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The Mitre

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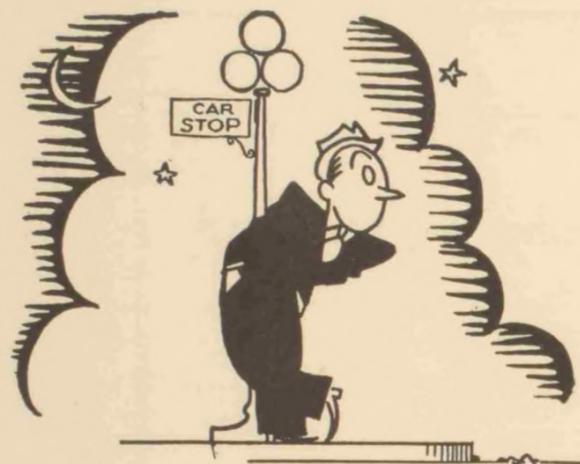


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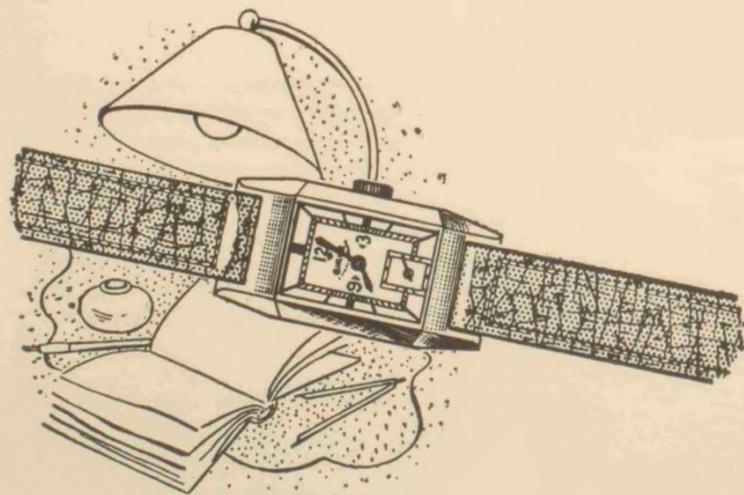
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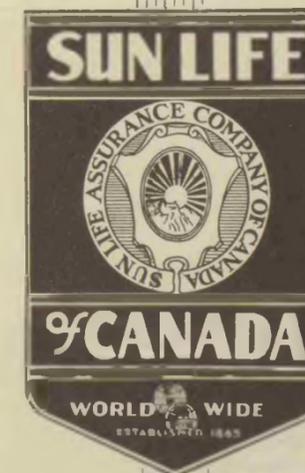
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IN MEMORIAM

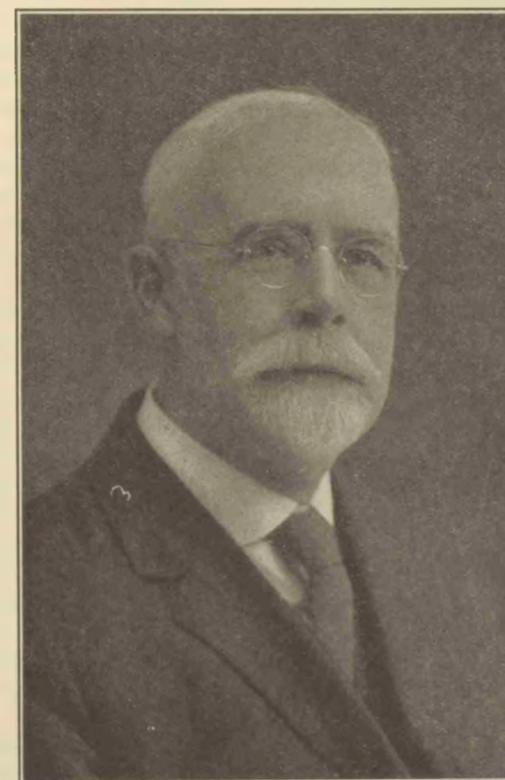
We dedicate this *Mitre* to the memory of Rev. Dr. Richard Arthur Parrock who died in a New York hospital a few weeks ago, and who for a quarter of a century served this University faithfully, half this period as Principal and Vice-Chancellor, and the whole of it as Professor of Classics.

While Professor of Classics, he raised funds for building the Vice-Principal's house. On his appointment as Principal, considerable advances were made. The number of lecturers on the staff was increased by two; a new lodge for the principal was built; the Old Lodge put in readiness for the accommodation of a lecturer and several students; the present Library was erected, and a very considerable increase was made in the University Endowment funds. However, Dr. Parrock's crowning achievement (that which ought briefly to be remembered, and yet to which reference is seldom made) can not be represented in terms of bricks and mortar, or even of dollars and cents. In 1915 nearly all the male students of military age enlisted in the new Sherbrooke regiment, the 5th Mounted Rifles; and over eighty per cent of these were found physically fit; most of them passed out of the picture as far as the University was concerned. Naturally, the fortunes of the institution were at the lowest ebb. On the other hand, the School, then occupying the building now called the New Arts, was in a highly flourishing condition, the entry large, and added accommodation imperative. In fact, temporary arrangements were made for a number of the boys to occupy the top storey of the Old Arts building.

At this juncture, an offer was made by certain interests on behalf of the Bishop's College School, to take over on a ninety-nine year lease, all the land and buildings along the college driveway, including Harrold Lodge — together with the football grounds and the tennis courts beyond them; all this for a financial consideration amounting to little more than the cost of the fire-insurance premiums on the properties concerned.

This truly remarkable proposition the principal fought tooth-and-nail; the War could not last for ever, the University would recover lost ground, the old established seat of higher learning in these Eastern Townships would still have its mission to fulfil.

It was Dr. Parrock's courageous stand that alone saved this institution not merely from humiliation, but from utter extinction. All the development that has taken place, or that may in the future take place under the present prin-



cipal would have been quite impossible of fulfilment if our good friend had shirked his duty at this crisis, had given away one step. As it was, with all that he could do, so gloomy was the outlook, and so discouraged were the members of the governing body, that the offer I have outlined was rejected by the precarious but all-important margin of a single vote. How much depended on that vote the authorities of neither school nor University had more than a vague idea. Within twenty-four hours of this seemingly adverse vote the site of the present splendid buildings on the other side of the St. Francis had quite definitely been selected. And in April 1916 the first sod was turned. Moreover, and this is especially noteworthy, while the common traditions and all points of friendly contact remained unchanged, all possible conflicts between these two sister institutions were re-

moved at one stroke. Bishop's College School, then, like the University has every reason to honour the memory of Richard Arthur Parrock. Were this the only great success he ever achieved in his whole career of forty-two years as professor in Canada and the United States, it would have sufficed to have conferred distinction. As members of this University we gladly recognize the greatness of her indebtedness to Dr. Parrock, and offer our personal tribute of respect and affection.

To his widow, Mrs. Annie Parrock, and their three daughters, we offer our sincerest condolences in this their hour of bereavement.

EDITORIAL

1938, another term—and this little world of Bishop's is still going strong in its 95th year. Even as the great world outside has had its wars and rumours of wars, its incidents, its constitutional and economical crises, so we too have had our feuds, our famines and our droughts, our ultimatums, our explosions and conflagrations, our strikes—walkout and stayin—our political prisoners, our dictatorial purges, our exiles, our defeats and our victories. But let us not carry this simile too far. Though the great world outside "drive on to destruction," let Bishop's break away from the spirit of unrest and discontent that made real honest-to-goodness work an impossibility last term.

Banish superstition! Away with those who look askance at the precarious state of the new bridge, those who saw ill omens in the tragic Ste. Hyacinthe fire. Already the doubtful student opinion of the hockey team as evinced in this month's Student Poll, has been triumphantly squelched by the magnificent fight with the U. of M. It is unfortunate that matches with this team should have passed from the "game" classification. We feel that here is a subject for ominous speculation.

And in the matter of freshmen. Far be it from us to wish to restore the Reign of Terror, but we feel that a certain mode of conduct is to be expected even from emancipated lowly worms. Our freshmen are charming fellows, but their disregard for the ancient customs of precedence

and duties, and their slovenly behaviour (surely bad manners in chapel are a prerogative of mighty seniors) combine to make a bad impression.

The Editor's frenzied appeal to the co-eds in the last *Mitre* was, as usual, ignored, except by the old dependables. We refer their uninspired sistrum to the splendid work on pages 19 & 20. Having attended the annual Divine Comedy in the rink, we wonder if uninspired is quite the right word.

The Day Students have got under way at last with two welcome spots of fiction. We hope they will set a productive pace for their cohorts.

The many closed books behind an ever closed door have been brought temporarily to the light of day by Dr. Owen's interesting article on page 9. A Bishop's graduate and a Sherbrooke resident, Mr. Neil Tracy, one of whose poems recently gained an honourable mention from the Canadian Authors Association, contributes on page 31.

Perhaps pages 24 and 25 may interest some of our readers. And if you have any choice snaps in your possession, don't forget to submit them to the Year Book committee.

Editors in general—a far seeing tribe—are fated never to be able to say a "thank you" without any "buts". So it is that we find ourselves anticipating the *contributions wanted* sign and saying with an itchy palm to all those who have contributed—"Thanks a lot, but don't forget us next April."
P. G. E.

THE MITRE SPEAKS

The Mitre, with uncertain strength
Wishes to talk to you at length;
It mutters with a wheezy gasp,
"Don't let your reach exceed your grasp.
"You criticize my contents, yes,
"And yet you really must confess
"You made me what I am today,
"Don't ask me how I got this way.

"If you would help me just a bit
"I'd change this state, get out of it
"And grow into a stronger form,
"Through efforts of the 'Lowly Worm',
"Goodness knows, I'd like a change
"But that's one thing I can't arrange.
"If you aspire to fame and glory
"Just write it down, I'll use your story."

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR I

To the Editor of the *Mitre*.

Dear Sir:

As individuals we students are usually very careful about matters financial but as a group we are often oblivious of the financial condition of our corporately operated institutions. Nevertheless sometimes we do become interested and, frankly, I am wondering what the financial account of the *Mitre* would look like. I am told she is a wealthy lady who has her own account from year to year apart from the activities of poorer institutions. I would humbly suggest that at least one edition each year should carry a financial statement. Perhaps the June issue would lend itself most conveniently to such a procedure.

Yours faithfully,

N. D. Pilcher.

St. Saviour's Mission, Wabamun, Alta.
December 1.

To the Editor of the *Mitre*.

Dear Editor:

I entertain the sneaking hope that this letter will find its way into the correspondence column of the University journal, if only for one reason. I have friends at Bishop's who expected to hear from me and have not heard. All in good faith but in ignorance of the kind of life I would be leading months hence, on all sides I made rash promises that I would write. I am therefore driven to adopt the expedient of cold impersonal print subject to the kind indulgence of that most formidable editorial body, the *Mitre* Board, which lies in wait with chilly zeal to rate me at five out of ten.

The recent *Mitre* seemed very good to me. So initiation received its coup de grace! And Bishop's really comes of age! I joy and rejoice with J. G. Whittall and other voices which once cried in the wilderness. It does look as if the long anticipated golden age has arrived, with the arrival of a new chef. To one such as myself, never blessed with over-strong digestive organs, it seems too good to be true that the former things have passed away. Although I always admitted a reluctant mental reservation that I should be sorry to see that arch-rascal Dewhurst gathered to his fathers; in my own time, at least.

Peter Edgell's account of the Jamboree in Holland was excellent. Did he meet, I wonder, George Whalley, Bishop's Rhodes Scholar (Arts '35), who turned to good account his enthusiasm and genius for scouting with the 1st Lennoxville Troop?

In answer to Mr. Pilcher's kindly inquiry into the financial position of the *Mitre* we wish to say that the Executive of the *Mitre* is directly responsible to the Students' Executive Council for all its finances. We have to submit a detailed account of *Mitre* finances to the Council at the end of each term. If the Executive sees fit they might publish a statement on the notice board of the Old Arts Building at the end of the year.

We might add that the *Mitre* is perhaps not so wealthy as Mr. Pilcher imagines; it is true that we have a credit balance, but that is held in reserve for emergencies. All the money we receive is used each year in printing and other costs. Thanking you for your inquiry.

S. J. Davies, President.

At the time of writing, George Mackey, last year's senior student, is on his way West to work the mission territory south of Lake Wabamun. It is a veritable Macedonia, crying out for someone to come over and help. To celebrate George's arrival, there will be a Bishop's banquet in Edmonton. The Rev. W. T. Elkin, L.S.T. '34, is to ring me when he arrives, and I will hasten hotfoot into town to wring his hand. We three will then eat at the Chinaman's on Jasper Avenue. Bill Elkin, the itinerating priest for the diocese, has been wonderfully decent to me. I cannot, of course, give communion and Bill has always patiently tackled the long trips involved in communicating my people. Some day the "high-ups" in the Church will tumble to the fact that they have all along been "spoiling the ship for a ha' p'orth of tar" by dropping napkinned inexperienced deacons into tough and isolated mission outposts, where there are only rare opportunities for communion. It is an anomalous and strange procedure on the part of a Church which professes the sacramental religion of Catholic Christianity. I am better off than most, since my base is only 42 miles from town, and I am near the Jasper highway.

I set out to tell you something about my job. The mission takes in about 1200 square miles of rolling foothill country, full of splendid lakes; cut through by rapid rivers which ultimately join the Athabaska; well-wooded and in part successfully farmed. It is a scout's paradise. Big game abounds. Blake Knox's graphic description of getting lost in the Ontario bush brings back painful memories of a night some weeks back, spent wandering round and round the Indian reserve. Three times I wandered back to the same point, a bluff above a swampy lake; each time I grew

more desperate. But it was child's play compared with "Dago's" perilous experience. I had been fooled by the multiplicity of trails, not by the lack of them; and by the driving rain. At least I was never off a trail.

There are four churches and two schoolhouses where services are held. Three of the churches are little gems. The fourth is a converted bunkhouse of the old Grand Trunk days. All the churches are spotlessly clean and quite well furnished.

The mission house, with its club room, and the church, with its children's chapel, attract a grand but hybrid collection of youngsters, including more than a sprinkling of Ukrainian and halfbreeds. I believe it would be politic to learn Ukrainian.

My great need today is that of books. Any Bishop's men who possess outgrown boys' annuals or other books of the Henty kind would be doing this mission the greatest service if they could be collected and freighted West, where they will take on a new lease of life and usefulness. In a community lacking the amenities taken for granted by the good people of Lennoxville, good reading matter for the children is essential and must be found by the Church.

Usually I spend half of the week away and half at the mission house. As an S. P. G. missionary I must keep out and about on the trail, tracking down isolated homesteaders, catechizing and instructing with the help of Harold Copping's splendid pictures of the Bible.

I do not share Sidney Davies' enthusiasm for milking, but I generally take off my coat when there are chores to be done. Then when the table has been cleared we hand out all the available Bibles and read together. The other day I came upon some parishioners in process of moving

their home. I fell to with a will, but proved a Jonah. The house fell too; slipped off the blocks and narrowly missed the small son and heir.

I have been able to ski for three weeks now. It has been snowing on and off since November the ninth. Last Thursday, with the thermometer registering 25° below, my car froze up and I was forced back by a bad drift. Next time I shall pack my skis.

Last week I married a couple. Before I could stop myself I had exhorted the man "to leave his wife and cleave to his father and mother"; a boner worthy of the best traditions of "1066 and All That". It was my first wedding, you understand and I was perhaps a little flustered.

The "Holy Rollers" have been evangelizing a certain district called Holly Springs, remarkable in that it possesses neither holly nor springs.

I came upon a farmer, reputed Anglican, stacking hay. I vaulted light-heartedly over the fence, and announced myself in friendly fashion as the Anglican missionary from Wabamun. His reflex was startling. He bared his teeth (such teeth!), raised his pitchfork in a very threatening manner, and snarled: "I - have - seen - the - Light!" strange conduct for one who had seen the light.

We have to contend with much of this. The "Church of God" is far more exclusive and intolerant than the Roman Church, whose priests have been very friendly towards the Anglican mission.

The question is: "Am I worth a contributor's copy of the *Mitre*?" It is worth trying. Meantime I withhold my subscription hopefully.

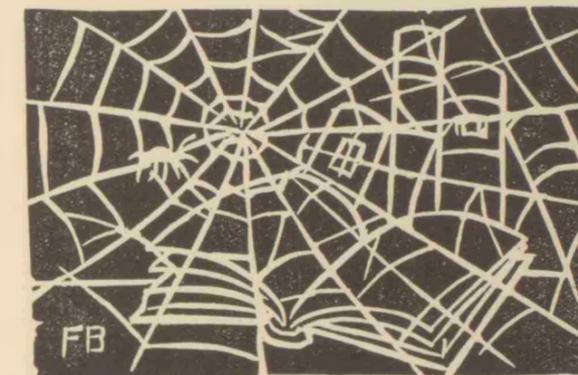
Yours sincerely,

Colin Cuttell.

