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For the duration of the war, The MITRE is published three times a year; in the Michaelmas term, Lent term and Trinity term, by the Students of the University of Bishop's College, Lennoxville, Quebec, Canada. Subscriptions: One year, one dollar; two years, one seventy-five; three years, two fifty. Address all communications concerning Advertising to the Advertising Manager.

Editorial

We're very happy indeed to see that it's the same old *Mitre*. A few days ago when we agreed to write this editorial we were told "Oh no hurry—any time, any time at all before the end of this term." So while it was still in the embryonic stage we get a telephone call demanding said editorial and an article or two at once.

Yes, we're glad to see things haven't changed.

Mr. Cole Porter's latest musical success bears the name "Long ago and far away". It struck us that there was something peculiarly apt about this title, and later decided that it was because it expressed our own feelings so well. Practically every student we have ever met, who has completed his course and come back a year or so later, will tell you solemnly not to make this mistake of returning for a visit yourself. However, most of us, in spite of this, have to find out for themselves. Never were we so filled with nostalgia as when we returned to the university for a short visit nearly a year after we had left it. It's not a pleasant sensation either—that empty, lonely sensation in the pit of one's stomach. The reason of course is that one always remembers things as he knew them, and then, inevitably, one is disappointed. That's why we were glad to see that the *Mitre* has not changed.

Often we have found ourselves expressing the wish during the years which have passed since we left college that we had more fully appreciated what a wonderful time we were having. One lives so sheltered a life, so wonderfully free from responsibility, that a constant reminder of our good fortune would never be superfluous.

We would like to take this opportunity to mention two Canadian periodicals, published in England and very little known in this country. One is published in newspaper form and the other as a magazine. They are called the Canadian Press News and Canada's Weekly respectively. The former is distributed free to the troops, while the latter may be purchased at any newstand for a tanner, pardon us we mean sixpence. Canada's Weekly is published by Thomas Skinned and Co. Ltd. whose Montreal office is at 437 St. James St. West. In each issue there is a large rotogravure section, and it is seldom indeed that one cannot find a familiar face somewhere within its pages.

Lt. R. E. Duval '42.

(Editor '41-'42)

Reconstruction & Human Nature

The REV'D G. BASIL JONES

At a time when large schemes of reconstruction have got to the stage of being worked out in detail, it is a matter of some interest and importance to consider their ethical implications or postulates, because on the validity of these will in large measure depend what may be expected and actually obtained from them. Presumably all such schemes aim at making the world in the post-war era in some respects and in some degree better than it was before, and will stand or fall by their success or failure in achieving this aim. But everything turns on what is meant by this word "better", and that in its turn depends on what is capable of being "bettered" in the conditions and characteristics of human society. In what directions and to what extent are human society and the individuals who make it up really ameliorable?

It is not likely that this question always presents itself to those immersed in the detailed tasks of planning, where there are enough proximate ends and to spare to absorb all the energy and technical skill that can be brought to bear on particular problems. So much obviously requires to be prepared for in such matters as demobilisation, the conversion of industry from war to peace, the education of the post-war world, the establishment of effective international law, financial stabilisation, and the like, that questions of ultimate ends and the capacity or will of society to envisage and work towards them may seem a little remote and irrelevant. And yet the aftermath of the last war should convince us that this matter is not purely academic. The plans conceived, and in part executed, after the last war were, as plans, unexceptionable, many of them, but they could not be carried out, or they broke down, or they had to be modified out of all recognition. The world did not become a place fit for heroes to live in, but one which hatched a longer and yet more terrible conflict. Was that inevitable because we are in the grip of forces we cannot control, or even understand? Was it because the plans tried to do too much and made demands on human nature which human nature was incapable of meeting? Or did they pursue the right ideals by the wrong methods? Or is there something recalcitrant in the human makeup which refuses to be legislated or otherwise improved out of existence, and always provides the rock of shipwreck for the best laid plans? And, in the light of their failure, does anybody think that the world will be better in five, or ten, or twenty years' time than it is now, or than it was in the period between the wars, and if so, what does he mean by better?

Behind detailed schemes of reformation, of whatever

character, as the background which will sooner or later show up their worth or futility, remains this permanent, potent, and yet largely mysterious entity we term "human nature".

On no subject are generalisations more common or less helpful. One would suppose that after many thousands of years of experience of itself some fairly definite conclusions about itself would by this time have been arrived at; actually most of the assertions which are made are in various degrees incomplete, contradictory, and precarious. "Human nature does not change", we say in one breath or context, and then in the next we may be saying, "But that was in the middle ages (or in the Victoria era), and we have moved a long way since then". Or again, in more pessimistic mood, we may feel that, so far from having advanced, in any acceptable sense of that word, we have in fact fallen back—that the brutalities of this present war, for instance, are worse than the savagery of primitive combat, if only because of the increased skill, knowledge of human psychology, and scientific resourcefulness which have been put into them. No doubt all these statements are in a measure true, certainly things like them have been uttered throughout the length of recorded history; but how are they to be reconciled? Or should we perhaps give up trying to do so, and be content with adding our own mite of muddled thinking to the welter of confusions and contradictions to which we are already the heirs?

Here, clearly, is no subject for dogmatism. What I seek to do now is simply to sort out some of the various questions which are involved in the larger general question of the progress of human nature. This sorting out process, if it could be carried through, might still not give us an answer to the main problem, but it would perhaps reduce the confusion which unnecessarily clutters up the approaches to it.

Many of these questions, it seems to me, are concerned with where precisely we are trying to discover improvement; with the tests or measurements to be applied; and with some of the results of the application of such criteria to the duly determined sphere.

Under the first head, we must be clear that true improvement is to be sought for in the moral sphere. It is not in the accumulation of knowledge, or the development of special skills, or even the insight that comes from experience, but in what has to do with conduct and character that true progress is to be looked for. Some people might, of course, deny this, and assert instead that the advancement of life is to be measured in terms of power or comfort or knowledge. Some would even go so far as to say that



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truly moral conduct, as distinct from reaction to the pressure of society in the form of custom and convention, is non-existent—an abstraction of the ethical philosopher or theologian. I am not concerned now to debate this issue, but merely to point out that this very difference of view, when brought out into the open, itself effects some measure of clarification. Such people, in talking about the progress of man, mean something different from what I mean in using the same phrase, and it is all to the good to have this realised.

But within the moral sphere itself there are distinctions to be made. For instance, it may be said, and has indeed often been said, that it does not matter greatly what our moral standards or ideals are. The important thing is that we should live up to them. Progress is to be looked for in an increased fulfilment of our ideals rather than in any improvement in the ideals themselves. It is better to be a convinced and devoted Shintoist than a lukewarm and ineffective Christian. This is, I think, an extremely vulnerable position. It bases itself on the gap between profession and practice, and judges moral progress by our success in closing it. But a gap can be lessened just as effectively by lowering the standard to conform with what is actually done as by elevating conduct to meet the requirements of the standard; and that would surely be a strange interpretation of progress which counselled us to abjure Christianity in favour of making a good job of something less exacting. But further, and probably more important than that, is the consideration that it is not really possible to make a thoroughgoing distinction between standard and practice. A moral standard, to be moral, must exercise some influence on conduct, and if the gap between profession and practice becomes too great the profession ceases to be in any real sense moral. Thus the standard of ordinary honesty in society is a really moral standard, in the sense that we accept it and regulate our lives by it. We may be far from fulfilling it perfectly, but it has come influence in restraining our propensities towards lying or stealing. We are at least ashamed when we are caught out, and acknowledge in some measure the justice of being punished. But is the injunction, say, to turn the other cheek when we have been smitten on the one a strictly moral standard in this sense? Do we acknowledge it? Does it influence our conduct in any degree? Our trouble with a good deal of Christian ethics is not only, or even not mainly, that we do not practice it, but that we do not feel, many of us, under any obligation to do so. In other words, if we did accept it, the acceptance would be reflected in our conduct: profession and practice would both of them advance, not indeed *pari passu*, but still with some discernible relationship between them. Conduct being thus relative to accepted moral standards, it is in the latter that genuine progress is to be sought and gauged.

Next, assuming that we know what the effective moral standard really is in given instances (a very large assumption in view of its variability even within a single community), we come to the matter of comparison and how it is to be carried out. And immediately we are confronted with a grave difficulty. Comparison can only be effected in the light of some higher criterion to which the items being compared can be referred. If we say that our civilisation today is more moral than that of the Roman Empire in its later stages, we can only do so on some such ground as that Christian moral ideals are more closely approximated to now than then. We have, that is, to assume the validity of the Christian or some other moral system, and make it the arbiter. But, as has already been suggested, any aspiration or ideal which is acknowledged already influences moral beliefs and conduct; that is to say, is part of the accepted moral standard which is being made the subject of comparison. How are we to achieve a point of vantage where the judge is not also the advocate in his own behalf? If an opponent objects to our comparison and the results we get from it on the ground that the basis of it has been chosen in such a way as to beg the issue, how are we to answer him? Comparison, in a word, always implies a point of view, and the point of view here is already part of the moral convictions we are trying to evaluate.

I do not know that there is any completely satisfactory way out of this difficulty. We can only admit, or it may be, according to our standpoint, be pleased to insist, that moral convictions must from their very nature be in the long run self-justifying, if they are to be justified at all; that the proof of moral progress must be self-evident. The trouble is that the claim to self-evidence and self-justification can be advanced from such diverse quarters in support of such irreconcilable moral affirmations—apparently in all good faith. The Mohammedan might make it just as strongly on behalf of polygamy as the Christian on behalf of monogamy. In any case, however, all we can do is to examine any given moral system from within, consider its internal consistency, the universality and depth of its scope, and the measure of order and stability and worth whilence it gives to the individual or community which embodies it. Think, for instance, of Kant's celebrated principle that human beings are always to be treated as ends in themselves, and never as means, which is but another way of asserting the fundamental Christian conviction that all men are equal in the sight of God. One might claim that this principle has actually become part of the accepted moral standard, in the sense that it does really influence the conduct of men and societies. Most of the great reforming movements of modern times—the abolition of slavery, the emancipation of women, factory and trade union laws, greater concern for the education and well-being of children—are practical

expressions of this principle; and it is the motive force behind much that is proposed for the post-war world, for States and individuals alike, including the Atlantic Charter. If this is so, and if it can be shown that the principle did not enter effectively into the ideas and practices of other ages and peoples, then, there is real ground for saying that in this respect at least moral progress has been achieved. But the claim must be based on the principle itself—that it is reasonable and can be applied universally without self-contradiction, that in the measure in which it is translated into practice it does in fact produce, or tend to produce, a secure, healthy, and happy life for an ever greater number of human beings. But if a man takes the position that he fails to see why all human beings should be considered equal, why a primitive savage or a moral degenerate or a madman should, even theoretically, be regarded as of the same ultimate worth as a normal sound citizen, it is difficult to know how to answer him. What to us is a moral conviction is to him a highly problematical assumption, or even an untruth, and he (Hitler, for instance) can only be converted to a juster point of view, if he ever is, by the breaking down in their operation of his own regulative principles.

As to the results of an attempted evaluation of the moral progress of the human race, we cannot, it would seem, get very far, or make any dogmatic statement with confidence. But there are some things one can reasonably say. For example, to maintain the reality of moral progress, we certainly do not need to insist that that progress is continuous and that all changes are necessarily for the better. But that is just what the cynic or sceptic frequently accuses us of attempting to do. "How can you claim," he asks, "that man is progressing in view of the phenomena presented by two great wars within a single generation?" But the significant fact is surely not that there should be reactions from time to time, lapses and retrocessions, but that when mankind has reverted to barbarism for a space it has generally climbed up out of it again. It would be easy to pick out certain periods in certain countries where moral ideas and practices were more nearly like our own than those of intervening periods. But it would also prove nothing. The same thing would be true of the history of science, where development cannot be seriously denied. The fact that the

ancient pre-Hellenic Cretans had a plumbing system superior to anything devised until quite recent times does not prove that mankind has been at a standstill in house-planning during all the intervening centuries; nor does the fact that Anaximenes's ideas about the relationship of the earth to the sun more closely approximated to the truth than Ptolemy's mean than mankind was losing what little grip of astronomy it had ever had. Why should the situation be any different in the moral sphere? Here, too, we have to count time not by single years or even generations, but by centuries and epochs, and be prepared withal to expect the tidal characteristics of any human development.

