



For the green freshness of spring I thank Thee, O God, for summer's ripe abundance and for the gorgeous fare-well which autumn sends to the year.

For the winter do I thank Thee, dear Lord, for its peace; for the tranquillity of deep shining snows beneath which our weary Mother Earth can slumber restfully.

For the forests and plains, for high mighty mountains whose topmost peaks touch the clouds, for the song of a bird, for the smell of fresh hay, for the sound of deep bells of an evening, O dear Lord, I thank Thee.

For the dawn's rosy red, for the sunsets flaming fires, for rain after drought, for hope after fear, for smiles after tears, for peace after strife, for silence after turmoil, for wide wild worlds where eagles dwell in solitude, O dear God, I thank Thee!

For all that is beautiful, for all that is good, for all that is sweet, for all that is rare, for the laughter of a child, for the scent of a rose, for the sound of grand music, for the moonshine on water, for the rainbow in the sky, message of Thy mercy, O dear Lord, I thank Thee.

For the shadows of the night, for gardens full of colour, for the cool breeze which awakes me at dawn, for the shine on the butterfly's wing, for the grasp of a hand in friendship, dear Lord, I thank Thee!

For my heart which can love, for my hand which can give, for my soul full of faith, for the feet that can lead me to the cherished places, dear Lord, I thank Thee!

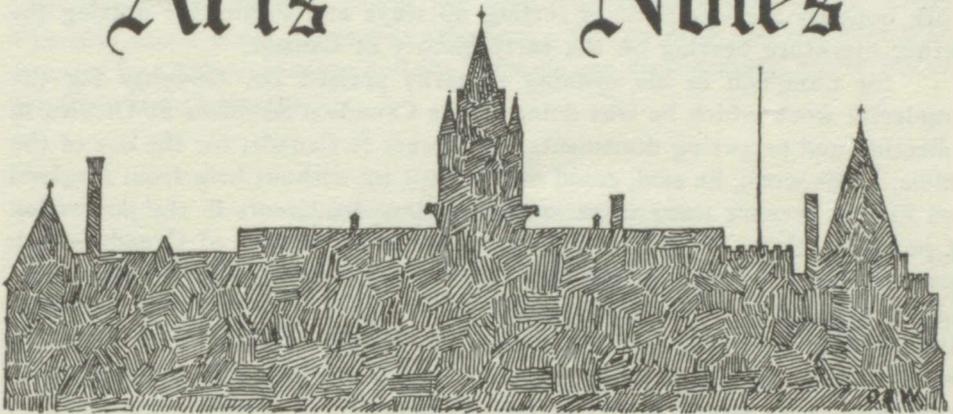
For the green of the fields, for the dews of the morning, for the honey the bees gather, for the water that runs, for the roof overhead, for the flame of the hearth, for sky, sea and earth, for sun, stars and moon, for light, sight and smell, O dear Lord, I thank Thee!

For the joy of living which runs through my veins like a river, for eyes full of trust, for the voice that defends me, for the gratitude I feel towards others, for the face I love best, for the heart on which I can lean, for Thy ultimate Mercy, O Lord, In which I joyfully believe.

Praise be unto Thee, O Lord, a hymn of thanksgiving, may each man lift up his voice singing to Thy glory, blessing the Almighty, for the beautiful, wondrous works of His hand.

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# Arts Notes



Lectures began on January 14th, after the long Christmas recess, with all students rested and eager for all College work.

The Hockey Team has had a most favorable season.

The Basketball Team has shown itself to be superior to all comers.

The C.O.T.C. in the general inspection was a credit to Bishop's.

Our Debating teams have done wonderful work and made a very creditable showing in the Inter-University Debating League.

The University has passed all too quickly through a very successful and interesting term and the next is expected to prove itself better than the last.

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## **Sir Campbell Stuart and the Canadian History Societies.**

The College had the great pleasure of being visited on January 15th by Sir Campbell Stuart, K.B.E., managing editor of the London Times. Sir Campbell is a Canadian by birth and was knighted by the King for having done great work during the war. In the war he was connected with the British Espionage System and has published a book on this work called "Secrets of Crewe House." After the war Sir Campbell was a member of Lord Northcliff's Commission which went to Washington for the purpose

## FACULTY SKI HIKE

On the evening of Jan. 30th, the Students were guests of the Faculty on a Ski Hike. Some wore skis, some snowshoes and others took toboggans. The hike was not a long one but one to be remembered and one which was greatly enjoyed, it led through the Golf Links around the edge of the woods and back to the "quad". After the hike, lunch was served in the Council Chamber and a short dance was arranged. The evening was one which was enjoyed by all those present and the students are very grateful to the Faculty for their entertainment.

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## A DANCE FOR MacDONALD

A short dance was given for the MacDonald College Basket Ball Team on Friday, February 4th. There were several members of the Faculty present. Refreshments were served and all those present enjoyed themselves.

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## THE ATHLETIC DANCE.

The Annual Dance of the Students Athletic Association, held on Friday evening, February 13th, in the Council Chamber, was a notable success, surpassing the high standard set in the past. There were about two hundred guests present. The Council Chamber was decorated in red and white in honor of Saint Valentine. The electrical effects were the cause of much comment and much excitement was caused by the falling balloons during the Moonlight Waltz. The University Dance Orchestra supplied the music for fifteen dances and four extras. Supper was served in two sittings in the dining hall where small umbrellas and paper hats were distributed. Attractive sitting out places were arranged in various parts of the building with the aid of crepe paper and evergreens. The patronesses were Mrs. A. H. McGreer and Mrs. Rocksborough Smith. The Principal and members of the Faculty were guests of the Students. The Dance Committee was composed of Cecil Teakle, Robert Earls, Frazer Weegar, Lloyd Bowen, Ashton Tobin and Bliss Keith.

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This series of very interesting lectures were given during Lent.

March 4th—"The Yukon" Rev'd H. A. Cody, M.A.

March 11th—"The Old English Life and Customs" Philip J. Turner, F.R.I.B.A.

March 18th—"Constantinople" Prof. Ramsey Traquair, B.A., F.R.I.B.A.

March 25th—"Michael Angelo" Prof. A. H. Young, D. C. L.

April 1st—"Einstein and the Universe" Prof. A. H. S. Gillson, M.A.

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## HOCKEY

Hockey this year met with considerable enthusiasm. The number of games played was not large, but they were first class encounters and evidenced good sportsmanship. A series with Quebec Swimming and Athletic Club resulted in one victory and one tie for Bishop's; a series with Cookshire, resulted in one tie and one defeat; a game with St. Regis of Sherbrooke ended in a victory for the purple and white. Several practice games were played with B. C. S.

Jim Walsh was elected captain of the team, and a marked improvement in its speed and combination was noticed as the season progressed.

Macdonald played goal throughout the season and put in a very satisfactory game—Stevenson acted as spare goaler. McKinnon and McCabe usually formed the defence combination and proved valuable additions to the team. Walsh and Weager divided the work at centre. Scott and Tobin played wing. Johnston played both on the forward and defense lines doing good work during the season.

Mr. F. Weegar as manager, with the assistance of Bob Scott and Hugh Montgomery showed ability in managing the team—Prospects are bright for a splendid hockey team next season.

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## BASKET BALL

The College has commenced a basketball season which promises to be more successful than any it has gone through for some years. Five exhibition games have been played, four of which were won and one lost. The victories were over Macdonald College (two), Sherbrooke High School and Y.M.C.A Athletics, of Sherbrooke, while the single defeat was suffered at the hands of the Sherbrooke High.

The team has entered the Sherbrooke City Basketball League, with its competitors being Y.M.C.A., Y.M. Athletics and Fairbanks. Only one game had been played when the magazine went to press, in which one

the college lost out to Y.M.C.A. The game in this league will be reported in a later issue of "The Mitre".

Francis ("Crow") McCaw was elected captain of the team, with Ray Almond manager. McCaw is easily the outstanding man on the team, playing centre and always bearing the brunt of the game. Wade, Abinovitch and Caulfeild have been alternating at defence and all have done well; Wade has played every game and has done fine work. Littler is star forward and is well supported by Usher, with White, Walsh and Bouillon as subs.

As a whole the team lacks the polished team work it might possess, perhaps because it contains a number of inexperienced men and because the men have as yet played little together. It contains several good shooters, notably McCaw, however, and is fairly fast, and on the whole promises to be a very creditable team for U.B.C.

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### U.B.C. vs. Macdonald College.

The first game played was on February 6th, when Macdonald College came to Lennoxville and played in the College gym. After a fast and exciting game, the purple and white emerged victorious by the score of 28 to 21. McCaw starred for Bishop's, while Littler and Wade both showed up well. Abinovitch, regular defence, twisted his leg and his place was taken by Caulfeild.

The return game, played at Ste. Anne de Bellevue on February 21st, resulted in another win for Bishop's, completing the series. The score was 36 to 22. The University led throughout the game, the half-time score being 18 to 9. McCaw played one of his best games of the season, making 18 points. Littler scored 9, White 4, Wade 3, and Usher 2. Cook and Page starred for Macdonald.

The line-ups:

**Macdonald:**—Centre, Hicks; forwards, Cook and Brigham; defence, Hill and Page; subs, Harrison and Fogerty.

**Bishop's:**—Centre, McCaw; forwards, Littler and Usher; defence, Wade and Abinovitch; subs, White, Bouillon and Caulfeild.

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### U.B.C. vs. S.H.S.

A series of two games with Sherbrooke High School was split; both games were played in the latter institution's gym. The first game, on Feb. 11th, was won by the college 50 to 28. McCaw and Littler again proved to be the chief basket-finders for Bishop's. Pearson and Hammond played well for

the school boys, who did well considering their light weight and the fact that Cross, one of their best men, was unable to play. Half time the score was U.B.C. 27; S.H.S. 12.

The High School carried the second game, staged on Feb. 17th, by 35 to 29. The High showed great reversal of form and played a good game. The defeat of the college was due largely to the fact that McCaw was not well and unable to play all of the game, although he scored 20 of his team's points. Littler got 6 and Usher 3.