Thoughts on the Completion of the "dummy"

And now to bed to rest my wearied limbs
And soothe my ceaseless brain in 'tempted slumber,
But though the body slacks, the spirit brims
And spills its teeming thoughts in countless number.

THE STACK-ROOM



How easy it is to exemplify the melancholy platitude that the light reading of yesterday becomes the heavy reading of today. How impossible it is for us at this date to recapture those delicious, ineffable sensations aroused in the bosoms of our great-grandparents by *The Heir of Redclyffe* or *Lady Audley's Secret*. Even *King Solomon's Mines* is known to the schoolboys of today merely as the name of a movie, and college students have the effrontery to expect some tangible recognition when they have ploughed their way through *The History of Mr. Polly*. Such being the fate that befalls the light reading of the days that are gone—if only just gone—how fatuous, one would suppose, must be the attempt to work up any enthusiasm over books that were intended in the first instance to provide our all too gullible forefathers with instruction and edification rather than with mere entertainment. And yet it must be obvious that this is precisely the kind of material that the serious student of the culture of any particular period must be concerned to investigate. To reconstruct the mentality of a bygone age it is not enough—often it is disastrous—to become familiar merely with its literary masterpieces or with its philosophical classics. The educated man of the days of Charles II no doubt found much to ponder over in *The Leviathan*, but so do we all; he could guffaw over *Hudibras*, snigger over *The Country Wife*, be dazzled by the brilliance of *MacFlecknoe*, and be intoxicated by the honied words of the lord bishop of Down and Connor. But Wycherley and Butler and Dryden and Jeremy Taylor had nothing exclusive in their appeal. That they flourished in a certain period is indeed of great significance, but we react to them today in much the same way as their contemporaries did. To learn about the idiosyncrasies of those contemporaries we must turn to the kind of reading that they did because they felt that they had to or because they wanted the latest information on some much-discussed topic or for some other reason not necessarily in the least connected

with the book's literary character.

But where are we to find these vestiges of dead ideas? Is there in our vicinity any repository of long forgotten literary lumber where we can conveniently study the strange tastes and obsolete fancies of far-off epochs? The answer to such a question is provided by the theme of this article. I doubt whether many of our college politicians have felt much of an urge to throw open the very commonplace looking door directly opposite the entrance of the Students' Council's sanctum. That very ordinary door, you may be surprised to learn, will admit you to the library stack-room, a gloomy chamber where the light never penetrates into the corner you happen to be interested in and where the mouldy aroma of disintegrating folios combined with the pulverized vellum in the atmosphere has a peculiar effect upon your respiration and metabolism. But let us boldly advance into this *selva oscura* and expose ourselves to its strange exhalations.

Among the very first volumes on the shelf next the door we find the Works of Dr. Thomas Sydenham, the great court physician of Restoration days, whose writings for many years after his death remained the most authoritative pronouncements on medical science. What a pleasant feeling of superiority it gives us to glance through Dr. Sydenham's prescriptions. And yet surely life has lost something of its poetry now that pearl julep is no longer indicated as a specific. To make pearl julep you took the distilled waters of black cherries and milk, each three ounces; small cinnamon water, an ounce; prepared pearl, a dram and a half; fine sugar, enough to sweeten it; and rose water, half an ounce. "Mix all together," Dr. Sydenham continues, "for a julep, of which let the patient take four or five spoonfuls when he is faint." But if faintness in the seventeenth century had its compensations, hysteria was more crudely dealt with by the following procedure: "Take of galbanum (dissolved in tincture of castor and strained

off) three drams; tacamahac, two drams; make a plaster thereof, to be spread on leather and applied to the navel." Iron filings taken twice a day also proved helpful for hysterical patients, and the various drenches and boluses prescribed for this distemper and for hypochondria contained among other ingredients orange peel, red coral, oil of turpentine and candied angelica. Venice treacle, of course was good for practically anything.

And here on the next shelf is a tattered and dusty copy of that greatest of all seventeenth century best sellers, *Eikon Basilike, the Pourtraicture of His Sacred Majesty in His Solitudes and Sufferings*. What a strange fascination this singular and tedious document possessed for contemporary readers, who bought up forty-seven editions one after another despite the frowns of those in power and the vehement refutation penned by Milton himself. For here we have what purport to be the *ipsissima verba* of the royal martyr; and even though Dr. Gauden came later to be regarded as the author, it is here that we can still find one of the best interpretations of Charles I's tragic personality. Who indeed can even now read unmoved that poignant expression (all the more poignant for its awkwardness) of remorse for compliance in Strafford's destruction, "and act of so sinful frailty that it discovered more a fear of man than of God, whose name and place on earth no man is worthy to bear who will avoid inconveniences of state by acts of so high injustice as no public inconvenience can expiate or compensate."

The genuine piety of King Charles I was nothing extraordinary for that age, nor even in the days of his disillusioned son was there any real falling off in the popular appeal of devout compositions. It is an elementary though common error to divide mid-seventeenth century England into two rigidly defined classes—snivelling Roundheads on the one hand, ribald Cavaliers on the other. That some parliamentarians were altogether human becomes evident to all who come to know the shrewd wit of Seldon's *Table Talk* or the broad sympathy of Baxter's *Cases of Conscience* (both books, needless to say, are in the stackroom, as is also *The Saints' Everlasting Rest*, the favourite reading of the immortal Mrs. Glegg). The average royalist's concern for religion becomes patent at the first cursory glance over the stackroom shelves. Here repose, undisturbed by generations of theological students, tome upon tome of homilies and disquisitions by non-jurors and high flyers and latitudinarians—Andrewes and Mede and Stillingfleet and endless lesser luminaries crowded together with the inevitable sets of Tillotson and Pearson and Barrow and the perhaps slightly mundane productions of Bishop Gilbert Burnet, the most trusted ghostly adviser of King William of Orange. Here too we find the *Discourses* of John Smith, who died in 1652 at the age of thirty-four, a book that surely deserved

to become a classic though there are not many now that have ever heard of it. It is in Smith's *Discourses* that we encounter the admirable definition of superstition as "such an apprehension of God in the thoughts of men as renders Him grievous and burdensome to them, and so destroys all free and cheerful converse with Him; begetting in the stead thereof a forced and jejune devotion, void of inward life and love." And again it is the Rev. John Smith, and not Plato, who affirms that "true religion never finds itself out of the infinite sphere of the Divinity, and wherever it finds beauty, harmony, goodness, love, ingenuousness, wisdom, holiness, justice, and the like, it is ready to say, here and there is God; wheresoever any such perfections shine out, a holy mind climbs up by these sunbeams and raises itself to God." Such lofty idealism was far less unusual among seventeenth century divines than it has often been in more recent theological literature.

And here lying on a heap of rubbish we have the original 1686 edition of Sir John Chardin's *Travels into Persia and the East Indies*, a much bedraggled copy but adorned with fantastic copperplates that are a joy for ever, depicting among other things an inhabitant of Colchis wearing snowshoes, and the ancient city of Erivan with Mt. Aravat in the background and Noah's ark on top of the mountain. Chardin, a Huguenot jeweller, sought refuge in England on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes and proceeded to publish this splendid narrative of his travels as a dealer in precious stones, which took him across the Euxine to the land of the Golden Fleece and on to the shores of the Caspian and the Persian Gulf and even to the valley of the Indus. Chardin's account of Persia is more valuable than that of any previous European traveller and is written in a style that is as restrained as it is vivid. We are told of the scorpions that infest the region of Cashan, "yet for my part (thanks be to God) I never saw any in all the time I passed through the country"; and of the tomb of Fatima in the city of Kom, overlaid with tiles of China and enclosed with a grate of massy silver crowned at each corner with large apples of fine gold; and the bazaars at Tauris, the fairest that are in any place in Asia; and the incomparable royal grapes of Casbin, that make the strongest and most luscious wine in the world. The volume of the *Travels* in the library has the great interest of being an autograph presentation copy, bearing on its title-page in faded ink the inscription, "For ye Lord High Chancellor of England by H. L. most humble and most obedient servant, Chardin." The lord chancellor in 1686 was George Jeffreys, whom I understand it is now fashionable to regard as a mild sort of fellow at bottom. Still Jeffreys must have felt a certain interest in the attitude of Hali-Kouli-Kan and his chief justice towards the Armenians. "Was ever such a matchless piece of impudence ever heard of?" asked the Chief Justice.

"Thou speak'st reason," replied the prince; "they deserve my displeasure and to be punished. Send, and let their guts be ripped up. They are dogs."

And now there is one more book that I must mention, a book published in the last year of the seventeenth century which has remained from that day to this the greatest *tour de force* in the whole history of English classical scholarship. As that is exactly the kind of book that nobody would now dream of looking at, it has naturally been relegated to the dimmest and dustiest corner of the stackroom. It is entitled *A Dissertation upon the Epistles of Phalaris with an Answer to the Objections of the Hon. C. Boyle*, and the author was Richard Bentley, D.D., Chaplain in Ordinary and Library-keeper to His Majesty. Bentley's masterpiece of scholarly controversy, which, as Jebb says, marked the beginning of a new epoch in criticism, means little to the modern student of English literature except that he may feel obliged to refer to it politely in connection with Sir William Temple and the Battle of the Books. And yet even he might find a certain stimulus in an academic dissertation of whose controversial style the following argument is a fair specimen: "Mr. B. adds a passage of Vibius Sequester that Taurominium had its name from the river

Taurominius that runs by it. And he infers that there might be a people Tauromenites, as well as a river Taurominius, before there was a city Taurominium. The gentleman loves to surprise us with a consequence; a river Taurominius; ergo a people Tauromenites. Now if the Tauromenites were a sort of fish, this argument drawn from the river would be of great force. But with submission to Mr. B's better judgment I humbly conceive the Tauromenites were flesh and blood like the rest of the Sicilians."

But, alas, what do we care for Taurominium or Thericlean cups or the laws of Charondas? If Macaulay were alive today, he could scarcely assume that every schoolboy had heard even of Phalaris' brazen bull. Our schoolboys, of course, know much that Macaulay knew nothing of, and on the whole they succeed in equipping themselves rather adequately for the kind of situations they are likely to encounter. Yet the completeness of our separation from the culture of the past is not without disastrous consequences, and it is this calamitous divorce that is so mournfully symbolized by the dust-laden air of the stackroom, the mildewed, neglected quartos, and the metamorphosis of what was once a vital source of enlightenment into the equivalent of a charnel-house.

RE RIDICULE

The best thing that a good satirist produces is satire, the worst, more satirists. Since the days of Pope and Dryden, Swift and Defoe, the heroes of literature have not been writers of fiction or biography or science or Utopias but of satire. For some unknown reason humanity has chosen as its representative of intelligence a type of man whose one ability it is to be able to show his electors that the one quality they lack is intelligence. For this error in judgment there isn't any excuse, although there is for practically every other human failing that satirists delight in ridiculing. And ridicule, like so many other potential evils, is a product of youth. Youth will do anything to appear sophisticated. It drinks, it delights in the risqué, it practises boredom, it develops theories of life, it is scornful of moral codes, it refuses to acknowledge authority, it affects cynicism, in fact it is well versed in everything that is unconstructive and develops all its talents accordingly. How often we hear of wittiness being ascribed to some adolescent who has spent an evening in making it uncomfortable for everyone else by being uncontrollably funny about everybody's peculiarities except his own. His terse remarks about

human weaknesses such as affectation, flirtation and the like, as practised by his contemporaries, are invariably laughed at. Rarely are they worth such a compliment, but the fear of being thought to have a guilty conscience will make people do wonders in their appreciation of vituperative wit.

I do not mean to uphold a status quo in society nor do I consider that our twentieth century version of civilized and intelligent conduct should be free from criticism, but I would like to ask, as a member of that society, that if we are going to have satirists then for heaven's sake let us have good ones. Satire is a weapon of destruction and as such can be very valuable. But when used improperly, as is usually the case, it cripples without killing and defeats its own alleged purpose by offering no chance for reform. This argument is, of course, of little value since it is an appeal to a man's finer instincts, but looking at it from a more practical angle—if one wants to be ridiculous in the worst way possible, that is, intellectually, then let him ridicule in the worst way possible, that is, obviously. Clever ridicule never embarrasses for its sting is not felt immediately nor is its significance ever realized by two or more persons at

the same time. A subtle slam is tact with spice, and its value is enhanced by its scarcity. There are few people who have tact; there are fewer who can ridicule well; there are many who think themselves masters at both. It is upon these that the few should direct their rare talent and make thus a concerted effort not against ignorance alone but also against vanity. No one but a fool would try to be funny if he didn't think that he could be, therefore anyone who tries to be amusing and isn't can lay claim to at least one of two optional traits, idiocy or conceit. Please do not think that I am directing these remarks against those who poke fun at institutions and customs and the like, for no matter how dull the humour may be in such cases it can do little harm since the objects of the derision are not liable to be as sensitive as human beings; it is solely against the growing prevalence of unnecessary embarrassment of their associates on the part of the pseudo-sophisticates of youthful society that I am trying to protest.

This article should have little bearing upon the average

university student beyond suggesting to him the responsibility of politely squelching the budding biting wit of his youngers and directing such cleverness as they may have along a more constructive path. When mental maturity has been reached his taste will have improved sufficiently as to make his remarks at least valuable if not clever, and should he prove to have a natural wit then the remembrance of what he was taught as a youth will prevent it from degenerating into mere spitefulness and will give it an opportunity to be a real force in the improvement of world society in one or many of its different phases.

And so here's to him who has a clever wit, who knows it, and who uses it with discretion. There is nothing more valuable to a man's intelligence than a sense of humour; there is nothing more intelligent than for a man having a sense of humour to develop also a sense of the ridiculous; but there is nothing more ridiculous than for a man lacking a sense of humour to imagine that he has one and yet try, at the same time, to appear intelligent.

THE MOON

The Moon, they say, is a silver lamp, hung up in a jewelled sky,
To light the dusk of the Milky Way, where the nightwinds tiptoe by;
And some still tell of a magic spell that lies in her deep cold flame,
The power to grant all the soul can wish, of love, or money, or fame;
And hearts have yearned, and hearts have burned to capture the Moon's white fire—
To have and to hold the wonderful lamp that carries the heart's desire.

The Moon, they say, is a silver ship that sails on a sapphire sea,
And some have told of a guarded hold locked fast with a magic key.
But still, they say, if a mortal gay unlock, and enter, and seek,
He'll find a chart and the ship will start, swift-bound for a far-off creek.
And hearts have sought and hands have wrought to cover the weary miles,
And to take for a trip the enchanted ship, to find the Fortunate Isles.

O many there are that cry for the Moon, down here on the kind old Earth;
Who dream and scheme for a far-off gleam, 'mid treasure of homely worth.
They watch the sky with a hungry eye for the glimmer silver-sweet,
And mope and sigh as they stumble by the riches beneath their feet.
But if they climb to the dim white stars and steal her away from these,
They find at last, when they hold her fast, that they've nothing but plain green cheese!

BISHOP'S STUDENTS' POLL

This is the second of a series of four questionnaires to be held this year in an effort to test the thinking pulse of the present crop of Bishop's students. As was the case before, there were some very caustic remarks about the point of some of the questions, but when it came to a matter of submitting their own ideas, the critics fell down badly. There was not quite as large a response to this poll as to the December one but at least 100 students were heard from, as that figure represents the greatest response to any one question. But there was a marked improvement in the quantity and quality of the comment, and some of the answers were short, short stories in themselves; the males outquipped the girls by a considerable margin, and if the following transcription of the printable comment seems unfavourable to the female element this factor should be kept in mind. The questions and answers follow.

(1) *In your opinion should the majority of the girls at the formal dance be co-eds?*

The males did not see eye to eye with the co-eds on this issue. "Why spoil a good dance?" queries one of the former. "Not this year," says another; while a third opinionated that "This question is so damned silly, pointless and puerile that I refuse to answer it"; while still another felt that "It might shock them." One of them, however, held that "it is a praiseworthy ideal but impossible." Among the females the opinion was that the affirmative should be upheld. Sample remarks: "Yes, but we can't do anything about that"; "I hope we all get the chance"; "Only some co-eds"; and one Cindrella, "I wish I could go."

Males—Yes, 17; No, 45. Females—Yes, 27; No, 3.

(2) *Should minor sports receive more attention and support at Bishop's?*

Both sexes were of one mind in regard to this question, and voted very firmly that minor sports should be lifted from their position of comparative obscurity at Bishop's "as long as this would not detract from the support owing to the major activities" as a member of both the rugby and hockey teams expressed it.

