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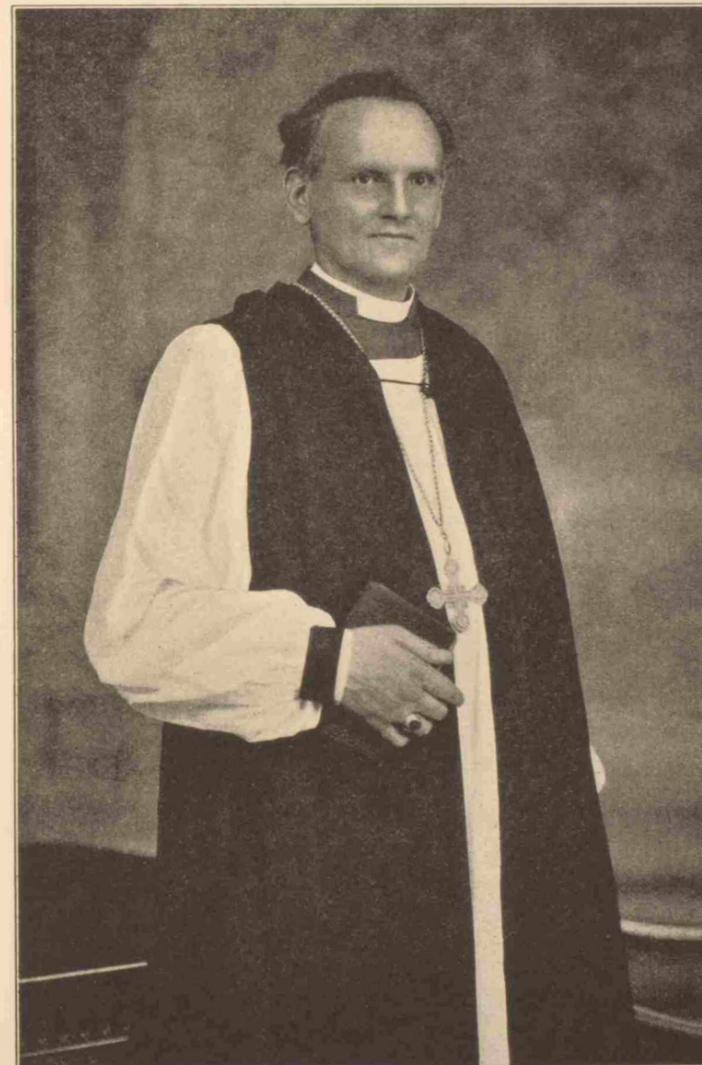
The Mitre

VOL. 43 NO. 1

OCTOBER

1935

To The Rt. Rev. Philip Carrington, M.A., Litt.D.,
S.T.D., D.C.L., Lord Bishop of Quebec
and former Dean of Divinity of
Bishop's University.



This issue is respectfully dedicated.

UNIVERSITY OF BISHOP'S COLLEGE
LENNOXVILLE, P.Q.

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Established 1893
THE
MITRE

PRESIDENT, B. W. STEVENS
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF, W. H. KING
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VOLUME 43 NUMBER 1

*The Mitre Board declines to be held responsible
for opinions expressed by contributors.*

The first Editorial of a University year must always present certain difficulties to the writer, but surely hardly ever such as loom at present, for, contrary to form, there is a plethora of possible subject-matter at hand. To say that some of it (The Italo-Ethiopian problem is an example) does not immediately concern Bishop's students would be an easy way out, but, unfortunately, it would be an untruth. The same applies to many other phases of Canadian and international life. The recent general election with its striking variety of parties and platforms, indicative of so much unrest and bewilderment, seems to call for more than passing comment, yet "The Mitre" as a University magazine can scarcely be, officially, other than non-partizan.

The simplest solution seems to be that of dealing with strictly Bishop's activities, leaving the other questions for the daily papers, the politicians, or contributors to the interior pages of "The Mitre". Such shall be our policy.

It is with a great deal of genuine pleasure that we are able to say that Dr. Vial, a member of "The Mitre's" literary board for many years, has consented to continue, despite his retirement from active University life, as Honorary President of the board. He is residing at Harrold Lodge, where he will be in close touch with his many Lennoxville friends and with the activities of our University. We also welcome to the literary board, as Honorary Vice-President, Rev. Elton Scott, new Warden of

Divinity House. He takes the place, on the board, of Rev. C. Sauerbrei, who at the moment of writing is en route to Burma, where he is to work at Rangoon Diocesan College. "Fr. Claude", as he was fondly known, takes with him the sincere well wishes of "The Mitre" and a host of Bishop's students and grads. Here too we desire to proffer our well-wishes to Rt. Rev. Philip Carrington, Lord Bishop of Quebec, formerly Dean of Divinity here, and trust that his connection with Bishop's will always be a close and happy one. To the Acting-Dean of Divinity, Dr. Childs, we extend a hearty welcome and hope his stay will be pleasant. There remains to be welcomed Rev. E. K. Moffatt, whose pleasant smile is already familiar to the Divines, but whom we now greet on behalf of all students. *Ave atque Vale!*

The next duty of "The Mitre" is, we suppose, that of welcoming into our midst the new students, Freshmen, Freshettes, and others, and, because this is "The Mitre" and an Editorial to boot, of inviting them to contribute to our pages. The welcome is hearty and sincere. We hope you like Bishop's and enjoy your stay here, even the never-popular freshmen duties. But the invitation to contribute — that, we may safely say, is the heartiest and most sincere possible. You'll hear more anent this matter. And while talking of Freshmen — It was said last year that the Frosh were not betraying sufficient interest in student activities, that their lack of enthusiasm was without precedent in the history of the University, that their College spirit was at so low an ebb that all Bishop's activities must soon cease to be. Some people spoke in this vein, others were not so disparaging. It remains to be seen this year whether the pessimists were right or wrong, as Second Year takes its place in the scheme of things and fills, or attempts to fill, the places of those who have left—BUT there is no need for this year's Freshman class to leave themselves open to the same criticism — that of lazy and thoughtless neglect. We do not charge them with such a heinous offence any more than we do Second Year, but we warn them that associations and societies cannot function successfully with merely a President and executive attempting to do all the work, to arouse some necessary enthusiasm, and then to withstand the criticism which inevitably comes their way. Freshmen can play a big part in preventing such an occurrence. See ye to it.

But leaving Freshman criticism and discipline to the Initiation Committee and considering some other aspects of the first month at Bishop's, we find Football playing a feature role. Apart from the fact that it is dealt with on the Sports Page we see no reason for failing to mention it here and saying that on a crisp October day, when leaves have turned and the sun is shining, nothing sounds so pleasant as the thud of a ball being kicked about, or looks so definitely Collegiate as the kick-off of a game, or, we

to be taken out on the Massawippi, a river of more waters then. I think I rowed number 2 in the boat, and very delightful trips we used to make. There were skiffs too on the river enabling us to have races. Swimming at the bend below College hill was always popular, especially in Trinity Term.

We had also our entertainments. In the houses of the professors "Dumb Crambo" was the chief sport until coffee came at ten p.m. and we went home to rest after our labours. The College concerts, held always in the most proper style were often the subject of caustic reviews by jealous Sherbrookers. The music was ambitious and very high class. At least I think it must have been for I used to be one of the soloists. My favorite contribution was "Home they brought her warrior dead" and when I managed to keep in time until the end it gave me great satisfaction. It was a report in the Sherbrooke "Record" of the day which stopped my musical career.

The account of the concert held in the beautiful (?) Town Hall in Lennoxville was written evidently by a man whom the great apostle of the Gentiles would have described as a "Certain lewd fellow of the baser sort." He said of me that the poet's high notes were the most popular ones because he couldn't make as much noise on them as he could on his lower ones. I retired from the stage after that.

We had a play once in the Town Hall, "She Stoops to Conquer." I think I never saw such a bunch of hideous imitation females as were the ladies in the performance. I was Mrs. Hardcastle, and luckily my features were nearly always hidden in a poke bonnet, or enormous headdress. Pedro Mesney, of the Channel Islands, was the heroine. Dr. Lobley trained us in our parts.

