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The Manitoban, University of Manitoba, Winnipeg.

The Gateway, University of Alberta, Edmonton.

The Bates Student, Bates College, Lewiston, Me.

The Brunswickan, University of New Brunswick,
 Fredericton, N. B.

Xaverian Weekly, St. Francis Xavier University, Anti-
 gonish, N. S.

Dalhousie Gazette, Halifax, N. S.

Loyola News, Montreal.

Acadia Athenaeum, Acadia University, Wolfville, N.S.

The Silhouette, McMaster University, Hamilton.

The Argosy Weekly, Mount Allison University, Sack-
 ville, N. B.

The College Cord, Waterloo, Ont.

The Gryphon, University of Leeds, England.

WILLIAM LYON PHELPS—

(Continued from page 31)

at the age of seventy-five, he writes with the zest of a boy. The book should be an inspiration to all teachers. The bane of teaching is routine, with its attendant danger of routine degenerating into drudgery. Here is a teacher who amid multifarious activities has kept undimmed the fire of youthful enthusiasm and an unabated love of life. Changing somewhat the famous lines of Landor to sum up his own experience, he writes:

"I strove with none, I always hated strife.
 Nature I loved, and God and Man and Art:
 I warmed both hands before the fire of life:
 It sinks, yet I'm not ready to depart."

—W. O. Raymond

**The Mitre extends the
 Compliments of the Season
 to its Readers and
 Advertisers**



Lieut. A. R. S. Woodside, m '33

F. M. Bunbury, B.Sc. '39, G. E. Cross, m '39, W. I. Neilson, B.Sc. '40, and G. F. Scott, B.A. '40, are with the British Navy.

J. Michaels, B.A. '35, is with the British Intelligence Service.

Major C. L. H. Bowen, m '27, is with the Governor-General's Foot Guards.

J. C. Bredin, B.Sc. '40, is a Lieutenant in the Cameron Highlanders.

GENERAL

The Rev'd A. T. Love, M.A., L.S.T. '06, has been appointed acting Rector of St. Matthias' Church, Westmount, in the absence of Canon Gilbert Oliver who has been appointed R.C.A.F. chaplain.

Mrs. D. C. Draper of Toronto, formerly Miss Marjorie G. Hume, B.A. '18, has returned to Sherbrooke her former home where she will remain during the absence of her husband, General Draper, who is on active service.

The Rev'd Arthur Ottiwell, B.A. '34, now serving as Chaplain in the C.A.S.F., is in the Military Hospital, Ste.

Anne de Bellevue, suffering from a fractured foot.

Mr. Gerald Moffatt, B.A. '37, is now taking a Theological course at Trinity College, Toronto.

The Rev'd A. R. Perkins, B.A. '37, who was on the Magdalen Islands for three years, has now been moved to Peninsula, Gaspé.

The Rev'd Norman Pilcher, L.S.T. '38, has been appointed Rector of Maple Grove, Quebec, by the Bishop of Quebec.

The Rev'd Charles Campbell has been appointed assistant priest at Holy Trinity Cathedral, Quebec City.

Bruce Baker, Kenneth Herring, and Lloyd Thompson, B.Sc.'s of '40, are taking a science course at McGill University, Montreal.

Marjorie Morrison, B.A. '40, is taking a Library course at McGill University.

John Carroll, B.A. '40, is now resident at Trinity House at the University of Toronto while taking a Law course at Osgoode Hall, Toronto.

Recent visitors at the University included Ken Annett, Peter Edgell, Bud Visser, Bruce Cragg, Jim Flintoff, the Rev'd Hugh Mortimer, and the Rev'd William Crummer.

IN THE PARK

Watch where the winds plate petals with rust
 And you shall see, see autumn drab
 The unremembered dahlias—just
 Where the one in rags unwraps a crust.

Sitting on a bench (where the skuas squeal
 At him with the bag of idle crumbs),
 The girl who digs in the tin of veal
 Protected by label, hermetic seal.

She knows, the one with the meat-paste tin—
 (Where the unremembered dahlias break
 A summer's mortal discipline)
 She knows how to spread her pleasure thin.

Her simpler eyes, her dreams disdain
 The nice advantage of the shuffling one
 Who picks the newspaper from the drain,
 To see if stocks are up again.

—Ralph Gustafson.



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Exchanges

D. D. ROSS

The October issue of "The Queen's Review," published by the Alumni Association of Queen's, contains two articles of particular interest to students at the present time. The first, entitled "Universities in War-Time," by Dr. W. H. Fyfe, Principal of Aberdeen University, is an address which was given over the BBC network, and which you may have heard over the CBC early this fall. Dr. Fyfe spent several years in Canada as Principal of Queen's; consequently, when he compares Scottish universities with those of Canada and the United States, his statements are backed up by experience on both sides of the water. The other article, also by an educationalist, is concerned with the ever accelerating change of events in the far East. Dr. Bates, the author of the article, has spent the past thirty-eight years in Japan, and it is his belief that the rule of the West in the East has been broken permanently, and that the destiny of the Asiatic peoples at last lies in their own hands.

The following extracts from a letter written by Sub-Lieutenant Geoff. Scott, R.C.N.V.R., and printed in the "Trinity College School Record," will prove of particular interest to those who were at Bishop's last year:

"One day at Hove, eight of our class of twenty-five Canadians were asked to volunteer for a special job involving demolition work in France. . . . Le Havre was the port we visited in France. It was an interesting place to be living in for two and a half weeks, because for one thing it is the second largest port in France (pardon me—Germany). . . . The demolition was great sport and we had the satisfaction of blowing up the Normandie's drydock, but I didn't always appreciate our nightly air-raids. . . . Every night at exactly the same time the German bombers would come over and start dropping things and I must say it wasn't always too pleasant. The only thing that really frightens you is the bomb whistling on its way down. The noise of the A. A. gunfire was deafening at times, and it was an amazing sight to see all the different kinds of tracer bullets shooting up into the sky."

Returning our imagination from shattered France to a suffering Dominion, we find college publications on every hand condemning that sartorial whim, which, despite rousing protests from the men (at any rate, in the press) has seized upon the co-eds of Canadian universities. Yes, ladies, we refer to knee-socks. Being reluctant to voice any personal comment on the subject, we are content to quote from the "McGill Daily":

"Girls there are many—with sense but few;
 Three-quarter length socks are not for you!
 90% are not the type;

It may be collegiate. But flattering?—Tripe!"

And so we pass on to the question of intercollegiate sports. As you know, last July a resolution abolishing intercollegiate competition was passed by the National Universities Conference. In the last *Mitre* we reported that Alberta University had shown definite opposition to this decision, and since then that western university has obtained permission to carry on a complete schedule, and has already played a home-and-home rugby series with the University of Saskatchewan. Nor are these universities the only ones to object to the ruling. An editorial in "The Silhouette," published by McMaster University, says, "The trend of events suggests that a total cancellation of intercollegiate sports was unwise. Curtailment, perhaps, but not everything. We believe that unless some modification is introduced into the no-intercollegiate ruling, to bring some interest in athletics to the student body at large—a dull, uninspired winter will ensue, and a lethargy more noticeable even than the present one will settle down."

Last year the Canadian University Press undertook to provide its members with various weekly columns on news of general interest, and this year several feature columns have been added. "Canadian Campus," "Chucklets," and "Wide-Eyed in Gatham" are among the best. The last-named, by a Canadian taking post-graduate work in New York City, we find particularly entertaining. Its author comments on life in America's largest city, with humor and amazingly accurate election predictions thrown in. These columns appear in nearly all Canadian university newspapers—you would do well to wander into the reading room and hunt one up.

News items. . . Sadie Hawkins has invaded many campuses in the past few weeks. . . . Elections at Queen's are serious affairs. . . . An election day Arts vs. Science tussle was halted by the Principal, only after buildings and students had stopped eggs and over-ripe tomatoes. . . . University of British Columbia has largest registration in its history. . . . Madeleine Carroll addressed an English class on behalf of the Red Cross during her recent visit to McGill. . . . The English class showed one hundred per cent attendance.

We were pleased to receive and review the following publications:

Trinity University Review, Toronto.
 Revue de l'Université d'Ottawa, Ottawa.
 The Record, Trinity College School, Port Hope, Ont.
 The Queen's Review, Queen's, Kingston.
 The Ashburian, Ashbury College, Ottawa.
 Kings College Record, Halifax, N. S.

It was obvious from the start that it was to be a hard fought battle. Jack Spray started the play by a long kick for the Whites that carried deep into Purple territory. However, it was run well back into middle field where the play was kept during the first half by strong attack and counter-attack action. In the second half the Whites made a push for the Purple goal line, with Perkins and Hollinger carrying the ball, but it was stopped by brilliant defensive work and finally driven back. Then the Purples took the offensive when Westgate broke away on about the thirty-yard line for a gain of twenty-five yards, but the next plays were unsuccessful and no score was made. In the last quarter Westgate practically duplicated this previous run but again the subsequent plays failed and it resulted in no touchdown. The final score was a tie at two all.

ROAD RACE

The annual relay road race for the Dunn Cup was held on November 1 this year. With the record breaking quintet of Cooper, Tulk, Smith, Schoch, and Walters—who graduated last June—out of the running there was again a question of who would win the event. Third year hopefully entered Tulk, Boyle, Mackie, Lester Tomlinson, and Westgate as a team; Second year ran the favourable combination of Peake, Duval, Templeton, MacDougal, and Van Horn, and the freshman five was Day, Mills, deLotbiniere, R. Tomlinson, and Schoch.

As an official of the race I, in some way, got left in Huntingville, the most remote point on the course, until after the race, so I was unable to see the end of it. However it was not a close finish and Second year was indisputably the winner with First year in next place and Third definitely third.

Lester Tomlinson, Manager of Minor Athletics, has organized a Ping Pong tournament. The competition is being strenuously contested and although it is not yet finished popular opinion points to Hollinger, Richards, or Stevens as the champion—may the best man win!

AIR ATTACK ON BRITAIN—

(Continued from page 8)

them together and breaking down old barriers in a way nothing else could have done. King and costermonger have undergone a similar experience and discussed their reactions together. The old exclusiveness which kept neighbours apart until they had been formally introduced cannot resist the concussion of a bomb which drives them to a common shelter. And amid it all the dominant feeling is "What can I

do for those who need assistance," how can each individual help to provide homes and clothing, sustenance and comfort for those who require them. The pagan attack is bringing out a Christian spirit in defence. If the spirit generated by the attack is to be that in which the country approaches the inevitable post-war reconstruction, a better Britain will arise on those foundations bequeathed from the past and preserved in the present.

But it will not be Britain alone that will need reconstruction after the struggle. In the squadrons that meet the Nazi raiders Czechs, Poles, Norwegians, Dutch, Belgians, and Free Frenchmen fly side by side with pilots from Britain and flyers from the Dominions and the United States who have crossed the oceans to defend over Britain all they hold dear in their own lands. It may not be too much to hope that this comradeship in defence of the past may broaden into co-operation in the building of the future. Then the winning of the war will not be followed once again by the losing of the peace, and future historians may date from the air attack on Britain the genesis of a brighter age. This may, perhaps, be an unduly optimistic outlook; but pessimism has never been anything but a brake on human progress. Optimism is the only constructive attitude.

