the purposes of irrigation, and their waters divided equally between the two countries. To make this practicable, the United States built a canal to connect the two streams, on the Montana side of the boundary. Through this canal the American share of the water is carried from the St. Mary down the Milk to the irrigable lands in the Lower Milk River Valley.

When the matter first came before the Commission, it developed that counsel for the two Governments put different interpretations on the meaning of article VI of the treaty. The question was thrashed out from time to time, and precedent piled upon precedent by the lawyers to prove that one contention or the other was right. In the meantime the farmers of Montana and Alberta were developing mutual grievances, that might at any time grow into sources of serious misunderstanding between the two countries.

The Commission, while an international tribunal of the first rank, has never stood upon its dignity when the public interest is at stake. It had repeatedly invited the interested parties in the St. Mary and Milk Rivers matter to appear before it and present their cases, but these hearings had not brought the problem any nearer a practicable solution. Finally they tried another plan. Instead of the people coming to the Commission, the Commission went to the people.

They brought together on the spot, in Montana and Alberta, representatives of the people who were most nearly concerned, the farmers who actually needed the water to irrigate their land. A unanimous decision was thereupon arrived at by the commissioners and an order made under which the waters of these two streams have been divided ever since to the great benefit of the farmers of both countries. There were no technicalities about the order, and it gave the farmers what they needed and had been waiting for—water.

In a long and appreciative article in one of the outstanding newspapers of the United States, it is said: "The unbroken record of success of the International Joint Commission, in the service of Canada and the United States,

surely merits more publicity," and the writer, after pointing out that the Commission has never yet failed to find an answer satisfactory to both countries in the cases with which it has been called upon to deal, suggests that the very smoothness of the way in which it has functioned, has kept it out of the newspapers, and adds, "Perhaps conflict or deadlock would have received more publicity."

From time to time eminent statesmen have commended the work of the Commission and brought it forward as an example of what could be accomplished in the peaceful settlement of international disputes elsewhere. Both Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Theodore Roosevelt had the highest opinion of its opportunities of usefulness. Charles E. Hughes, formerly Secretary of State of the United States and now Chief Justice of its Supreme Court, has repeatedly expressed his admiration for the work of the Commission. At the Lausanne Conference in 1923, Lord Curzon used the Commission as an illustration of what might be done in the adjustment of differences at the Dardanelles; and a few years later at the meeting of the Institute of Pacific Relations in China, the Honourable Vincent Massey urged China and Japan to follow the example that had been so eminently successful in the case of Canada and the United States. Right Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King brought the achievements of the Commission to the attention of the League of Nations, and some years ago the late Aristide Briand, speaking at Geneva, expressed admiration for the work of this North American tribunal and hoped that it might serve as a model for the settlement of differences along the frontier between France and Germany. Sir Robert Borden has on more than one occasion referred to the work of the Commission, as has also Sir Robert Falconer, former President of the University of Toronto.

Something has already been said about the character and variety of the problems with which the International Joint Commission has to deal. Not the least singular feature of its jurisdiction is its geographical extent. Cases have been dealt with in regions as far apart as the St. Croix River and the St. John River, between Maine and New Brunswick, in the far east, and the Kootenay River and the Trail Smelter in British Columbia. And these North American problems were as varied in character as they were far apart geographically. The St. John River question had to do with water power, the St. Croix River case involved among other things the protection of international fisheries, the Kootenay River case concerned both water power and reclamation, and the Trail Smelter case had to do with a complaint by farmers in the northern part of the State of Washington that their property was being injured by sulphur fumes from this British Columbia smelter.

The Commission consists of six members, as already mentioned. The present American commissioners are Hon.

A. O. Stanley, Hon. John H. Bartlett and Mr. Eugene Lorton, and those representing Canada are Hon. Charles Stewart, Sir William Hearst and Mr. George W. Kyte. Mr. Stewart is Chairman of the Canadian Section and Mr. Stanley of the United States Section; the former presides when the Commission meets in Canada, and the latter when it meets in the United States.

In the last analysis the success of this commission, as a means of settling disputes and also of preventing them—and perhaps the latter is the more important service—must depend to a very large extent upon public understanding and support in the two countries. The people of Canada and the United States cannot be expected to give their wholehearted support to such a tribunal unless they thoroughly understand why it was created and how it carries on its very important work. We all feel that the relations between Canada and the United States are much closer, much more

## A Day At College

There stands upon the Massawippi's shore  
A group of buildings, all of which are dated;  
Their corridors are squeaky, cold, and hoar,  
While almost all the rooms look antiquated.  
But there are many who would start to roar  
If once they heard this musty place berated,  
For though it's old and small, it's Bishop's College,  
Where thousands, bright and dull, have hunted knowledge.

But let's sneak in this morning. Come, let's hurry,  
And see how eagerly a student "hunts":  
The bell rings, none appear, they do not worry,  
For hurrying is only done by runts.  
After a while they'll rush down in a flurry;  
Their dressing and their eating—both are stunts,  
The former shows the marks of greatest urgency,  
But gowns were meant for such a slight emergency.

Perhaps, at seven minutes after nine,  
For those who've managed down the stairs to creep  
The lecture starts. The boys resemble kine,  
For most of them are still, alas, asleep.  
Of notes—perhaps they scribble half a line,  
Before they break the silence with a peep,  
And then the atmosphere of grave sobriety  
Changes, as noises swell in great variety.

intimate, than between any two countries in Europe. We have to a very large extent the same political and social ideals, the same intellectual point of view, the same manners and customs, even the same prejudices. We have been good friends and neighbours for many generations, and we hope to remain good friends and neighbours for ever. But even the best of friends and neighbours are liable to have their moments of misunderstanding, and if these are not to develop into something more serious, it is important that nothing should stand in the way of their getting together and composing their differences. For a quarter of a century the International Joint Committee has functioned successfully as a means of settling problems and differences along the frontier between Canada and the United States, with the minimum of friction and red tape. With public understanding and support no limit need be put to either the period or the extent of its service.

As time progresses, some relieve monotony  
By learning French, the lecture just ahead;  
And others try to see if they can plot any  
New way to make a pal wish he were dead;  
A few of course may see if they can jot any  
Thing down of what Professor Blank has said,  
Before the term ends, they'll become adept  
At reading notes they've taken while thy've slept.

And so the morning goes. Towards twelve o'clock  
The pangs of hunger will begin to swell,  
But horrors! Ev'ry stomach gets a shock  
When under doors there twines a loathsome smell;  
From each and all arises angry talk  
And all resolve that they will kick like hell.  
Alas! they know, no matter who they blame,  
They'll keep on getting cabbage, just the same.

After the noon-day meal, it won't be long,  
Before the throngs of students are dispersed.  
The college is deserted. Scraps of song  
Are heard as all forget this spot accursed  
Until the eve; for though they know it's wrong,  
In getting in at midnight all are versed,  
And so in groups they go off on a spree,  
—And quite forget they're here for a degree.

## Springtime at Bishop's

Anyone approaching the college on a typical spring day would be quite justified in wondering if he is not on the wrong street, or even in the wrong town. He sees a large red building beyond a covered bridge, but the queer activity surrounding the building leads him to believe that what he perceives is not a college, but another well-known sort of institution. He may encounter on the bridge a group of young gentlemen who are engaged in violently shaking a sad-looking structure which he supposes was originally a railing, but which now very much resembles a worn-out soccer goal-net. One of the young men has two bits of frayed black ribbon becomingly draped around his neck. When asked if there is to be a game of any sort, he replies that he believes that the cricket team has a match with the School. But the visitor is curious as to why he is wearing black ribbons. He has always thought that Bishop's colours were purple and white—but maybe the university is in the clutches of Sir Oswald Mosley's influence. The young gentleman, visibly affronted, informs him that Bishop's colours are purple and white, that he has not had the pleasure of making Sir Oswald's acquaintance, and that the black ribbons to which he has so slurringly referred constitute his gown.

The visitor, quite shaken by this incident continues to the end of the bridge, hoping to find something that will help to obliterate his untimely mistake. Instead, he stops short, gazing in amazement and unbelief at the sight which confronts him. His gaze is drawn first to a high tower, on which is precariously perched an indiscernible shape, balanced on the weather-vane, nonchalantly puffing on a cigarette. Great groanings and exhortations to desist then reach his ears from a second-floor window, and simultaneously a leg and arm appear, are withdrawn, and appear again accompanied by head and body. When the victim is sufficiently intimidated, he is hauled in by eager hands, and the words, sentences, and paragraphs which are emitted from the window accomplish the task of rendering the visitor forgetful of his former mistake.

A decidedly peaceful-looking individual is seated on a

by Patty A. Wiggett

third-floor window-sill, with his feet and legs dangling in space. He quite unconcernedly glances periodically from his book to the lawn below, where a college type of three-ring circus is in progress. The cricket team is diligently practising at one side of the lawn for its impending match. One of the men stationed to prevent the ball from rolling down the banking is seriously concerned with blowing the dry grass, to which he has recently applied a match, into flame. In the middle of the lawn, an exasperated photographer is attempting to arrange a group of uniformed gentlemen for a picture. There is a great scrambling to find the sticks for the bass drum, and naturally when they are found, a celebration is in order. Bedlam reigns, and the photographer, at the end of his patience, stalks off, mumbling that there will be no more pictures to-day.

Another glance to the roof of the building reveals several youths zealously guarding as many pails of water, awaiting the opportune moment. It would seem that the victim is to be the sun-bather browsing comfortably on his mattress which is rippling out between the bars of the fire-escape. But the water-boys are out for bigger game—perhaps even the visitor himself. He is not sure that he should attempt to enter the building, but upon second thought, decides he might attain the doorway in safety if he effects one wild dash through fire, water, cricket, and bass drum. He resigns himself to his fate and dashes into the midst of turmoil, resolved to enter the Old Arts building.

N.B. (The visitor might have been still more astounded had he visited the college on May the first, when the Communists staged their annual riot. Each window in the college was appropriately draped with a red blanket, and the party had run up their flag, which much resembled the drapes, on the flag-pole. The band's pleasing renditions of several Communist songs, and the chanting of the same by the Communist choristers added greatly to the occasion and helped to make the riot one of the most impressive, awe-inspiring, and memorable events in the history of the University. Anyone who is intending to visit the college next year, should plan to do so when this magnificent spectacle is being displayed.)

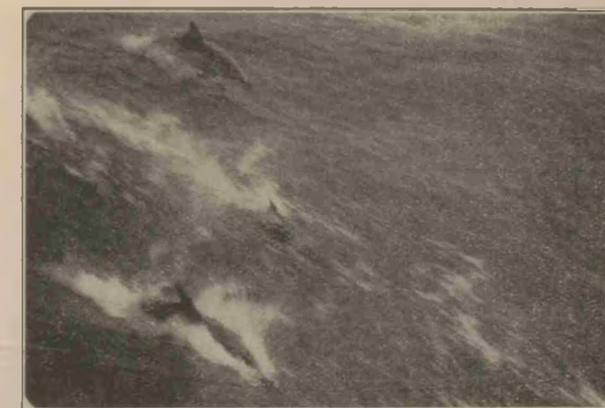
## Photography

by Peter Greenwood

What the beginner requires in photography is a good camera. He needs a camera that will satisfy every use, and yet will not be expensive to operate. I began my career in photography with a box camera made of cardboard, a camera which I bought by parts from the Fifteen-cent Store. Even so I was perfectly contented, and looked forward to the many pictures I was to take with it. After a very short career, however, it came to grief. One day when I was taking a picture in the rain, the cardboard dissolved. This misfortune dampened my enthusiasm considerably, and it was not until four years later that I had another camera. It was a vest pocket kodak given to me for my birthday. For the next few years most of my spare time was spent in taking pictures of every object and scene that took my fancy. The operation of the camera was simple, too simple in fact, for it was impossible to make proper adjustments for the weather, and I spoiled many pictures that I attempted to take in the rain. I became, however, so attached to it that I would not buy a new one. But circumstances forced the issue, as I dropped my vest pocket overboard while taking a picture of a seagull. This time I was determined to buy a really interesting camera; one that required skill to run. After considering my wealth, and spending hours talking to the salesman over the merits of various cameras, I bought a Welta-Freital with an anastigmatic lens. This has lasted me ever since, and has taken some exceptionally good pictures. Although it is probably good for another ten years, it has always been my burning ambition to own a Leica, but as their prices range around £89 my chances seem very small.