The line ups:

**U. B. C.**—Centre, McCaw; forwards, Littler and Usher; defence, Caulfeild and Wade; subs, Walsh, White and Bouillon.

**S.H.S.**—Centre, Montgomery; forwards, Pearson and Hammond; defence, Skinner and Sangster; subs, Netterfield, Conley and Bouchard.

Referee:—S. Cross, Sherbrooke.

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### U.B.C. vs. Y.M. Athletics.

A fast and exciting game was that played in the college gymnasium on Feb. 18th, when Bishop's downed Y.M.C.A. Athletics, of Sherbrooke, 19 to 17. Both teams appeared very even in the first half and at half time the score stood 8 to 8. Bishop's soon secured a fair lead in the second period and the Y.M. were unable to overtake it. McCaw was not up to his usual standard, although he did well, and Littler was the biggest single scorer on the floor. Wade was good at defence, and Walsh and Caulfeild showed their best form of the year. There was little to choose between any of the Y.M. players.

The teams:

**Y.M.C.A.**—Centre, Humphrey; defence, Stocks and Duford; forwards, Stoyles and Grime; sub, Hetherington.

**U.B.C.**—Centre, McCaw; defence, Abinovitch and Wade, forwards, Littler and Usher; subs, Walsh, Bouillon, Caulfeild and White.

Referee, R. Lougheed, Sherbrooke.

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**Wrong Guess.**—"What does this mean, sir?" said the boss to his clerk, coming in thirty minutes late.

"It was on account of the awful fog," explained the culprit.

"Fog! Fog!" said the boss, testily. "What has the fog to do with it?"  
You do not live across the bay".

"No sir, I know I don't, but you do, and I thought you'd be late."

Forbes Magazine.

**PERSONNEL OF THE RESIDENT SECOND YEAR**

<b>Name</b>	<b>Nick Name</b>	<b>Favorite Expression</b>	<b>Weakness</b>	<b>Ambition</b>	<b>Hobby</b>	<b>Favorite Fruit</b>
Sherrell	Shag	Oh but Mr. Wheeler	C.O.T.C.	To agree with Orson	Making up Chapels	Wax bean
Bouillon	Soup	Don't be dirty	Talking	To succeed Dempsey	Supps	Sweet pea
Lunan	Doug.	Oh Hi!	Crushes	To love someone more dearly every day	Breaking hearts	Rouge peaches
Keith	Hi	Doug you're impossible	Sleeping	Only to remember	Catching mice	Red cherries
Heron	Cy	My goodness	Stomach	To reduce	Com-plaining	Red plumpkins
Barlow	Dab	How much?	Cane	To be a sheik	Fire sales	Wild oats

## MIRIAM ! !

Girls named Miriam seem to follow a special type. They are invariably tall, slim, fair—they do not bob—but wear their burnished golden hair in regal coronets around their small heads—they have perfect features, and here the similarity ends. Being human, their characters aren't at all the same.

Bruce Ashton, well-known college and fraternity man, knew the Miriam type well, dozens and dozens of Miriams had been entertained within the portals of his fraternity—hundreds of them had been entertained at the college dances. Fair-headed, beautiful Miriams, in pale gowns of the most delicate pastel shades had crossed his path many times within his twenty-six odd years. Oh Yes, he knew the type well, most awfully attractive and all that, but when one Miriam, with her slenderness, her daintiness, her creations in blues (soft blues, midnight blues, baby blues—with gold) has thrown you down, given you the cold shoulder, as it were, says you're too darned amiable and too ready to please, and when another Miriam with her gold hair—her grace, her blue creations, gives you your ring, tells you she'd be bored to death inside of a week, that marriage is not only impossible between you, but the funniest thing she could ever hope to imagine, well, Miriams begin to lose their fascination. Miriams with their gold hair, and their slenderness and their blue gowns. One feels equal to almost anything, except a Miriam—or so Bruce Ashton thought as he brooded over his luck and read and re-read the note which he held in his capable, well-formed hand! It seemed too much like adding and heaping and multiplying insult to injuries, this note, which read so innocently:

“Dear Bruce:-

Now that your college days are over, you DO deserve a rest. Pack up your things, jump on the first train, and come up for a few weeks to our shack in the mountains. I have good swimming, boating, walking, motoring for you—with a really **wonderful** girl named Miriam. You must not disappoint me, I never could keep up with these modern girls, and I shall depend upon you.

Affectionately,

Anne.”

Oh No, Anne wasn't his mother, or his weakly aunt, or his grandmother, she was just a “darned nice girl”—his roommate's older sister, who had mothered him, and sent him fudge, and chicken and week-end boxes ever since his mother, a dear, frail little woman, had been taken from him. And now she was married, he'd have to keep faith with her, of course.

Well then, he would, just for spite and he'd be so rude, so disagreeable, so impossible to the "**wonderful** girl named Miriam" that she would never want to see him again—NEVER.

And so we find him, early in June, gazing out of the window of the train, as it speeds along through the soft green fields, the woods, past beds of daisies and buttercups and devil's paint brush, past little tiny lakes, wondering if, after all, he is making a mistake. As the train pulled up with a jerk at the little mountain station, Bruce braced himself for the meeting—there was Anne but where was the "wonderful Miriam"? Oh well, plenty of time for that!

Anne was just the same dear old girl as ever, comfortable, not too bright, agreeable and intensely human. The ride through the winding mountain roads, the forests of trees, the high overhanging boulders, with the faint aroma of pine, was wonderful. He knew the place well, could picture the little bungalow high up in the hills, near the small lake and the country club. Knew how camplike its appearance, but the comfort and perfect service to be found inside. The change would doubtless do him good, after all there were plenty of books, and then he must settle down to work.

Anne talked on in a steady, low voice from the station to the house—the weather, lovely, they'd have to climb Steeple mountain, she had lost five pounds, the fish were not biting. He listened attentively, Anne was a favourite, and then the inevitable subject—Miriam—"You'll just adore her Bruce, she's the dearest little creature, fair hair, blue eyes, small features, and dresses so becomingly—in blues." It was too humorous, he could have given the description far more vividly himself, Miriams, Miriams and now another Miriam.

At this point they turned into the driveway leading to the bungalow and Anne's voice continued "and there, my dear Bruce, is the lady." There she was, sure enough, sitting on the cool shaded porch, with its chintz covered wicker furniture, its swing hammock, its tea table, at home in her perfect setting—and a true Miriam. Gold hair, wound around a small head, dressed in blue, straight, simple, tailored, sensible, but blue! If Bruce could have run away at that moment he would most certainly have done so.

After his first venture with a Miriam he had sworn to become a confirmed misogynist—it was only that the type was specially attractive for him that he had ever considered Miriam the second. One of the boys had asked him to make a fourth in a dancing party—to meet his girl's friend's friend, and the friend was a Miriam. He had to have someone to take to the dances so he took her, he liked her, and afterwards thought he loved her. She was exquisite, and they drifted on until—well he wasn't going to think of that any more.

And so we find Bruce fortifying himself, as it were, whispering words

of warning to his wary spirit, "Now old Boy, beware—they aren't what you think they are—she has the hair, the eyes, the voice that gets you—treat her rough."

But his manner as Anne introduced her to him was all that is courteous—he talked glibly of the trip up, of the weather, of his need for a holiday. He kept telling himself that he could well afford to wait for a good opportunity—gain her confidence, then hurt her.

Inside of the first day, he could well understand why Anne had called upon him for assistance, small, exquisite as she was, giving the impression of a slim white delicate lily, she seemed truly tireless. She played a good game of tennis, so did Bruce—he remembered his resolution, and instead of playing the gentleman and letting her win the odd set now and then—he drove the balls furiously, and in the end would only win after a hard-fought fight. But she was sportsmanlike through it all—admired his plays, and strove to improve her own game.

Everything was like that—she was a tireless walker, she keenly enjoyed the long tramps and climbs they took to places of interest, a strong swimmer, and an enthusiastic motorist.

At first she was a trifle shy of him—not being too worldly-wise. His abrupt changes, his thoughtfulness and then that abrupt change which would pass over him and leave him cold, almost rude—certainly an unnecessary way to treat another guest. But finally she ascribed it to his nerves—his need of a rest, and after satisfying herself on this account, she fairly blossomed forth mentally—Bruce saw that he had to deal with not only an exquisite creature physically—but with an active mind, whose love of beauty, and of expression was constantly shown in her naively worded sentences—her impulsive actions, her very life.

Her bright intelligence rather put a new note to her type.

This with the intelligent outlook she had towards life rather came as a surprise to Bruce Ashton, B.Sc., true, he had known Miriam the First, and Miriam the Second rather well—they were both clever, but he realized it was more of a surface coating, something into which, if one cared to go deeper, would prove very much like bubbles—beautiful, but not at all durable—something which would break and be forgotten—nothing lasting or that even could be remembered.

But Miriam proved to be an altogether different sort—he delighted in her words—she seemed almost childish at times in her fancies—she talked to him of the pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow, of the golden windows she had always tried to find at sunset, of what a big, wooded forest, a field of clover must seem to all the little gnomes and fairies in their midnight frolics, of the things she could imagine in a clouded sky—foolish things some of them, but with a love of nature behind them and so beautifully expressed

that they held his interest at all times.

Meantime the days flew by—he found it harder and harder to be rude and finally the last evening with a dance at the club was all too soon at hand.

He realized that he had fallen—HARD. She was so dear, so trusting, he couldn't be rough—but he'd have to brace up, it was going to be a real ordeal for him, alright—this last night.

The dance was informal, of course—Miriam wore blue, voile he thought it was, with a white satin slip glimmering through—it showed off to great advantage her gold hair—her skin—white and soft.

They danced the first eight dances together, had their refreshments together—danced the next seven together. Only one more to go—he must be firm, but the night was perfect—the moon huge, the room a trifle warm, she must need some fresh air—they'd have to cool off. Dash it all, why had he suggested it, he felt himself slipping, his arm found a place around her small waist—and then he had said it, the whole thing—even the story of Miriam the First and Miriam the Second.