THE FLICKER-FLEA—

(Continued from page 17)

And so to keep your spirits up
I think that I shall drone:
'I've a most intelligent pup.'
Upon my saxophone.

But as they crossed the farthest peak
Of sombre Snackerdown,
Poor Lady Gough ripped out a shriek
No saxophone could drown.

"Sir Chumleigh Gough, Alas! Alack!
That this should ever be!
You'll have to turn and go right back,
Nor mind the Flicker-flea!

You'll have to turn at once, so there!
And take the homeward path;
I've left our darling son and heir
A-soaking in the bath!"

Alumni Notes

Births

FORD—At the Arvida Hospital on October 23, 1940, to the Rev'd and Mrs. J. F. S. Ford of Kenogami, a daughter. John Ford received his B.A. in '33.

Engagements

TAYLOR-CHADSEY—The engagement is announced of Miss Gertrude Edna Chadsey, R.N., of Bedford, Que., who was a member of the University in 1933-34, to Mr. Wylie Owen Taylor, B.Sc., of Kentville, Nova Scotia. The wedding will take place on December 21.

GOURLEY-GIBAUT—The engagement is announced by Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Gibaut of Quebec City of their eldest daughter Jean, to the Rev'd Robert Leslie Gourley, B.A. '39, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. Gourley of Moncton, N.B. The wedding will take place in January, 1941.

Marriages

EDSON-STEWART—The marriage took place on September 28 at St. Andrew's Church, Westmount, of Miss Gwendolyn Stewart of Westmount, to Mr. Cedric Arlington Edson, of Coaticook. Mr. Edson was a member of the University from 1934 to 1937.

ROYAL-KIRKWOOD—The marriage is announced of Ada Eudora, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. John Kirkwood, of Rawdon, Que., to Lieut. Frederick Henry James Royal, son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter A. Royal, of Upper Melbourne, Que. The wedding took place on November 14, at Christ Church, Rawdon. Lieut. Royal received his M.A. from the University in 1935.

Deaths

HEPBURN—The death occurred recently in Toronto of Mr. Reginald J. Hepburn, B.A. '07. Before entering the University, Mr. Hepburn was a pupil at Bishop's College School.

TITCOMB—We regret to announce the death of Mr. F. R. Titcomb of Lennoxville. Mr. Titcomb was the father of three of our graduates, Messrs. B. V. Titcomb, B.A. '26, G. J. Titcomb, B.A. '32, and Miss E. M. Titcomb, B.A. '37, to whom we extend our sincere sympathy.

PYPER—Word has been received that Kenneth Pedley Pyper, member of this University in '35, was accidentally killed on active service in England.

Born in Westmount in 1917, Cadet Pyper was educated at Westmount High School and at U. B. C. Both at Westmount and at Bishop's he was active in athletics and was also on the college debating team. As a cadet

LEON ADAMS

in the C.O.T.C. he enlisted in a Montreal regiment and left Canada early last December with the rank of platoon sergeant-major. The *Mitre* extends its sympathy to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Pyper of Westmount.

WITH THE KING'S FORCES

The following men are on active service in the Sherbrooke Fusilier Regiment:

Lieut. F. H. Baldwin, m '33
Lieut. M. H. Bateman, m '40
Lieut. H. M. Belton, m '40
Lieut. D. H. Bradley, B.A. '40
Lieut. A. D. Bryce, B.A. '37
Lieut. D. H. Cohoon, B.A. '36
Lieut. J. M. Gibeau, B.A. '40
Lieut. E. P. Hall, B.A. '29
Lieut. W. D. Humphrey, B.A. '31
Lieut. J. P. Lunderville, B.Sc. '38
G. E. Mallard, m '39
Major W. L. Tomkins, B.A. '35
S. V. R. Walters, m '40

The following men are on active service in the R.C.A.F.:

G. M. Armstrong, m '40
D. W. Bennett, B.Sc. '39
D. J. Carmichael, B.A. '38
M. W. Gall, m '36
G. N. Goff, B.A. '38
W. G. M. Hume, m '39
E. R. Johnston, m '35
I. M. Maclean, B.A. '39
H. C. Mayhew, B.A. '27
L. N. McCaig, B.A. '35
D. S. Paterson, B.A. '39
J. N. Paterson, B.A. '39
H. H. Pibus, B.A. '34
G. H. Temple, B.Sc. '40

The following men are on active service with the Royal Rifles of Canada:

Lieut. W. B. Bradley, B.A. '33
Lieut. E. E. Denison, B.A. '30
Lieut. F. N. Lyster, B.A. '38
Lieut. M. A. Parker, m '19
Lieut. F. J. H. Royal, B.A. '34
Lieut. A. N. Schoch, B.Sc. '40
Lieut. W. E. Tulk, B.A. '40
Lieut. J. N. Wood, B.A. '29

(Concluded on page 39)

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B. H. W. KIRWIN

As I write this the ground is covered with snow. A snowflake, from time to time, hits my window and then falls recalcitrantly, in a zig-zag line to the ground. The wind twists up little spirals of white and then suddenly blows them away, and on the river it forms tiny waves that run upstream and make the water look as if it were standing still, shivering between the white banks. It is the first real appearance of winter and that means skiing—and incidentally hockey—within the next few weeks. However, in this column we must deal essentially with sports in the retrospect so although the winter landscape rather distorts our sense of perspective let us look back at the rugby season and the annual relay road race of this fall. It will be worth the trouble.

RUGBY

When we look back at the rugby season we realize instantly that it was a great success. The team worked with a fine spirit and it was enthusiastically supported by the entire college. This spirit and support was definitely illustrated in the first game of the season played in Sherbrooke against the Sherbrooke Y. M. C. A. when victory was made from defeat by quarterback Hay's brilliant eighty-yard run staged within a minute of the final whistle. An account of the game was published in the last *Mitre*.

Air Force vs. Bishop's

The game that followed this early success was with a squad of picked men from the Air Training School at Windsor Mills. This squad of fledgling fliers of the Empire were led against the purple and white team by their O. C., Ft. Lt. Fee. It was a strong team with Elwood McFall, who formerly played for the Ottawa Rough Riders, and Jimmy Dineen, a former member of the Big Four and Senior O. R. F. U., supporting it in the position of flying wing and middle, respectively. Gleason, another potential flier, did some fine kicking for the air force, and Bilkey, a graduate of U. B. C., kept the team well organized from the position of quarterback.

The game was held on the 26th of October. The field was wet and showed signs of an early morning snow storm. A cold east wind blew down the field. It was extremely chilly on the side lines and the blue great coats of the air force supporters waved in the wind beside coats of mink—and of whatever else coed's coats are made—in an impertinently intimate way. This capricious suggestion of nature seemed to momentarily demoralize our backfield but fortunately it settled down when the game got under way.

It would be pointless to describe the plays of the game

as no outstanding runs or passes were made. However, it was a hard fought battle from beginning to end and although the home team was forced to capitulate to the terms of a 7 to 2 score against them it played a fine game. Hay and Walters were especially credited with unostentatiously brilliant performances.

Stanstead vs. Bishop's

On the second of November the team splashed up to Stanstead to meet, for the first time in rugby history, the red and white line-up of S. W. C. It was a day well described by the phrase, "Il pleur averse" which illogically means—so I am told—that it was absolutely not averse to rain. It poured all day—a cold malicious rain that ran off my hat and then perversely down my back, as if I were an improvised rain pipe. The players were covered with mud from the start and the ball was wet and hard to hold.

The Stanstead team relied principally on the stratagem of end runs throughout the game which kept the play fairly open. However, the Bishop's men brought the two teams into close contact by their offensive bucks—no slur intended—and ultimately this form of attack proved more efficacious by two touchdowns to one. The first touchdown of the game came in the first quarter when the Stanstead kicker fumbled a snap and set the stage for Williamson to carry the ball over the line for five points. The next major score went to Stanstead when Waterman slipped around our right end. Then in the last quarter, with the score tied, Bishop's started an offensive that carried the complete length of the field and resulted in the winning touchdown when Robinson plunged across the Stanstead goal line within about a minute of the final whistle.

It was a game well played by both sides and we hope the two teams will meet again next year.

THE INTRAMURAL GAME

The buildings were divided among themselves and everyone did wax exceedingly joyful when the rugby season culminated in a stupendous struggle between two intramural teams. In hockey and basketball these inter-building athletic feuds have become traditional but never before has rugby included them. However, the game was a great success and undoubtedly it will also become an annual event.

It was held on Saturday, November 16, this year. A tea dance had been planned for after the game but our coeds had been previously requisitioned for an I. O. D. E. food sale so the dance was cancelled. It was a definite disappointment but nevertheless the teams turned out with their usual spirit.

This man Stairs certainly has his hands full this year! Working under considerable difficulties, he has started up the glee club again, and by the looks of things he seems to be going to fill Sid Mead's shoes very well. He was constantly troubled with the shortness of man's memory on the subject of practice times—now our post-prandial meanderings are guided, willy nilly, to the ante-dining-room, by gaudily urgent reminders on the wall. Not only has Gibby undertaken the leadership of this organization, but he has also recently taken over the controls of the Dramatic Society. By great misfortune, the burden of Russell Rexford's work has made it impossible for him to continue in that position and we regret his demise as president. However, it is expected that Gibby Stairs, since he has long had an interest in the society, will fill the post admirably.

The freshettes are now officially welcome members of our little community. Some time ago the girls were inducted to this standing at the Freshette Tea which they judiciously held during an O. T. C. parade. Mrs. Boothroyd presided over the gathering and we understand that much went on besides the mere drinking of tea. There were initiation rites and we believe that it was in connection with this that we heard the strains of the new version of "Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes" which made such a hit at the Freshman introduction dance when sung by that galaxy of beauties.

At last we know what the freshmen think of women. It all came out in the Freshman debate on the 22nd of October, in which three of them asserted that "the devil is a woman." Actually whether the devil is male or female was not conclusively decided, although the decision was given to the negative. But we did get a lot of varied opinions of

the modern woman and a certain amount of lurid history which has been recorded about the sex. Although the talkative members of the affirmative side would not go so far as to say that all women are devils, they did state that they dress as badly as the devil. We take violent exception to this! Why, we met a woman only last year that—but that's neither here nor there. One of the supporters of the negative, however, restored our faith in our own judgment. With tears in his eyes, he rhapsodized on the tender, weak, and loving characteristics of the sex. So we suppose that men will continue to marry into the opposite sex despite attempts to associate them with denizens of Hades.

Incidentally, now that we are on that subject, two members of a certain Sherbrooke clan have scored heavily on residents of the Old Arts—it really is touching. . . . Yes, isn't love a wonderful thing? Evidence of what it is doing to a friend of ours was forthcoming at the magazine auction a couple of weeks ago. Somehow, however, we still can't see even a trace of that halo about his tawny head. . . . The New Arts supply a story about frustrated epistolary efforts in regard to the recent dance at King's Hall—Oh well, these things will happen, with or without shady machinations. . . . Then there's the guy who can't speak without a bottle in front of him—we smell exhibitionism. . . . From the Old Arts we hear that a "bust-up" sent one of the parties off to the U. S. on quite a week-end with two of his compatriots—we shouldn't let it get us down.