Males—Yes, 54; No, 13. Females—Yes, 26; No, 3.

(3) Unfortunately a protest which has been forwarded to us through the executive of the magazine has prevented us from printing the results of this question, which is one that vitally affects all resident students.

(4) *Is the intelligence of the Bishop's student on a par with that of the average Canadian college student?*

Well the answer to this question of relative intelligence was an emphatic "Yes"; "not that it's particularly high", but because "it would be pretty hard not to be", as it was put. A knowing co-ed felt that this was the case "intellectually, but not morally"; while a couple of discerning men, who must have looked over each other's shoulders, answered "no, if one should judge from this question."

Males—Yes, 55; No, 11. Females—Yes, 23; No, 5.

(5) *Would it be a good idea to have a special college course on marriage and what it involves?*

It was the male element who approved of this plan, and this approbation was in sharp contrast to a collective "thumbs down" from the fair sex. But a considerable number of the former felt that it would be a good thing "if it would enlighten the co-eds", and as one philosophically put it "girls are so stupid". There was nothing in the way of repartee from the girls since not one bothered to comment.

Males—Yes, 42; No, 22. Females—Yes, 8; No, 19.

(6) *Should the porter sell sundries at his office for the convenience of students?*

It looks as though Mr. Pryde is going to have his hands full if anything comes from response to this question. One student felt that he should convert his office into a tavern, but most of those who answered were satisfied with the idea of him selling those essentials which come before beer. But it is pretty hard to visualize the porter as a storekeeper, with bargain signs plastered over his windows.

Males—Yes, 58; No, 6. Females—Yes, 24; No, 2.

(7) *Is the Science course of more value to the Bishop's student who is undecided about his future than the Arts course?*

This was the most closely contested issue of the whole series, and the result still leaves us undecided about the relative value of these courses. As was to be expected the girls greatly favoured the B. A. but the main body of the students polled almost equally. It would seem that this topic might prove suitable for a debate, and it might in that manner be decided which course is the more valuable, if such a question can in any way be conclusively answered in favour of either one or the other.

Males—Yes, 34; No, 36. Females—Yes, 7; No, 21.

(8) *Should there be more informal dances and mixed gatherings at Bishop's?*

The question of social diversion has long been a pressing one in this college. It is the female element which feels the more strongly on this subject as may be seen from their vote. From those males who polled in the negative came

the comment "We see enough of them already", while the sole co-ed against more informal gatherings despairingly wrote, "No—what's the use." One male felt that "it might create more human beings."

Males—Yes, 58; No, 8. Females—Yes, 26; No, 1.

(9) *Are examinations a true test of a student's knowledge?*

The answer to this one was obvious from the start, but those who voted in the negative should ask themselves if there is any better method, and again if there is any way at all of satisfactorily judging human knowledge. To the question one student says "no, but if they had some way of continually testing my knowledge I would not be in my third year at Bishop's." It is felt by another that what one learns for examinations, is learnt exclusively for them, and is not remembered afterwards; this is largely true.

Males—Yes, 7; No, 57. Females—Yes, 6; No, 21.

(10) *Do you feel that a Purple and White Revue, sponsored by the Bishop's Big Theatre, is feasible?*

The results of student opinion on this issue are encouraging for those who have such a project in mind, because Bishop's is notoriously unenterprising and pessimistic about new ideas. "The talent for a farce is unlimited at Bishop's; acting would not be necessary" and "desirable but not feasible" are the pick of the comments.

Males—Yes, 35; No, 29. Females—Yes, 10; No, 17.

(11) *Do you think that Bishop's is going to end up in the hockey cellar this year?*

It's the co-eds who are the pessimists on this timely question, as the males seem to like the prospects of the hockey team quite well in comparison with their inferiors.

The N.F.C.U.S. at The Crossroads - - - Winnipeg

Christmas night found me on my way to Winnipeg to attend the 1937 executive meeting of the National Federation of Canadian University Students. On the same train were several other delegates to the same meeting, as well as a number of other students bound for a National Conference of Canadian University Students also to be held at Winnipeg. From these few facts it is not hard to deduce the further fact that the air was charged with brain vibrations day and night—every inch of the way to Winnipeg.

"Who knows? Miracles do happen" cracks one critic, while another reflects the attitude of the majority in answering "not quite, but almost; they certainly won't end up in the hockey attic." And there are a surprising number of potential coaches among the co-eds who seem to have studied the situation from all angles, and make their comments accordingly. A brilliant student of the game remarked that Bishop's will not end up at the bottom of the hockey ladder "if they win most of their games"; perhaps that's the best answer.

Males—Yes, 25; No, 39. Females—Yes, 15; No, 7.

(12) *Should Bishop's men enlist in an European war, if Canada were only indirectly involved?*

Evaders of the issue had a field day when they came to this topic but they were no more energetic than the numerous verbal brick-bat throwers, who scored several direct hits on the author of the question, which fortunately enough was not the writer. The females were firm in their contention that Bishop's men should fight in such a case, although those most directly involved did not, on the whole, share their sentiments.

Males—Yes, 20; No, 33. Females—Yes, 15; No, 9.

We apologize for this and any other question which failed to appeal, but hope that in the next poll perennial critics will submit their own topics and thus eliminate them from the verbal blast that accompanies any suggestions or ideas poorly received by this offensive element. If any of the *Mitre's* readers are interested in any aspect of these polls, and have suggestions or comments to offer we should be very glad to hear from them.

And when it is divulged that as many students again, boarded our train en route—well! Altogether it was a most interesting journey, but when Winnipeg was reached, I must confess that I had had enough theoretical discussion to last me for a long time. And the conference delegates still had a whole week of it ahead of them! Throughout the train, typewriters clicked away, tongues rattled on in French and English or a mixture of both, in animated discussion about practically everything under the sun—relig-

ion, politics, social problems, economics, and college affairs; a group in one section trying to formulate a foreign policy for Canada, and another debating the practicability of date bureaus. And so, on and on to Winnipeg. There is no doubt that the conference made a valuable contribution to Canada and its university life, and it is to be hoped that further conferences will be held as an educational venture.

While stimulation of thought is an excellent thing, we need today, perhaps more than ever, a thinking that is practical, that faces the issues within reach. That is what the N. F. C. U. S. is trying to do. Not overlooking ideals and theories, rather bearing them in mind and working towards them, the Federation is out to do what it can towards bettering the life of the Dominion of Canada and the world at large, by working within its own sphere—that of the university student. It has no overly ambitious programme, but it has already done a great deal towards realizing its objects. The report of the officers for the years 1936-37, and a summary of the proceedings of this year's meeting give some idea of what has been accomplished during the past two years, and what is likely to be done in the immediate future. These two documents are quite detailed, and could not easily be published in the *Mitre*, so they have been left in the library, along with a copy of the Constitution of the N. F. C. U. S., so that they may be available for study or perusal. In view of what we hope is in store for the Federation, it would be a good plan for every student to make himself acquainted with the information contained in these papers. In this connection, the Canadian University Press, which came into being at this year's meeting, has undertaken to publish news, articles, and pictures of Dominion-wide student interest through the medium of college newspapers. Copies of most of these papers are received here and may be found in the Reading Room, also many periodicals published by other universities. Reading these is an excellent way of keeping informed of what students elsewhere are thinking and doing.

Rather than dabble in the detail of our meeting, I shall try to give a few general impressions. Seventeen universities were officially represented, embracing practically every section of Canada from Halifax to Vancouver, and a significant feature of the whole thing was the attitude with which most members approached the meeting as compared with that taken away with them. As we converged on Winnipeg the general attitude seemed to be one of enquiry. Just what was the use of this Federation? If it were of any value, could it be made more effective? If not, individual members expressed the desire of their constituencies to be secession. In view of the fact that at this meeting were most of the leaders of student governments in Canada, a great deal hung in the balance. This restless dissatisfaction

with things as they are, and the tendency towards narrow provincialism so evident in Canadian life today, were not absent from our opening meetings. But on the second day the issue that was uppermost in everyone's mind was brought forward, and after a great deal of "air-clearing" and exchange of opinion, constructive ideas began to take shape. While at first the question put to the chairman was, "What are *you* (the N.F.C.U.S.) going to do about it?" It soon changed to "What are *we* (again the N.F.C.U.S.) going to do about it?" From this point the whole atmosphere of the meeting changed. There was no more talk of secession, but rather every one settled down to the business of finding ways and means of making the Federation effective. The recommendations contained in the secretary's report, and the summary of proceedings, contain information as to what steps were taken, and what plans are being worked upon. The meeting concluded its sessions with a reaffirmed belief in the value and necessity of Federation, and a determination to maintain it at any cost. During these days when talk of secession is rife in parts of the Dominion, and provinces fill the political air with petty provincial bickerings to the exclusion of major federal problems, it is a comforting thought that the leaders of the near future are early taking a statesmanlike view of things. Perhaps in the not too distant future, to be "Canadian" will really mean something, and Canada will assume her full estate.

Another significant feature of the meeting was the view taken as regards student participation in political and kindred spheres. It was the opinion of the N. F. C. U. S. executive that it should confine its work to student affairs, that the student sphere is essentially one of learning and preparation for the fuller life of the nation, that it would do its utmost to promote better understanding between various parts of the Dominion and the world at large, not by taking active part in political affairs, but by sponsoring travel tours, exchange scholarships, travelling debating teams, a Canadian University Press, and other features which would provide for exchange of ideas generally.

Our hosts, the University of Manitoba, were kindly indeed, and our stay in Winnipeg was made so pleasant that it was like visiting in the home of an old friend. Although we were kept pretty busy (sitting at morning, afternoon, and evening sessions every day) we managed to "get around" a bit, and thus rounded out a thoroughly interesting time. On New Year's Eve we concluded our final session, and then adjourned to prepare for a delightful time as guests of the "Manitobians" at their New Year's Eve Frolics. The following night we boarded the train for home. But we might have been leaving home such was our send-off, and as the train pulled out, we realized how whole-heartedly we had been received into the life of Winnipeg during our short stay, and how good it was to be Canadian.

REVOLT IN HEAVEN



The golden walls of the darkened hall gave back in dull reverberation the grumbling murmur emanating from the dimmest corner. It was a strange, eerie noise—almost imperceptible by its very constancy—an under-current, more felt than heard. Yet at irregular intervals there would occur a gradual crescendo, rising from the low growl of distant thunder to the shattering impact of the storm-centre, causing the heavy jewels of the cornices to rattle in their settings. The dim shape of Belial, the Viceroy's personal servant, crossed the hall towards the corner, only to stop halfway in hesitation; with a gesture of doubt, he began to pace up and down the chamber, at each new climax of sound clutching his head in an agony of apprehension, lest the High Powers might be disturbed. Several times he started towards the origin of the sound, but stopped each time, as if in fear. A rustling, at first almost inaudible, now attracted his attention, until it was smothered by another outburst of clamour from the hall; but soon his fears were realised, as a squadron of cherubs in the blue and gold of the Household Guard swirled through the high arch at the end of the hall. As they flew, they were chanting in strict counterpoint—the most rigid form of intimation ever used in Paradise; and the canto fermo was a constant repetition of the words: "Calling Lord Lucifer! Calling Lord Lucifer!" While the counterpoint repeated: "Son of the Morning! Son of the Morning!" The thunderous roar now rose to a racking climax—the ornamental gems threatened to jump from their clasps, and the smooth golden walls were assuming the appearance of beaten metal—the cherubs, disconcerted, banked sharply and took refuge in the vaulted roof—the massive pillars creaked and bent under the impact of a last jarring sforzando—Lucifer choked, and sat up.

"Thank heaven for that!" said a voice from the archway. "Oh, hullo, B," said Lucifer, "I don't see what heaven has to do with it."

Beelzebub laughed sarcastically—"Think again," he replied, for now the cherubs, reassured, swooped down from their hiding-places, and drew up in arrowhead formation before Lucifer.

"Hum," said Lucifer, "perhaps you're right. I suppose this is to tell me not to snore—as if I did it on purpose!"

The cherubic squadron leader, ignoring this, began to chant in a high tenor voice—"Know all angels by these presents that WHEREAS we have been accustomed to a period of rest from 2 A.U.C. to 4 B.C. each millenium (Paradise Everlasting-Daylight Saving Time), and WHEREAS such intimation has been given as to render the inhabitants of Paradise cognisant thereof, and WHEREAS our hitherto faithful servant Lucifer, Lord of Morning and Evening, Viceroy of the Imperial Dominions, Grand Commander of the Most Noble Order of the Crown, Grand Commander of the Most—"

"Yes, yes, I know all that," interrupted Lucifer, stretching himself, "go and tell Gabriel I'm awake, and I won't do it again."

The cherub, annoyed at the interruption, ruffled his wings pompously, but knowing the futility of opposing one so powerful as the Viceroy of the Imperial Dominions, could only vent his irritation by leading his squadron over Lucifer's head in a quick climbing turn, from which the Lord of Morning and Evening involuntarily ducked.

"Well, said Beelzebub, "how's the Grand Commander of the Most Noble—"

"Oh, shut up! Everything's wrong today—they tell me blocks of gold are being stolen from between the street-car tracks; then the palace orchestra, they're changing from gold strings to copper for their harps, say they get better tone; what do I care about tone?—this is Heaven, isn't it?—and Heaven uses gold or nothing—it's the principle of the thing that matters."

"Oh, well, I shouldn't worry about it—"

"And then this morning I get news that they're using a new kind of poison gas on Mars—and what am I supposed to do about that? I only took the usual four centuries at the University of Elysium, is that supposed to teach me how to deal with a lot of congenital idiots on an insignificant planet?"

"Well, it looks as if you may lose all your troubles soon, if this new scheme goes through. D'you know exactly what it's all about? I've only heard vague rumours that we're all going to have a period of test, or something of the sort."

Lucifer stretched his wings, and started to play idly with one of their tips. "Yes," he sighed, "I know what it's all about. Each of us, starting with the highest, has to go to a new planet, which is to be called Earth; our powers will be very limited, and we shall be left to work out our own salvation, and our standing when we get back here will depend on how we make out, there. I don't like it—I don't like it a little bit. What it really means is a complete shuffling of positions here; and I tell you, B," he continued angrily, "I don't see why I should go back to drudgery; why, I haven't done anything but executive work since I first entered the Imperial service as a page. And I made a dashed sight better squadron leader than that snub-nosed pup."

"Of course," began Beelzebub, hesitantly, "there might be some justice in it—it's ridiculous, of course," he added, hastily, "but, after all, your father was—"

"My father's position had nothing to do with my advancement," snapped Lucifer. "I'm not conceited, but I will say, my ability has never been questioned—" He stopped, and his eyes seemed fixed on something at the end of the hall. Beelzebub tried to follow his companion's look, but saw nothing save the glitter of a million gems. Suddenly Lucifer swung round, his face beaming, and grasped Beelzebub's knee. "B!" he cried, "suppose—suppose I could do both—keep my status, and go to earth. Suppose I could get charge of Man!" Beelzebub laughed ironically, "Yeah, let's pretend!" he replied. Lucifer jumped to his feet, and began pacing up and down before his friend. "Why not?" he said. "Somebody has to have charge down there—why not me? That's it—that's it, B; I will be master of Earth—Lucifer, the Proud, shall govern Man!" He lowered his voice to a stage whisper, "—and if they won't give it to me, I'll take it! I'll take it! There are many here who'd help me—they aren't all satisfied with perpetual harping. There's Chemos, he was starting an affair with a servant, but he was discovered, and had his wings clipped, to keep him humble. Humble! that's the trouble—everyone must be humble! Then Moloch's discontented—much fun he gets, with everlasting peace and brotherhood. Mammon!" he laughed. "Mammon would do anything, go anywhere, for gain. I'll bet I know who started taking paving blocks!" He swung round. "Ho, there! My cloak and sceptre! B, I'm going to rustle round and get my bearings on this thing; sound out one or two, and get a line on how they feel about humility." Laughing sardonically, he swung out of the palace, Beelzebub at his heels; and when they were gone, a dim shape crossed the

hall from the corner.

* * *

Belial peered round the copy of the "Elysian Recorder" which he was reading, and noted the black frown on his son's face. "Not many tips today, son?" he asked. The young cherub grunted a negative. "—had to take a message to Lucifer, and he treated me as if I were something the cat brought in, and wouldn't eat—" The experienced old archangel eyed the cherub speculatively. "What's the good of cursing him, when you don't intend to do anything about it?" he said. The youngster flared: "I'd do it, if I knew what to do!" Belial began to polish the golden bowl of his pipe. "Well," he said, slowly, "today, Lord Lucifer was shouting about things of which it were well to whisper. I think perhaps a word in the right quarter—"

* * *

Some days later, Beelzebub entered the Viceregal palace. He was looking tired and worried, and his wings were restless, as if at any moment he might have to take off. On enquiring for Lucifer, he was informed that the Viceroy would receive him in the bathroom.