Then, again, we ought hardly to look for moral progress, even if, on the whole, it is a reality, in a uniform advance all along the line. It is more likely to be a thing of sudden thrusts and sallies, salients thrown out while the rest of the front remains stationary, or even caves in in places. We have to try to envisage the campaign as a whole, and consider whether in a broad view its purposes are being achieved.

Certainly, a survey of history provides nothing to suggest that we have merely to sit still and improve automatically. There is nothing inevitable about moral or indeed any other kind of progress, if by that is meant something that is entirely independent of the will and striving of human beings. On the other hand, there would appear to be, on the whole, a natural tendency towards progress, in moral as in other spheres, when it is given a favourable opportunity to manifest itself. The constituents of human personality act and react on one another; and while knowledge may grow and wisdom linger, while some of the applications of modern science may well strike a chill to the soul, yet the moral life cannot be out of all relation to advances in other directions. We are perhaps beginning to understand in a new way that the moral personality cannot, humanly speaking, grow or work under all possible conditions, that it needs to be helped and fostered, materially as well as spiritually—to be given an environment that will aid it to grow (or at the least not hinder it from growing). If so, then schemes of reconstruction, even those primarily concerned with the material conditions of life, will in the long view produce a moral harvest—provided always that we do not look for it in a hurry, or expect too much. It may be some time yet before Jerusalem is built in even England's green and pleasant land.



Motive For Murder

Miss E. MACDONALD

One Monday in June the weekly train laboured up the grade and stopped before the small, weather-beaten station of Wingrove Junction. It was a long time since the east-bound train had stopped to let off passengers, but to-day a stranger stepped off the train with a small bag in hand. He was a well-dressed man with confident bearing and keen, flashing eyes that were already taking in the details of the station. Seeing no one behind the wicket he took his suit case and started down the narrow, dusty, main street in search of a place to eat. Although it was noon and there were few people on the street, he did not go unnoticed, for a well-dressed stranger, such as this, was of interest. Tom Claxton, the young editor of the local paper saw him from his office and meant to find out more about him, for he might prove to feature in next week's edition. The Reverend T. J. Martin passed him on his way home to lunch and wondered who he might be.

The stranger walked slowly down the street past the general store, the church, and the school, his eyes not missing a detail. At last he saw a small green and white sign hanging over a low, stone cottage. The sign read: *Martha Billings's Tea Room. Lunches Served.* He opened the door and stepped into a small room in which there were several tables, each covered with a red and white checkered tablecloth. The room, although small, seemed bright and airy, and he noticed as he sat down that the tablecloths smelled clean and fresh. The ringing of the bell over the door brought a kindly-faced woman hurrying from the back room. She was short and rather stout, and was tying on her apron in a businesslike manner. She greeted the stranger cheerily.

"I suppose you will be wanting some lunch. I heard the noon train come in. Did you get off it?"

"Yes, I did. I am travelling north on business, and the next train through here is not till Saturday, so I must wait till then. You don't rent rooms I suppose?"

"No, I don't. My husband is no longer here with me. I keep this small tea room and work for Mr. Martin, the minister. He, poor soul, lives alone with nobody to clean the house and cook his meals, so I do what I can. I don't recommend our hotel. It's not very nice, and to my way of thinking not at all well run. But, I'll tell you, Mr. Martin has taken people before, and I'm sure he'd be willing to let you sleep there at night. I'll just get you your meal, and then I'll run up to see the minister and tell him all about it."

That same evening, they walked together up the hill to the rectory. It was a large frame house and badly in need of a coat of paint. Mr. Martin was a very ordinary type of

minister. His hair was steel gray and his suit was rather shabby, but his face was kindly and intelligent.

"How do you do, Mr. Hawkins," said he after being introduced, "Mrs. Billings tells me you are a surveyor, and are on your way to Lynchdale to do some prospecting. It's too bad you have such a long wait for your train. I'll be glad to have you here. Of course you will have time pretty much to yourself, but I dare say, if you take in the sights our town has to show, it will pass fairly quickly." Turning to Mrs. Billings he said, "You will have to cook a meal for three to-night, Martha."

After supper they were sitting around the fire talking when George Hawkins suddenly said:

"I say, can I get a paper here at night?" The woman looked quickly at him, but the glance passed unnoticed by the two men.

"Oh," she said, "the weekly edition comes out every Friday, but I'm sure there will be a few left. They sell them in the press office. It closes at eight on Mondays so you will have time to buy a paper."

"Was that red-haired fellow I saw in the office, the editor?" asked George.

"Yes," said Mr. Martin, "that's Tom Claxton."

"Nice fellow?"

"Yes. He is a very up-and-coming young chap, very keen to print interesting news and to keep our people alive to the rest of the world. He is rather a head-strong lad, though, and never considers the troubles he might be laying in store for himself."

"He doesn't always think of the feelings of the people featured in his news, either," said Martha Billings rather vehemently.

"But on the whole he is a good man to have around," said the minister.

"He looks as though he would be."

With that, the chat by the fire ended, and George went down to the press to buy a paper, and Mrs. Billings washed the dishes and returned home, leaving Mr. Martin reading a book by the fire.

The following morning, bright and early, Tom Claxton came striding down the street. He was whistling merrily as he slipped his key in the lock of his office. The whistling stopped short as he noticed a large stone in the middle of the floor.

"What, the devil?" he said as he picked up the stone. His eyes flashed to the window. It was broken. There was a large hole in the window pane near the lock.

"Who in the world has been throwing stones round

here?" he thought. "Say—I thought I put those papers under my blotter last night. Someone's been poking around here. — Glory, the scoop for this week's edition—some one must have got wind of that!"

Tom leapt to his desk and opened a locked drawer. The papers were still there.

"But who on earth would want to break into my office?" he thought. "That man Hawkins! Was it a coincidence that he arrived yesterday? But that's ridiculous, I have never seen the man in my life! I wonder if Martha Billings knows about it? How could she? The whole thing is baffling. Who could it be?" Thus the thoughts chased around in Tom's mind as he sat with his elbow on the desk and chin in hand.

By noon the news was all over the village and the one question on each tongue was "Who?" This was indeed a happening for a place the size of Wingrove Junction. The customers at Martha Billings' talked about it. The press men were agog with excitement, and even Mr. Hawkins and Mr. Martin considered the question. Everywhere there was much talk, and yet no one came to any conclusion.

By the next day the talk had ceased and most people had decided that it must have been some school boys up to worse mischief than usual. But Tom was still worried when he locked the press office that night and went home to his evening meal. He would have been considerably upset and not a little uneasy if, while he sat down to his supper, he could have seen a car drive up to Martha Billings' cottage. It was a good car and bore signs of a long, fast journey, as it was splashed with mud. It had obviously been travelling that day for some of the mud was not yet dry as George Hawkins noticed as he passed on his way to the station. A short, thickly-built man, stepped out of the car. He had strong hands, fair hair, and hard, hazel eyes. His coat bore the label of one of the best tailors in New York. He hurried up the path and entered the house quickly. A welcoming cry came from inside.

"Oh, John, I'm so glad you are here."

"It's all right, Martha, don't get upset."

This was what Mr. Hawkins heard before the door was shut. He had not been noticed by either of the two.

That night the alarming wail of the fire siren broke the silence of Wingrove Junction. Immediately the place was alive. The volunteer fire brigade ran armed with buckets and axes towards the scene of the fire, and the women threw on coats and shoes and hurried to watch the blaze. Everybody was there. Tom, Mr. Martin, Mr. Hawkins, and the stranger from the city were all helping to fight the flames. Martha Billings was there watching, with her red flannel dressing gown wrapped round her stout self. After it was all over and the tired, dirty men were standing watching the building, Tom Claxton gave vent to his rage.

"They have burned my office, but my press is still good," he cried. "I know what they are after, but it's all in my head and they can't destroy that. I'll print the truth. They can't stop me, and they won't!"

The minister took Tom's arm in a strong grip. "Steady, Tom," he said, "you have run into trouble, but don't do anything unwise. I don't know what it is you are speaking of, but think before you act, or you will find yourself in trouble."

"Don't worry about me, sir, I can take care of myself all right."

The minister shook his head sadly for he was afraid Tom Claxton was too rash.

Thursday morning, preparations for the weekly edition of the Wingrove paper went on as usual. Tom Claxton asked Martha Billings if he might have a corner of her tea room. She said yes, and so Tom had his temporary office there. It would just be for the day he said, until the paper was ready to be printed. He was busy writing an important column which would have a headline in the news. At last the day's work was finished and Tom went home to drop exhausted into bed.

That same night Mr. Martin was awakened by a loud shouting, and a hammering on the front door. He hurried downstairs and opened the door, and was startled to see one of the townspeople, partially dressed and out of breath.

"Mr. Martin, sir, Mr. Martin, he's dead!" the man gasped.

"My good man collect yourself. Who's dead?"

"Tom Claxton, sir! I heard a shot and ran over and couldn't open the door so I broke in and found Tom lying at the bottom of the stairs. Shot through the head he was, sir!"

The minister hastened down the steps, only stopping long enough to throw a coat round his shoulders. He did not wait to see if George Hawkins had been wakened by the noise, but hurried over to the small house where Tom had lived alone. After looking around he decided to lock all doors and windows, and send for the city police. He was just leaving when he noticed a gold pencil lying on the floor beside the body. He picked it up and examined it. On the side was engraved the name of the owner.

A group of serious, nervous people sat in Mr. Martin's sitting room the next day. Martha Billings was there playing nervously with her handbag. The other stranger sat looking straight ahead of him. Mr. Martin was there, grave but composed. Before them all stood George Hawkins.

"I was sent here from the city police department," he said, showing his badge. "I have been following a notorious blackmailer, whom the law has been trying to trace for a long time. A murder was not anticipated by us, but apparently our friend became desperate, when things got too thick. Unfortunately for him the murderer left behind him a piece of very concrete evidence. In his haste to get away

he dropped a gold pencil with the name 'John Austin' engraved on it.

"Martha Billings' husband, before he died, was involved unknowingly in one of the largest rackets in the city. John Austin, pretending to be a friend of both, was actually the leader of the racket. Tom Claxton had this information and intended to print it. Mrs. Billings did not want it to go to press, because the news would ruin her life here. She asked Mr. Austin for help. He was only too willing to give it as he himself had reasons for it being kept a secret. He did not want his name revealed as the leader of the racket and also if he could obtain the papers from Claxton he

Library Duty

It is an honourable pastime, but often too boring for the riotous individuals who grace the forty acres of this ancient establishment. The student assistant librarian is a policeman for a night, protecting the things of the past from the hands of those who are present. Perhaps the most obvious reason against library duty lies in the fact that the atmosphere is apparently quiet and conducive to work. The circumstances surrounding the misfortune are of little importance, the fact is that I was locked in with Caesar and his contemporaries for one night a week.

When I entered the Library for the first time, I fell flat on my face—after having tripped over a dictionary while hunting for the light. The flow of invective that followed however, was foreign even to Webster. I picked myself up off the hard cold floor, and after finding the light I staggered over to the desk. Glancing over the cards I noticed that Helen was finished with Elinor Glynn and had now begun that epic of the past, "Antony and Cleopatra" or "Esky, 37 A.D." As I sat down to learn the verb "haben", anticipating three hours of silence, my reverie was rudely interrupted by a heavy thud outside the door. I looked up and beheld a man patting dust out of his baggy britches. "I could have sworn there were seventeen steps there yesterday. Oh yes, I wanted a book to read. What kind of books have you?" "We have all kinds of books. What would interest you, biology, history, philosophy, or pornography?" "Ah yes, the Decameron would suit me fine. Thank you." He signed the card and walked out.

I settled down again and was priding myself on how much German I knew, when there was a hammering on the door behind me. Opening the door I gazed on two dilapidated Bishop's men. "Oh my, Wright's on duty tonight," and a meek mannered individual approached me. "Good evening, I suppose you gentlemen have come over to study

could blackmail Mrs. Billings. He told her to try to get the papers. When her attempt failed, she sent for him in desperation. The papers were destroyed in the fire. The only course left to Austin to keep the information out of the papers was to kill Claxton.

"You are clear, Mrs. Billings, and may rest assured that you can live here happily as before.

"I am sorry, Mr. Martin, that I had to cause you so much trouble and that I could not reveal my true identity, but you see, it often takes underhand methods to catch underhanded men."