Now, in closing we wish everybody the best of good fortune in the forthcoming examinations, not forgetting to include ourselves, and may we extend to one and all the very best of the season's greetings.

THE NAZARENE

He was a weaver of dreams
Drunk with the beauty of God,
Spilling the wine of his words
into the dark-throated sod.

His was a strong heart of love
Girdled with sorrow and pain,
Wearing a crown of sharp thorn,
Sign of his sacrifice-reign.

His was a triumph unknown
Pierced by reality's dross;
His was a beggarly throne
Set in the arms of a cross.

Leon Adams.

The Bishop Looks Down

MISS C. E. THOMPSON

Many timely and well-written books dealing with various phases of our present world crisis and with its possible results have recently been published.

Perhaps of most universal interest is Winston Churchill's *Step by Step*, a collection of the author's articles on home and foreign affairs which have been printed fortnightly from 1936 to the present. They are at once a running commentary upon events as they happened or were about to happen, and a narrative of what we have lived through. Here Mr. Churchill shows his usual literary skill. Even independent of the content, this pungent and lucid style affords the reader much pleasure. *Step by Step* sets out most tellingly how the British statesman's voice has been like a foghorn in that "moist, misty, fogbound island."

No one interested in politics should fail to read *Canada: America's Problem*, a penetrating and readable book by John MacCormac, for many years a New York Times correspondent. This is a survey of Canada's political and economic position in the world and in the British Empire regarding primarily both in relation to the present war and in relation to the United States' attitude towards the war. Written in the simple direct style of the experienced newspaperman, the book is so up-to-the-day, so crowded with facts of history and politics, and so big in its outlook that it compels the reader's attention, leaving him profoundly impressed with the fact that Canada is indeed America's problem.

Another book of the moment particularly attractive to Canadians, is *Canada, Europe and Hitler*, written by Professor Watson Kirkconnell. Here the author discusses the impact of the war on the Canadian mind, and examines a cross-section of European-Canadian sentiments towards the issues involved. His survey covers the months immediately preceding the outbreak of hostilities and the first month of actual warfare. Mr. Kirkconnell is exceptionally well qualified for the analysis he has undertaken. His wide acquaintance with the language and literature of recent immigrant



peoples, coupled with recent extensive travels in Europe, is employed to good account.

A review of contemporary political reading would not be complete without mentioning the most recent numbers in the series of *Oxford Pamphlets on World Affairs*.

Trends in Canadian Nationhood is an objective appraisal of our political trends during the last quarter of a century by Professor Chester Martin, University of Toronto.

In *War and Treaties* Vice-Chancellor Arnold D. McNair of Liverpool University contrasts the weakness of international law compared with national system of law in its machinery for "peaceful change", and points the way to future improvement.

Australia and New Zealand at War, edited by John W. Holmes, information secretary, Canadian Institute of National Affairs, contains vital statistics on the resources, military and economic, of these sister dominions.

Britain's Blockade contains a description by Mr. R. W. B. Clarke, author of *The Economic Effort of War*, of the objectives and methods of the blockade, that slow but deadly weapon which Britain has been perfecting since the first day of the war.

In the pamphlet entitled *The Gestapo* O. C. Giles, who has made a special study of Nazi Germany and in particular of Nazi law, attempts an explanation of this institution, unique in the history of statecraft.

These books and pamphlets are now available in the library. They should prove absorbing and instructive reading.

—C. E. Thompson.

PHELPS, WILLIAM LYON—"AUTOBIOGRAPHY"

William Lyon Phelps was a great teacher. For forty-one years, first as Instructor and then as Professor of English Literature, he lectured at Yale University at New Haven, Conn. During that period his classes averaged four

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Notes and Comments

W. G. PENFIELD, JR.

Icy winds rattle the panes of the storm windows, whip up a frigid froth on the surface of the St. Francis, and moan through the naked branches of the trees. Football is over and the campus has a singularly unfrivolous look about it. Studious frowns surmount the haggard faces of the students, hair is unkempt and nails bitten. Ghosts in tattered gowns drift wearily into occasional meals and float out no whit refreshed to return to the fiendish grind in unswept rooms where the air is filled with atomized ink from flying pens, fragments of curses, surds, and paradigms, and concentrated cigarette smoke. Within the hearts of these student travesties lurks a chill of fear similar to the chill which sweeps the campus. In town, the other day, we saw a wreath suspended in a cheerful window, bespeaking the Christmas cheer to come. At Bishop's no spirit of Christmas invades the soul of toiling man. Before the eyes of everyone, awake or asleep, leers, murkily, the smoldering inscription: *Christmas Exams!*

Seriously, though, the examinations this year are causing even greater consternation than ever before. One reason for this is that there is so much more emphasis on the C. O. T. C. activities this year than there has been in the past. Under the able leadership of Major Church the contingent has had a very busy and successful fall. Les Tomlinson has given an exhaustive series of lectures on the subject of Map-reading. Don Chute and Rud Everett have lectured on various subjects. We are also indebted to Professor Preston for his instruction in Military Law. We take our hats off to the Major for his tenacity of purpose on behalf of the contingent. He has accomplished the apparently impossible in acquiring issues of battle dress and great coats, not to mention the formidable looking artillery piece which has since so mysteriously disappeared. But in our opinion the best move that he has made all fall is his plan of forming a ski company including practically all of us. This will be a welcome change in the usual winter schedule and we feel that the hearty approval of the whole student body is behind the scheme. A very hearty, if somewhat uproarious, welcome was given Sergeant-Major Bouchard upon his return not long ago. He will very capably take some of the weight from the Major's shoulders. Already he is whipping the drill into meticulous smartness. It is hoped that he will not have to wear those unbecoming cheaters which he so abruptly affected last year.

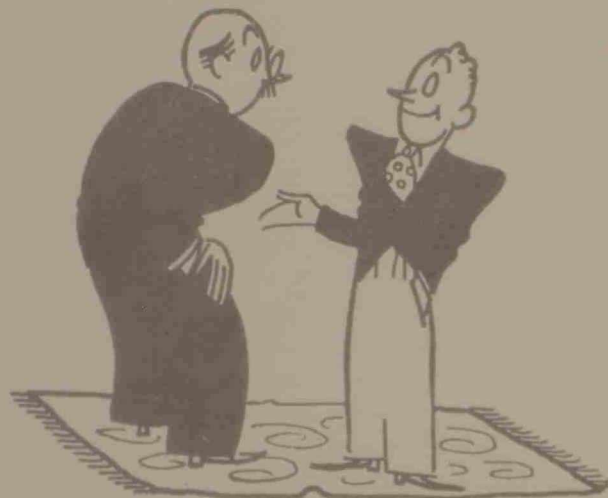
Another outing which caused much palpitation of the hearts of many of us celibates at Bishop's was the annual Compton dance which this year was as great a success as ever. For many at the dance this was an introduction to

Canadian stomps judging by the number of fresh British accents and we sincerely hope that they were favorably impressed by us colonial's. One sign of the success of the party is that for the week following the dance, there were a number of dreamy looks to be seen on faces that should have been ligned with worry about the approaching exams.

Sounds of music and laughter poured from the Principal's house on the evening of the twelfth of November. Dr. and Mrs. McGreer very graciously gave a dance for all those connected with the production of the three one-act plays. Those plays, by the way, received universal approbation, and we congratulate all who helped to make them such a success. From the financial standpoint, the plays seem to have been more than usually successful. We look forward with pleasurable anticipation to the major production in the spring.

On the 21st of November was held the first of the Skinner Trophy debates. The resolution was that "It is to Great Britain's greatest advantage that the United States declare war on the Axis powers immediately." Al Craig, Leon Adams, and Bob Mackie valiantly upheld the affirmative for the "shed", but the judges, Dean Jones, Dr. Raymond, and Mr. Paige decided in favour of the negative. Shag Shaughnessy, Ian Hay, and Ralph Hayden upheld the glory of the arts faculty. Their strongest points were that in the event of an immediate declaration of war all of the materials at present going to Britain would be withheld for the building up of the home army, air force, and a two ocean navy which would be absolutely necessary since war with the Axis powers would include Japan, at present sticking pretty much to her own war in the east. We wish that Ripley could have been there. It seems that there is a plant in Connecticut which is turning out a million planes every month, or twenty three every minute—not bad!

Things seem to be shaping up for a really good season in the Literary and Debating Society. Shag Shaughnessy has been doing his level best to get the Society back to position of importance and interest that it had a number of years back, but it is a tough grind. A political discussion group is in its formulative stages and there seems to be a good deal of interest evinced in this and the suggestion that we obtain some outstanding guest speakers, who, as an added inducement, might possibly be broadcast over a number of eastern stations. The coeds are taking an active interest in proceedings this year, and nine of them, apparently captained by Ernestine Roy, are planning to do some intensive debating next term, against or with the male element in the society.



WHEN YOU MAKE THAT "TOUCH" it is self-evident that you have over stepped your budget. Sit down with yourself and see if you can't work out some plan of finance that will carry you through the term without an S.O.S. to father. He will appreciate it -- and you will be acquiring a habit that will prove valuable when you are eventually on your own.

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In Their Opinion

In this department, the Mitre provides space for those members of the student body, the faculty and the alumni and friends of the University to express their views (briefly) on any subject of general interest. While the only qualification for the letters is that they be brief, the editor reserves the right to select the letters deemed most worthy of publication, and the letters are printed with the understanding that the opinions expressed are not necessarily those of the Mitre.

Below the Mitre suggests two topics for discussion and with them extends an invitation to students and faculty alike to write briefly on one or the other. In the next issue of the magazine the Mitre will publish about six or eight of the best contributions. A suggested length for these is two hundred words, although there is no limit and the contributions may be above or below that arbitrary mark. Contributions should be in the hands of the editor before the middle of January to insure publication in the next issue.

1. *Would the formation of a National Government be in the best interests of Canada and further its effectiveness in the war effort?*

2. *After the end of the present war, will the form of government in the British Empire, the United States and other countries that are now "democracies" be a return to democratic principles—involving the capitalistic system and all that the term embraces, or will there be a turn toward socialism?*

To the Editor of The Mitre:

Although I'll admit I have an aversion to complaints, there is one that I have been harbouring for some time, keeping it to myself until presented with an opportunity such as this. It is therefore with a measure of relief that I place before you my complaint about the far-famed Trans-Canada Highway with the hope that it may perchance lead to a discussion in future issues. Nowadays to get to Vancouver without taking the long and tedious train journey, one is obliged to travel by the Trans-Canada Highway, as the splendid roads of the United States are barred to us by prohibitive exchange rates.

On the face of it, this highway sounds very grand and impressive; however, let me assure you that this is far from the case. In all, I may truthfully say that only 500 of the

3600-odd miles between Montreal and the coast are paved and in good shape. I do not mean to suggest that the Trans-Canada Highway starts from Montreal, for actually it commences at Halifax, roughly 4800 miles from Vancouver.

No criticism should be solely destructive. I have a possible solution to offer. During wartime, now that the unemployed figure has dropped why not press into service the war prisoners now vacationing in interment camps for work paving the highway, in exchange for their meals and board.