Lucifer greeted his friend wearily, and both relapsed into a gloomy silence. Beelzebub walked to the window, where he stood disconsolately watching the crack squadron of the Household Guard practising manoeuvres. "What's new?" he asked at last. Lucifer splashed round in a vain search for the soap. "Nothing!" he said, "I've just come in from an inspection of the V-R Bodyguard. Bodyguard! I'd rather take care of myself than trust to them—their flaming swords look like tallow-candles, and half of them have their wing-tips trailing on the ground." Beelzebub nodded sympathetically; "and what about the other thing—how's that going?" Lucifer looked round sharply. "Oh, Belial!" he called. "Yes, my lord," came suavely from the adjoining bedroom. "You may go," said Lucifer. "You know, B," he went on, "I don't know that I'd trust that chap any further than I could kick him. However, Chemos is with us, and Mammon too, if there's enough in it for him; and I'm pretty certain a good many of the others would come in if we really got something going. Now, here's my plan: We'll make a deputation, about six of us, and go and ask that I be made master of Earth, with you others as my assistants. We could all take on earthly form, and all that, but we'd be there from beginning to end. Of course, it wouldn't be quite the same thing as being Viceroy here, but—"

"Excuse me, my Lord," broke in an agitated voice, "but this young cherub *would* come in—"

"Lucifer-er-that is-my Lord, you've got to go—that is—er—I'm sent to tell you—"

"Possibly it wouldn't be too much to ask that you render yourself reasonably coherent, before continuing," said Lucifer, with a cold smile.

Shaking with excitement, or fear, and gasping for breath, the cherub leaned against the doorpost, and fanned himself with his wings.

"I dislike to hurry you," said Lucifer, gently, "but I would have you note that I am engaged in my toilet, and I am not in the habit of permitting comparative strangers to observe the more intimate features of that procedure."

The cherub, stung into some semblance of his usual dignity, drew himself up stiffly, and curtly delivered his message: "I am requested to inform you that your late endeavours to better your allotted earthly condition have been regarded with extreme disfavour, and will on no account be taken into consideration. You are invited to present yourself forthwith at the royal residence, to render some explanation of your conduct."

"WHEREAT SOMEONE OF THE LOQUACIOUS LOT —
I THINK A SUFI PIPKIN, WAXING HOT —
'ALL THIS OF POT AND POTTER — TELL ME THEN,
WHO IS THE POTTER, PRAY, AND WHO THE POT?' "
— *The Rubaiyat: Fitzgerald.*

Brought up amidst an ancient art I must,
Gazing upon some antiquated bust,
But look, and ponder on the words of one
Who understood the truth of Fortune's lust.

Before its time Old-age creeps into place;
Life moulds the lines of every potter's face,
And soon his stomach, all too full
Of filtered clay, shall end for him life's race.

The craftsman daily forms a curious mould,
And e'er this masterpiece of art is old,
He starts some other project—work—for he
Must make unto himself a pot of gold.

As truly as the caster pours his clay
And toils to shape, for hours in his way,
A product worthy of his ancient craft,
He shapes his tortured life from day to day.

His ware is carried to a furnace hot,
To Industry it seems to matter not
That leaping flame the potter's life-thread shears
As surely as it sears his homely pot.

The Kiln-doors each hour open to unfold
An endless stream of branded potter's gold;

At the commencement of this, Lucifer had drawn himself up in his bath, trembling with rage, and at the end he leaped out with all the vigour of a victorious scientist, and, clutching Belial's son by the throat, began to shake him as the terrier shakes the rat. "You ugly—little—whippersnapper," he shouted, "it's you and your wretched father that've upset the applearc. I'll deal with you, when I have time. Come on, B, we've got to get our forces together before I'm due at the palace—" and, snatching a multi-coloured bathrobe from a chair, he rushed from the room.

Belial and his son were smiling at each other in triumph, when the smiles were frozen on their faces, and their cheeks paled, for the sky suddenly grew black, and, as the ground gave way beneath them, they saw a great white fork of lightning flash down through space—

But what is worth this guerdon of travail?
A man's life's ruined and himself—so old.

Grave inspectors of a most high degree
Mark for each piece its place, and man his fee,
But if it be accepted by the scale,
Is a poor toiler's life made thus more free?

The glaze-tub, viscous to its very brim
With thick white poison, making eye-sight dim,
Receives from some man's hand a stony thing,
And moistly renders it again to him.

The craving furnace opes again its maw,
And in it enters as before we saw
(As though stark destiny would it destroy)
A graded sample of the potter's law.

And as the march of Time goes on apace,
A stately porcelain shows its gleaming grace;
But as he sees it poised with others like
No smile lights up the weary potter's face.

His daily toil seems all of no avail;
He finds that he, as delicate and frail
As that clay thing he wrought, must meet
A greater Potter when he ends Life's trail.

Wandering Abroad

I

There is a philosophical pressure in the make-up of certain temperaments which finds relief in the nature of a stroll. It has been my fate, when life seems to go in a circle and when involved in amorous triangles, to go off at a tangent. I have thus become addicted to sudden and lonely walks of varying duration and uncertain mood.

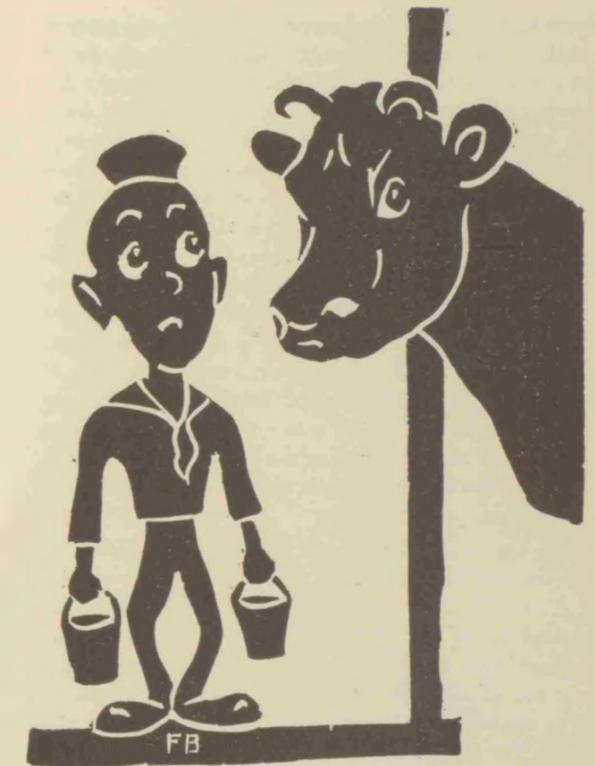
It was thus, late in the month of August 1937, that I found myself tuned to an uncertain pitch, restless and seemingly out of harmony with my surroundings. It was quite evident that a change was necessary to the well-being of both body and spirit, so without more ado I filled the stomach of my car 'Hermann' with gas and arrived in Montreal by the resulting process of indigestion. I will not labour my narrative with details of a business nature but will close my introduction with the fact that I found myself engaged to sail to Britain with such enlightening companions as five hundred head of cattle and a handful of men.

II

I sailed from Montreal on one of those remarkable days when sunshine and rain play an equal and alternating part. The cattle were taken on between seven and ten a.m. and we hopped on about three minutes before the ship sailed.

Our duties on the first day were not exacting and most of the time was spent on deck in admiration of the scenery. Our first task was to anchor each beast in his respective quarters. The cattle had been driven into various pens but were not tied. There is considerable danger in this process especially for the hands. It is not an easy thing to pass a rope through a small hole and tie an intelligent knot at that end with a steer going full speed astern at the other end.

By the second day the routine was more or less established. A brief outline follows: 4.30 a.m.—Arise at this tender hour, wash if you feel like it, and imbibe a large cup of black coffee (sans crème ou sucre), proceed below decks and engage in an hour or so of amusement consisting of expert juggling of pails of water, wetting one's feet, trying to persuade cattle of the benefits to be derived, both to the beast and to the pail, from concentrating on one pail of water at a time, and so on. In case the foregoing statements are misleading I might add that this complex process is known under the simple term of 'watering the cattle.' This ordeal concluded we return to our cabin and sleep until breakfast. 8.30 a.m.—Breakfast, consisting in gen-



eral of variations on the theme of eggs, bacon, sausages, bread and jam, tea and condensed (Danish) milk. The morning duties are of variable length. Hay is always on the bovine menu. This is taken in bundles from broken bales and shaken apart in front of the stalls. The dust which arises in this treatment is not conducive to the general well-being of cattlemen, but along with the wet feet combined to provide most of us with unpleasant and interminable colds. I have just remembered that the hay-shaking duties come before breakfast along with the watering. I apologize for this matutinal anachronism.

After breakfast then we clean-up the hay that has not been eaten and cast it into the stalls with the aid of pitchforks, and keep the alleyways comparatively clean. All our work is done in gangs of four and in this particular quartet we harmonize in the capacities of first and second pitchforker, sweeper and shoveller. The cattle are usually given dry feed after this and the rest of the morning is devoted to odd jobs. For the most part these consisted of hay-moving and feed-lifting. The feed was hoisted out of the hold by a derrick run by man-power. The hay on the contrary was cast down into the hold from the upper deck. The opinions of cattlemen and foremen differing as to the

amount of hay required and consequently as to the amount of shaking necessary it might be observed, when the latter were not at hand, that several bales were mysteriously disappearing overboard. 11.30 a.m.—Dinner, preceded by a short nap. Like so many dinners in communal gatherings this meal might be said to revolve about the basic dish—stew. After dinner we could sleep or read until 2 p.m., then back to the hold and a repetition of the before-breakfast programme. I might add that any increase in the rolling of the ship added much to the science of pail-juggling and even more to the quantity of wet feet. The heat at times, especially near the boilers and in the lower hold, was nearly unendurable, and it was not unusual for two or three pails of water to disappear before one steer in the conventional manner. 5.30 p.m.—Supper, usually quite digestible and more likely than not curry and rice or fish and chips. Shortly after supper we had the final clean-up and were free for the evening.

The trip across had several incidents of a nature to break the general monotony of a sea-voyage in a slow vessel. About the third night out, while still in sight of distant land in the gulf, a fire broke out in the lower hold. The holds were full of smoke and a stampede among the cattle not at all unlikely. However, the crew responded well to the firebell and with the aid of some cattlemen soon had the fire under control. Many burning bales of hay were tossed overboard. I confess that a deep devotion to sleep and a dislike of the chilly atmosphere which pervades these tender hours of the morning kept me in my bunk during these exciting moments. When all danger was past I crawled out to observe the damage and estimate how many miles I might have had to swim to avoid a genial roasting or a permanent Atlantic bath.

A day or so after this a great bull died, probably of pneumonia due to the changing temperature. The giant fellow had a rope bound tenderly about his neck and was hauled onto the deck by the ship's derrick. He was hung just over the edge of the vessel and then dramatically plunged into the Atlantic to the sharp tune played by the boatswain and his knife on the sustaining rope. A steer had a similar fate at a later date.

About this time I lost my diary while shaking hay. It contained all my English addresses and so left me in rather an isolated position. It is estimated that it added a not-undesirable variation in the menu of some fortunate beast.

One of my favourite companions was a little cat, Donald, a friend of all the crew and cattlemen. Donald did not molest the huge rats that dwelt in the hold but chased diligently and hopelessly a pigeon that came across with us.

The peculiar agonies of sea-sickness and one's individual response to the same would merit an essay in themselves so in this vein I will say simply that I was thus af-

flicted for the space of one afternoon. I kept eating and immediately, in a generous response, contributing my meal to the fishes amid grave mental depression.

The last episode of vital interest in the crossing was of a somewhat unfortunate though essentially human nature. The stomach is an organ that is still given a too prominent position at times after many centuries of so-called civilization. The particular instance of this failing in our society was embodied in a most ungentlemanly scramble for the appetizing buns dealt out by our cook. To view the situation from an algebraical standpoint one or two men were always represented as $x-1$ or $x-2$. To equate this problem it seemed to follow that someone must be $x+3$ or $x+4$, two buns being the allotment. The climax came one morning when one gentleman, named The Russian for his communistic preachings, accused the man across the table from him of harbouring an excess number of buns. That gentleman promptly called him a liar (etc.), and received a blow on the lips for his words. Not unnaturally he retaliated with a blow to the nose. Blood was flowing freely by now and plates, etc., also began to take to wings. At this juncture it was thought proper to terminate the proceedings and soon all were good friends again, as so often happens after bad blood has been removed from the system.

Ten days after leaving Montreal we tied up at Glasgow. Ten days without seeing a woman proved somewhat of a tonic in itself. I went ashore at Glasgow, sampled Scotch beer, and returned to the ship. Several of the boys had the captain's permission to stay on until we reached Bristol which being nearer to London, proved a far from negligible saving for a very lean purse. Between Glasgow and Bristol a gang of gentlemen known as "muckers" came on board and cast ten days refuse into the uncomplaining though choppy Irish sea. I landed at Avonmouth, Port of Bristol, and went by train to Bristol, wondering how I got in and then in great anxiety as to how to get out of my private compartment. One lets down the window and opens the door from the outside. From Bristol I went by bus to Berkhamstead in Hertfordshire when I made my headquarters, living in the native district of my paternal grandparents.

III

Shortly after settling in Berkhamstead I visited London, which is only some thirty miles away. Pages might be written about this great city by any new visitor, but I will confine myself to the mention of a few things which impressed me deeply. Among these things was Madame Tussaud's Wax-works where I spoke to one of the dummy policemen. I understand that my father committed the same error some years ago by speaking to a dumb, i.e., a wax girl. This was some consolation to me and gives one a clear idea of the reality of these works.

Every afternoon in London I made it my custom to visit some new church and spent an hour or two in quiet prayer and meditation. Of peculiar significance to me was the vastness of St. Paul's Cathedral and the mosaic grandeur of the unfinished Westminster Cathedral. I also made a habit of eating lunch in a different park every day. I was troubled somewhat with indigestion on having to pay a penny every time I sat down.

Very touching are the pathetic figures one sees on the streets of any great city. In London I took particular notice of the artists who draw scenes in chalk on the Vic-



toria Embankment along the Thames River, and the many musicians who play in various public squares. I listened a long while to a blind old fiddler and spent some time in pensive gaze upon a young girl who sported a monkey on a chain.

It is the present aim of my life of distorted and diverse ambitions to devote my energies to music. Thus it was a source of the greatest pleasure and enchantment for me to attend the opening night of Col. de Basil's Ballet Russes at Covent Garden Opera House.

I must not forget to mention the Zoological Gardens in Regent's Park where I spent my first three hours in Lon-

don meditating and observing the resemblances of man (and woman) in looks and acts to various beasts.

IV

Another sudden decision proceeding from a momentary depression found me in an aeroplane at Croydon about to take off for Paris. The flight was full of interest for me being my first ride of any great length. The clouds seem to rush by and one emerges from something like a snow-bank to gaze on the countryside below. An hour and a half from Croydon found me at Le Bourget, the airport of Paris. I had a pleasant companion in Mrs. M—, a New York society woman now resident in Paris, who gave me some idea of the dazzling city we were approaching. The first thing that strikes one in nearing Paris by air is the magnificent Eiffel tower.

In Paris and alone I had a queer sensation of being somewhat lost. I lit my last cigarette, wandered around the square of the Place de l'Opéra, had a glass of French wine, then used my uncertain knowledge of French, and found a suitable hotel and went to bed. I arose about 7.30 p.m. to attend the famous Folies Bergères. This show is supposed to have particular appeal for foreigners, but local people seem to prefer the Casino. I will not enlarge upon the nature of the show presented. It is enough to say that it may be regarded from two distinct aspects, the artistic and the sensual. I was somewhat amused to observe several French gentlemen (with their wives) armed with opera glasses and using these weapons to advantage. In the space of this work I feel that I cannot go into detail on such a vast and interesting subject as night-life in Paris. Suffice it to say that I made the rounds in the company of a genial Japanese business man. The type of floor show in the higher class cabarets, such as the Moulin Rouge and the Tabarin, is similar to that of the Folies Bergères. In the lower class clubs, which I visited for variety, one observes the ribald and abandoned amusements of the slum districts. There is an interesting cabaret across the river given to the French colonials from Africa during the Great War and run by them. I entered the Turkish baths here and nearly suffocated. After a deluge of champagne from preceding night clubs I found it to the point to indulge in some five cups of coffee. The coffee served here is exceedingly strong having a residue equal to about a sixth of the quantity of the cup.

