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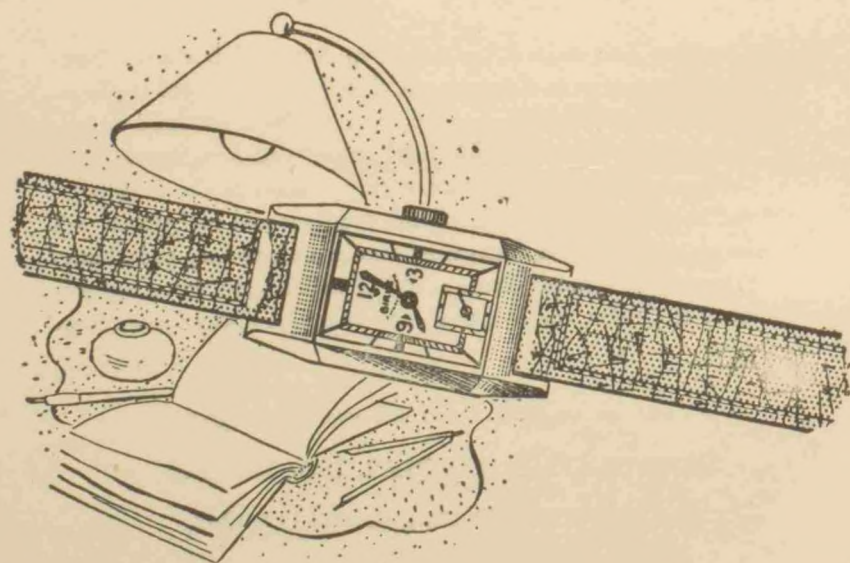
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EDITORIAL

Bishop's is once again undergoing her "Revival of Learning," as our historian friends would say. The last one occurred in June—perhaps some of you remember it! All the excitement of the "Middle Ages"—the rugby, dramatics, etc.—has passed away for another while, and students are getting down to serious study. The cause of this "learning" is as usual brought about by that worst of all yearly publications—the examination schedule—which suddenly came into existence a few days ago. But let us get our minds off this question of examinations for a moment; they will speak in due time for themselves.

Excitement was caused at Bishop's some few weeks ago by the publication of a questionnaire, the "Student's Poll," the answers of which are contained in this issue of the *Mitre*. For some time students have been expressing their individual opinions concerning such college matters as chapel attendance, and student morality, etc. Now, however, we are presented with college opinion as a whole. The questions relating to the co-eds are particularly interesting. As you will see from the article, the men students seem to doubt that the co-eds are coming to Bishop's solely because of academic reasons. In fact, eight of the girls themselves agree with the expressed male opinion. (We wonder who they are?)

This whole question of co-eds and their reason for existence has of late become a topic of universal controversy. One of our own professors not long ago seemed to question the value of female students at a university, pointing out that Cambridge still holds restrictions against such creatures. It is interesting to note that the November issue of the N. F. C. U. S. Monthly News Bulletin in speaking of this very matter of women's place in the different universities states the following:

"Varying in present importance, but growing with extraordinary rapidity is the position of women in the universities of India, England, France, Holland, Austria and Denmark, according to the February issue of the International Student Service Bulletin. Salient facts developed in the six articles point to the increasing significance of women in the academic and educational

lives of these countries. The importance of women in Indian universities is diminishing caste-consciousness, and in aiding women to take their part during this great period of national transition is brought out clearly."

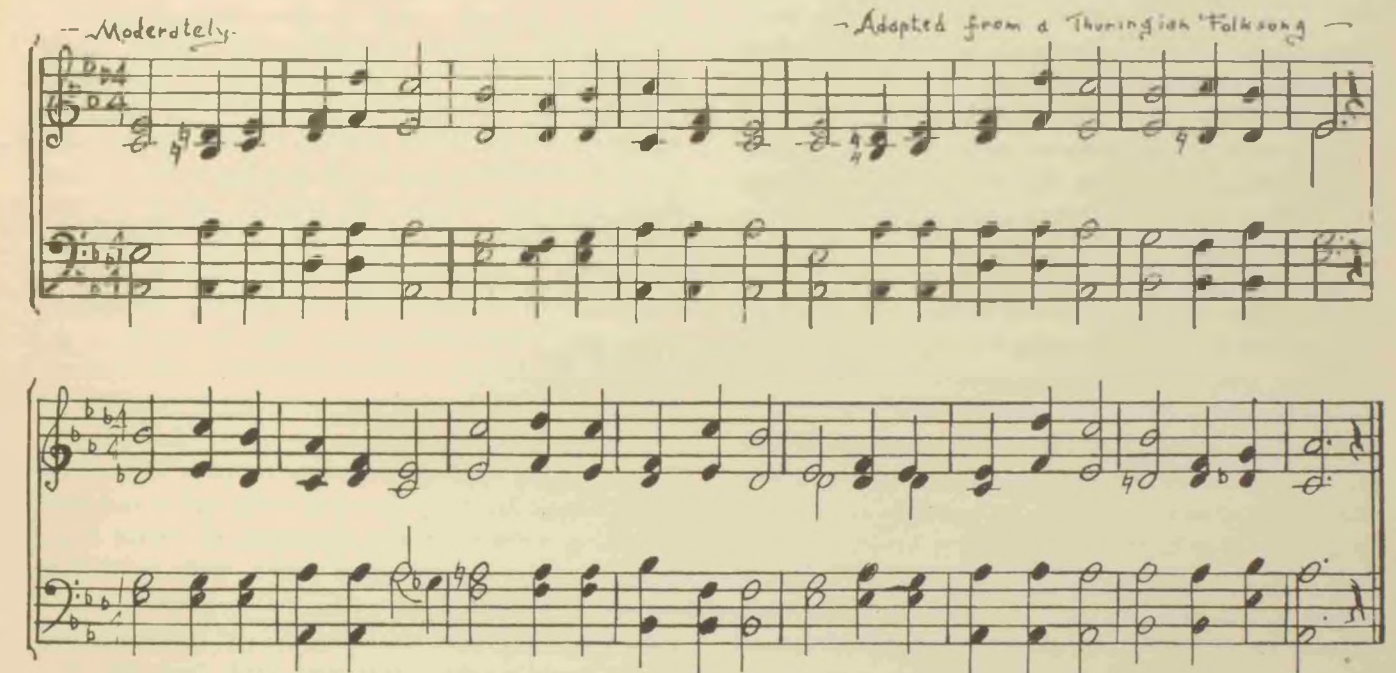
Perhaps there is no caste-consciousness for Bishop's co-eds to diminish, but there are certainly other things for them to do, and, despite our authority's opinion, the creatures are really of some benefit to the college. How could our dramatic society function properly without their assistance? But can't the co-eds do more? There is the *Mitre*, for instance. With the exception of a few faithfuls they seem to forget it entirely. How about some co-operation, Co-eds? How about an article now and again, if nothing more than to tell us how you got here and why you came? Note that our criticism has exempted a *few* of our friends, for we would like our readers to know that our *Mitre* board contains three energetic feminine workers—would we had more like them!

We are pleased to publish in this issue of the *Mitre* our new college song—the Alma Mater—which has been written by this year's Senior Man. We should be further pleased if our students or alumni readers would submit to the *Mitre* any other song suggestions, parodies, etc., since this year's council is endeavouring to publish a college song-book, something which is badly needed at Bishop's.

Our readers may find that this month's issue contains many other interesting articles. Our college choirmaster has kindly offered to tell us something about music; the *Mitre's* President has given us an interesting account of his debating tour to the Maritimes; the subject of poetry has been excellently dealt with by one of our professors; the assistant editor gives us his impressions of Hitler Youth. We wish to thank these and all other contributors for their immediate response to the Editor's cry for material. May the February issue contain as many excellent articles. (Maybe a few more from the fair sex!)

The Editor and the *Mitre* Staff join together in wishing to all students the best of luck with examinations—to all readers, "A MERRY CHRISTMAS."

Alma Mater



Bishop's we pledge to thee
Our faith and loyalty,
For thou wilt ever be
Our College home.
As year rolls after year,
Thou Alma Mater dear
Wilt be forever near
Where'er we roam.

Nestling among thy hills,
Vibrant thy spirit fills
Our striving hearts and wills
With courage strong,
When we must leave to go
Into life's fuller flow,
May "Duo Potamo"
Still bear us on.

H. T. H.

Well, but -- What is there to learn about music?

The answer, of course, is a snort, and, with luck, a bull's-eye with some heavy object of convenient size. But the question was asked in good faith, and may serve to represent one of the erroneous attitudes towards music. The same attitude is expressed by the lady who says, when one has just done seven months hard labour on a composition, "Don't you find these things just come?—you don't have to work on them. I remember my sister used to write poetry—it just poured out—" and so on. And the error? That of making music something very mysterious, associated with "temperament" and an agonized expression. Assuming that when "the wind bloweth where it listeth," it obeys no laws at all. Certainly that phrase expresses the nature of spirit, but anyone who has ever tried it knows that there is a lusty discipline to be applied in spiritual affairs. Music is at heart a mystery, but it has its laws, and those laws can be discovered by any who will take the trouble.

And that brings us to erroneous attitude No. 2, though this is an attitude more to the musician than to music itself. People get the idea that musicians want to fill them up with laws of harmony and counterpoint, and make them listen to music with a foot-rule. That's not so—but musicians do want to get rid of the people who say, "I don't know a thing about it, but I know what I like." If the first part of that statement is true, what right have they to the second? The true amateur of music—the salt of the musical earth, prized by musicians above rubies—will give music its due by listening to it always with concentrated attention. He will probably find out something about musical form so that he can anticipate the composer's intentions; and will, with experience, begin to listen historically, relating a given work to its composer's whole output, and to the period in which it was written. He will have his preferences, but they will be based on careful listening, and his taste will be catholic.

The other day a lady said to the writer: "I find music much easier to listen to when I know what it's all about." There didn't seem anything startling about that, till it became apparent that she thought *all* music had a story behind it. Now, that is a misconception, and probably a



common one. "Programme music"—music which can be translated into words or action (perhaps one should say "which *must*" be so translated to be fully understood)—has always been a sideshow in music. A perfectly reputable one, but its condemnation as a form is that it has not produced the greatest music. The reason is not far to seek. Take as an example Rimsky-Korsakov's "The Flight of the Bumble Bee." Had Rimsky taken the opening few bars as a theme for abstract music, the resulting development might have been something quite big. But no, he is depicting a bumble bee, to which, obviously, a full orchestra and extended development are unsuited. So he is limited by his "programme". This is not to say that Rimsky-Korsakov made a mistake in calling his piece "The Flight of the Bumble Bee." He wanted to write, and he succeeded in writing, a charming piece d'occasion, of limited scope. Some examples of programme music, such as Richard Strauss' "The Merry Pranks of Till Eulenspiegel", reach a very high level of musical interest, but still they are limited by the appeal of their programme (and, from the composer's viewpoint, by the conflict of the progress of that programme with the natural development of the theme), and their appeal is not as universal as that of abstract music.

"Abstract music" is a development of themes, by which the composer expresses a mood, which the listener must capture, and beyond which there is no significance in the music. For the composer, there are two factors in that expression. The first—an idea. The second—the clothing of that idea. This brings us back to the lady with the poetical sister. She's right, of course—it *does* "just come"—the idea. But the craftsmanship by which that idea may be expressed and developed is made up of artistic laws (not hard and fast, but none the less uncontravenable), hard work, and experience. And sometimes the theme thumbs its nose at the composer, and develops quite differently from the way he had imagined—and that's where a programme pinches.

If we could persuade listeners to acquire some knowledge of these broad facts of the technique of music, perhaps we should be delivered from some of the sloppy thinking which degrades the art it tries to honour. There is no

mystery about music, except the central one—that "out of three sounds, we make, not a fourth sound, but a star."

Another source of groaning to the lay listener seems to be the difference between harmony and counterpoint. Here is a simple demonstration. Get hold of a copy of "God save the King," and play everything but the tune. You will find that the under parts have no meaning apart from the melody. That's harmony. Now, get some gifted friend to write a tune that will "go" with "God save the King". That's counterpoint—because you can take either tune away and the other continues to have significance. In other words, harmony is one melody with supporting parts; counterpoint is the combination of melodies. (And for the benefit of the mathematically-minded or the musically-experienced, obviously counterpoint makes harmony, but harmony isn't necessarily counterpoint.)

What is there to learn about music? Well, first of all,

humility in listening. If you don't like a thing at a first hearing, don't be too ready to place the fault outside. Music doesn't live unless it's worth something, and if, when you listen to music that has lived, you can't see anything in it—that ought to mean something.

And when you've mastered that, the first requisite, you will begin to learn the next thing about music—the balanced pleasure that comes from the satisfaction of emotion and intellect at once. It takes work, but a lot of people will tell you that it's worth it. Try it next Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock—switch on the CBC and listen to the New York Philharmonic. And if it bores you to death, don't say "Aw, nuts!" and switch off; because, if you do, you're gypping yourself out of one of the loveliest experiences of the spirit. And everyone who is intellectually out of the nursery will agree that that's all that matters in this astonishing world.

A SONG OF THE SEA

O sing of the sea with an energy hearty,
And lift up your voice like the voice of a gale!
Describe with the tongue of a nautical party
The whip of the cordage, the bend of the sail!

O dash o'er the briny with rigging all snapping,
When rollers are rising and breezes are strong!
And fresh surging billows are biting and slapping,
Be sure to be singing a rollicking song!

Describe most sincerely the rapture bewitching,
And all the wild beauty and charm of the ocean!
Be graphic concerning the tossing and pitching,
Sing out of that wonderful gay-hearted motion!

Let land-lubbers know of the perilous dipping,
Of the lifting delight when the foam's in the lather!
Enlarge, if you can, on the gunwale all dripping,
But let all the feeling of gaiety gather!

Be not contented to limit your praises
Of ocean's gay charms—and how many there be!
Be not so shy of extravagant phrases,
But shout out, O shout out your song of the sea!

Bishop's Students' Poll

Although it has been said that private opinion is weak, and that public opinion is almost omnipotent, yet a test of student views was held here merely to determine the College's outlook on matters, which we hope will be of common interest. At least 112 students sent in their answers, since that figure represents the largest response to any one question; so there were a few more who must have taken part in the poll, as some would not venture their opinions on all the questions, and we thank all those who participated for their co-operation. The first of the questions was: "In your opinion should English rugby replace our Canadian rugby at Bishop's? There were evidently not very many who shared the British enthusiasm for the English game as the results were: Males—Yes, 4; No, 77. Females—Yes, 1; No, 29.