Of course ecclesiastically we had our differences of opinion. None of us will ever forget Robinson. That was not his name but it will do. He had intense individuality and outside opinion had as little effect upon him as a drop of water on the bulging tides of the ocean. He was an evangelical and the son of an evangelical, a man by the by, of very high position in Canada. When the Principal asked us to turn to the East in the Creed at Chapel, Robinson alone held out against the custom. His fervour went so far that he used to turn to the West. When the man next to him would look in the direction of the rising sun, he would find himself face to face with Robinson, his features marked by low church indignation. The apparition was more unnerving during Lent, for in that holy season, R. never had his long black hair cut. However he was a good fellow, became a missionary and has long since gone to a faithful servant's reward.

We had a small but delightful college society and of the men of my time we had a number who have made names for themselves in Canadian life. Among those

which spring most readily to my memory are Grant Hall, late vice-president of the C.P.R.; Fred Meredith, K.C., late chancellor of Lennoxville; Dr. Abbott-Smith, Principal of the Diocesan College, Montreal; Harry Petry, one time rector of the School and late assistant headmaster of Trinity College, Port Hope; Arthur Judge, rector of St. Matthew's Church, New York; William Morris, K.C. and William Bowen, M.D. There are others which I might add, but this was quite a large proportion of the small total number of undergraduates a half century ago.

I must not forget the kind hospitality of friends of old days; besides the homes of members of the staff, there were those of people who lived in Lennoxville and Sherbrooke and made life pleasant for us. The names of Heneker, MacKenzie, Kippen, Robertson, Worthington, Morris, Hale, Turnor, Molson and Shuter spring to my mind. Very pleasant were the dances we attended at times, and no jazz music injured our eardrums. We had a rink in the village and occasional carnivals. So at the back of our college life was the attractive friendliness of old-fashioned Victorian hospitality.

In these days when I go to Lennoxville and see the large number of students, the splendid college rink, the golf course, the football field, the fine library, the dining hall, the Convocation Hall, the tennis courts, the gymnasium and all the other signs of progress which meet the eye, I am not surprised by them, for I saw our rulers sowing well the seeds in the day of small things. To me the wonder of it all is, that in the lapse of years the distinctive colour and atmosphere of the institution, a small Oxford in the Eastern Townships, have not been lost, as Professor Leacock lately pointed out, but that they still give a unique flavour to the life of the undergraduates. May it long continue to be so.

In closing, I should like to record my life-long gratitude to my Alma Mater for what she has done for me and has been to me in a half century of a somewhat active life. As a mark of my confidence in the education of Bishop's University, I sent five sons there and now have a grandson in the second year with, I hope more of his generation to follow. We old men of the early 1880's are getting few in number now. One by one we are dropping off and answering the roll-call in another sphere of existence, but, if we are fortunate enough to pass our finals and graduate into the soul activity of the Great Master's higher purposes, it will be because Lennoxville set a stamp upon our character which has made us not too unworthy to be promoted.

To you, young men, who may be taking the trouble to read these rambling memories of former days, we old men throw the torch.

Hold it high.

MALE ATTIRE

by Antar '28

I once heard Irving Cobb speak on this delicate subject. He pointed out the fact that the male of the human species is the only member of his sex in the whole kingdom of the warm-blooded who does not exceed the Impertinent Side of the family in the bravery of raiment. This deplorable state of affairs was due to the fact that all men are not only liars but also cowards. Men, on the whole, are less intrepid than women. They fear extremes; they tremble at what Jones, or Tom, or even Mary might think. They await the advent of a sartorial conquistador with taste, patience and the impudence of a Mussolini, who will fling restraint to the winds and with it those drab tweeds and funeral worsteds with which we have been mortifying the flesh since our Victorian ancestors grew industrious and respectable.

The hey-day of masculine haberdashery burst upon an outraged England during the reign of the 1st and 2nd Charleses, as she was coming down with, and recovering from, the Dementia Puritans. Little scavenger-beetles like Pepys trotted about in their "brave, new cloaks" with one ear to the ground. Silks, satins, velvets, ribbons, ruffles, laces, feathered hats and jeweled swords after the latest mode of the Court of Versailles, scandalized Master John Milton almost as much as the carryings-on of those inside of them. Even in the days when Classicism was at its height, when the minuet was popular music, and young ladies were going about with mouse-nests in their hair and allowing their gallants to toast them out of their slippers, coats were scarlet and green, and breeches were satin.

And then came the Regency, men wore flowered waistcoats and went about with invisible S. R. O. signs on the seats of their breeches.

But between then and now there were two things. The Victorian Era and the Industrial Revolution. Man took to going to Church of a Sunday, and somebody invented the top hat to take with him. When he wasn't

going to Church, he was building factories, and filling them with women and children, because they worked cheaper than men and he could 'get rich quick'. He was no longer leisured, careless; he found that if one got a spot of ink on a pink dickey it was irrevocably ruined, so he put on a sober black stock and Prince Albert coat, and looked no longer like a Corinthian, but almost like a Christian. But now that we no longer go to Church, and since we cannot be industrious if we want to; and since four separate and distinct political parties are promising to make this earth an Eden, perhaps mankind may again take his place in the Sartorial Sun. We wear tops only when we are forced to attend the funeral of somebody we don't like, or when a wedding pops up that we can't possibly dodge. Mark'ee; lads, I am not recommending the good old satin breeches for Canadian winter wear; the men who wore them have vanished from this earth, they were men of iron and ice, and the world will see their like no more. Just cast your eyes about you, though, and take a pipe at those "exciting" new rough tweeds that our feathered friends are wearing. The weight and texture are certainly male; and the colours! — that new marine blue; that perfectly stunning China Red! that perfectly, absolutely thrilling whatchamacallit green! Colours that resemble the futuristic Congress. Step up, gentlemen, use your taste, suit your character colour. They say we have no taste, we men, but what do they know? except for a bit of inebriation about the throat and a touch of delirium tremens about the ankle, what chance have we had? Stretch out your hand and grasp what is your primitive and native inheritance; give her a taste of gorgeous, glittering, glamour, and no more will you find her looking soulful and wondering what constitutes mental cruelty. Remember a bird of ill-omen is always recognizable by his feathers.



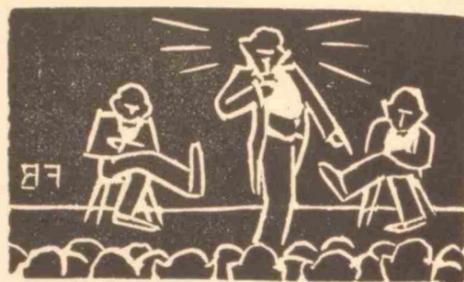
THE GENERAL ELECTION

C. C. Campbell

A few days before polling in the 1930 General Election, one of the most experienced of Canadian politicians was asked to forecast the result and replied: "There is no record in the annals of North American politics of a party in office which tried for a new mandate in a period of business depression not being punished by the voters. The government will be decisively beaten." So it befell and the Conservatives were installed in office under the virile leadership of Mr. Bennett. Five years passed and once again the party in power sought for a new lease of power. We are still in the midst of a business depression and after spending five years in opposition Mr. King has once more been entrusted with the sweets of office. The Liberals are in possession of the largest majority accorded a government since Confederation. In the Senate they find themselves in a decisive minority which it is doubtful if even the operations of mortality can overcome. This unique situation may prove to be a blessing in disguise. Mr. King may be forced to forget his dislike of Constitutional reform and may succeed in limiting the powers of the Upper House. It is too much to hope that he will do away with it altogether.

The election reflected no vital issue and settled none. The result was a foregone conclusion which even the heroic effort of the Prime Minister was unable to influence. The Liberals, confident that they would win, raised no definite issue and made few specific promises. Mr. King did condemn the Ottawa Pacts as he had already done while in opposition. He has promised to rescind the much discussed Section 98, but may be forced to forget this promise later. The Conservatives had the misfortune to be in office so were made responsible for the condition of monetary affairs. "Time for a change", not, alas, of the economic system but of the way of applying the system already in force.

Mr. Stevens, like Mr. Bennett and Mr. King has a decided respect for the Capitalist system, so it remained for Mr. Woodsworth and the C.C.F. to protest against existing evils. Hampered as they were by a lack of financial support their crusade was not as effective as it might have been. The disciples of Social Credit elected twice as many members as the C.C.F. with one third as many votes. Their campaign was confined to the three western provinces and



it is doubtful if anyone, including Mr. Aberhart, knows what the policy of the federal Social Credit members will be.