ROBERT WRIGHT

your Greek?" The two students(?) made their way to opposite corners and then the second, after reaching for a book, sat down, took off his shoes, put his feet up on the table, and looked almost interested. "Take your odoriferous feet off that table," this from the quiet mannered individual. "I will not, and why don't you lance that boil you call a face." This fight ended five minutes later as I lay on the floor yelling for help.

Silence reigned once more and I was all set for some work when the door opened and there appeared in the dim light, the figure of an elderly woman. She came over to the desk and greeting me with a smile said, "Good-night, I came over to get my husband's book." "Perhaps it's in this pile," as I opened one or two of the books on the table, "what was the name of the book and who was it by." "I don't know the name of the book in fact I have never seen it, but John, that's my husband you know, (I didn't know but it made little difference) "Said there was a green book he left here three months ago." "I think the best thing you can do is to return in the morning, and the librarian will find it for you." "Well anyway," she said, "I shall ask John if it was a big book or a little book." "You might ask him the name of the book as well you know, it might help."

After the elderly lady had gone there came another knock on the door. This time the individual opened the door himself and asked if I would like to go down to Rene's with him and a few others. He did not have to wait long, as Rene's is a name that stirs a craving emotion in me as my stomach comes to realise that there is somewhere nearby where it can be adequately sated, and I began to pack up my books. I walked to the door, turned off the lights, locked the door behind me as I walked out, then a sudden thought struck me, "Ah yes, the verb *haben*."

Don't - Quit - - -

When things go wrong, as they sometimes will,
 When the road you're trudging seems all uphill,
 When the funds are low and the debts are high,
 And you want to smile, but you have to sigh;
 When care is pressing you down a bit,
 Rest, if you must—but never quit.
 Success is failure turned inside out,
 The silver tints of the clouds of doubt,
 And you never can feel how close you are;
 It may be near when it seems afar,
 So stick to the fight when you're hardest hit,
 It's when things seem worst that you mustn't quit!

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Escape

L. WALDMAN

Fourteen months of living hell in the Boche political prison. Fourteen months of suffering and slow starvation, of living like filthy rats in a hole. The four dirty, ragged men had shared the same foul prison room for more than a year. They had all been sentenced in different parts of the country, but their "crimes" all had one thing in common—they were committed in defiance of the invader. They had never seen one another before their imprisonment, but now each knew the others well. There was not one of them who did not know all about his three cellmates' lives before war had come to their country, about their families and why each had been imprisoned. One must talk if he is to keep from going insane.

Now the four men lay huddled together on the floor, under four thin blankets, seeking warmth in one another's emaciated bodies. Soon the guard would come with their morning allotment of that lumpy, evil-tasting fluid that the Germans called soup. Then the hours would drag by until they were brought the noon meal, which consisted of the same nauseating liquid with a crust of hard bread. Then, with the others, they would be let out into the fenced and barbed-wire surrounded enclosure, like so many wild beasts, with armed guards watching their every move. And so the day would slowly come to an end just as had the previous miserable days.

But this day was not like the others, Yamushai thought. No, for this was the last day which he would spend in that cell, the last day that he would see the wretched inmates, and stare at those gray walls. Escape! That was it. He was going to escape that night. Yamushai had thought of nothing but regaining his freedom from the first day of his internment, and now he had decided how he was to set himself free, and when the exact time for his escape was to be.

Yamushai crawled out from under the blankets. The other men cursed him for dispelling what little warmth there had been and, shivering, pressed closer together. He advanced to the barred slit, the only one in the stone wall, and looked down into the snow-covered yard. "Those fools," he said to himself, "to-morrow they will still be grovelling together in this stinking hole, while I, I will be free." He was certain that his plan would succeed. He had gone over it in his mind many times and now awaited only the passing of this, the last day. The others, Slovo, Poshkin, Markov, they were broken, dispirited—men that used to be but were men no longer. He had not taken any of them into his confidence. They had become reconciled to their fate, they did not believe it possible to, outwit the Nazis, but he, Yamushai knew differently, and to-night he would show them all.

The morning passed slowly but he was careful not to let the others detect his impatience. He was glad to get out into the biting cold air of the enclosure in the afternoon. The hour spent outside went quickly, and soon they were back in the cell, colder than they had been before. The two stoves, one at either end of the corridor, did not help to heat the cells, and the four men immediately crawled down upon the straw, under the inadequate cover. Suddenly they heard the sound of steps drawing close. There was the heavy tread of the guard and also the dragging steps of another person—another prisoner. They heard the sound of the chain being removed from the door. It was flung open and someone was roughly shoved into the room. The door was pulled shut and again locked and chained from the outside.

Yamushai stared at the new man with fear and distrust in his eyes. Was this a ruse? Did the Germans, after all, suspect his plans? Had his nervousness been detected by one of the guards, and had this person been sent to spy upon his actions that night? A thousand questions ran through his mind. He shivered with more than the cold. The object of his fears lay motionless by the wall, where he had fallen. Yamushai recalled stories which he had heard from other prisoners, stories of traitors who received privileges from the Huns for spying upon their fellow inmates and reporting anything of a suspicious nature. These men were continually being switched from cell to cell and one had always to be on his guard against them. There had never been more than the four of them in this prison room. In fact, although the room was entirely bare, not having even a bench, it was so small that when the men slept there was hardly room to walk without stepping upon someone. It was strange that this person should be put into their cell when there were others, even larger ones, with only three men.

A low moan broke the stillness of the dim room. Slovo, who was nearest to the hunched form by the wall, put out his hand and touched the man.

"Are you hurt? Did they beat you?"

It was several minutes before he could speak but then the young man, he was almost a boy, told them, slowly and painfully, that he had been beaten, that he had been caught with anti-Nazi pamphlets on his person and would not tell where he had got them. His name was Zidkew and he had been brought to the prison just that morning. Yamushai watched the boy intently. He could not tell whether he spoke the truth. This might be a trick. The dirty Boche swine may have beaten the boy to force him into betraying the other prisoners. There was something else that confused Yamushai. Why should this youth be sent to a political

prison? Yes, he was suspicious, but of one thing he was certain—tonight he would go through with his plans whatever happened, even if it was necessary to kill this Zidkev.

The boy's story was, interrupted by the noise of doors being opened and banged shut in the corridor. Finally the door to their cell was thrown open and a large, well-fed oberleutenant stepped into the room.

"On your feet, scum," he roared. Yamushai felt a sharp pain through his weakened frame as a stick was lashed across his back. The brutal officer spoke to a guard in German and pointed to Markov, Pushkin and Yamushai then moved down the hall to the next cell. The three men indicated were ordered to gather what they owned and join the moving line of prisoners who filed out into the cold, now almost dark yard. Most of the men had nothing to take with them but the clothes on their backs. Yamushai noticed that not all the prisoners were moving down the hall. Some, the very old like Slovo and those who were too weak even to stand up, like Sidkev, remained behind. What could this mean, he wondered. Was his attempt to break away to be frustrated at the last moment?

In the yard soldiers with automatic rifles herded them together, like sheep being prepared for the slaughter, and lined them up four deep. They had been standing in the wind-swept prison yard for about a quarter of an hour. Two great-coated soldiers stood a little way from Yamushai.

"Work in the labour camp will soon warm these dogs," one growled in German. Yamushai's knowledge of the language was enough so that he understood the two words—labour camp.

He stood as if stricken. He could see nothing, his head whirled and a feeling akin to pain swept through his body. The very shivering of his flesh ceased, he no longer felt the cold. Slowly he pulled his mind out of the void it had been plunged into.

The labour camps! So that was why they had been ordered to take up their meagre belongings. That was why Sidkev, while not a political prisoner, had been sent here. It was only coincidence that he had been put into their cell.

Mending

Mending, mending, mending,
Will it never end?
Darning, darning, darning,
Always socks to mend.
Mending, mending, mending,
Why do runs go fast?
Sewing, sewing, sewing,
Time is going fast.

The prison was being cleared of all those men who could possibly do any work. Sidkev was only the first of many new ones who would be packed into this building. So the Nazis knew nothing of his plans for escape, they were not concerned with one ragged, half-dead prisoner.

Conditions in the labour camps were even worse than those in the prisons, if that could be imagined. Yamushai made up his mind in a moment. He would go through with his attempt to escape anyway. A new light came into his eyes. He regained some of his lost confidence. In a few minutes he would be free.

Yamushai stood in the second row of men. Carefully and with as little movement as possible he pulled the heel of his left foot out of the shoe. He lifted his foot slowly. Now he had the shoe in his hand. He clutched it by the toe. Yamushai moved quickly now. Two steps and he was in front of guard closest to him. With a strength born of panic he grabbed for the rifle with his right hand and with the other he smashed the heel of his shoe into the Nazi's face. The guard stumbled, Yamushai kicked him hard in the groin with his right foot, and tearing the rifle from his grasp ran, not towards the gate but straight to the centre of the enclosure, away from the lines of prisoners. The sharp cracking noise of the light automatics filled the air and bullets whipped about Yamushai as he ran. He dropped to one knee and, drawing the rifle to his shoulder, began to fire at the Germans. Guns were not foreign to him, but months in the prison had not improved his aim.

Suddenly, above the shouting and the noise of rifle-fire, the shrill cackling of a light machine gun was heard, whining its death chant. The end came quickly. Yamushai fell to the ground with his body riddled by a score bullet holes. A ring of soldiers advanced upon the still body. Several of them shot more bullets into it. Two advanced and kicked the corpse over on its back. "The cur was mad," one of them said in a hoarse whisper. They stared at the bloodied face. It was twisted into a grim smile.

Yes, Yamushai was smiling—smiling because his plan had succeeded. Yamushai had escaped.

Miss JEAN CARR

Mending, mending, mending,
'Druther go to sleep.
Darning, darning, darning,
See the needle creep.
Mending, mending, mending,
O, how tired I am!
Sewing, sewing, sewing,
Socks don't give a damn.

Grandfather

N. BUCHANAN

I shall always remember him as an old man. When we were first thrown together I had yet to see my first birthday, and he had counted seventy; since then we have lived together most of the time. His figure was then still large and upright, and his age was betrayed only by his brown, wrinkled face and his crisp white hair. He always wore a white moustache, and when I was still quite young I used to wonder with my mother about the probable position of his mouth. At that time he still worked in the mill at home, and he was seen striding down to work at a quarter to seven every morning except Sunday, when he set out for the Presbyterian Church (in which he was an elder) with equal promptness at a quarter to eleven. He was greeted by almost everyone he met on the street, and most respected him, all accepted him, as a member of the community. I came gradually to know of his history about that town.

Murdo John MacDonald was born on the fifteenth of December, 1854, in the community of Dell on the Island of Lewis. His father was a fisherman, as was his grandfather, and as far as he knew his people had lived on Lewis for generations. He was lightly schooled in Dell, and when he was about fourteen he was made community shepherd. Then John MacDonald, his father, decided to leave the Old Land with his family for a better living in Canada. When Murdo MacDonald was nineteen he made the crossing in a sailing vessel with his two younger brothers, his sister, and his parents. Each man had been promised a hundred acres of land with a house on it. The hundred acres proved all to be heavily wooded, and the house was a fifteen by twenty-foot log building. These lots were fairly isolated from settled parts. For these folk were among the first to settle in the Scotstown area. It was no inconsiderable change for a man of Lewis, who knew no natural forests on his native isle, suddenly to become master of an axe and a hundred acres of wooded land out of which to make his living. But the men were deft in the use of tools, and the trees gradually gave way, and new houses were built. Before the sawmills came the planks for floors had to be hewn from beams with the broad-axe. I have seen many of these rough boards, the soft part worn down by tramping feet, and the knots sticking up a quarter to a half an inch above the rest. As more settlers moved in, the communities filled out—Dell, where Murdo MacDonald's farm was, Milan, Marsborough, Stornoway, and Echo Vale, all reminders of the Old Land. But the farms in the early days produced only the families' barest needs, for the rocks and stumps were covered from October till May by mighty drifts, and the growing season was short, the implements few. The long winter was spent

in lumbering for the mills down stream—softwood for the paper mills, hardwood for the furniture and later for the cask and plywood mills. Then, as the spring snows flooded the St. Francis and Salmon Rivers, the timber would be dumped into the stream, and the "drive" would begin. Murdo MacDonald cooked for the drive-crews for many years, and the savour of his meals is still remembered by oldtimers around town.