(2) Is student morality improving at the College? Although one lady wrote in her answer that they were "slowly but surely", yet we regret to state that public opinion did not agree. Males—Yes, 35; No, 41. Females—Yes, 13; No, 17.

(3) Do you consider drinking an important part of a college student's education? The girls were very chatty and confidential about this one; a caustic female wrote that, "It apparently seems to be," while another regretfully put that, "I wish that it had been part of my education"—there must be some unknown talent among the co-eds. But even the males put their collective foot down on imbibing although there was some doubt about the answer. The results: Males—Yes, 30; No, 41. Females—Yes, 2; No, 26.

(4) Do you think initiation is on the whole beneficial? Even the Freshmen seem to think so—but let the figures speak for themselves. Males—Yes, 63; No, 20. Females—Yes, 18; No, 12.

(5) Should there be more social contact between the male and female students of this University? A sample comment was, "with certain females"; and "that depends." But the figures show that it is up to some enterprising young man to open a male date bureau here. We should not mention it but some individual wrote, "Good heavens no." Males—Yes, 51; No, 27. Females—Yes, 27; No, 3.

(6) Do you feel that the first class honour student is a more valuable acquisition to a college than the all-round athlete of low academic standing? One answered thus:

"I don't give a damn," but opinion seemed to be divided on this question. Males—Yes, 33; No, 44. Females—Yes, 16; No, 14.

(7) Are female students an essential of a really successful university? "It depends on the females" said one evader of the issue. "Undoubtedly," said an enthusiastic co-ed, and on the whole the poll seems to bear out her comment, with the girls appearing very sure about the value of their presence. Males—Yes, 46; No, 32. Females—Yes, 28; No, 2.

(8) Is travelling in the summer holidays more valuable to a college student than actual working? The co-eds seemed to prefer the easier method of spending the summer, but most of the men chose the industrious way. Males—Yes, 31; No, 47. Females—Yes, 21; No, 8.

(9) Do you think that the cuisine at Bishop's is as good as at the average Canadian university? A day student answers, "If you call home a university, then no." The male resident students, though, seemed to think that the answer was no, and backed up their feelings with comments that had better not be repeated here. A lot of the girls dodged the issue because they did not eat here, but those who replied were not sympathetic towards us students who have to exist on reduced rations. Males—Yes, 28; No, 47. Females—Yes, 13; No, 4.

(10) Is the real aim of the Bishop's co-ed an academic career? The girls were quite decided about this one; as one said, "what else here?", and another "There isn't much choice at Bishop's." A very frank co-ed remarked "Probably not," while most of the men thought they saw their real intentions in this attitude. Males—Yes, 31; No, 47. Females—Yes, 22; No, 8.

(11) Do you feel that compulsory Chapel deepens your religious feelings? One student pointlessly remarked, "As good as a bed." But the majority were very decided about their religious views and by the result left no doubt of their opinion. Males—Yes, 14; No, 65. Females—Yes, 2; No, 28.

(12) Should printed notes be distributed by professors, and should lectures consist of discussions on matter read, instead of the present system? The answers to this question showed that most of the students felt they were being treated too much as secretaries, and that the proposed system would make for greater interest in lectures. Males—Yes, 51; No, 31. Females—Yes, 13; No, 17.

And on it was art!

Dear reader, I am going to treat you to a brief lecture on art, and in treating such a subject I feel that it is essential for you and I to be on the most intimate of terms. To further this I propose to open myself out to you and despite the monitions of my modesty, to tell you what I am: I am an artist. I am an artist in the truest sense of the word—I love all art whether it is art or not. A modernist you call me then? In a sense, yes; but I would be doing myself a gross injustice to say that the works of the masters of another age cannot lift me into ecstatic bewilderment and all-embracing stupefaction.

Think then, how such a temperament would fare in an atmosphere completely void of the aesthetic, completely empty in beauty, in appreciation of outline and perspective, and filled only with a blunt acceptance of what is and what probably will be. This may be hard for you to understand but my soul was starved and dried up. It needed sustenance just as the body needs milk. But it was not to be found, and just as the body begins to grow thin and to waste away when it cannot get milk so did my soul begin to shrivel and to become as a shell when I realized that—*here there was no art!*

But I was wrong. I had not perceived. A surprise was awaiting me. For lo and behold! one day I noticed a group of young men huddled together in a mirthful circle. In the rough hand of one I espied a small sheet of paper. This was the object of their mirth. Tempted, I drew closer. Horrified, I stopped. One quick glance at that piece of paper had sufficed. Art was on it! Art!—I had not beheld it for months. But uncultured rude hands were violating its sanctity. "Stop," I cried in a voice of thunder, "cease, have done with! Know you what you are doing, what it is that you hold, what it is at which you laugh? Give it me and let not barbarism again destroy the priceless products of the genius of man!" Abashed, they hold out with trembling hands—the jewel. Tenderly I take it in mine. My oasis. I drink its fragrant contours and inimitable images. My soul revives. "At last," I cry, "at last!" I make a soulful exit and retire to my boudoir. The masterpiece is before me. Shall I keep it to myself or shall I give it to the world and thus to posterity? What a priceless thing it is—but no, I must not let selfishness stand in the way of art. It is reproduced here, and these words are as its frame as it shines forth from the centre of the page like an opal from a rude setting.

Like all the masterpieces of the world it is obviously one of inspiration, and one whose spontaneity excuses the

informality of the canvas. I believe that it would be difficult to find elsewhere such an instance of the true artist's subjugating of all other business to his art as this one. Here we see a genius at work. By the nature of the canvas we see that some other affair was trying to arrest his attention. But by sheer force of will and through complete devotion to his art he kept his shoulders bowed to the work at hand. The result—an immortal masterpiece.

Until now nothing of criticism has been expended upon the work; all has been admiration and praise. But the best in art, like the best in a woman, cannot be brought forth unless there is criticism, and so let us indulge in a little of it.

We live in an age of impressionism. Picasso and Turner and Epstein are our masters. Renaissance art is dead and buried. A few there are of the old school but not many. It is a joy, then, to encounter an artist whose versatility and large spirit enable him to produce at the same time and on the same canvas chefs d'oeuvre of both these diametrically opposite schools. Here is just such an artist, and his canvas may be divided into two sections: 1. Impressionistic; 2. Imitative. Being an artist I choose these two words because they are so symmetrical, not because they mean anything, which, of course, they don't.

Looking at the work itself we see that exhibits A, B, C, D, E and F are impressionistic, or perhaps more technically—surrealistic or non-sensical. Much research into the subject of surrealism awards us with its definition if nothing else: it is the representation of a thought, an idea, a mental movement. It may be a dream conjured up by the subconscious mind, or more probably, a nightmare. In short it is something for which you cannot hold the artist responsible, and adverse criticism of his work only slides off the retort that you don't know what or how he thinks and furthermore it's none of your business. This leads us to the conclusion that there is a moral hidden behind surrealism, and we are enabled to see the underlying motive of the master whose work we are at present considering. He is so obviously saying, "I don't care what you think of my painting or of anything else for that matter. What and how I think is my own affair, and what and how you think, if you do, is yours." He isn't concerned over our mentalities or what happens to them, he probably has one of his own to worry about. Each separate composition vividly declares his complete indifference to our thinking, both as to its mode and to its effect. As an artist the minds of other people are none of his concern. He is an artist, not an educationalist.

Exhibits B and D are obviously different parts of the same composition, and both afford the most striking and illustrative example of surrealism in the whole work. This article being primarily for university students I think it fitting to suggest three explanations for B and D: 1. The freshman's; 2. the senior's; 3. the artist's. To a freshman it doubtless is delightfully reminiscent of a football field immediately prior to the first home game—lines, lines, lines. To a senior it bears a striking resemblance to a freshman, diligent and straightlaced in the duties of each separate day, but discontinuous and uncertain in the long run. He, just like the painting, cannot achieve aesthetic distance whereby he might stand off from his daily routine and survey the general effect. The artist's conception of the work?—a railroad track. (See Mr. James Flintoft.)

Exhibit C affords rather a nasty problem. The artist has left no note to enable us to discover his motive, but I think that it could be reasonably supposed that he got his inspiration from Article 7 of the meeting's agenda of which the canvas is a copy. This, of course, is only a hypothesis and too much credence must not be placed in it. A second suggestion might be, "A Face in the Morning Mirror"; but that, revered reader, is up to you.

Exhibit E is much more simple. It is obviously "Men Running," or "The Adjournment of the Meeting."

Exhibit F quite indubitably refers to Article 13, and it is the artist's conception of a member when this "other business" has been thoroughly gone into and absorbed.

And so we come to the imitative section of the canvas. But before we make this extensive leap it might be wise to consider Exhibit X, which appears to me to be a transition piece between the impressionistic and the imitative. It is impressionistic in that it is unintelligible. It is imitative in that I'm sure I have seen it somewhere before. The conclusion to be arrived at, therefore, is that it is the artist's signature.

With Exhibit S we bring to an end this little excursion into the realm of art. This remarkable little piece needs no explanation, for both by position and nature it undeniably refers to Article 5 of the agenda and is, therefore, exempt from artistic criticism.

With this last word I leave you—in my wanderings about the lecture rooms of your illustrious university I have seen marked evidence in the desks, the chairs, the walls, and the floors that this master artist, whoever he is, has an ardent and able following in the persons of some of your number, and that in the ability to immunize yourselves against the efforts of the human tongue you can, at times, surpass even him.

THIS FREEDOM

It is always interesting and sometimes most helpful to know what other people think about us. With such a purpose in view I wrote to one of my Scottish friends and asked him to put down on paper some reflections on Canada. In reply, he has sent the following article of which the most notable point is, if I may say so, that he regards Canada as an heir to that glorious heritage of freedom which has been so characteristic of the British peoples. The writer, Mr. James Brown, is a graduate of Glasgow University in Arts, in Education and in Law.

STRAY THOUGHTS TO CANADA FROM SCOTLAND

"The mist lifted suddenly. Over us towered a great monster, which, as the last drifts of the mist bank vanished to leave a few minutes of clarity, revealed the indistinct outline of a liner.

I was travelling on the Finniester Ferry across the Clyde on a morning in November. Being a November morning it was hardly a suitable time for a Glasgow University student to be on board a ferry. But circumstances had been against me. On arrival at the Underground Station I had learned that the subway, as we Glaswegians term it, was out of commission. My informant was a pencilled notice "Subway not running." Examination of my watch showed the time to be 9.40 a.m., my class began at 10.00 a.m. As Glasgow University was on one side of the Clyde and I on the other, there was nothing for it but to walk a mile down Govan Road to Finniester Ferry which is one of several transporting passengers regularly, and free of cost, across the river.

Hence my arrival at the landing stage adjoining the Anchor Line docks. There was a liner berthed, but she had steam up. As I left the ferry I could see that the last articles of her cargo were being shipped. I peered to see her name—a blanket of fog again! Ship, cargo, ferry, all had disappeared, and I was left to realise that time was passing and I must needs hurry to my routine of the day.

Somehow there was no routine that day. I could not settle. Always I had a vision of a liner, steaming down the river, past the Tail of the Bank, past the islands, through the Firth, and out to that ocean over which I have so often sat watching the sun dip. Yes, watching for hours. For



there is a beauty upon our firth which I have not seen elsewhere in our islands, nor in Europe, nor even beyond. Such a beauty, in fact, that I know, no matter where Fate may lead me, I shall never see and never feel a beauty like that when the sun dips over the Cumbræes, or over Kintyre, burnishing the highlands and the islands and the seas as he goes on his journey to the West.

But there are other aspects of what that liner is leaving. I think of my home town outside Glasgow, I think of Glasgow itself, I think of Scotland, I think of Britain, and when I have thought of these I think of the country of the West—of Canada. When I think of the former I feel regret: when I think of the latter I feel hope.

Just as the liner is passing from the prison house of the fog to the clear air of the west, so is she passing from the prison house of convention to the healthy atmosphere of a new land.

Canada rises into my thoughts—a land where all men are alike, where men are brothers and where the struggle with primitive nature still continues. I hope for the sake of Canada that struggle will always continue, that Canada will always have another piece of land to take from Nature, that there will always be this advance against Nature, for when a nation has conquered all the natural forces within her frontiers, then a great bond of union has been broken, and man, with the desire for struggle still within him, creates artificial barriers of social convention against which he must always strive.

And so when I think of Canada I think of a nation, healthy, vigorous, breathing an air as yet uncontaminated. Whether I think of it in summer when I think of the wide freedom of the woods, or of it in winter when I think of the frozen stretches of the North, I have always this same idea. Perhaps it is an illusion. But somehow, I do not think that it is. I am sure that it is just as I think of it. A great stretch of land, almost a continent, with an abundance of natural wealth, with a people, clean and vigorous, and as yet free from that system which sees a man fall back a rung in the social ladder when his income drops £10 a

year, waging a struggle, but a happy though continuous struggle with Nature, a land where all men are equal not only in the eyes of the law but in the eyes of their fellow men, a land which is living well today that it may live well tomorrow.

Britain has given much of her struggle to the world: so much that she herself is spent, like a parent, ageing, who has always striven to do the best for her family. She has her faults and her virtues. But, in the new land of the West, from which she can be looked at from a detached viewpoint and a differentiation made between those faults and those virtues, the people can imitate the virtues, adding to these their own, and pass by the faults.

With the fog piercing into the lecture-room, with the sirens of the ships on the river, with the noise of the traffic on the Dumbarton Road, with the clang of hammers in the yards, all coming faintly, but more or less audibly, when one concentrates on them, I let my mind wander again to the clear open spaces, and the healthy air of the land of the West. Then, just as the sun sinks on the Scottish firths that it may rise in glory on the countries of the West, I voice the prayer that the genius and virtues of a maturing country may pass to the daughter nation of the West, which with better natural advantages, with the experience of the older nation to go by, may give a greater glory to her virtues.

The mountains, the pinewoods, the farmlands, the prairies once again they rise in a vision—this time they are different—for they are beautified and eternalized by the halo spread around them by the might of that people who have risen from the land of today and are destined to rule the land of tomorrow."

* * *

I am reminded of a few words which appear on the cloisters of my school. The words go like this: "May these cloisters, linking the old and the new, stand likewise between a proud past and a glorious future." The future of Canada will be far from glorious if we are not able to hand on the "Torch of Freedom" and there is grave danger that it shall perish in this generation. One fears that Mr. Brown's conception of Canadian life is a mistaken one even now when he thinks of our freedom.

Mr. Morley Callaghan, the Canadian novelist, while speaking in Toronto recently took for his subject, "This Freedom." He chose that subject for two reasons. It was suggested to him by the leaves being carried freely through the air in the autumnal breeze. He said his second reason was because we were not likely to be in a position to discuss freedom much longer. Unfortunately such appears to be the case.