According to popular belief, any film fits any camera, but a camera is like a car that runs better on one type of gasoline than another; it must have the correct film for best results. Strangely enough the new super-sensitive Verichrome does not suit my camera, and fails to produce good pictures. I found the Agpha, a British film that suits my camera perfectly and, what is better still, is five cents cheaper than the Verichrome. There is an art in loading a camera that few people seem to realise, for although it says on the box that it can be opened anywhere, I found that is better to hold it under my coat when I load it, otherwise the pictures will be found to be cloudy. Of course the most important, and perhaps the most difficult thing in photography is taking the picture. The field of photography can be divided into three main divisions: landscape, portrait, and moving objects; and in my opinion the last mentioned is the most fascinating. Snapping fish while they are in mid-

air has been one of my greatest thrills. It requires a great deal of patience and skill to catch a fish at the top of his flight, but the result is worth all the patience in the world, and as for skill, well! I think on my part it has been mostly luck. It has always been my ambition to snap a salmon jumping falls, but although I have made several attempts, waiting for hours on end with my camera trained on the spot where they have been jumping, they always turn up in some other place. Only once did a salmon jump when I was prepared, and that time I was so excited that I only caught his tail. A much easier fish to picture is the dolphin; as he comes up in the same place time after time, all there is to do is to focus the camera on the frequented spot, arrange the lense, and wait. I have taken some of my best photographs in this way.



I find portrait pictures as a rule very dull, as I am not expert enough to take into consideration the artistic values of shades and contours, and so it is only on exceptional occasions that I take pictures of people. Of course it often becomes necessary out of courtesy, but I try to avoid it as much as possible. In contrast to this are landscape pictures; a type that is almost as interesting as moving objects, and requires even more skill. Anybody can take a picture of a hill, but not everyone can incorporate the sun, the clouds, shadows, and other seemingly unimportant conditions into the picture, and it is these that make it. Scenes at sea are the most difficult to take, as it is essential to have your pictures on a level plain. You must allow for the roll of the ship, the reflection of the sun, and the spray clouding your lense, but I think however difficult it has been, I have gained more satisfaction from these pictures than any others. Although not the best pictures I have taken, I found the ones

## GREETINGS!

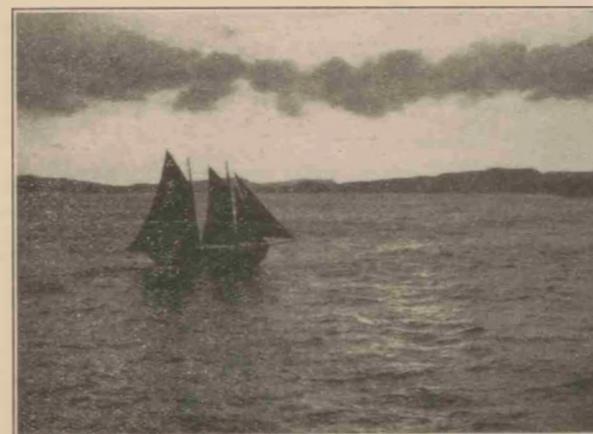
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of storms the most exciting. There is a thrill in dodging a wave, and taking a picture from the deck, which a few seconds later will be tons of water. There is another branch of this art that I have not tried, and that is trick photography. Considering that I have tried my hand at every other type, I think I shall take this up in the future.



A no less interesting side of photography is developing and printing, but as I am a beginner at this art, my description will be very simple. When the film is taken from the camera, it is placed in a changing box to unwind the film from the spool on to a flat plate. A small metal tank is then filled with a solution of hydroquinone and methy-haramino, and the plate is then immersed in the solution until the picture appears on the negative. The art is to judge the time when it should be removed. If it is left too long it will turn black, and ruin the picture. Even in my short career I have spoilt film after film in this way. The plate is then placed in a solution of acetic acid, potassium alum, and anhydrous sodium sulphate, a solution that is called a fixer. After the negative has been fixed or hardened, it is taken out and dried. The next step is the printing. The negative is held to a piece of bromide paper, and exposed to the light for a few seconds; it is then plunged into a silver cyanide solution, and held there until the picture appears. It now only remains to remove the picture, dry it, and cut it to the size required. Photography is one of the most interesting and enjoyable hobbies, as it provides work for the imagination of the poet, the art of the painter and the chemistry of the scientist.

### Skyscraper

O small undaunted man  
Who drew the plan;  
And patient little men who made,  
Each faithful to his chosen trade—  
Rearing together and alone  
This miracle of steel and stone  
Above the city's myriad voices,  
Amid the strident rivets' noises,  
With measuring eye and easy grace  
Guiding the girders into place,  
Each balanced beam swaying girder  
Wearing the menace of a murder;  
And, hard upon and over these,  
Masons, as numerous as bees,  
And windowers fitting every casement  
With radiance from roof to basement,  
O little willing, thrilling men,  
Who lived and died and live again,  
Yours is the glory and the power  
Who built this tower!

—Patty A. Wiggett.

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If you named a friend or relative Executor—illness, death or removal will make it impossible for the individual to carry out his duties.

It is common sense and wisdom to find out, definitely, whether your Will should be revised to meet altered property values or other changes and varied conditions.

*When doing this important task —  
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of appointing a Trust Company as  
Executor and Trustee.*

## SHERBROOKE TRUST COMPANY

## Second Sight

by R. W. Berry

The day was hot, with the dull, stifling, enervating heat that only the dusty prairie knows. The brown grain in the fields beside the track bent stiffly with the wind of the train's passing, and disappeared behind the veil of smoke and dust. Now and again a few colourless houses flashed by the windows, but there was no sign of life or activity around them.

About half the passengers in the car next to the last were asleep, sprawled awkwardly across the seats, rolling against each other as the train swayed around a curve. Some were snoring softly, and others grunted in irritation as a bump jolted them out of position. Those who were not asleep either tried half-heartedly to read, or stared vacantly out the windows. A fat man in a corner seat turned his newspaper over, patted it flat, and leaned back with a grunt to re-read the same page.

He was bound for Smithville Junction, and had been travelling since early morning. He had read the paper through from headlines to stock reports, slept for an hour or two, lunched in the diner, tried to write a letter, slept again, and started to re-read his paper. For perhaps fifteen minutes he studied the familiar details of the front-page murder story; then, impatiently, he threw it aside, and gazed at the dusty fields slipping by the window, drumming his fingers on the sill. This continued for another ten minutes. Then, with a sigh, he slowly got to his feet, and moved down the aisle towards the smoker.

As he neared the door, he heard a nasal voice raised in protest:

"But, dang it, I tell ye it is true!"

And another voice assured the speaker, "Why, sure it's true. Why, I believe every word of it!" And then there was a burst of laughter.

The fat man found an empty seat, eased himself into it, and drew a cigar from his breast pocket. He fumbled in his trousers for a match, and looked hopefully about him, but the other three were too busy with their argument to notice him. Finally he interrupted.

"Say, has anyone got a match?"

The three stopped talking suddenly, and looked at him. One of them, a tall, thin man with a sad face, produced a match. The farmer in the corner had settled sullenly into his seat, and was staring at the toes of his boots. The other man, who looked like a travelling salesman, stared at the fat man for a minute, and then, judging him a congenial companion, addressed him.

"Didya hear that!" And he laughed a loud and derisive laugh. "This old fossil with the whiskers says he's got

a gift for sensing where gold is, and he's travelling half across the continent to where he figgers there's a coupla gold mines lying around loose!"

The fat man blew out his match, and dropped it on the floor. The farmer looked up angrily, and spat at the cuspidor.

"Durn your hide, I kin do it. You wait and see!" The sad-faced man chuckled, and the travelling salesman sat back and roared with laughter.

"You know," said the fat man slowly, "he may be right." The drummer roared again, and the thin man looked up in surprise.

"I remember," said the fat man, and the salesman stopped laughing to listen, "I remember when I was a kid of about nineteen. I was spending a couple of weeks on vacation at a little hick village by the seashore, with a couple of fellows about the same age. There were no phones in the place, and no electricity, and the only people who lived there were a bunch of fishermen. Most of them had never seen a train. They couldn't read or write, but they were canny folk enough, with wit enough to put us in our places, when we started to poke fun at them.

"There was an old guy there with a fringe of whiskers around his face, who was the oldest inhabitant, I guess. He was too old to go out with the boats, and he used to sit outside the bar all day and smoke, and talk to anyone who'd listen to him. His hair was white, what there was of it, and his face was all brown and wrinkled, like an old apple, but he had the clearest, sharpest blue eyes I've ever seen. We used to talk to him when we went by, and he'd spin us stories about the old days of sailing boats, and so on. We thought it was pretty romantic stuff.

The farmer, hoping for a champion, was listening eagerly, but the salesman was getting impatient.

"But what the devil has this—"

"Well, this old fellow," the fat man continued, "he could tell where gold was, so people said. He used to get strangers mad sometimes, they claimed. He'd look at a guy, and tell him, 'You got a couple of gold-filled teeth, haven't you.' And the stranger would get mad. But the old boy was generally right. One day we got him talking about it, and he said yes, he could tell where gold was. So we asked him if he could tell us where to find some, and he shut up like a clam and said no. Well, we bought him beer, and gave him tobacco, and soon he said yes, he knew where there was some gold, but he couldn't tell us. He said there was a curse on it, or some such stuff, because it was the price of human lives. We bought him more beer and

better tobacco, and finally he told us the story. 'Pears there was a ship which was in the slave-trading business with the Gold Coast; used to cart over a cargo to the States and sell 'em to the land-owners. One day they brought over a good load of them, with a sizeable bunch of ivory for good measure, and cleaned up a tidy profit. Then they set sail again for another load, but a storm blew up suddenly, and they got wrecked just off this bit of the coast. On an island it was, somewhere out in the bay.

"Well, that's what he told us, and we were pretty excited about it, because they had all the gold on board that they'd made on their little deal, and nobody had found it. Folks thought that the gold had been thrown overboard when they knew they were going to sink, but our old fisherman said no. The kegs had broken out of the ship when she struck, and had got buried in the sand. He knew where, because he had this gift of sort of smelling out gold, and he'd figgered it out. But he wouldn't tell us because he said we'd die or something if we dug it up. So we fed him some more beer, and he loosened up and told us.

"It was on the shore of Cod Island, sunk in the sand below high tide mark. The old bird got up on his feet and led us around the corner of the tavern to where we could see Cod Island, and pointed at it with his stick.

"See that tree sticking out, way off there?' And we said we did. It was an old pine, right by the shore, and sort of leaning out over towards the water.

"Well, I figger if you start from there, and walk due south till you come to the high-water mark, you'll be just about standin' on the stuff. I can't tell you closer than that, but if you go out there at low tide, and dig a trench from high-tide mark down to the water, I bet ye'll find it. But if ye die, don't say as I didn't warn you.' That's what he told us.

"That afternoon the three of us borrowed a boat and rowed off to the island. It was about two miles out, but the sea was calm, so we were all right, even though we didn't know much about boats. We had three shovels, and a pick, and an ax to break the casks open with in case they were too heavy to move. We put blisters on our hands

rowing that heavy old fisherman's dory out to the island, and we had to wait about an hour when we got there, until it was really low tide according to the almanack. Then we walked around to the old pine, pulled out the compass we'd brought along, and found out which way was due south."

The fat man stopped, tossed his cigar away, and drew out another. The others had stopped smoking, though the farmer still had his pipe in his mouth. The salesman lit the fat man's cigar for him, quickly, as if he was in a hurry.

"We marked out a line on the wet sand that ran straight north and south, and then started digging. We started at the lower end, because we didn't know how fast the tide came up, and we wanted to be sure and cover it all. We worked for a couple of hours, and dug a trench about three feet wide and two deep all the way up. But that wasn't deep enough. The old man said it was a long time ago when the ship was wrecked, and probably the kegs had sunk in pretty far. Well, we had more blisters on our hands then, and I guess we were tired, but we didn't seem to notice it, because we started right in to deepen and widen our trench. About four o'clock one of the other two passed out—the sun got him, I suppose. We just hauled him up into the shade, and left him there and hurried back to work. The tide was coming in now, you see, and we had to find the casks before the water covered them again, and filled in our trench."

The train whistled, a long, drawn-out hoot that seemed to come from miles away. A conductor put his head in at the door.

"Smithville Junction. Next stop Smithville Junction."

The fat man looked up in surprise, and the others glared in annoyance at the interruption.

"My goodness!" said the fat man, "That's my station. How time has flown!" And he heaved himself up on his feet, and started for the door.

"Hey! Wait a minute!" begged the farmer in anguish. "How much did you find?"

The fat man turned at the door and grinned at them.

"Not a damn cent," he said.

## The North Speaks for Itself

We do not wish to make it seem that we are attempting to refute the statements of "Commentator" in the recent issues of the "Mitre" from a purely personal point of view, but, we feel that his statements only slightly scratched the surface. The main purpose of these northern towns is mining. Gold! Gold is found beneath a hard exterior. There is nothing lovely about a gold mine. Therefore one must look beneath the surface if one wishes to understand the true significance of this country. (We don't doubt that the widely travelled "Commentator" has visited many very beautiful localities in his life including his own home town?) Beneath the surface, in the North, one finds friendly people who leave their church doors open for transients, thus relieving the necessity of sleeping in cheap "flop houses", when such a place is repugnant to the finer senses.

The North is a place for men working and seeking work, not mere purposeless travellers (no slurs intended). It takes a hardy race of men and women to live in the North. The best and most progressive elements in southern Canada realizing this go North and stay in the North, the land of opportunities not offered in the Eastern Townships. Service says in effect, "Go North young man go North." but he makes it clear that the weak and the puny will not stay long.