In the long winters when a butcher's business would have been poor at best in Dell, Murdo MacDonald had to hunt for his meat. His hunting was a matter of necessity, for he had a family of twelve to keep, and any surplus was welcome in a home without a provider. He did not own a gun in the early years, and his weapons were snowshoes, a club, and a knife; he was aided by his dog. They would seek out a deer yard in the swamps and drive the prey out of the lanes into the deep snow, where it could be dispatched easily. He told me that he and one friend killed nine deer in one day. But he was not a hunter, and spent no more time at hunting than was necessary. He preferred to gather with the other men to talk and sing Gaelic songs. I have heard a group of men sing songs for a whole evening. They are mostly humorous ballads about real people, written by somebody on the occasion of a memorable event. There is still in Dell a family called the Bards. My grandfather loved to talk and sing. His only conversational interests seemed to be religion and old times and oldtimers, and he would follow these topics hour after hour with an old friend.

Grandfather was a broad Presbyterian (for those times at least). He censured work and play on Sundays of course, but he accepted dancing and card playing as legitimate amusements. We started for church every Sunday morning under his stern Sabbath eye in the same spirit in which we ate and slept. We heard respectfully his prayer of thanks at each meal as a matter of course. His interests and prejudices were both narrow, perhaps because of the scantness of his formal education; his main taboos were liquor and tobacco. The former he could not discuss calmly, the latter he railed at. My grandfather was, of all the old men in town, best liked by the young people. He was never severe with us without cause, as were some of the rancid old codgers, and he was not above fighting a mock snow battle with us smaller ones. He thought we were behaving tolerably as long as we attended church regularly and applied ourselves occasionally to our studies.

While Grandfather lived with us in Scotstown he looked after our cow, pig, and hens, and he helped Mother with the vegetable garden (he never worked in the flower-beds,

and he tut-tutted at Mother all winter as she fussed with the potted plants). One of the things about him that impressed me was the largeness of his hands. They were square and powerful, even when he was quite old, and great blue veins stood out on their backs. The nails were thick and wrinkled, as if they had not had room to grow. When the March weather kept me indoors he used to play a game with me. I would get a length of twine and tie his hands with incredible knots, and then watch him trying to get loose. How he escaped those strands was always a source of amazement to me—he seemed almost a Houdini. At other times he used to draw boats for me, with great, thick lines. He

Styles In Modern Music

Each of the most prominent orchestras of today can be distinguished from one another, mainly by their radically different styles. If we tune in on a radio programme and are just a little late for the announcing of the name of the band, we can more often than not, immediately recognize the band, by the style in which it presents its music.

The non-classical music world includes hundreds of swing bands. Many are really very corny combinations of so-called musicians who might have made good had they been given an opportunity, but are now in a rut instead of the groove. The average swing fan is interested solely in name bands, that is, bands that are known throughout the country mainly by their leader's name. It is among these that we find so many styles which differ distinctly from each other. Let's consider a few bands and their styles.

First let us take that of Kay Kyser. His band is one of the most versatile in the country. If one has ever listened to his radio programme there can be no doubt in the person's mind that every member of Kyser's band is complete master of his instrument and that this is the reason for the wide scope of his music. Kyser, himself, puts up a very original front for the band. During the playing of every number he is continually jumping around and fooling with the audience in the studio. This in itself is nearly certain to go over big with the audience. Whether it is his antics or his music that makes him a favourite is questionable, but it is probably a combination of the two. He has also a flare for novelty numbers as may be verified by listening to his recordings of "The Bad Hyman Man", which is only one of many.

Probably one of the most original bands at present is the new Shep Fields' band which is regarded as a novelty like his old "Rippling Rhythm" crew. Much to our surprise Fields' new, all-reed orchestra packs a punch like a powerhouse, which on many occasions gives the required kick to the final bars of his music. Drummer Freddy Noble

was far from artistic, but the accompanying stories somehow lent interest to the sketches. He told me about his life in Scotland, his experiences on the drive, hunting and fishing both in the ocean and the nearby streams. It was under his watchful eye that I caught my first trout.

In this sketch I have used the past tense in speaking of Grandfather. Actually he is still alive, but his age has now worn down his rugged constitution, enfeebled his hearing and sight. But I shall always remember him as the rough and somewhat stern old man whom I knew as a boy, with his great hands, his deep voice, and his solid personality.

DAVID BLOOMBERG

arranges and has a great talent for finding solid combinations of reeds which range from piccolo to bass sax. He writes in such a way as to give the impression that no brass section is needed, but instead, the punch endings are taken very effectively by the clarinets. If an opinion was forced out of you, you might say that the band was based on much the same style as the Jimmie S. Ford group, but after listening to Fields' band the great degree of originality and unorthodox instrumentation would remove your suspicions.

For a real contrast in style we must consider the new addition to music's hall of fame, Harry James. He started his career as trumpeter in a circus. Here, playing continuously, he acquired a tone and style distinct from that of any other trumpeter in that field. When he began his rise to fame, his arranger took into consideration this new style and re-arranged the music accordingly. This was one of the chief reasons for James' rise to success. As is now well known to every true James fan, when he puts his trumpet to his lips there at once pours out a flood of notes which put each listener into a world of his own. It has been said by critics that James' control over his audience is uncanny and is a feat which has never been equaled by any other trumpet player. Not only James' own but his orchestra's style is quite different. When he first organized his band he had no strings but as he began to learn about bands and their requirements he hired four violins, or we could say he got some strings attached. His associates thought that he was crazy. For proof as to just how wrong they were let us listen to the James' versions of "Manhattan Serenade" and "I Heard You Cried Last Night."

There is no end of styles in modern swing music. Books could be written on the distinctive styles of musicians such as Cab Calloway, Fats Waller, Alvino Rey and Duke Ellington. I have neither the time nor the patience to go into detail so I will stop now and hope swing fans will appreciate the article.

Notes and Comments

F. DELANEY

In taking over the "Notes and Comments" column over from Farky, I feel that I can hardly fill his shoes adequately—who could? I feel this for many reasons; first, I have not my predecessor's talent for expanding to any length the matters which are of interest to those morbid souls who scan its columns in search of their own names, or looking for a good piece of dirt that they might have overlooked in the course of the term. Second, I have neither his constant flow of original humour nor his joke book (which would be a pretty good substitute for the former). However, I do have at hand the same source of amusing tripe as he, namely you, my fellow-students. This year, the task of looking for these nuggets of nothing was considerably assisted by the boys in blue who came to visit us periodically. They not only furnished a new source of supply, but were considerate enough to bring to light much undiscovered talent along the lines of Anglo-Canadian relationship.

The latest and last group was the largest yet, consisting of some thirty-two refugees. The day that this list of prospects for the Willbyrn was published, there was a mad rush to get bedding. Many freshmen thought that someone had revived the ancient custom of dumping, but it was only Jack Spray getting beds the hard way. This group, however, proved to be a far more fitting crew to live within the walls of the Old Arts than most of the others. They were down at breakfast punctually at eight-thirty trying to convince the sceptics that all the English ever took for that meal was grapefruit juice and black coffee. The outdoor activities were curtailed to a large extent by the change in seasons which prevailed throughout their stay. It was too warm for them to "have a do" at the fine Canadian sport of skiing, and too cool for us to try to drown them in the Salmon River, so we were forced to permit these sons of the old sod, I mean sod, to depart in one piece. This despite furious protests from those of the Old Lodge who insisted that they have the money refunded that they had spent on tickets for the raffle of a battleship. Tickets were also for sale on a tank, but we never found out who won; I guess they'll mail it to the lucky winner collect.

The high spot of their visit was the dance, which proceeded according to the best Bishop's traditions. Pat, the Poor Man's Erskine Hawkins, was on hand to keep things moving, which he did nobly; people would stop, listen, and keep on moving, fast.

The girls, in their inimitable fashion contrived to make the most of the occasion, and put on a drive for funds for the girls' residence. Tickets were sold at the dance for

raffles on two of the three cakes, graciously donated by the wives of members of the faculty, and the last cake was sold by a no-holds-barred barter, commonly called a Chinese auction. The drawing, though outwardly legal was obviously controlled by something far stronger than fate. Prof. Raymond won the first cake, which he offered for auction again. The auction itself was the most exciting thing since nylons. The theory was that the bidder was to pay only the difference between his bid and the previous one. The frenzied shouts and high bids indicated exactly what the food situation was. The winner of this bloodless melee was determined by the last bid placed before a definite time had elapsed. All went well until the gentlemen of the R.A.F. started to understand the game, and pay only what they had to. The dance broke up with all parties poorer in pocket, but richer by far in the ways of finance. And then there's Rosy the Raffer who thought so much of the scenery that he stayed over till the last gasp.

"The rain it falleth on the just
And also on the unjust fella,
But mostly on the just because
The unjust swipes the Just's umbrella."

The truth of this was apparent to all who attend the French 1 lectures; who washes in the New Arts anyhow?

The drive that the co-eds put on to raise funds for the proposed women's residence has caused no little comment. The collection of old clothes for the rummage sale brought on the most amazing confessions; who would ever guess that so many people could be down to their last shirt, or that they put everything they had into dressing for lectures?

About the most consistently active feature of this term was the O.T.C. Besides the scheduled parades a number of schemes were worked into the syllabus "For the entertainment of personnel." There was a night ski scheme which proved so amusing; besides smoke and flares, the natural hazards were great enough to put two of No. three section out of action for the night. I often wonder whether Gale and Murray weren't smarter than the rest of us.

The Sunday scheme was more interesting from every point of view; we could at least see what we were falling over. Besides the experience and sunburns, this scheme gave Zeke the opportunity of uttering those immortal words "I can't go on!"

Then there was that last Sunday parade when the great moment arrived; at last we were to be paid! We received our allotments with thankful hearts and empty pockets, and later in the evening, many of the unit were observed in Sherbrooke, exploiting their gains to the fullest.

We were also issued with our summer uniforms so that we can get cracking as soon as camp starts; the way some of the stuff fits, things will get cracking as soon as we put them on. In general the drill fits like a glove, a first baseman's; but then there's the other kind.

There are no end of rumors about camp which will be coming soon; some say that no new officers are coming to train us, others that there will be only one platoon, and still others that insist that the whole unit will be on fire picket or guard duty every night. However, live and learn, and we'll probably all survive.

I hesitate to mention the coming exams, but the infallible signs all point to a busy season ahead. The Oak sign is appearing more frequently, with an appendix, "Studying, please wake me at 5.30." The number of students joining up indicates that some are too anxious to wait for the results to come out; best of luck to them all anyhow.

Speaking of Bishop's lads in the service, we find that the Great Gagnon has rejoined the regulars, and is now receiving a letter a day. We also heard that Pete Schoch is now a full Lieutenant; congratulations.

In a recent interview with the President of the Froth Blowers many interesting facts were revealed: First, the institution has had a highly successful year, in other fields as well as sports. Second, at least one member has been adopted into the Sanctum Sanctorum; that is he is now a qualified Booze Hound. (There will be a two-minute pause in honor of this fine achievement, and the one who gained it.) The president also stated that it was hoped that a rousing farewell banquet will be given to the Class of '44 as they pass out . . . of this, their Alma Mater. •

Comments on the last *Mitre*. The following was heard after the distribution of the above:

"Pres, please tell me."

"No." (resolutely)

"Please Pres, I want to know."

"No." (firmly)

"Please Pres?"

"Well . . . No."

"Pres . . ." (Slap) —and so on into the night.

Which brings us to the observation that George's taste is deteriorating; first it was violinists, but now he has stooped to a rodeo. Ah well, amusement is rare hereabouts, and we can never have too many good poster hangers.

Spring is here! the birds are moulting, animals are losing their winter fur, and even some of the Sherbrooke belles have been shedding.

The recent Year Book poll results (secret, naturally) were of the greatest interest. Among the babel of voices asking "Who is the most sympathetic?" or "Who has done the most for Bishop's?" was one raised in solo.

Who's the most versatile? —Mac?

Who's the best-dressed? —Mac?

Who's the most likely to succeed? —

In the results, at least two things were to be noted, first, the difference of opinion that existed, and second, the amount of spontaneous humour involved. O.K. Nick, I'll stop swiping the Year Book's stuff, but I've got to fill this column up somehow.