Definite suggestions of a dictatorial regime have appeared in three Canadian provinces. The most blatant and

hideous form has occurred in Quebec with the appearance of the notorious "Padlock Law" under which several places of business and newspaper premises have been "padlocked" by the police. The Provincial Government, in a presumably sincere effort, are endeavouring to exterminate Communism by adopting that stupid, mediaeval method of the attempted suppression of public opinion amongst the minority. The attempt to suppress Communism by force, rather than by eradicating its causes, is leading thinking people to fear that the condition which exists in Spain will, within a few years, exist in French Canada. At any rate, full freedom of opinion does not exist in Quebec.

A less serious form of attack on freedom has appeared in Alberta where the press is now obliged to publish statements issued by the government press agent under penalty of heavy fines and suppression. Such a policy may well be the beginning of the end.

In a recent Ontario election we have seen a man with a strong and winning personality dominate the situation and win an election much in the fashion of Herr Hitler. Premier Hepburn of Ontario and Premier Duplessis of Quebec are agreed that labour should not be organized as the workmen see fit but as the government and the bosses see fit.

But let us turn to another sphere. Everyone has heard of "It Can't Happen Here." That book was to be used at Hollywood for a new production which was to be an indictment of fascism. Sinclair Lewis had been paid and all arrangements made when pressure was exerted from Washington and the production was abandoned. That was in the United States, "The Land of the free." We haven't a motion-picture industry in Canada, but we do go to the talkies and we do attempt amateur theatricals.

The works of Emile Zola are on the index of the Roman Church. One often feels that Protestants might be well advised to seek direction in their reading from their clergy but that is beside the point when we contemplate the banning in this province of the cinematic version of the "Life of Emile Zola." The theme of that picture is the search after Truth, which ought to be the theme of every university course.

The Dramatic Society of this University was to produce during the Michaelmas term "Twenty-five Cents" a Canadian sociological play. The production was abandoned because pressure was brought to bear. I suppose the rebuke of the red-blooded intellectual would be, "Why not fight?" I think the answer might well be that the executive of Dramatics knew that a large proportion of our prospective audience would rather not, perhaps couldn't, face the facts of modern life with the tragedy of unemployment, poverty and vice. Perhaps it's too late to fight anyway.

Culture is rapidly disappearing from Italy and Germany, and if the Spanish Government is defeated there will

be yet another nation abandoned by culture. The lamps of civilization are going out all over Europe, and one suspects they are burning low in more than one province and in more than one university in Canada.

Our freedom is restrained in our homes, at school, and even then, to our shame, in some of our universities. Much talent amongst Canadian youth lies buried or decays because of the lack of opportunity for development. Young men and women are denied the right to express themselves in literature and art because of the offence they would give to their families or their friends. Because so many of us in Canada are provincial, Canadian talent has to find a market in New York or in Europe, or it perishes. This was a point brought out at the recent Book Fair in Toronto. Many men, and one supposes the women feel similarly, would prefer to be silent rather than offend the powers-that-be in this University, not because of fear for the consequences of speaking out, but rather because of genuine affection for those to whom they would give offence. It is the same difficulty that faces many of us in our homes. Recall to mind the opinions religious, social, or political, which we have and would rather not express before certain people.

Censorship is a ready weapon of dictators. It is something which should be watched carefully in Canada where it is creeping into a powerful position. Mr. Johannes Steel, the well-known author who is a German exile says that, "Censorship is an abjuration of your liberties. If you continue to suffer it, one day your books and newspapers and, perhaps, your lives will be censored." He continues, "I urge you to fight, protest and kick at every manifestation

of censorship and maintain your right to a free press, to demonstrate and to picket, or one day you will find that you will not know what is going on even from your newspapers." Already we can only accept the newspapers with reservations since they are controlled by the "vested interests" indirectly, yet nevertheless, very effectively through the medium of advertising.

Mr. Brown has said many kind things in his article as he thinks of Canada. I have only considered his suggestion of our freedom. A somewhat similar view of Canada as a land without restriction of class is, unfortunately, somewhat of an illusion also. Mr. Beverley Baxter, writing in Maclean's recently suggests that travelling from Canada to Europe is similar to going from light into darkness. If this is true, then one is bound to exclaim fervently, "God help Europe," for it appears that soon there will be no light left in Canada as there is even now no "Clarté"* in Montreal.

Perhaps many people in Canada are suffering under an illusion when they believe that fascism threatens us here. Certainly there is no doubt in the minds of many people I have met recently. To give one example I may mention a discussion which a group of law students were engaged in recently in my hearing. They were considering what sort of work they would be able to engage in under a dictatorship.

This is a time when we should cherish our liberties carefully or we shall one day wake up to find ourselves in a concentration camp. "I urge you to fight, protest and kick at " any threat to our freedom, for "It" can happen here.

*The Communist journal which has been forced to abandon publication.

EXCRAMINITIS - A ballad

I'm going mad, O Mother dear
Examinations fright me!
O clasp me to you Mother dear
And hold me to you tightly.

*The winds of fate blow round me
Dread cramming's surges drown me
This fearful night is half alight
With spectres' gaze upon me!*

My head is bursting, Mother dear—
With fire my brain's consuming—
And I know nothing Mother dear!
O catch me for I'm swooning!

Why did I leave thee, Mother dear
To face exams' wild spectres?
They screech about me Mother dear,
They jeer and jibe and hector.



DRAMATICS

On November 15 and 16 the University Dramatic Society presented "Becky Sharp", "A Scene from 'Cranford'", and "Ici on Parle Français", with considerable success and widespread popular appreciation. Good production and stage management, a generally high level of acting, and the difficulty of choosing three really effective short plays to compose one bill, were perhaps the chief impressions left by the performance. The attempt to provide opportunities for the greatest amount of acting talent to establish itself is difficult to dissociate from a certain jerkiness in presentation, which was not overcome on the present occasion. Apart from the very slender justification supplied by the chronological order, there was no reason why just these plays and no others should have been chosen for presentation together; and the success of the evening is to be sought entirely in its individual parts.

Here, a critic is able to acclaim excellent work issuing for the most part in genuine dramatic achievement. The plays were well cast and well produced, and went with a swing which swept aside any suggestion of that 'ish' termination which only too easily attaches itself to much acting called 'amateur'.

The first play, "Becky Sharp," was the slightest in substance, though not the easiest in the dramatic problems it presented. Ruth McQuat gave the needed degree of sophistication to her rendering of a complex character, and her wiles were more than effective enough to overbear the not too intelligent masculinity of Joseph Sedley—another difficult rôle, very adequately sustained by W. L. Delaney. Ruth Woodman's Amelia was "dear Amelia," a sweet foil to the adventuress; and she, together with Bruce Cragg's George Osborne and J. E. Martin's Rawdon Crawley, rounded out a production that was satisfying, if not unduly exciting.

The presentation of the "Cranford" scene was distinctly charming; and the dramatist's efforts to individualise the several members of the party—the major difficulty when so many birds of a feather flock together—were most ably supported by acting, in which, especially, Katherine Davey's performance was as notable as her appearance. The guests of her soirée—not to mention her maid Peggy, who triumphantly survived an ordeal in possibly more senses than one—played up to her admirably. A surprisingly large number of the memorabilia of "Cranford" were collected together

in this short scene, and all of them were conveyed in a manner to make their points telling even to those—and they may no doubt be many nowadays—who have no reminiscences of the original to be revived. A word of appreciation should be paid to the quaintly charming costumes, which aided materially in inducing the suspension of disbelief necessary for the effective production of such a dainty piece of antiquarianism. Also, since Captain Brown could not be introduced in person on the stage, it was a compensation to find at least a male amongst the cast—a male who, without any acting, suitably conveyed the bewilderment proper to his situation.

In relation to "Ici on Parle Français," the overworked adjective "uproarious" is almost inevitable, unless indeed one could venture to suggest "outrageous" as a substitute. It was an uproar in which Guy Marston as Mr. Spriggins, having discovered the secret of perpetual motion, was the directing genius, and in which all the other actors, and even the pictures on the wall, joined with gusto. "French before breakfast" plumbed depths one would have believed impossible, even with the memory of one's school days to help one, and fitted in admirably with the almost equally murderous attacks on English of the young Frenchman Dubois, who was well represented by Lincoln Magor. Into this uproar of Babel came Major Rattan, who, in the person of Ian McLean, maintained—heightened, indeed, to the pitch of fury—the good old motiveless ferocity of English militarism, while his assaults on the furniture possessed a verisimilitude which must have made the property manager (not to speak of one or two people in the audience) shudder.

With the women of the cast quailing or retreating before their respective male tornadoes, it was all excellent fooling, and as such excellently received. But one wonders whether such entertainment is really the means best adapted to the nourishing and disciplining of the abundant talent which was exhibited. Oscar Wilde complains somewhere of Hall Caine that he would be much more effective if he were not always "writing at the top of his voice," and in the dramatic sphere likewise justified exaggeration passes easily over into extravagance, and acting in a farce into a kind of farcical acting which "though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve." "'Tis an excellent piece of work, madam lady: would 'twere done." The players on this occasion may be said to have avoided

both Hamlet's criticism and Sly's damning comment, but the very soundness of their work suggested that they deserve some less boisterous medium of dramatic self-expression.

If the Dramatic Society's purpose is to discover the new talent necessary to carry on the fine tradition of many years, all who took part in this year's effort (not least the pro-

IN THE MARITIME COLLEGES

Having first been fortunate enough to travel as far as northern British Columbia during the past summer it has now been my added privilege of travelling in parts of New Brunswick and of Nova Scotia.

The purpose of this latter trip was to debate at various points en route; in fact the debates marred an otherwise excellent holiday. It was often quite annoying to be met at the station by the opposing team, be lavishly entertained by them, and then have to contradict practically everything they said in the evening.

My colleague was from Macdonald College, an Englishman, and one of the most pleasant travelling companions that one could wish for.

Having fared sumptuously in Montreal, we set out for St. Thomas' College in Chatham. This is quite a small, but flourishing college, run by English-speaking Roman Catholic priests. Until the past few years it was an Academy, but now they are in a position to give their own degrees. The team and the debating manager came to Newcastle to meet us, and the first interesting visit we made was to the Court House. No! tough luck fellows, we were not yet charged with any breach of the law; the chance for gossip may come later. One of the debaters had to act as interpreter in the preliminary hearing of a young woman who was accused of putting an unwanted child to death!

That evening we debated before a crowd of about one hundred and seventy people. The College turned out in full force—(Bishop's students please note). I rather rushed in where angels dare to tread while the judges were discussing the debate. I offered to tell a few stories and chose as an opener, one about an Irishman.

After a lengthy interval the judges came back and awarded the debate to St. Thomas by a small margin. Good work St. Thomas! keep it up!

ducers and those who worked behind the scenes) are cordially to be congratulated; while, for once in a way, amateur theatricals, in the course of providing a well-merited satisfaction to the actors themselves, achieved the additional result of really amusing the audience as well.



That night we went to a nurses' party in Newcastle, and all we would be allowed to print is that we had a very nice time! The next morning our hosts took us to see the Dominion fish hatchery near Newcastle. They told us there were over 11,000,000 salmon spawn in the hatchery. Not having much time at our disposal we decided to take their word for it.

Next stop was Mount Allison in Sackville. There I met "Russ" Johnston who has made a big name for himself both in rugby and hockey. The thing that struck us most—besides the beauty of some of the co-eds—was the real college spirit that one could feel pervaded Mount A. They have quite a nice residence which includes two common rooms—one in the basement with a ping-pong table in it; the other in the main hall, very comfortable and with a new radio installed. They also have a very fine billiard table room.

The thing they were proudest of at Mount A. was their new science building and they had a right to be. It is a well-equipped, up-to-date establishment. Perhaps the Bishop's Science Building will be like that some day—here's hoping!

The evening we arrived at Mount Allison we went to a Student Christian Movement meeting. There were about four hundred students present and a very fine talk was given by one of the faculty on the prospects of peace in the future.

The next day was spent in looking over the campus. This included going to morning chapel when we worshipped with about fifty students of both sexes—at a chapel ser-

vice which was not compulsory. The debate was held that evening in the Beethoven Memorial Hall before a good crowd. Here they had no judges, but let the audience decide the issue. Much to my surprise the audience voted for us—probably it was politeness!

Reluctantly we left Mount Allison the next morning and went on to Halifax. Here we had the pleasure of staying at the Pine Hill Residence. The Dalhousie students were very hospitable and they entertained us royally from Thursday evening until Monday morning. Unfortunately there is no men's residence at Dalhousie, and unless the students live at Pine Hill or join a fraternity there is not much chance of associating with other students.

We debated on Friday evening and Dalhousie properly quashed any feeling of superiority we may have had as a result of our victory in Sackville. This was the most interesting debate of the whole tour. After the debate we were invited to an oyster party at one of the fraternity houses. I have never seen so many oysters eaten in one evening—needless to say I did my fair share in making them disappear.

On Sunday morning we went to the oldest Anglican Church in Canada—St. Paul's, Halifax. Monday morning, at much too early an hour, we left for Acadia University in Wolfville. They have a very fine residence at Acadia which includes a swimming pool. One of the greatest thrills of the whole trip was experienced here when we had lunch in the large dining room with about five hundred men and women. They sit about ten to a table, five men and five women at each one. We considered that co-education, under the Acadian system, was not such a failure as we had thought it to be!

Having convinced the Acadians that "sit-down strikes were not just weapons," we went to a party in the basement of the girls' residence. Our thanks are due to the Dean of Women who had the good sense to kick us out just after eleven; we were in bed by twelve, the earliest hour for the whole two weeks.

At noon the next day we left for Fredericton. From Digby to St. John we crossed the Bay of Fundy in the luxurious S. S. Princess Helene. This was one of the nicest trips of the whole journey. We stayed in St. John that night. That evening we went to the Capitol theatre—(We found that Sherbrooke is unique in not having a "Capitol".)—and discovered that we were expected to take part in community singing that was broadcast. Some people in Fredericton swore that they recognized our voices, but despite the fact that I did start one song two bars ahead

of everybody else, we had to doubt their word.

Next day, on to Fredericton—Ah, Fredericton! A fitting climax indeed to such an enjoyable trip. A note in the local paper may well have been: "Visiting theologian makes discreet inquiries regarding Divinity courses at Fredericton." We wonder why? One explanation may be—"Fredericton, where women are women and the men are glad of it."