In Paris as in London, I found too many interesting things to attempt to discuss in a paper of this length. I was particularly impressed by the beautiful parks of Paris with their wealth of sculptural adornment. Opera is played in the open air in some of these, a commendable instance of the French love of good music among the common people. I attended concerts at both the Opéra and the Opéra-Comique. The gorgeous centre-light of the former is a thing of unforgettable brilliance.

It being 1937 I did not leave the World Fair out of my programme. On the whole I found it disappointing. It is too vast with huge buildings and comparatively little inside. The lights at night are perhaps the most wonderful part of the exposition. I might add that some buildings were still under construction at the late date of my visit. A visit to the Arc de Triomphe and the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier is a thing that tinges the memory with indelible impressions of the grandeur of peace and the hell of war.

V

My last few days in England were spent in Berkhamstead, with occasional radiations thence. I spent two days in Sussex in the south of England near the sea, visiting historic Rye and Hastings. In Rye, the hangout of many famous painters, I visited the famous Dormer House Club and the Mermaid Inn. I shall always remember the former for the mellow and enchanting quality of the best of English beer.

A day at Windsor Castle and a visit to Eton College, both unforgettable, can not be more than mentioned here. Many poets found their inspiration here and a glass of cider, with the Thames and its white swans flowing by helps us to sympathize with their creative energy. Another jaunt included an exploration of the historic abbey of St. Albans and the Roman ruins of Verulam. Significant among the latter is the theatre with its one column still standing erect like some invincible centurion.

My ship was to sail from Swansea in South Wales, so I went there by bus from London passing through Oxford, Cheltenham, Gloucester, Newport and Cardiff.

VI

The vessel was loading tin-plate which cannot be taken on during wet weather. It rained for two days so we were delayed that amount of time. We finally sailed without our full cargo.

I found it rather a problem to kill time during these two days. I had spent my little remaining money the night before I expected to sail in a liquid farewell to the old country at the Old Swan. However I spent one morning in philosophical meditation in the old cemetery at Port Tennant, with the rugged hills behind and the sea and the busy

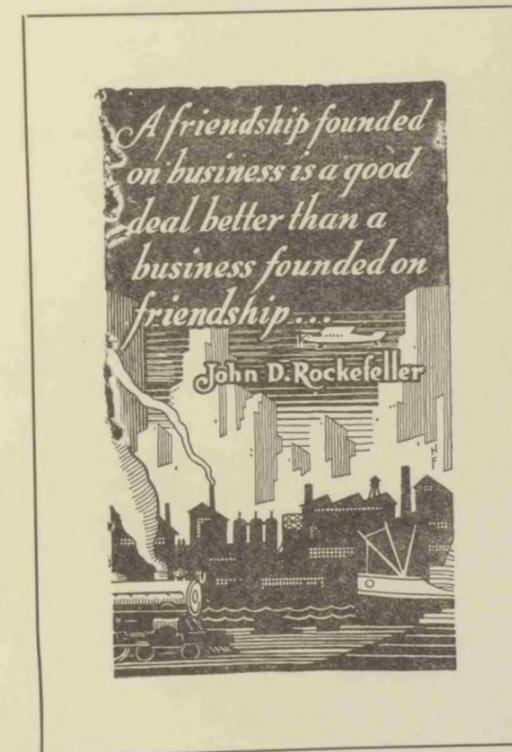
docks in the foreground. I even exercised a long neglected passion for poetry and composed a poem which I have not seen fit to include in this narrative. The last afternoon I gathered pretty shells and stones along the seashore in restful, child-like fashion.

Several sailors, having celebrated unduly, caught the ship at the last minute, bringing with them a fine collection of flower pots and a black cat. The outstanding feature of my return voyage was the continual heavy sea encountered which lengthened our voyage to fully two weeks. At one time the vessel was rolling to such an extent that the crew were ordered to prepare for the worst. At this time we were making only one-half a mile in four hours as against ten miles an hour, our ordinary speed. Many amusing incidents arose out of this condition. Of particular fascination for me was the clashing and clanging of numerous pots and pans in the galley which shifted position every time a very large roll came. I arose hastily for breakfast one morning, without thinking about my equilibrium, and thus fell neatly over backwards into the nearby steward's cabin. My meals were in the habit of taking a shortcut to my stomach by plunging suddenly at me. I entertain unpleasant memories of several dinners leaping across the room at unexpected moments. It was not an unusual thing to step out of the cabin into a swirling stream of water. I took advantage of my opportunity to enter into conversation with most of the sailors, and I was somewhat surprised at the existence of a deep Christian faith in their lives despite the uncertain, rough and wild life most of them lead.

The sight of Belle Isle thus proved to be very gratifying after the long tossing more or less aimlessly on the deep. The voyage up the St. Lawrence in the fall is an experience that would warm the heart of any artist, with the woods on either side dressed in brilliant autumn colours. Two days before reaching port we had life-boat drill, rather an ironical time in my opinion considering the ordeal just passed. I landed in Montreal and proceeded directly to that rustic lodge which is the geographical embodiment of my ideals and the scene of deepest rest for me, there to meditate, with my friends, my piano, my pipe and the blazing fireplace on the experiences undergone on this sudden and extended stroll.

Spirit of Ages

Spirit of ages! Power of endless years!
Giver of joy and guide to vale of tears!
For what did'st thou plan this universe of thine?
And why is this life? This seeking soul of mine?
This search unending?



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NOISES ON A COLD WINTER'S NIGHT

A cold, clear night seems so unrelenting and impersonal in its static intensity. Tonight it is very cold, and very clear, and as I pause on College Street just beyond the bridge, it seems as though some mighty tyrannical power has this bit of creation grasped within its hand, crushing it until everything cries out in agony.

A deep, dull crackling noise reaches me. It must be from a large and very old tree to be such a full sound—a sound much like that of a bone being disjointed, but considerably magnified; or like two great blocks of ice meeting with terrific impact. Then like the quick sizzle and crack of a long lash, the ice in the river adds its voice of protest to that of the tree. The hard-packed snow on the road gives vent to a more muffled crack, as though the very earth beneath the pavement were suffering the tortures of the damned.

Then suddenly a train-whistle shrieks as a crossing is neared. Nervous terror is in its voice, as if it would escape the clutching hand of frozen death which shadows it. And now it wails off into the night, as the train roars its grief

IMPRESSION

The little rustic bridge seemed to convey a sudden delicious presentiment of the beauty beyond it; it was as though the spirit of the garden sent out a breath of holy exquisite perfume to enclose its sanctuary like a veil of ethereal mist. For a moment I rested my hand on the rough, touse-barked railing and stood motionless, looking down at the stream, while my companions, a middle-aged gentleman and his too-young wife, passed by, absorbed in careless chatter. The brook murmured beneath me, and the cool green freshness of its banks made me envy the tiny forget-me-nots that nestled there among the ferns. I moistened my lips thirstily and a thousand small blue eyes winked in startled amazement. Mechanically I turned and made my way across to the path, up between the hedges.

It was a delightful path—not trampled or earthy, but soft with a padding of lush green velvet, so that its merge into the flower-bed lawn was scarcely perceptible. I felt rather than saw its direction. But had I wished I could not have gone another way, for I was drawn by the alluring

to the plaintive accompaniment of its dying whistle.

A small cutter moves jerkily down the road, its runners scraping like a sharp knife on a piece of smooth glass. Both snow and runners seem unhappy in the contact, the one sounding as though it could not bear the touch of the gliding steel, and the other as though to move over the snow were agony. The sleigh-bells tinkle like champagne-glasses clinking together, and sound so brittle that each touch of the clapper might splinter them into myriads of pieces. But soon this solitary moving thing is swallowed by darkness, its pathetic complaint becoming gradually more feeble until once more all is intensely still.

And yet, as I look towards the sky, the air seems full of sound. The very stars seem to scream as they spin about in space, like ungreased wheels upon dry axles. And through it all, the moon looks down with an ice-cold stare upon a world of exquisite frozen beauty.

As I move away, the squeaking crunch of my footsteps brings me back to myself, and I become conscious only of my own little noise in a creation infinite and inscrutable.

pervasive incense that emanated from some indistinct region ahead. Blindly, as though intoxicated, I moved forward, treading lightly and buoyantly, with no conscious effort, no control over my limbs. Suddenly before me and around me on all sides I became aware of a purple haze, intensely vivid and dazzling in the sunshine; and at the same time a scent of ineffable sweetness and overpowering pungence took complete possession of my being. My head swam and I closed my eyes.

The strange feeling passed, more quickly than it had come, and left my mind clear and calm and alert. A lilac blossom hung so close within my reach that my fingers clasped it instinctively, and I pressed it to my mouth. The grove was cool, for the sun cast but an indirect warmth through the curtain-lace of leaves. I had climbed a hill in approaching, and discovered now that this particular spot overlooked a lake which lay perhaps a mile distant. The lake sparkled fresh and inviting out there beyond the woods and a dreamy heaven smiled down at its own face in the

water.

In this garden Time was only a word, Eternity a meaningless sound. The world lay far away, weaving in distant silence its vain tapestry of life and love. Life! Here was Life, in endless quivering serenity—perfumed and colorful, heaven-high and joyous! Here, almost, was Heaven. In an ecstasy of painful desire that held the whole world's eternal longing I strained toward some invisible sky-thing, and thrust out my arms to embrace the soul of life that stirred about me. For an infinitesimal second I seemed to have caught a glimpse of—what?

I stood so cold and shivering that the warm hum of the bees in the lilacs seemed unbearably discordant—a hateful

THE SHED AND THE SHEDDITES

Divinity, Divinity,
Faith, Hope and Charity,
Frock coats and poverty. Amen.

This column is offered as a resume of matters of interest which have their origin in the Divinity House. The Divinity yell seems appropriate enough to begin with, even if not of Bishop's origin.

The Retreat—

So many people have asked what a retreat is that we feel called upon to explain briefly. A retreat is simply a concentrated spiritual effort. No one denies the need of physical exercise or even of mental exercise. It is to meet a similar need of the soul that we have retreats. They are periods of prayer on a large scale. A retreat usually consists of several services, meditations, and other spiritual exercises. It may even include a conference or a discussion group and may last only a few hours or as long as a week or more.

The Retreat in the Shed lasted from Wednesday evening until the following Friday morning when lectures for the Lent term began. The conductor was the Rev'd Canon Davison of the Church of St. John the Evangelist, Montreal.

Church Union—

Most of the divines have been studying the problem of the reunion of Christendom which is so appropriate in this year following the great conferences at Oxford and Edinburgh. The study began with a realization of the demand for union, indeed of its necessity, followed by a historical study dealing with the causes of disruption including the growth of the Papacy, the division between East and West and the 16th century Reformation. The study continues this term with a consideration of the present grouping of Christendom and the possibility of a united Church. The essential principles of the Church of the future will be

sound. I ran so swiftly then that the ground beneath my feet was as supporting air. Halfway down the hill I dropped my lilac-bloom; and I knew that I had dropped it, but I could not stop to retrieve it. The sound of voices—a man's deep tones and a woman's laughter—registered confusedly upon my consciousness as I sped past the hedge by the peony bed, down, down to the stream. There the bridge arrested me again, and I leaned over its side, panting. My throat felt dry and tight, and suddenly great sobs welled up within me. . . .

"Isn't it a lovely garden?" asked my enthusiastic friend. And I think my voice was natural when I answered, "Yes, lovely!"

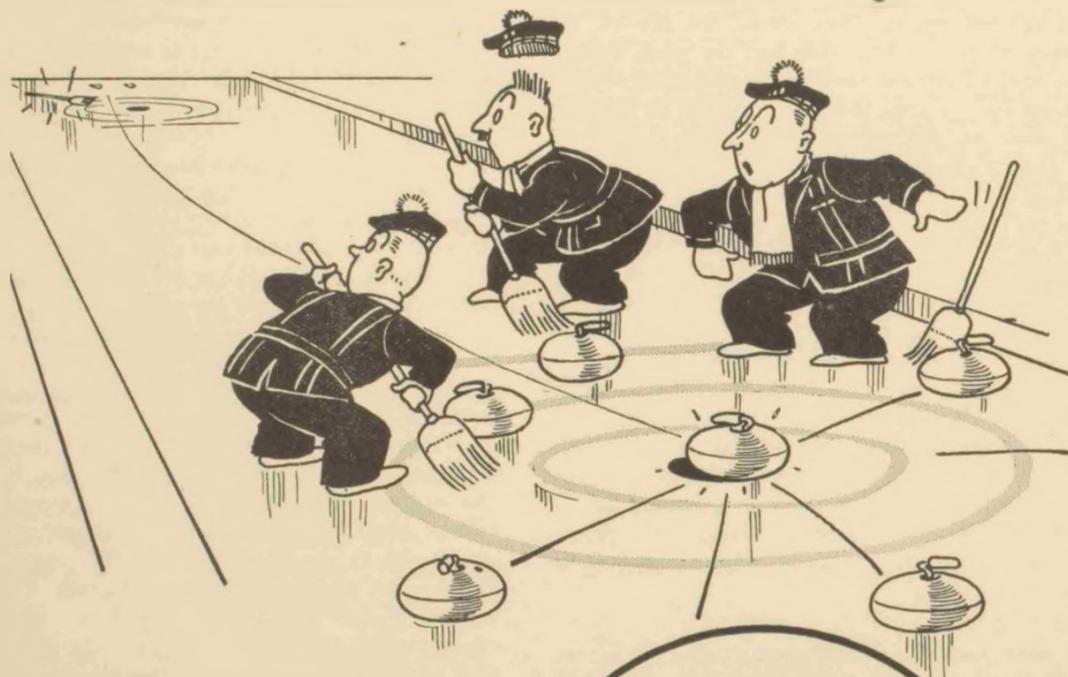
considered during Lent.

It may be of some interest to learn of a meeting held at Trinity College, Toronto, a few weeks ago. It was an open meeting of the Trinity Theological Society which was presided over at different times by the president of that society and by the Rt. Rev'd Richard Roberts, former Moderator of the United Church of Canada. Theological students from Wycliffe (Anglican), Emmanuel (United Church), and Knox (Presbyterian), attended in large numbers. It was almost startling, as well as exceedingly hopeful, that the present and future leaders in different branches of Christianity should stand so close together on so many points. The form of ordination, in the Church of the future, whether episcopal or presbyterial was the main point of controversy. But it was greatly overshadowed by the points in agreement. The main conclusion reached was that we should think oecumenically. One is moved to say: "How little divides us."

Temporary Celibacy of the Clergy—

Everyone has heard of the proposal of Lord Halifax and his committee that ordinands accept voluntary celibacy for a period of five years after ordination. It is a good thing for the Church and therefore, on the face of it, for her ministers. The obvious advantages stated by the committee are easily realized. There seems however to be one flaw at least. If the Church accepts the married clergyman as the general rule, and if married life is likely to be most successful if both parties are young at marriage, an opinion which we are told is generally accepted, then it would seem inadvisable for the Church to restrict the marriage of her ministers until they are at least twenty-eight years old and in most cases still older. Anyway it is a problem only for the divines, and there will be consternation in the Shed if the five-year plan is adopted in Canada.

WHERE'S JOE ?



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D185

" - - And then there was one."



Affairs of the heart between married women and gentlemen with the degree of E. B. (Eligible Bachelor) are not frowned upon so vigorously in this day and age as they were a half-a-century ago. Consequently, no one said very much, at first, when they saw Margaret Sloane being attended quite solicitously by a Mr. Teddie Fowler, a newcomer to their set. But as time went on and the state of affairs became more and more obvious, the gossips got their heads together, and the grapevine telegraph began to function. Probably Margaret Sloane thought that this little infatuation was quite harmless—something like the puppy-love that plays such an important part in school and college—but there was one thing that she forgot to take into consideration.

Jeremy Sloane, her husband, was not exactly a Casper Milquetoast. He lorded his six-foot-two over the other males of his set, and spoke in bull-like voice. Sometimes his attempts at this were not exactly successful, much to his embarrassment and chagrin. But in spite of the constant shower of jokes about his likeness to Andy Devine, Mr. Sloane seemed to live a comfortable life with his beautiful wife in their apartment downtown. However, as they must, to all men whose wives stray from the straight and narrow path, vague rumours came to Jeremy about Margaret and Teddie. Still, no one ever expected a jovial fellow like Jeremy to have in his heart a hate for his wife so great that he would do murder for it. That was the one thing that Margaret Sloane had not considered.

Margaret Sloane herself was one of those women who never seem to grow old, whose age no one can ever tell, and who live accordingly. She had all the requirements of an attractive woman, complexion, form, and personality. No one knew exactly how this little partnership with Teddie Fowler had started. They took for granted the story that he was an old rival of Jeremy's who had gone to Africa, or some such place, and had not been at hand when Margaret had arrived at a marriageable age. Now he had come back to marry her, and Margaret, true to the tradition of the story-book heroine, realized that she loved him, had loved him all her life, and would go on loving him for ever and ever.