It cannot be said that the new Prime Minister has an easy task ahead of him. Unlike Mr. Bennett he has a horror of acting alone, and while he will have no lack of advisers it will be difficult for him to placate the various sections of his party. Liberals are wont to talk of the comprehensiveness of their party and to liken it to a many-mansioned house in which there is room for a wide divergence of views. This may be so but no party which lacks cohesion can agree on a policy. It is doubtful if Mr. King dare to lower tariffs to any extent in spite of the demands of his western followers. On the other hand there will be changes in the Civil Services. Thousands of positions which are in the gift of Patronage will change hands. Mr. Ferguson will be recalled from London and Mr. Herridge from Washington. It is possible that the former may return to the Provincial field and so annoy Ontario's Premier. His successor in London will undoubtedly be the Hon. Vincent Massey, who was to have had the job in 1930. Mr. King should be able to construct a strong ministry and has no lack of material with which to build. It is to be hoped that a place is found for Mr. Dunning, the former Minister of Finance.

Few political observers were surprised at the failure of the Reconstruction party to achieve even moderate success. Mr. Stevens' candidates polled approximately 350,000 votes but none of them qualified to support their leader in the new house. Actually the party had little to offer. The Price Spreads Committee did their work without any opposition from Mr. Bennett. Mr. Stevens' resignation was a matter of party discipline, not of policy. He had divulged the nature of the Price Spreads Report before the committee had finished its work, and for this reason only his resignation from the Cabinet was requested. Mr. Stevens has committed political suicide. He owed his advancement in parliamentary life to the very man he deserted in his hour of need. His candidates in numerous constituencies simply assured the Liberal nominee of election. His position in the house will be a difficult one.

The chief result of the election will be the complete reorganization of the Conservative Party. It is generally supposed that Mr. Bennett will resign the leadership and

seek a well-earned rest. This will be a calamity, not only for his own party but for the country, which, while it may have better politicians, has few statesmen to equal the former Prime Minister. It is to be hoped that he can be persuaded to retain the leadership during the coming session at least and achieve some semblance of order among his scattered forces. Among the forty-two Conservatives who retained their seats are four cabinet ministers. These together with several veteran parliamentarians and a few promising tyros should form a fairly effective opposition.

Canada is in dire need of a strong leftist movement. The two older parties are bereft of ideas and are completely under the control of vested interests. Though the Government has changed hands, fundamentally there will be no change in policy. The concentration of wealth will persist, social problems will be ignored and the evils of patronage will be exploited to their full. The C.C.F. has an opportu-

ity of becoming a vital force in our national life, but until the fear of Socialism can be eradicated little can be accomplished. Speaking of the election results Mr. Woodsworth, the C.C.F. leader said in part: "Canadians are ready to endure the evils they know, rather than venture into unknown territory." Another stumbling block is the attitude of Roman Catholic Trade Unions towards Socialist principles. This attitude can only be overcome by a proper presentation of the case for Socialism. Again the need for a stronger Dominion-wide organization is apparent. In spite of these facts, over 300,000 electors supported C.C.F. candidates and there is little doubt that had the party contested all the 245 seats the total would have reached the half-million mark.

The movement is young and its leaders heroic. The future looks bright indeed.

THE MARCH OF YOUTH

The hosts of youth are marching in the day-spring of their life,
They are mounting up the highway and they face the distant goal;
They crave not praise nor pity as they gird them for the strife,
But their cry goes up for ever, "Give us freedom of the soul".

The hosts of youth are marching, they have broken down the bars
Of the world our fathers left us which we cherished for our own,
For they found earth full of beauty and the night ablaze with stars
And the spirit sweeps them onward in the lure of the unknown.

The hosts of youth are marching and their hearts are all aflame
With the glory of the sunrise in the land that gave them birth,
No leader goes before them and their visions none can name,
But they go to take possession of the Kingdom of the Earth.

—Frederick George Scott.

This poem was first read in public by Archdeacon Scott at Convocation, June, 1935.

THE CATHEDRAL OF THE HOLY TRINITY, QUEBEC

by R. Turpin

In 1682 the Order of Franciscan Friars, called Recollets, built a house and Church on the site of the present Cathedral. At the siege of Quebec in 1759, the buildings were considerably damaged by the fire of the British, and the fall of the city was equally disastrous to the Recollets and Jesuits.

His Majesty George the Third in 1776 presented a silver Chalice and Paten for the use of the English chaplains, and in the Quebec Gazette of Thursday, 21st of May, 1767, it was recorded that: "On Sunday next, Divine Service, according to the use of the Church of England, will be at the Recollet's Church, and continue for the summer season, beginning soon after eleven."

The Recollet Church and Convent were burnt in 1796, and in consequence of this the remaining Recollets dispersed, and the government took possession of the property and razed the ruins.

In 1793 the King decided to make both Upper and Lower Canada into a diocese called the bishopric of Quebec, and Dr. Jacob Mountain was appointed Lord Bishop of Quebec. This was the first time that the title of Lord Bishop had been conferred upon a Colonial. Bishop Mountain was consecrated at Lambeth, 7th July, 1793, and he arrived at Quebec on the 1st of November.

As it was necessary that the diocese should have a coat of arms to be used as a seal and for other purposes, the King commanded, to see to this, The Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal of England, who ordered Sir Isaac Heard, Garter King of arms, to devise the armorial design, which was patented on the 8th of August. The Coat of Arms is to be seen over the Bishop's Throne in the Cathedral. It tells in heraldic form the history of the foundation: the open book "in chief" is an emblem of the Gospel and is crossed by the Bishop's Staff to show his consecrated character: the lion of England "in base" supports a key, to indicate the confidence placed by the King in the Bishop; while the wavy line between shows the transatlantic situation of the See: the cross of St. George in a "canton" (corner) marks the connection of the See with the Sovereignty of England in civil matters, and the four cantons are a part of the arms of the Archbishop of Canterbury and thus connect the daughter with the Mother-Church in matters Spiritual.

The King ordered the building of the present Cathedral in 1800 at the expense of the Crown, with the proviso that no other building whatsoever be permitted within the

"Close" other than the Cathedral, under penalty of forfeiture of the whole property to the Crown. This was the first Anglican Cathedral to be built outside the British Isles.

The general dimensions of this building were taken in great measure from those of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, London, but the state of materials and workmanship in Canada made a plain design necessary. The Communion Plate was the special gift of George the Third and consists of very fine examples of the silver-smith's art. His Majesty also contributed the large Prayer-Book and Bible, together with a rich velvet and bullion altar-frontal. The Cathedral was consecrated on August 28th, 1904.

In 1821 the Rev. G. J. Mountain was inducted as the first Rector of Quebec. As no Parish Church existed, the Cathedral was used for this purpose "until a parish-church be erected", and in 1823 the Quebec Sunday School was established.

The peal of eight bells from the foundry of Thomas Mears of London, was hung in the Cathedral in 1830 and were rung for the first time on Wednesday, 20th of October, when Lord Aylmer took the oaths of office as Administrator of the Government of Lower Canada.

In 1850 the diocese was divided and Bishop Mountain, son of the first Bishop, and founder of Bishop's University, was enthroned as Bishop of Quebec. A departure from the previous method of appointment was witnessed when J. W. Williams was elected Fourth Bishop in 1863 by the recently appointed Synod of Quebec.

Many memorials to the faithful servants of God have been placed within the Cathedral. Of these the Sanctuary contains monuments to the Bishops of Quebec. Outside the Altar rail is a plate marking the grave of Charles, Duke of Richmond, 10th Governor-General of Canada and as such entitled to burial within the Cathedral. His memorial in the North Gallery is one of the finest in the Cathedral. It was the wife of this Duke who gave the famous ball in Brussels the night before the battle of Waterloo. The war-won flags, hanging near the East end are in some ways a memorial to a gallant British Regiment, the 69th, which saw service with Lord Nelson, at Waterloo, and in the Indian Mutiny. These flags were deposited in the Cathedral in 1870.

It was in this venerable Cathedral that the Rev. Philip Carrington was consecrated Seventh Bishop of Quebec, on the Feast of St. James the Apostle, July 25th, 1935.

The Consecration, performed by the Archbishop of

Frederickton, Metropolitan of the Province of Canada, took place in the morning. That afternoon Dean Crowfoot declared the Right Reverend Philip Carrington "really and lawfully enthroned and installed in the seat of his Holy Church and Episcopal See of Quebec".