We really did have a most enjoyable stay in this pretty city and, but for the spectre of exams that constantly haunted us, we might have stayed a little longer.

Here we saw what is perhaps the best men's residence in Canada, the Lady Beaverbrook Memorial Hall. The dining room is the nicest we visited in any residence. They have comfortable common rooms, a room for table tennis, a squash court, and the finest indoor swimming pool we have ever seen.

We debated that night about the relative merits of reformation of individuals and the reconstruction of society. The method of judging they proposed to adopt here was a novel one and might be used with benefit by the Bishop's debating society. They had two judges and the audience voice was to be the third judge. This has two advantages; it does not put too much of a burden on the audience, yet at the same time would stimulate their interest in the subject matter of the debate.

From Fredericton it was not far to get back to the best college of them all. We were glad to get back, but we had many happy memories of the Maritimes. Generally speaking we found everyone very friendly and anxious to make us feel at home. The students there seem to be more serious-minded than the average Bishop's student, but perhaps that was only because we met other debaters and harried heads of students' activities.

We found that Bishop's is still a long way behind the Maritimes in late leave rules. They have no problem there, the doors are left open most of the night and strange to relate there is not a constant stream of people coming in between midnight and three in the morning; in fact we were told that only occasionally were students out after twelve.

As to the vexing question of food, we were quite interested. But I must confess, despite warnings that such a confession will lead to "standardization" of our meals, that the food at Bishop's is just as good as any college we visited and much better than some.

In most colleges the students seemed to be very interested in politics, and we understand that a mild pink shade of communism is quite popular in some places. They take

their debating quite seriously.

The editor asked me for a "brief" account. I'm afraid this is already longer than he expected, but even so it is only a very cursory and inadequate sketch of two exceed-

ingly pleasant and instructive weeks. Having had this brief survey of the Maritimes I await with eager anticipation the time when I can go back and make the further acquaintance of the country and the people in it.

DOGGEREL FOR PUPS

(or for some of the litter)

John Freshman Clough is a "regular tough"
His pipe belches forth with incredible puff,
He subscribes to the precept of "Treat 'em rough,"
And considers each tutor a crank or a muff.
When told to 'say when' he scorns "that's enough,"
Whatever he lacks he can make up in bluff,
He should be John Dempsey Lothario Clough,
For each girl that he meets is a "bit of hot stuff."

He knows his jargon, but jeers at Humanities,
Thinks afternoon Labs. are stupid inanities.
At wit or politeness he turns up his nose
For his keen eye discerns in them nothing but pose.
He strides through the quad with hard cynical smile,
As if one should say "Bevan! stir not my bile."
He's lavish with laughter, and leisure and chatter,
And likes to be *heard* when he visits a theatre.
No shrinker from notice, he asks as his right
A place in the sun, or at least in limelight,
But he fawns on that aristocratic minority
Whose heaven of joy is to baffle authority.

I wish we could look at him three years hence,
Possessed at last of a little of sense,
Chastened by sipping the waters of learning,
Knowing he knows not, but ever learning,
Taking his parchment in manner mild,
Leaving these halls as a little child,
Without a semblance of Freshman toughness,
Rough stuff, bluff, or he-man gruffness.

Has Been One.



Blood and Honour . . . strange words to be linked together, we think in Canada—one the symbol of conflict and upheaval, the other standing for all that is best in man. Yet such is the motto of the Hitler Jugend, the all-embracing movement that has welded the youth of Germany into a solid body of ardent patriots. On the wreckage of a country disorganized by war a new state has risen, a state that is essentially the work of youth. Youth is Nazi Germany's life blood and Herr Hitler is assuring a constant flow by teaching German youth to believe in the great destinies of their land. The boys are filled with the desire to fight for their country; the girls to join the great motherhood to bear strong sons to fight for their country. The aim of all German boys is to be a fighting man. Blut und Ehre . . .

The Hitler Jugend has taken the place of the Boy Scouts and similar organizations in Germany. Their ideals conform with the national militaristic tendency. As scouting the world over emphasizes loyalty to country, so the Jugend movement is impregnated with intense patriotism. It is considered certain that the Germans will have to fight in the future, so their patriotism shows itself in intensive training to fit themselves for war. Membership in the Jugend is not compulsory, but is tacitly considered advis-

BLUT UND EHRE

able for all boys from ten to eighteen. (At eighteen they graduate into the Labour Corps, and then enter the army for a period of military training.) Throughout the school year each Saturday is set aside for the Jugend. Unlike the Italian Ballila, which openly trains ten-year-olds as infant soldiers complete to uniform and rifle, the Hitler Jugend training is essentially athletic—team games, P. T., and marching. Their uniform is comfortable and smart (see cut). Black corduroy shorts of bathing trunk dimensions, open-necked khaki shirt, black silk neckerchief and leather "turk's head" worn under the collar, black leather "Sam Brownish" belt, grey wool stockings—that is all. If it rains they get wet, if the chill winds blow they feel them. The Jugend is trained to take it. Each year every boy spends a two-week period in camp, paying a fee of 15 RM (\$3.75).

This last summer with a party of young Canadians I visited a youth camp for the Berlin units at Furstenberg. Three hundred boys of the senior branch of the movement, from fourteen to eighteen years old, all from the Berlin slums, were in camp. Their aim was to qualify for the "sign"—a sort of A certificate—which requires a high physical standard and proficiency in various tests. An interesting sidelight on their athletic training is in the Jugend version of the shot-put. The "shot" consists of a dummy hand grenade—a heavy cannister on a wooden handle—which has to be tossed into a ten-foot circle at twenty paces. The same grenade is hurled for distance as the Scots hurl the hammer.

The camp at Furstenberg was set in the centre of a beautiful pine wood by the side of a small lake. Two miles away were the buildings of a Labour Camp with dining hall and kitchens. We were quartered here, and here the boys came for their dinners and suppers, singing as they marched from the camp. The camp itself was run on military lines. At the main gate was a rustic guard house with seven boys on sentry duty. When our party arrived the guard fell in and saluted us in Nazi style. The Jugend salute is the same as that of the army, with right arm fully extended at an angle of forty-five degrees. Civilians salute with arm bent, hand at shoulder level, palm outward. It is interesting to note that Hitler—Der Fuhrer as he is universally called—salutes halfway between the two with arm extended at shoulder level.

The main camp was divided into subcamps according



to the age of the boys. Each section was railed off and included five or six army bell tents holding ten boys. These were lined with a foot depth of straw, the scanty belongings of the campers—one blanket and the regulation pack—marking the owner's bed space. Each tent was lighted with electricity from the village. The leaders' tents and the guardhouse were connected with camp H. Q. by field telephone. There was also a complete field wireless station in the camp. All this equipment was army property, and its operation was part of the work for the "sign."

A striking feature was the elaborate decoration of the camp sites with moss and stone designs. "Blut und Ehre" recurred often, and a series of names—no more notable than John Smith. We inquired their significance and were told quite calmly that these were members of the Hitler Youth who had been murdered by the Communists! The Jugend is a serious business—no game of scouting.

Camp routine started with rouse at 6.30. Very strict discipline is maintained. One of the leaders told us that the younger boys bucked at first, but there is no getting away from the iron rule. Even the feeding was done on command. The boys filed in past the kitchen with their plates. For dinner they had a lump of boiled Hamburg steak and a ladle full of soupy gravy. On the tables were unlimited quantities of boiled potatoes and salt. That was the whole meal. When all were served and standing in their places the command was given and they settled down to eat. For supper—rye bread sandwiches with meat paste, and cocoa. For breakfast—rye bread and margarine, and rye coffee. The boys seemed to be thriving on this diet—indeed it was better than many of them got at home in their Berlin slum.

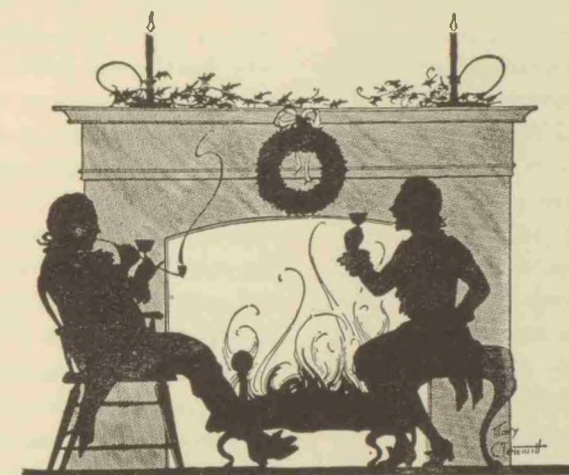
On the afternoon of our arrival we took on a team from the camp in a wild and woolly game called "rough ball". It is known over here as Stone Age rugby and is played with no rules and a football. Formalities of Olympic solemnity preceded the kickoff, with the whole camp

singing from the sidelines. The crack German team wiped the field with us. We then tried them at soccer, but it was soon apparent that soccer is the German national sport. To add to our miseries it rained throughout.

That evening a closing "circus" was held in the Labour Camp hall, very little different from all such camp concerts. There was an inter-subcamp sing-song, a series of poetic valedictories, a humorous skit, and the visiting Canadians sang "Old MacDonald had a Farm." The drum and trumpet band was given a chance to perform, and just about raised the roof with their traditional instruments (see cut). Among the visitors this evening was the local female unit of the Jugend. These "girl guides" wear open-necked shirt, chamois leather windbreaker with the distinctive Jugend armband (black swastika on red and white stripe), and long black skirt. Their hair was, almost without exception, flaxen, long and braided!

A most impressive closing ceremony was dramatically set outside around a blazing fire. The camp commandant thundered to a silent hollow square for a good fifteen minutes. It was easy to see that he was telling of Germany's glorious future, exhorting the boys to fit themselves to fight for their land. His voice rose higher and higher—suddenly he stopped. Then as the fire died down he pivoted slowly around and gave each boy present a penetrating stare. Dismiss—and in five minutes the companies were singing their way back to camp. An effective finale.

Blood and Honour? Yes, an unpleasant motto—but the spirit that those boys possess is justification for the means used to develop it. It is a grim outlook on life for boys in their teens, but are these young Germans so different from us? It is only the language that separates us—they smile the same smile and laugh with the same laugh, they look exactly the same . . . we are of the same stock. But the German youth has a fire in its veins that is barely sparking into existence in the youth of Canada. Do we wait for another "Führer" to come and pull us together? . . . to give us a motto . . . Blut und Ehre . . . ?



Wishing Everyone a
very Merry Christmas and
a Happy New Year

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Lennoxville

WHAT ON EARTH IS POETRY?

In every library you will find a section devoted to poetry. But librarians have told me that there is, as a rule, comparatively little demand on the part of the general public for the volumes in that particular section. One gentleman, indeed, somewhat cynically remarked that the only occasion on which he had requests for poetical works was on the approach of the school examinations, at which time there was a considerable demand for annotated editions of Shakespeare's plays. Be that as it may, there is an undoubted tendency on the part of the general public to dispense with poetry as reading matter and to confine attention to prose; and I have sometimes wondered whether this tendency might not, at least in some measure, be due to a lack of appreciation of the real nature of poetry and of the pleasures it affords to its readers.

We have all met this form of literature during our school days; but many of us may, perhaps almost unconsciously, have formed the opinion that poetry was something written to be learned for repetition, or studied to pass an examination in English literature; and consequently that when we have left school and are no longer required to stand up with our hands clasped behind our backs and repeat such classic pieces as "Friends, Romans, countrymen," and "It is a beauteous evening, calm and free," or to pass examinations, we have done with it, and may throw away our poetry-books as gleefully as we discard our Latin grammars.

A moment's reflection, however,—if we care to indulge in it—will dissipate this misapprehension. It will remind us that Shakespeare's plays were the favourite entertainment of the Elizabethan play-goer before they became the subject of annotated editions for the matriculation class; that Tennyson's poems acquired such a popularity among the reading-public of the nineteenth century, that their author realized a considerable fortune from the sale of his works. Poetry, then, is something written for the general public, to give pleasure to the ordinary reader and not labour to the student. But what exactly is it, and what sort of pleasure does it afford?

When I first tried to find an answer to these questions some years after leaving school, I turned to the critical pronouncements of the poets themselves, and sought for a definition of poetry which might enlighten me as to its nature. But this is not a course I should care to recommend to others. Definitions of poetry by poets there are a-plenty; but I found them far from enlightening. Here, for example, is Wordsworth's definition, "Poetry is the impassioned expression which is in the face of all science"—

thrilling, no doubt, but not very lucid. Nor is Sir Philip Sidney's dictum that "Poetry is that which doth most delightfully teach knowledge of a man's self with a view to right conduct," much more explicit or alluring. Definitions of poetry, it appears, can only be understood by those who know what poetry is. For the rest of us the best method would seem to be to follow the advice of "Sapper." In the preface of one of his novels, "Sapper," after hinting that the book might be of this type or that, ends with the remark, "Oh well! Read the thing for yourself and find out." And so it is with poetry. The best, in fact the only method of discovering its nature is to read a poem and note the elements of which it is composed and the effect it produces upon the reader.

There is not time, in the brief space of this article, to follow that method in its entirety—the examination and analysis of a complete poem would take too long. But if it were followed out, I think the first element in the poem to strike the reader's attention would be the pictorial. As one reads poetry a series of pictures is projected on the screen of the imagination. Take, for example, the opening stanzas of that spirited little narrative poem of Alfred Noyes, "The Highwayman,"

The wind was a torrent of darkness among the gusty trees,
The moon was a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy seas,
The road was a ribbon of moonlight over the purple moor,
And the highwayman came riding—

Riding, riding—

The highwayman came riding, up to the old inn-door.

He'd a French cocked-hat on his forehead, a bunch of lace
at his chin,

A coat of claret velvet, and breeches of brown doe-skin;
They fitted with never a wrinkle: his boots were up to
the thigh!

And he rode with a jewelled twinkle,

His pistol butts a-twinkle,

His rapier hilt a-twinkle, under the jewelled sky.

Over the cobbles he clattered and clashed in the dark
inn-yard,

And he tapped with his whip on the shutters, but all was
locked and barred;

He whistled a tune to the window, and who should be
waiting there

But the landlord's black-eyed daughter,

Bess, the landlord's daughter,

Plaiting a dark red love-knot into her long black hair.