And she didn't laugh, she didn't turn him down, but told him gently that through meeting them he had learned to love her more.

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## LEGENDS OF THE ST. LAWRENCE

By F. O. CALL.

Almost every old Quebec village has its legend—some marvellous event is handed down from generation to generation. This is especially the case with the villages along the St. Lawrence whose very waters seem to engender the legends that find a home everywhere along its shores. These stories are sometimes bits of history into which some supernatural element has been introduced, or newer versions of old tales brought from France.

I have come upon many such legends that stir the imagination, but none more than those told me by my host in a tiny hotel near the village of Trois Pistoles. This village is perched high upon hills overlooking the majestic waters of the lower St. Lawrence, which is here spoken of only as the sea; for it is entirely salt, and it is many miles across to the mouth of the Saguenay on the opposite shore.

It was Sunday afternoon: the country people were driving in towards the towering domed church. I had just returned from a walk along the crest of the hills. A silver mist overhung the green water, and drifted up so thickly that at times the crosses on the domes of the church were veiled from sight. Blue patches of sky would reveal themselves an instant and then would be obscured by the fog. Beyond the village I had seen a gigantic black cross

rise from a rocky island shore, and stand for a moment as though resting on the waves; then it was enshrouded by the creeping ghostly clouds.

I asked my host the meaning of this cross, for I felt that it was not the usual shrine but that it must have some special significance; and he, settling himself comfortably in his split-bottom chair, lighted his pipe and started to tell me its legend. My host was an imposing old man, with white hair and beard, half sailor and half farmer, but now retired and making a modest living by turning his house into an inn when occasion offered.

"The black cross, monsieur? It has a history—a great history. There has been a cross there on the rocky reef nearly a hundred years. Shall I recount you the story?"

Nothing could please me more; and after several puffs at his pipe during the pause that followed, the old man began his tale.

"It was long ago, monsieur, nearly a century, when Trois Pistoles was not the fine town that you see to-day."

This was said with a little pardonable pride as he looked across the fields to the towers of the great church.

"It was my father who told me this, and he had it from my grandfather who was one of the young men concerned in the story.

"It was the day before Christmas,—*Mon Dieu!* how cold it was! But clear! so clear that one could see the mountains of the north shore rising behind the blue hills that guard the entrance to the Saguenay. The sky had not a cloud. The island where the cross stands looked so near that it seemed as though one could jump across the water and land on the rocks. The snow creaked sharply underneath the feet of the people going up and down the street—for we then had only one street and no side walks at all." I smiled as I recalled the crazy board-walks over which I had just been stumbling.

"But a strange sight presented itself to the people of Trois Pistoles. The sea was not to be seen. Instead one saw big fields of ice—many, many arpents—all along the shore. When the sun was well risen, a large number of inhabitants came out to watch the icefields. And the strange thing was that upon the ice were many small black dots which moved in the sun. The current had brought the floes in close to the shore and thousands of these black spots could be seen. What were they? Seals. In a few hours the whole parish was on the shore watching with greedy eyes the easy booty. For seal-skins were worth something in those days. And our ancestors were of Norman blood and had Norman instincts."

This last phrase was said with a knowing wink to express the cupidity of his forefathers, which, although he admitted it, he felt it would be unseemly to mention.

"All the men of the parish armed themselves with clubs, knives, and axes, or anything else that would serve to take the life of a seal. Then the massacre began. The red blood stained the white floes scarlet, for the poor animals were helpless before their butchers. I believe it was wrong to kill when there was no need. It is well to kill a deer for food, and pigs and calves that one has fed, but all these helpless wild things belonged to the Bon Dieu. You will see that He spoke to the people of Trois Pistoles.

"The butchery went on for hours and the December day was drawing to a close. One began to think of carrying the booty away. But in the excitement the skins and blubber had been piled in confusion upon the ice as best one could. And now the people began to dispute with one another. I think the devil came and made them crazy. Or perhaps so much killing and the sight of so much blood had mounted to their heads. They quarrelled and disputed until darkness came down, and the sky and the river had become the colour of these blouets."

He pointed to a large bowl of blue berries that Madame was carefully picking over, while listening with approval to the story that she had probably heard a hundred times before. Beyond the wide-open window, orange marigolds and red poppies were in bloom nodding against the background of white mist and blue sea.

"It must have been terrible to see the dark forms of the men slipping about the blood-washed ice in their 'bottes sauvages', and the dead seals lying about more than seven hundred of them, like the dead after a battle. My grandfather said that he was very much afraid of something, he knew not what.

"Suddenly a cry like a moan arose from the women who were watching their men from the shore. The wind had changed. It was blowing from the landward, and the floe was slowly drifting from the beach, leaving a widening stretch of black icy water between. Then a cry of despair was heard from the men on the ice: 'Let us save ourselves; the floe drifts out to sea!' Everything abandoned,—sleds, axes, seals— and everyone ran to the side of the ice-field. A few succeeded in swimming across the open space that was every moment becoming wider. But more than two hundred remained. The cries from the shore became more piercing and more heartrending. Hoarse shouts of 'Help! Help!' came out of the darkness that was fast covering the floe. Driven by the wind, it drifted with the current towards the north-east. The crowd on the shore, mad with grief, implored heaven to intervene. Many rushed to the church to pray before the altar. But the priest, stood before the holy building in the light of lanterns which the villagers had brought, and with hands uplifted and face turned towards the sea, he prayed—prayed for a miracle. He implored heaven that the men on the floe might see once more their church tower, their families, and that, after life was over, they might

rest in sacred ground beneath the shadow of the cross. Suddenly he cried: "Kneel my children I am going to give them absolution," and the kneeling crowd sobbed out the response: "Ainsi, soit-il!" After the absolution the curé prayed again, and the despairing echoes were heard to cry out from the floe in one long supplication. Then the echoes died away in the darkness, and the crowd beside the church heard only the beating of the waves on the rocks.

"The moon came up and its light fell across the dark water. It was seen that large pieces of ice had separated from the main field and were drifting with the current. The floe was breaking up. No hope now. All lost!"

My host paused here to see if he had obtained the dramatic effect he expected. The wind had driven the mists away from the sea, and it danced and glittered in the sunlight. Some boys were fishing from the rocks. A small sail-boat lay at anchor, lazily rocking. White gulls wheeled about the black cross and a circle of foam broke on the rocks at its foot. But the very contrast of the peaceful scene, only heightened the dramatic qualities of the tale. My host saw that I was all attention, waiting for the denouement of the drama.

"Now while the curé and the people were praying in unison, suddenly the wind changed. The floe stopped drifting. It seemed to be impelled by some miraculous force, like an unseen hand driving it back towards the shore. Soon a crunching noise was heard, and the floe was hard and fast on the rocks at the very spot where the cross now stands. By nine o'clock everyone was rescued from the reef—les petites Razades—and the whole village went wild with joy. The next day was Christmas. You can imagine that the good people of Trois Pistoles felt very pious that day. The church was filled to overflowing with those who had come to give thanks for the miracle. For it was a miracle, monsieur, and a great one."

The church bells began to ring, and my host arose. "You like my conte? I will tell you another when I come back from Vespers." And with madam following close behind he walked swiftly towards the church, his white beard tossing in the wind.

When my host returned from Vespers he was as good as his word. In fact that peace of mind that follows a duty well done made him more expansive than ever. I had mentioned to him that I was going on down the coast as far as Bic, and this probably influenced his choice.

"I will tell you a legend," he began, that one hears told all along the lower St. Lawrence. It is of the Indian massacre at l'Islet du Bic before the white men came. Is it a true story? I believe it is. I have often seen the cave where the massacre is said to have taken place, and not long ago many bleached bones were found there. These were bones, it is believed of the Micmacs who perished at the hands of their ancient enemies, the Iroquois."

Bleached bones! Micmacs! Iroquois! This sounded interesting. What more could one want, amid that drowsy peacefulness that pervades a French Canadian village on a Sunday afternoon, than to have evoked before one's eyes the "old unhappy far-off things," and especially by a raconteur like mine. The ever-present pipe was lighted, and we were again away to the land of legendary lore.

"It was spring in the neighborhood of Temiscouata. The hunting had been good, and now it was time for the Micmacs to leave the forests and descend to the sea to fish. About fifty families therefore, left their wigwams in the back country and came down to the bay of Bic. This bay is one of the most beautiful along the whole coast, as you shall see. At the water's edge rise the gray cliffs, and far away one sees the outline of blue mountains standing above the darker water. It is beautiful, beautiful!" And the islands! There are several of them far out, but two stand in, very close to the shore. Opposite these islands is a high plateau overlooking the sea. Here the village is built. And here it was that the Indians erected their cabins of birch bark, little dreaming of the fate that was awaiting them.

"One night two young men returned to the encampment, bringing the news that the Iroquois, in returning from a raid into the upper country, had changed their course and were following the trail of the Micmacs. They were but one day's march away. Stealthily when night came down over forest and water, the Iroquois crawled through the darkness close up to the silent wigwams of the Micmacs. But they came in vain. No one was there. The dwellings of bark were empty. In the morning, however, an Iroquois walked along the beach and saw a wisp of smoke curl above a rocky peak on the largest island. He ran back to the camp where the Iroquois warriors lay and uttered the dreaded war-cry. No answering voices came from the island, but the Iroquois were sure that their enemies were hidden there. The tide was low and they went forward over the sand to the island. Then a horrible hand to hand conflict ensued. The Micmacs were fighting for their lives and those of their women and children. This rendered them strong and fierce. They fought the Iroquois until they withdrew, carrying their dead with them. The Micmacs, in the short space of time that intervened, barricaded themselves in the large cave in the side of the island. They piled up fallen logs and small fir-trees—anything to protect them from the enemy. In a few hours, when the tide had gone out again, the Iroquois returned. This time they brought lighted torches with them and set fire to the barricade. Many of the Micmacs perished inside the cave, suffocated by the smoke of the burning fir-trees. Of those that came out not one escaped. Warrior, squaw or papoose it made no difference—all were slain. The scalps were taken from the warriors, and the Iroquois spent the night around huge fires lighted

on the beach, around which they danced and sang songs of victory. The island is still known as l'Islet du Massacre. There are ghosts on the island, and I would not go there at night. "Une bonne conte, hein?" My host shook out his pipe and filled it again.