Then followed the presenting of certain gifts to the Lord Bishop, as expressions of homage. Bishop Williams handed the Pastoral Staff to his successor. Archdeacon Scott put the ring, given by the Clergy of the Diocese,

upon the fourth finger of the Bishop's right hand. Lastly, the Rev. James Barnett presented the Bishop with a Pectoral Cross, the gift of Dr. Carrington's former students.

Thus Bishop Carrington has as his Cathedral, a Church with an important history. In this time of world-wide stress our lack of leaders is plainly evident, but the Diocese of Quebec is fortunate in having a leader, who will continue the fine service of his predecessors and add to the glory of the Cathedral of the Holy Trinity of Quebec.

..... YET MORE APOLOGIES



PROF. MOFFATT



PROF. CHILDS



PROF. SCOTT

THE STORY BEHIND THE NEWS

by R. L.

Come in and stop pounding that door! Oh hello, Harry, take a chair. Where have you been for the past few weeks? I've been trying to get in touch with you but nobody seemed to know where you were."

"Well Alan, it was like this. I've just completed arrangements to go to China and you know that a good missionary has to be part Chink. For the last two weeks I have been at McGill trying to get some help on oriental customs as I hope to do some reading on the subject for the next year. Now that I have explained myself I think it's your turn: what are you doing with all those newspaper clippings scattered all over your desk? I can hardly see your desk for all that mess. Will you please tell me why you keep that conglomeration of clippings anyway?"

"Harry, you know that I am not a very tidy person at the best so that may partially explain all this litter. On the other hand each of these clippings has a story behind it — the 'story behind the news' as your city editor would have it. When I get bored or lonesome I go over these items and they bring back many strange memories to me — some pleasant, some awful.

"If you have so many stories at your finger-tips why don't you write them up and sell them to some magazine? There are surely some publications which could be prevailed upon to print such stuff as you would write.

"That is what an embryo missionary would do no doubt; then you'd turn the money over to some organization so that they could supply all the natives of Tibet with soap. Nothing doing, Harry, I'm lazy and selfish. These stories are my most precious possessions. If I had these yarns printed I wouldn't have any more use for these clippings and I love messing about with them. Again, if they were published they would cease to be my own property and that is the selfish layman in me coming out. Do you see this clipping? There is a little story connected with it that no living person has ever heard. I feel communicative to-night, like to hear it? Very well, just wait till I get my pipe lit.

"In 1925 I was spending my vacation in the little village of St. Louis de Gonzague in Quebec. You've never heard of it but very few others have either. I wanted to learn something about the 'habitant' at first hand and some one had told me that this was just the place.

"It's a little village with a population of about three hundred people and most of the houses are on one long street. A dirty little river runs through it and cuts off a small part of the town. However that's neither here nor

there, I just want you to know that it is a typical French 'habitant' village. There was an old fair grounds which is now being cultivated but what I'm trying to tell you is that there is an old manse right next to it. This manse hasn't been used for years and is in ruins or the next thing to it. There is an old cemetery in a little grove near-by. To make a short story shorter I had a tent on the manse grounds and was camping there during the early part of September. The village hostel didn't appeal to me and I thought that I would be able to stand my own cooking for a few days at least.

"I'm sorry if I have bored you with this sketchy description of the terrain but then my mind runs like that. Every stone had a romantic attachment for me and I used to sit out under the stars trying to picture the life of the early settlers of the district. I have another story, in fact several others that I learned on that short camping vacation, but I'll tell them to you some other time.

"One night it became quite cool and I decided I would do the rest of my shivering in my cot. I stood gazing at the moon as I smoked a last pipe before retiring when I heard an engine start. I knew what it was and listened for a few minutes, then knocked the ashes out of my pipe and started off in the direction of the sound.

"There was a Russian who had a black fox farm on the other side of the cemetery I told you about awhile ago. He had a huge meat grinder in a shack on his premises, so I knew that he must be grinding as soon as I heard the engine start. The poor fellow had a hard row to hoe so I thought I'd just wander over, talk to him and probably help him. His brother had just died so he now had all the work to do by himself. I might say that his brother had died under somewhat mysterious circumstances, but then as Kipling says that's another story.

"The villagers were afraid of this Russian and about the only person who would have anything to do with him were the store-keepers; even these rather reluctantly supplied his simple needs for spot cash. In the light of what I know now, I don't blame them for being afraid. He was a big brute with heavy dark beard and long uncombed hair. His eyes seemed to peep out from behind his eyebrows and then retreat when you looked at him squarely. Even his heavy beard could not conceal thin nervous lips. He had huge hands and the habitants mumbled that they would 'not lak to meet dat fella on dark night.'

"My analysis of the situation was that the habitants feared him as an outsider and that the poor devil had gone through hardships that made him distrust everyone. I had spoken to him several times and he had seemed more reti-

cent than severe.

"I knew that one farmer had a cow die that day so I thought the Russian had been able to buy the carcass for his foxes. He fed his foxes raw meat when he could get it, but as I have said before the farmers were afraid of him so they were more inclined to bury any dead animals than to sell them to this foreigner. When I heard the engine start I thought that at last one farmer had decided to do business with him so I thought I'd show a little friendliness and go over. Perhaps I could get to know this rather strange character.

"I see now that it's the old, old story — 'Fools rush in where angels fear to tread.' Anyhow I walked through the cemetery and came to the shack in which he had his grinder. He had a lantern to see what he was doing and its beams flickered rather grimly through the window-panes. I had to pass the window to reach the door and something made me look in. I don't know what it was that made me pause, maybe it was some sixth sense or maybe it was merely curiosity — curiosity to see this man without being seen myself.

"I paused. Then I gaped. My eyes had become accustomed to the dim light. I stopped breathing and I could hear my heart pounding above the noise of the engine. I tell you I never saw such a grisly sight. His grinder was going and he was putting meat into the hopper. Yes, it was meat — but it was human meat. There was a body lying on the dirt floor, the arms and legs had been hacked off and presumably the whole body was to be ground and fed to the foxes. I stood rooted to the spot and the Russian calmly put more of the corpse into the hopper, then he turned back to the body. Some thing snapped inside of me. I had control of my faculties again. I crept away quietly although heaven knows he couldn't hear me above the noise of his infernal machine.

"The evening was no longer cold and beautiful. The cold rays of the moon were now cruel and ghastly. I hurried through the cemetery and reached my camp. Needless to say I spent a sleepless night and the next morning I packed up and left.

"Do you mean to say that you did nothing about this hideous crime? Allan shook his head and his hand trembled as he picked up the newspaper clipping. Then he recovered himself and slowly continued.

"No, Harry, I didn't. Fear drove me away. You see I recognized the body. It was the body of the brother who had died a week before.

"But Alan, that's just as heinous as murder. I could hardly believe that of you. However if you won't see him punished, God surely will.

The man at the desk smiled weakly and replied, "God did". This was not a mocking phrase dropped just to irritate his friend. "I told you that there was a story con-

nected to each of these clippings", he continued. "Will you please read this one?"

Harry took the clipping, read it slowly, then got up and left the room. The narrator gazed at the clipping on his desk — it read:-

St. Louis de Gonzague, Que., Sept. 12. (C.P.).

Ivan Arkoffski was found dead here this morning by a farmer who went to see him about a carcass which he wished to sell the Russian. His death follows closely on that of his brother who died a week ago. Apparently Arkoffski had been grinding meat for his foxes when his arm was drawn into the grinder. The arm was badly mangled and he had lost considerable blood. The lantern was still burning although it was the middle of the forenoon and the gasoline engine was also going but the grinder had become jammed. The coroner brought in a verdict of accidental death. An autopsy performed on the body revealed that death was due to heart failure.

MUSIC

Ah, music! All is music! There is music everywhere.
'Tis the essence of creation's purest form,
Epitome of all those things that are, or ever were —
Its perception is the understanding born.

There's music in your breathing O beloved one at my side,
In the depth of true devotion that we share,
In the gentle touch which passing 'tween us, says
"Love will abide",
In the glint of golden sunlight in your hair.

There's music in the droning of a swiftly flying bee,
In the washing of the water on the shore,
In the rustle of the leaves, and the creaking of a tree,
In the hush of Evensong when day is o'er.

There's music so exquisite in the warbling of a bird,
In the chatter of a squirrel on a bough,
In the rush and fall of water, and the lowing of a herd,
In the gentle roll of furrows from a plough.