And dark in the dark old inn-yard a stable-wicket creaked
Where Tim the Ostler listened; his face was white and
peaked;

His eyes were hollows of madness, his hair like mouldy
hay,

But he loved the landlord's daughter,

The landlord's red-lipped daughter,

Dumb as a dog he listened, and he heard the robber say—

There we have the landscape—the old inn among the trees with the white road stretching away over the heather-clad moorland; then the figure of the horseman, a-glitter in the moonlight; the shadowy form of the inn-keeper's daughter, waiting in the dark for her lover; the peaked face of the jealous ostler peering through the crack in the stable door—a picture Hogarth might have drawn. Perhaps you have noticed that each picture carries the story on a stage like those of a soundless film—the setting, the coming of the robber, the waiting figure of the girl, the suggestion of future evil for the lovers in the spying ostler. And how simply and effectively it is all done.

Next to the pictorial, I think the musical element in poetry would attract the reader's notice. A poem cannot be read, even to oneself, in the way in which prose is read. It has, in a fashion, to be chanted. Such lines as

"And the highwayman came riding—

Riding—riding—

The highwayman came riding, up to the old inn-door."

go with a sort of fol-de-rol, like the chorus of a song, as indeed they are. Or take another lively little tune by the same author—

Go down to Kew in lilac-time, in lilac-time, in lilac-time;
Go down to Kew in lilac-time (it isn't far from
London!)

And you shall wander hand in hand with love in Summer's
wonderland;

Go down to Kew in lilac-time (it isn't far from
London!)

The cherry trees are seas of bloom and soft perfume and
sweet perfume,

The cherry trees are seas of bloom (and oh, so near to
London!)

And there they say, when dawn is high and all the world's
a blaze of sky

The cuckoo, though he's very shy, will sing a song for
London.

Picture and music, then, are clearly two of the elements that go to the making of poetry; a third element is thought. The poet has something to say. It may be simply a story to tell us which he thinks can better be told in verse than in prose, as in "The Highwayman": it may be a philosophy of life to expound, as in Browning's "Rabbi Ben Ezra." As we have seen, he says it largely by means of picture and word-music. And so the reading of a poem gives us a conception of something which is a combination, or rather a fusion of thought and picture and music.

But what of the effect on the reader? I think that anyone who reads a poem, consciously looking for the effect on himself, will be aware of a stirring of the emotions. The lilt of that little piece about Kew and the suggestion in the poem of the scent of spring flowers make one feel cheerful and lively. Reading the passage in which Noyes describes how the inn-keeper's daughter stands bound and gagged at her window while the soldiers wait to shoot down her highwayman-lover induces a feeling of suspense—one finds oneself holding one's breath.

Next, consider the way in which the pictures of the old inn, the peeping ostler, the bound girl are created. The actual figures and scenes are not on the page of the book in actual line and colour. "Words, just words,"—as Hamlet says, are all that the physical eye beholds. It is in the reader's own imagination that the pictures are formed. Another effect of poetry must therefore be to stimulate the imagination until the picture the poet has envisioned flashes upon that "inward eye", as Wordsworth calls it.

Finally, may I suggest that the reading of poetry affords pleasure. The glowing pictures, the musical cadence of the verse, these are undoubted sources of delight, even if we are disinclined for the more strenuous pleasure of mastering the poet's thought, of appreciating his insight into human nature.

Such, in very brief and inadequate outline, is one view of the material in the library section labelled "Poetry." A combination, or rather a fusion of thought and music and painting; which arouses our emotions, stimulates our imaginations, and provides endless pleasure for its devotees. A veritable Lord Mayor's banquet of literature compared to the everyday fare of our ordinary reading. One dines in state off the choicest dainties, in a hall hung with noble pictures, to the strains of lovely music. And that, perhaps, in addition to the fact that we had to learn it at school, is why poetry is comparatively neglected. Such feasts are too rich for everyday consumption. But there is no reason why we should never attend the festivities. It is good to don one's dinner garb on occasion and dine in state. Moreover, we need not indulge in the whole bill of fare. We can pick



"They'll laugh when they see us coming in a sleigh—"

"They'll cheer when we hand out the Sweet Caps!"

SWEET CAPORAL CIGARETTES

"The purest form in which tobacco can be smoked."—*Lancet*



up a poem casually to enjoy the sight of some new picture, or to refresh our memory of an old favourite; to listen once more to a familiar musical strain, or learn a new song. And

an occasional excursion into poetry will provide a change of literary diet, and allow us to return to our normal reading with a fresher interest and a greater zest.

SO YOU SAW THE PLAYS!

"And who," they will all say, "ever told her she could write?" No one, I answer—and that is just the trouble. Give me credit for the fact that I have at least waited until my Fourth Year to submit an article to the *Mitre*. I might have snowed you under with bad articles these three years past, but instead, the *Mitre* Board will have but one article of mine to condemn. My one regret is that I am such a long-winded writer, for I know how annoyed Board members will be at having to wade through this. However—

I am going to write an article, the idea of which has tickled my fancy ever since I went into dramatics, namely—the plays as seen by a person behind the scenes. The plays are over again, and those involved are having a breathing space until such time as they can begin studying for exams. without getting themselves talked about for indecent behaviour. The stage manager has crawled back into his shell of reserve minus the hammers and paint brushes he has been wielding of late. Foot-weary canvassers and advertisers are probably back in their respective armchairs reading *Esquire* and other text-books. The harassed property manager can now visit his friends without their thinking that he has seen their horse-hair sofa and has an ulterior motive for coming. Producers' nightmares are becoming less violent with the lapse of time—they only recite half the play backwards now. The call boy's larynx is almost back to normal, and think how glad his radio audience will be to observe this. Actors still exhibit traces of make-up base behind their ears—but soon they will only have their still-frequent yawns to remind them that they were in the plays. One and all seem to be still catching up on lost sleep and lost shows. The morning after the plays, the most unhappy-looking individuals in the college were the three co-ed members of the Dramatic Society who turned up for first lecture—the other ninety and nine slept in, the lucky dogs!



I have often wondered if audiences realize how much they miss by having to sit in the front on hard chairs, when behind scenes people stand gnawing their fingers and feverishly turning pages to see "where in heaven's name the fool skipped to that time!" And the thrill of seeing the actors at such close range! How charming they look with their faces aglow with melting grease-paint and healthy perspiration! And how beautiful is the heroine with her face all marked up with pencilled lines and blue shadows, her large, luminous eyes rimmed round with black slits, and her mouth enlarged likewise. Her dress is shining with a thousand sequins, and is so dirty you wonder if it could stand alone. Her costume fits her like a glove, and if you will observe closely she is sewed into her blue gown with large red stitches, while five horse-blanket safety pins lap the dress over about half a foot in the back. The hero looks muscular in his well-fitted red coat. (No wonder he looks muscular—his coat is so tight you can see every muscle move, and the poor chap is afraid to inhale too deeply for fear two brass buttons will fly off.) An apoplectic gentleman shuffles in with two paunches—one above and one below the belt which is pulled tightly to keep the pillow in place.

I shall remember to the end of my days with what martial pomp and ceremony the Duke of Wellington's army marched beneath a certain hotel window in Brussels. Two members of the O. T. C. in windbreakers marched solemnly in single file under the gym window, armed with one bugle and one drum, and disappeared in the direction of the rink.

There were those who wanted them to play "The King's Horses and the King's Men," and on dress rehearsal night the hardly ancient selection was "Colonel Bogey's March", instead of "The Girl I Left Behind Me." But all turned out all right in the end. On Saturday night it did sound as if the "Army" had been formed up outside for hours waiting for Joseph's cue and the warning flashlight signal—but that, too, was corrected. Of course, there was the slight awkwardness of the night Amelia said, "What's that?" in a dead silence, and the cannon in the wings quickly boomed apologies for missing its cue.

And maybe you wouldn't have coughed naturally over cold tea three days old. Or perhaps you thought the dear ladies in Cranford really were rewarded for acting like sour-puss old maids by having real spirits. And oh, the agonies suffered by all when Peggy, in clearing the table, nearly made off with the oranges so necessary for the grand climax! Then there was the night Betsy Barker's cap fell off in the middle of a speech—and the lady calmly retrieved it! The next night Mrs. Jamison's intimidating black bonnet flopped off—a bad moment, saved by the irrepressible Peggy who delighted us all by giving it a mighty push back into place. Speaking of Peggy—did you see her drop those sandwiches behind Miss Matty and quickly pick them up and go on passing them to the ladies quite unconcernedly? That action was not in the play directions, dear readers!

Then there was the dainty little lady who prepared to make an elegantly low curtesy—gracefully she swept back her skirts and dipped back with pre-Victorian co-ordination when alas!, she met up with the arm of the settee, and there ended the curtesy with a jolt. One member of the cast complained that well-meaning stage hands should refrain from talking through stage windows at one while one is supposed to be saluting the Duke. Comments like, "Nice going, big boy!" and "Don't get nervous, everything's going to be jake!" are rather disconcerting, I'll admit. There was also the actress who skipped a line or two, and was forced to go back again. When prompted to repeat a line again she looked disgustedly at the prompter and said: "But Bunny, I've said that before!"

And oh! the night when eight fond relatives came from Quebec, Montreal and Sherbrooke to see their darlings—all in one play—perform. One of the victims reports a case of "delirium tremens," or the jitters, when, on making his grand entrance, he gazed into the sparkling eyes of Mom and the kid sister, who were seated no closer than the second row, (the first being reserved or they would have been there, no doubt!). He felt then that he would have to act,

or leave home forever—and he acted. The ardent Bishop's dramatics supporter of the vociferous and continual giggle was again present. She had a close competitor this year for the first time. The newcomer has been identified.

And who can forget the roaring Ojibway's halo when he swept off his "topper"! It looked like a bad case of dandruff and everyone was worried. But after the dust cloud had settled on surrounding props and actors, who should it be but "Mac," hiding behind "handlebar Hank" moustachios and under a shock of hair saturated with powder. Speaking of moustaches—did Monsieur Victor nearly lose his, or was it emotion working his upper lip? "Sir, I box your eye!" and with each word wisps of moustache floated earthwards. Do you remember the animatedly whispered conversations between the Misses Pole and Smith during Mrs. Forester's account of her pet humbug? Well, you may have thought they were speaking of the weather, but this is what they said: "Dear Miss Smith, you can get prepared to be bored. This is the most boring speech in the whole d— play!" "You never spoke a truer word, Miss Pole. I never was so thoroughly bored with a play in my whole life." Miss Pole tells us of the night she "bustled" past the front door during intermission. Caustic remarks such as: "Rumble seats are out of fashion!" and "You've got something there." were hurled from the steps. Blushing with mortification, she glanced around at her "trailer" and was relieved to see it just rounding the corner of the gym. You should have seen two of the more sprightly Cranfordians wiggle their bustles to the tune of a snappy rhumba. It's an art!

The producers had a veritable "wailing wall" upstairs in the balcony whither they went to watch the plays, if so inclined, and tear their hair. There they jabbered incoherent directions to deaf casts. Such ejaculations as: "My God, she skipped half a page!" and "Gag, you fool, gag!" were muttered at intervals. We are glad that certain revengeful Grads did not show up on Tuesday for the sake of a certain military gentleman. Mention must be made of Jolly Preston who takes Ranger's place in dramatics this year. Jolly and Helen's spirited zippered hound intimidated the gentle ladies of Cranford, and we hear that Miss Barker was honestly afraid of our wire-hair!

Then the scene in the dressing room after. "I nearly died when So-and-So said such-and-such in that excruciatingly funny manner," and "I could have killed X when he crabbed my best line!" and so on. And later everybody eats and chatters and signs autographs, like "Chief Sucker," and admits being tired for the first time. The plays are over!—what are we going to put on for the Major Play?

Awful Result of Meditation on Newspaper Articles Regarding Education

Standardization! O choicest word
For those who shepherd the youthful herd,
For each who would, as a real educator,
Bring to lowest common denominator
The studies, the thoughts, and the aspirations
Of children belonging to British nations!
Reduce their work to the lowest level
(No, not ad absurdum) and there let them revel.
Don't introduce them to anything rare,
Frown at glimpses of genius, talent, or flair!
What you're after's the good flat tone
Of the average mind in the average zone,
So grind them out of your strong machine,
Cut to a pattern, a nice low "mean."
Away with silly subjects like Latin
(Might as well teach them to paint on satin!)
All knowledge worth-while is utilitarian,
So don't waste time on old laws agrarian,
Or outmoded Shakespeare, or poems lyric,
Or heathen myth, or odes satiric;
Don't let them read any fairy tales,
But measure out truth in standard scales!
In history, for instance, your girl or boy
Won't read the stuff that fools enjoy;
To monarch and general and gay cavalier,
To courts and intrigues they'll turn a deaf ear.
(What gives the past its richest grace
Is the standard of life in the populous place
Where the ordinary serf ran his humdrum race.)
"Much of a muchness" must be your aim,
Democrats free from blame—or, fame—
Taught to suspect an outstanding name.
So whatever you teach remember this:
You are guiding to paths of earthly bliss
The pupil—and thus the future nation—
For what more blissful than Standardization?

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ON CHOOSING A BOOK IN THE LIBRARY

You can be reasonably sure of one thing when you enter any library, and that is that the book which you are looking for will not be in. This has its advantages sometimes, and leads to a happy evening with a novel, doubly justified, since the book which you meant to study is out. In this way, the industrious student can be a public benefactor.

The troubles of the faithful worker are few as far as choosing books is concerned. He diligently takes down the names of books to which reference has been made in lectures, runs up to the library directly afterwards, and loads up. His only thrill is that of figuring out where 270-G, 38 GZ is, and of grovelling before the ground floor of a book-case, vainly, on'y to find the book awaiting him on the reserve shelf.

If you are one of those people who read principally for pleasure, do not be the sort of pig who spies a dozen new books on the shelf, takes home six, and who finds, by the time they must be returned, that he has only had time to read one of them, and never gives a thought to all the people who might have been enjoying the other five. Undoubtedly, there is a certain fascination about a new book; the very smell of it is alluring. Even in school-days a new text-book was viewed with interest not wholly from the fact that it was a temporary release from the old routine. To turn the pristine pages of a new book produces in almost all an irresistible impulse to read it.

A few years ago, the character of a book might be determined at a glance. Fiction alone was dressed in brilliant colours, while its pages were scattered with pictures of shirt-waisted heroines and young heroes in hard straw hats. The advent of the recent novel of the soul has done away with all such illustrations. Instead, there is a lurid design upon a paper cover which cloaks the soul within, and a cryptic title. Always investigate these, or you will be disappointed. If you read "The Noose" (for instance) and expect to enjoy a good juicy hanging, it will probably turn out to be the tragic inner life of a Chinese cook. Likewise, weightier literature is no longer enclosed between brown covers with black lettering. Deepest philosophy can now be pink with designs in black and gold.

So do some experimenting. Read some of the old books as well as the new, and never leave the library with empty hands when the book which you came for is not in.

Miss J. Macnab.