In the Sports Department, there is little to be said. Now that the course is clear, golf bags are appearing as quickly as skis are disappearing. First Year copped the inter-year basketball title after a hard fought etc., etc. With a six-foot-four centre, they suffered no setbacks in the jumps. Our regular basketball team had a good season, but at the end, Gale Pharo decided he'd topped the scoring list long enough, and retired the hard way.

Speaking of sports, we should not forget Mac, who hunts birds in his pyjamas—O.K. wise guys, I set it up, you finish it.

Among the most recent bits of excitement was the Victory Loan parade in Sherbrooke. After many trials and tribulations, we finally found our parade marker, who had been waiting so long that three aldermen had offered him a job as a fireplug. We froze cheerfully for the first half hour, and not so cheerfully for the next two. At last we got going, and stepped out smartly with a 6-inch pace, which was maintained steadily throughout the parade.

Comments heard along the route, "Mommy, why are they just standing there?" "Look, there's Cliff." "Where's Beaudry?" "Check that slope."

The Parcheesi banquet was held in the absence of Prof. Carter, but with the usual guests of honor. The event was thoroughly enjoyed by at least three members, who, after a full evening or vica versa awoke the New Arts with alternate cries of "Fire!" and "Flood!"

Among the coming social events, the Spinster Spree ranks high in importance. Eligible males are preening themselves in a desperate grab at the last chance of the season.

We note that Paul has dropped his two-week system—or has he just lengthened the period.

Have you seen this year's model of the scavenger hunt.

He got a gym instructress.

She got a couple of P.O.s.

He got a telephone operator.

She got a Sergeant-Major.

He parried with sweet nothing.

She returned with an army Lieutenant.

He rallied with sweet nothing.

She thrust with a divine.

He returned with a winning basketful.

See what I mean, fellas,

Just like opening a door.

Our military tactician has extended his operations to

chemical warfare, and executive duties, as well as fieldcraft.

Unsolved cases department—

Where are the casters? . . . What happened to the rings and pins? . . . Why did Easter arrive two weeks—early for the last *Mitre*? . . . Where is the Association money? . . . Did you attend all the debates? . . . What happened to the *Mitre* editorials? . . . What happened to the major play? . . . Why did the inter-U. debating flop? . . . Where are the exchanges? . . . What of the rink? . . . Where are your trousers? . . . What happened to the extra Council

Discovery In A Lab

Did you ever go exploring? I don't mean to the South Pole like Captain Scott, or into the interior of Africa like Livingstone, but the kind of exploration one carries on in a biology lab. If you never have, then let me tell you what awaits you there.

You enter the lab on the first day with a natural feeling of misgiving which is augmented by the memory of various remarks the seniors have let fall. Shake hands with a skeleton, ugh! And you have to cut up frogs, handle worms and draw grasshoppers. The glowing prospects for the future dim and almost fade away. And worst of all, you can't draw.

No matter what you may feel, you want to see the skeleton. It really is not so hair-raising after all. The only thing you see when the cupboard door is opened is a much autographed structure of bones. Though it may resemble the "glowing ghost" it somehow doesn't look so fearful. And you decide you must add your name to those already gracing his second rib. This done you turn to examine the shelf containing the bottled specimens. Is that delicate red object really a lung? What a cute little sea horse! And, oh, isn't that starfish pretty?

Your first lab, and you wonder what sort of an animal you are going to have to examine. Instead of that you learn how to use the microscope, managing like ninety-nine percent of the students to tip back the top part so that the lens make a forty-five degree angle with the ground. It looks more business-like that way, but you soon learn that it is not very useful. Then follow weeks of lab periods during which you study the plant kingdom. Isn't it strange how people get intrigued drawing cells in a diagram and can't stop? And isn't it odd why your representation of the vascular system doesn't look like the one in the specimen under the microscope? But there comes the great day when you get a distinction on a drawing of a bean. Life

key? . . . A new flagpole setter's record was established in the Shed—2 hours, 1 chapel . . . The laundry has been discarded in favor of the Bank by many of Third Year. . . . Patterson chaperoned and Farky fumed . . . Don't you know girls aren't allowed in the Shed . . . Bishop's substitute for English rugby—association meetings—open season on all Council members. . . . where's my letter . . . I'm finished working my fingers to the bone—all I've got for it is bony fingers.

Adios. Here's stabbing you in the back.

Miss T. PARKER

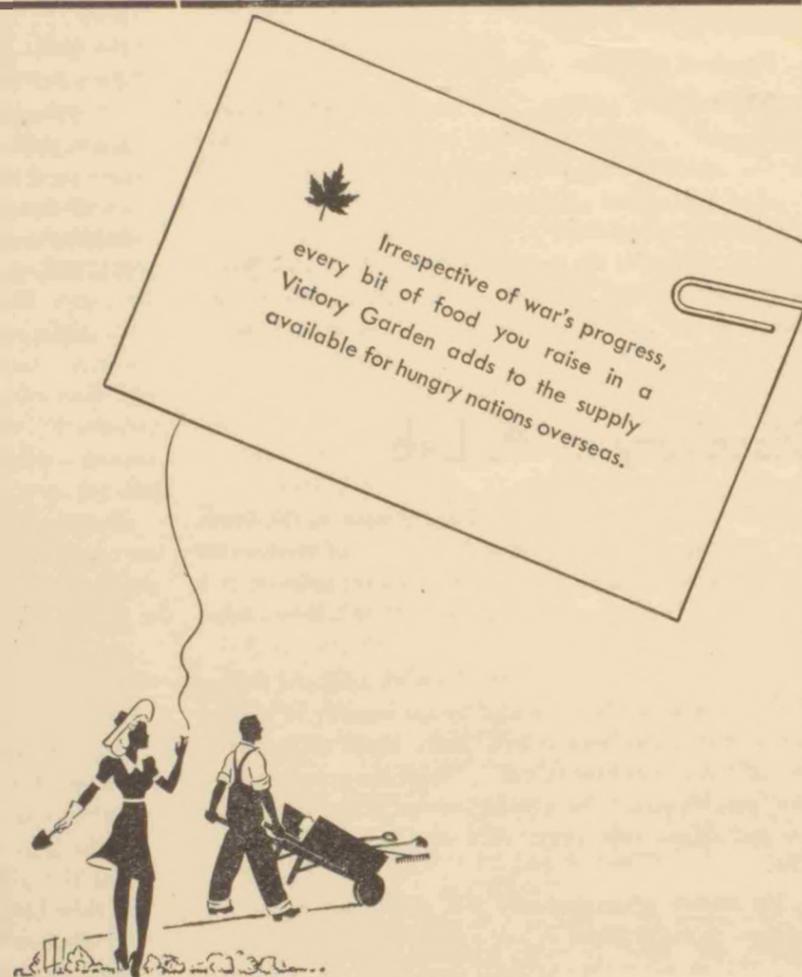
all at once seems worth living.

But the time you feel you are really accomplishing something is when you begin to cut up a frog. Apart from the fact that the preservative makes your eyes burn and you are afraid you will cut the wrong thing, you start out the lab in fine style. By the time you've reached the last loop in the small intestine you begin to feel thankful that human beings don't feel hungry along their entire digestive system. Studying the circulatory system is interesting, and it gives you a profound respect for the heart and associated mechanisms within your own body. When you begin your dissection and study you wonder how you will ever master all those biological names. After you have learned them you wonder how you were ever able to explain a thing without knowing them.

All in all, by the time you have completed the study of a division of the animal kingdom you feel you have accomplished something worthwhile. You are always discovering new and unexpected facts—like the crayfish's stomach being in its chest, or that the larva stage of a type of cicada is seventeen years. And as you progress up the ladder you are struck more and more by the similarity of animal systems with those of man, and you know why it is claimed that man differs from other animals only so far as he is capable of employing his better developed brain to improve conditions to his advantage.

The biology lab becomes a very familiar spot and you would not willingly give up the privilege of exploring its secrets. This exploration—study if you will—broadens your outlook and opens up still other fields for your examination.

Who knows what may lie beyond? And wouldn't it be as exciting to establish another link in the chain of evolution, or formulate a new law, as to gaze for the first time, like Balboa, upon the Pacific?



"But darling, suppose the war's over before the vegetables come up!"

SWEET CAPORAL CIGARETTES

"The purest form in which tobacco can be smoked"



Miss Abigail's Mystery

Miss F. McFADDEN

Miss Abigail always arose as soon as it was light. This morning, when she awakened, she had a vague disturbed feeling, but as she could not account for it, she turned over the alarm clock which would not run except on its face, and slipped out of bed. As she put on her robe and laid a fire she petted Tobias, her cat, who was already purring at her feet for his breakfast. Then after consulting both the thermometer and the calendar, she remarked sagely to Tobias, "No matter what the thermometer says, mamma would never let me take off my flannel petticoats until the apple trees were in bloom. Mamma was always right."

After putting the unwilling cat out for his morning stroll, she started to set the table for her own breakfast. It was just as she was pouring the milk that she remembered the man. To Miss Abigail a man was just that—a man. It was an unqualified word, standing in her vocabulary for everything that was huge and terrifying. This was undoubtedly the reason for her spinsterhood. This particular man had knocked on her door just as she was gathering up her knitting to prepare for bed the night before. The knock had come with no warning. At first she had resolved not to answer, but it had persisted, and the incessant rain outside forbade her to ignore it. She had not seen the man very clearly as he stood silhouetted against the porch light. He had been dressed in a shapeless raincoat, and a hat was pulled low over his eyes. His features she had not noticed at all, but a large suitcase which he carried had immediately caught her eye. If it had been an ordinary suitcase she might have overlooked it, but it was bigger than most, and of an odd shape. Miss Abigail could not quite say what that suitcase reminded her of. The stranger had asked her whether the house across the road was the Hawthorne house. When Miss Abigail had answered that it was, he stood there for a few moments, as if he were waiting to be invited inside, but she was old and alone, and afraid of men. As soon as she courteously could, she locked the door. When she had undressed and was ready for bed, she looked out, but could see no light.

As soon as all these memories of the night before returned to her, Miss Abigail quickly stepped to the window facing the road and looked out. Everything was as it had always been. The Hawthorne house looked as it had always looked, bleak and deserted, since old Benjamin Hawthorne had disappeared, fifteen years ago. No one knew where he had gone, or for that matter, whether he had gone anywhere at all. Some rumors said that he had run away with the village seamstress. There were other rumors that he had been killed and buried in his own home by his impatient

heirs. However, no heirs had ever appeared, so the mystery remained unsolved. Miss Abigail had never believed any of these stories. The memories of Benjamin which she retained were not those of a dissolute old scoundrel, but rather of a kind if mild master, when she had been upstairs maid in the big house.

While she stood looking out of her window, Miss Abigail wondered where the mysterious man was, and why he had come so strangely in the night. Was he in the house opposite? It was impossible, no smoke was coming from the chimney, the blinds were still down. And yet there was something not quite right about the place which made her feel that he was there. Now she knew—one of the windows had been removed. He must have broken in & Miss Abigail was a worrying person. In her own life she had no troubles, so she worried about others. She also worried aloud, pouring her difficulties into the questionably attentive ear of Tobias.

All day she was uneasy. She pattered about, doing her trivial household tasks, running to the window every few moments to see if she could see anything. But there was no movement, no sign of life.

At about four o'clock in the afternoon, when she was sure that she could bear her suspense no longer, she heard a car drive up. It was a small grey coupé, driven by a very well-dressed young woman. She stopped in front of the Hawthorne house. Miss Abigail craned to see her face with no result. She walked quickly up the steps, put a key in the lock of the door, which she opened after a brief struggle. Then she entered and closed it behind her. "Now," said Miss Abigail tensely to Tobias, "now we'll see something happening over there."

But nothing did happen. Miss Abigail waited for half an hour and still could see no sign of any living person in the deserted house. When at last her impatience overcame her, she murmured a few words of self-encouragement; and keeping the memory of Benjamin fixed uppermost in her mind, she put on her bonnet, took a jar of plum jam from the shelf as an excuse for her intrusion and trotted bravely across the road. Tobias, not to be neglected, followed at her heels.