If perchance you happen to have had the same experience as I did in crossing Canada on this highway you doubtless have not forgotten the vicissitudes met with en route either.

I refer to the vast quantities of thick, choking dust stirred up by passing cars. This factor alone is enough to spoil the enjoyment of any trip. A wide variety of bumps and holes, which help break the tediousness of the journey as well as the springs of the car, dot the highway. And thirdly the hungry traveller finds an alarming dearth of decent eating establishments.

Now, as I say, the first two factors, which are by far the most unpleasant, could be easily remedied if people like Camillien Houde and our prisoners of war were put to work paving the Trans-Canada Highway.

In conclusion, may I state that although the cost of paving the highway may seem to be exorbitant, yet when the price of labour is deducted, and when one thinks of the additional attraction for American tourists thus acquired, it really appears to be rather an attractive proposition, and certainly a practical one.

G. H. S. Mills.

BEAUTY

Beauty:

God's lamp
for the dark night
of the soul;
God's touch
on a wounded heart;
God's emblem
of eternity.

—Leon Adams.

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Live Life to the Full

(Reprinted through the courtesy of The Ashburian.)

Our length of days, it is said, is numbered as the very hairs on our head. "Getting and spending we lay waste our life."

"A dull life this, if full of care

"We have not time to stand and stare."

A host of witnesses can be gathered to bear testimony to the futility of a hedonistic philosophy, witnesses who uphold the view that our stay on earth should be characterized by work, work, work; that life is an essentially serious business and permits of little levity. Here is a case in point, a witness.

Once there was a wealthy man. He was not born wealthy, but during his life of hard work and conscientious toil he had amassed great riches. His chief worry, however, was the fear that he might one day be robbed, and his life's treasure taken from him.

But a man of such acquisitive ability is not easily defeated, and he built enormous strongholds in which to store securely his great hoard. Unfortunately, however, on the night before the treasury cars were due to call and remove his wealth to safekeeping, he died.

Our hero, if such you choose to call him, was a bachelor, so no one benefitted immediately from his estate. He had never known a day of ill-health, so he denied himself the sentimental luxury of willing money to any hospital or other charitable institution. He was a strange mixture of

Midas and Scrooge.

But if he enjoyed his life, I hear someone ask, why criticise the way in which he chose to indulge his fancies? Let me assure my reader that he did not enjoy himself. Spending money was to him an anathema; pleasure a sin. He always believed in the age old precept, "After Joy, Sorrow," and being faint-hearted he refused to put this adage to the test and prove its falsity. He died as he had lived, immeasurably poor, barren of friends, spiritless and alone.

Death, we are told, is inevitable. Its all too frequent occurrence would lead even the most stupid of us to believe it true. If, then, it is the inevitable conclusion of our life here, why, in this the best of all possible worlds, should we not taste the pleasures that it affords, now, while our lips still breathe life, before they are stopped up with the dust of centuries? For myself, if on the Great Day I were asked, "What in your life did you do on earth? What of the beauties of My creation have you enjoyed?" and I could only answer "I made a killing in nickel just before the second World War," I should hope to be spared all further interrogation and be despatched immediately to that place of lost souls where Beauty no longer raises her head, and Loveliness is but a nostalgic reminder of a past never to be forgotten, a dream of happiness always to be remembered with pain.

—Humphrey M. Porritt, M.A.

FROM SWEDEN

This troubled heart be still.
The forest is at rest
And no bird calls.

Far is summer from these snows.
The earth of any need
Is distant now.

Still be thy striving. It is night.
Across the snow a man goes home—
Whose window burns its simple light.

—Ralph Gustafson,

"streamlined" ear. Quite the opposite to sub-type 1, it is just a little more than a shade wider than it is long, and the rear portion tapers off into a suggestion of a point. Very rare, this ear is found only once in about 986,492 specimens. Its name is derived from its shape obviously enough. It appears to be straining away from the head in a terrific effort to move forward faster than the owner. This is called also by some authorities the "impatient or restless" ear—but whatever its name, one can hardly mistake it.

Type 4. "Elfine or perky" most accurately describes this type of ear. It is one whose proportions are more or less normal, but the upper curve of the structure is not smooth or continuous. Instead, it builds up to a point on

the uppermost part of the ear, and may be said to denote procociousness.

Type 5. The hairy or ape-like type is seen only infrequently but is easily recognized. These are characterized by thick mats of hair growing within the ear itself and occasionally we can see a fringe about the outer rim of the ear. This type has been one of the most difficult to interpret, and as yet our colleagues have been unable to link definite characteristics in people with these ears.

Of course there are a number of ears that are deformed through an accident. Prime example of this is the cauliflower ear so often seen on boxers and wrestlers, but those are not adaptable to classification in a plan such as this and will be dispensed with until a future discourse.

(The black bars stand for deletions made by the German censors and not by the Mitre Board.—Ed. note.)

It occurs to me that the *Mitre* readers might be interested in a letter that I received from my friend D. M. [REDACTED] III, correspondent for the *Daily [REDACTED]* in [REDACTED] which is, as you know, one of the most important cities in present-day Germany. It was written in German and for the past three [REDACTED] s I have been translating it into its present form. At this crucial time in world events, I consider this letter, short as it is, to be well worth the few [REDACTED] s it takes to read it. I do not claim to be in sympathy with the sentiments expressed herein, but I thought that it might be something in which *Mitre* readers would be interested.

My [REDACTED] Willie:

It was great to hear from you again. It must be [REDACTED] since I [REDACTED]. Of course, I realize that this may be censored before it ever reaches you, but I am confident that enough will be left to [REDACTED] a brain like yours.

Things are certainly going well for us. I hope that you will not be offended if I tell you this, old man, but I am afraid that [REDACTED] and that in our opinion your air force [REDACTED]. Only the day before [REDACTED], I heard on an official broadcast, which we never question, that English bombs landed in a crowd of holiday makers eating grass in a field near the city. Fortunately, despite a number of direct hits, no one was hurt. Yesterday, [REDACTED], but today, [REDACTED], and tomorrow, if [REDACTED] gives the word, we shall [REDACTED]. That I am alive to see this day, I thank and praise the good [REDACTED]. Now, [REDACTED]! [REDACTED]! [REDACTED]? Or do you?

Our [REDACTED] allies the Italians, [REDACTED] their souls, [REDACTED]. First; [REDACTED]. Second; [REDACTED]: [REDACTED] and thirdly; verfluchte [REDACTED] verdammte [REDACTED] idioten! No, I am not excited about it but [REDACTED] after all, [REDACTED], do you? If you do I'll see you in [REDACTED] first. [REDACTED] Hohle

My love to your [REDACTED] parents and that [REDACTED] wife of yours,

As ever,

[REDACTED] III.

[REDACTED] Jr.

Indian Summer

The lengthening shadows of the elms creep across the lawn as the afternoon sun lights up the face of the college with a ruddy glow. The quiet waters of the St. Francis are blue under a clear sky, and nature, after the chaotic days of autumn seems to be harking to the placid days of late September. The trees, long since denuded of their leaves, stand motionless in the still, crisp air; and sounds carry far across the peaceful November landscape. A train pushes wearily up the steep gradient across the valley, puffing clouds of white steam and giving vent to an exhausted whistle as it approaches the Moulton Hill Road. It disappears behind a shoulder of the hill, with its motley retinue of mixed freight following unwillingly. In the distance can be heard the petulant and spasmodic explosion of a gasoline engine, punctuated by the whine of the saw as a farmer cuts his winter's wood. As the sun sinks the shadows creep across the river, turning it to a deep walnut hue that contrasts sharply with the dead rank grass along its banks, corn-yellow in the pale light. The tamaracks have shed their feathery needles, and stand black and dead, as if life would never return. The Chapel is a blaze of red as the rays of the sun strike through a gap in the trees, and the pines about its buttressed westerly wall form a rich green background. As the light weakens, the outlines lose their sharpness, and figures upon the roadway mend their pace as they move towards home. A wagon rumbles across the bridge, and a hayrack, drawn by two chestnut percher-

ons lumbers emptily up the road, with the blue-clad farmer holding the reins loosely in his hands, as he stands swaying easily to the movement. An automobile sweeps scornfully by, and a heavy-duty truck, loaded to the axles with spruce logs snorts its way through the gathering shadows. The whole valley is suddenly cast into gloom as the sun dips behind the lofty shoulder of the western hills, and Moulton Hill is basking in the last faint rosy light. The fields, so dull and yellow before, have taken on a fiery tinge, and the distant farm buildings stand out sharply against the pale blue sky. The woods that cover the crests of the hills take on that misty aspect, with touches of deep shadow. The checkerwork of ploughed and unploughed land, divided by snake fence or hedgerow becomes less distinct as the whole countryside sprawling across the hills changes character in the failing light. As the shadows creep up the hillside, the sky pales, and soon the whitewashed wall of a farm building on the skyline reflects the last rays of light. A sombre hush falls upon the scene, and the pulse of life seems to slacken at the approach of night. The skyline darkens—a black silhouette against the opal background. A belated gull wings its way across the sky—westward. Lights twinkle in the gathering gloom, and overhead a star appears in the clear vault of heaven. The curtain has been rung down upon the last vestige of summer—a gem set in the very threshold of winter—and light and warmth, life and activity are hushed in the embrace of night.

WINTER MOON

There's snow
on the hills
tonight,
and the moon's like
a tarnished gong
hanging
between two tamaracks
waiting
to be struck
by the hammer
of the
crisp,
cold,
winter wind.

—Leon Adams.

W H O

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Ears

"The organ of hearing. In man and the other mammals the ear consists of three parts: the external ear, which includes the pinna and external auditory meatus, or opening; the middle ear, drum, or tympanum; and the internal ear or labyrinth. The middle ear is a cavity connected by the Eustachian tube with the pharynx, separated from the external auditory meatus by the tympanic membrane, and containing a chain of three small bones, named malleus, incus, and stapes, which connect this membrane with the internal ear. 2. The external ear of man and most mammals." Thus Webster's Collegiate Dictionary defines the term "ear"—a thing most of us have, or at least are familiar with.

If you have ever taken particular notice of the ears of various human beings you will recall that no two pairs are alike, and that they occur in many different and curious shapes and contours. These may be all classified as definite types and the student of ears is able to attach certain characteristics to the owner of the ears in question.

Just to be certain that you clearly understand what we mean by the term "ear" we will give our own definition of the term, being afraid that the definition provided by Mr. Webster may prove a little deep and complex for perfect understanding. An ear is that oval, and sometimes otherwise shaped, blob of flesh, which is hung at one angle or another on the sides (usually) of the human head. They are not smooth—quite the opposite, their surface is composed of ever-decreasing spiral grooves that work their way toward the center of the head and end in a rather small dark recess, the nature of which is not clearly seen at casual observation. Usually ears are placed midway between the top of the head and the top of the shirt collar (if you wear that kind of shirt) and midway between the upper part of the cheek-bone and the back of the head.

Now that we have determined their exact location on the human body we can mention that they vary in size—an average dimension being about two and one-half inches from top to bottom and about one and one-half inches from front to back. They are coloured to match the flesh of the owner, but in cold weather and when the owner has just been kissed by a girl and his parents arrive upon the scene, they are quite apt to be a very brilliant shade of crimson which is a dead give-away sign of guilt.