KINGDOMS IN PARTNERSHIP— C. J. M. Alport

Published by Lovat Dickson, London September, 1937

To those who are at all "politically-minded" and interested in constitutional history this book should provide much pleasure and enjoyment, and be of great value for reference and debate. However, the author writes so lucidly and in such an easy, pleasant style that even those who claim to have no interest in political and constitutional development will find this particular work delightful to read, decidedly informative, and more than worth the time spent on it.

The title itself is strikingly apt, for the content of the book deals with political change in the British Empire during the last 40 years. As a preface the author does go back and review briefly in the first two chapters the history of imperial expansion from the American Revolution up to Victoria's Diamond Jubilee, but the years 1901-14 are more fully and explicitly dealt with—particularly in reference to the prevailing governments in Great Britain and in the Dominions, and the Imperial Conferences held in those momentous years.

The Great War necessarily brought about circumstance which foretold an era of greater freedom and self-government for the Dominions. "The British ministers realized clearly that, as far as possible, the last vestiges of Downing Street rule must be removed. Forces had been set in motion in the Dominions which they had neither the power nor the wish to stop." The Dominions were becoming nations; their prime ministers working as equals in the imperial cabinet; and the Special War Cabinet included the South African, General Smuts, and a Canadian, Bonar Law. Mr. Alport then emphasizes how, during the decades after the war, constitutional questions were always to the fore at the many Imperial Conferences, and how discussions on this subject culminated in the Statute of Westminster, 1931. The salient features of this document are carefully reviewed in a special chapter which is followed by one entitled "The Imperial Constitution." This, to my mind, is one of the high spots of the work, for the author here explains the influence, powers, and duties of the King, the Governors-General, the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, Government departments, High Commissioners, Prime Ministers, and Imperial conferences.

Reverting to 1920, and to another phase of politics, we are treated to three masterly chapters on the Commonwealth's foreign policy (1) 1920-30, (2) Its Break-up 1930-35, and (3) the "Return to Arms" 1936-37.

To conclude what may be termed the first part of the volume, the author briefly discusses the Coronation of George VI—the actual ceremony, the changed relationships between the members of the Empire, and the mess-

ages of the prime ministers and peoples of the Commonwealth.

The second section consists of a series of chapters on the several Dominions—Canada, Australia, South Africa, New Zealand, and the Irish Free State. (Newfoundland, having temporarily abandoned its Dominion status, is relegated to a short appendix.) The writer's aim is to make the reader more cognizant of, and interested in, the peoples, problems, governments, and development of national characteristics in these various states due to the many changes effected by the Irish during the last few years. The author's appraisal of the legislation in the Free State, and of Mr. de Valera himself, will be of interest to all, for he brings us information right up to the summer of 1937.

In this final chapter Mr. Alport says, "We believe that the purpose of the Commonwealth is to provide an example to the world by its successful co-operation." How better can we help in this ideal than by first trying to learn about our Empire?

I WAS A SOVIET WORKER— Andrew Smith

Perhaps the reviewer should disdain to write about this piece of propaganda which has been known for six months on this continent; for six months is nearly limbo in the spate of books which flow rapidly before us about Russia. But if anyone with even a lukewarm interest in Russia should be looking for an account of that country's life in recent years, he can hardly err in accepting this choice. Those who are blasé or callous on the subject of Sovietism will scarcely remain so while they read this sober but dreadful indictment of evil.

Andrew Smith and his wife are Communists (originally from Hungary) who have lived in the U.S.A. for many years. He is a competent workman, devoted to the workers' cause and the Communist Party, sacrificing time and money for his brothers among the American "oppressed" classes, trusted by them. He decides that his moral duty is to make his home in the Soviet Union, and his wife, concurring in this decision, accompanies him.

The ensuing story is that of the disillusionment and horror of these two radicals who find that America is a workers' paradise compared with Soviet Russia, where the bureaucrats are more selfish than capitalists, where peasants starve by tens of thousands and workers live in degraded conditions, where the few "do themselves well," and the many exist without joy, almost without hope.

Did Upton Sinclair et al. ever expose a system of bullying and graft in factories as gross as that which Smith shows up in the Elektrozavodskaya? And even an American Communist would laugh at the suggestion that our factories have one-hundredth part of its inefficiency.

You should not have too sensitive a stomach if you wish to read this book (so well documented and so restrained that every word seems true), and perhaps you will turn from it for a breath of fresh air even if you *have* cast-iron insides. But the strongest reason for disliking the whole Soviet experiment comes not from the brutalities, famines, and sufferings recorded—these we have had recorded in

other books ad nauseam—but, as Smith shows, it comes to us from the knowledge that fear is the modern Czar. Everywhere these two travelled they found that King Fear dominated all situations and persons, making its subjects abject slaves. In Russia, as elsewhere, Fear breeds nothing but evil, cruelty, indifference to the rights and wrongs of others, intrigues and panics.

Gerald Moffatt.



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about bright colourful
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THE LAW OF THE WAITER

(With apologies to R. (sometimes non-existent) Service)

This is the Law of the Waiter, and ever Bish makes it plain,
"Send not your foolish and feeble; send us your strong and
your sane.

Strong for the mad rush of serving; sane, for we harry
them sore;

Send us men girt for the combat, men who can take—and
give more.

Swift as the greyhound in dashing from kitchen to hall
with the meat,

Eyes of an eagle for spotting the need of more good things
to eat.

Send us the best for our feeding (we are the chosen ones),
Waiters to tend to our bosoms—they will Bish. call her
sons."

NOTES AND COMMENTS

As this goes to print there is already in evidence a growing interest in studies, and one wonders if the fact that exams are nearly upon us could have anything to do with it. . . . The OAK sign has become altogether too popular, in many cases being used merely to insure privacy, and not only for the purpose of indicating that the occupant of the room is studying. One lad is noticed to have nailed the card to his door, or should we say rivetted . . . The approaching exams are also indicated by the fact that the professors are winning their badminton games . . . and there is a growing interest in afternoon teas . . . the noises in the buildings have diminished and the professors are being treated with much more respect. . . . Too bad that winter has cut short interest in gardens, but there is always June. And with the approach of exams one hears the same resolutions that one hears before every exam, to quote a few: "By gosh I'm going to get a first this Christmas . . . And I won't cram the way I did last year . . . Say those Christmas exams count a lot on the finals . . . This is the time to get gated, it would do me the world of good, then I could stay in at nights and study . . . I'm going to settle right down to work—tomorrow . . . If I'm studying when you come in wake me up . . . A little more headache cure and less ice this time . . . and so on *ad infinitum*.

Have the Noranda boys grown homesick and dug themselves a glory hole? Has Pharo been looking for soapstone? Is Al Gay back, and finally missed his aim on one of his expeditions around the quad; or has someone done as has been so long threatened and set off a stick of dynamite in the quad? No, all that happened was that a car backed into the hydrant, and the resulting gusher required an excavation so that all might be brought under control. Some mess, by George.

Although things in the kitchen are admitted to be in the pink of condition, yet there is an opinion prevalent amongst those who eat at the University that the students don't seem to have enough pull with the cows.

Oh, that Loyola week-end nearly had a disastrous end-



ing, and all because of one man's ambition to become a trainman, one would think that the dressing down that he had last year on the occasion of his locking the trainman off the train would be sufficient to curtail his sense of humor for one year . . . And then things in the New Arts have returned to the state they were in last year when a number of the lads were afraid "To wear loud ties" and all because things were booming in the building for a couple of nights . . . Oh, how memorable that Macdonald game is, not only because of the game itself and the power plays that were pulled but because of the informal celebration that took place afterwards, all had a good time bar four . . . and what does S.P. stand for? Maybe because it would look foolish lying down.

After the plays the casts and directors, as well as "all those who have in any way contributed towards the success of this production," were invited to Dr. Owen's house where potent refreshments were served and a general discussion of the society, its past and future, was held.

And we hear that a number of members of the faculty have become definitely air conscious. Devoted listeners to CHLT have heard our Principal, Vice-Chancellor, Dean of Arts, Dean of Divinity, Vice-Dean of Arts and the Professor of Classics, as well as our highly esteemed assistant librarian, hold forth on matters of varying interest.

The following communication was handed to the editor of the *Mitre*. The writer preferred to withhold his name, thus the editor offers it to you at its face value, and disclaims all responsibility for its accuracy, we don't want any \$100,000 lawsuit for deformation of character on our hands.

"A group of intellectuals from the college, consisting of Messrs. G. M. Hume, J. N. Paterson, D. S. Paterson, I. M. McLean, and W. H. Baskerville, journeyed on the seventeenth of this month to Montreal, and there witnessed a performance of the world-famous Ballets Russes, of Colonel de Basil. After the matinee, they were entertained at a dinner party given for them at the home of A. Norton Francis, Esq., a member of Arts '39."

CLUBS

The O. T. C. or the U.B.C.C.O.T.C. as it is sometimes known, got away to a successful start this year with the Annual Smoker. The boys were fortunate enough to have Archdeacon Scott address them on pacifism versus militarism. The enrolment in the corps is somewhat larger than last year and it is hoped that there will be a larger percentage of A certificates.

The Political Discussion Group held its first meeting of the year in the reception room, on Thursday, October 21. The topic discussed was the Ontario election; however, this did not bar a certain amount of criticism of Mr. Duplessis and his policies. The discussion was incited by N. B. Pilcher, B.A., and the speakers were prompted by Professor Boothroyd.

DEBATING

The first debate of the year was held in the common room on Thursday, October 14. The audience consisted of 3 professors, 21 male students, and horror of horrors, 3 co-eds, yes and in the common room too. Geoffrey Murray was in the chair.

The leader of the affirmative was Lincoln Magor, senior freshman, and the present occupant of the Purple room. He defined the terms of the resolution and explained how the Dutch Treat would minimize graft in politics.

The first speaker of the negative was J. Craig who treated the social aspect of the case, his argument being that the Dutch treat would do away with a great source of satisfaction to the girls. W. Giles was the second speaker of the affirmative. He saw in the Dutch treat a cure for the social parasite, and he complained that now too much emphasis is laid on the car and on the money by the modern girls.

The second speaker for the negative, W. Tulk, felt that the abolishment of Dutch treat was a step forward in civilization and that a Dutch treat was trying to have one's cake and eat it. John Carroll was the last speaker on the affirmative side. He told the audience that Dutch treat would allow the girls to make dates, allowing such a bashful frosh as himself to be dated. B. C. Westgate, the last speaker of the negative, dealt more fully with this point and pictured the previous speaker sitting by the fireside waiting for an invitation. He expresses admiration for the nerve and conceit of Mr. Carroll.

There was a short rebuttal allowed the affirmative, at the conclusion of which Mr. Magor stated that the negative arguments were like a pretzel—"No sense of direction and full of holes." The decision was awarded the affirmative.

The first in a series of Inter-University debates was held in Convocation Hall on Monday, November 8, when a

team of debaters representing the Maritimes, consisting of C. A. Mercer of Acadia and E. Ritchie of Mount Allison, met and defeated a Bishop's team consisting of D. F. McOuatt and H. T. Holden. The resolution was: "Resolved that this house welcomes the existence of the Atlantic Ocean."

Amongst the points stressed by the negative were that the Ocean tended to isolate the continent from the culture of the Old World and they stressed the fact that culture could not be brought across in a fishing boat. They also argued that the present advantages that are derived from the Atlantic Ocean are small compared to those which would have been derived had the island of Atlantis not been submerged.

The affirmative maintained that the Atlantic has been responsible for the very existence of Canada culturally, politically and in every other way. The Atlantic put Canada in a position to view the European affairs from the proper perspective, and yet enabled her to benefit from all of the advantages that Europe has to offer.

The decision was awarded to the negative team by the judges: J. K. Flaherty, F. A. C. Doxsee, and R. G. Ward.

The first Inter-Faculty debate of the season was held on Thursday, November 18, when an Arts team defeated the traditional winners of the Skinner trophy, Divinity. The Arts team was led by Pete Greenwood, the second speaker J. Starnes and, last but not least, the president of debating himself, Jeff Murray, who deserted the chair to lead his team to a victory. The resolution was: "Resolved that men's clothes are more practical than women's."

The Divinity team was led by that veteran of many an inter-faculty debate, E. S. Davis, followed by B. C. Westgate, and Wm. Robinson. From the very opening the debate promised to be an interesting one. Pete Greenwood first convinced us that the topic was a simple one to argue, stating "The things that are nearest to us are the things that are the easiest to discuss." He drew us a picture of the average student in the University attiring himself in the garb of a co-ed, and told us of the disadvantages, principally that one would have to rise about five minutes earlier to adorn themselves in female apparel. This point obviously served greatly to swing opinion to his side. He continued to describe articles of female apparel ending up with uncomplimentary comments about the mode in women's hats.

The second speaker was the leader of the negative, E. S. Davis, and from the moment he rose the audience realized that his arguments would prove interesting, for he blushed before he had said a word. His arguments in favor of women's clothes were that in the first place men got

their clothes from women, women being the first to wear trousers.

The high point of the debate was the talk given by Starnes, the second speaker of the affirmative. He had the spirit of the affair. He explained how trousers would camouflage the curse of "cavalry men's legs," and stated that there were a number of women who would benefit from wearing this article of men's dress. His arguments concluded with an enumeration of the advantages of the pyjamas over the nightdress.

Westgate, the second speaker on the negative side, told us that the constant changing of women's dress was due to the fact that they were sensitive to the necessity of change whereas men were not.

The last speaker of the Arts team was Geoff Murray who told us how much more practical man's dress was as compared to woman's both in cost and in durability, and showed how man's lack of desire to be different allowed manufacturers to supply clothes in bulk, and thus at a cheaper rate.

Robinson, the last speaker for the negative, approached the subject with the aid of a copy of "The Rotarian" from which he read quotations several times to prove that women's dress is more suitable to her than is man's evening dress, both from the point of view of convenience and comfort. He told us much of the zipper which he claims will cut

down the length of time required by a woman to dress.

There were two short rebuttals by the leaders of the negative and affirmative team respectively. The decision was given to Arts by the judges, the Dean of Divinity, the warden of the Divinity house, and Professor Boothroyd.

P. D. G.

N. D. Pilcher

The Political Discussion Group has not blossomed forth as we might well expect it to do in these stirring times. While our freedom is being taken away from us and while our decadent civilization appears to draw near to its appointed end, we complacently regard the scene of war and struggle with the hope that somehow we shall escape it all.