At the bottom of the steps, her courage almost deserted her, but clasping the jar a little tighter, she mounted them. The knocker on the door refused to budge, so she tapped timidly with her knuckles. There was no response. As gently as she could she turned the knob. The door opened easily enough, and she slipped inside. For a moment Miss Abigail could see nothing in the dim light. Then the obscure figures became pieces of shrouded furniture, with

cobwebs hanging from them. The walls and floors were thick with dust. "It can't have been touched all this time," she whispered to Tobias, but her whisper echoed and re-echoed through the silence. She felt that she should call out, if there were anyone here, but her voice stuck in her throat.

Across the hall were two pairs of footprints, those of a man and those of a woman. So she followed the footsteps, down the hall, through the dining room and into the kitchen. Here there was an assortment of footprints, and signs of human occupation. Trails led to the basement door, and beside it lay the strange suitcase which Miss Abigail had noticed the night before. It was open—and empty!

It was then, as she stood motionless in the middle of the kitchen floor, that Miss Abigail became aware of the noise. It was a thumping, regular and slow, coming from directly beneath her. Was it a man coming? No, the noise did not come any closer. As she heard it, the hair on Tobias' back stood erect. Miss Abigail stood motionless, she had never been so frightened in her life. Why, oh, why had she come at all? She did not know what to do. She supposed it was her duty to reprimand these intruders, but how could she do anything when her feet were rooted to the floor and her knees were trembling? Suddenly in the midst of her fright, Miss Abigail heard a piercing scream. The thumping stopped. For a moment there was complete silence, and then a man's voice, fierce with impatience, "It was no more than you deserved, I warned you . . ." Then there came

the sound of something being dragged.

But Miss Abigail could endure no more. Gathering her skirts about her and clutching her bonnet more firmly on her head she followed the already retreating Tobias. As she flew down the steps, it seemed to her that she heard a man's voice again, but she did not stop to find out. Once safe in her own little cottage she slammed and locked the door, panting until she thought her heart would burst.

She had just caught her breath when someone knocked. She felt that she should faint, but curiosity, still stronger than her terror, gave her the strength to go to the door. She opened it a crack and peered out. When she saw the pleasant-looking young man standing there she felt almost ashamed of herself. Before she had time to speak, he gasped, "I must have help, quickly. Please come, before it's too late."

Before she herself had time to do more than gasp, she felt herself being dragged across the road, into the house, and down into the basement. There on the floor, beside a lantern, lay the body of a girl. It was the girl Miss Abigail had seen enter the house. Wringing his hands, the young man moaned, "I told her not to come, I told her it was no place for a lady, but she did and look what has happened. This was strictly a confidential job, I had no choice. That plaque on the wall—old man Benjamin's grandson wanted it—not to tell anyone—so many mice—she screamed and fainted . . ."

But Miss Abigail heard no more. Sinking gently to the floor, she herself fainted.

Miss MARY HARRINGTON

Just A Poem

God help the sinners when they pray
From midnight to the break of day;
I wonder if their love's sincere,
Or, do they pray because they fear,
That 'ere they lie beneath the sod
They shall incur the wrath of God:
A stoker's job way down below,
Piling the fires when they are low,
And hear the devil's haunting chaff,
And listen to his leering laugh.
I wonder if I'll ever sob
When I have that unpleasant job.

Our Opinion

R-Note: This is our personal opinion and we don't give a damn, whether you like it or not. You can, if you want (and we dare you to) write to us and tell why you differ from our views. We will take them into consideration and maybe next issue we'll fight it out with you.—End of R-Note!

* * *

Q—What is your opinion of an opinion?

O*—We think so too?

Q—Are coeds here for an education?

O—(a) It all depends what one means by education.

(b) Why of course—

(c) Naturally.

(d) From a sexual point of view—Yes.

Q—Do you think the little college boys should go out more with the little coeds?

O—The little coeds would have more of a chance if they kept their "diary" to themselves. (Here we mean diary and not dairy.)

Q—What has Bishop's done to you, morally speaking?

O—No. Not being girls we can't give a girl's views, but being he-men we know enough to keep quiet.

Q—Is drinking [not H₂O (chemistry for aqua (latin for water)) educational?

O—As very active "Frothblowers",
he says: emphatically!

I say: indubitably!

You say: anything you darn well please!

Q—Does Bishop's need females?

O—Yes. (Get it?)

P. BEAUDRY and C. BRODEUR

Q—What do you like best at Bishop's?

O—This was beyond our means so the following is from an interview with 5 students:

a—Free speech.

b—R.A.F. (coeds).

c—Me (egoist).

4—Sports.

e—(I) Bull sessions (boy).

(II) Red Cross meetings (Gossiping point of view)

Q—Should more encouragement be given to sports?

O—Honestly speaking: Due to a lack of "esprit de corps", sports at Bishop's have dwindled down to practically nothing, thus Bishop's has lost some of its old glamour.

Q—Should Bishop's have a special course on marriage and what it involves?

O—Taking into consideration the average age of the students we dare say "ce serait une proposition risquée."

Q—What does the (*) above mean?

O—As this calls for an answer and not an opinion, we refuse.

Q—Are there more women getting married these days than men?

O—Is this question stupid? Look at it again more closely, put your nose up to it, go ahead, it won't hurt, now then there you are, what did we tell you, simple isn't it.

Due to unforeseen circumstances within our control, we (the people) have presented our opinions on certain irrelevant questions. If perchance you enjoyed it, write to the *Mitre*, care of "Our Opinion", and let us know. We may do it again next issue. Bye now.

C. T. MANNING

The Bloc Populaire

We of this province are certainly interested in its post-war progress and the policies it adopts. At the present time the programme of the Bloc Populaire is presenting a rather sinister problem in Quebec politics. Many people are of the opinion that the existence of such a party threatens the stability of the Godbout Government. Instances have been noted where they are justified in believing this.

The party started as a result of the famous plebiscite of 1942 and the almost unanimous "No" vote in Quebec. Maxime Raymond, former Liberal member for the Beauharnois-Laprairie constituency, formed the party in September 1942. Since then it has gained four members in the House of Commons and with the majority of the French-

Canadian population supporting it, progress seems inevitable.

The subversive attitude of the party to Canada's participation in the present struggle infuriates the English-speaking Canadians. Tradition, race, education, philosophy, sentiment, all unite to strengthen our association with Britain. When we think of how much all of us owe to Britain, particularly since the beginning of this war, it is a shame that such rabble-rousers are allowed to exist. We are fighting a war to end war and insure freedom, but not freedom for backbiters such as this party to carry on their policies in the open or anywhere.

The general aim of the party is to assure independence for Canada as a whole, but before this can be accomplished

they must succeed in their "Quebec for Quebecers" policy. They want racial equality for both French and English. This is a fine idea but before it can materialize the bulk of the French-Canadian supporters will have to become much more highly developed than at present. They must learn to look at the world as a little bigger than Quebec province.

It appears that the majority of the party's supporters are using it as a screen or a refuge behind which they can legally show their dislike for conscription. Such men as these are more to be pitied than criticized, because they haven't had the opportunity to learn just why they ought to give full support to Canada in her hour of need.

The ideas of the party with regard to economic reconstruction are certainly worthy of note, such as: equality in the basic wage throughout the Dominion; decentralization of industry and business, thus giving the firms of limited

Between You and Me

College is one of those places where things like this can happen—"I went into my room at midnight, pulled down the blind, sneezed gently into a Kleenex, and somebody asked me next morning how my cold was." End of hashed quotation. The grapevine is a pest! I tell my best jokes to a friend in a quiet corner of Rene's, and next day when I spring them in the common room everybody shrugs and says they're stale. For one reason, they heard them half an hour ago. If you muff just one question in class, the professors divine your past in a flash. Joanie whispers confidently that they are having waffles at her house for supper, and several hungry wolverines howl on her doorstep at six o'clock. An unsuspecting freshette has a whispered conversation in the library and the whole college is rocking almost before she can clatter down the stairs.

There are several types of grapevine—faculty, women students, men students and the help. What is more amazing still is that the first three all have communicating hookups, often leading to much confusion.

Then there are cases where "it is not what you say, but the way you are said to have said it," that makes the difference. How wonderful it would be if a recording machine sat in on conversations. The record could be used later to prove that you did use the right inflection of voice after all. Our mutual friend cheats the grapevine after this fashion.

When asked to give an opinion of someone, they invariably say no nice thing about them, and if in all sincerity no more can be said finish by remarking that they really didn't

capacity a chance to progress—small businesses to be given government help and leave the big industry to be controlled by private enterprise; social security and a systematic housing policy which will gradually abolish slums. Policies such as these tend toward unity and peace in which everyone may live a harmonious and contented life.

If this party could carry out its social and economic policies and leave out its ideas of independence—severing relations with the British Empire, etc., and non-participation in the present war, it would probably find staunch support from many English-speaking citizens throughout the Dominion. However, since this party is supported by the French, who are jealous and resent the fact that the minority rules, and by no means are all the French-Canadians in favour of this policy, it is believed that Canadian unity and an all-out war effort will be in order until victory is ours.

Miss L. GEORGE

know them very well anyway.

Gossip is a gremlin who does all sorts of delving into espionage and sabotage. (Ref. Petunia for pronunciation.) There is no way of telling when it has seized upon your friends. Secrets have a way of slipping out but this can sometimes be used to advantage. Propaganda gets off to a good start with a private hen-session, a note scribbled in lecture or a whispered word behind the corner of a tattered gown in a crowded corridor. And the library—surely the old books themselves wheeze out dusty bits of choice news.

Rumour is also useful from another point of view. Especially in the middle of the term, students are apt to hear vague reports that a certain professor is counting on at least ten of his students to flunk. Then they haul out books, whose pages have never even been cut, and try their best to give them a well-worn appearance. There is also the story about what happens to people who tear themselves away from too many lectures to see their dentist. The effect is usually startling but short-lived.

If you really want to hear some grapevine thrillers, ask Dewhurst, or facsimile, about college antics in the good old days and you may wonder how the buildings still stand on their foundations.

The saving grace of this complicated network is that it runs on a curious track leading in one ear and out the other, and its chief aim is for amusement and relief of boredom. All the same, don't forget—anything you say may be used.

The Bishop Looks Down

Edited By

Dr. F. G. VIAL

It is, I think, the late Lord Birkenhead, the eminent statesman and barrister, who declared that his greatest enjoyment after a hard day's work was to sit in his library in an easy chair with a fragrant cigar and read the best detective story of the moment. I, and many others, agree with him. It was also Lord Birkenhead who stated that the best detective story he had ever read was *The Middle Temple Murder* by J. S. Fletcher. The memory of this exceedingly fascinating thriller is almost obscured by now with the flood of eminently sound and fascinating detective stories.

It is not necessary for a detective story to pose as good literature, but as a matter of fact, many of them are to be classed as such. For instance, Edgar Allan Poe's *Tales of Mystery and Imagination* are certainly to be classified as literature. I remember reading *The Gold-Bug* by this author when a lad of thirteen or fourteen, and then looking for more reading matter of the same sort. Then Sir Conan Doyle's tales gathering about the personality of Sherlock Holmes, and the over-modest and meritorious Watson loudly call for recognition as possessing a literary character. There is humour there, too. The habits and temperament of the great master of detection are full of not only interest, but amusement. This, contrasted with the superficially dull and commonplace character of Doctor Watson appeals to one's sense of humour. In spite of the power and genius of Edgar Allan Poe, whose versatility expended itself in other fields besides that of detection, I should say that Conan Doyle stands easily first among the writers of detective fiction in the nineteenth century.

But Conan Doyle was more than that. He roused and stimulated, one might almost say, created this type of fiction, and it has become immensely popular. Among the earlier leaders of this kind of writing, one may mention Edgar Wallace and J. S. Fletcher. In spite of the suggestion of speed and hurry which are obvious in Edgar Wallace's lucubrations, there is an inventiveness and verve in all his work which is very attractive. The touches of humour that appear from time to time help to give his books a place which would be denied to many more painstaking and carefully artistic writings.

If Edgar Wallace's works are characterized by speed, those of J. S. Fletcher are marked by apparent ease and leisurelyness, that is, most of them. *The Middle Temple Murder* has movement, and plenty of it. For the most part, however, his stories deal with scenes in picturesque market towns, and villages of northern England. His favourite de-

tective officers are orthodox members of the police forces of Britain. There is a slow-moving, slow-spoken local detective, who, in spite of what would appear disabilities is a remarkably shrewd, sound individual. Sometimes, it is necessary to call in an officer from Scotland Yard, who brings to bear on the local problem a wider experience and deeper knowledge than is possible for his country colleague to acquire. In this author's work there is a distinct flavour of old England, its countryside, its country towns, its cathedral closes.