As has been mentioned before, there are a number of distinctly different types of ears. To enumerate and describe all the various types and sub-types would necessitate an extremely lengthy discourse, so only the most important

will be discussed at this writing.

Type 1, sub-type 1. This class of ear is the one that grows very close to the owner's head, with scarcely any space at all between the rear margin of the ear and the cranium. This sub-type shrinks from public view because of ingrained shyness. It is naturally bashful and retiring and only on rare occasions can this ear be seen venturing more than a half-inch from the head.

Sub-type 2. This type gives the same general impression at first glance to the casual observer, but the expert can readily detect the slight difference from sub-type 1. It also grows close to the head, is normal shape, but it can be seen that it shrinks back for an entirely different reason. Its mother was frightened by a horrible word, and ever since birth this poor little ear has been shrinking away from the spoken word in fear of hearing something like what completely disrupted his mother's life.

Type 2. "Billowing sails" describes this type as well as any phrase we can think of just off-hand. These ears are loosely attached at the front (like most ears) but the rear portion grows away from the head at a sharp angle, making the distance between the head the rear of the ear anything from one inch upwards. The shape of these ears is again nothing out of the ordinary, but rather, it is their position and occasional habit of flapping that make them noteworthy. Their position is caused by curiosity and love for gossip. They lean forward in an obvious effort to catch any and every scrap of conversation. Some authorities term this type the "eager or ambitious" type, but our staff has agreed that curiosity is the real reason for their position.

Type 3, sub-type 1. Abandoning position and angle of protrusion momentarily, we now come across a species of ear whose classification is based on shape. This is the "lazy or defeated" ear. Attached in the normal fashion, and not careening off the head in any particularly bizarre angle, this ear is characterized by its very definite droop. It sags and is from two to three and even four times as long as it is wide. No self-respecting ear will allow itself to get into this shape. This type sometimes is a result of type 2—it has been straining itself for some time in an effort to hear all, but as time went on it gave up the fight, and lapsed into a sort of coma, with the accompanying droop. It is definitely an ear that has surrendered to the force of gravity and hasn't the strength, ambition or self-respect or whatever it needs, to resume its proper shape.

Type 3, sub-type 2. Again shape classifies the ear. This type is commonly known as the "going with the wind" or

ognition spread over their features and they pointed to him.
"Hercule!" I cried, "Not you. Is it you who have been plotting against my cousin Cleopatra, to whom you know I am very attached, and hundreds of other people?"

"Hurry, Filch," he replied, "I shall explain later, but we must leave this building." And seizing me, we dashed out the front door. I was confused.

We had scarcely reached the street, than, with a terrifying roar, the entire building exploded. Ludwig, Otto, and Adolph actually looked like the Flying Frenchmen as they shot up into the void. The entire spy ring was blown to bits.

"Hercule," I said, "I do not understand. First you are the head of the spy ring, then you blow them up. That is hardly sporting."

"Filch," he replied, "I organized the ring to bring all the spies together so I could blow them up easily and simply. I have done so. Shucks, r'warn't nothing."

I was proud of Hercule. He was the finest ghost I had ever known. Undoubtedly Mr. Churchill would ask both of us grouse shooting. Going happily on our way, we took a large stick of explosive which he had saved from the wreckage and secreted it in the first handy box of cigars. —Purple Cow.

In The Crypt of St. Paul's

(A FANTASY by Archdeacon F. G. Scott of Quebec)

At a meeting of Noble Ghosts, held on a recent midnight in the Crypt of St. Paul's, Lord Nelson presiding, the following resolution was moved by the Duke of Wellington, seconded by Lord Roberts and a numerous company of soldiers, sailors, churchmen and artists whose names stand out conspicuous on the Honor Roll of Britain, and was carried unanimously:

"Resolved that the thanks of this great concourse of men who have here found their last resting place be tendered to the Canadian Officer, Lieutenant Davies, and his companions, for their heroic deed in saving from destruction this quiet home of the Silent Dead."

And that it was further resolved:

"That this Assembly desires to express to Almighty God its gratitude for His continual care and protection of Britain, and its recognition of the fact that the manifestation of courage and willing self-sacrifice in the cause of freedom, by soldiers, sailors, the new air force and civilians, has never been excelled in the long and glorious course of our history."

Sir Christopher Wren was among the seconders of the motion.

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The Trail of the Flicker-Flea

(The following poem was printed in the Mitre in 1929. Shortly after its appearance there it was published in 'MacLean's'.)

MAJ. HOWARD CHURCH

Sir Chumleigh Gough of Gooher-gee,
A choodar of renown,
Was off to hunt the Flicker-flea
Beyond the Snackerdown.

He took along a tuning-fork
To strike the note of C,
For discords ending in a "chork!"
Will fright the Flicker-flea.

He armed himself with Flemish Bills,
An ancient suit of mail,
And seven kegs of Purple Pills
(For People That Are Pale).

He taught his mufgars how to hum
In perfect harmony,
And sprayed their handkerchiefs with rum
To lure the Flicker-flea.

His howdah he had painted red,
Just like a bottle-prune:
"If I've not fooled him there,"
He said, "I'll be a blue baboon!"

Sir Chumleigh rode on Chukar Chee,
Of elephants the best,
And forth to find the Flicker-flea
He led his party west.

'Twas boring in the howdah high,
(For he was all alone)
And so to make the hours fly
He played his saxophone.

Behind him followed Lady Gough,
Her elephant was Choo;
Quite strong was he, but not enough
To carry Chumleigh too.

For Lady Gough had seven trunks
And thirteen portmanteaux,
She'd smelling salts-("In case of skunks,
Essential, don't you know!")

She'd curling tongs, a looking-glass,
A Java humidior,
Her Pathan Poodle, Hokay Dass,
At whom her mahout swore.

She'd earrings made of hammered lead,
Cosmetics in a case,
A parasol, a teak-wood bed,
And fol-de-rols of lace.

For days they traversed plains of stone
And jungles wondrous mazy,
While Chumleigh played his saxophone
To show he wasn't lazy.

And Lady Gough sat eating sweets
And reading Ethel Dell,
Until a bulge-eyed klickerbleets
Amongst the chocolates fell.

The goodly dancie then gave a howl
That quavered through the mangoes,
And set the nervous jungle fowl
A-dancing mad fandangoes.

The mufgars they were filled with fear,
And Chub squealed loud with pain;
The blasé Dass just gave a sneer
And went to sleep again.

Sir Chumleigh bellowed; "Lady Gough,
You must not sing like that!
To sing off C were bad enough,
But gad! You're singing flat!"

Now all the while that they'd progressed
They'd gone much farther on;
Past where the sunrise in the west
Precedes the break of Dawn.

They'd crossed the Plain of Oom
Japoom,
Where monkeys fly like bats,
And through the dank and murky gloom
There waddle purple rats.

At length they reached some fearful hills
Which rose from far below;
They struggled up with many spills
To find a peaked plateau.

It was indeed a peaked plateau,
But very strange withal,
For while its crest was girt with snow,
It had no base at all.

Of base the plateau showed no trace,
No matter where they'd seek;
But stranger than its lack of base,
It stood upon its peak.

And when they hunted high and low,
Said Chumleigh: "It's disgraceful,
That any peaked plateau, you know,
Should be so dashed unbaseful!"

But since we can't go o'er the top
We'll jolly well go round;
For Chumleigh Gough will never stop
Before a doltish mound!"

They journeyed on and on until
They reached that dread morass
Which only those of dauntless will
Can ever hope to pass.

So vast is this rapacious fen
That it could well embrace
The foolishness of mortal men,
Nor leave the faintest trace.

For days Sir Chumleigh wondered how
They'd cross the Dum-Dum Bog,
Until he said: "I see it now,
We'll ape the Bandar-Log!"

The Bandar-Log they wake and sleep
In Chutney-Chutney Trees;
Across the Bog they lightly leap
When hunting Flicker-fleas.

From limb to bough and bough to branch
They swing themselves along;
We'll shoulder all our koober-kanch
And ape the apish throng!"

And so they anchored Choo and Chee
With blobs of holdum-glue;
And then the party climbed a tree
'Midst banshee woops from Choo.

Sir Chumleigh was the first to start
Upon that awful trip.
'Twas joy to see the portly Bart
From bough to creeper flip.

As Lady Gough swung through the limbs
Said she: "This is the limit!
If I were good at hymning hymns
And knew a hymn, I'd hymn it!"

The mufgars then swung through the fog
That rose with pungent power;
And thus the party crossed the bog
In one sweet-scented hour.

And when they'd started on their way,
Said Chumleigh: "We should see,
The spoor, before another day,
Of Master Flicker-flea."

(Concluded on page 34)

—warm clothes—heated homes—overflowing dinner tables—happy, light conversation? It was unfair. His bitterness and hate grew within him. He firmly believed that his son should have something with which to celebrate Christmas—his wife should have warm clothing and a good meal.

In the toy department Peter, looking quickly about him,

picked up a large mechanical toy—a fire engine—thrust it under his arm, turned his back, and started down the aisle toward the entrance, not seeing the manager behind him. The manager, standing in a corner of the large room, had seen the entire proceeding, and heaved a deep sigh as Peter went out the door—unmolested.

That Concert Cough

A certain nervousness, particularly at symphony concerts, impels members of the audience to exercise their coughing apparatus at soft places in the music. Just notice the next time the orchestra embarks upon a prolonged "pianissimo." At once there will ensue volleys of coughs from all over the house. Listeners choose moments such as these to raise sweet, half-whispered notes of melody to the dizzy heights of bewildering clamour.

They never cough—God bless them!—when the brass is blaring out a forte, nor when the double basses are grunting large, wide notes, the violins scraping like mad at a mounting crescendo, the drums rolling out curses, and the rest of the percussion clanging like a boiler factory. Indeed no! It is only when these die down, and the pianissimo arrives like a gentle, white lamb with a ribbon around its neck, that the coughing brigade begins its unmelodious chant.

Thereupon the lovely, soft-spun phrase in the first violins, which ought to trail off into a long, wavering silver E, suddenly surprises us by finishing in a loud, gruff B flat, and we finally realize with nothing short of intense relief that the momentary discord is no fault of the orchestra, but rather of some fellow music-lover who is battling with an acute case of symphonic bronchial difficulty. Before we can again clamber back to the trail of that lovely, soft, silver E, there is a competitor at the end of our row who opens his mouth wide to expell a staccato fortissimo in O. He is answered by a shrill explosion in G-and-a-half from the stout lady in the fourth row, who stubbornly refuses to be left out of the lively repartee. No cougher harmonizes with any other cougher. All are entirely at odds with the soft melody in E which has by this time dropped out of the contest.

A large, fat man in the seat in front, wakes up from a comfortable snooze and gives battle. He clears his massive throat in C major and lets loose a startling bellow in two related keys, A and F sharp minor. Admiring eyes are turned upon him in the dimness of the auditorium, and

this new theme is taken up by a bevy of sopranos, who engage in a tripping fusillade of what might be termed "ton-sil coughs." The baritones, not to be outdone, contribute an ascending passage in the key of W, in a persistent rhythm that recalls woodchopping on a dark day in winter when the children are down with the mumps.