In a recent news bulletin of the N.F.C.U.S. there is an article by that venerable gentleman Mr. J. S. Woodsworth, M.P., the leader of the Co-operative Commonwealth Federation. He points out with what misgivings the youth of Canada at present regard politics. Mr. Woodsworth urges university men and women "to throw themselves into a political campaign to save Canada." He believes that twenty high-minded, capable, young Canadians could do the job. Would that Bishop's could be represented among the twenty! A new dawn appears to be breaking in Canada. Soon our youth will regard politics with deep interest and some will choose it as a definite career.

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SPORT FROM THE SIDELINES

RUGBY

The Sherbrooke Game

Although some onlookers blamed the absence of that famous undernourished pig, which so audibly graced the sidelines in the first game against Sherbrooke, for the loss of the return encounter by a score of 21-1, when a really close tussle was expected, it would be more accurate to say that it was the College's inability to play heady football and capitalize on their opportunities, when their opponents were making full use of all the breaks that came their way, which made for the rather one-sided count. That the game was more even than the score would indicate is proved by the statistics which show that even though Jackson of Sherbrooke averaged fifty-one yards on his kicks, against a meagre thirty-five yards by Bishop's, yet the latter held a slight edge in gains from scrimmage and in the running back of kicks. Sherbrooke lost no time in breaking into the scoring columns, registering a safety touch on the opening kick-off. After two Bishop's plunges had failed to gain any ground when the ball was re-scrimmaged on the twenty-five yard line, an exchange of kicks pushed the College back to their goal line, and ultimately gave Sherbrooke possession on the fifteen, from where a Jackson to Bozer forward resulted in an unconverted Sherbrooke touchdown, making the score 7-0. Play see-sawed about mid-field until the end of the quarter, when Sherbrooke began to hit their stride with a series of ground gaining plays, which took them down to the Bishop's five-yard line, where a fumble prevented them from scoring another touch before the half-time whistle sounded.

A forward passing and kicking attack opened the second-half Sherbrooke offensive, and added another point to the score when Knox was rouged behind the line; but Bishop's was quick to retaliate with a downfield march of their own, which began on their 25-yard line and ended up on the Sherbrooke 25, on a thirty-yard broken field run by Gray, and on powerful plunging by Carter and Greenwood which moved the yardsticks twice. A Bishop's forward pass from this point was intercepted by Fuller of Sherbrooke who ran 85 yards for another of those gift touchdowns, which was converted by Jackson to make the score 14-0. The kick-off that followed went to the Sherbrooke fifteen, from where Jackson loosed a prodigious kick that

travelled 70 yards in the air, and rolled 20 more right down to the Bishop's goal mouth. Bennett returned to the forty, and Carter intercepted a Sherbrooke forward as the fourth quarter opened.

Shortly afterwards an incomplete forward pass, attempted on third down, gave Sherbrooke possession on their fifty, and a forty-five yard run by Sinclair brought the play to the 15, from where Jackson's attempted field goal resulted in another single. This was followed up by an exchange of kicks on which Sherbrooke advanced well down into Bishop's territory, a gain which was culminated by a beautiful Jackson to Miller forward, good for their last major score of the game, making the count 21-0. Bishop's kick-off after this touchdown went almost to the goal line and Jackson returned to the fifty; from this point Gray kicked a beautiful rouge for a solitary purple and white score, a face-saving tally, since it averted a second shut-out against the Sherbrooke team. As is quite commonly the case with Bishop's squads, the play of the team in this game was featured by its ups and downs, with an emphasis on the latter, which accounts as much as anything else, including the Sherbrooke outfit, for the rather dismal defeat.



The Loyola Game

The pocketbooks of overconfident Bishop's supporters, who went in for this traditional week-end, took just as bad a beating as the team itself, when the latter went down to a 26 to 7 defeat at the hands of their arch rivals, in a game witnessed by over a 1000 spectators. For a change it was Bishop's who opened the scoring, and it was early in the first quarter when Gray scooped up a Loyola kick and ran 45 yards, through half the maroon and white team, for an unconverted touchdown, while Bishop's followers went slightly mad: for a time it looked as the college might increase their lead, but Loyola soon started something of a comeback and edged their way to the Bishop's forty, from where Veilleux kicked a rouge to make the score 5 to 1. With a following wind at their backs, which they failed to take full advantage of, Bishop's now advanced the ball into Loyola territory, only to have this gain reversed on a fumble, that along with powerful plunging by the Maroon team, put them into position to score a single, quickly followed by another, on kicks to the deadline by Kane. After an exchange of kicks had forced the college to their one-

yard line, Loyola recovered a fumble, and Shaughnessey on his second attempt plunged through the line for the first of the three touchdowns he made during the game, giving Loyola a half-time lead of 9 to 5.

In the third quarter, by kicking on first and second down with the wind at their backs, Loyola made tremendous gains, which Shaughnessey followed up by a 30-yard pass to Tyler, and a 15-yard run around the end for an unconverted touchdown. Shortly afterwards Pare for Loyola dashed in to intercept a Bishop's lateral to the end man on an extension play, and ran 25 yards for another touch; this was yet another of those silver platter scoring efforts, but it was converted to give them a 20 to 5 lead as the fourth quarter opened with Bennett kicking a rouge for Bishop's. Loyola was not yet finished however; Asselin ran back a Bishop's kick for thirty yards, Tyler went through the line for yards, and on the next play Shaughnessey went around the right end to complete the distance to goal line, scoring a converted touch. The College kept on persevering however, and before the end of the game fought their way to the 45-yard line, from where Bennett hoisted a beautiful kick, that rolled to the deadline, making the score 26 to 7 as the whistle sounded to end the worst trimming in actual play that the College has suffered this year; and so some of those graduates attending the game had no choice but to drown their sorrows while the rest of them began talking loudly about that Loyola game of two years ago.

The McGill Game

Since no one expected Bishop's to do anything against McGill except heave a lot of forward passes, there was little occasion for surprise when the team ended up on the wrong end of a 21 to 1 score. The College started off in fine fashion, however, moving the yardsticks twice after receiving the kickoff, but McGill retaliated quickly on two successive first downs, registered by Sylvester and Neil, and a thirty-yard end run which put them well down into purple and white territory, and enabled Sylvester, after an exchange of kicks had gained still further yardage, to plunge over for McGill's first major score from the 10-yard line. Perhaps the cold weather was responsible for the numerous Bishop's fumbles that followed a McGill rouge by Foster, but at any rate the first of these paved the way for the second Red and White touchdown on a series of forward passes carried out before the halftime whistle.

McGill lost no time in picking up from where it had left off, with Foster kicking a single after a Bishop's fumble had given the Red and White team the ball on the forty-yard line. A twenty-yard gain on an extension play, and a long Foster-to-Ross forward followed by a lateral to Nussbaum, gave McGill another touchdown when the latter

went over the line standing up. On the kickoff after the score Scott booted the ball almost to the deadline, and Foster who received the kick, was rouged before he could run it out; and thus the first point registered against McGill this season was made. But the latter continued their powerful offensive with the opening of the fourth quarter, and completely dominated the play in this session, intercepting several desperate forward passing attempts by Bishop's. McGill followed up one of these interceptions on the College's twenty-yard mark, by two end runs which took them to the five-yard line, from where after two unsuccessful plunges, Ross carried the ball over the line on a quarter-back sneak, for the fourth and final major score, and the whistle blew shortly afterwards to end the game with McGill in possession on Bishop's ten-yard line. The McGill Daily said of the game: "at no time could the blue and white team challenge the supremacy of their opponents"; except for reminding the writer that it was not this Freshman team that cleaned up on Varsity, need we say more?

The Macdonald Game

For the third consecutive time the Aggies came from behind, when they had seemingly lost the game, to nose out the College this time by a score of 2 to 1, and the writer hopes that the hockey season will give him an opportunity to record some Purple and White victories in this 44-year-old publication which is accustomed to register far more wins than defeats.

Football Post-Mortem—

On the theory that a sleeping dog, put to bed by a very tame Rugby banquet, should not be awakened, we will let future bull sessions thresh out the good and bad points of a disappointing season, and as always, look forward to future years for more successful gridiron campaigns.

INTER-YEAR RUGBY

As the challenge of the Third Year powerhouse was not taken up by either the Freshmen or Second Year there were no Inter-Year rugby games played this autumn, and so the graduating class will have to be satisfied with looking forward to a win in the Inter-Year hockey competition, which they were prevented from winning last winter by rather dubious means.



GOLF

Another grand golfing season has passed for those divot makers unfortunate to live in this part of the country, and so we will have to content ourselves with taking old man par for a verbal beating, whenever post-mortems are held over the highlights of the past season, and visions of greater golfing prowess during the next year are brought to mind. But despite the fact that the golfing season is over, those interested in the Royal and Ancient sport are optimistic over its future prospects at Bishop's, since the golf tournament almost reached the semi-finals this year, and except for a little matter of the flags being removed and the holes filled in, might have been finished by the end of November. This indicates that it is not altogether unjustifiable to hope that some year it may be concluded. The only way that the Meredith Cup can be won by someone this year will be to adopt Professor Boothroyd's suggestion that the remaining matches be played next term on snowshoes; at least, as he points out, there will be no rough to get out of. Failing this Oswald Fyfe, A. V. L. Mills, Ian MacLean, Jeff Scott, and W. Lunderville, who still remain in the hunt, will try to contend for honours in the summer when four-fifths of the students do four-fifths of their annual work, and thus make any organized sport almost impossible. So the Meredith Cup still reposes in all its state and dust, under lock and key in a niche in the Reception Room, where it has remained for quite some time, the last occasion on which it left its stand being two years ago, when it was presented to the last winner, and then returned to its hiding place within five minutes. Since T. C. Stevens has practically promised to speak on "Future Trends in Golfing Fashions," Owen Carter on "The Preservation of Our Golfing Democracy," and R. A. Rivett on "How Liquor Has Influenced My Golf," it is suggested that a golfing banquet be held early next term for all those who are interested, either in golf itself, or in the subjects to be discussed.

SOCCER

S. J. D.

This seems to be Bishop's bad year in the field sports, but such cycles hit every team that has produced champions in the past. We have not been able to produce any victories from our soccer bag o' tricks, but we have had some very close games, and always finished with plenty of spirit.

Last year we were fortunate enough to get uniforms; this year we entered a league. Cookshire and Lennoxville were our rivals. We played two games against each team losing to Lennoxville 2-0 on both occasions and to Cookshire by scores of 2-1 and 1-0. The scores indicate the



closeness of the play. Our bitterest disappointment was losing the last game to Cookshire—we had slightly more of the play than they did and almost scored on several occasions—we hoped to get at least one point, but fate was against us and with two minutes to go Cookshire scored.

Lennoxville won the league and the trophy. Those who can play for Bishop's next year are looking forward with high hopes for more tough games.

It would be difficult to pick out any stars in the team, because everybody played as well as they could for the full ninety minutes of every game. Barclay Westgate was a great source of strength in the first three games—unfortunately the old injury to his knee prevented him playing in the last game. Walter Wood played well in goal especially in the last game. Fred Bunbury was a capable manager and arranged all the details of games in a satisfactory manner. We hope, this year, to be able to present crests to those who have played in three league games.

The Team: W. Wood, A. Craig, W. Neilson, F. Bunbury, S. J. Davies, D. McDougall, H. Mortimer, G. Temple, B. Westgate, H. Holden, P. Edgell; subs: J. Wright, D. Patterson, J. Patterson, F. Lyster, J. Scott.

Final League Table

	P	W	L	D	F	A	Pts.
Lennoxville	4	4	0	0	10	3	8
Cookshire	4	2	2	0	6	7	4
Bishop's	4	0	4	0	1	7	0

ROAD RACE

Although each of the five members of the Second Year team was supposedly able to run a mile in less than five minutes, yet First Year came in the winner by a considerable margin, in a five-mile inter-year relay race held here on November 13, proving that hot air cannot win a contest of this sort. It was the Freshmen who proved themselves the ablest mountain goats, by the way in which they manoeuvred the hilly course, and who are thus daily ex-

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pected to endorse the sodden cereal they eat for breakfast. So the Dunn Cup, emblematic of their victory, which has for several years reposed in all its tarnished glory under lock and key, deservedly goes to a First Year team composed of E. G. Smith, Schock, Walters, Tulk, and Cooper. A view of the fifteen contestants, straggling in at widely separated intervals, and clad in a ghastly variety of colours, gave rise to the thought that there were several who would find themselves at home in the cavalry. The run itself was just as much a test of endurance as actual speed, and as soon as the race was over most of the competitors began a hearty meal while the rest did just the opposite, if you get what we mean.

BASKETBALL

We asked our plump basketball manager the other day for a statement about the prospects of this year's team. He seemed very enthusiastic, which is unusual for anyone connected with sports at the College this year, and prophesied a successful season for his charges, who have already gone down to a 44-30 defeat against a combination of the Y. M. C. A. Blues and Reds. As he points out the former were last year's champions and were augmented in this game; so he sees in the close score of this encounter a token that basketball may have a moderately successful year, although he very wisely wants it understood that he is not prepared to make any great predictions, and suffer the fate of those over optimistic football prophets. We also understand that a few players who made the team when interest in the game was slack will be forced to earn their places this year. And who is the unsuspecting fellow who has taken on the task of teaching our female basketball team the finer points of the sport?

BADMINTON

Laughter! Tumult! Disorder! What is it? No it's not the McGill team attending a Bishop's tea dance—It's only the vice-President of the Students' Council presiding over a badminton meeting held in the middle of November, to decide as to who should rule over the destinies of this sport for the coming year. To start off proceedings Mr. Stevens was asked to leave the gathering, and then a badminton committee proposed by the Students' Council and consisting of Prof. Elton Scott, Miss A. R. MacDougall and Miss F. E. Baker, J. M. Gibeau and W. L. Delaney was elected by those present. Now that badminton is in full swing, perhaps the Christmas examinations explain why the Professors are to be seen walking off the courts with smiles of victory on their faces more often than usual. As customary it is planned to send a team to outlying districts, but we hear that the girls will be left behind unless they are willing to

pay their expenses, which shows what an evil effect this generation is having on the principles of badminton chivalry.

SKIING

Although it is the most neglected of all minor sports at Bishop's, which is saying a lot, skiing seems destined to become far more popular this year since great interest has been evinced in it already. With almost thirty devotees having declared their willingness to organize some sort of a club here, there is no reason why skiing cannot usurp the place of badminton as the most popular minor winter sport at the College. Since this pastime ranks as a major activity at most Canadian colleges it is hoped that it will get suitable recognition and attention at Bishop's. It has been aptly suggested that a skiing week-end be held sometime this winter at a nearby resort, perhaps in the White Mountains, since they are so convenient, for everyone who has ever hobbled about on skis, or even for those who can provide a couple of old tennis racquets for use as snowshoes. Anyone who has been on one of these trips can vouch for the fact that there is more to them than meets the eye.