Perhaps the most popular of living authors of this type of writing are Agatha Christie and Dorothy L. Sayers. Please notice the sex, for it appears that female writers of this species of literature are coming to the fore, and almost outstripping the majority of their masculine competitors. To my mind, Agatha Christie has some glaring faults, but she has introduced to the reading public one character which condones whatever her deficiencies are. This is the comical, dapper little Belgian detective, Hercule Poirot. This little man, so full of conceit and vanity, solves most brilliantly all the homicidal riddles which are presented to him. He is so amusing that we are in the way of forgetting his immense competence and deep sagacity—truly, a wonderful character.

Dorothy L. Sayers is the creator also of a singularly attractive type of amateur detectives, that is, Lord Peter Wimsey. "That Dorothy L. Sayers loves her own land is a familiar fact to those who appreciate the character of Lord Peter Wimsey, and recall the sure, yet light touch with which the English countryside, and those who dwell in it are rendered in many of her fictions, notably *The Nine Tailors*."

Another writer, whose name I, for the moment, forget, is the creator of that prince of detectives, Inspector French. French is a man who we might say has grown up in Scotland Yard, and has advanced step by step to a high position in that gallant force. The impression that he makes grows gradually. He is not like the amusing Hercule Poirot, or the witty, brilliant Lord Peter Wimsey, but his solid, logical mind, and his controlled imagination has solved many a case of murder.

This is enough, one would hope, to whet the appetites of fiction-tasters.

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A booklet giving particulars of this service may be obtained by calling at our office or writing for a copy.

Sherbrooke Trust Company

San Reminiscence

R. E. DUVAL '42

Across the field and over the road the trees were beginning to show green. In a few days, he realized, the house with the blue roof and shutters wouldn't seem so glaringly out of place. Although the green was still only a fuzz on the almost bare branches, it was already nearly impossible to see through to the river. He stared long and hard at what little water he could see, and soon he wasn't seeing a river at all—but a brook. Naturally it was a brook—for this was England, and there aren't any rivers in England—not any that Canadians would admit were rivers anyway.

He had his helmet off and was enjoying a final smoke when, from across the brook and about one hundred yards downstream, he heard one of his signallers shouting to him. He leaped the rivulet and ran down to where his carrier was parked in what his driver fondly hoped was the shade of a huge oak. The fact that the earth was constantly revolving on its axis thereby continually changing the position of all shadows, never seemed to bother that worthy individual. Making a mental note to deliver a small blast on this subject he took a pair of earphones and acknowledged the message. He shook his driver awake and a few moments later the Bren was moving off under the latter's sleepy guidance.

Avoiding crests and sneaking up long, shallow valleys, they came, at last, to the battery rendezvous.

Orders having been received and understood, as they say in the pamphlets, a short half hour later found him

stretched uncomfortably flat on his stomach trying to find the weak spots in the position he had chosen for his observation post. Not finding any serious ones he turned and gave the signal to the driver, who also acted as his O.P. assistant, to bring the radio's remote control up. When Joe, the driver, reached him, slightly red in the face from his long crawl, he took the "mike" from him and spoke briefly into it. He then turned to his front and set about drawing a panorama while Joe was drafting a target record form. These tasks were soon completed and having identified the target on his map he again spoke briefly into the microphone. Less than a minute later he heard the "brumph" of a twenty-five pounder from about a mile behind him. Staring out over the downs he saw the shell land about two hundred yards to the right of the target. He gave a correction and, this time through his glasses, observed the shell-burst pleasingly close to where he had thought it would be. He went on to establish his short bracket and then blew the target to kingdom come with his first round of gunfire. Joe's muttered approval sounded sweet in his ears. It was a great life, he thought.

Yes, it was a great life.

The door being pushed open brought him sharply back to the present. The maid put his supper on the tray in front of him and turned to go out.

The door slammed shut.

Bishop's Co-eds

P. J. BEAUDRY

After two years of note-taking, eavesdropping, and personal snooping around I now have the honour of presenting my unabashed views on the co-eds of Bishop's.

Some of these so-called women are rationally speaking (and we often do) so endowed with what may be termed as "tricks of the trade" as to drive any student here straight to "Hades". Most women (even girls I'm told) try to attract the male sex by using different ruses such as a hunter would, to trap his prey. After a girl tries ways or ruses a few times, she is typed. Some types are alright but others, well we're coming to that. Because even though we hate to stare the truth in the face we must!

First, we have the girl who, for some unknown reason, treats you as though she were your mother. She takes possession of you and I mean this literally. She's the kind that insists that you wear rubbers when it is raining, although you don't even own a pair, also that you be in early because

after all you must be awake and alert for lectures the following morning?

Leaving the mother type, I ran into another grim type the sisterly. She is one who imagines you to be the brother she never had. You know what I mean, you may hold her hand and kiss her but on the cheek (rarely) and "that's all brother".

Have you ever taken a perishable or cosmetics queen out? Boy is she ever a mess! She is very young and to give herself a more mature aspect plasters her puss with lipstick, messara, powder, etc., only to present to the naked eye a view of a "head-huntress" in war-paint. This is very annoying and even embarrassing at times, because it never fails that when you take "cosmetics" out, you always come back with stuff all over your collar and the such. Also "cosmo" usually happens to be a split personality and be at the same time a "cuddle-bunny". This means that if you

dance with her, she'll always have a half-nelson on you. Or, if you are in a car she's always trying to push you out by her unshakable or unmovable nearness.

From here we move on to the juvenile. What a problem this one presents! Bobby socks and dirty shag-shoes are her main weapons of attack. Pig-tails also play an important place in her advances or ruses. She hopes to present the perfect picture of innocence to us, but what she actually does is anything but that. She may even go so far as to adopt youngish ideas and flit about expressing giddy and empty thoughts. Do these camouflaged infants really believe that they are helping themselves in any way by acting thus? If they do, all I can suggest to them is that they give it up as a bad hope. Mostly all of them ruin their carefully planned propaganda by walking around with a half-smoked cigarette drooping from the corner of their semi-sulky mouths; while the red colored nerves of their eyeballs show signs of past-night dissipation.

Here in my notes I come upon the "desperate" co-ed. All her brain can tell her is to get a "man" no matter who

Leap Year

This is a warning to all unattached males: if a fair damsel (also unattached) approaches you, beware. If there is a peculiar glint in her eye and a ring of determination in her tone, the odds are ten to one that she has divided 1944 by four, found out that it goes evenly and that this, therefore is Leap Year—and she intends to do something about her state of unattachedness.

And, just in case there are a few non-believers among the male crowd about the woman's right to do the wooing during Leap Year, let it be known that the custom is more than a custom—it is a law.

Back in 1288 some far-sighted queen saw to it that a law was enacted saying that during her reign it was ordained that "for each year known as Leap Year, any maiden lady of both high and low estate shall have the liberty to bespeak the man she likes." In order to see that the maiden ladies' hopes were not lightly dashed, the law provided that any stubborn male refusing to accept the offer made him, should be docked the sum of one pound or less. (What true Scot would part with one pound or less, when he could save it by blushingly whispering "yes".) Of course, there was always one way out—by law: he could make it appear that he was already engaged to some other woman; thereby lay the path to questionable freedom.

or how! This leads to unhappiness on her part as well as on the part of the sucker she hooks. They both, when finally out together, wonder what the heck they saw in each other, and soon they wend separate ways, bitter enemies. They could have been friends but she wanted a "man" no matter what the cost.

One of the commonest type is (and I may go so far as to rashly say all the co-eds are a bit of this) the "flibbertigibbet". This is what leads to the most interesting type—"the meandering type". You take her out to a dance, say, and she meanders all over the floor flirting with anyone she can lay eyes on but you. Also she usually has a bit of the "hooker" complex and grasps any available male she can lay hands on.

There are many other types too numerous to pursue here such as the brainy type, she always knows more than the boy she's with; and if there's one thing that gripes a boy more than this, well. The co-eds offer material galore for us to study and criticise. We may even (after deep pondering) say that the average co-ed is really not so bad.

G. B. MOFFAT

Not to be outdone in such progressive steps, France passed a similar law a few years later. In the fifteenth century the practice was legalized in Genoa and Florence.

So there you have it, gentlemen, instead of saying "there ought to be a law", the lady may remind you of the fact that "there is a law". What does it matter that the Encyclopedia Britannica says "of the custom for women to woo during Leap Year no satisfactory explanation has ever been offered." Who cares about the explanation of a custom, a law is something to be reckoned with. (And with the scarcity of men these days, the women will probably have a chance to reckon with the law, even though it is an ancient one.)

Just to make this on the up and up, and before I leave the subject, I probably should remind you that the technical term for the year with 366 days is "bissextile" and that the English name for the bissextile year is, to quote again from the Encyclopedia Britannica, "an allusion to a result of this interposition: for after February 29 a date 'leaps over' a day of the week." The interposition referred to goes back to 46 B.C. when the astronomers of Julius Caesar settled the solar year of 365 days 6 hours. At the end of the fourth year these six hours make up an extra day, which is then added to the fourth year.

Sports

Well gang, let's gather around and see what has been happening in college sports since the last issue of the *Mitre*. Again we find basketball heading the list followed by some inter-year basketball and skiing. Interest in sports this term has decreased due naturally to the unsuitable weather. The war has continued to have its effect on cutting down inter-collegiate sport meets by making transportation next to impossible. Good spirit and sportsmanship has been shown throughout the college in all sports that were undertaken, and it may be said that this year especially, the individual student has had a greater opportunity to take part in athletics than ever before.

We would like to take this opportunity to congratulate both Phil Wood and Coach Aubry Clarke for the splendid way they have handled the senior basketball team this year and in having brought in so far an undefeated team. Although there are still two play-off games left against the R.C.A.F. team from Windsor Mills, the team shows wonderful possibilities in winning the championship without losing a game all season.

BASKETBALL

Basketball will again head the Bishop's sports parade this term, since it is by far the most outstanding sport in the college. Not only has it proved important because of our participation in the Sherbrooke league, but because this term it has been the chief inter-mural activity.

Bishop's vs. Sherbrooke High

For the first time this season, the Bishop's team broke the fifty-point mark in defeating the Sherbrooke High School lads 51-36. The game was clean and fast throughout with both teams playing wide-open basketball and not relying on their defenses as much as usual. This undoubtedly accounted for the high scoring on both teams. As usual, the S.H.S. squad began the game rather slowly, allowing the purple and white aggregation to attain a large lead early in the game. Gale Pharo and Herb Dickson shared top honours in scoring by sinking nine and eight baskets respectively. As in previous games, Pharo readily outwitted his opponents with his ability to receive a pass with his back to the hoop, pivot and get an accurate shot away. Herb Dickson played one of his best games using his two-handed overhead shots with great success. Whalen played good and steady basketball, netting 10 points. Play was exceptionally fast in the first half and the first quarter ended with U.B.C. leading the Sherbrooke boys 10-5. When the half-time whistle blew, Bish had a 30 to 15 lead. Play slowed up considerably in

Z. POSMAN

the last two frames and although shooting on the High School squad improved a great deal, the game ended with Bishop's in the lead by fifteen points.

Bishop's vs. Rand

For the third time this season, the Bishop's hoopsters met the Rand team on the Y.W.C.A. floor and handed them a 50-36 trouncing. The game was not as clean as previous ones this year and the Rand boys kept the Purple and White lads well supplied with free shots through their continual fouling. Gale Pharo led the U.B.C. tallies, outshining all his previous scoring sprees when he sank 25 points. The rest of the college forwards kept Pharo well supplied with passes and depended on his accurate shooting to clinch the game for them. The system of feeding passes to the best shots on the team has worked extremely well for our boys all season. Pres. Carr sank ten points for the college team and Whalen added six more to their total. McCredie played good basketball for the winners as did the two Dickson brothers. The lack of passing on the Rand team which has hindered them all year, again proved detrimental in this game. The match started slowly but Bishop's took the lead in the first quarter and set the pace in the next three to increase it by a wide margin. At half time the score was 21-12 in favour of our boys and although the Rand aggregation showed signs of better shooting in the last two frames, the college lads had outpointed their rivals by 22 points when the final whistle blew.