The next day I continued my journey to Bic and stopped to see the ghost-haunted island. A long gray village occupied the plateau, the distant mountains rose from the dark blue water, as my host had said, and on the beach, washed by the ebbing tide, some boys had lighted a fire and were dancing about it, playing they were Indians. L'Islet du Massacre covered by fir trees was basking in the sun, and at the very mouth of the cave the waves danced and leaped about a crumbling wharf.

On returning to Quebec I made inquiries from a historian as to the truth of the story of the massacre at Bic. I was told that Jacques Cartier mentions in his journal a story told him by one of his Indians about a terrible massacre of Micmacs, which had recently taken place on an island opposite the mouth of the Saguenay.

A historian of the south St. Lawrence, M. Taché—has written of this legend as follows:

"For many years, the story goes, the ghosts of the victims have been seen wandering at night about the island, mingling their cries with the moaning of the sea. Often, too, have been seen on dark nights phantoms carrying pale torches dancing with horrible contortions on the strand. It is in keeping with these traditions that the two capes which guard the entrance of the Bay at Bic have been called Cap Enragé and Cap aux Corbeaux. Only a few years ago the remains of bones of Indians were found in the depth of the cavern. Even to-day the native of the district will hesitate to visit the place after nightfall, when the wind moans through the fir trees and the clefts in the rocks like a soul in torment."

\* \* \*

"What is that stuff you are going to give my husband?" asked the agitated wife.

"An anaesthetic," replied the doctor, "after he has taken it he won't know anything."

"Then don't give it to him," she said, "He doesn't need it."

\* \* \*

A bridal couple, from the country, were having dinner in a Toronto hotel, when the following conversation took place.

Bridegroom:- "Shall I skin you a pertater, honey?"

Bride:- "No, thank you, dearie, I have one already skun."

## Divinity Notes

At the request of the Principal the following review of Professor Vial's book, "Three Measures of Meal" is published for the benefit of the readers of "The Mitre".

In "Three Measures of Meal" Professor Vial, of Bishop's College, Lennoxville, has attempted a task which, as he frankly admits, lies beyond the capacity of any single writer. One may surmise that the impulse which led him to undertake it came from the reconsideration of a very familiar theory of early Christian history — the theory which sees in the growth of Greek theology only the "acute secularisation" of Christianity. Professor Vial has asked himself what it was that really happened when the content of the Gospel came to be thought out in terms of Hellenic theology: and the question has led him on to frame a more general picture of the impact of the Christian "élan vital" upon the world which first received it, and of the complex reactions of the world upon the character of that vital force. He pictures it under the form of one of the Gospel parables: it was the putting of leaven into three measures of meal — into a Jewish, a Greek, and a Roman environment. Consequently, Professor Vial goes on to consider what Judaism was, in itself, what it was coming to at the dawn of the Christian era, what might have become of it if it had been left to itself: and from this he passes on to estimate the character of the transformation which, in fact, it underwent when the new leaven was introduced — the new vitality which its apparently outworn forms took on, the new creative power which emerged from a religion apparently doomed to shrink into a lonely sterility; nor does he ignore the modifications of direction and character which Christianity itself underwent through the reaction upon it of specially Judaistic tendencies. From Judaism the writer goes on to Hellas and Rome, following in the main the same general track of inquiry. There results a sketch, at least, of great historical processes, and an adumbrated solution, at least, of certain large problems. The sketch and the solution are of real interest and value. Professor Vial's writing is terse, strong and full of point and substance: and he has embarked on an inquiry which, it is to be hoped he will carry further. His own admirable introduction indicates many a problem which needs further working out than was possible within the modest limits of the present book. The reader will possibly feel that too much space has been given to prolegomena: it might have been worth while to work out in fuller detail the actual history of Judaising tendencies and their influence upon institutional Christianity, and to inquire more closely how far the Hellenic spirit succeeded in imparting an immoderately intellectual bias to Catholicism: while it is obvious that the third measure of meal, the

Roman, is rather scantily treated. But this is only to say that there is much more to be done. Even at its present stage, Professor Vial's work has been well worth doing: and those who remember what a debt we already owe to Lennoxville will be glad to find that one of Dr. Hamilton's successors has increased, and is likely still further to increase, the message of our obligation.

\* \* \*

### **Bishop's Man Inducted as Rector.**

The Rev. F. J. LeRoy, a graduate of this University, was recently inducted as Rector of the Church of the Good Shepherd, Fairville, N.B. The officiant was the Rt. Rev. John Richardson, Bishop of Fredericton, who celebrated the Holy Communion and also took the service of induction. In accordance with the rite, after having received the keys at the hands of the church warden, the Bishop read to him the various admonitions, exhorting him to be regular in his performances of the offices, sacraments, and other rites of the Church. The sermon was preached by his Lordship and from the text, "I am the Good Shepherd and the Good Shepherd giveth his life for the sheep." (St. John 10: 11.)

Mr. LeRoy was born in France, and received his early education there. For a time he taught in England and then on deciding to enter the ministry he came to Bishop's where he received his L.S.T. in '08. Ordained deacon he was ordained to the priesthood by Bishop Richardson in 1909 in Fredericton. Since then he has held various appointments in that diocese.

He was awarded a very warm welcome to his new charge and in the evening he preached his first sermon as Rector of Fairville, choosing as his text, "For we would see Jesus." (St. John 12: 23.) We wish Mr. LeRoy all success and every happiness in his new post.

\* \* \*

### **THE THEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.**

Two meetings of this Society have been held since the last issue of "The Mitre" appeared. The first on Jan. 19th in the Olde Lodge Common Room, the Rev. Prof. H. Chadwick Burt, M.A. delivering a lecture on "Ancient Beliefs and Superstitions." The lecturer dealt with his subject in a most interesting manner and gave those present a new insight into customs, etc., which are apparently uncouth, but which really have a definite spiritual value. He also dealt with the rise of Spiritism, Spiritualism and Christian Science. The meeting was then thrown open to discussion, and was not adjourned until Compline.

The second meeting was held on Monday, March 9th. Mr. Robert K.

Earls, Arts '25, delivered a very excellent paper on "Predestination". The speaker handled his subject in a very interesting and able manner, and the address was highly enjoyed by all present. A short discussion ensued and the meeting was then adjourned.

\* \* \*

### QUIET DAY.

The second Quiet Day was held for the Divinity men on Thursday, March 6th. The Conductor was the Rev. Father Forde, the Rector of Fort Fairfield, Maine, and a graduate in Divinity of this University.

The first service was Compline said at 10 o'clock on the preceding evening. At 7.45 on Thursday the Holy Eucharist was celebrated, followed by Matins at 10 o'clock, Sext at 12 o'clock and Evensong at 3 p.m. Addresses were given at all these services with the exception, of course, at the Holy Eucharist, by the Conductor on the pastoral work of the parish priest Mr. Forde spoke to the men on the beauty and the joy of the work which lay before them and also of its difficulties. He emphasized the need of strictness in regard to one's daily routine, to make sure that the priest would also be a student, and that he would not be satisfied with what he had got in College. The Conductor also strongly recommended that the future members of the ministry should preach Sunday by Sunday on the subject that the Church in her wisdom had assigned to that day.

At meals a book was read aloud. This time the life of Father Stanton was the choice and it was enjoyed by all. The day closed with the service in the University Chapel at which the Principal, the Rev. A. H. McGreer preached the sermon.

\* \* \*

### MEETINGS

#### The Guild of the Venerable Bede.

A short meeting of the Guild was held in the Anti-Oratory, February 5th. The Rev. the Warden in the chair. A letter from Rev. Goodier of Kirkland Lake was read, and it was decided to hold a service of admission after Compline on February 11th. The Meeting then adjourned.

A second meeting of the Guild was held on March 2nd, a large number being present. These included those recently admitted into membership. It was decided at this meeting to send out the Annual letter to the Bedesmen as soon as possible. It was decided that this letter should contain a directory, giving the names and addresses of all members. A committee of three, the Warden, Rev. H. G. Goodfellow, and G. Holmes were appointed to take the matter in hand. The meeting was then adjourned.

### Service of Admission

The following were admitted into membership in the Guild of the Venerable Bede by the Warden, Rev. F. G. Vial, M.A., B.D., after Compline, Wednesday, Feb. 11th:

D. F. Weegar	Cecil T. Teakle
H. J. Hoyt.	Arthur Pickering
Harold H. Hoyt.	John R. Burrows
Charles Glover	James S. K. Tyrrell
Alfred S. Le Moignan.	H. Weston Parry

\* \* \*

### THE DEAN OF QUEBEC.

We take this opportunity to extend our congratulations to Rev. Dr. L. R. Sherman upon his appointment to the Deanery of Quebec. Dr. Sherman is a graduate of Bishop's College. Having taken an L.S.T. here.

\* \* \*

### Divinity House vs. Co-eds.

On Friday, Feb 27th a large crowd of spectators, half drunk, with excitement and mirth watched the "Shedites" hockey team go down to defeat at the hands of the Co-eds, when playing their annual game of hockey, by a score of 9 to 5.

The event was probably one of the most picturesque of its kind in the history of the University, the Divinity team appearing on the ice for the most part in rugby uniforms, to which had been added, as a touch of respectability, clerical collars and parson's hats.

The Co-eds secured their first goal when M. Matthews dashed through the Shedite's defence before they realized that the game had commenced, and shot the puck past Glover who was adjusting his monocle at the moment, and so had no time to spare for keeping the puck out of his net. McMann now made a heroic effort to even up the score but after due consideration he passed the puck to Teakle and sat down to plan his mode of campaign for the future. Teakle removed three or four vests and then with a dazzling display of speed and fancy skating evened the score.