There were certain statements made about decadent towns which we are sure are not the fruits of a mature judgment but merely the result of a passing thought. Railway towns such as Cochrane, Swastika and Macamic never die. Their purpose is entirely utilitarian. They are not boom towns rising to a crest and then quickly ebbing away. Instead, today, no larger than when they were first conceived, they are serving the purposes for which they were intended. As long as passengers and freight flow through this country by railroad these towns will continue to stand as they are today, as they were thirty years ago. Speaking of freight we should like to state in passing, that there is more freight flown out of northern airports than is carried by all other airlines of the world combined. With such a record as this how can a country be said to be dying.

As for Temagami, who ever heard of a flourishing lumber town in the middle of a timber reserve? This beautiful spot nestling among the pine-clad hills and the shining lakes of Northern Ontario serves as a resort both in summer and winter for thousands of people who find the burden of life in the large cities intolerable. With the increased popularity in winter sports it is becoming one of the most popular winter playgrounds in Canada. In summer one has but to embark on the little steamer and gaze at the scenic beauty about him which is rivalled in Canada only by the Lake of the Woods district and the Canadian Rockies.

People in this old-established portion of Quebec do not seem to realize that the most modern town in Quebec lies in the northern districts. I refer, of course, to Noranda of which the "Commentator" does not speak very highly. Possibly he visited it in the same fog as that in which he left Kirkland Lake.

The Eastern Townships appear to us to be mainly an agricultural district. It must be borne in mind that the Great Clay Belt, one of the most fertile regions in Canada, runs through Northern Quebec and Ontario. Certain enlightened elements among the legislative bodies conceived the brilliant idea of populating this wealthy region with men unable to achieve success in the cities. The results are that the whole country is swept by that disacterous enemy of farmers, the forest fire, and most of the game is killed off. Certain persons think this is a good thing for forest fires make the job of the miner and prospector a great deal easier. However, it certainly does not add to the beauty of the country.

In this short space we are merely endeavouring to state facts and trying not to stress the "human interest side." But we insist that the North is a land of opportunity and promise for one who is willing to work for it. It is a living, vital thing progressing rapidly forward in a manner unknown to Sherbrooke and district in the last thirty years. We appreciate the interest taken in our native heaths but we feel that the true facts should be more widely known.

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## The New Bridge -- Impressions

At dusk everything seems cloaked with a mysterious personality. As though by some magical touch, living things become still, and inanimate things become imbued with life. The enchantment of half-darkness transports me to a land of grotesque and strangely animated shadows, and one of these looms up before my eyes as though suddenly conjured out of the earth. It is the new bridge.

Standing at the head of the railed pathway leading down to the old wooden bridge, it looks like a giant caterpillar humped up in the act of taking a stride. Either end clings firmly to the ground, and the middle rises in silhouette against the opalescent sky, in a great bow. From this bow-like arch numerous legs stretch toward the level as if for added security. And in the half-light, coated lightly with hoar frost, the whole gleams softly as though covered with silken fur. Its rust-red back particularly gleams as though movement underneath is causing each hair to move into a different position. And as the misty air combines with night to shroud the form in a greyish haze, it is as though this huge caterpillar, in the midst of active life, decided to put on its winding sheet and retires within its cocoon.

Later in the night it seemed to have undergone a transformation, for as I approach the wooden bridge, from the town side this time, and look towards the spot where I had seen the great caterpillar, something quite different has replaced it.

A clear sky and a full moon make the night quite bright, and dampness settling low has created a sea of mist. The new bridge rises above it in quite a new aspect. For it looks like a great coiled back speeding towards me. But there are two, and they might be the twin serpents of Vergil's creation, which came out of the sea and destroyed the sons of Laocoon. The changed light upon the rusty-coloured arches which still are coated with hoar frost, makes them look like gory backs glistening with brine. They seem to slither out of the sea behind and into it again in front, one great bend of its body in sight continually.

As I look at the new bridge again it is morning. It has the same aspect as at night, but is primarily a bridge. It is a simple, solid-looking structure made mostly of steel. The actual bridge is really one fairly-long span, but two

short ones lead ashore on either side. It is supported by two wedge-shaped cement piers built in the water. The centre span is supported too by a curved arch reaching to the piers, which in turn is further strengthened by several upright steel pillars.

Its design, I believe, is quite new in Canada, there being only one other of its kind. When completed, it will no doubt blend harmoniously with its surroundings. Side by side with the old it stands now—but soon the old will go and Bishop's will be revealed in new perspective.

H. T. H.

\* \* \*

The bridge at present looks like a barn full of old machinery that had been struck by lightning and blasted apart with dynamite, and then exposed to the destructive damp of six months of harsh winter winds. On both sides of the river are scattered heaps of junk. In the field, isolated and dismal, is a cement-mixer; too large to admit a passage through the old bridge to the one spot where it could be of any use, it has been left rusting and covered with snow. Haphazardly piled near this is a load of orange-coloured steel girders, now obscured to rust, destined for the other side of the river but accidentally deposited here. A battered barrel three-quarters full of oily, orange paint tilts uncertainly on the slope of a mound of loose gravel a few feet from the girders; its cover, in two pieces, is some distance away, as if ripped off with a hammer and heedlessly flung away. Several stacks of grey, lime-covered laths, with a number of mortar-stills poised uneasily on top, adorn the side of the road. Girders about to be used lie along the ground like railway tracks at a junction. At the edge of the river is an improvised derrick, unreliable and out of line. On the other side of the river stand two or three shacks, one tarpaper covered and having a melancholy pipe-chimney, the others of bare boards. Near these is a blackened machine, consisting chiefly of three iron slabs propped against each other and supported at their various bases by cairns of snow-covered rock. On the frozen road built high and wide from the highway toward the river stand



"Does your Mother know you're out!"

"She will—when she looks for her Sweet Caps..."

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other machines equally mysterious of purpose, and always, apparently, inactive.

In the midst of this debris is the vague structure that will some day be a bridge. The outline is confused by the numerous stagings, the huge black derrick in the centre, and so forth. It will be ugly, even when it is silver instead of pumpkin-coloured; it arches too suddenly for grace, the girders are too broad to achieve the effect of slenderness, totally unrelated to its surroundings.

P. M.

\* \* \*

My first impression of the new bridge was received when, returning from the village one evening this winter, I came upon a scene of intense inactivity; a handful of men lolled listlessly about, one reading the help-wanted advertisements in a local paper by the flickering of a stationary light, another engaged in deftly rolling a cigarette, while still another was blowing his nose with the one-finger motion popular to the working classes. With the intention of crossing the bridge I cautiously skirted these preoccupied figures, and influenced by a lucrative offer, advanced boldly towards the bridge.

This feeling of security swiftly changed to one of extreme trepidation in carefully wending my way across a narrow trestle with my eyes magnetized by the muddy Massawippi below, and mentally occupied with the possibility of my floating down the river with the University sewage. Looming up on the right was the massive bulk of the old bridge, at once reminding me of the many times it had afforded me a safe passage, no matter in what condition I happened to be. A sit-down strike was undoubtedly the answer to the seeming insecurity of the new structure, but this was not acceptable to my prestige. The ascent of the orange-coated and semi-circular girder was justifiably hesitant, my sensations were probably comparable to those of a soldier going over the top for the first time, and my knees made a noise like the proverbial skeleton on the tin roof. The descent was quicker, even though I gripped the sides much in the manner of a person on a runaway horse, my motion being retarded only by the laws of friction, and

my hobnailed boots emitting an ominous grating, sounding as though a number of files were being scratched against a blackboard. Safely over, the best I could do was to utter some choice epithets I had saved for a worthier occasion.

Being one of the first to traverse the misshapen structure before it is political'y opened I felt that a closer study was necessary. The sight would hardly have been pleasant in any surroundings; but the bridge was doubly misplaced in its academic environment. If the contractor had any subtle idea that its colour would harmonize with the distinguished brick-red of this institution, he would do well to take up the art of exterior decoration; if he thought that its gaudy appearance would fit in with the generally antiquated and subdued countryside, he was once more wrong. Then again, little did he realize that ninety-four-year old tradition should not be aroused from its deep slumbers by such a strikingly garish, and manifestly modern mass of metal.

The bridge itself is, on the whole, both ugly and glaring; little thought has been given to anything which would even distantly resemble the artistic, and the sole idea of the architect would seem to have been the desire to erect a structure to conquer any floods the river could offer, apart from the necessity of providing something comparatively sturdy at the cheapest possible price. The manner of its construction is a little strange to the average local layman; whether the fact that it is being bought on the installment plan accounts for the work being done in relays no one knows, and few care. Watching its tardy progress however is considered sordid by the aesthetically minded, and they feel that the material results are important.

It is the moral effect of the new bridge which is both the more prominent and more harmful. To witness feverish activity on such a hallowed and traditionally torpid site is but to realize the evils of an age of machinery. Too early to foresee the demoralizing effects of this tawdry embodiment of modernism, some say that it has already done irreparable damage, by rudely disturbing the rusticity of the district, and hope that it will be washed away in a potential flood, while others agree that at least it will stand out as something new in a countryside that is definitely out of date.

A. V. L. M.

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## Pet Aversions

by Peggy MacRae

To this subject we all turn with relief; it is purely subjective, and consequently highly absorbing. One may be so uninterested in abstract problems as to pass over such a question as "What is Art?" with a sententious reply like: "the Good, the True, and the Beautiful," and refuse to explain or enlarge. But when our personal idiosyncrasies come under discussion then we feel a positive urge to expand, to add detail to fascinating detail, and, in describing the foibles and habits which we find repellent in others, to expose the intricacies of our own characters (which are of course really unusual and complex; unfortunately as very few know us at all intimately). In high school annual magazines we find listed beside the picture of each student his favourite expression, his favourite sports, and his pet aversion; thus is he judged, and justly, too, for if we know a man's aversions we know what he is like. For instance, if we read that J—L—'s pet aversion is short women, we can assume that he is at least not below average height; and if another dislikes above all things to be roused in French class, we can deduce not only that he finds French tedious, but also that he enjoys slumber.

Perhaps we should pursue the subject with less zeal if we reflected that aversions usually indicate some fault or lack in ourselves; on the other hand we also find our faults of prime interest. It is most elevating to hear the eagerness born of modesty with which most of us disclaim certain noble virtues—studiousness, steadiness, simplicity and the like—although it must be allowed we claim as compensation a greater share than we actually possess of the more dashing virtues. Similarly, the candour with which people confess their interesting failings, and even exaggerate them, shows a really praiseworthy resignation.

The aversion many bear to certain nervous tricks shows a regrettable lack of patience. Now I can watch with the utmost calm a man chewing his fingernails, no matter how savagely he tears at them, or how deeply he should choose to bite into the quick. But this tolerance, probably born of the consciousness that I myself find nail-chewing an aid to meditation, is not all-enveloping. And so to my own

particular pet aversion—people who nag. Those, who say, "Peggy, why can't you . . .?"; "Peggy, how often must I tell you . . ." fan me to such towering rages (interesting failing!) that only persistent self-consciousness prevents me from shrieking like a virago; so I take refuge in sullenness until I feel the absurdity of my position. But naturally I feel no kindlier to people who nag.

There are many other people whom it is difficult to suffer. People who appeal to one's better nature, these surely are not to be borne. Presumptuous people, who excuse themselves with a laugh and ignore their chilly reception. Greedy people, who gobble their food and masticate audibly. Truck drivers who leer and sound their horns in passing, sing, "Who's big baby are you?" or otherwise evince an unwelcome interest. People who think that a complete lack of ordinary consideration is a mark of a pleasing contempt for pettiness. People who are rude to increase their self-importance. These we all know and dislike.

But we have private aversions as well. Some cannot bear to hear anyone humming; sometimes they hate only a particular air, like "the Organ Grinder's Swing." Another becomes quite ill at sight of a fried egg or on sniffing barber's hair lotion. It is difficult to feel that all is for the best of all possible worlds when a book is returned with corners of pages turned down, passages marked, and comments written in the margins, or when one sees a book lying open, face downward, with the inevitable crack in the binding. Would-be evangelists are rather a trial, too, but perhaps these are under the head of presumptuous people.

It is not only our fellowman we find distressing. We have to come in contact with other and even more disagreeable things—eggs, unless effectively disguised, tapioca pudding, shrimps, liver, underdone beef, boiled meat, ginger ale, beets, spinach, pea soup, and oatmeal porridge; spiders, rats, snakes, caterpillars and worms; fox terriers, rat terriers, pugs, poodles and Mexican hairless dogs; accordions, concertinas, banjos, traps, and jazz-whistles; purple hats with yellow feathers, woollen stockings, and shoes with bows or short vamp toes.