Bishop's vs. Thetford High

In one of the best basketball games seen in Sherbrooke this season, the U.B.C. boys met the Thetford High team in their second exhibition game. The visiting team played extremely good basketball and came nearer to sending the purple and white squad down to their first defeat than any team in the current league. The college team managed to eke out a 49-40 victory before the final whistle blew. The undefeated Bishop's lads had been a little over-confident in their past few games and this encounter was evidently what was required to bring them back to earth. Although the Thetford shooting was not especially good, their snappy passing and their use of a zone-defense kept the U.B.C. boys guessing and literally had them running around in circles. Carr and Farky were in their best form in this game and led the scoring parade with 16 and 14 points respectively. Farky's long accurate shots were decisive in winning the game for the home team. Gale Pharo played his usual steady game ably supported by Whalen and McCredie. As in previous matches the college boys took an early lead and by

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the half their cool stedy playing had given them a twelve-point lead. The Thetford team came back after their half-time rest feeling a little more confident and set a terrific pace for the Bishop's team. In the last frame the visitors had the ball in our zone most of the time and chalked up 14 points to our ten. Coach Clarke's men ended the game with a nine-point lead.

Bishop's vs. R.C.A.F.

On Friday evening, March 17, the Bishop's squad met the R.C.A.F. team on the Y.W.C.A. floor in Sherbrooke. This was the first game in which the purple and white team met the strongly rated air force squad and the game proved to be the most exciting one of the season. The game opened rapidly with our boys gaining possession of the ball and sinking several ringers in the first few minutes of the game. The opposing team quickly rallied and the first quarter ended with the Bish team in the lead by the small margin of one point. Both teams came back on the floor feeling a little more confident and although the second quarter was fast, very few baskets were scored on either side. Strong guarding by G. Dickson and Farquharson prevented the Air Force team from acquiring a large lead. The whistle blew with the R.C.A.F. leading the purple and white boys by one point. The second half opened up without any evidence of either team slowing up. The shooting improved and the game continued at the same speed as in the first half. Carr led the scoring with Pharo and G. Dickson sharing equal honours. With only five seconds left in the game and the Bishop's team leading by one basket, Spiers on the Air Force squad sank a ringer and an overtime period was necessary. With both teams determined to win, the game continued with the Air Force playing a tight defensive game. Carr and Whalen each made a basket which tied up the game for the undefeated purple and white team with a score of 42-38.

Inter-Year Basketball

Soon after the hockey season ended, a basketball schedule was drawn up between first, second and third year. There were to be two games played by each to determine the champions. All teams were pretty evenly matched and as a result each squad won two games thus making it necessary for each year to play another game. The games were played whenever both teams could come to an agreement on an afternoon and it was expected that the schedule would be completed before the Easter holidays. However, there remained one game between first and third year to decide the champions which was postponed till after Easter. The Seniors defaulted this game to the Frosh and the Freshmen took

the inter-year basketball cup.

On the Freshmen team, forwards Burton, Posman and Riese played well together using snappy passing and shooting at close range, much to their advantage. They were well backed up by guards McEwen, Banfill and Fairbairn who kept them well supplied with passes which was decisive in bringing in a winning team.

Andy Roy and Homer Beattie led the scoring on the third year team with Schofield and Goddard playing steady and fast basketball which kept the opposing team on the run most of the time. The inability to sink long shots was the setback to the senior team but at close range the shots were very accurate.

Wood, Waldman, Buchanan and Scarth were the shining lights on the second year team and although this team was at a disadvantage due to a shortage of men, they played hard and showed good fighting spirit in all games. One of their best players, L. Waldman, sprained an ankle a few days before the playoffs and this proved detrimental to the team.

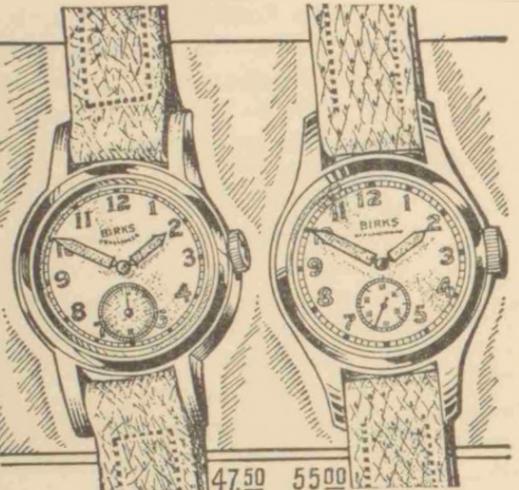
SKIING

Although there seemed to be very little interest aroused in skiing this year at the college, a few weeks before the Orford ski meet, Mr. Macdonald got a group of boys together who were especially keen on skiing, and ran a cross-country race to determine the best skiers and pick a team to represent Bishop's at Orford. The race was run on a Friday afternoon and the following took part: Macdonald, Beattie, McCredie, Waldman, Fairbairn, Geggie and Posman. Fairbairn came in first, closely followed by McCredie. A good team was hard to find due to the lack of experience in competitive skiing among the men. The meet turned out to be an inter-zone affair and our team, consisting of Macdonald, Schofield, McCredie, Waldman and Fairbairn, ran up against a group of well-trained skiers and as a result were able to make very little progress. Among the Bishop's team, best skiing was done by Waldman and McCredie. Skiers described the trail as being terrific and the fastest seen at Orford in a long time. The warm weather the day before and a sudden change to cold made the trail exceptionally icy. There seem to be some good skiers in the making at college and with some practice, Bishop's may again rise to her former fame in Eastern Township competition.

BADMINTON

Although a badminton ladder was set up soon after Christmas, very few matches were played due to the lack of birds. Attempts were made to acquire a supply with very little success. With exams so near, it is doubtful whether any competitive badminton will be played.

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Alumni Notes

Marriages

TOMLINSON-POWELL—On April 15 at Wolverhampton, England, took place the marriage of Lieut. Charles Lester Tomlinson, B.A. '41, son of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Herbert Tomlinson of Montreal, and Patricia Olive, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Powell of Blackfalds, Wolverhampton, England.

ROBINSON-JONES—On Dec. 29, at St. George's Church, Lennoxville, the marriage between Joan Christine, daughter of the Ven. Archdeacon and Mrs. A. Jones of that town, and the Rev'd Morse Robinson, B.A. '43, of Wainfleet, Ont., son of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Robinson of Dundas, Ont., was solemnized. The father of the bride performed the ceremony. The Rev'd F. W. Mitchell, uncle of the bride, and Mr. Wm. Blackstock, formerly Divinity student of Bishop's University, as assistants.

The bride was given in marriage by the Rev'd Canon Gilbert Oliver, Westmount, and wore a floor-length gown of white bridal satin. Miss Margaret Mitchell, cousin of the bride, was maid-of-honor and Miss Marjorie White was the bridesmaid.

The Rev'd Robert Mackie, B.A. '41, was best man, acting proxy for the bride's brother, F/O A. W. Jones, former science student at U.B.C. and now serving in the far East with the R.A.F. The ushers were graduates or members of Bishop's and were the Rev'd C. Ward of Dixville, the Rev'd J. Ford of Sherbrooke, and Mr. G. Bown of Lennoxville now member of the University.

Deaths

We are grieved to report the death of Dr. J. B. Winder. The late Doctor Winder was a graduate of this University, and obtained his M.D. at McGill University. Later he took up his residence in the Town of Lennoxville where he served the community and in particular the members of Bishop's University faithfully for many years. He is survived by his wife and two sons.

It was with deep regret that the University learned last March of the death of Dr. W. O. Rothney, a former student of this university and for many years a member of the staff as professor of Education. The funeral which was held in Sherbrooke was attended by many of the late Professor's students as well as friends that he made throughout his long faithful service at the University. He is survived by his wife and four children.

BRADFORD—The Mitre records with regret the death of Lieut. Ross Bradford, B.A. '42. Ross was in a motorcycle accident when he was in the west, and died soon after

E. PATTERSON

from a fractured kull. His funeral was held in Sherbrooke, Que.

MILNE—Our sympathies go out to the relatives of P/O John Milne of Sherbrooke, former member of Bishop's University, who was killed in a plane crash outside of Bagotville, Quebec. He has been in the R.C.A.F. for two years, enlisting at the end of his second academic year. Many of his friends are still at Bishop's, whilst others, like himself, have joined the Active Forces. At College John took a very active part in all activities, especially rugby and hockey. His only sister, Joan, is at the present time a student at his Alma Mater.

General

BELL—The Rev'd C. Ritchie Bell has been nominated to the principalship of Knox College by the Presbytery of Brandon, Manitoba. He is graduate in arts of Bishop's University and the University of New Brunswick, and is a Bachelor of Divinity of the Presbyterian College, Montreal.

WOOD—The Rev'd Hubert S. Wood, B.A. '13, formerly rector of St. George's Church, Long Island, New York, has been appointed Dean of the Episcopal Cathedral of the Incarnation, Garden City, Long Island.

Lieut. J. VISSER, B.A. '42, recently returned to Canada from overseas. Jack joined the army in the spring of his graduation; in fact he was so eager to get into the army that he left us before he had taken his exams. He had been in England about one year.

We are sorry to hear that Lieut. R. E. DUVAL, B.A. '42, is now in Sherbrooke Hospital. Errol joined the army in the spring of '42 and like Jack, was in the army before he had written his exams. He had been stationed at different posts in Canada and was overseas for sometime before he was taken ill. We all wish Errol a speedy recovery.

We have been honored by several visits from former students of the University. The following are a few: P/O Hugh Smith, Sub/Lieut. Leslie Davis, LAC Bruce Fairbairn, LAC Dick McMaster, O/S Fred Anderson. ALA Bob Sproul now in Fleet Air Arm; Mr. Edward Goodhue now in the navy; Rev'd and Mrs. Guy Marston, the Rev'd Colin Cuttell and the Rev'd Cecil Royle. Many others have called and we would be pleased to see others visiting their Alma Mater.

Before our next issue the number of the Alumni will be increased, and we ask all that are graduating to send an account of their whereabouts to the Alumni Editor from time to time. Remember that your fellow-graduates contact you frequently through the *Mitre*.



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Bishop's and The War

R. PIERCE

The last issue of the *Mitre* for another academic year is again in print and although at college our war efforts are drawing to a close, yet we must all endeavour to carry them with us wherever we may go. Some will be entering the armed services, others war industries, and still many will be taking up various other duties. Still we must, each in his own way, help to pave the road to victory. With the invasion of Europe so near at hand it will be necessary that we all make even greater sacrifices, but let us do it with a willing heart.

The C.O.T.C. has once more finished its training until the opening of camp which, I am sure, many are looking forward to with keen interest. Although lacking numbers and an unsettled beginning at the first of the year, the Company, with the aid of very capable officers, has shown a very definite improvement over former years. The lectures, drilling, and manoeuvres have certainly not lacked the military spirit which is so necessary on the training field. On May the twenty-fourth the contingent took part in a Victory Loan parade held in Sherbrooke. The smartness and alertness of all the men present aided in upholding the fine tradition which the Bishop's Corps has gained from its institution. May it be maintained in the future.

Since the last issue of the *Mitre* another group of R.A.F.T.C. has spent a week at Bishop's. All those who attended the courses again repeated the favourable opinion of the previous groups to the lectures, which not only proved

interesting but also extremely helpful. Apparently there was only one criticism offered and that was the shortness of the time spent with us. I cannot pass on without making some comment on the attitude of the students as a whole, which was one of giving these men the best possible time while they were here. Much individual time was given up, but not without a whole-hearted appreciation on the side of the airmen. Not only was the association beneficial to the visitors, but also to those who claim Bishop's as their home. We learned a great deal about the British Isles, as well as much about our own country of which I am afraid many of us were sadly ignorant. It seems we can only begin to appreciate the land of our birth when we look at it from the outside with the aid of a stranger's point of view. We look forward with anticipation to the return of the members of the R.A.F.T.C.

Two other branches of our war effort worthy of mention are the good attendance at the Blood Clinic and the buying of War Savings Stamps. Many of the students have made one or more trips to the Clinic in Sherbrooke and the reward buttons are at the present quite common around the college. Again this year we have undertaken the sale of War Savings Stamps and we trust that by the end of the term our objective will have been reached. To obtain this end we will need a fuller interest taken by every one. We cannot make too small an effort to help in the destruction of an evil menace which has confronted our nation and all those who love peace and justice.



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