The Co-eds now resolved to assert their superiority, concentrated all their efforts on the "Shed" goal and E. Barraclough outskating McMann, Pickering, and House, shot the puck once more into the net. The play for the next few rounds remained in the neighborhood of the Divinity goal and the shots came so thick and fast that Glover reversed the net and took refuge

behind it. But even this did not prevent the Co-eds from scoring, and things began to look very black for the Shed. It was about this time that the referee, Roach, placed the "Shedites" under an eternal debt of gratitude to him for assisting McMann from point to point as the play shifted, and thus upholding the dignity of the Church.

Teakle now got into action again and passed the puck to Hoyt Sr. who made a beautiful shot which seemed literally to dismount Teakle. Be this as it may the fact remains that both his skates came off, and he was compelled to finish the game without them.

Just before the final whistle Hoyt Sr. overcome with grief at the turn affairs had taken, sank more or less gracefully to the ice and was borne off in triumph on the snow shovel by Tyrrell who acted as Doctor of Divinity throughout the game.

\* \* \*

A parliamentary candidate is asked to stand, he wants to sit, and is expected to lie.

\* \* \*

Prof:- "What does this formula represent?"

Student: thinking hard- "It's just on the tip of my tongue."

Prof:- "Well spit it out! It's arsenic!"

\* \* \*

It was Archbishop Magee who was credited with the well known saying, when a waiter spilled hot soup down his neck: "Is there any layman present who will kindly express my feelings?"

\* \* \*

The strangest, yet most common attempt at fire insurance consists of five cents dropped on the collection plate every Sunday.

\* \* \*

A.—"Poor old Bill was egged on to matrimony."

B.—"And it's to be hoped the yoke will sit easy."

## Co-ed's Corner.

### BRONZE.

The flood was rising. All along the banks of the Nile, the busy husbandmen were herding together their cows, pigs, goats, antelopes, and sheep amid great commotion. Ducks, geese, and pigeons were screaming their loudest and flying from the surging waters underfoot. Mingled with a thousand barnyard voices were the shouts of the desperate farmers hastening to shut their clamouring animals into the long barns and to snatch a few last melons and radishes from the river's greedy fingers. Even the boatmen were hurrying ashore to relieve the yoked oxen who pulled their barges.

On board one of these shore-bound boats stood a tall, sinewy young Egyptian frankly annoyed at the delay, but nevertheless dutifully humming a hymn to the Nile—

"If thou hast refused to grant nourishment  
The dwelling is silent, devoid of all that is good,  
The Country falls exhausted.  
Come and prosper, O Nile!"

The barge on which he was riding stopped at a city wharf, and all the passengers scrambled over the sunken planks to higher land. The young man found a tavern where he was soon sitting in a low arm chair, sipping palm brandy, which was offered by a pretty maid servant, and listening with several other travellers to the tales of a professional story teller. When asked by his friends to tell about himself, he declined to say more than that his name was Hokies and that he was returning from the Oracle of Teto at Buto.

That night Hokies lay awake tossing on his bed of rushes, thinking about the mission on which he had been sent. He even rolled over too far and woke the man next to him who snorted and uttered threatening oaths. Hokies withdrew to his own mat and tried to sleep again. A moist river breeze brought with it a swarm of buzzing gnats. He could not sleep, so he began a review of the events of the past three months. Would he ever forget them? "Psammetichos, one of the twelve kings of Egypt had been deposed by the other eleven for innocently pouring libation from his bronze helmet at the close of sacrifice when the chief priest had miscalculated and brought only eleven golden goblets. When the ceremony to Hephaestos was completed, the kings had held counsel, and being mindful of a former prophecy that he should rule who poured libation from a bronze cup, they decided to be rid of Psammetichos. Now he was pining in the fen country, sick at heart and impatiently awaiting word from the Oracle of Teto which

should tell him whether he might seek revenge or not. Hokies was proud—exceeding proud—that he had been sent on the king's message. He had visited the Temple of Teto near the great lake where the goddess had preserved Opollo on the floating island Chemmis; and now he was nearing the marsh land to which the king had been exiled far from news of conditions at home. He wondered whether the king would be pleased with the answer, and with ever drowsier thought Hokies fell into a deep dreamless slumber.

A week later, by night, Hokies entered the disproportionately large gateway of the king's court yard. A few smoking lamps indicated where household officials were playing a last game of disc before retiring. Hokies called to one of them and together they retreated to the huge black garden in which stood the king's house of rough hewn stone. After Hokies had changed his soiled attire for a fresh white linen tunic, the official led him to the king's chamber.

Psammetichos was reclining on a gilded couch which was covered by a panther skin. His clean shaved face showed a muddy brown in the lamplight, while a huge fan wielded by an Ethiopian slave merged it now in light, now in shadow. The shining of his black bobbed hair, the sparkling of his wide jewelled collar, the shimmering of a silken belt, and the gleaming of great bracelets upon his powerful brown limbs made him a dazzling sight. When Hokies bowed he lifted a negligent hand, but after the servants had retired he became suddenly eager and demanded news.

"O king, I reached the Temple of Buto on the twelfth day of the second month. The goddess was most gracious in giving me answer before sundown of the next day."

"Yes, yes", impatiently. "What did she say?"

"Here, O, king is the Oracle's word," and Hokies read from a papyrus roll hieroglyphed in red and blue—"Vengeance will come when men of bronze appear from the sea."

Psammetichos was disappointed. He turned aside his haggard countenance, then clapped his hands.

The servants reappeared and, at the king's command, brought wine and fruit juices. As they sipped the enervating liquids, Hokies standing beside the king ventured the theory that the Oracle had surely told the truth. But Psammetichos did not believe the goddess' words and he launched upon a long list of complaints.

"O, this fen country with its muddy waters and little insects! All day long I have tried to find amusement by fishing and hunting wild fowl on the Nile, by crocodile baiting and chariot racing, but nothing pleases me. When I recall the treachery of my fellow kings, my heart turns sick within me. I have feasted on choice meats and spiced dainties but I have no appetite. At night I cannot sleep for the hum of the gnats above my net, and the musty odor of the river. O, Teto, thou hast surely deceived me in thy Oracle.

Never have there been men of bronze—”

Hokies tried to console his noble master but was sharply dismissed for his pains. In dejection he returned to his own room and spent the night in unhappy meditation on the misfortune of being a king's favorite.

One day when the king had returned from an unsuccessful hunting trip and was disconsolately drinking lime juice on the veranda, a traveller was announced. Psammetichos sat up with interest as he viewed the weary figure who approached.

“O, Beka, how hast thou escaped the corn district of Egypt to come to this fen land?”

“I have glad tidings for thee, my king,” announced Beka, as he prostrated himself before the royal couch. “Men have appeared from the sea with bronze armour. Egypt is torn with terror and the eleven kings know not what to do. I have had speech with the leader of these men, and he says they come from Hellas. They are a fair and warrior-like band numbering close to thirty thousand.”

When Beka had been feasted, and long consultations had taken place with Hokies, who was once more in favor, and the King's chief stewards in attendance, at length the Egyptian departed. Then followed long days of preparation for war with the eleven kings, tributaries to Assyria: while by night came many couriers under cover of darkness to the house in the distant marsh country. The district of Sais rallied to the support of Psammetichos; in addition his friends secretly stirred other sections of Egypt to revolt. The Greek warriors also pledged their allegiance to the man who was to be the liberator of Egypt.

At length all was ready, and Psammetichos' army moved to meet the Assyrian hordes and the bands of the eleven kings. On and on they moved—host of fair Hellenes with gleaming bronze shields and helmets and spears, Egyptian legions of heavy armed soldiers and archers, companies of Sardinian swordsmen, and troops of brown bearded Arab horsemen armed with lances and arrows. At the head of the army with the eager Hokies as charioteer, close behind the standard bearers rode Psammetichos in his regal chariot with its guard of roaring war lions. On, on to battle—to-morrow tells the tale.

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It was in Sais. The handsome Egyptian was seated beneath a gay striped canopy on the roof of the king's palace. Beside him was a sweet faced woman, and on his knee a chubby miniature of himself. As they watched the fading sunset glow the man finished a tale which he had been reciting.

“Oh, yes, my Nefert, I was only a youth then. But well do I remember

the raging battle and the skill of the Hellenes. Since that day Psammetichos has given them Naucratis for a city. Now thou canst see how true were the words of the Oracle. All Egypt is at peace, with my master as king—"And mine as his vice-regent", supplemented Nefert.

\* \* \*

### CO-EDS' ACTIVITIES.

On the fourth of December, after our victorious game with Stanstead College, Mrs. Hatcher entertained the basket-ball team (and spares) at tea. A dozen of us were thus included and we had a fine time—especially telling fortunes from our tea-cups.

On December the eighteenth, Mrs. Boothroyd consoled we Co-eds for our hard week of exam writing by asking us all to tea. We had loads of fun dancing and playing "ping-pong". Some day after much hard practice (or is it gentle?) we hope to be able to play that noble game.

\* \* \*

### THE HOUSING PROBLEM

The question of a ladies' residence has been discussed by both co-eds and graduates for several years. We have the opinions of two co-eds on this subject, and thought them worth publishing.

### FOR

The Co-eds of Bishop's College need a dormitory. From every phase of the question this necessity becomes more evident. In the first place, parents want the assurance that their daughters have a proper place to stay under friendly supervision. It is very inconvenient, and a great waste of time to look for suitable homes in which the girls may board, especially when one realizes that fourteen of the thirty-one Co-eds here are boarding in Lennoxville. Most of them are very young and their parents have to leave them in a strange place among strangers with no assurance that they are being watched over.

As everybody says who has ever been to College, half the advantage of a University course lies in the dormitory life. The friends and companions made, the tests of character in living with people of opposite temperament and the general advantage of learning about other people are often of more practical value than the courses themselves.

Even from the standpoint of day-students a residence would be of great value. Nearly every day there are lectures in the afternoon which the Co-eds must attend. It is impossible for several of them to go home at noon, so they

take a cold lunch and eat it in the Common Room. There is no opportunity for them to get their meals at the College, and the long noon hour is not very profitably spent in loitering about the streets of Lennoxville. When there are dances the out of town girls have to leave early or know that they are causing the expense of a taxi to their partners. A residence where the girls might share the rooms of their friends would be a great convenience.