There's music in the soft-blown air — so still though
That this must be eternity at rest. [now it seems.
I think there's even music in a person's faded dreams,
For music is creation at its best.

Though in the symphony of life, discordant notes creep in
When people fail in finding their true place
Throughout the whole creation and despite a mankind's din
Consistent motif runs its lyric pace.

H. T. H.

THE EARLY WORMS

by
Gerald Cameron (Bishop's '34)

Before I met the Early Worms I never thought that such a club could exist. I knew quite well that in a city where the bustle of life never stopped and where great newspapers worked day and night to capture and record the story of that bustle there must be people who helped the newspapers in their capturing and recording. But that they should bind themselves together to protect themselves from being swamped in the bustle they were capturing and recording, I doubted. So, late one night when every place we wanted to go to was closed and I needed nothing more than soft food and sound sleep, I was surprised and pleased to find that restaurant whither I was led was not only a place of marble tables and gleaming lights and lavatory attendants in gleaming white, but that it was also the haven of the Early Worms.

The name amazed me. Early Birds would have suited the club so much better, I thought. But I was young and ingenuous; I had had no experience with the feverish, predatory life of a big city. I thought in my innocence that people who met in gleaming restaurants in the infant hours of the morning would be up because they had already arrived at that independence which would allow them to tire themselves out with no thought of the morrow; or that they had been working late, and soon would gather in the fruits of their industry and self-denial. In my fanciful way, I thought that in one case they were early birds because they had no need of worms and like the nightingale sallied forth at night for the pure love of sallying. In the other, I felt that they were out because to them the night was a time to work, as it was to the mosquito, hawk or the owl, but I was young and fanciful. And when I was led to a huge, round, white table at which one man, a young man, sat, and when I was introduced to him and I was told that he was Douglas Carr, an Early Worm, I lost no time in commenting on the ineptness of the name.

Carr looked at me, kindly. In pity, too, I thought. "Wait and see," he said. I waited. And when I left in the late early morning, and as I walked the endless miles from the downtown to my rooms with only the dreary clomp-clomp-clomp of milk horses and the far-off grinding of a taxi's gears to disturb me, I marvelled at the cleverness of the name and the genius of those it bound together. For, in the two hours I had sat at the round

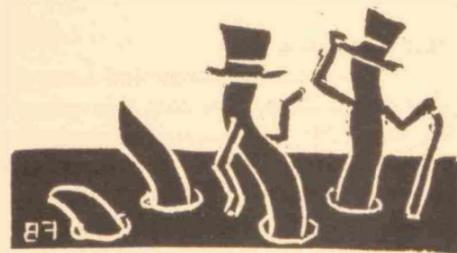


table in the corner, the round table which a Childs' head-waiter kept empty from midnight for their sessions, I had seen half a dozen men and women who had determined not to let the monotony of their work and the demands on their spirits which metropolitan journalism made undermine the love they had for life as they could not live it. They were Early Worms, and in union was their strength. No editor, no publisher, no endless scouring of the wastes of humanity would ever kill them and their spirit.

Carr was the youngest Worm; yet he was far from the least important. He had been a reporter on the Mail for two years; and though two years of obituaries, funerals and school closings had washed the colour from his cheeks, he still kept a singing freshness in his voice, and a humorous eagerness in his eyes. But when he went to the Mail fresh from University with a record for competent College journalism behind him (he had espoused no undergraduate insurrections, because he had not been editor-in-chief, but only a mere columnist) the eagerness of the eyes must have been brighter, and the nervous drumming of his fingers while he spoke and still more agitated drumming while he listened, must have been less noticeable. He was known to have written verse on occasion and admitted that he made a stop at the Library every afternoon on his way to the paper. Once, when he had been to an inquest and had come home with the coroner with more than the regulation drinks in him, he confessed that he was going to take over the book department and the drama. He would have liked the music desk, too, but you had to meet too many queer people when you held it. Someday he was going to write a novel, and if ever he could get enough sleep he was going to start re-writing the short stories he had begun on his last vacation while at College. And when he had sold those, as he would sell them if editors of magazines would see the style and genius of Hemingway and Callaghan offered to them by an unknown, he was going to throw his job in old Hendrick's face and settle down somewhere to write novels.

But that was all in the future. He had been so busy that he had had no more than enough sleep to get him up in time to put in his hour's reading at the Library.

Morgan Jeffrey came in next. He had gleaming copper hair, delicate, feminine skin, and an air of lassitude that seemed not at all the equipment and armour of a rugged reporter. He wore dinner clothes and carried a

book in a wild jacket under his arm: he had been at the Royal York all day, he complained, and had managed at great expense to himself to disentangle the three different conventions of the Loyal Order of Moose, the Roofing Engineers, and the Native Sons of Canada just in time to write up glowing accounts of speeches by Presidents and specially imported talkers from the University and the larger churches. At the moment food was one thing he did not want: three hotel banquets had made him yearn for starvation. "How the devil can a man write when he's stuffed with roast chicken, peas, always peas, French pastry and that damnable sherbet they always serve on their dollar banquets?" He did not stay with us long. He was too crammed with poor speeches and bad air to want to talk or to listen. And anyway, he had been so busy with convention invaders that he had had no time to keep up his French; so, he was seizing the moments before he could clear his brain of coffee and get to sleep by reading his novel, the latest Colette, whatever it was. Jeffrey read only in French, Carr told me, because he had taken a vow that on his thirty-fifth birthday, and that was in three years, he was going to 'get the hell out of it' and head for the south of France and write novels.

As Jeffrey was going to the door he passed a world-weary but very determined young man coming in. They merely nodded; but the incomer looked at Jeffrey as if he had wished to speak to him. The new man was Paul Hammond, I was told, as he headed for our table. I had read his stories in the Globe for a year or more; I had heard that he was the youngest man ever to be assigned to the City Hall. And that was unfortunate; because the charm which radiated from Hammond's face when he acknowledged my introduction to him was delightful and stimulating; but it was short-lived, it had been killed by his work. Until we left, he never smiled again. And when we heard his story we didn't wonder. He had been to a Council Meeting when the Mayor and Controllers had voted themselves the full stipend which was theirs, and had replaced the twenty-percent cut which the previous council had lopped off in order to help balance the city budget. "And not only that, but what did the stinkers do but close three of the unemployment shelters downtown because the appropriation was expended? And I had to write up the thing and support the Mayor just because he was supported by the boss, not because he was good, but because he wasn't as rotten as the Mail's man." But he liked his work because it gave him an insight into the mysteries of politics. He had sworn allegiance to Woodsworth and the C.C.F., but had had no time to do much about it. Someday, however, he hoped to get to Ottawa and when he had seen that, he was going to write a book about Canada that would show the west how the east lived and show the rest of the world how parish-pump we were. But until that time came, he hounded control-

lers and aldermen and Mayors for snippets of news; and dreamed all the while he hounded of the time when he and the man who had preceded him as editor of Varsity and was now working on the Winnipeg Tribune would start a weekly paper for the Intellectuals and radicals. He was told again and again that the scheme was foolish and suicidal: "And what's this life?" he always threw back.

I wanted to stay to see the rest come in. But it was a poor night: in the middle of the week and too far each way from payday for anyone to afford a party, so with Carr and Hammond counting the possibilities of pooling resources for a weekend up at Midland for Skiing, we left.

Ralph Gustafson

The Mitre has been following the literary career of Ralph Gustafson with keen interest. Ralph entered Bishop's in 1926 and graduated in 1930 with an M.A.

In his last year he won an I.O.D.E. scholarship which entitled him to study at Keble College, Oxford. After two years there he returned to Canada and went to St. Alban's as a master. It seems, however, that he preferred journalism to teaching and after one year he went back to England as a free lance journalist.

In such a role he has attained considerable success. One of the most famous papers in England, The Spectator, has recognized Ralph's ability and has given him a position on its staff and published a number of his contributions. His most recent success has been on this continent and in his own country. He was awarded one of the major prizes in the Hon. Athanase David's literary contest for his work in the "Golden Chalice".

The students of Bishop's are proud of the work Ralph has done and hope that this will be only one of a long list of recognitions.