This united onslaught has had its effect. One can see that the conductor is still waving his baton, and the violins and cellos are sawing away—which shows that the orchestra is still at work earning its salary though entirely unheard by the audience. The brigade, vastly encouraged by the success of its efforts, now takes up a T. B. stretto in solid ensemble, which is tonally of such magnificent power that it drowns out even the rattle of programs and the incoming surge of the late-comers at the concert. Certain ill-humoured persons begin to turn about in their seats and glare quite impolitely at the nearest cougher.

And then, just when the concert-coughers have attained a really astonishing magnitude of volume, the orchestra goes and spoils the whole thing by bursting into a desperate and furious fortissimo. The conductor's coat-tails are wagging; his baton is waving in circles, parallelograms, and triangles.

"More power with the drums, there!" he calls. "Tubas into action! Contra-bassoons to the rescue! whistle, woodwinds! Where's that confounded piccolo! Violins, beat the 'cellos to it!"

The coughing brigade gives up. It is beaten and it knows it. The only way concert-coughers can really get the best of a full symphony orchestra is to attack when it is off-guard, and meditating to itself "Sotto voce."

Some fine day, an enterprising soul may invent "The Pianissimo Cough-Drop" which will (if the inventor can get Parliament to pass a law) be included with the ticket, and which will be a requirement for each person taking a seat at the concert. Some fine day, it is said, we will reach the zenith of a highly developed civilization!

Hercule Haunts A Hitler

"Hercule," I said to my ghost, as we came down the steps of No. 10 Downing St., "we must break up this spy ring that Mr. Churchill speaks of. This is the worst crisis since the last day of the cricket matches was rained out." Hercule clanked his chains and thoughtfully picked the pocket of a passerby, being rewarded for his efforts with a toy mouse and half an orange. "See there!" I cried, "A fellow is dropping a stick of dynamite into Mr. Churchill's coat. Carry on for the jolly old empire." And we hurled ourselves upon him. While I bore him to the ground, Hercule deftly removed the dynamite from the coat and thrust it into the man's mouth. Mr. Churchill went on his way unnoticed. He does not perturb easily.

Hercule howled mournfully in the fellow's ear, while I bade him speak. "Glurb," said he, eyeing the shortening fuse on the dynamite nervously. Hercule removed the stick from his mouth, dropped it in a passing perambulator, and murmured "Hamlet, I am your father's ghost" a few times.

The criminal blanched with fear and told us that he was merely a pawn, in the employ of the popcorn dealer across the square. We pushed him under a tram.

"So, ho Hercule," I said, "Now we are getting at the heart of things. Let us take steps against the master criminal." Dematerializing, so that only his monocle and loose change were visible, Hercule crossed the square and, stealing up on the popcorn dealer, quickly stuffed him into his own popper. After letting him percolate for a few moments, I opened the door and demanded a full confession. "I am only a minion," he screamed, "a henchman of the man in the house around the corner." I slammed the door on him and he continued to pop, attracting a crowd of the curious, and eventually selling himself at a nice profit.

Where would this devilish trail end, I asked myself, as we made our way around the corner. Perhaps I was a spy myself. Perhaps I was losing my mind. I must take a want ad and retrieve it. "We are in luck," said Hercule suddenly. Looking at the house, a dark, spectral mansion of ominous and foreboding air, I failed to see why. "This is a haunted house," he told me "I once played two weeks here in vaudeville, and the resident ghost is a friend of mine."

We went to the back door and were admitted by Hercule's friend—a young haunt named Henry—who sat in the cellar and oiled his chains.

"Do strange things happen in this house?" I asked Henry.

"Very strange," he replied.

"How very strange?" I pressed.

"Even stranger than that," he told me. "The occupants are a troupe of acrobats named Otto, Ludwig, and Adolph.

They call themselves the Flying Frenchmen. Which is peculiar because they never acrobat, but sit and prepare large firecrackers. They say they wish to celebrate Guy Fawkes' Day."

"Say no more Henry," I told him. I had heard enough. Why should French acrobats be laying in a store of explosives, I asked Hercule. "I think they are Germans," he replied.

"Nonsense," I retorted, "If they were they would not call themselves the Flying Frenchmen: They would be the Gyrating Germans or the Hurtling Hirlerites."

"Perhaps they are in disguise," Hercule said, "look at their names." Hercule is a brilliant ghost, there can be no doubt about it. We had been duped for a short time, but I saw it clearly now. The hideous plot might be put into operation at any minute, blowing up hundreds of the people, possibly even including my cousin Cleopatra, to whom I am very attached. We must reach the ring-leader at all costs.

We crept down a hall, until I saw a sinister figure crouched in a chair. "Tell me," I whispered, shooting him through the head, "where is your master?" He did not reply—the fellow was dead. There can be no doubt that the Germans are very obstinate people. Finally we came to a barred door. Hercule dematerialized, stepped through, and opened it from the other side. We were in a huge laboratory, at the other end of which the three arch fiends were packing their devilish explosives into barrels.

"Throw up your hands," I shouted, "I have surrounded you."

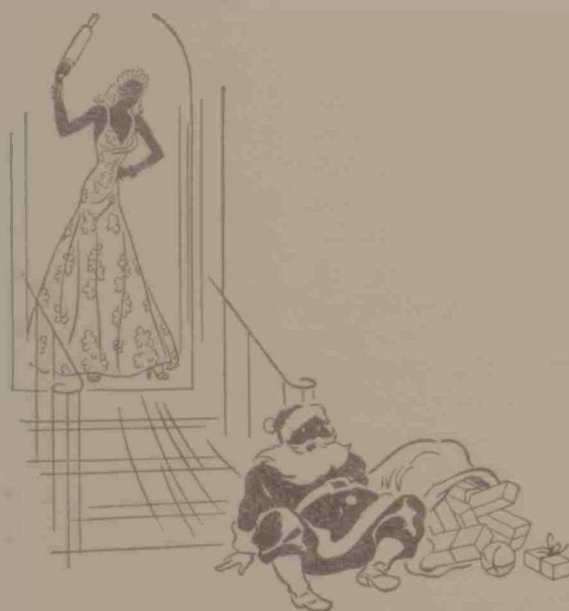
They laughed mockingly and went on with their work. "Come, come," I said, irritated, "surrender." And aiming at the largest I pulled the trigger. Nothing happened. I had put only one bullet in the revolver. The situation was desperate. Even I, Advark Filch, quaked internally and suffered severe nervous shock. What would Mr. Churchill say when he heard that I had failed to muddle through? Quite possibly he would never ask me grouse shooting again.

But I had reckoned without Hercule. He was equal to the emergency. Suddenly the room was filled with blue fire and smoke, horrid screams rang through the building, while bats and skeletons hurtled through the air. Hercule had begun to haunt and the plotters were terrified. Hands appeared from nowhere, black cats were everywhere, and sheeted figures threatened the trio.

"Well done, Hercule," I shouted as they surrendered, "Well hit, sir." And I sternly demanded to know who the leader was. They appeared baffled and looked from one to another until Hercule suddenly reappeared. A light of rec-

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Christmas Eve

R. J. CARPENTER, JR.

The snowy, windswept thoroughfare with its bustling throngs of last-minute shoppers was entirely out of harmony with the utter misery of Peter Layton. Walking along the snow-packed sidewalk, dazed both by the brilliance and gaiety about him and his own misery, he collided with several hurrying shoppers whose arms were filled to overflowing with bundles of every size and description. They all burbled a cheery "pardon me, please" but Peter merely grunted, so deep in thought was he.

Bright lights shone on the multi-colored gifts, painstakingly arranged in the store windows—gifts that were to bring happiness and cheer to children and adults alike in this holiday season. Ruddy-checked children clung to their parents coats and looked longingly at the displays—their cherubic faces aglow with the excitement of Christmas eve and the snappy cold. A large Christmas tree bedecked with red, green and yellow lights stood in its usual place in the square in the center of the city's principal street and every common lamp post had been transformed into a thing of beauty with wrappings of laurel leaves and lights. Large, but feathery, snowflakes drifted peacefully from the heaven, but were sent swirling in whirlpool fashion by the zephyrs at street level.

One brightly lighted window drew Peter's attention. Through its clear glass he saw dozens of brilliantly colored toys—red fire trucks, yellow fluffy lions, dolls in pink dresses, model houses—white with red roofs, and green automobiles which imprinted their images upon his mind. The bottom of the show window was covered with artificial snow, glistening as the lights from the miniature Christmas tree, from which were suspended gay ornaments, shone across it. A salesgirl opened a small door in the rear of the window, pointed questioningly to an article, and, after receiving a beaming grin of affirmation from a youngster in the background, removed the toy from the window and closed the door, shutting him out from the scene he could well imagine. He could picture in his mind the happy child jumping up and down in thrilled excitement as the girl smilingly wrapped the toy, and the father, trying to appear nonchalant while reaching for his billfold—knowing he would enjoy the electric train as much as his son. It would be a picture of complete happiness, Peter knew.

Peter also realized, only too well, that he and his family would not be participants in any scene like the one in the store, or like those that would occur in thousands of homes on the morrow. Peter, in his ragged, thin cloth jacket shiv-

ered as he stood in front of the window. This brought him back to realities. He had been out of work for months—the last of his meagre savings had disappeared from their anxious sight some time ago. His two small children, too small to appreciate to the full their dire circumstances, would not receive pleasure-giving toys, or for that matter, neither would they even receive gifts of warm clothing. Christmas would be dreary, cold and miserable, just like any other day—there would be little full-hearted celebration and no sincere happiness memorable only by way of contrast.

As he thought of their small unheated shack, he realized that he was cold, that his hands were blue and nearly numb. To warm himself he stepped into the doorway of the store as inconspicuously as possible, rubbing his hands together, stamping his feet and feeling guilty about taking somebody else's heat. As he stood there he thought: "There can be no harm in going inside, even though I'm dressed almost in rags, to look at the assortment of holiday gifts."

Inside the large department store he meandered up and down the long aisles between the counters and displays, taking in every glorious detail of this pleasant, yet strange scene. A salesgirl offered her aid, but he mumbled something that sounded like "I'm just looking around, thanks," and she left him to wander alone and unmolested. He saw among the crowd a family—mother, father, and small one. The child was seated in a miniature car, making loud noises—his conception of a motor's roar—and his parents stood over him, looking at each other and beaming with pride and happiness. The youngster clapped his hands and screamed at the top of his voice, although his father was not more than a yard away, "Look, Daddy, look!"

These scenes of family happiness and the store full of gifts, greetings and gaiety and the whole atmosphere permeated with the holiday spirit touched Peter deeply and served only to make him even sadder than before.

Again he thought of his family—suddenly something happened inside him—something he had never felt before. He was overcome with bitterness and hate—hate for all the happy people about him—bitter because he felt he had been unjustly treated and that the world was cruel, unfair.

He had been an honest, conscientious and reliable workman in the garage—but he was called incompetent after being unjustly blamed for a mistake made by a fellow employee, and the superintendent welcomed the opportunity to fire him.

Why should other people's children have toys to play with

called." He spread the hay in a corner, building the edge with the objectivity of an artist. "A binder it is." But he had his own matters of pride. With private importance he called to his companion, "Jermer scratched out a nest o' wasps last night over on Herncote Hill."