Of course people say that Bishop's was not intended to be a co-educational College, never-the-less it is one. Here we are in the twentieth century, and women are begrudged an education. Bishop's is called the "Canadian Oxford", but Oxford has houses for its women students. All over the United States and Canada the most influential, well attended colleges have dormitories for their Co-eds. Bishop's does not say much, but when any word falls it is to the effect that a Co-ed's residence would cost too much, and women aren't wanted any way. Bishop's has none too many students whether men or women, and since it needs more students, and there are so many girls in Eastern Canada who want a moderately priced college, isn't it evident that a residence for them would bring them to Bishop's? Bishop's will never get any more women students until it can assure them proper housing. Not everyone can afford to go to McGill and there are many young women who would come to Bishop's instead if it were not for this one defect.

Of course we know that there would be a great expense attached to this enterprise—say from one to ten thousand dollars. But here is another fact. The majority of the Alumnae who pledged for the campaign stinted their pledges because there was no provision made for a women's residence. This may be said to be unsportsmanlike. But do you blame them for not wanting to waste their money on a project for the education of men only? Of course the girls benefit a little, but it is only too evident that every cent that they pay for tuition is so much profit, since the same lectures would have to be given if there were only men attending.

There's my argument—don't you get the point?—Dormitory—more Co-eds—more profit. Co-ed I.

### AGAINST.

At the present time I see no need whatever for a ladies' residence. We have thirty-one Co-eds at Bishop's this year and of those seventeen live at home. We can hardly expect the College to go to the expense of building and equipping a house for fourteen students. Bishop's was not intended for a Co-educational college, and to make it suitable for ladies would be an enormous expense. If they should get a building for us they would do away with the day-students and make it compulsory for students to be in residence. The co-eds who live in Sherbrooke and Lennoxville come to Bishop's primarily because while doing so they can get their college course

and still live at home. If they could not do this they would probably go to some other college. A great many more ladies go to McGill than the Royal Victoria College can accommodate; surely then they don't go for the dormitory life. They want something more than a good time, they want an education, and any girl who cares more for "boarding school life" than she does for her course doesn't deserve a degree.

Being in residence has its advantages and disadvantages. Only those who have never tried it think it to be an ideal state. Do you know that the girls at Macdonald are not allowed out after seven o'clock during the winter? How would you like that, Co-eds? I don't believe the rules would be any less strict here. Another thing—if you don't like your boarding place you can always change it, but if you're living at the College you have to put up with it whether you like it or not. There is always the argument that those co-eds who are boarding in the Village have no one to look after them. If they still need "looking after" when they are old enough to come to college I'm afraid they're hopeless and all the chaperones in the world won't help them.

Bishop's needs so very many things more than it needs a residence for us that I think it would be wiser to get the things we need now rather than a building which we may possibly need at some future date. When we have better equipment we will have more Co-eds, and when we have more Co-eds then there will be time to get a building to accommodate them. I admit that those of us who are here now are missing something from our college life in not being able to live with the other Co-eds. But we have so many advantages here which other colleges cannot offer that we ought to be willing to give up some things for them.

We don't need a ladies' residence. At present it would be superfluous. Perhaps in about twenty-five years I will take a different view of the question, but at present I think we're awfully comfortable as we are.

Co-ed II.

\* \* \*

To acknowledge you were wrong yesterday, is but to let the world know that you are wiser to-day than you were then.

\* \* \*

It is reported that several German marks have been found floating in the Styx.

\* \* \*

Character always toboggans down the hypotenuse of a sex-triangle.

## Literary and Debating Society

The Society regrets the fact that Mr. Sherrell, the former president, felt himself compelled to resign owing to pressure of other work. We are exceedingly glad to welcome Mr. Keith as the new president and trust that under his guiding hand the society will go forward with even greater energy than ever.

Continuing our résumé of this society, "The House" is in favor of co-education, has decided that war is not a necessary evil, believes that the pen is mightier than the sword and considers that the United States should not cancel the war debts owed to her by the Allies. All of which goes to show that the men are capable of debating on any subject under the sun and are ready to express their opinions either audibly or by silent vote on any matter that is brought to their attention.

The Inter-University debates were particularly interesting this year, Ottawa College debating here, and our men debating against Loyola, in each case the home team won by a vote of two to one by the judges.

In the Inter Faculty debates the contests have been keen. In the first round the Arts Faculty took the affirmative "Resolved that all languages other than the vernacular should be made compulsory," and won by  $5\frac{1}{2}$  points. The second debate "Resolved that a Government embargo be placed on the export of pulpwood from Canada," was again won by the affirmative which in this case was the Divinity Faculty and the lead of the Arts Faculty was reduced to  $3\frac{1}{8}$  points. In the final debate—"Resolved that the present system of Trade Unionism in Canada is in the best interests of industry". the negative (Arts) won by  $4\frac{1}{2}$  points. Thus the Arts Faculty for the third successive year have won the Cup, this time by a total of 7%.

The Society is much indebted to the kindness and generosity of Alderman A. C. Skinner of Sherbrooke in presenting prizes to the three men holding the highest averages in points for the year. Out of a possible 20 points Mr. Roach of Arts took the first prize with an average of 15%. while Messrs. Glover and Teakle took second and third prizes with an average of  $13\frac{1}{2}$  and  $13\frac{3}{8}$  respectively.

The thanks of the Society are also due to the Judges who have so kindly officiated at the various debates.

It is not anticipated that there will be any public debating next term as examinations will be drawing near, but the Society can congratulate itself

on a very successful year. It is extremely interesting to note with what force and lucidity men are able to express themselves at various impromptu student meetings; we have several budding orators, politicians and other public speakers of great promise in our midst and the outlook for the future is very bright.

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### **The Imperial Conference of Students.**

A publication of great interest to all students of Universities and University Colleges of Canada recently arrived. It contains a very interesting account of the Imperial Conference of Students held last year in England. Its plans deal chiefly with the formation of a Union of Students in each Dominion and Commonwealth of the Empire, subsequently an International Union of Students representative of every country of the Empire and finally the organization of a representative body of every nation and tongue in the world.

The Conference at which were represented students of Great Britain and Ireland, Australia, Canada, England, Hong-Kong, India, New Zealand, South Africa and Trinidad, lasted some thirteen days. Full conferences met on the last two days only when reports from various commissions were received.

The report of greatest interest to Canadian students was submitted by Messrs. J. A. Dunlop and E. A. Beecroft, the official delegation from Canada.

It may be summed up as follows:-

The Delegation though unanimously convinced of the desirability of such a union realized that under present conditions, lack of interest, and the fact that such a project has never before been brought before Canadian students, that little hope can be held out for the immediate formation of such a union. But realizing also the immense good that would accrue and the wider outlook that such a union would make possible, the Delegation thought that if the importance of this matter could be brought to the attention of the Student Body of Canada the formation of such a union would be well within the bounds of possibility.

The only existing representative bodies of the entire student opinion being the various Student Councils it was felt that through these must such an organization be convened.

Briefly stated the objects of forming a national union uniting the University students in the Dominion are as follows:-

To represent the students from a national and international point of view.

To develop a spirit of unity amongst students and so encourage them to take a more active part in the public and social affairs of the country.

To voice student opinion.

To provide means of co-operation between the students of the country and the University students within the British Commonwealth of Nations.

To enable students of the Country to be represented on the Confédération Internationale des Etudiantes so that by meetings and discussions, understanding may be advanced and a spirit of friendship established.

\* \* \*

### COMMERCIAL AVIATION

To appreciate properly the present state of Commercial Aviation, one should first know something of its history.

Aviation is the science which deals only with the flight of heavier than air machines, and should be distinguished from airships, which are lighter than air machines.

The history of aviation is very interesting and often not a little amusing. The ancient Greeks and Romans and peoples of the Middle Ages confined their efforts to flying by man-power. There are many records and drawings of men fastening large wings to their arms and legs and trying to fly.

In 1783 the public mind was almost entirely occupied by Aerostation (the science of lighter than air machines.)

Nothing of any note was done, however, until the 19th century. Early in this century Sir George Cayley outlined in a vague and general way the principles to be observed in constructing and flying an aeroplane. Cayley, himself, never built a model aeroplane, but some years later in 1848, other scientists, following out his ideas, built a model which bears a striking resemblance to a type much used between the years 1908 and 1912.

In 1872 Revard used rubber bands to fly a model of his own construction. This was an important advance in its way, for the study of the flight of models, is very useful in modern research. Later came the Hargreaves box kite and important experiments by its use were carried on by Otto Lilienthas. There were many other important experiments carried on about this time but they cannot all be described here.

The year 1903 starts a new era in aviation. In this year the Wright Brothers conducted their first flights. In France at this time, there were men, who, while not believing the Wright claims, were working on somewhat the same lines. As result, in 1906 Santos Dumont was able to fly two hundred and thirty-five yards in twenty-one and one-third seconds. His speed was about twenty-five miles an hour. Officially he was the first man

to fly in a heavier than air machine.

The year 1907 is a notable one, because it marks the entrance into aviation of many men who are now prominent. Also the public began to take greater interest in this new branch of science. Progress during the next four years was striking, and records were constantly being made and broken. In 1914 came the Great War, and it did more to develop aviation than anything heretofore.

Naturally enough some things learned during the war are not applicable to commercial aviation, but many others can be so applied. The first change was to increase speed, then the time the machine could stay in the air, and eventually the size of machines increased. Now great efforts are being made to reduce the cost of transportation which has certainly not reached its minimum. One of the most important uses of aeroplanes is the transportation of mail, passengers and freight. Another use to which aeroplanes are being put, and which use is of special interest to Canada is in the patrolling of forest areas.

This has been tried with success in all forests having large tracts of timber. Closely allied to this work is aerial photography which photographs are of two-fold advantage, namely to estimate the amount of timber in an area, and to advertise the section of country. Two novel uses of airships come to mind here, the first being the art of producing rain by throwing electrified sand into the clouds and secondly that of scattering poison on a large area for the destruction of pests and insects, both uses have proven very effective.