Many people have certain secret habits, complexes, characteristics, or ailments that they wish to keep hidden. These

peculiarities, if discovered, sometimes cause the person a great deal of humiliation. Margaret was among this class of people, for she was afflicted by asthma. It was not serious for since she lived in the city, it did not often bother her. Like the girl in the toothpaste advertisement who was always afraid to smile, no one knew about Margaret's affliction until, at one time or another, she came in contact with something to which she was allergic. And like the girl in the toothpaste ad, she never gave herself away by going to the country, or by going for a ride on horseback. But the ever-observant Jeremy noticed that she always asked for certain kinds of flowers, and perhaps it was this fact that gave him his idea. He had never given much thought before to the many little bottles of nose drops which lined the shelf of the medicine cabinet in the bathroom. But he gave much thought to the several boxes of flowers and candy that Margaret received every week from what she termed "a good friend of ours", a certain Teddie Fowler. Even the idea that she preferred Fowler to him was like an auger, which turned and twisted and bored its way into his innermost being.

It is often said that when a man makes up his mind to commit murder, he becomes diabolically clever. No doubt the police inspector was thinking about this, as he looked over the room in which Margaret Sloane had been found. She was quite dead when they got there. There wasn't a single clue; the inspector could not be absolutely sure that Jeremy Sloane who had found her had not touched anything. Sloane had said that he had found her on the floor, just by the stool of the dressing-table. It looked at first sight as though she had fallen off the bench backwards, in a sudden faint. The coroner had said that she had died from inhaling the pollen of a flower to which she was allergic.

"It frequently happens that way," he had said, "for, as far as I know, though I haven't had much experience in that line, as soon as they get a good-sized whiff of that pollen, they go out like a light."

The inspector found a powder-puff lying at one side of the table and on it were a number of little yellow grains. These, the coroner said, were the pollen grains which had

caused Mrs. Sloane's death. He said it did something to her heart, seized it up, or something of that nature. A glance at the powder container showed that a considerable quantity of the stuff still remained there. That, along with the powder-puff went to H. Q. After a long silence, the inspector came to the conclusion that he had a murder on his hands.

A few days later, the inspector was not surprised to hear that the coroner's jury had decided that Mrs. Jeremy Sloane had been murdered by a person or persons unknown. What he was surprised to find out was that he was assigned to the case with orders to get the murderer or someone else would get his job.

The police inspector wasn't a bright man. He was just average, plugging along and doing his best to catch up with the smart crooks. Like all good cops, he read the paper every night on the train going home, and tried to solve the five-minute mysteries printed on page seven. (With answers on page 9.)

However, he didn't have to read the paper to know that he might be out of a job if he failed to solve the murder of Mrs. Jeremy Sloane. If he didn't solve it, it would probably spell his doom with a capital D. He knew in his own mind that the husband, Jeremy Sloane was guilty as hell, but they didn't have a scrap of evidence to hang the case on. The motive was clear: the man was insanely jealous, plain to be seen—and heard. The order of events on that night seemed evident: Jeremy Sloane had stood Mrs. Sloane's fooling with the Fowler guy as long as he could and then he had started to talk to her in her bedroom. Probably he had said many insulting things about her in order to hurt her, but he had only succeeded in getting her thoroughly mad. She probably told him to scam out of there as fast as he could, flavouring her last remark—the woman's last word, in both senses—with the threat that she would run away with Fowler. This last taunt had driven him mad. He had gone out to the flower garden on the roof, and tapped from a bunch of flowers enough of the right kind of pollen to put her away. Then he came back into the apartment and while she was in the bedroom trying to wash the red from around her eyes, he sneaked into her room and dumped the pollen into the powder box. Then when the faultless wife came to powder her shiny nose she got the full effect of the powder and pollen with a bang. This looked to the inspector as though it was a logical synopsis of the case.

The inspector's ride home on the train was tiring. They were held up here and there, shunted off on to sidings, and delayed a considerable time. The inspector, who was a fast reader, had finished glancing through the paper by the time

the train was under way. He was looking for that mystery puzzle on page 7, when he inadvertently opened the paper at the woman's page. This caused him to give a little grunt of annoyance, but just then a paragraph at one side of the page caught his eye. It was headlined, "Tips For The Husbands", and consisted of a list of questions directed towards wayward husbands. One of these he read "Do you clean your fingernails every day?" The question struck, and he casually looked at his own nails.

"My gosh, are they dirty!" he thought. "I guess I must have collected a little dirt from every place I've been this week." "Every place I've been this week." "Every place." The sentence seemed to echo through his head for no good reason. And then it dawned on him, and he knew then that he wouldn't have to worry about his job or his salary, and he also came to the conclusion that he might be in for a little promotion or, at least, a little raise.

Jeremy Sloane wondered what the row was all about in the inspector's outer office. He gazed thoughtfully at his close-clipped nails and wondered what the inspector's big idea had been in asking him to cut them very short and to give him the clippings. But he could hardly refuse the inspector such a minor request if it would help any in solving such a puzzling murder. At any rate, he wasn't suspected. What was there to worry about anyway? As the crooks said, they hadn't got a thing on him. Suddenly the door was flung open, and in marched the inspector and the district attorney, followed by Jeremy's own lawyer who looked very dejected.

"I arrest you, Jeremy Sloane, for the murder of your wife, Margaret Sloane, on the 25th of September, 1937."

A long, rasping gasp came from the only man who really knew the truth. He regained some measure of composure.

"Arrest me? That's ridiculous, inspector, you haven't got a shred of evidence against me."

"Very well, Sloane; I suppose you might as well be told now as later. When you murdered your wife, you didn't leave any fingerprints. Oh no, you were too clever. You didn't leave any torn pieces of suit on the edges of the furniture. You were too smart. You picked a time when there wouldn't be any witnesses. You were smart enough for that. But like all crooks, you slipped. There isn't any such thing as a perfect crime, Mr. Sloane, and I don't think you'd be the one to establish a precedent. If you remember, you pleaded that you were overcome with grief on the night of Mrs. Sloane's death, and consequently, you were on the scene of the murder only once. At that time, you weren't near the dressing-table or the body on the floor. Neither have you been in the pent-house garden since the night of the murder, for the doors were locked as soon as we found

the body and the keys have been in my pocket ever since. Also, you have been under constant surveillance and I've made sure that you haven't been in a place where you could come in contact with more pollen. So when we had your fingernail clippings examined at the laboratory today, the chemist reported that there was pollen in them which matches to a T the stuff that killed your wife. I think we have you just where we want you. There's no more need of beating about the bush. Funny thing, you three people involved in this case remind me of that little rhyme that I used to hear as a boy about the ten little Indians. And here's a parody on it:

'Three little Indians sitting in the sun,
Two had a fight, and then there was one.'

BALLADE MORALE

Says Accasain to Nicolette,

"The year is old, the night is wet;
My door is fast with bar and chain,
Stout is my roof against the rain;
With song the feast and fire are set:
The spring will fetch brave days again:
I pray you, do not leave me yet . . ."

Says Nicolette to Accasain,

"I sought the little leaded pane;
My starved, late-wandering vision met,
A-gleam with silver and with jet,
A goodly youth, who swept the plain:
While you, with paunch and jowl beset,
Relive dead deeds within the brain."

Says Accasain to Nicolette,

"Betimes I walked the parapet;
I spied a maid amid the grain,
Singing an old Provençal strain;
Her lips, and languid eyes beget
In me the follies of a swain:
What madame, do you tarry yet?"

L'envoi.

Says Nicolette to Accasain,

"How am I used? should I forget
Old glory for a raw cadet?
Alas, my lord, you give me pain."

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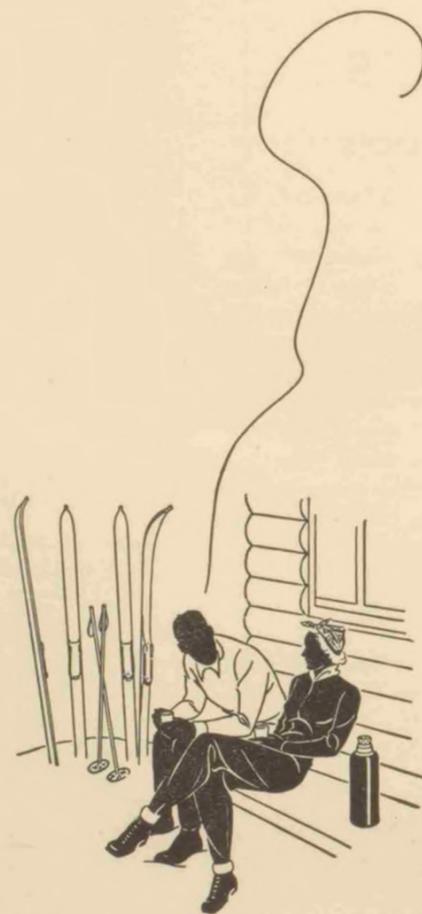


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AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

During the past year books of outstanding merit were published in almost every field. In biography Victoria Sackville-West's "Pepita" aroused more interest and more controversy than the average run of reminiscences. In the wider sphere of fiction Kenneth Roberts produced in "Northwest Passage" a worthy rival to "Gone with the Wind."

"Pepita" is one of those biographies which dispense with reticence. It lies somewhere between Lady Asquith's Autobiography and Vera Brittain's "Testament of Youth." Miss Sackville-West is less egotistical than Lady Asquith and less self-conscious than Vera Brittain. From a mass of forgotten letters and musty legal documents she has extracted the romance of an English peerage. The story covers three generations and embraces three countries. The reader passes from the nomadic existence of Pepita and her parents in Spain, to the career of her daughter in Washington. There follows the life at Knole and the tragic ending in Brighton.

Pepita, the Spanish dancer, was the mistress of Lionel Sackville-West and grandmother of the authoress. Her antecedents were humble in the extreme, and both she and her daughter retained to the last many of the characteristics of the Andalusian peasantry and the underworld of nineteenth century Madrid. But they had also great personal charm and vivacity.

This union of a scion of the English nobility with the star of Andalusia was to have momentous consequences. An almost incredible chain of circumstances made Pepita's daughter hostess to her father in the British Embassy at Washington and finally the undisputed Mistress of Knole. It required only her marriage to her cousin, the heir, to

confirm her position for the rest of her natural life. This bald statement of the facts does little to indicate the fantastic part which fortune played in the lives of the Sackville-Wests.

The foreign office is proverbially sensitive to the slightest breath of scandal. It is almost unbelievable that Lionel Sackville-West should have had a career in the diplomatic service and also maintained an illicit menage. It is almost incredible that a little Spanish girl, offspring of such an irregular union, trained to be a governess in a French convent, should have arrived in England to find herself niece to Lady Derby and the Duchess of Bedford. The reader is left wondering how Lady Derby got round Lord Granville and what Lord Granville said to Queen Victoria. Presentation at Court was a *sine qua non* for the future hostess in Washington, but this, of course, was out of the question. Yet pressure was brought to bear and Mrs. Garfield was ready to accept Pepita's daughter at the White House. The murder of her husband raised further complications but the other hostesses were ready to usher the ambassador's daughter into the strait-laced drawing rooms of the capital. Only Mrs. Russell Selfridge refused to receive her and she was in a minority of one when President Arthur himself proposed to Victoria.

There followed several years of unqualified social success during which Pepita's daughter had the whole of Washington at her feet. Then came the Murchison Letter Case and the British Ambassador was forced to resign. But a kindly Fortune was always at hand to assist the Sackville-Wests. The diplomat who was under a cloud suddenly found himself heir to the family estate of Knole. Knole,

one of the most beautiful and most historic houses in England cast its spell on father and daughter. So much so that it became a deciding factor in Victoria's marriage to her cousin, the heir. Here she was to reign as one of England's great ladies until after the World War. There was little to disturb this serene existence and Victoria added to her other blessings her lifelong friendship with Sir John Murray Scott. His career had been almost as romantic as her own and he was probably the only man who really understood her. All the world knows how he bequeathed to the nation the priceless treasures of Hertford House. But, until the publication of "Pepita", all the world did not know what a singularly charming man he was. It remained for Miss Sackville-West to depict this grotesque figure caressing the keys of the piano with his podgy hands, soothing her mother and shedding the light of his benevolence on all and sundry. Never was there a man whose personal appearance so belied his sensitive nature. When he died something passed out of Lady Sackville's life and the war came to upset her settled existence.

Lord Sackville was away for four years, commanding his beloved Yeomanry; Lady Sackville tried to carry on by herself. But the War confused her, she could neither realise its problems nor tolerate its inconveniences. She hated to see the men servants leave, she wrote to Lord Kitchener about it. His courteous reply that he could make no exceptions did little to relieve her feelings. War did not bring out the best in Lady Sackville and it revealed that hopeless incompatibility between her husband and herself. She could not really understand his feeling for Knole and his sense of public duty. She was jealous of Knole because it absorbed so much of him. During the war she had run it herself, when the war was over he insisted on doing so. The break was inevitable and the end both bitter and disillusioning.

The last phase in the life of Pepita's daughter does not make pleasant reading. She drifted from one futile extravagance to another, from the mausoleum of a house in Brighton to the smaller house near Rottingdean. Gallant as she was in the face of incipient blindness she yet embittered her old age by unseemly quarrels with servants, disputes with her lawyers and false accusations against her friends.

Brilliant and penetrating as is her account of her mother, it might have been better if Miss Sackville-West could have spared the reader these declining years. There was in Lady Sackville none of that calm tranquillity which characterised the heroine of "All Passion Spent." "Pepita" as a work of art is not the equal of "The Edwardians" in spite of the author's own preference for it. It is an absorbing study in character but there are too many painful revelations and too little reticence.

"Northwest Passage" will appeal to those who enjoy their history served up in novel form. Mr. Kenneth Roberts has told a great story and if some of it be historically inaccurate and some of it heavily biased that only makes the reader's enjoyment the greater. The book deals in the most romantic and adventurous way with the career of Major Robert Rogers. It should be of special interest to those who live in these parts because Rogers and his Rangers passed between Lake Memphramagog and Lake Massawippi on their historic retreat from St. Francis. Mr. Roberts has an almost Dickensian faculty for introducing numerous characters. But it is Rogers and Rogers alone who holds the reader's interest throughout. Brave, magnetic, a born leader endowed with almost superhuman powers of endurance, he was also dissolute and sometimes dishonest. A very human character and at times a very tragic one, Rogers is the more vivid in contrast with the British regular of his day. He has none of the rigid ceremony of the English generals, not for him the scarlet coat, the white breeches and the pipelined belt, even in the wilds. English generals as a whole do not receive kindly treatment at Mr. Roberts' hands. Amherst alone is shown in a favourable light. Governor Wentworth, Daniel Claus, and General Gage are treated with loathing and contempt. Historically Mr. Roberts is probably right, but is he right in painting Sir William Johnson in such sinister colours? Admittedly Johnson controlled the Mohawks, admittedly he was a land grabber but was he really such an unmitigated blackguard? A man who could control the Mohawks must have been something better than the gross unprincipled scoundrel who darkens Mr. Roberts' pages.

The story opens at Harvard when Langdon Towne, who is the narrator throughout, is taking his arts course. He is a promising young artist struggling against his family's disapproval of his chosen profession. A chain of circumstances leads him to join with Rogers and the famous Rangers. The most interesting parts of the book are the march to St. Francis and Rogers' sojourns in London. The march to St. Francis must be read to be fully appreciated, no second hand account of it can do it justice. Mr. Roberts knows the North American woods and only a man who does know them could have brought out the fact that skilled hunters could wander in game infested country and yet find nothing for days on end.

Mr. Roberts has also made a notable advance in his treatment of Indians. Too many authors have been satisfied with portraying them as tamed or untamed savages. Mr. Roberts' picture of Pontiac shows that there was at least one Red genius among the inhabitants of the continent. Pontiac's ideas compare favourably with those of most of the French or English leaders of his time.



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The abortive efforts of Rogers, as governor in the West, to find a northwest passage make good reading. But there is a sorrowful futility about the fall of this man. He could have achieved so much, but scheming officials, a listless government and a nagging wife all combined to hasten his downfall. There is a Promethian splendor about Rogers in irons and a tragic magnificence about his sufferings as he is brought to Montreal for court martial. Nothing it would seem would kill him, neither wounds, hunger, exposure or the treachery of his friends.