## Karl Marx

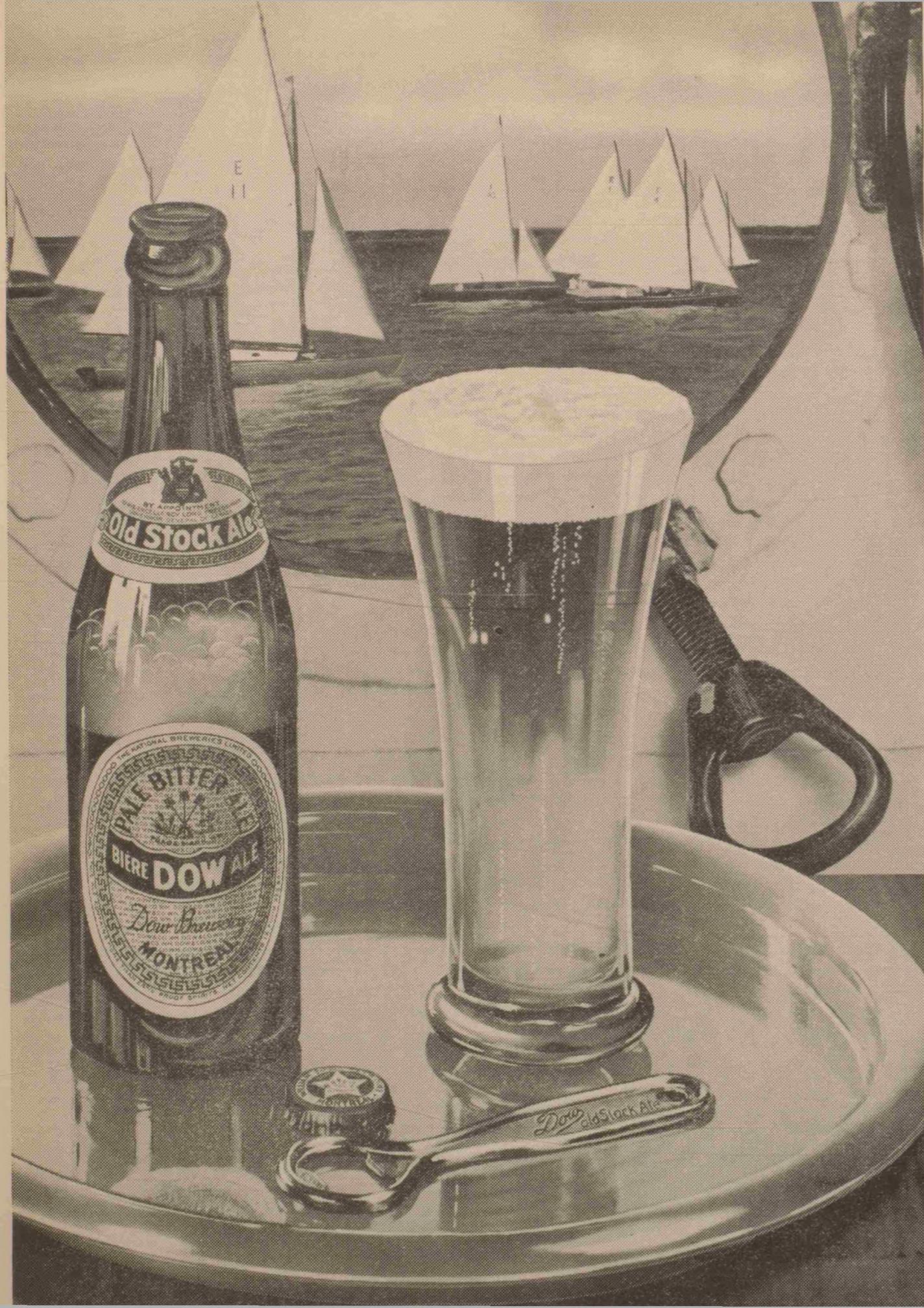
That Karl Marx has exerted a great social and political influence on world affairs is undeniable. "The Communist Manifesto," which he published in collaboration with Engels in 1848, as well as his masterpiece, "Das Kapital," and other writings are the driving force behind the makers of modern Soviet Russia. He organized the International Working Men's Association for the propagation of communist ideas in other lands—an organization better known to us by the common press terms of "Red menace or Red Terror." If the past few decades have witnessed a demand for social reorganization unparalleled in history it is in no small measure attributable to Marx's popularization of social science; his attack on the bourgeoisie, exaltation of the proletariat and erudite literary work in justification of his radical views. Had he merely advanced another social theory his influence might have been negligible but in propounding a definite philosophy of revolution in such works as "The Poverty of Philosophy" and "Das Kapital" he created a unifying force that knit all previous theories together and gave a direction and force to reform. How Marx was fitted by education and experience to advance these theories, their gist and influence on contemporary history, require consideration.

Marx was born of a middle class family. Under the supervision of his father a lawyer by profession and convert from the Jewish to the Christian faith, Karl absorbed the teachings of Locke, Diderot and Voltaire thus laying the foundation of his materialistic conception of history. As an undergraduate at the University of Berlin he was a disciple of Hegel, and though his inclination was to History and English he took Jurisprudence as "a necessary evil," graduating with a doctor's degree from Jena in 1841. He accepted the first work to offer itself, a position as editor of the "Reinische Zeitung," but was soon involved with government officials over unorthodox statements and the paper suppressed. Finding the life of a propagandist in Germany too difficult he proceeded to Paris where under the influence of Heine, Proudhon and Cabet he collaborated in the publication of the Franco-German Yearbooks and completed the groundwork of his future philosophy. In 1844 he and Engels produced "The Holy Family," setting forth the idea that the proletariat must take the lead in social change. Forced to leave Paris, Marx removed to Brussels. There he elaborated his theory of communism and began to consider means for its practical application. The

result was the issuance of "The Communist Manifesto" in 1848. Hounded out of continental Europe by popular reaction to radicalism, he took refuge in London. There the First International was organized in 1862 and the first volume of his massive work "Das Kapital," published. By 1880, three years before his death he had the satisfaction of seeing his principles making progress over all Europe and spreading overseas.

"The Manifesto of the Communist Party" is a concise and forcible statement of the "raison d'être" of communism. Its central theme, the unreasonable and intolerable tyranny of the bourgeoisie is introduced by a skilful sketch of social gradations in earlier epochs dating from Roman time. Many and bitter are the accusations levelled against the capitalistic class. They have "resolved personal worth into exchange value," destroyed the family relation," "concentrated property in a few hands," and, in a word, "have introduced naked, shameless, direct, brutal exploitation." But, continues the manifesto, the bourgeoisie in calling into existence the modern working class has forged the weapon that will cause its death. Workers must organize against their task-masters who regard them as so many appendages of machines. In this revolt the Communists aim to point the way, bringing to the front the common interests of the entire proletariat. They will point out the line of march.

Acceptance of the new system would entail the abolition of private property. This would affect the bourgeoisie alone, contended Marx, for they have appropriated the greater extent of the property of the petty artisan and small peasant, reducing those unfortunates to a state of absolute dependence. The new order would deprive no man of the power to appropriate the products of society: it would merely deprive him of the power to monopolize the labour of others by selfish exploitation. Community of women would be introduced to replace the present hypocritically concealed enjoyment of mistresses and prostitutes while education of the young would be in state hands so that equal opportunities might be open to all alike. All morality, religion and "eternal truths" are to be abolished for they are to blame for the class antagonisms that have troubled the world since the dawn of history. In general the plan will be to replace the oppressive bourgeois society by proletarian rule under which the free development of each is the condition for the free development of all. Theoretically such a vision is desirable but unfortunately great difficulties



stand in the way—difficulties that Marx does not fully take into account. One of the fundamental instincts of man is that of personal acquisition. He works that he may own. Take away private property and what incentive will be left to encourage the worker? To this Communism can offer no satisfactory reply. Furthermore the differences in productive capacity are such that if all property were divided up on one New Year's Day, the next would see some men rich and some poor. To enforce equality is not to follow Nature but to fly in her face.

The now famous "Manifesto" was presented to the Communist League in 1848 but that body met with such opposition from the continental reaction that it was disbanded six years later. For eleven lean years Marx and Engels kept the cause alive by persistent literary effort until in 1864 the International Workingmen's Association, the 1st International, was formed in London. For some time this was the most influential working-class movement and Marx's doctrines dominated its councils. A period of depression followed this promising start causing the International's dissolution in 1876 about the time that Marx withdrew from active public life. If he had lived for two more years than he actually did he would have seen the revival of his cherished cause in the 2nd International of 1895; but like Rousseau it was to be his fortune to preside after death over a revolution conceived in his name.

Marx's masterpiece and the work that is the clearest exposition of his theory is "Das Kapital." The starting point is his doctrine of class struggle, a direct outcome of exploitation of the labouring class. Granting the fact that commodities sell at their value, Marx makes the major premise that the workers only commodity, his labour-power marks it off from all others. In a day a labourer produces goods

of a value far in excess of the mere subsistence wage he is paid by bourgeois capitalists. This difference he termed "surplus value" and, though clearly recognizing the variations in productive ability, he maintained that an equitable division of profit should be made. To accomplish such a profound revolution of social and economic convention he advocated the destruction of the old State and the substitution of a temporary distatorship of the proletariat. Once established the new order would be a classless society free from economic antagonism. It would begin a new chapter in human history.

The doctrines of Karl Marx, briefly sketched above, are being given practical application in modern Soviet Russia. The old order, autocratic monarchy and aristocratic domination, was overthrown by a revolution which began in 1917. Much blood has been shed in establishing the new régime but it seems certain that modified communism is working to make a better Russia and that it has come to stay. As a world force it now ranks with democracy and fascism. Time and experience have made for many modifications but the guiding spirit behind the man whom Russia honours as its refounder—Lenin, was Karl Marx. At this date it is impossible to predict the possible extent of communism's spread. In principle it recognizes no national barriers but embraces the workingmen of every land. Indeed it is with profound uneasiness that both fascist and democratic leaders of modern states hear the clarion call of the party:

"Let the ruling classes tremble at a Communist revolution.

The proletarians have nothing to lose but their chains.

They have a world to win.

Workingmen of all countries, unite!"

erous to our cause in the recent campaign. With that article all the members of the university were certainly in accord. But all of us must have been conscious of a necessary omission, for so much of the success of the campaign was undoubtedly owing to the Principal's own administrative and organizing genius. To him are due the thanks and congratulations of this little world of Bishop's and of all our friends.

## The Financial Appeal on Behalf of the University

Although it is always a source of some annoyance to a university body that it has to go a-begging, the fact is that we can only carry on if people offer of their wealth and service for the maintenance of university life. Such is the common truth.

In the April issue of the "Mitre" there appeared over the principal's initials an article expressing the thanks of the university and its friends to the people who were gen-

## Co-ed Types

### *The Flirtatious Co-ed*

This co-ed has come to college for the purpose of getting married at any cost. For the sake of speed and efficiency she usually does her own pursuing as men are often a trifle too slow for her. To attract attention she endeavours to be striking in her dress although her taste is often rather questionable. She arrives late to her lectures and then chooses a seat so situated that several men must move as she passes. Thus she strives to be the cynosure of all eyes. During the lecture she whispers to the nearest males on the slightest provocation. Sometimes it is to get a note she says she missed, others to make a wisecrack about the professor or the appearance of another co-ed. This last is always a good method of attack, but it earns her the hatred of the less attractive co-eds. She, however, is condescending to them, pitiful, homely creatures! Whenever there is a disturbance in a lecture she tries to create an impression by encouraging its authors with admiring words and looks. She haunts the library when not in lectures as this is an ideal spot for romantic dalliance: when an eligible male goes to the back of the library for a novel she follows in hot pursuit and engages him in whispered conversation which is rendered doubly exciting in that it is both intimate and somewhat clandestine. When anywhere near the college or in the corridors she affects a particularly voluptuous walk which is as distinctive as it is unnatural. No game would be complete without her presence on the sidelines, and, indeed, she can be seen at many practices. All gossip seems to find its way to her ears, accordingly she can sidle up to a bleary-eyed male and murmur admiringly "I hear you had quite a party last night?" Unfortunately, however, she eventually defeats her own ends and becomes a pariah: the co-eds hate her and the men dislike to be seen in her company.

### *The Athletic Co-ed*

To see this veritable incarnation of health, strength, and vitality surging from one lecture to another or across the quad is enough to strike terror into any male heart. Her self-sufficient manner seems to defy anything to oppose her. She is particularly masculine in her gait as she strides along, swinging her arms and whistling cheerfully. In lectures she sprawls in her chair which is usually titled back, balancing on one leg. When a professor makes a humorous remark she laughs heartily from the depths of her chest, slaps her thighs or the desk, and shows other signs of approval. On a party she is an interesting figure: if her partner gives any signs of tiring during a dance, this amazon will take over the lead and swing the terrified crea-

by H. J. Scott

ture round the floor with such abandon that the other couples retire to a respectful distance for fear of injury. When coming home late she is of inestimable value in pushing her escort up to a handy window. She tries to entice men to compete with her in sports—particularly those in which there is an element of physical contact. Wise men avoid these invitations as she has been known to dislocate a man's knee during a friendly game of basketball. She watches the men's hockey games to learn a few pointers and her aptitude is such that she soon body-checks the co-eds with all the finesse of King Clancy or Lionel Hitchman. Skiing is one of her favourite pastimes and she can bush-whack or langlauf with the sturdiest men. She has no use for the more graceful feminine athletics such as figure-skating or interpretive dancing. On her vacation she may try her hand at anything from timber-running in Minnesota to hiking through rural Quebec.