A PRAYER

O God — Great God, Thou lover of man's soul,
Stretch forth thine hand in this world's hour of need.
Give grace to those who truth would make their goal;
Let them make manifest Thy truth in deed.
Of Thy great wisdom, lend to men of power;
And those who serve, with trustful patience bless.
Let all men see that e'en the simplest flower
Can teach the greatest sage — of holiness.
Believing that in Thy great plan there is
A working out of life's events for best,
There lifts me up to heights sublime — a faith.
Yet broken — cold and hungry hordes persist.
The work of man's own hand — ironic jest!
The need is sore — O God dispel the wraith!

H. T. H.

THE FRESHMAN

The Freshman carries a fearful heart under a confident coat. His clothes are new and fashionable, his hair well in place. His tie is chosen with an eye for good taste and public opinion. He walks with bravado through the town and trusts that the people in the streets mark him. He is a college man.

He desires above all else to create a good impression, so allows himself to be swindled grossly in the matter of second-hand books.

He talks long and earnestly of books and courses in company with other freshmen, and looks bored when sophomores threaten him with Initiation.

He criticizes the girls with the supercilious air of a man of the world, and wonders secretly which are fresh-

WHAT HO! MATERIALISM

Reason would dictate that once having burned our fingers by placing them on a hot stove, we should not in a like circumstance touch that stove again. This may seem an absurdly simple and self-evident dictum of reason. However the principle involved has universal application, especially considering the standard of values by which the mass of the people live, and its relation to the periods of so-called depression or prosperity.

Right down through the history of mankind there has existed, to a certain extent, a material standard for the value of life. There has always been the person who lives for the satisfaction of the physical side of his nature. But it is only when the majority of the people press forward for greater material wealth that materialism becomes the standard. They are lured on by the prospect of what it might bring them, and blindly disregard the lessons of the past, in their intoxication of the present. It is but a matter of observance to see that the abuse of anything will eventually react unfavorably on the abuser. And so it is then, that what we know as a depression to-day, inevitably follows a period of gross materialism.

If the advancement of man and the fruits of his labour were properly balanced, that is, if his spiritual progress were as great as his material progress, excesses would be e-



ettes and which seniors. He decides in any case that he will not bother his head with them.

During initiation week he is inwardly disappointed if not called upon to obey the rules at least once a day, and yet he complains bitterly of the hardships of the life of a freshman. He knows already what he will do to the freshmen next year.

He swears at the wretched meals, and is seen thrice daily in the dining-hall consuming an enormous amount of food.

He affects sophistication, and will go to any length to prove himself *not* a greenhorn.

Alas! the pale green Frosh!

by
Henry T. Holden

liminated. Having found his mean man would live as he should, not painting life in drab by forgetting his soul in a reach for material wealth, but colouring it with the beauty of the divine in him. Thus he would enjoy to the utmost what he has. But time after time he has abandoned the latter for the former. He has over-developed the material side, and so much so that he has started a colossal economic machine before he knows how to control it. The result is wreckage. A great part of the machine is practically useless but the object of attempts at salvage, and the rest is striving desperately to keep functioning.

And what is the effect of this crippling of the economic structure on man? He has seen his material wealth vanish from before his very eyes. He has lost his means of livelihood, or else he is working for a starvation wage. In short, he has seen materialism, as a standard for life, dragged down into the dust as having failed miserably. And he stands stripped, a man with a body, — yes, but a man with a soul? He has not now the means of satisfying his body, nor has he learned how to acquire that peace of mind which is the heritage of a cultured soul. So he is restless — becomes depressed, until he begins to appreciate the beauty in life, by tapping the rich vein of his spiritual nature. But he suffers for a time for his body must be fed and he has little

PROGRESS

J. C. Chappell

When primeval man first wanted to dig in the ground he scooped up the earth with his hands; and as his fingers became sore he used a stick to help him break up the soil. Like a seed this idea grew and begot more ideas. The man, like a sower, sowed further ideas; until today we have huge mechanical shovels embodying thousands of ideas that have been growing and increasing in number from age to age.

Man's greatest advantage over beasts is that he can accumulate and hand on his store of ideas from generation to generation. As this store increases so does progress go on. At times people say that progress is at a standstill, or that civilization is moving backward; but progress, like time, goes irreversibly and relentlessly on. "The good (?) old times" can be no more!

Time goes on steadily; no man can hasten it, nor stop it for as much as a second. Progress while equally as steady in its advance varies in its speed as the ingenuity of the present generation. Progress goes on rapidly after a period of little change. It leaps ahead when restraining force is lifted. As an example of this, notice how so many freshmen of last year endeavoured to produce that hirsute emblem of progress on their upper lip, just as soon as they were no longer forcibly held in check. Progress also accelerates as educational standards rise. This time to take a more serious example, recall the abundance of reforms made in England a century ago when the people had acquired knowledge enough to attempt self-government. Progress also finds a channel through which to advance in the "Trial and Error method". Most organizations make progress in this way and Bishop's offers a clear illustration. At Bishop's there is a short cycle, roughly three years, in which the students move on in yearly jumps. Each year those of experience who have held the reins of progress leave us, and others take their place. In correcting the mistakes of previous years these new leaders expose faults which are left for their successors. Similar mistakes are made again and again, but despite all such set-backs; considered in the aggregate, progress moves ON. As freshmen enter the college they notice faults which others have failed to note. It is their duty to study these things, so that when the reins are given them, they will be able to criticize constructively. In the meantime the worth-while freshman will co-operate with existing authority to help do what is seen to be necessary. In time, by doing this some of the irritations which at first were thought faults are seen to be actually beneficial. Thus the true faults are filtered from those which only appear faulty, and corrections being made, progress again goes on. Let us all of this generation at Bishop's try to advance progress just as far, if not farther, than any previous generation.

or nothing with which to feed it. He begins to think.

In the nature of things then, a renaissance should begin at this time, and an age of fruitful productiveness in music, painting, literature, architecture, religion, government, and economic harmony. If man would try to understand his true nature, and the strategic position which he occupies in the universe, he would find permanent value for his life, and all creation. His standard, or ideal, would be the harmonious blending of the physical and the spiritual. For although he does not know what the ultimate end of the universe will be, he seeks truth. He finds truth everywhere and is an end in himself. So he is content.

During the last generation man has been considered by many leaders as an economic entity. Some economists have gone so far as to calculate the future wealth of the country by applying the results of their research to the population, so that every man, woman, and child, represented a certain value, based upon his or her earning power. This may seem exaggerated, but there appeared in a leading newspaper of one of the foremost nations of the world an account of a fire-disaster in which a number of children were killed. The loss to the country was stated in economic terms. This makes one think. The fact that among those children there might have been men and women who might have led mankind to higher and nobler living, who might have solved some of its great problems, did not seem to be considered.

The world does not need more wealth materially. There is enough and to spare, for wealth is a relative term. But our civilisation is in urgent need of great leaders and thinkers. The amassing of material wealth can not and will not in itself, contribute anything towards the reaching of our final goal, whatever it may be. For it is merely the shifting of possessions from one place to another. But the acquisition of knowledge as the result of reasoning and observant pensiveness, is another step closer to the be-all and end-all of things. It is a man reaching for the divine.

Material things in themselves are good. They are essential to life but they are a means, and man by making them his standard has made them an end. As long as this is so, as an animal satisfying his physical needs, man's progress will be remarkable. But as a soul—a being with a soul capable of the loftiest and finest culture, his progress will be negligible. Therefore, man being what he is, will have conflict as long as there is in his life an excess of anything. There has been an excess of materialism; and there is conflict now.

Man has seen the results of different standards of value for life. He knows which are good and which are bad. It is to be wondered at that he cannot control his will sufficiently to adopt the good and discard the bad. The standard of values by which people live seems to have a direct bearing on economic conditions. The will of man is far from master of his body, or he would not place his already burned fingers upon a hot stove to be burned anew.

WELCOMING AND PRESENTING

REGINALD DAMON BARRETT. Born in Waterville, P.Q. on Oct. 19, 1917, went to Lennoxville High School and lives in Lennoxville. Is interested in debating and basketball. Rather undecided as to his future, but hopes to go to McGill for Mining Engineering.

RONALD NEWELL BARRETT. Oct. 13, 1917, saw this freshman born in Lennoxville. Still lives there and went to Lennoxville High. Likes basketball and skating. Wants to take up Engineering upon graduation.

WILLIAM BASKERVILLE. Born on November 7th, 1914, at Ottawa, where he stayed. Was educated at the Model Public School, that city, and Ashbury College. Interested in debating, soccer, and golf, with business his aim in the future.