But it is the London scenes that are particularly engaging. Rogers is in London trying to arouse interest in his schemes and to obtain the King's ear. It is a fascinating picture of the times. Pitt is nursing his gout at Bath, Edmund Burke is abusing the Stamp Act, Hogarth is painting

the demi-monde. Well-known figures cross the stage, Dr. Johnson, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Charles Townshend and Benjamin Franklin. Rogers goes hell-raking through Vauxhall Gardens, gaming at White's and ends his dissolute London career as an inmate of the debtors' prison, the Fleet. Mr. Roberts' description of the debtors' prison is a masterpiece of pictorial writing. It is the London of six bottle men, of Fleet marriages and gin-sodden slums. It is all there in the greatest detail, the London of John Gay and the Beggar's Opera, the London of Boswell and Johnson, the London of Berkeley Square.

"Northwest Passage" is a long book but few will find it so. There is humour, pathos, love interest and high endeavour in its ever changing scenes.

—Prof. A. W. Preston.

RECENT ACQUISITIONS

Bennett, R.F.: The Early Dominicans.

Borradaile, L. A.: Elementary Zoology.

Brewster, Dorothy, ed.:

A Book of Contemporary Short Stories.

Bridge, Ann: Enchanter's Nightshade.

Briffault, Robert: Europa in Limbo.

Bromfield, Louis: The Rains Came.

Brown, W. H.: The Plant Kingdom.

Buchan, John: Augustus.

Carroll, Lovell C.: Marriage in Quebec.

Chamberlain, C. J.: Methods in Plant Histology.

Cole, Luella: Psychology of Adolescence.

Cooley, Gans, and others: Introduction to Mathematics.

Courant, R.: Differential and Integral Calculus.

Coward, Noel: Play Parade.

Cronin, A. J.: The Citadel.

Ellis, S. M.:

The Solitary Horseman (Life of G. P. R. James)

Fosdick, H. E.: The Modern Use of the Bible.

Freeman, K. J.: Schools of Hellas.

Galpin, F. W.: Old English Instruments of Music.

Goldblatt, L. A., ed.:

Collateral Readings in Inorganic Chemistry.

Goodyear, Susan: College Square.

Gorer, Geoffrey: Bali and Angkor.

Green, Peter: The Christian Man.

Green, Peter: The Problem of Right Conduct.

Hegner, Robert W.: College Zoology.

Jolowicz, H. F.: Historical Introduction to Roman Law.

Kellett, E. E.: Fashion in Literature.

Lascelles, ed.: Life of Charles James Fox.

Lodge, R. C.: Philosophy of Education.

Ludwig, Emil: The Nile.

Lyons, Eugene: Assignment in Utopia.

Maillart, E. K.: Forbidden Journey.

Major, H. D. A.: The Mission and Message of Jesus.

Oxford History of Music. Introductory Volume.

Parker, J. R.: Academic Procession.

Pilgrim, David: So Great a Man.

Roberts, Kenneth: Northwest Passage.

Royde-Smith, Naomi: For Us in the Dark.

Rugg, H. O.: American Life and School Curriculum.

Stockley, V.:

German Literature as Known in England, 1750-1830.

Storrs, Sir Ronald: Orientations.

Summers, Montague: The Playhouse of Pepys.

Summers, Montague: The Restoration Theatre.

Thompson, Francis: Collected Poems.

Van Loon, H. W.: The Arts.

Walpole, Hugh: John Cornelius.

Wand, J. W. C.:

History of the Modern Church, 1500 to the Present.

Wight, Fred: Youth in Trust.

"Reading maketh a full man;
Conference a ready man;
And writing an exact man."

Notes and Comments

As we contemplate the Lent term we undoubtedly arrive at the conclusion that this is the term to enjoy ourselves, and to see how well the plans of the different activities cover this term we suggest that one asks any member of an executive who has tried to fit in his program with those of the others. Yes, this is undoubtedly the term to enjoy oneself. In the first term we have the problem of readjusting ourselves to the university life, and the problem of welcoming the freshmen. In the last term we have the final exams to worry about, besides the regular matters of spring to attend to, so this is the term to enjoy ourselves.

An interview with the senior man makes it apparent that this will not be at all difficult, for he tells us that there will be more informal get-togethers, several informal dances, and the regular activities as debating, dramatics, the Arts Club, Maths and Science, and O. T. C.

However, let us not forget that the primary purpose of our stay at the University is to pass the exams leading to a degree and that much as we may disapprove of this way of determining our comparative knowledge, it still remains the determinant of whether or not our names are included on that list published in the Montreal papers on or about June 17.

CLUBS

The executives of the Clubs have been so busy in reorganization, drawing up a constitution, getting larger committees and making themselves more democratic that as yet they have had little time to meet. However, we are told by the secretary of the Maths and Science Club that he expects that it will shape up in one form or another within the next few weeks.

Last minute flash . . . we have just seen Roger Boothroyd and he tells us that the Maths and Science Club intends to have an excursion to Thetford Mines and to go through one of the mines. The proposed date for this trip is March fifth. The duration of the stay will be left to the discretion of the students themselves and their Deans of Residence.

O. T. C.

The O. T. C. dance was held in the gymnasium of the University on Friday night, February fourth. The only complaint heard was that it did not last long enough, the hour of 11.30 hardly seeming a fit one at which to end a dance. The evening was highly successful and most members of the University were present, many non-members of the corps taking advantage of their privilege of attending

upon paying an admission charge. Music was supplied by Badger's band. Features of the evening were — Our little lieutenant-Colonel's uniform; the other lads truckin' in their uniforms, and the hockey team leaving at 10.30 or thereabouts.

The Student Get-together of January Twenty-sixth

A most successful meeting was held in Convocation Hall, with Henry Holden in the chair. The meeting was opened by the chairman, Mr. Holden, who gave a short report on the meeting of the executive of the N.F.C.U.S. (National Federation of Canadian University Students to you). He told us of the leading part played by Bishop's in the organization of this Federation which was founded by a former Bishop's student by the name of Greene. We were told that Bishop's stands high in the estimation of the other universities as an example of student self-government, and we have been told since this meeting that Henry contributed a great deal to the plan of reorganization that was carried at this meeting held in Winnipeg.

Our Senior Man gave us a short résumé of the advantages of the Federation, telling us that it was through them that we have obtained the discount on sporting goods, and that reduced railway fares are also largely due to the efforts of this organization. Several new departments have been established, amongst which are a University Press to be run on the lines of the Canadian Press; and a Central bureau for plays where the dramatic societies of the universities will give reports of plays produced, cost of production and the degree of success, and this information will be available to other universities for their guidance in future productions.

The meeting was then thrown open to discussion and the first matter mentioned was the problem of debates. It seems the majority of those present were in favour of a repetition of the notorious debate of two years ago when two teams of co-eds debated over the ultimate aim of women.

However, the important issue of the evening seemed to be the Purple and White review. The question was raised by Miss Crook who told us of the talent that there was in the University and that all that was required was a little co-operation. She proposed staging a review either at the University Little Theatre (the gym) or going to the theatre in Sherbrooke. The suggestion was then moved that the major play be done away with, and the review be produced in its place. Much discussion went on and the con-

clusion was reached that for this year the promoters would satisfy themselves with producing a floor show at one of the informal dances.

Miss Nancy MacDougall then arose and pleaded that the girls be given some sort of award for their competitive sports, something after the fashion of the "B" awards given the boys' teams. This was immediately accepted. We were told that such an awards system had formerly been practised but that in recent years it had been forgotten.

Sid Davies then arose and on a plaintive note expressed the hope that the number of issues of the *Mitre* be cut down from five to three issues per year, but it seems that the students take pleasure in reading the magazine despite their lack of interest in contributing.

The meeting ended with an air of satisfaction which expressed itself in an overwhelming vote in favour of more meetings of this type being held in the near future.

Highlights of the entertainment were Gibeau's red evening wrap, and Power's persistent attempt to introduce the problem of whether the co-eds would make desirable partners at the Formal, over the protests of Miss Parr who finally won out.

At the foot of a pile of correspondence, including a copy of the libel law and a cub reporter's handbook, generously donated to Notes and Comments by the resident reporter of the Gazette, we find the following communication:

"Under proposed amendments to the Constitution of the Students' Association the Literary and Debating Society will absorb the P. D. G. For the remainder of the year joint meetings are being arranged by the joint executive of the two bodies to include inter-faculty debates, parliamentary debates and discussions. Ordinarily there will be a meeting every Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock until April 6. Everyone is invited to come and to air his or even her views. Disturb your complacency and ours."

There is still far too little respect for the Holy of Holies, the library. There are still a few students who attempt to study there in spite of the unhealthy air that they are forced to breathe because of the intense heat and the lack of proper ventilation and humidifiers. Would it be too much to ask the members of the faculty as well as other members of the University to regard the notice SILENCE MUST BE OBSERVED."

Last issue an Alma Mater song was published, now it is felt that a drinking song would be in order, so the philosophy option have taken it upon themselves to encourage the writing of such a song by offering as a prize the material for testing such a song. In case of a tie duplicate prizes are too expensive, indeed the judges couldn't consider more than one case. All contestants must agree that the decision of the judges, the Philosophy option of course, will be final; and that no entry can be returned, all manuscripts becoming the property of the judges. All entries should be in the hands of the judges on or before March 5 and if in the opinion of the judges a sufficiently ribald chanty is submitted the successful contestant or contestants will be rewarded at such a time and place as the judges see fit. (This is our show and we intend to run it. Phil. Option.)

And we see that a commercial greenhouse tomato that is immune to brown rust, has been developed in the University of Toronto. The work was done by Geneticists, and we also hear that most of the development work carried on was by our own Dr. Langford.

FORMAL

It looks as though the Formal has come at the right time this year for on February twenty-fifth the basketball team will play its last game against the Y reds and on the twenty-sixth comes the last hockey game against Loyola, so all will be able to let joy be unconfined and attend the Formal on the twenty-eighth. Lets hope for a true Bishop's atmosphere and that every member of the College will be there.

Flash! stop the press! Another communication has been received and this time it's about the Political Discussion Group meeting held on the morning of the thirtieth of January. It reads as follows:

"Seven stalwart sons of Bishop's inaugurated the group's activities for the Lent term on Sunday, January thirtieth. It was not, perhaps, such a brilliant beginning but we hope what was lacking in quantity of numbers was made up for by the quality of the discussion. The Sino-Japanese conflict was the topic and the discussion ranged far and wide. The withdrawal of all European nationals and the abandonment of all capitalist interests in China was an interesting suggestion as one means to avoid conflict with Japan. The American withdrawal from the Phillipines, the inevitable clash of Italian and German interests and the defence of British Columbia were not omitted from the discussion."

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HOCKEY

Although for some reason arrangements could not be made for the boys to come back early to work the holidays out of their systems, they have been making up for lost time in hard and long practice periods under the watchful eye of Gerry Wiggett, whom they are fortunate enough to have again as coach this winter. But those few who have been looking forward to a championship team this year will have to wait for some other time, unless indications are deceiving, since the practices have given little promise of this, although they seem to be of a considerably higher calibre than would be expected of a cellar outfit. The Juniors are developing as well as can be expected and in practice games have shown themselves to be almost on a par with the Intermediates. The latter are at present composed largely of players from last year's squads, but it is probable that a few changes will be made as the season develops. The first game of the year was played against St. Pat's Juniors on the college rink, and the 5-2 trimming they handed the Intermediates in this exhibition contest was not a true indication of their superiority, since they might have rolled up a more impressive score if they had capitalized fully on their opportunities. The clean, fast hockey of this game showed up a lack of condition on the part of the losers, making for an inability to backcheck as much as necessary, and a certain weakness on defence, all of which combined to account for the loss. It was Bishop's who opened the scoring, however, when Knox passed at the blue line to Westgate, who scored on a long shot that fairly sizzled into the net. Then St. Pat's started making the defence look foolish with a series of rushes that resulted in no less than five goals, while Bishop's retaliated early in the third period with a tally by John Paterson on a pass from Goff. A return encounter two days later indicated a marked improvement in Bishop's defensive play, and especially on the part of Ronny Fyfe who played a superb game in goal. On the whole the hockey was not of as high a standard as that displayed in the previous contest, and the sole Bishop's goal of the 1-1 tie was once again scored on another of Westgate's cannon-ball shots.

But the Intermediates hadn't finished with St. Pat's yet, as it was decided to play another game against them on the Tuesday following the last one. Although Bishop's lost by a 4-2 count, they were for once justified in their complaint that the breaks were very definitely not in their favour that night. One of the college's goals in this match was scored

by Martin on a pass from John Paterson, the other by Cooper with an assist by Knox. But at least the Intermediates were greatly improved over their earlier form, and their persevering efforts signified that they will be a hard team to beat when they set their hearts on winning. Meanwhile the Juniors have entered the Eastern Townships Junior Hockey League and are scheduled to run up against St. Pat's, Sherbrooke, Magog, and Richmond, with each game a four-point one on account of a decision that there would not be sufficient time to play a full schedule. Since their first game against Magog was cancelled at the last moment, they met St. Pat's in their second scheduled start, and lost a heartbreaking 2-1 thriller that had a hoarse crowd shrieking such noisy encouragement, as to discredit completely any notion that Bishop's would not give their full support to hockey this year. The Juniors held on to a precarious 1-0 lead, gained in the first five minutes of the first period on a backhanded tally by Ace Dempster, until approximately three minutes before the game was over, when with eleven men gathered inside the Bishop's blue line, Smith in goal, his vision partially blocked, let in the two-winning counters, yet throughout the game he had turned back repeated scoring efforts with ease. That the game nearly resulted in a purple and white victory was due almost entirely to the spirited defence work of Greenwood and Schoch, backed up by Smith's grand goal-tending, although the fiendish backchecking of the forwards must not be forgotten. While St. Pat's outrushed Bishop's by a ratio of at least two to one yet their attacks were almost always disrupted when they reached the defence; this occurred so often that the Irish team, in a last desperate effort to tie the score, started five-man attacks with a few minutes remaining. And with eleven players crowded inside Bishop's blue line, each fighting for the puck, St. Pat's managed to dribble one past Smith for the tying counter, and in the same way scored the winning goal, to rob the Juniors of what for some fifty-seven minutes seemed destined to be Bishop's first hockey victory of the season. But by no means was it a moral defeat, because after the Intermediates had gone down twice before practically the same team, the Juniors were expected to take a bad trouncing; and the result of the game had several members of the first team wondering how the seconds, who did not appear half as impressive as they were effective, managed to give the St. Pat's outfit a real battle that had Bishop's supporters wild with excitement throughout. And the game also served to put specta-

tors on edge for the Intermediate Intercollegiate opener which followed a few days afterwards. The line-ups of the game follow:

Bishop's		St. Pat's
Smith	goal	Hunting
Greenwood	defence	Russ
Schoch	"	Allan
Bradley	forward	Christisan
Voisard	"	Barlow
Bill Lunderville	"	Gingues

Alternates—Bishop's: Dempster, Wiggett, Flintoft, Murray and Chadsey. St. Pat's: Ross, Denault, Roy.

The University of Montreal Game—

Getting off to a flying start by scoring two goals in the first few minutes of play, Bishop's chalked up their first win in Intermediate Intercollegiate hockey since their victory over Loyola early last winter by subduing a scrappy U. of M. team 3-1. Shortly after the opening whistle had sounded Westgate drilled a blue line shot into the corner of the net, after he had received a pass from Knox, to put Bishop's one goal ahead, and then before the game had really got under way, scored another, this time unassisted, giving the college a commanding lead with only a few minutes having elapsed, although the crowd had had time to go slightly mad. Then the Frenchmen began to settle down, and the dirt flew thick and fast, with both teams showing themselves masters at the art of handing it out and getting away with it. And so it went for the rest of the period with every player on the ice going full steam, as the game developed into a hard bumping contest in which Bishop's held a decided edge due to grand defensive work on the part of Martin and Starnes. The second period found both teams fighting hard from the drop of the puck, and while the U. of M. began to come back strongly most of the play was still in their territory. Bourgoin for the Frenchmen goaled magnificently, while Richardson and Prevost on defence, checking very effectively, also did their part in keeping the second period scoreless. A short-lived fight between Westgate and Richardson started off the third stanza in characteristic style, and the play was hardly resumed after this, when Martin coming up fast from his defence position on a solo rush skirted Prevost on the U. of M. defence, and drove one past Bourgoin to make the count 3-0. Shortly afterwards a concerted attack by the Frenchmen was climaxed when Trudeau dribbled the puck between Fyfe's feet to rob him of a shutout. For the duration of the game Bishop's peppered Bourgoin with some of the 28 shots that he stopped during this period, and the whistle sounded shortly afterwards to signify that the college had won one of the roughest games played on

our rink for several seasons.

The line-ups for the evening were the following:

Bishop's		U. of Montreal
Fyfe	goal	Bourgoin
Starnes	defence	Richardson
Martin	"	Prevost
Knox	centre	Trudeau
Westgate	wing	Nantel
Cooper	"	MacDonald

Bishop's subs: J. Paterson, Goff, D. Paterson, Carter, Willis.