### *The Studious Co-ed*

She may be distinguished by the complacent look of self-satisfaction on her face. The library becomes her domicile where she sits serenely confident and happy. The vague and uncertain wanderings of the hoi polloi move her to compassion and occasionally she makes Sibylline utterances which are lapped up by her satellites. In lectures she arouses the ire of her classmates by being imperturbable even when the professor sets seemingly impossible work. At the beginning of the year she adopts a particularly receptive attitude the lecturer. With a nod of her head she commends his apothegms and with him she laughs at the slower mentality of her less brilliant fellow-students. Soon, however, she is carried away by her own erudition and she begins to be condescending to even the professor. Then his pithy remarks are met by a bored look which intimates that she knew it long ago. Her only male companions are of the book-worm type, although they must have some originality and not mere filing-cabinets for brains. To them she talks with pseudo-learning about this or that, and they laugh pityingly, not sympathetically, at the blind gropings of their slower companions. Unlike her male prototype, however, she is not disconcerted by exams. It is true that she redoubles her efforts but she hastens to inform you that it is all outside reading. She is annoyed when asked to explain something, and after giving a lengthy answer she says, "Of course, that is only an outline, but it will act as a framework for you to build upon." After emerging with high marks she affects to be far from satisfied. On questioning it would appear that only perfect plus would satisfy her.

1786 ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF 1936  
MOLSON'S BREWERY

## ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS AGO

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**H**IS name was John Molson. It was a brewery he established, and he located it on the outskirts of the city in a district then called the Quebec Suburbs. It is still where he built it. His direct descendants have continuously operated it.

The city has expanded and surrounded the brewery. The road is no longer merely The Quebec Post Road; it has changed its name twice, and is now known as Notre Dame Street. The old brewery has almost disap-

peared (only its vaulted stone cellars are still in existence and use) but great modern buildings, filled with the most up-to-date equipment, have replaced it.

Through one hundred and fifty years the brewery has had only five heads; John Molson, the Founder, Thomas Molson, John H. R. Molson, John Thomas Molson and Herbert Molson. All have been outstanding citizens of their day; all have carried on the fine traditions so firmly established by the Founder.

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### *The Beautiful Co-ed*

The beautiful co-ed starts her academic career in a blaze of glory; there is always an admiring crowd of males surrounding her in the corridors, and in lectures even the most bashful steal covert glances at her from behind books. No college function would be complete without her, and at a dance nearly every male cuts-in on her at least once during the evening. At a game her presence in the crowd is almost as much of an attraction as the contest itself. Unfortunately her unrivaled position as the college beauty has many drawbacks. She must always strive to be brilliant and witty, but the constant drain on her resources is more than she can stand. She becomes affected and the mannerisms which once attracted attention and admiration

become a little shopworn. It soon develops into a vicious circle; as her popularity wanes she strives to be more brilliant, and the more she strives the less popular she becomes. Unkind critics call her a show-off, not realizing that she is merely trying to maintain her self-respect. She is still popular with freshmen who do not realize that she now lacks originality. At times she shines again with all her former glory but her self-confidence is not what it once was, and in the end she proves unable to follow up her initial advantage. She develops a persecution complex and thinks that all men are trying to gull her. Her nature becomes bitter in the extreme. This usually motivates her withdrawal from college, but it may be some years before she recovers her poise and former popularity.

## St. Mark's Chapel Windows

by A. L. Baldwin

There are thirty-one stained glass windows in St. Mark's Chapel of Bishop's University, which, taken as a whole, show a sequence of God's redemption of mankind, and present in pictures a summary of our religion. These pictures greatly enhance the beauty of our chapel, but their greater purpose is to inspire a more profound sense of worship. A Christian once said that by contemplation of the beautiful windows in his church, he was lifted in adoration from the world to a purer clime.

There are four acts of worship: Adoration, confession, thanksgiving and supplication. A prayer of adoration is best when offered in silence and meditation. I know people who have become ecstatic over a beautiful sunset, and who have spoiled the effect by their incessant babblings. Any one of our chapel windows may well provide the mind with beautiful thoughts and an appreciation of the aesthetic, if we would sometimes enter and cease to pray with the lips, but rather to use the eyes and see with the mind.

It is very difficult to concentrate always on the whole of matins and evensong in our daily services, but worship is no less real, if the thoughts are allowed to dwell upon one of those windows and what its picture represents. The whole selection is a uniform series, and may be divided into three groups.

1. The three windows at the west-end over the heads of the dignitaries represent stories from the Old Testament.
2. Extending along the north side to the altar are the principal events in chronological order of the Life of the Saviour.

3. On the south side is shown the spread of the Gospel.

The centre window at the west-end shows Moses lifting up a serpent in the wilderness so that the children of Israel by looking thereon may save their lives from a scourge of snakes. This serpent is shown hanging from a cross. Facing this window and directly over the altar is Christ, also on a cross. The serpent represents sin, and the destruction of the serpent meant life for the Israelites. Christ represents the sin-bearer, and the death of the Sin-bearer meant the life of the world. Perhaps Christ had this in mind when He said, "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, so also must the Son of Man be lifted up."

Those on the north side, representing the principal events in the Life of Christ are:

1. The Angel Gabriel appears to Mary, and informs her that she is to be the mother of Christ.

"The Power of the Highest shall overshadow thee."

- ii. Christ is born in Bethlehem and is worshipped by the shepherds.

"The Word was made flesh."

iii. The three kings or Magi guided by a star, come to Bethlehem and present their gifts to Christ: Gold, frankincense, and myrrh.

iv. The visit of Jesus to the Temple when He was twelve years old. His mother lost sight of Him for three days and found Him in the Temple among the doctors of the Law, whom He astounded by His questions and understanding. When His mother chided Him for the delay, He said, "Know you not that I must be about My Father's business?"

v. Christ is baptized by John the Baptist in the Jordan river, when about thirty years old. On this occasion a voice was heard from heaven to say,

"This is My Beloved Son in Whom I am well pleased."

vi. Christ calls Peter and his brother Andrew from their fishing nets, saying,

"Follow Me, and I will make you fishers of men."

vii. Christ was a very remarkable preacher. This picture shows Him so thronged by the multitude on the shore of the lake, that He pushed off in a boat a little way and used it as His pulpit.

viii. A sick man who could not be brought near Jesus because of the crowd, was by his friends let down upon his bed through an opening in the roof and lay at the feet of Jesus to be healed.

"He healeth all thy diseases."

ix. With five barley loaves and two small fish Christ fed five thousand hungry people.

"I am the Bread of Life."

x. The Transfiguration of Christ on the Mount in the presence of Peter, James and John. They saw Him with the spirits of Moses and Elias, and heard a voice saying,

"This is My Beloved Son, hear Him!"

xi. Children, who loved Jesus and desired to be near Him were hindered by the disciples. But He, gathering the children around Him, said, "Allow them to come and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

xii. Christ stands near the tomb of Lazarus and raises him from the dead.

"I am the Resurrection and the Life."

xiii. Christ, seated upon a colt, enters Jerusalem as a King. The crowds spread their cloaks and palm branches in the road for Him, and shouted "Hosannah, blessed is He that cometh in the Name of the Lord."

xiv. The Temple was always sacred to Christ. When He found it turned into a place of merchandise, he cleansed it of such sacrilege and said,

"My House is a House of Prayer, not a den of thieves."

xv. The little upper room in Jerusalem where Christ celebrated the Last Supper with His disciples.

"Do this in remembrance of Me."

xvi. On the morning of the day of His Crucifixion, before He was taken captive, He was in the Garden of Gethsemane praying: "sorrowful, even unto death."

xvii. Christ, clothed in a purple robe, crowned with thorns and a reed in His hand. Pilate turns to the crowds and says, "Behold the Man."

xviii. Christ on the cross—the Sin-bearer.

"This I have done for thee

What doest thou for Me?"

xix. The Resurrection.

"On this third day He rose from the dead,

glorious in majesty."

xx. The Ascension. Christ having given command to His disciples, vanished from their sight.

"Thou art gone up on high."

The third group begins on the south side of the altar, and shows the efforts of the early Christians to spread Christianity.

1. Pentecost or Whitsunday.

Ten days after the ascension, the Holy Ghost, in the likeness of fire came upon the disciples gathered together in Jerusalem, and

"They were all filled with the Holy Ghost."

2. St. Stephen became the first Christian martyr and died praying for his enemies as Christ had done. He was stoned to death in the presence of Saul the persecutor, who afterwards became converted, and is known as the Apostle to the Gentiles.

3. The Conversion of Saul.

On his way to persecute the Christians of Damascus, he was stricken blind by a great light. He heard a voice from heaven which said, "Saul, why do you persecute me? I am Jesus of Nazareth." Saul entered Damascus as a Christian.

The other four windows of this third group picture the spread of Christianity to Britain.

1. St. Alban—the first Christian martyr of Britain. He was beheaded by the Romans during the time of the Roman occupation of Britain. The city of St. Albans is supposed to be where he was martyred.

2. St. Patrick—became a missionary to Ireland, and is the patron saint of the Irish. One legend attributes to him the absence of snakes in that land.

3. St. Columba—was an Irishman, born at Donegal. With twelve disciples, he established himself at Iona or Holy Isle and brought the teachings of St. Patrick to Scotland and North Britain.

4. St. Augustine—was sent by Pope Gregory to the south of Britain. Ethelbert, king of Kent, fearing Christian magic, had his seat placed in the open. Having heard the preaching of Augustine, he gave the missionaries a place to

live, and himself became a Christian. St. Augustine is the first Archbishop of Canterbury, and the beginning of an unbroken line extending down to our present Archbishop Lang of Canterbury.

The one remaining window is that of St. Mark, the Evangelist, the patron saint of our Chapel. His is the earliest gospel and presents both a summary of the Life of Christ and the teaching used for the spread of Christianity; in other words, what the windows of St. Mark's Chapel represent is summed up in St. Mark's Chapel. This Gospel was later brought to Canada by the early missionaries, and is the same as that which is read and preached in our Chapel to-day.

Two years ago Rev. C. Sauerbrei mentioned the Chapel windows in his article to the "Mitre" concerning the beautiful carvings of the woodwork. Perhaps this is the first time it has occurred to many that there is a sequence in this series of windows, and it makes us appreciate more fully the foresight of those who were responsible for their arrangement, both artistically and religiously. These windows tend to develop our religious sense by helping us to fix our thoughts, hopes and desires upon heavenly things in contemplation and meditation. By contemplation only is the soul freed from pollution of matter, and made fit to receive the Divine indwelling. It must obey the injunction.

"Be still, and know that I am God."

#### SONG OF THE OUT-OF-DOORS

Far hills, and lakes that shine,

There, where the heavens end,

Tall poplars in a line,

Mountain-top like a shrine,

Take me for a friend.

Make me a part of you,

Wind that blows wild and free,

Sky that is sapphire blue,

Clear pools like crystal dew,

Take hold of me.

Bird in the wind-rocked tree,

Teach me your fleeting song,

Open my eyes to see,

Wide earth, awaken me

Who sleep so long.

Gods of the open air,

Who see me, silent, go,

Teach me the wild things' prayer,

Let me, who wander there,

Hear it and know.

Patty A. Wiggett.

(First published in "The Dumbel," 1936)

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## Canoeing

by P. G. Edgell

Canoe! What a magical word and what fascinating pictures it brings to the mind! What is more satisfying than the combination of water and canoe? Answer me that, you hobbyists, you collectors and craftsmen, you winter and summer sportsmen. What can thrill the heart of man more than a pliant paddle and well-loved canoe? A canoe—the ancestor of all craft; and so, canoeing, the older and more honourable pastime. Tell me if you can of a more suitable method of summer enjoyment; find me another water sport (for water is the only element during warm weather) that provides such healthful exercise, brings one into such intimate contact with nature, allows one such freedom and the benefits of travel. You cannot tell me, so I must tell you of canoes and canoeing.