Aeroplane transportation is ahead of rail transportation because it is more rapid and the rate of insurance on valuable cargoes is only one-third as great.

Contrary to public belief it costs less to ship goods by air. Just a short time ago prices were so reduced as to make the charges less than other transportation. Taking everything into consideration the price of transporting a passenger works out to about the same figure. These prices, of course, apply to the routes from London, such as the London - Paris, London - Brussels and others.

The probable advances in future are increases in speed and size of the planes, the reduction of the cost, and possibly radical change of design.

The thing most needed now is public confidence and a code of aviation laws similiar to those existing between France and Britain. Present laws are inadequate.

Generally speaking, the future of aviation looks very promising, and with the changes which will come there is no reason why Canada should not take a high rank in the standing of the nations, both in civil and military aviation.

## De Alumnis

"Our fathers in a wondrous age  
 Ere yet the earth was small.  
 Insured to us an heritage  
 And doubted not at all—  
 That we the children of their heart  
 Which then did beat so high.  
 In later time should play like part  
 For our posterity."

Bishop's men go out to play their part in the world!

\* \* \*

### **Mr. H. H. Morris, B.A. of Bishop's College, 1871, retires from Banking.**

Quite the outstanding event in the banking world is the retirement of Mr. H. H. Morris as Superintendent of Pacific Coast branches for the Canadian Bank of Commerce, and the appointment of Mr. Mayne D. Hamilton as his successor. While the retirement of Mr. Morris has been on the tapis for some time and his request for relinquishment of his duties has been at head office for several years, the actual announcement comes with a sense of regret to a host of business associates and personal friends, and yet with the fullest of good wishes for the keenest enjoyment in his period of retirement during his declining years. Mr. Morris has touched the 71st milestone. He has a rugged constitution and the best of good health, so that he and his friends can look forward with confidence to his enjoying a prolonged Indian summer.

\* \* \*

**Mr. E. R. Bell**, B.A. of Bishop's 1922-23 is studying medicine at McGill, and is a member of Nu Sigma fraternity—where he recently entertained Mr. J. Walsh and Mr. R. K. Earls.

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**Mr. C. Savage** is studying law at Toronto University and is connected with one of Toronto's large law firms.

\* \* \*

**Messrs. G. Almond and Alfred West** are studying law at McGill.

\* \* \*

**Mr. Donald McQueen** — prominent in Dramatic and Debating circles is doing splendid missionary work in the Canadian West. The W.A. of the

College is to be congratulated on the splendid way it is assisting this graduate of Bishop's.

\* \* \*

**"Doc" Johnston** is putting in good work teaching the children of his home town "Cookshire" — Its hard to imagine "Doc" a principal — but we wish him continued success.

\* \* \*

**Mr. Jack Parsons** who was in "prep" three years ago is amusing himself in N.Y. and Greenwich Village, having grown tired of his work with the Famous players Lasky Corp.

\* \* \*

**Mr. Wm. Coulson** is wrestling with figures for the "Sun Life Assurance Company in Regina, Sask."

\* \* \*

**Mr. Roy Petrie** is superintending a bakery for his father "somewhere in Newfoundland". Trust Roy to keep things hot.

\* \* \*

The Mitre extends its best wishes to all those who have gone out from Bishop's — we are always glad to hear of their success.

\* \* \*

Wedding guests are conspicuous, not by their absence, but by their presents.

\* \* \*

Did you know that the nearest living relative of Geo. Washington is engaged in manufacturing lyes?

\* \* \*

Of all nations, the most warlike is Vacca Nation because, till recently, it was always in arms.

# EXCHANGE



“Where there is no vision the people perish” and where there is no vision the College publication perishes. It has been the pleasant duty of the Exchange to read, mark, and enjoy this year many magazines. Even those in which the editorial policy has been narrowed to a mere recital and review of events, have, perhaps, served some purpose; but what a mean function has this been compared to that of those publications whose editors had the foresight to plan a magazine that should mold the thought of the student body, guide popular fancy, thoughtfully sound praises when worth merited it and carefully refrain from doing so when this was not the case. These publications were worth the trouble. This was not Love’s Labours Lost.

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### A brilliant Alumnus— R. E. Howe.

The busy man has tasks heaped upon him, and Mr. Howe has had his full share. He was editor of “The Teachers’ Magazine” for two years; organized the Quebec section of the Canadian Teachers’ Federation trip to Victoria; and is at present Vice-President of the Federation, and President of the P.A.P.T. In spite of these activities he finds time to identify himself with the affairs of the University of Bishop’s College, his Alma Mater; and as a member of corporation he takes a warm interest in whatever pertains to its welfare.

The Teachers’ Magazine.

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### “THAT IRISH QUESTION”

Honourable mention is due to any college publication that will turn its mind away from nigger jokes originated by Ham’s brethren, and self-congratulatory athletic criticisms, and venture to study, if only for a moment,

contemporary events and issues. A magazine, too, that will tackle such problems as the Irish question, and do so with a comparatively unbiassed mind, is a pearl beyond price

The writer of the article hits the key-note of the problem by reference to the "deplorable ignorance of Irish history". A lack of knowledge of land tenure under the Irish sept system has been at the root of all Agrarian trouble in Ireland.

Another point deserving attention is brought out by the statement that "The majority of the clergy have been enthusiastic Sinn Feiners because they are in closer touch with the people. It is all too common to regard the Irish as blindly following individual leaders or the orders of the hierarchy. In reality the priests and statemen only represent the current of popular opinion. Outsiders talk and think of Cosgrave, Craig and DeValera as men directing the masses. It would be more accurate to regard them as sign posts along the road, pointing out whither popular opinion turns. The Irish people are not priest ridden or cheated by unscrupulous politicians more than the people of any other democracy.

There are at the present time 4 great divisions of Irish opinion. There is the party which wishes to return to Union with England, a small minority of Ulstermen, whose opinion is probably best represented by Sir James Craig, the Ulster Premier. There is the party which wishes to maintain the "status quo" and is contented with the present state of affairs. They are a doubtful quantity, and their spokesmen, President Cosgrave and Keerin O'Higgins, are suspected by many of a desire to sit on the fence. There is the party, shown by Richard Mulcahy among the living and by Michael Collins and Arthur Griffiths among those who have passed beyond the struggle, who are ready to accept the Free State as a stepping stone to fuller freedom. And lastly there is that group represented by Eamon de Valera, Dan Breen and the late Erskine Childers, who wish for immediate and complete independence.

The last two parties are numerically and intellectually superior, and on the day that they sink their differences and combine, Ireland will be advanced far on the road to the solution of that Irish problem.

Trinity Hall Review.

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The educated man is a man with certain subtle, spiritual qualities which make him calm in adversity, happy when alone, just in his dealings, rational and sane in the fullest meaning of that word in all the affairs of his life.

McGill Daily.

The very disconcerting, if not actually immoral proposition that goodness and cleverness are somehow incompatible, that they have separated, are no longer living together, and will shortly obtain a divorce, seems to have amounted almost to an obsession among the Victorian writers—

Even to day, many people are convinced that Bernard Shaw's plays cannot be good because they are clever, although Saint Joan has lately come as a great shock to them. The time is coming, however, when the artificial gulf between the good and the clever will be overcome, when it will be realized that nothing can be clever unless it is also good, and nothing good that is not clever. Then dullness and evil will be banished from the earth. Sermons will be bright and witty and listening to them a cheerful intellectual exercise rather than a pious soporific. Instead of crying "Be good, sweet maid" poets will sing, "Be clever, dear, and then you can't go wrong!" Indeed, even now no one thinks it very clever to go wrong.

McGill Daily Literary Supplements.

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### CHURCH MUSIC.

There is no doubt that music, that is to say strict liturgical music, is an immense aid to devotion. To the few who say that an elaborate musical service distracts rather than aids devotion, I answer that either the particular music to which they are accustomed is not in accordance with the true spirit of Church music is too secular and operatic to be devotional, or else their own souls are not responsive to the wonderful influence of music.

The true music of the Church is the Gregorian or Plain-Song Chant. Up to the present time it is the only music definitely ordered (by any recognised authority) in the Church of England.

Those who do not know often accuse the Gregorian Chant of being dry and unmusical. But if they hold that opinion they are in opposition to the greatest musicians. Halevy considers the chant to be "the most beautiful religious melody that exists on earth;" the great Mozart declared that he would gladly exchange all his music for the fame of having composed the Gregorian Preface; Berlioz went so far as to say that "nothing in the realm of music can be compared with the effect of the Gregorian Dies Irae;" and Gervaeers said that "the chief characteristic of the same chant is that it never grows stale, as if Time had no power over it."

Trinity University Review.

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### THE ECLIPSE (As it was anticipated)

"Day turned into semi-darkness! A sun blotted out by the moon! A black disc in the sky edged with a streaming, pearly halo of unearthly beauty! Eerie light chasing weird shade over the walls of buildings! A great

belt of shadow rushing to engulf cities at a speed of more than a mile a second! Stars shining in the daytime!" The morning newspaper predicts a total eclipse of the sun on January 24th. It is a mote to trouble the mind's eye, precursory of fierce events as harbingers preceding still the fates and prologue to the omen coming on? "These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us; though the wisdom of nature can reason it thus and thus, yet nature finds itself scourged by the sequent events: love cools, friendship falls off: brothers divide: in cities, mutinies: in countries, discord." Woolworth's anticipate a run on rabbits' feet.

McMaster University Monthly.

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### NOTRE DAME CATHEDRAL.

No trip to Paris is complete without a visit to Notre-Dame Cathedral and the Eiffel tower, the former in many respects unsurpassed by any Gothic building in Europe, and the latter, the highest structure in the world. What could be more impressive than the vast front of the famous cathedral, surmounted by two square towers, and profusely ornamented with carving of the highest possible quality? As we climbed inside the huge bell, made familiar by Victor Hugo's novel, the thought of the 13 ton structure falling on us, and the probability that in such a case the 5 ton clapper would crush our hats, caused us to change our position immediately.