GORDON EDWIN BEAN. Hails from Waterville, P.Q. in which place he was born on April 14th, 1919. Attended Waterville and North Hatley High Schools. Is interested in hockey and rugby and intends to further his education at McGill upon leaving Bishop's.

BASIL FRASER BEATON. Sherbrooke welcomed him on May 22, 1918, and he's stayed there ever since, Sherbrooke High providing his education. Interested in basketball and dramatics while here, and McGill afterwards.

JAMES DALTON BILKEY. Born at Ottawa, the fair capital of our Dominion, but realizing his mistake he moved to Westmount, Que. He came through T.C.S. and has acquired its well known complex. Stars at rugby, tennis and badminton. When he has taken Bishop's in his stride he will tackle McGill.

CRAIG BISHOP is another Sherbrooker. Born there on August 31, 1919, and attended Sherbrooke High. Says very briefly that his interests are "The Mitre", (how about an article?) O.T.C. and McGill as his future Alma Mater.

ERIC ROGER BOOTHROYD has been a Bishop's University product since the day he arrived — April 2, 1918, to be exact — Attended Lennoxville High and Bishop's College School. Is interested in debating, badminton and is completely undecided as to his future.

DOUGLAS JOHN CARMICHAEL. Born in Bruce Mines, Ont. on Nov. 18, 1918, whence he moved or was moved to Noranda, P.Q. Absorbed his education for the last few years at Noranda High School and comes to Bishop's with an interest in debating, soccer and the O.T.C. Intends to put in some time at Queen's after leaving Bishop's.

WILLIAM LAWRENCE DELANEY is an Englishman, for he was born in old London on November 2nd, 1917. Came to Canada at the age of 1 and, as he grew older, absorbed his education in Quebec topping it off at Boys' High in that city. He's already put in one year at McGill and intends to return there for medicine. Main pastimes are going to be tennis, golf, and debating.

GEORGE MAURICE DURGAN. Born in St. Johns, P.Q., April 17th, 1916, and now calls Chambly, P.Q. his home. Attended St. Johns High School. George, who aspires to a French professorship, at present professes an interest in rugby, hockey badminton, and debating.

FRANK B. EVANS. New York City was his birthplace June 18, 1918, but he now resides in Sherbrooke. Sherbrooke and Waterloo High Schools prepared him for Bishop's, where he purposes to take part in dramatics and basketball. At a future date McGill is to have him as a student.

MANLIFF RANDAL GIFFORD. Born in Montreal, July 24, 1917, later moved to Sherbrooke where he attended Sherbrooke High School. Is interested at the present in basketball and the O.T.C. and is going to McGill after he leaves us.

G. NORMAN GOFF was welcomed to Canada at Cookshire, Que., May 1st, 1915. Attended Cookshire High School. His activities are to be basketball, hockey, and debating. Intends to take up teaching on leaving Bishop's.

ROBERT LESLIE GOURLEY, our senior freshman was born at Moncton N.B., Nov. 14, 1913. Here he attended Aberdeen High School, but lately has been living at Quebec. Is interested in "The Mitre", O.T.C., and debating. His object is Holy Orders.

MATTHEW NEIL GRAHAM. First took an interest in life at Montreal, Que., Oct. 23, 1917. Later he moved to Sherbrooke and attended the high school there. His specialty is basketball. His ultimate aim is to take electrical engineering at McGill.

HENRY THOMAS HOLDEN celebrates his birth on Armistice Day and was born in 1908 in the city of Montreal. Has previously attended Strathcona Academy and Montreal Diocesan College. Is here for a B.A.Th., and while getting it is devoting his spare time to debating, rugby, dramatics and "The Mitre". Is already a contributor to the last mentioned.

WILLIAM GORDON MACKENZIE HUME. Born at Sherbrooke, Aug. 4, 1917, where he later attended high school. He intends to go to McGill for Medicine following a B.A. at Bishop's. Is interested in the O.T.C., badminton and skiing.

CURTIS HENRY LOWRY. Sawyerville welcomed him as its newest inhabitant on July 20, 1918. He attended Sawyerville and Bishopton Intermediate Schools. Likes hockey, tennis, and basketball. Is undecided about his future.

JOHN LUNDERVILLE. Born at Lennoxville, March 17th, 1916. He was a pupil of Westmount High School and later moved to Sherbrooke. His course at Bishop's is to be pre-engineering and hopes to continue this work at McGill. He has not definitely decided what activities will interest him here.

FRANKLIN NELSON LYSTER first saw light at Kirkdale, July 2nd, 1918. St. Francis College High School, Richmond, has its share in his education. Soccer, basketball, tennis, and O.T.C. are to be his activities. He also boxes — Future uncertain.

ARTHUR REDPATH McMURRICH. Toronto claims him for her own and welcomed this one of her sons on May 21st, 1917. He first followed the flowery paths of learning at Upper Canada College, Toronto, and later at McGill. Hopes to return to McGill when he leaves Bishop's. Activities include skiing, tennis and dramatics.

JACK E. MARTIN. Born at Westmount, P.Q., June 22, 1916. Attended Lower Canada College. Activities are rugby, hockey, O.T.C. and track. Also indulges in golf and tennis. Contemplates taking Law at Laval.

ALAN VICTOR LENNOX MILLS. Born at Ottawa, Ont. on Dec. 24th, 1918. He is a graduate of T. C. S., in Port Hope, Ont. and his home-town is Montreal. Activities include tennis, golf and basketball. Has no ideas concerning his ultimate career.

GERALD EARLY MOFFATT. Arrived here from Regina, Sask., where he was born May 26, 1917. Educated at Rothesay Collegiate School. Among his accomplishments are numbered golf, tennis, O.T.C., dramatics and music. He may continue his studies at Oxford.

OSMOND O'CONNOR-FENTON. Born at Colbourne, Oct. 7, 1915. Has wandered extensively since, his last point of call being Trenton, Ont. On the way he attended Norwood High School, Norwood, Ont. His activities would seem to include rugby, hockey, basketball, tennis, badminton, and the O.T.C. — what a man! Engineering at Queen's is his goal.

GRAYDON AUBREY PARKER. His birthplace is Sherbrooke

the date being Dec. 21, 1917. He gained his Matric. at Sherbrooke High. He evidently believes that "There's Something About a Soldier", for he lists as his one activity the O.T.C. Intends to study designing after he leaves Bishop's.

MERRITT COLLIN PHARO. Comes from Maple Grove, Que., where he was born September, 16, 1913. Later moved to Thetford Mines where he attended High School. Has chosen basketball and dramatics for his activities. Mining Engineering at McGill is his next move.

RONALD RIVETT. Born at Rio Tinto, Spain, September 7, 1918. He now resides at Noranda where he was a pupil of Noranda High School. Is interested in debating and expects to go to McGill on completing his course here.

LAWRENCE HAMILTON ROBERTS, JR. Born at Montreal, Que., March 9, 1917. Came here from Shawinigan Falls, Que. Went to Ashbury College and intends to take up debating, dramatics, and "The Mitre". He will pursue Law at McGill or Varsity.

WILLIAM JAMES ROBINSON. Kemptville, Ont., numbers him among her sons, the memorable date being Sept. 8, 1916. Appears to have attended Kemptville High School and says he is interested in tennis, O.T.C., and music. He hopes to be an Anglican priest.

WILLIAM JOHN ROGERS. His birthplace is Galt, Ont., the date being November 1, 1918. Moved to Coaticook and attended Watertown High School. Activities are rugby, basketball and hockey. Intends to go to McGill.

DOUGLAS GEORGE WELLS ROWE. Born at Waterville, Quebec, December 4, 1918. Is a graduate of Waterville High School and intends taking up hockey and "The Mitre".

CHARLES SMITH. Toronto welcomed him March 7, 1916. Attended Westhill High School in Montreal. His interests are rugby, hockey, and badminton. Hopes to take a B.Sc. at McGill.

ROBERT AYLNER SMITH. Born May 15, 1915, at Scottstown, Que. He attended high school there. Intends to join the O.T.C. Ambition is to be a teacher.

CHARLES TREVOR STEVENS. Born July 10th, 1916 at Lennoxville, Quebec. Was educated at Sherbrooke High and St. Pat's Academy. Professes a liking for the O.T.C., skiing and badminton. Engineering is to be his life's work.