First you must know that there are many kinds of canoes, all descendants of the Indian bark or dugout canoe. Indeed you will find these still in use—the birch-bark canoe in the Canadian Northwoods, the dugout in South America and as the outrigger of the South Sea Islanders. Their descendants have grown to the six fathoms of a Hudson Bay Company freight canoe, with its civilized cousin the regatta war canoe. They have shrunk to the nine-foot canvas collapsible and the racing canoe, close relation to the Eskimo kayak. They have kept their original size and shape in the sixteen to eighteen foot wood strip and the canvas covered pleasure canoe. As might be expected this size, tested by long usage, is the most popular. On the respective merits of strip or canvas covered, controversy has long raged. The former may be of basswood or cedar, and its chief characteristic seems to be longevity. It stands a good deal of knocking about, but is hard to mend when smashed. It is steady in the water, but very heavy to carry. The latter is, as the name implies, a light, ribbed shell of pine or other wood covered with canvas. Its life is timed by the treatment it receives. As long as the canvas remains whole, all is well. A slash is easy to mend with marine glue and a patch; cracked ribs, not so easy. The light weight makes it easy to handle and carry over portages, but it is often unsteady in the water. Incidentally—it costs about half as much as a cedar strip. I plump for the canvas covered every time.

Then there is the matter of propulsion. The accepted way is to use a single paddle, but we must not overlook double paddles and poles. Double paddles allow quick dips on alternate sides of the canoe, thus keeping the bow straight

without the fishtail of the single paddle and consequent slight delay. Racing canoeists prefer double paddles, but they are awkward for close quarters. You may use a pole in shallow waters, following the style of the Gaspé fishermen in their twenty-foot salmon canoes, but it is a ticklish business. Take it easy! You may fit a low bamboo mast and sail to your canoe and loll back in comfort (until you see a squall coming) but you will have trouble working up against the wind. You can lessen the crablike drift by using leeboards, but again I say—take it easy! The usual manner is undoubtedly the best, so practise with a single paddle on one side of the canoe. If you have someone paddling in the bow you will cancel each other's strokes and steering will be easy. When you are alone in the stern you must learn to dip the paddle with the blade at a considerable angle inward towards the canoe, and with a slightly spooning stroke to get motion both forward and in a straight line. It is harder than it sounds, but you will have to get onto it if you are to be a canoeist.

There are an infinite number of little tricks that characterize the expert canoeist. First it is essential that he be a good swimmer. You will see that his canoe is a part of him. Watch this chap coming straight into the wharf at full speed. At the last moment his paddle flashes out and over, and with a tremendous backhand sweep he swings the canoe around broadside and drifts gently in. You ought to learn this backing stroke. It is very useful in river work. Keep the paddle in the water just behind the stern and fishtail it back and forth this way. You see, I am going backwards in a straight line. You must learn to paddle from the middle in case a wind comes up. Be careful of your balance. Either kneel on both knees and rest back on the centre thwart, or kneel on one knee and stretch the other leg out in front. When paddling on the left, kneel on the left knee, and vice versa. It is important that you should be able to climb into your canoe in deep water. If there is any wind, jump out on the leeward side. An empty canoe drifts much faster than you can swim. Get down at the stern, put one hand on the near gunwale, the other on the far gunwale, heave yourself up carefully, and roll your legs in. Don't go out the other side! If you want a really neat stunt try emptying a swamped canoe in deep water. It's a hard job. Of course the canoe can't sink so you have all the time you want. This is one way of doing it. Put your weight on the stern of the canoe until it sinks down four

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feet or so and the bow sticks up above the water. Spring off backwards with a shove, and the canoe should bounce out of the water and float with the gunwale showing above the surface. Then swim alongside and spoon the water out with one hand until you can get in without swamping again. The lumberjacks have a trick of tipping and lifting the canoe bodily out of the water, but I can't demonstrate that.

You should know how to portage comfortably. You can either lash two paddles between the centre and forward thwarts so that the blades provide a shoulder rest, or place the centre thwart directly on the back of your neck. First pad your shoulders with a sweater, then stand beside the canoe and grasp the centre thwart. Raise up and balance her on one knee, then with a mighty heave and a twist invert the canoe over your head and lower on to the shoulders. Seventy pounds doesn't seem much that way, but there is a knack to it. To unload you just reverse the procedure. Innumerable details mark the expert. He will paddle with a short effortless stroke, not splashing or bumping the paddle on the gunwale. When changing sides in the stern he will swing his paddle behind his head, thus keeping the canoe dry. He will shake the water off his paddle before

shipping by rolling it on his knees, and will place it flat on the bottom with the blade in stern or bow, as the case may be. He will never step into his canoe while it is on the beach, nor drive it up on shore before stepping out, and when he steps in it will be precisely in the middle with both hands on the gunwales. When all these fine points have become habits with you, then you will be an expert canoeist.

Great opportunities for travel are open to the canoeist. Northern Quebec is a veritable maze of rivers and lakes which can only be reached by canoe or air. What fishing and hunting are available to the traveller in these regions! Next time you go abroad take a canoe instead of your automobile and travel nature's highways. See Germany from the Rhine, explore the canals of Holland, cross England by rivers and canals and visit fascinating country emancipated from the curse of timetables and dinner hours, the filth of trains and dusty roads. No man is so absolutely free as the canoeist who can carry tent, food, and himself without feeling either like a caravan or a pack mule. He has the freedom of the inland waterways.

Buy yourself a canoe. Christen it "Voyageur II", and take up the greatest of all hobbies—canoeing.

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## The House of Sighs

by G. H. Laird

It was one of those solid, old-fashioned, wooden houses full of nooks and corners and dreary, rambling rooms. It was at 89 X street, Halifax.

We had spent the summer of 1919 at a small village on St. Margaret's Bay and about the first of September we arrived in Halifax to take up our residence there. It was the first I had seen of Halifax, as we had only arrived in Nova Scotia that July.

On entering the house I had a sensation which I had never had before. It was a gloomy place. I remember the great dark hall and the broad stairway with the massive oaken bannisters. I was particularly impressed by the stairway, because I had never seen such a massive one before. A close, stifling atmosphere seemed to pervade the whole house. There was something dismal about the place—something mournful and mysterious. I felt it from the very

first. As I said before, the house was an old one. The original owner had absconded and later committed suicide. However, that was years before our time.

The first few months passed off without any incident. At times thick fogs rolled in from the ocean. Violent storms blew in from the Atlantic which made every shutter on the house creak and groan in the most dismal way. The pine trees in the nearby park sobbed and sighed in the gale. During these times — and there were many of them — the whole house was filled with strange noises: creaks, vague whisperings and gentle sighs. I will remember lying in bed and listening to the shriek of the wind and the eerie wailing of the lighthouse siren at the entrance of the harbour.

The first strange incident happened about Christmas time. The front door, which had been locked the night before, was found open the following morning. This hap-

pened several times. Finally the door had to be chained on the inside. Pictures tumbled from the walls and the next morning were found lying in the middle of the room. Curious knocks were heard on the walls.

I continually felt the strange influence of the house. My dreams were troubled. Many times I dreamed that I shouted out in my sleep. I dreamed of strange things. One night as I lay awake in bed I distinctly heard soft footsteps in the hall and was quite certain that I saw greyish forms moving up and down the hall by the open door. I crawl out of bed and tiptoe to the door. I listen, but hear no sound except the thick pounding of my heart. Suddenly I hear a cheerful sound. It is the street car rumbling down the street. I return to bed and listen for the next one to pass. I have a long wait, but it is a comforting and cheerful sound.

About this time, or rather shortly before, matters were complicated by a nurse who came to us. I will call her D. I remember that she had red hair, reddish eyes, and a bluish white complexion. I took a strong dislike to her from the first. I believed that she was responsible for some of the things which had happened around the house. There was something cold and clammy about her. I loathed her little ferret-like eyes which blinked at you like the eyes of a bird. Besides I didn't like the way she sneaked and glided about the house. I and my brother tried to make it as hard as possible for her, hoping that she would leave, but the more we tormented her and disobeyed her, the more determined she was to stay. One day in desperation I hurled a fork at her. The only result of that was a sound thrashing from my father. In her lighter mood D would frighten us out of our wits with stories of imps, goblins and of the dreadful deeds of the Evil One. I mention D because she seemed to be part of the old house. I can see her now as she crept down the hall on a cold winter morning to light the fire in the grate in the sitting room upstairs.

We may have subjected to a little unpleasantness, but she had her revenge on us. She knew she was disliked and this made her all the more determined to fight the battle out to the end by fair means or foul. So she reported our misdeeds to our father with rather disastrous results to ourselves. One day she caught me smoking. I beseeched her with tears in my eyes not to peach, but she did. The result was such a severe caning that I could not sit down for a week. So after that I always smoked in the greatest secrecy. That was when I was twelve years old.

We had so passed two years in the house and I had experienced nothing but bad luck—what with spirits, lickings and the tyranny of D. I remembered how I had disliked the house from the very first. However, the house had one thing more in store for me which was the culmina-

tion of all my terrors.

It happened one June night shortly before we went away to the country. School was over and I was in a particular joyous mood. My mother and father were out and would not be in until late. My brothers had long since been in bed. I got into bed and heard the distant boom of the cannon from the citadel which announced the hour of nine. Shortly after I was sound asleep. How long I slept I do not know, but I suddenly awoke and on looking at the clock I noticed that it was near eleven o'clock. I got up and went to the window. It was a warm, still night, but rather oppressive and I noticed flashes of lightning in the east. I had no sooner got back into bed when there was a terrific crash in the hall. It sounded exactly as if a dozen step ladders had suddenly crashed down the one on top of the other. I jumped out of bed and rushed into the hall. I flashed on the light. There was nothing.

Shortly after this episode my grandmother was talking to a friend, a Mrs. Cameron, and in the course of the conversation mentioned some of the curious episodes which had happened to us. Mrs. Cameron asked where we lived and when my grandmother told her she replied, "Oh, that house. Everyone knows that house has been haunted for many years. It has had quite a history."



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## The Bishop



## Looks Down

KARL MARX, HORATIO ALGER, ET AL

We're born (we are told) in a serious age. Life is very real and earnest and we have practically no conscience to guide us. Ours is a lost generation. It is very saddening to pass through the college halls of a Monday morning and listen to the debates of grave-eyed knots of students: the European situation, the Spanish situation, the Asiatic question, the Yellow peril, the Red menace, the green freshman, the purple and white—Ah Youth! whose fleeting moment of happiness has come to an all too premature end.

But we must have courage to struggle on, and on, and up, and up and up. We must not lose hope—each of us must do his part to make the world a happier place to live in. And so I have decided that I owe it to humanity to press on to completion—may I refer to it in all humility?—my magnum opus.

It is not enough to serve Humanity with a will; one should strive to direct one's efforts along that path which shall be most productive—for mankind, that is. Therefore, when I cast my eyes about to find a subject for a novel worthy of my pen, I observed that the most successful authors chose subjects of a certain specificity. Thus many a starving journalist has fed on "The Great American Novel." But I do not feel advised to write another one. Similarly the "Great Historical Novel", "The Naked Truth" and "The Grand Passion" (to name a few) are none of them exactly virgin territory. After much casting about I have chosen my work, and I am proud to name it "The Proletarian Novel."

I am aware that I am not the first writer to persuade

them to read my works. As a class the proletariat seems to be strangely unmoved by the beautiful and ennobling spectacle of the worker rising from his filthy toil, and throwing off his chains to embrace his rightful heritage. Nevertheless, a novel which embraces all history can never suffer from lack of action; and I am happy to say that such an heroic feat of writing is not likely to be repeated. And a good thing too.

I have taken the greatest pains to equip myself for this undertaking; and have acquired the Chaldee, Hindu, and Parsee languages, in order that appropriate sections of the book may be rendered in James Joyce's gibberish. At the same time, I shall combine the mysticism of Mr. Powys with the poetic style of Mrs. Woolf in her less lucid moments. In this way I hope in one magnificent sweep to gather all the best critics into my fold. Moreover, by lengthening my work to a million words I may fairly hope to double the success of certain recent novels, which shall remain unnamed here.

In a word, this great novel should be a publisher's dream: it will be a lusty, burning, fervent, keen, acid, spacious, romantic, sentimental, and beautiful story.

Accordingly, I am glad to offer to someone the opportunity and honour of sharing in my work. I find that the creative spirit needs to be stimulated by a sojourn at a suitable summer resort. If anyone wishes to be granted the privilege of assisting the World of Letters in this way I shall be glad to accede to his request. All contributions should be sent incognito to the editor, who will no doubt make good use of them.

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*GONE WITH the WIND* by Margaret Mitchell

"Gone With the Wind," by Margaret Mitchell, looms across the literarily dusty plain of some four months of miscellaneous reading with the freshness of outline of distant hills on a clear day. The book is exactly that—vivid and clear, with a most fascinating variety of character and incident; all of which accounts, at least in part, for its popularity.

The background of the novel is a picture (and a very detailed and seemingly authentic picture) of Georgia during and after the American Civil War. Yet the author is concerned, not with the war itself, but rather with her characters who stand out as vividly against the lurid background of war and its aftermath, reconstruction.