HOCKEY

With the end of the examinations at hand, or with Christmas just a few days off, depending on whether it takes three or four weeks to print the *Mitre*, it is only natural that we should come to think once more of Canada's national sport. Muffled curses emanating from the battered old rink remind us that its able caretaker, Mr. Lefty Merrill, sixty-odd years young, is hard at work until early in the morning, freezing his whiskers and trying to produce a sheet of ice that will measure up to the high standards he has set and maintained for over a quarter of a century at Bishop's. Our debonair young hockey manager, before retiring into his northern wilderness, repeats the familiar statement that a successful season is in the offing. But either he is very convincing or else there is something to what he says; it is somehow assuring to think that over twenty candidates are turning out for Junior hockey, and that quite a few of last year's Intermediate team will again be in evidence. Let us hope that quantity goes hand in hand with quality because we understand that there will be enough goalkeepers to fill half a dozen nets, while on defence we have that stalwart orator and resolute law defier, John Starnes, from last winter's squad, the ancient capital's blond hope, Le Mez. Carter, and that "veteran breaker of more things than rugby lines," Jack Martin. For the forward line are available captain Dago Knox, who we hope will have more success with a forest of sticks this winter than he did in the summer, those wild westerners, the Paterson brothers, and Norman Goff, that musical

member of third year, all with the 1937 outfit. The rest of the team will be composed of any especially able members of previous Junior squads, of those Freshmen who can prove themselves above the task of cleaning the ice, and that Divine odour from East Angus, Barclay Westgate, a likeable member of that town's hockey team which did so well last year. All players are to be divorced from the elements which do not make for good condition but for good times after New Year's Eve. The manager himself is going on a diet of raw fish so that he may be able to use his vocal chords to better effect from his position on the warmest part of the bench. So it looks to us as though, while Bishop's will not have a championship team, they will at least not stray into that cellar position with which some of our teams have been all too familiar.

TABLE TENNIS

Ping-pong is now hitting its stride at Bishop's since four bats have already been stolen and one broken over the table. The inter-building tournaments have been going strong this autumn, but the consistent victories of the New Arts representative over T. C. Stevens, who is doing his best to uphold the reputation of the Old Arts in indoor athletes, have made the competitions somewhat monotonous. It is announced that a ping-pong tournament will be held sometime next term if any opposition can be provided for the New Arts players; if not this building will hold a competition of its own. The vice-president of the Students' Council still refuses to believe that that golf field day was not a financial success, and so he has spurned the kind offers of its able sponsors to organize the ping-pong contest, and will conduct the affair himself; he has already expressed the hope for many entrance fees.



EXCHANGES

It has been noticed before that at this time of the year the Exchange Department has had little work to do, the reason being that not many college magazines are published in the early months of the term. As there have been very few magazines received during the present term, our interests are, of necessity, monopolized by college newspapers—dailies, weeklies, and semi-weeklies.

The "McGill Daily," the most regular of the newspaper is, as usual, filled with articles of interest to us. Perhaps the one which created the greatest stir amongst the residents of Bishop's was the editorial "Years of Discretion." One feels that enough has been said about this article, but some statements certainly could well be used to describe resident life at U. B. C. Says the "Daily": "Smaller universities are the worst offenders. Their officials seem to have a downright distrust of human nature. The college student is frequently treated as if he were a smutty-faced, little prep-school kid." However this article points out to us that there are many universities which treat their students far worse than we realize, and compared to them we get off very well at Bishop's. A university in Texas forbids smoking, dancing, drinking, gambling, betting, attendance of movies, co-eds' use of cosmetics, and even organized sports and games. And so we see that the conditions here are not so bad after all, even if sometimes we are made out to be school children under the guidance of a few who see that we don't do what we shouldn't.

In reply to the banning of the picture "The Life of Emile Zola" by the Board of Censors of the Province of Quebec, the McGill Social Problems Club has drawn up a resolution, which should not be considered unreasonable in a democratic country, to be presented to the Board of Censors. In the resolution they point out that: Whereas the picture contains no scenes offensive to any religious or political group; whereas most reviewers consider the picture highly artistic and educational; whereas the picture has been approved in U.S.A., England and the rest of Canada; and whereas no explanation of the ban was given, the Board should reconsider their decision. All those who have read this article will agree with me that the Social Problems Club should be encouraged as far as possible in this matter. The picture is undoubtedly one of the finest productions of the year, and has a considerable educational value. The banning of this film will cause just as much harm as good. There are many thousands in this province, including our handful at Bishop's, who are disgusted with

the Board of Censors and who shall be greatly disappointed in having to miss this highlight of the 1937 film productions.

The Gateway from the University of Alberta must be congratulated for its fine variety of articles in which we always find plenty of humor. Almost every college paper in the Dominion has been recopying from this paper an article entitled "The Chemical Composition of Women". It is impossible to reprint all of it, but here are a few extracts: The element Women is found in the human family, and has been assigned the symbol WO. The accepted atomic weight is 120, but isotopes have been identified having a number of weights ranging from 95 to 400. It is abundant in nature, usually associated with Man.

Physical Properties: The colour exhibited by many specimens is a surface phenomenon, and is usually due to a closely adhering powder. It has been found that an unpolished specimen tends to turn green in the presence of a highly polished one. The boiling point of some varieties is quite low, while others are likely to freeze at any moment. All varieties melt under proper treatment.

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Here's news for the science students . . . The Gateway says that, according to the Bureau of Educational Surveys, Organic Chemistry is the hardest subject of a college course. "According to the study, science courses as a group are a major source of difficulty, with history, particularly ancient, medieval, and European, not far behind. Study of Shakespeare's plays rates 'hardest' of the English literature courses. The subjects most baffling, in order of their difficulty, are: Organic chemistry, statistics, physics, general psychology, inorganic chemistry, economics, political sci-

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ence, general biology, history of middle ages, history of Europe, English literature." Now we are convinced that Divinity students have a cinch course!

The Queen's University Journal reprints an article on "The Originality of Dartmouth Students" which gives some points brought out at a quiz at that university. The subject was the Japanese invasion of China. The opinions of the students were divided; some were for China, others for Japan. One student said that we should let Japan go ahead because in former years other countries have expanded their empires by similar methods. Another said that since the yellow races multiplied as fast as white rats, the only solution as far as he could see, was birth control or war every twenty years or so, and since it isn't birth control, it's war.

Now that all controversy on Freshman Rules has died down we find from the Queen's Journal that Queen's has revived freshman regulations. At the beginning of this year Queen's abolished all freshman regulations, but in the middle of last month they realized the error of their ways, and so the freshmen must now don their regalia and bow to Seniors. The Seniors of Queen's realized that freshman rules are the only way to control the unruly first year. So, better late than never, its freshman rules once more at Queen's.

The editor of The Silhouette, a small publication from McMaster University, makes use of his sense of humour in: "College men go through hectic cycles. As freshmen they are dumb and they know it. As sophomores they don't know it but they are still dumb. Upon turning to juniorhood their professors proclaim they are dumb but they don't care. In the senior year, they think the professors are dumb, and the professors don't care."

In The Manitoban there was an intelligent editorial entitled "Armistice Day—A Condemnation and A Defence." In the condemnation the writer says that since the war humans have formed a habit of building monuments to their mistakes. "Why the day on which a starving and prostrate nation was finally brought to her knees should be celebrated we do not know. Armistice is the day on which the soldier tries to gloss over the horrors of war. The families of those men whom he forced to live like vermin, he tries to satisfy, by telling them that their loved ones made the supreme sacrifice. The sacrifice was useless for the war destroyed but gained nothing. The soldier needs Armistice day to commend himself. The soldier is destructive, the pacifist constructive. The pacifist does not always love mankind but he does not hate him enough to kill him. It will be a new mortality when people begin to attend to the big things, rather than the infinitesimal."

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In the Defence it is stated that the history of the last twenty years has the appearance of futility, inspired leadership that has mislead its followers and failed in its aims. "No longer can we call it an armistice day—that aspect has ceased to have any practical value, but we can observe it as a remembrance day for those unfortunate idealists who believed they were contributing to the building of a new world. Neither were they entirely mistaken: the fault lies not wholly with their generation. Weakness and indecision in the modern race of peace seekers and negative submissiveness is now the trouble. Our purpose is not served by saying that they died in vain or by regretting objectively to the futility of their death. If this is all we can do to show that we appreciate the value of their idealism we must have become sadly degraded. It is up to us to do all we can to prevent war, actively and passionately, with a forward policy of enlightened international co-operation, and we must realise that in the last analysis we may find it necessary to fight for our own security—and hope to God that it will not be in our generation."

A little magazine "Acadia Athenaeum" from Acadia University is the best magazine we have received among recent Exchanges. It contains a well-balanced amount of material with good write-ups of the college activities and also fine articles of literary nature.

The *Mitre* acknowledges with thanks the receipt of the following publications:

Acadia Athenaeum, Acadia University, Wolfville, N.S.
King's College Record, King's College, Halifax.
The Record, T.C.S., Port Hope, Ont.
Technique, Ecole Technique de Montreal.
College Cord, Waterloo College, Waterloo, Ont.
The Xaverian Weekly, St. Francois Xavier University,
Antigonish.

College Echoes, University of St. Andrew's, Scotland.
The U. C. Tattle, University of Cape Town, South Africa.
The McGill Daily, Montreal.
The Baits Student, Lewiston, Maine.
The Brunswickan, U. of N. B., Fredericton.
The Ubysey, U. of B. C., Vancouver.
The Manitoban, University of Manitoba, Winnipeg.
Dalhousie Gazette, Dalhousie U., Halifax.
The Argosy, Mt. Allison U., N.B.
The Gateway, U. of Alberta, Edmonton.
The Gryphon, U. of Leeds, Eng.
The Queen's Journal, Kingston.
The Varsity, U. of Toronto.
L'Hebdo Laval, Laval U., Quebec.
Loyola College Review, Montreal.
The Quill, Brandon College, Man.
The Silhouette, McMaster College, Hamilton.

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GRADUATES

"... to give some information about the graduates is the purpose of this column!" But when little or no information is available, the column fails hopelessly in its purpose, and might as well be excluded from the pages of the *Mitre*. For this issue we have some material, but unless a great deal of information is received before the February issue, we fear it will contain no column for graduates.

In view of the seriousness of this situation I beseech you grads to send in any and all information you can gather about other grads and former members of your own class. Since so many of them are at present living in Canada (many even in Quebec), the task should not be too Herculean. . . . *Merry Christmas*.

The Rev'd Canon E. R. ROY, M.A., L.S.T., '99, has been appointed rector of Waterville, and will also be in charge of North Hatley and Hatley.

We extend our congratulations to the Rev'd Canon R. H. WATERMAN, B.A. '14, B.D., who has been appointed Dean of the Niagara Diocese.

A. K. AMES, B.A., '34, has gone to England to take post-graduate work at the University of Leeds.

GEORGE WHALLEY, B.A. '35, has recovered from a partial concussion which he received last spring. He rowed on the Oriel College eight '37, and has every chance of making next year's Oxford eight. He spent the summer at the Scout Jamboree, Holland, on the Norfolk Broads, and in the Black Forest, Germany, and will be home for Christmas.

W. J. W. HODGINS, B.A. D.D.S. '33, has associated himself with Drs. Wilkinson, Flanagan and Bell in the practice of dentistry at 1224 St. Catherine St. West, Montreal.

Miss GERALDINE LANE, B.A. '36, has received the appointment of Principal of the high school at Inverness, Que.

The Rev'd W. H. KING, B.A. '37, is a junior curate on a staff of five in a parish in the East end of London. His address is: The Rector, White Horse Lane, Stepney, London E. 1.

WILLIAM MITCHELL, B.A., B.C.L. '31, is now living at 5580 Bradford Place, N.D.G., Montreal.

J. H. JEFFERIES, M.A., PH.D. '27, is Vice-Principal of Crescent School, Toronto. His address is Apt. 28, 135 Yorkville Ave., Toronto.

Mr. HAMILTON RYDER, B.A. '26, and Mrs. Ryder (Miss MARGARET FULLER, B.A. '27) have left Waterville for St. Hyacinthe, where Mr. Ryder has joined the staff of a large

manufacturing plant.

GERALD CAMERON, B.A. '34, is taking his M.A. in Speech at Columbia University, New York. He has also secured a position with Labor Stage, and is stage manager of a new play "Pins and Needles" which will be produced shortly.

H. BRUCE MUNRO, B.A. '34, has been appointed one of the governors of the Sherbrooke Hospital.

D. B. AMES, M.A. '29, PH.D. (Yale), has been promoted Assistant Prof. of Mathematics at the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, Troy, N.Y.

REG. TURPIN, B.A. '37, has joined the staff of the Ste. Anne Paper Co. Ltd., and is working in the control room.

Rev'd J. BARNETT, L.S.T. '29, former curate of the Quebec Cathedral, is now rector of Maple Grove, Quebec.

Rev'd E. C. ROYLE, L.S.T. '36, sailed recently to England for a holiday trip.

D. H. COHOON, B.A. '36, is in the employment of the Superheater Co., Sherbrooke, Que.

K. H. ANNETT, B.A. '37, who has just recovered from ill health, is at his home in Gaspé, Que.

A. P. BISSENETT, B.A. '36, is in the employment of the Shawinigan Power Co. He is stationed in Montreal.

L. P. McMAHON, B.A. '37, is now studying Medicine at Laval University.

H. B. MILLAR, B.A. '36, M.A. '37, was a recent visitor at the college. He was stationed at Eganville, Ont., in the Ottawa Diocese, for the month of October, and is now curate of St. John's Church, Smith Falls, Ontario.

J. MITTLEMAN, B.A. '37, is in the employment of the S. Ruben Co., Sherbrooke, Que.

Rev'd RUSSELL BROWN, B.A. '33, has charge of the Missionary work in the Peace River district at Fort St. John, in northern British Columbia.

JOHN MICHAELS, B.A. '35, after spending several months in Palestine, is now residing in London, Eng.

ALBERT BALDWIN, M. '33, '34, had charge of the mission of Bala in the Diocese of Algoma during the summer months. He will spend the winter at Bracebridge, and hopes to return here next autumn.

Among the recent visitors at Bishop's was the Rev. G. W. CARSON, M. '22, who is now rector of the parish of Leeds, Ontario.

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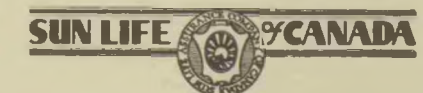
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