The view obtainable from the tower of Notre-Dame is extremely fine, and after one climbs the winding stone stairs leading to the summit, he concludes that he must be on a very high building, but on reaching the Eiffel tower, which is 200 feet higher than its nearest rival, the Woolworth building, the towers of the cathedral don't appear quite so lofty. The ascent is made by elevator and the view from the top which is 980 feet from the ground is most wonderful, especially on a clear day, when Paris looks like a map, the river Seine like a silver ribbon and the country within a radius of 50 miles is clearly visible.

T.U.R.

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### Twixt the Devil and the deep blue sea.

Once upon a time there was a very nice Young Man who was in love—in love with two girls. In those days when two could live almost as cheaply as one it was quite the ordinary thing to be in love but it became quite a different matter when there were two objects of one's affections. So well had the Young Man handled the situation that Phyllis knew nothing of Gloria, and Gloria had never even heard of Phyllis, but his own happiness was spoiled by worrying about which one to choose. Each had her charms and, quite

naturally, her faults; Phyllis had a wonderful personality but had bad ankles, and Gloria was beautiful but didn't do her hair nicely. So, not being able to decide, he took the sensible course of letting the matter rest for a while. Then suddenly a third appeared surrounded by an atmosphere of wild flowers and delicately shaded by a mass of golden hair. The inevitable happened—especially as it was springtime—and the Young Man forgot all about his former loves in a wild infatuation for Lucy. All went well until he found out that she didn't know how to make cake. Here he was with three girls on his hands and not one of them perfect! The only thing to do under the circumstances was to wait awhile and think the matter over carefully.

Time has passed. Phyllis has been for many years the wife of a prominent lawyer; Gloria is the proud mother of six chubby little children, and Lucy is her husband's greatest inspiration in his nationwide, wholesale grocery business. The one-time Young Man keeps a valet and a canary in a tastefully furnished apartment uptown. Sometimes he stops to wonder just a little.

T.U.R.

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### YOUTH — S. P. Griffin.

But who can understand youth? Least of all can youth itself. For youth is so fluvional that it is quite self-contradictory. Now it is as intolerant as the most arbitrary despot, and again as liberal as the most advanced and kindly anarchist. Now it is fiercely revolutionary and again as fiercely conservative. But whatever it is youth is not thoughtless. Its thoughts may not have the sequence of the thoughts of middle age but they make up for that in intensity, and cause a more furious turmoil in feelings as yet unblunted, uncalloused by the constant galling of disappointment and the wear of disillusion. And because youth's material world is so much more limited than that of middle age its reactions to mental stimuli are so much the more vivid.

To its elders youth is always frivolous, per chance because it does not regard the universe with acute concern, because it refuses to believe the universe is hopelessly inimical, because it persists in assuming that even without its careful attention the world will swim along somehow. Far from being more frivolous than its predecessors the younger generation of the moment is probably more serious. The shocks that have recently rocked the world and whose vibrations are still pulsing, the disquieting impacts of modern science, the restless surgings in the minds of men, these have not failed to leave the mind of our day's youth quiveringly excited as seldom before to find the meaning of this passing show of human life and cosmic action. In fact, youth now knits its brow, and this hurts.

Trinity University Review.

“Now that Physical Science has replaced the Classics as the chief study of the educated, and the mind of the ‘plain people’ that used to be soaked in the Bible and very little else, is soaked in the voluminous journals, magazines, novels, short stories and the cinema, where are we to look for a great humanizing process that will take the place of the work done in the past by the Classics and the Bible?” This is the question that G. M. Trevelyan asks in a brilliant article in the Yale Review; and here is his answer: to the study of English Literature and History. Literature, which can “make the dead live, and record the manifold adventures of the spirit man”; History, which can enthrall the imagination, and educate the mind.”

McMaster University Monthly.

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### RONDEAU

By Roger Cragg.

Come on and laugh! The world's a joke  
 And if a little fun we poke  
 At all things stupid and sedate  
 We earn a better deal from fate  
 And make our troubles end in smoke.

Come on! It's Spring so drop your cloak  
 Of dignity, and so revoke  
 Your vow to live in solemn state—

Come on and laugh!

Come! laugh, nor heed the dismal croak  
 Of those who bear dull Reason's yoke.  
 Let learned fools their wisdom prate  
 In much intensely dry debate—  
 Why notice such depressing folk?

Come on and laugh!

Trinity University Review.

### Report of Students' Association for Lent Term

There have been seven meetings this term. Expenses total to date \$1,126.04.

#### Changes in the Students' Executive.

##### DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

Jan. 28th, 1925. Mr. Roach resigned from the Presidency.

Jan. 28th, 1925. Mr. Carson was elected.

Mar. 9th, 1925. Mr. Carson resigned.

Mar. 9th, 1925. Mr. Glover was elected.

##### LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY

Feb. 11th, 1925. Mr. Sherrell resigned.

Feb. 12th, 1925. Mr. Keith was elected.

The Constitution is in the hands of a Committee at present for revising.  
Douglas Barlow, Sec'y.-Treas.

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#### Subjects of General Interest.

According to the U.S. Department of emigration Canadians are still swarming over the line at the rate of thousands per month with the intention of settling there. This drain on our population is likely to continue until such time as we have a government prepared to encourage, develop and protect home industries, including farming.

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#### Canada's First Cotton Mill.

The first cotton mill in Canada was established at Sherbrooke, Quebec, in 1844, an incorporated company having been formed with a capital of £12,000. Among the promoters was Hon. A. T. Galt, afterwards Sir Alexander, Minister of Finance in the first Federal Ministry of Sir John A. Macdonald and later first Canadian High Commissioner in London. This first Canadian cotton mill had 1,200 spindles, and manufactured cotton sheetings. The manager of the mill was Adam Loomas.

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#### Forced to be "at Home".

One day a journalist rang up Mr. H. G. Wells on the telephone.

"Mr. Wells is not at home," said the voice at the other end.

It was obviously the voice of Wells.

"Do you know when he will be at home?" asked the journalist, think-

ing that Wells himself ought to know.

But he didn't. "Haven't the faintest idea," replied Wells.

The journalist took his chance and called. Wells opened the door himself.

"Are you at home yet?" inquired the journalist.

"Come in!" sighed Wells.

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On estime que la terre pèse 1,256,165,970,000,000,000,000,000 tonnes!

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#### Largest Bell in the World.

The largest bell in the world was completed recently for the tower of Cologne Cathedral. The ornamentation of the great bell is said to have been wrought with rare artistry. Its ancient predecessor in the old steeple was removed during the great war and melted for use as metal for munitions.

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#### Fish that sing.

In Ceylon there is a shellfish, a sort of mussel, which sings!

It can hardly be claimed that it competes with the nightingale, but it produces a long, low, fluty sound, which has a musical quality. Seeing that these bivalves do not possess a throat in any accepted sense of the word, and certainly no vocal cords, this singing sound must be produced by some manipulation of their double shell.

It is possible that increasing dryness does the trick, for the sound only occurs after the tide has been down for a considerable time, leaving the bivalves high and dry on the rocky beach.

There is a fish which hoots, too. The Scottish fisherman calls this fish the butterman and, when caught by line or net, it makes a noise from the back of its throat when landed. Eels also make a noise when the hook is being removed from their gills. The common and very ugly gurnard of the English coasts grunts loudly when hauled to the surface, a strange croaking noise more like a caw of a crow than the sound a fish seems likely to produce.

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#### The Suez Canal.

The Suez Canal connecting the Mediterranean and Red Seas was opened in 1869. The total length of the canal is 101 miles, with a width of 147 feet, 8 inches. The maximum draught of water allowed for vessels using the canal is 30 feet. The average time for the passage through the canal is 16 hours, 28 minutes.

## The Earth gives up its biggest Beast.

By John Seymour.

A world's record in the discovery of mighty beasts has been established in Mongolia by the Andrew's expedition, sent out in 1921 under the auspices of the American Museum of Natural History, New York.

Fossil remains of the largest land animal the planet has ever borne—a colossal *Baluchitherium*—was found on the northeast slope of the Altai Mountains, 450 miles southeast of the ruined city of Karakorum, formerly center of the medieval empire of Genghis Khan, the Mongol chieftain.

The discoverer of the monster skeleton was Walter Granger, a member of the expedition. The *Baluchitherium grangeri* has been named in his honor. Professor Henry Fairfield Osborn, the distinguished president of the American Museum of Natural History, estimates that the beast was something like twenty-four feet long and twelve feet tall in life. It belonged to the same family as our modern mammals, the horse, the tapir, and the rhinoceros. Contrasted with the white rhinoceros, its nearest and largest living relative, its size is as a cat compared with a kitten. Its enormous size and thick tough skin probably made it immune to the attacks of all enemies, even the saber-toothed tiger, extant at the same time.

The specimen recently arrived in the United States is sufficiently complete to establish both the size and the nature of the animal, since it includes not only the skull but some of the vertebrae and the bones of the leg and foot. The skull itself was broken into hundreds of pieces, but by the patient care of the museum experts many of these have already been fitted together.

The *Baluchitherium* is supposed to have lived on vegetation of one sort or another, and its huge teeth were able to crush with the power of a modern steam-driven machine. The fact that the monster was herbivorous indicates that the barren plains and deserts of Mongolia were once covered with a thick and luxuriant plant life, such as the rhinoceros now feeds upon in the dense jungles of Africa. This, however, was some two million years ago, plenty of time for those changes to have taken place which are evident in the present character of the land.

The expedition that discovered the Biggest Beast went by train northward from Peking, China, and continued by motor-car into Mongolia. A camp of five weeks was made in a beautiful valley crowned by the Altai Mountains. This rich valley yielded not only the famous *Baluchitherium* skull which has caused so much excitement in the world of science, but many other fossils, including a sensational new species of Dinosaur, of which a complete skeleton was found, remains of the rhinoceros, and bones of the wapiti, also known in the northwestern part of our own continent, where it is sometimes called the American elk.

From Menton.