Scarlett O'Hara was not beautiful, but men seldom realized it when caught by her charm . . . In her face were too sharply blended the delicate features of her mother, a Coast aristocrat of French descent, and the heavy ones of her florid Irish father . . . But for all the modesty of her spreading skirts, the demureness of hair netted smoothly into a chignon and the quietness of small white hands folded in her lap, her true self was poorly concealed. The green eyes in the carefully sweet face were turbulent, willful, lusty with life, distinctly at variance with her decorous demeanour. Her manners had been imposed on her by her mother's gentle admonitions and the sterner discipline of her Mammy; her eyes were her own. So Scarlett, brought up in all the delicate traditions of a Southern belle, wages a losing fight against the peasant forthrightness and earthy instincts of her Irish father. Later on, when she has time, she will be a "great lady like Mamma"; in the meantime, she has an unshakable determination to have her own way. In order to save her old home she is capable of such deeds as driving miles through the battle-torn countryside with only a child and her delicate sister-in-law as companions, working in the fields to wring a bare living from the ruined plantation, shooting a stray northern soldier who threatens the security of Tara, and marrying her sister's beau in order to get money to save Tara from the greed of the reconstructionists.

In fact, the only thing Scarlett can not get for herself is the beautiful (but dumb) Ashley Wilkes. She bludgeons him into accepting a position in the business she has built up with a most unladylike sagacity, when his every instinct is to leave the changing South where he is clearly a misfit—a gentleman.

Meanwhile Scarlett has married a third time—Rhett Butler, the dashing blockade-runner who has the "nastiest way of making virtues sound so stupid." Rhett is the chief male character in the book and has the happy faculty of making us rage at him with Scarlett—and like it. With him

Scarlett leads a gay life, accepting his second-rate acquaintances at face value, and it is not until she has estranged Atlanta society by her stubborn disregard of convention and her insatiable, yet understandable, greed for money, that she realizes that she is lonely, that she has never understood any human being, including herself, and that she has, ironically enough, been wasting the whole strength of her character on ends she would never have wanted to attain had she only understood them. But—"I won't think of it now . . . I'll think of it all to-morrow at Tara. I can stand it then. To-morrow I'll think of some way . . ." And the author leaves us busily thinking of some way to help Scarlett out of her difficulties, a notable achievement after a thousand odd pages of Scarlett's difficulties.

Perhaps that is the true test of the worth of this book. It is not only the wealth of accurate historical detail, the scholarly picture of a vanished way of life, that impress us—it is chiefly the reality and freshness of her people (I won't call them mere "characters") that we remember. Margaret Mitchell's interest is first and foremost in psychology, and oddly enough considering the popularity of the book, not abnormal psychology.

### THE AMERICAN LANGUAGE

H. L. Mencken (1937: Knopf, New York)

" . . . the Assistant Bishop of Guildford, Dr. Cyril Golding-Bird, appeared before the Farnham (Surrey) magistrate on a charge of dangerous driving. The policeman who arrested him testified that on being overhauled, he demanded, "Are you a *speed-cop*?" His Lordship, evidently in fear that the use of an Americanism by one of his exalted station would prejudice the bench against him, stoutly declared that "he was not sufficiently colloquial" to have used it. But the magistrates, taking a serious view of the case, fined him £10 and costs . . ." (News of the World, July 24, 1932.)

It is only when we happen onto such little notes as the above that we are reminded that on certain glossy silk shirt fronts a cultural war is still raging. Why, I don't know; for in his "The American Language" Mr. Mencken has sounded a mighty call to arms, and it would be a bold grammarian indeed that would still criticize American English as the uncouth production of colonials who don't know better.

It was easy in the first days of the colonies to feel an amused and tolerant superiority to the solecisms of the Americans; an air which the sting of defeat turned into sour distaste. But even the English genius for striking an attitude of pious horror is unequal to the feat of maintaining it for more than a century; and after so long it be-

comes fair game for Mr. Mencken's trusty sword. And ride out against them he does, only with an amiable uncertainty of opponents and windmills. For although Major Brooke Heckstall-Smith may raise a jihad against Americanisms in *The Daily Telegraph*; Colonel Bendell may occasionally loudly demand that the English language we maintained in purity undefiled, and that shrine of English journalism, *The London Times*, continue to eschew—yet, in the Anglo-American war, most of the running is done by citizens from Missouri and Iowa, and I think it is true that most Englishmen regard American English as a vigorous, enriching growth on an old stock.

When a language is carried from its homeland to a new country, the most important selective factors which soon differentiate the language are, as Mr. Mencken shows, the *class* of people found in the new country, and the *physical environment* of that country. The first American colonists (early XVIII century, that is) were frugal and uncultured people, whose national literature was limited to the King James Bible. And so, as a result of the great changes in English which came about during the XVIII century, early American obviously wore a somewhat antique appearance. Add to this the natural creative influence of an environment vastly more generous and hopeful for the common people than that of England, and we see why the differences of speech came thick and fast, Englishmen for years deplored a certain lack of restraint which they noted in Yanks. This sort of thing:

"This is me, and no mistake! Billy Earthquake, Esq., commonly called little Billy, all the way from the No'th Fork of Muddy Run . . . Whoop! won't nobody come out and fight me? Come out, some of you, and die decently, for I'm spiling for a fight . . . I'm a poor man, it's a fact, and smell like a wet dog, but I can't be run over . . ." And so on.

Well, but English and American would still be but a single tongue, were it not for another force which was released on American life towards the end of the last century: when American society became a great melting-pot for the many folk of Europe.

The final half of Mencken's book deals with the many and great changes in American English which have come about as a result of this mixing. His lists of the words and expressions which have come into American from Slavic, Italian, German tongues, or are at present drifting uncertainly on the border, is very full, and interesting. But he is so ridden by his anti-English thesis that he tends to neglect, if possible, this process of creating a language from the elements of many old ones. What a language it will be! how rich, in words, phrases and expressions from many languages, simple and direct in grammar. Listen to the peoples of America — canucks, chinks, buhunks, cheskeys,

limeys, krauts, grease-balls, hunkies, micks, wops, skibbies, kikes, yids, spiggotties, greasers, coons, polacks, scoovies—do you recognize them? Because they're changing your language for you, and what they say goes; for by sheer weight of numbers they will overpower you.

Well, here is contemporary history being made; and if you want to keep up with it Mencken's treatise will give you a start—after that it's up to you.

R. L. B.

#### MATHEMATICS FOR THE MILLION

—Lancelot Hogben

#### MEN OF MATHEMATICS

—E. T. Bell

The difference in outlook of the twentieth century from that of the nineteenth is strikingly shewn both in the treatment of biography and in the popularization of scientific ideas. The fashion of "debunking" the great ones of the past seems fortunately to be passing, but one has only to compare, for instance, the treatment of Lord Palmerston in a mid-Victorian biography with Guedalla's estimate of him; to contrast Sir Theodore Martin with Lawrence Housman in visualizing Victoria's beloved Albert; to grasp the fact that in order to understand the life, work and influence of a prominent man, in whatever field, we need to know something of his environment, the background against which his part was played, and the current ideas and modes of thought which helped to form him.

The exposition of the major ideas of current scientific thought has been brilliantly done by Eddington, Jeans, and others, in the field of cosmogony and modern physics; and now, in the two volumes under review, Professor Hogben and Bell, each from a separate angle, have treated a far more ancient science, which is nevertheless one of the most vital and organic of all.

Both these books can be called "adventures in ideas"—details are of course subordinated, from exigencies of space, and emphasis is laid on the essential unity of mathematics, the "big ideas" of the subject, and the very human characters who have led the van of progress. Nothing more distinct from the methods and manner of a text-book can be imagined—we can see the wood, not because the trees have been cut down (they cannot be, if a detailed mastery is desired), but because an aerial view is taken, and the landscape and contours are seen in their just properties.

Professor Hogben's book has been one of the best sellers of the past winter in Great Britain—can the same be said of any other work on science, and can there be a more striking demonstration of the fact that the reading

public have wanted to know "what mathematics is all about?" He has laid stress on the fundamental ideas themselves, rather than on the men who developed them, and he has, of course, necessarily omitted much refinement of technical detail which the aforesaid man had perforce to use and to justify, but his object of showing the essential simplicity and unity of the basic principles, has been achieved with a remarkable measure of success.

Professor Bell, a Scotchman by birth, who has helped to make the California Institute of Technology one of the leading research centres of the North American continent, has laid stress on the "human factor" in mathematics. In a series of brilliantly-written episodic chapters, he has set forth the lives and work of those who, from Archimedes to Poincaré, from the ancient Greek world to modern France, have been the giants of mathematical achievement. And what a varied gallery they are—how very different, in the majority of cases, from the popular conception of the scientific man. We follow the careers of Leibnitz, "as crooked a diplomat as ever lied for the good of his country," of Pascal the religious mystic tortured by dyspepsia, of Cauchy the fervent Catholic and Laplace the agnostic, and the tragic fate of Abel and Galois, two youthful geniuses ruined and blasted by official stupidity. But among the details of their lives and activities, their contributions to their chosen science are set forth with a clearness and understanding that leaves nothing to be desired; the dictum of Abel that real understanding comes from "studying the masters and not the pupils" is more than ever justified.

Two books which should be digested by everyone who doubts whether mathematics is worth attention for its own sake—"Ish halte dis Mathematik," said Gauss a century ago, "für die Königin der Wissenschaften . . . ich gebühre ihr unter allen Verhältnissen der erste Rang." These books will help us to see the reason why.

A. V. R.

#### RECENT ACQUISITIONS

- Brittain, Vera: Honourable estate.  
 Carr, H. W.: Philosophy of Croce.  
 Collingwood, R. G.: *Speculum mentis*.  
 Cordell, Kathryn Coc, & W. H., eds.: *The Pulitzer prize plays, 1918-1934*.  
 Croce, Benedetto: *Aesthetic as science of expression*.  
 Granville-Barker, H.: *Prefaces* (3rd series).  
 Harton, F. P.: *Elements of the spiritual life*.  
 Jones, E. Stanley: *Christ's alternative to communism*.  
 League for social reconstruction:  
     *Social planning for Canada*.  
 MacCarthy, B. G.: *Psychology of genius—*  
     *studies in Browning*.  
 Mitchell, Margaret: *Gone with the wind*.  
 Newman, Ernest: *Stories of the great operas and their composers*.  
 Nicholson, S.: *Quires and places where they sing*.  
 Roberts, Charles G. D.: *Selected poems*.  
 Saurier, W. A.: *Introduction to modern views of education*.  
 Siegfried, André: *Canada*.  
 Six plays: Heinemann, 1934. Noel Coward; Clemence Dane; G. S. Kaufman; Edna Ferber; Somerset Maugham; J. B. Priestley; Keith Winter.  
 Tchernavin, T.: *Escape from the Soviets*.  
 Van Druten, John: *Flowers of the forest*.  
 Wakeman, H. O.: *Introduction to the history of the Church of England*.  
 Woolf, Virginia: *The years*.

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## News and Notes

The third Interfaculty debate was held on April 23, Geoff. Murray presiding in the chair. The subject was: "Resolved that a final victory for the Government forces in Spain would be in the best interests of civilization."

T. B. O'Neil, the first speaker for the affirmative, questioned the benefits to civilization resulting from an insurgent victory in Spain. Peace, almost a necessity to civilization, is a direct contradiction of Fascist policy. Of all the varied governments that Spain has had, the present one is the best, working as it does towards the cause of democracy and peace. It is unique in the fact that it recognizes the authority of the League of Nations as being superior to itself. Why replace it with the old order which will do no good to Spain, France, or Europe in general.

Norman Pilcher, the first speaker for the negative, stressed the weaknesses of the present government — the diversity of its elements and political ideals. It cannot maintain order even in the capital. At the first hint of trouble, anarchy broke out and control was assumed by the Communists. A democratic government is not carried out by Communists. A democratic government does not murder the leader of the opposition as was done recently in Spain. A government victory will lead to the creation of another Communist state in Europe, a situation intolerable to Mussolini and Hitler. Besides this, the Spaniards could not adapt themselves to such a form of government. They are too individualistic. The best possible result would be the complete exhaustion of radicals on both sides and the assumption of control by the Moderates. Possibly it would be even better to divide Spain and separate the discordant elements.

R. L. Baglow, the second speaker for the affirmative, showed how the Spaniards have always been the prey of church and nobility. They have never possessed elementary human rights. Such conditions would not be rendered any more possible under rule by a Fascist dictatorship. The government is not entirely disorganized at present; liberty is their first objective; organization will follow. The Communists are only strong in the cities and do not represent the Spanish peasants.

S. J. Davies, the second speaker for the negative, stated the present Spanish government is too far advanced for the state of progress now reached in Spain. The people are not ready for it and do not know how such an advanced worked. A considerable portion of Spain voted for the Rightest party. After assuming office, the Liberals were

pushed aside in favour of Anarchists, Communists, Syndicalists, having no common grounds for agreement. The Fascists will never submit to defeat. Compromise or a victory for the Conservative party would be the best alternative for the peace of civilization.

James Bredin, the last speaker for the affirmative, cited various weaknesses in the Fascist system. Spain is ready for democracy and desires peace in preference to the Fascist policy of aggression. It was little wonder that the government forces were losing, any trained army should be able to defeat untrained civilians. Events show that the majority of people in Spain are on the side of the government.