The other gathered the last wisps at his feet. Then said, "Ah."

The sound of propellers drew their eyes to the east where an aeroplane skirted the clouds. They watched its clean speed.

"There's machines for you," the builder said quietly. "Ever been up in one of them there, sir?"

The stranger hesitated. Yes, he had flown to Germany—some years ago.

"Wagon o' hay's safe if you've to fall." The builder smiled but his eyes were distant, anxious. "How long might it take you, now?"

"To Germany? About an hour."

"Masher!" he called. The silent one had resumed work, sharing down the uneven sides of the rick. "Gentleman here's flew to Germany. No more'n hour."

Masher looked at the sky.

The four men watched the plane above them. Huge clumsy clouds were still piling up against the ravelins of blue.

The stranger lowered his head, looked at the face of the labourer on the rick, foolishly hoping. He knew it had come in the eyes of all men, that which denied joy of harvest, sweetness to the smell of new-mown hay. But the man suddenly swung his fork to the right into the unfinished corner of hay.

"Happen I can tell you."

The stranger turned.

Masher considered him a moment, then spat.

"Never knewed yet a piece o' machinery, us here, now, couldn't get the betterin' of."

BISHOP'S UNIVERSITY

John Mockett—who writes for sundry magazines under the name of Terry Malone—is a native of Ottawa. He spent four days with me at the University this fall, and while here put his impressions of Bishop's into the following vers libre.—Leon Adams.

My cup is full
with words that wisdom poured
but draught from it seems weak
to meet this hour of need.

Inert writhing overtones of dust
with colour in each brief recess
accented breaths
across immortal tread of sage
neophytes tradition-gowned
and cringing
on the threshold of a dream.

At its feet two rivers meet
washing history
in their sands
at its back
long files of grandeur

parade
the season's round of life and death
and resurrection to the life anew.

Deliberate tolling
chapel bell
affirms the boundless piety
that chants above the nave

rich mellow wood
affirms the age
and sunlight through the glass
affirms the Deity
for time's successive page.

All this I held
nor knew the power.

Terry Malone.

The One-Act Plays

PROF. A. V. RICHARDSON

The month of November each year brings evidence of great activity around the U. B. C. Little Theatre—the choosing of three suitable one-act plays, the selection, from among the new arrivals of the previous September, of those considered most likely to register well on the stage, weeks of careful rehearsing and headaches for the directors, has come to a climax.

The programme presented on the evenings of November the 11th and 12th was, as customary, made up of three contrasting items. The plays performed were Sudermann's "The Far-away Princess," described as a romantic comedy; "Sham" by F. G. Tompkins, a modern social satire; and "Thread o' Scarlet" by J. J. Bell, which had a distinctly tragic note—thus providing something to suit every taste.

Sudermann's comedy—perhaps it might even be described as a fantasy (there were in it certain points of resemblance to Alfred de Musset's "Fantasio")—was a period-piece, the setting being an Alpine health resort at the close of the 19th century. The cast, very predominantly feminine, filled the eye (thanks to the efforts of Mallabare) with a kaleidoscope of garments and millinery such as worn in "the gay nineties", a period far enough away to be considered quaint, but not yet of an age to have gained the glamour of the antique. "Autre temps, autres habits," but not necessarily "autres mœurs." As the hero, Fritz Strüble, Edmond de Lotbinière had by far the most to do, and gave a convincing performance of the romantic but penurious student, who unknowingly describes his poetic ideal, the "far-away princess," to the actual lady in question, who has sought seclusion in a small mountain hotel. The feminine parts were those of the Princess herself (Ann Armstrong), her domineering lady-in-waiting (Elizabeth Hume), the proprietress of the hotel (Gwen Weary), the waitress (Jean McCallum), and Frau von Halldorf, a lady of marked social aspirations, with her two daughters, played by Jean Sutherland, Helen Kelley, and Mary Lynn. With such a predominance of ladies, and a loquacious hero, it is hardly to be wondered at that the picturesque lackey (Ray Tulk) had merely the role of looking picturesque. This being a play of ideas rather than action, Director Penfield had evidently given great attention to detail. Such plays are among the most difficult for young amateurs, and in a production of this type the "action" is almost inevitably bound to drag in places—that such occurrences were not numerous reflects credit on the director and his cast.

"Sham" brings us to the present day. Its theme is unusual and well worked out. A young married couple, on

returning from the theatre, find their home (in the best part of town) invaded by a super-buglar, a connoisseur of art as well as of crime, a visit from whom (providing he considers any articles as being worthy of his taking) is almost enough to put his victims on the social register. The director, Ernestine Roy (or should we borrow the terminology of mathematics and call her the directrix?) had, at very short notice, to take the part of the socially ambitious wife, originally to have been played by Joan Jenckes, and her back-chat scenes with the burglar caused the audience great amusement. Dean Williamson was quite adequate as the rather "dumb" and slightly bewildered husband, while Errol Duval played the reporter visiting the scene of the crime. As the burglar, Grant Day gave an excellent performance—his combination of superiority and bluff, and his air of shuddering disgust at the sight of sham antiques was really well done, and emphasized the fine points of a clever little bit of satire.

"Thread o' Scarlet," presented by the Divinity students in an all-male cast, was not new to the Dramatic Society, as an earlier crop of "Divines" had given the same play some nine or ten years ago. To one who has seen both performances, that of 1940 in no way fell below the earlier presentation, and the director, Leon Adams, is to be congratulated on his work. The scene is laid in a village inn, where the local worthies are discussing an execution for murder which has taken place that morning—the execution, as it happens, of an innocent man. The unexpected denouement when the real murderer (who has been a member of the jury) inadvertently reveals his guilt, requires real skill in acting and timing, and the performance leading up to this climax left little to be desired. Percy Clark, as Butters, the murderer, gave a very convincing performance of a man gnawed by guilty remorse, and was well supported by two other village characters (William MacVean and William Wright.), the landlord of the inn (John Salter), and a passing traveller (William Blackstock), while, as the local ne'er-do-well, who precipitates the tragedy, Kenneth Harwood both looked and acted like a person to be avoided on a dark night.

Messrs. Craig and MacKenzie, with their assistant crew, seemed to have made everything run smoothly behind the scenes. Mr. and Miss Speid provided their usual valuable assistance in making-up the players, and on both the Monday and Tuesday evenings "a good time was enjoyed by all," executive, cast and audience alike.

with English ideas, and passed on those ideas and that view of life to succeeding generations. The English Common Law rejected the use of torture, even in semi-barbarous times, developed trial by jury, and acted throughout its history as the guardian of the freedom and the rights of the individual. In the 17th century the Common Lawyers were stiff in opposition to the idea of a royal prerogative which could override all legal restrictions, for English Law has always rejected the conception of a *droit administratif*—a special code for the state—and shielded the private citizen's person and property from arbitrary invasion by the government. Since, therefore, the view of life underlying the Common Law of England is in direct contradiction to that upon which the Nazi structure is built, since that law stands for everything that Hitler rejects, justice, freedom, and the rights of the individual, its ancient shrines are a natural target for his bombers.

The memories evoked by the names of the British ports. Dover and Southampton, Portsmouth and Plymouth, Bristol, Liverpool, Hull, Newcastle, Glasgow, Leith, and greatest of all London, are those of the making and expansion of Britain. Through those ports entered the peoples who have fused into the British race; from them sailed Newport for Virginia and the Mayflower for New England, the ships of the Honourable East India Company for Bengal and the Gentlemen Adventurers Trading into the Hudson's Bay for the Arctic Circle. Through them has flowed the commerce which has cemented the British Empire. Without those ports Britain would have played as little part in the world's history as Tristan d'Acunha and Ascension Island. They differ from the places previously mentioned in that they are legitimate military objectives, for they are the feeders of the British war-machine in times of strife as they are the sources of British prosperity in peace. But they resemble the others in that they have been vital forces in the evolution of Britain, and are an essential element in her life of today. They made the British seafarers and merchants, and fostered individual initiative and love of freedom. A standing army is the instrument of a despot; there are few, if any, instances of an autocrat who based his power on a fleet. On the contrary, most of the great sea-powers have been freedom-loving, as the history of Athens, Holland and Britain shows. Here again, then, the Nazis are striking at a source of British freedom and individualism, a source, too, from which that love of liberty has gone out to the four corners of the earth.

Two other Nazi objectives are worthy of special notice

"an industrial area" and "a row of dwellings." They are symbolic of the fact that it was in Britain that the Industrial Revolution first mechanized manufacture and transformed the country from an agricultural and commercial land into the workshop of the world, and of the part that home and family life have played in the shaping of British character. Here again, in the familiar saying that "an Englishman's home is his castle," is struck the characteristic note of individual liberty.

And so the list of places attacked gives a panorama of the whole past history of Britain, and shows how her different institutions and activities have combined to make her what she is. A monarchy whose Sovereign can mingle freely with his people and needs no Gestapo to watch over his safety, a Church whose motto is "Kyrie Eleison" (Lord have mercy) not "Heil Hitler," a Parliament representing the people which can overthrow a distasteful government by a vote, a Law which protects individual rights and liberty, freedom to sail the seas unafraid of submarine and mine, peaceful industry and homes where men and women are free to live as they please, these are the objects of the Nazi air attack. It is not merely one or two separate institutions and activities, but everything characteristically British, the relics of the past and the ideals and view of life developed through that past, that is in the front line. That a small tradesman whose shop had been struck should at once put up a notice "damaged but still open," and replace it after a second attack with one reading "Still more open," shows what its past history has made the race and the kind of opponent Hitler has challenged.

Against such a spirit the air attack on Britain must surely fail; but it will not leave her as it finds her. Britain is passing through the ordeal by fire, and none pass through that ordeal unchanged. History seems to show that successful resistance to such an attack generates an energy and a spirit that lead to great forward movements in the ensuing epoch. The Persian invasion of Greece was followed by the Periclean Age of Athens; in the half-century that succeeded the winning of Dutch independence Holland was the centre of European art and thought. And so amid all the present horror, devastation and death, forces are being generated that will shape the future. It may be premature, as yet, to attempt to define their nature and forecast their action; but even now there are signs that give room for hope. No one can read or hear of the way in which the British people are meeting the peril without realizing that it is binding

(Concluded on page 34)

Surrey Harvest

RALPH GUSTAFSON

He could see them from the window of the cottage that looked across the garden to the field—where the land sloped to the trees lining the upper meadows. Three men coatless under the sun, working against the possibility of rain. For days the roads had been wet, the deserted fields clotted with mown hay.

A large field to harvest; two days of sun would be needed to complete the rick at which they worked. Already the white clouds had thickened near the sky-line to a darker colour, opaque with coming rain. But the progress was good, the builder in the centre of the stack sinking knee-deep, spreading the hay lifted to him from the ground.

He watched from the window, till the glory of sun and the smell of hay drew him out. A dog rose from the shadow of the rick and growled at his approach.

"He's all right, sir. He don't know you," the man from the centre of the stack assured him. The words came blurred in the throat, their consonants gagged by the lack of teeth.

"Guess you're glad of a few hours' sun?" He had reached the rick and the question was eager for welcome.