U. of Montreal subs: Brault, Duranceau, Pharand.

Sideglances at the Game—

A number of pools based on probable scores were run in connection with the match and a large percentage of the spectators had a monetary interest in them—perhaps that would explain the rather spasmodic cheering throughout the game—great bursts of enthusiasm from individuals when the score of the game tallied with that on their tickets, and then a sudden lessening of vocal zeal when another goal was scored. . . . Referee Eddie Wolfe very leniently thumbed out nine minors and four majors, and so there were no complaints of loneliness on the penalty bench. . . . As a result practically all of the third period was played with five-man teams. . . . The Montrealers certainly lived up to their reputation as a fighting team and several times almost had the more ardent Bishop's supporters out on the ice. . . . Bishop's got away with more dirt than a Sherbrooke team, and they seem to have taken some lessons. . . . Our defence rose to the spirit of the occasion and gave the ice a good workout whenever the Frenchmen rushed. . . . They, as well as the forwards, also proved themselves adept at missing the boat, or should we say the net? . . . Bishop's need not be particularly elated over their victory since it was only the second time that the U. of M. had played together. . . . And spectators are wondering if this game can properly be called one of those times.

BASKETBALL

So far this season the basketball team is hitting a .333 clip, having lost two out of their first three games, although they have to their credit a 34-12 win over the Sherbrooke Grads, coming after a loss in their initial encounter of the season, played last term, to a combination of the Y.M.C.A. Blues and Reds. The game against the Grads, staged in the college gymnasium was attended by a large and enthusiastic audience who reserved special individual applause for Merritt Pharo and Trevor Stevens, two unappreciative members of the team. The contest itself, although not as

interesting to those who were not regular followers of the game as what went on among the spectators, was pretty much Bishop's all the way, with Al Bryce high scorer for the college and Stevens playing very well at guard. Shortly afterwards the team went down to Sherbrooke and lost a close decision to the local Y.M.C.A. by a 40-35 count. We did not see the game but apparently, with the exception of Harry Gray, most of the players were below their usual form, but in characteristic Bishop's manner were confident of winning the return match. There is not much more news of interest to basketball fans except that an impressive coaching staff of four Sherbrooke team members is looking after the interests of the female squad. Head coach Al Bryce asked for a long writeup about the co-ed squad, but except for harping on the fact that they have to date won a 34-2 over a Sherbrooke outfit, "Bishop's most decisive victory of the year," as a modest member of the team termed it, and besides repeating the familiar phrase that the team has excellent prospects he had nothing else to report; it must be said of him, however, that his still serene countenance has not yet taken on the peculiarly worried expressions of past coaches.

BADMINTON

Towards the end of January a long-winded session of the badminton committee was held at which Ronnie Fyfe was made chairman and Miss Frances Baker secretary. Proposed schedules were drawn up, the sale of birds was taken over by the committee and special periods in which instruction will be given, were allotted to beginners; this move was made to gain a larger following for the sport, especially among the co-eds, who are notoriously fond of being taught. Games are tentatively set with Windsor Mills, Coaticook, Ayer's Cliff, and with Sherbrooke if a sporting club can be found in that city. But as yet no tournaments are scheduled for this term, and the only thing else of badminton interest is the expression of players impatiently waiting while a group of females listlessly concludes a languid half-hour's play.

SKIING

Splendid weather conditions and a hard working ski committee have had much to do with the moderate success attending efforts to build up the sport at Bishop's this year, through the formation of a Ski Club linked with the C. A. S. A.; since privileges in this club have been extended to all students it is hoped, but not expected, that more than a few will take advantage of this, and will enter some meets. North Hatley has been the scene of the greatest skiing activity locally, and there have been quite a number of Sabbath skiers going up for the day. John Paterson, fresh

from a skiing holiday at Banff, won the Slalom competition of January 15, with several other Bishop's skiers ranking well up on the list, and the following week Geoff Scott deserted his music to come in second in a combined slalom-downhill event, beating out Trevor Stevens, would-be ping-pong champion, by a narrow margin. Those skiers that went to North Hatley that week-end but did not enter the races, had a grand time yelling disparaging remarks about the competitors into a sound system installed for the occasion. The most interesting sidelight of the day was provided by a number of the entrants whose belief that profanity was synonymous with added speed led them to let loose a stream of their choicest language during the event. It had been planned to hold a large inter-club meet the following Sunday but an unseasonable rain, coming between periods of sub-zero weather, not only put an end to this event, but for some time made North Hatley trails and hills more suitable for skates than skis. However Bishop's hopes to hold several more meets before the winter is over and expects to send four men to the Laurentians to compete in the 2½-mile Taschereau downhill run. The committee on skiing, composed of John Starnes, Don McQuat, Campbell Blatchford, and Geoff Scott will be glad to receive any inquiries about the sport, and in an effort to stir up skiing interest among the co-eds suggests that male students start taking a number of the girls out with them on their skiing excursions.

TABLE TENNIS

The leading exponents of ping-pong at Bishop's have long contemplated challenging a team from B. C. S. to establish once and for all our definite athletic superiority over the School, but since the prestige of the college is first in the hearts of those involved, it has been decided to postpone the matches until it could be reliably ascertained that there is a good chance of winning; such a time has come. To deal with the situation a supreme table tennis committee consisting of Messrs. Stevens and Mills have been self-appointed. At a regular meeting of this committee held on January 28 in Convocation Hall, with Mr. T. Stevens presiding, a decision to take prompt action met with unprecedented approval. Following an opening address by the chairman it was agreed by an impressive show of hands, that all table tennis wearers of the purple and white should always play the game from a cricket standpoint, and should not concern themselves with the sordid aspect of winning, unless there was a chance of being beaten. A budget was then drawn up to cover expenses, and this will be submitted to the Student's Council for disapproval. An association under the name of the Bishop's Indoor Athletic Club was

next formed, an organization which promises to be the most exclusive in Bishop's history. The committee now proceeded to elect themselves co-captains of the table tennis team but remained undecided as to who should fill the remaining positions. A motion that the session adjourn was decisively passed after the chairman had unsuccessfully called upon Mr. Mills to furnish the cost of a phone call to the school. At the time of writing negotiations are still under way, and resident students can sense the approach

Exchanges

There seems to be at this time an exceptionally large assortment of attractive exchange issues. Christmas numbers of various magazines have been pouring in as well as the early January issues.

Exceptionally good articles are to be found in the McMaster Quarterly, two issues of which have been received since the last publication of the *Mitre*. This is one of our best exchanges, and Bishop's students might be interested in its fine literary efforts. "Painter of Northern Winter, Peter Brueghel", and "The Modern Sculptor's Point of View" should attract those interested in art; "Invitation to Dance" is rather amusing, while "The Adventure Story" and "Quality and Quantity" by Lord Tweedsmuir make it a most substantial publication.

About the O. A. C. Review. It is a very fine magazine but its cover should be greatly improved. Most of the articles are based on the students' studies in agriculture so are not of exceptional interest to us, however, there are always some very fine cartoons and drawings which are well worth glancing at.

The magazines from the Maritimes are keeping up to the standards of former issues. In nearly all these magazines there is a department solely for the purpose of wit and humour. This is something which the *Mitre* lacks; look over these magazines and see for yourself that a page or two of humour makes a much more balanced publication. Acadia Athenaeum has a good science section and plenty of fiction. The last issue lacked the usual one-act play which is a characteristic of this monthly production. We enjoyed the short stories and the letter by D. Isley. The letter, written almost entirely in titles of modern songs, is quite clever.

In the Aquinian we hear the voice of the Maritimes about "Quebec Politics" where "politics have become practically a religion." See also "Babes in the Depression" and

of an important event in the annals of local ping-pong history. Indications point to a brisk demand for tickets to the matches when and if they take place; admission will of course be by invitation only, although at the suggestion of Mr. Stevens a slight nominal charge will be made. And a stroke by stroke description of what promises to be Bishop's greatest athletic victory of the year will be published in the April issue of the *Mitre*.

"CO-OP vs. Laissez-Faire" in this issue.

We were surprised to see in the Red and White a discussion on the use of crystal sets by students. It appears that at this university radios are prohibited, so the students have gone the next best by trying the boarding school stunt of smuggling in crystal sets and practically hiding them under their pillows.

O. T. C. enthusiasts should give joy to their hearts by looking at some fine pictures of a very fine O. T. C. in the Stonyhurst Magazine.

The Leopardess of Queen Mary College, London, has a simple but excellent cover which is rather original in design. "Europe Today," a traveller's impression of conditions in various European countries, is well worth reading. The author feels that only in France, Scandinavia, and Czecho-Slovakia has democracy survived. Britain is not civilized because the laziness of the people allows capitalism, disguised as democracy, to govern against their real wishes. Italian Fascism will probably die with Mussolini; Italy is not a danger in herself for she will never be a great power. The greatest threat to European civilization comes from Germany, and by supporting Germany, Italy has made the enemy of civilization stronger.

The B. C. S. and other school magazines are keeping up the pace set by former issues.

From "way down under" at Canterbury College, New Zealand, *The Review* is published. Most noticeable in this magazine are the fine lino cuts which accompany every article; the frontispiece is a work of art.

In the Gryphon appears "Is it True what they say About Canada", in which a Canadian student answers the numerous stupid questions which the inhabitants of the British Isles ask about our country. Some of the questions he is asked really make us open our eyes in wonder and surprise.

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The Gateway:

Co-ed's Prayer

And please Santa fill my stocking as well as
God filled Marlene Dietrich's.

Student Voice, the monthly bulletin of the World Student Association for Peace, Freedom, and Culture, is the place to look for news and opinions of students in foreign universities. "The German University of To-day" gives us a few facts about the changes in the German university since the beginning of the Hitler regime. In the last six years, mainly owing to the expulsion of Jewish students, the number of German students has dropped by over 50,000 (quite a startling figure when one realizes that this is two-fifths of the former enrolment). National-socialist professors have replaced the former ones, and new courses have established chairs for military science, etc. The majority of students have confidence in Hitler, but there is general discontent in the colleges. Students don't like having their courses arranged according to the necessities of a four-year plan of preparation for war.

The Baites Student deserves mention. This weekly paper comes from our friends in Lewiston, Me., with lots of good write-ups on the college sports and often good editorials.

There are always a few small papers and magazines which may appear rather insignificant, but which are really good stuff. We congratulate The Quill, the Alma Mater, and the S. J. V. S. Challenger, and hope that in the future they will develop into even better productions.

The University of Cape Town Quarterly is an interesting college magazine because some of its articles are in English and some in Dutch, the language of the Boers. The editorials are written in the two languages in two columns side by side. It is a pleasure to see such co-operation between students of different races, and of this the U. of Cape Town may well be proud.

We acknowledge with thanks:

- Acadia Athenaeum, Wolfville, N. S. (2 issues)
- Alma Mater, St. Jerome's College, Kitchener.
- The O. A. C. Review, Guelph (2 issues)

- St. Andrew's College Review, Aurora
- McMaster U. Quarterly, Hamilton (2 issues)
- The Ashburian, Ottawa
- Technique, Montreal (2 issues)
- Trinity University Review, Toronto
- The Record, T. C. S., Port Hope (2 issues)
- The B. C. S., Lennoxville
- Kings College Record, Halifax
- The Gryphon, U. of Leeds, England (2 issues)
- The University of Cape Town Quarterly (2 issues)
- The Leopardess, Queen Mary College, U. of London, Eng.
- The Review, Canta College, Christchurch, N. S.
- Red and White, St. Dunstan's, Charlottetown.
- The Aquinian, St. Thomas College, Chatham, N.S.
- The Grove Chronicle, Lakefield
- The New Northman, Queen's U., Belfast
- The Arrows, U. of Sheffield, Eng.
- Cap and Gown, Wycliffe College, U. of Toronto
- The Howardian, Howard Garden's High School, Cardiff, Wales
- College Echoes, St. Andrew's, Scotland (3 issues)
- The Stonyhurst College Magazine, Blackburn, Eng.
- Student Voice, 1 Cite Paradis, Paris Xe.
- The Quill, Brandon, Man.
- The McGill Daily
- The Varsity, Toronto
- The Gateway, Edmonton
- The Manitoban, Winnipeg
- The Baites Student, Lewiston, Me.
- The Ubysey, Vancouver
- Dalhousie Gazette, Halifax
- The Argosy, Mt. Allison, N. B.
- The Queen's Journal, Kingston
- L'Hebdo Laval, Quebec
- The Silhouette, McMaster, Hamilton
- The S. J. V. S. Challenger, St. John, N.B.
- The Brunswickan, Fredericton
- Algoma Missionary News, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.
- The U. C. Tattle, U. of Cape Town

Entrée

Croaking . . . clacking to the feast they flock.
Vulture-like perch by the carrion
Blackly o'er-shadowed,

"Qui hodie sumpturi sumus benedicat deus per Jesum
Christum dominum nostrum . . ."

and they all sat down.

Graduates

We regret to hear that Mr. R. O. BARTLETT, B.A. '23, principal of Noranda High School, has recently undergone an operation at the Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal. We are glad to report that he is now convalescent, and has been at the home of his parents in Sherbrooke.

Miss E. SANGSTER, B.A. '21, is on the staff of St. Faith's School, Saratoga Springs, N.Y.

The Rev'd T. LLOYD, L.S.T. '25, is now living in Cardiff, South Wales.

The Rev'd J. BURROWS, L.S.T. '28, is now stationed at Tofino, B. C.

The Rev'd T. A. JARVIS, B.D., L.S.T. '29, who has been for the past eight years in charge of the Anglican Mission at Petewawa and chaplain at Petewawa Military Camp, has been appointed to the parish of Navan, Ont., and will shortly take charge of his new post.

We extend our congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. JACK RUDNER on the birth of a son on the 24th January. Mr. Rudner received his B.A. in 1929.

G. B. LOOMIS, M.A. '29, M.D., has moved to 17 Wolfe St. Sherbrooke.

The many friends of Miss ELSA BURT will be glad to hear that she returned to Lennoxville from Montreal on January 18, and is making excellent progress after the serious injuries she sustained in a motor accident last summer.

We are sorry to report that Dr. George Fisk, a graduate of Bishop's Medical Faculty 1904, passed away on January 28. Dr. Fisk received the degrees of C.M., M.D. on April

4, 1904, and gave the valedictory address for the graduating class at the convocation which was held in Synod Hall, Montreal.

He was a member of the Faculty of Medicine of Bishop's University until 1905 when it was amalgamated with McGill University.

The Rev'd JOHN H. DICKER, L.S.T. '32, has been appointed to the Mission of St. Paul's River, Saguenay Co., Que.

Miss I. V. BEAULIEU, B.A. '32, is now on the staff of Westmount High School.

The Rev'd A. R. EAGLES, L.S.T. '34, who returned from England last year, is now in charge of a parish in the Diocese of Kootenay.

W. H. BRADLEY, B.A. '34, B.C.L., has successfully passed the Bar examination in Montreal, and has entered into partnership with Mr. Douglas S. Howard in Sherbrooke.

The marriage took place at Trinity Memorial Church, Montreal, on 29th December, 1937, of the Rev'd A. DIXON ROLLIT, L.S.T. '35, and Miss Roona Donzella McKinnon, youngest daughter of the late Donald E. McKinnon and Mrs. McKinnon of Winnipeg. Following a wedding trip to Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Rollit have taken up residence at Rouyn, Que., where Mr. Rollit is in charge of St. Bede's Church.

W. D. PAGE, B.A. '36, has now entered the profession of chartered accountant and is with the firm of Ritchie, Brown & Company, 388 St. James St., Montreal.

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Montezuma's Day
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LONG before Cortez set out on his first voyage of discovery, chocolate or *chocolatl*—as it was called—was the national drink of the Aztecs, their Emperor, Montezuma is said to have taken no other beverage. So highly did the Aztecs esteem chocolate that they valued the cocoa bean above gold.

Introduced by Hernando Cortez to Spain in 1526, by the end of the 17th century chocolate was the aristocratic beverage of Europe. It was then that chocolate houses were first established.

The best cocoa beans are grown in the equatorial zones in the West Indies, West Africa, Ceylon and other countries. Many are the processes of refinement that have been discovered since chocolate was first introduced. Because Neilson's employ the most modern machinery and use only the finest cocoa beans, Neilson's chocolate is so smooth, so rich, so delightful in flavour and matchless perfection that it is indeed the best chocolate made.

Get a bar of Neilson's Jersey Milk Chocolate, bite into it and let it melt in your mouth—truly it is—"the food of the Gods."

Neilson's
 THE BEST MILK CHOCOLATE MADE



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