George Mackey pointed out that the debate was not on the respective merits of Communist and Fascist, but on the desirability of the Spanish government winning the war. The world should be a happy family, not having one section predominant over the rest.

After a brief rebuttal by Davies and Baglow, the judges, H. Aikman, Rev. A. Jones of Lennoxville and Mr. A. C. Skinner of Sherbrooke awarded the decision to the Divinity team for the fourth consecutive year.

\* \* \*

### O. T. C.

Following the inspection on Thursday, the Platoon Competition on Friday, 16th May, was won by No. 1 Platoon, commanded by Lieut. G. B. Knox.

A dance was held in the College gym on the same Friday night. Music was provided by Ozzie Lewis and his orchestra.

The O. T. C. was represented by a detachment in Sherbrooke on Coronation Day.

\* \* \*

On May 12 a Coronation dance was held in the gym. While the number present was not as great as expected, those who attended had a very enjoyable evening. The Blue Barons orchestra supplied the music.

\* \* \*

On Saturday, 15th of May, the annual Athletic Dinner was held in the College dining hall. After the remnants of an excellent meal had been cleared away several toasts were drunk with appropriate speeches.

Presentations included the awards of Major and Minor B's for hockey, rugby and basketball; Ronnie Fyfe received the badminton cup; a consolation prize for runner-up in

the badminton tournament was presented to J. I. Barnett. (This prize was donated by Mrs. W. Raymond.)

The McKinnon trophy for inter-year hockey went to 3rd year.

## Exchanges

With the last term drawing rapidly to a close we look back with some satisfaction over the events of a fairly successful year. We have received a number of new exchanges as well as those which we received and valued for years.

During the past year many schools and colleges have made important changes in their publications. Particularly interesting is the fact that many institutions have cut the number of their issues in order to make their publication fuller and more complete.

The McMaster Quarterly publication of McMaster University, Hamilton, Ontario, is a good example of the value of reform. The final issue of this publication contains several well-written and interesting articles. We would call your attention to "The Worm Turns," "Flight From Russia," and "Fascist-Communist Rivalry." The latter treats the subject in a very capable manner. To give the roots of the struggle the writer outlines the history of capitalism. There he points out that while the ideas of communism and capitalism are both very old as institutions, communism is in its infancy whereas capitalism is fully matured. In like manner the ideas of communism and fascism are outlined.

Today the world is faced with many pressing problems but none are more important than those created by the social relations among men, in a world made small by advance.

We have received, and enjoyed, the following exchanges. *Canta*, (Canterbury College, Christchurch, N.Z.; weekly) *The Bate Student* (Bates College, Lewiston, Me.; weekly) *The McGill Daily* *The Manitoban* (University of Manitoba; twice weekly) *Varsity* (University of Toronto; daily) *The Ubysey* (University of British Columbia; twice weekly)

*L'Hebdo—Laval* (Laval University; weekly) *The Challenger* (Vocational School, St. John, N.B.) *The College Cord* (Waterloo College, Ontario) *Alma Mater* (St. Jerome's College, Kitchener, Ont.)

and the following are magazines: *Tamesis* (University of Reading, England)

A very pleasing event was the presentation of a handsome desk set to Dr. Winder from the Students' Association, for the great many acts of kindness he has rendered to the College students for many years.

E. S. Davis

*The Arrows* (University of Sheffield, England)  
*College Echoes* (St. Andrew's University, Scotland; 2 issues)  
*The Northerner* (Armstrong College, Newcastle, Eng.)  
*Revue de L'Universite d'Ottawa* (2 issues)  
*Acadia Athenaeum* (Acadia University, Wolfville, N.S.)  
*The Trinity University Review* (2 issues)  
*The King's College Record*  
*The Red and White*

(St. Dunstan's University, Charlottetown)

*Loyola College Review*  
*The O.A.C. Review* (O.A.C., Guelph, Ontario)  
*R.M.C. Review*  
*The Gong* (University College, Nottingham, Eng.)  
*The Record* (Trinity College School, Port Hope, Ont.)  
*The Gryphon* (University of Leeds, England)  
*The Leopardess* (Queen Mary College, London, Eng.)  
*Chadonian* (St. Chad's College, Regina)  
*The Algoma Missionary News* (2 issues)  
*The Stonyhurst Magazine*

(Stonyhurst School, Blackburn, England)

*Acta Rideiana* (Ridley College, St. Catharines, Ont.)  
*The Heliconian* (Moulton College, Toronto)  
*The Albanian* (St. Alban's School, Brockville)  
*The Windsorian* (King's Collegiate, Windsor, N.S.)  
*Westmount High School Annual*  
*The Howardian*

(Howard Gardens High School, Cardiff, Wales)

*Technique* (Ecole Technical, Montreal; 2 issues)  
*Stanstead College Annual*  
*The Magazine of Codrington College*  
(Barbados, British West Indies; 2 issues)  
*Blue and White* (Rothesay Collegiate, Rothesay, N.B.)  
*The Diocesan Gazette* (Diocesan College, Montreal)  
*West Saxon* (University College, Southampton, Eng.)  
*St. Andrew's College Review*

(St. Andrew's College, Aurora, Ont.)

*Lower Canada College Magazine*  
*St. Francois Xavier University Annual*

## Graduates

I wish to thank all who have in any way assisted in the compilation of this column during this past academic year, and I sincerely hope that they will not withdraw their support which is so essential to the well-being of this column.

The Chancellor of the University and Mrs. Green-shields were present in Westminster Abbey for the Coronation of the King and Queen. They attended a State Ball at Buckingham Palace.

S. H. FRANCIS, M. '27, is in charge of all the Forestry work for Price Brothers between the Saguenay and Quebec. His headquarters is at Rimouski.

JOHN BASSETT, B.A. '36, has completed a tour of the Continent of Europe, and has spent Coronation week in London.

K. L. SNODGRASS, B.A. '35, has been teaching on the staff of West Hill High in Montreal.

J. A. McCALLUM, B.A. '35, has been teaching in Quebec.

F. LYLE PATTEE, B.A. '31, has accepted a position with the Coca-Cola Company of Montreal, Ltd.

The Rev. L. I. GREENE, M. '29, has been appointed rector of St. John's Church, North Bay, Ontario, and will take up his duties after the first of June.

Congratulations are extended to Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Church of Coaticook on the birth of a son on March 25. Mrs. Church may be better known as Miss MARY BREWER, B.A. '29, and HOWARD CHURCH, B.A. '29, as "Pat".

Rev. ALLAN WHALEY, B.A. '25, has resigned his post as rector of the Church of the Good Shepherd, Fort Lee, New Jersey.

## Secrets of History

### *Alfred the Great And The Burnt Cakes*

Alfred was a martyr to indigestion. On the occasion of his taking shelter in a herdsman's hut, he was almost as much alarmed at the coarse-looking cakes baking before the fire, as he was at his surrounding enemies. He well knew that all the rites of etiquette and hospitality demanded that he should partake heartily of the unappetising dish.

The marriage of Dr. THOMAS F. DONNELLY, B.A. '94, M.A., M.D., C.M., M.P., Liberal member for Wood Mountain, to Miss Ella Boehme, R.N., of Regina, took place quietly in Ottawa on the 8th of April. Miss Boehme is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. Boehme of Regina. Dr. Donnelly's home is now in Meyronne, Sask.

The following excerpt speaks for itself. Dr. F. O. CALL, B.A. '05, M.A. '08, D.C.L., was the *raison d'être* for a pleasing interlude at the reception given by L'Alliance Francaise at the "Parthenon" in honour of the French Consul-General for Canada, Mr. Rene Turck and Mrs. Turck, when he was presented with the Society's bronze medal. The presentation was made by Mr. Turck, on behalf of the Society, of which he is a member, and was given in recognition of Dr. Call's literary ability and valuable contributions to modern literature.

Mr. Justice C. G. Mackinnon has presented an excellent photograph of his father, the late JAMES MACKINNON, D.C.L., to this University. Everyone associated with the University is pleased to have this reminder of one who did such great work for Bishop's during the thirty-four years of his membership of the governing body.

Mr. G. H. MONTGOMERY, K.C., with Mrs. Montgomery and their two children, have been on a holiday in Europe, during which time they visited various countries around the Mediterranean.

C. WAYNE HALL, B.A. '30, M.A. '32, has been appointed Inspector of Schools for the Sherbrooke District. Mr. Hall has been principal of St. Francis College School in Richmond.

Fortunately the short absence of his worthy hostess presented to his mind an escape from his difficulty, and he saw to it that the cakes were burnt to a cinder or consumed unwillingly by the animals around. He incurred the good wife's wrath but his digestion remained unimpaired.

It was this wonderful fertility of resource in emergency that made Alfred the great man he became.

James E. Purdy

## The Lord's Prayer

(The following beautiful composition was found in Charleston, S. C., during the war. It is printed on very heavy yellow satin, and is quite a literary curiosity.)

Thou to the mercy seat our souls dost gather,  
To do our duty unto Thee,—OUR FATHER,  
To whom all praise, all honour should be given;  
For Thou art the great God—WHO ART IN HEAVEN.  
Thou by Thy wisdom rul'st the world's whole frame,  
Forever, therefore,—HALLOWED BE THY NAME;  
Let nevermore delay divide us from  
Thy glorious grace, but let—THY KINGDOM COME,  
Let Thy commands opposed be by none,  
But let our promptness to obey be even  
The very same—IN EARTH AS 'TIS IN HEAVEN.  
Then for our souls O Lord we also pray,  
Thou wouldst be pleased to—GIVE US THIS DAY  
The food of life, wherewith our souls are fed,  
Sufficient raiment, and—OUR DAILY BREAD;  
With every needful thing do Thou relieve us  
And of Thy mercy, pity—AND FORGIVE US  
All our misdeeds, for Him whom Thou didst please

To make an offering, for—OUR TRESPASSES.  
And forasmuch, O Lord, as we believe  
That Thou wilt pardon us—AS WE FORGIVE  
Let that love teach, wherewith Thou dost acquaint us  
To pardon all,—THOSE WHO TRESPASS AGAINST US;  
And though sometimes, Thou findest we have forgot  
This love for Thee, yet help—AND LEAD US NOT,  
Through soul or body's want to desparation,  
Nor let earth's gain drive us—INTO TEMPTATION;  
Let not the soul of any true believer  
Fall in the time of trial,—BUT DELIVER,  
Yea, save them from the malice of the devil,  
And both in life and death, keep—US FROM EVIL.  
Thus we pray, Lord, for that of Thee from whom  
This may be had—FOR THINE IS THE KINGDOM,  
This world is of Thy work; its wondrous story,  
To Thee belongs—THE POWER AND THE GLORY,  
And all Thy wondrous works have ended never,  
But will remain forever, and—FOREVER.  
Thus we poor creatures would confess again,  
And thus would say eternally—AMEN.

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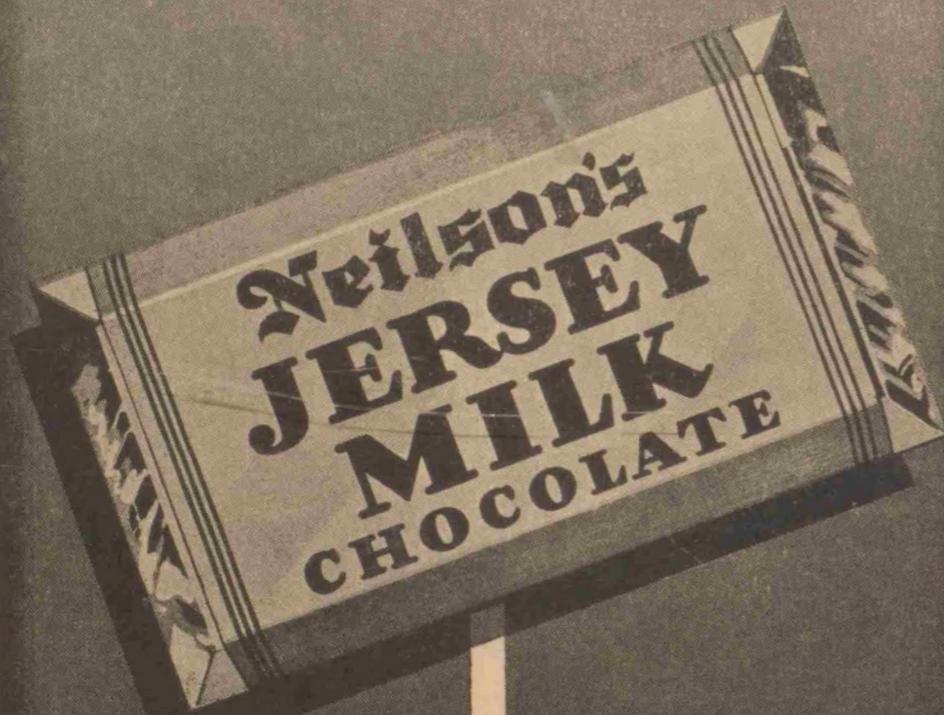
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