The sun had not long left noon, and its gold tangled in the swerve of the hay as it swung on the forks of the men. His eyes dazzled with the broken light, the smell of harvest was rich in his nostrils. Even the malicious flies were a part of the good earth and to be borne.

"We are that, sir."

A heave of breath emphasized the verb as the man received a swath of hay from his companion. The voice was genial with the health of labour, a willingness to share it in talk. From the distance the brown sound of "Yahacajew" came from the third man directing his horse into the ribs of mown hay.

The impulse to appropriate an idle fork and join with the men was strong within the newcomer. But the second labourer stood mum leaning on his fork at the end of the stack, awaiting the gathered load to be brought from the field, staring distrustfully. The newcomer felt conscious of his coat and tie.

"Don't know a better job than yours . . . for a day like this," he offered.

The builder was spreading salt from a pail in his hand over the new layer of hay on the rick. "Ar. It's right enough, sir—for a day like this." The salt escaped through his fingers in a white curve as of snow.

"That's salt you're spreading? To preserve the hay?"

Eager curiosity, a wish to become indebted to the worker prompted the question.

The sullen labourer spat.

" . . . to add to the flavour," the newcomer faltered.

"That's right, sir—to add to the flavour." The builder put the pail aside; then awaited the fresh load of hay from the field. "You like this part of the country?"

"Much as any I've seen. I suppose it's about the loveliest bit of Surrey?"

The man shifted the straw between his gums. "Ar. It might be that." He ruminated for a moment, then said, "In a valley."

The stranger would have liked to have asked what that meant. The second labourer stared at him, mouth shut. Instead he said, "They wouldn't be able to build your rick in Canada. Winter. Everything has to be stored in a loft." He was afraid of his words in the eagerness to use the vocabulary of his listener.

The horse came up drawing the new load of hay on the ground-rake behind. The animal walked a little beyond the rick, placing the rakeful of hay at its foot; then stopped. The green flies swarmed over its muzzle. The driver unlooped the two long rope reins connecting with the bridle from the handles of the rake, tipped the runners toward the ground to prevent sliding, then clicked his teeth to the horse. The rake went over with a clatter, rolled on the curve of its two handles, went over again, and rightened itself empty of hay. The wind became pungent with the dusty smell. The glum one swung a forkful onto the rick.

"You'd need machines, now, for haying in Canada?" The question was timid, but the words honest with friendliness. He awaited the answer with studied attention before spreading the new swath at his feet.

"Yes, you need machines to farm in Canada. Distances are so much greater." The newcomer's mind searched scrupulously for any connotation that might cheat ignorance. "Except, of course, on farms like this," he added.

The glum one paused for the answer to his companion's question, looking toward the stranger shrewdly; then continued swinging the hay at his feet onto the rick.

"It's wonderful what they do now," the newcomer went on. "A machine I saw in Alberta—in Canada—cuts the hay as it goes along, places it, ties it with cord, then spits it out t'other side!" The stranger's smile broadened as the builder shared his sally.

"Ar. It be wonderful right enough, sir. Binder it's

Editorial

It is with pride and exhilaration that we see the trend the war is taking these days, and surely none of us can fail to have absolute confidence that our side will eventually gain the upper hand. For a time there can be no doubt that we were fighting with our backs to the wall, but now our spirit, co-operation, and the sincere belief that our cause is right have carried our thrusts and parries further and further from that wall, and we are gaining confidence by leaps and bounds.

But what is our goal? Surely it is something very much like the goal towards which we were aiming during the first World War—to exterminate even the seeds of the new order that Germany was trying to propagate and to substitute for it what we considered right and Christian. There is no need to dwell on how miserably this ideal failed and we discourage useless recriminations. At the same time, have we actually learned very much from this failure of twenty years ago? Something, of course, but in our opinion, not enough! Are we again going to concentrate all our efforts on the winning of the war, regardless of the internal difficulties which are bound to present themselves in large numbers at a time like this? It was the internal disorganization of the victorious countries which was responsible for the failure of the great plans for post-war settlement as proposed by men like Woodrow Wilson in nineteen eighteen. Unbridled hate was allowed to have far too much influence in the adjustment. The smouldering resentment in the hearts of Germans, the culmination of which we have in the present war, was due to the rather unfair treatment they received at the hands of conquerors. France can be blamed for this as much as anyone, and she has paid bitterly for her vengeful attempt to even the score. As things are going now we see the situation shaping up much the way it was during the last war. No attempt is being made to show people that it is necessary to look beyond the immediate settlement of the problem facing us. Every iota of energy is being expended in the effort to defeat Nazism. Even when there are no more Nazis, there will still be a nation of Germans who must of necessity

have a place in the world. We must look forward to that time. If at that time we are a nation geared to war time activities and lack the ability to readjust ourselves at once to a world where peace reigns, we are in danger of laying the foundation for another situation like the present one.

Domestic problems, although they are receiving a certain amount of attention, are, to a far too great extent, being disregarded in favour of the major issue. This is all very well, but we seem to be forgetting that in order to institute this new order, when the time comes, we must be ready for it ourselves internally, besides having our foes where we want them. These days we read frequently about strikes in various fields of labour, social problems that continue to be unsolved and so forth. The feeling is much too much that we can remedy these situations later, when we no longer have an enemy to deal with. We do not seem to realize that these same problems, if allowed to fester now, will, when the victory comes, give us all that we can do to alleviate them, at a time when we should be directing all our efforts to creating a world where right and not might is the dominating characteristic.

Our own country is not ready for these new ideals. Look around you in Canada and you will see, first of all, a great and universal effort to aid in every possible way our forces overseas. But aside from that, what do you see? Very little attempt to prepare the country for peace time activity on a better footing than in the past and none to obviate the danger of universally vindictive sentiments which will make it so difficult to settle international affairs so as to have no subsequent repercussions. Affected as we are by internal conflict, much has to be done right here before we can think of imposing on the rest of the world what we plan to now. Internal reform and conquest must go hand in hand in order that the latter be a real and a lasting success.

—W. G. P.

The Mitre Board takes this opportunity to wish its readers and advertisers a very Merry Christmas and the Happiest of New Years.

The Air Attack On Britain

PROF. E. E. BOOTHROYD

The air attack on Britain is one of those events which appear to have the property of drawing scattered memories and ideas into focus and bringing out their relationship and meaning. The first reaction to this ruthless and apparently indiscriminate assault on the ancient monuments and modern dwellings of the British people is, naturally, one of anger, disgust, and profound admiration of the courage, fortitude, and self-forgetfulness of the entire population—an anger, disgust, and admiration kindled afresh each time press or radio brings the information that some other famous building has been damaged, some new row of small homes destroyed. But as the list of buildings and institutions threatened, injured, or demolished lengthens, there comes the realization that these are not merely individual buildings or isolated institutions, but component elements of one great whole, the history of Britain, and indeed of the British Empire. The very names—Buckingham Palace, a southeast or a northwest port, a midland town, a row of dwelling-houses—are, in themselves, an epitome of British history, a skeleton-outline of that age-long development which has made the British people and the British Empire what they are today.

Buckingham Palace may be a comparatively modern building, but it is the residence of the Sovereign, and the Monarchy is not only the oldest of our institutions, but the foundation of the whole British structure of society and government. It is the Sovereign or his deputy who opens and dissolves Parliament; it is by virtue of the King's Commission that military and naval officers command and judges dispense justice; the mails are "His Majesty's Mails", and the official designation of one of the most democratic administrations in the world is "His Majesty's Government." And this, of course, is the natural outcome of past history. The most elementary of text-books record the part played by her kings in the making of Britain, and tells of William I placing England "on the anvil", in Kipling's phrase, and hammering her into shape; of Henry II giving her institutions of government, professional judges to mould her law, and the origins of her distinctive jury system; of Edward I issuing the famous writs that summoned the Model Parliament; of the Tudors founding the Royal Navy, and moulding English life in modern forms. It may not, therefore, be too fanciful to think that the fact that the National Anthem is "God Save the King" is not merely due to personal loyalty and devotion to an individual, however deeply those emotions may be felt, but to a recognition of the nature of the Monarchy as the cornerstone of the British edifice.

If the bombing of Buckingham Palace reminds us of what the Monarchy means to Britain and the Empire, the names of Westminster Abbey and Canterbury Cathedral recall the part played in British history by Christianity and the Church. They stir up memories of the union of Englishmen in a single religious organization when they were still divided in warring states, of the introduction of written to whose crabbéd Latin is due so much of our knowledge of the formative period of English history. They remind us of the debt we owe to individual churchmen, to Stephen Langton who suggested the forcing of Magna Carta from John and William of Wykeham who laid the foundations of the Public School system. Above all those names recall the part Christianity has played in shaping the British view of life.

Canterbury Cathedral and Westminster Abbey are ancient edifices, this year is the first centenary of the commencement of the construction of the present Houses of Parliament; but the assembly that meets in those Houses is the "Mother of Parliaments," and parliamentary government is a British invention. It is, moreover, something which appears to be peculiarly British. Under and through parliamentary government the greater part of the Empire has been brought together and organized, British freedom assured, and Britain herself guided through the reorganization of society and institutions necessitated by epoch-making changes in industry and commerce without the revolutionary violence characteristic of continental development. So successful was this form of government in Britain that European states adopted it widely in the great changes of the nineteenth century. But nowhere on the continent had parliamentary government the same success as in Britain, and Italy and Germany have rejected and affect to despise it. Thus the attack on Parliament was an attack on something peculiarly British, on the view of life and form of government characteristic of British "give and take" and of British love of liberty.

The Montreal *Gazette* recently published photographs of the Middle Temple before and after the explosion of a Nazi bomb, and reminded us, when the first burst of indignation at the wanton destruction of so much dignity and beauty had subsided, that yet another characteristically British institution had undergone assault. The Civil and Canon Laws of Rome, codes of universal application, were taught in the English universities, but the Common Law, the municipal law of the English state, found a home in the Inns of Court. There students learned the principles of that system of regulation which ordered life in accordance



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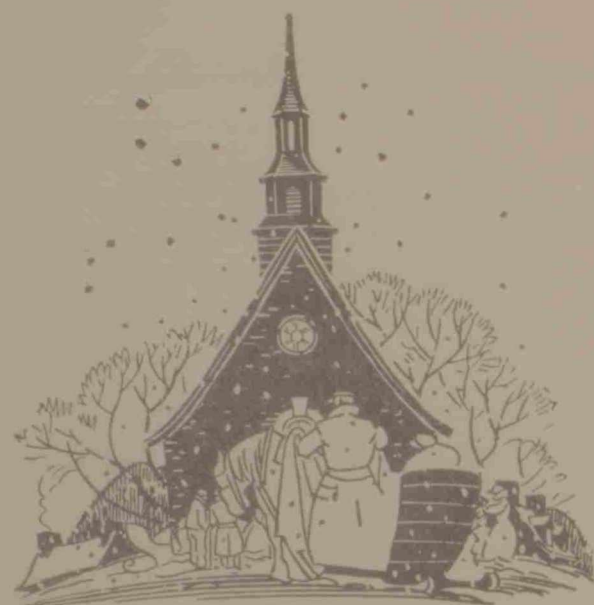
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