JOHN MONTAGUE WIGGETT. Born June 11th, 1919, in Sherbrooke, attended Sherbrooke High School and is interested in hockey and the O.T.C. Hopes to take up banking.

JOSEPH DE PENCIER WRIGHT. Born Trenton, Ont., April 30, 1911, has attended Kingston Collegiate, Pickering College and has spent two years at Queen's. Rugby and basketball will claim his attention. B.A. in Theology is to be his course.

MURIEL ELIZABETH CLARKE came into the world on April 5, 1918, in Montreal West and was subsequently educated at the Elizabeth Ballantyne School and Montreal West High School. Her college activities will be hockey, basketball, skating and Glee Club, and her aspirations tend towards the more progressive side of teaching.

EMMA M. CROSS was born on May 21, 1914, and educated at Farm Point School; Kent Street School, Ottawa; Glebe Collegiate, Ottawa; Toronto University. Activities will be badminton and dramatics. Upon graduation she intends to go to McGill for Medicine.

EDYTHE M. EVERETT. Born in Lennoxville 19 years ago, and attended the local High School. Is athletically inclined, being interested in badminton, tennis, basketball, hockey and skating. Intends, upon getting her degree, to take up Nursing as a profession.

BARBARA I. GREENE was born in Lennoxville, but only 16 years ago, which seems to make her junior freshette. She too went to Lennoxville High School, is interested in badminton, tennis, basketball, hockey and skating, and wants to be a nurse.

ELSIE M. GROOME hails from North Hatley and was born on February 6th, 1917. Went to North Hatley High

RESTORATION

"The Law of Diminishing Returns", remarked the Professor of Economics, "applies to our rivers and seas as well as land, and thus we have need of artificial stocking to maintain a uniform catch of fish."

This statement meant much to me for since boyhood I have been interested in the process of artificial stocking of our salmon and trout streams. This work, purely experimental at first, has proved to be an important unit of the Fisheries Department work and every year adds to the growing body of knowledge concerning fish and fish culture.

At this time of year ardent disciples of Izaak Walton look back on the summer's fishing season and remember with pleasure delightful combinations of stream and forest, the thrill of a well-hooked fish with lots of fight and delightful evenings spent around the campfire comparing notes on the day's catch. There is a fascination about quiet sunflecked pools and spray-sparkling rapids that calls the true fisherman back to the streams as surely as the seasons

School where she acquired an interest in skating and basketball. Is to be a Teacher when she leaves Bishop's.

HELEN LEGGE, eighteen years of age, was born in Granby and attended the High School there. She intends to take part in Golf, Tennis, Badminton, Basketball and Dancing, while Journalism appeals to her as a career.

EVELYNE FLORENCE MACDONALD. Is from Coaticook, Que., and was born on August 5, 1918. Attended Lake Megantic and Coaticook High Schools and is interested in tennis and basketball. While undecided, thinks her vocation may lie in a language professorship.

GLENNA MARGARET MACRAE. Born in Bury, Quebec, February 14th, 1917, and was educated at Bury High School. Her sole extra-scholastic interest, apparently, is golf. She intends to get her High School Diploma here.

NANCY MCDUGALL arrived in Three Rivers on August 13, 1918, and was subsequently educated at the High School there. Basketball, Golf, Badminton and Hockey are going to take up her spare time here while she is getting her High School Diploma.

GWENETH MYRTLE NIXON. August 3, 1917, was the date of this young lady's arrival in Gore, Quebec. She attended Gore Rural School and St. Francis' College High School. Her home is now Richmond, Quebec, and her ambition is to get a High School Diploma. Hockey, Tennis, Skating, Skiing and the Glee Club will claim her attention while she's at Bishop's.

roll around. But he may seldom stop to consider what work is being done to assure him of good fishing he dreams of behind his office desk or before the winter fire-place.

Under natural conditions salmon come in from unknown oceanic sources to enter the rivers during May, June and July, the heaviest run being in June. They proceed slowly upstream, nesting in the pools along the river course. Waterfalls do not hinder this instinct-guided migration, for with mighty leaps they surmount them and continue serenely on their way. The female salmon is seeking the quiet gravel beds of the upper river reaches where she can deposit her spawn. This done, the eggs will be fertilized by the male fish who will proceed down river to the deeper pools and out again to their unknown winter home in the ocean. A few may remain in the ice-bound pools all winter and go out to sea in the spring, thin and hungry after their long exile in fresh water, where they take no food. The little fish, when hatched out have a precarious existence on account of numerous enemies. Dur-

by K. H. Annett

ing adolescence they make their way to sea and eventually return to play their part in the great cycle of perpetuation.

The angler upsets this cycle. The salmon on its way upstream will leap for the fly-concealed hook of the fisherman's line and end its life in a battle royal which may last for hours and be fought over a long section of river. But however bravely it fights it gradually loses strength, until finally drawn in and netted, it ends its life on the river's gravelly shores. Thus valuable spawn is wasted and a proportionate number of young salmon will never return to stock the river's pools. The hatcheries Service must step into this breach opened by the angler and restock the river, assuring against a decrease in fish during future years.

The first stage in the restocking process starts in the salt, tide-swept river estuaries. By some wonderful power of instinct the salmon returns from the ocean to the district where it was born, and, following along the shoal coastal waters passes up into its native river. Long barrier nets are set at right angles to the shore, terminating in cleverly designed A-shaped traps, knit with small mesh. The fish, unable to continue upstream, on account of the barrier nets, follow along it and swim into the traps. Once inside the "maze" they cannot escape and remain swimming about, vainly seeking some outlet.

At least twice a day the fisherman tends this trap. If it contains any fish he carefully removes them with a dip-net, transferring them to a specially built container. This pontoon as it is named, has a length of approximately ten feet, width of three feet and depth of two feet. It is really a little board-enclosed portion of the sea in which the fish are able to swim about freely without having a chance to escape. At the height of the season's run the fisherman may get twenty or more fish a day, filling more than one pontoon. Great care must be taken in this initial handling not to injure the fish in any way, the eyes being a particularly vital point. Naturally the salmon resent being lifted out of the water from trap to container. It requires considerable strength and skill not only to get the fish into the dip-net when it has several fathoms of water to play hide and seek in, but also to transfer it when the small boat is being tossed about by wind and sea.

The pontoons are collected daily and slowly towed to a retaining pool in fresh water of the river. The secondary channel of a meandering river is an excellent spot for such an enclosure for it may be penned off with stakes without interrupting fish movements in the main channel. There the pontoons are towed and the salmon leave the blue sea behind to take up summer quarters in this calm elm-shaded pool. No food is given them for the only things they take any interest in are the flies that collect on the

water. When these are plentiful the salmon will leap right out of the water for them, snapping one up with every jump. Daily their numbers grow until at the end of the fishing season they number about seven hundred. Their backs slowly lose the beautiful olive-green tint for that of a more sombre greenish-blue. Any whose eyes have been hurt become blind. The eye and surrounding tissue turns white and the fish, losing vitality, lies almost motionless on the gravel bottom for hours at a time until it dies.

During this month (October) the salmon are artificially spawned. This is done by experienced men who take every precaution not to injure the fish in any way. Following this operation the retaining pool gates are opened and the salmon are free to pass out into the main river and back again to the open sea. The spawn is taken to the Government Hatchery and developed under suitable temperature conditions. The young fry are sent out to restock rivers depleted by the angler, thus continuing the cycle we saw him disrupt. The fry are shipped in containers which resemble small milk cans in shape. The cover of this container is perforated, and into it is fitted a block of ice which melts during transit furnishing fresh water to the travelling fry.

Artificial restocking of trout, an outgrowth of the successful experiments with salmon, is now fast surpassing the former in importance. The number of trout streams in the province far exceeds the number of salmon rivers and it is important that these be kept well stocked with fish. Trout spawn is obtainable at certain of the larger and well-stocked lakes. The fish are captured first before natural spawning season with drag-nets and soon released.

A stream with a minimum seasonal variation in water temperature is chosen as the site for a trout hatchery. The stream is diverted through a series of shallow concrete basins varying in size and shape but together covering approximately an acre of ground. These shallow basins are uncovered summer and winter, the running water keeping them free of ice and snow during cold weather. The trout are grouped in basins according to age. Some are tiny, hardly an inch long, while at the other end of the scale are speckled beauties, weighing several pounds. Their daily rations consisting of raw minced liver are fed to them at definite hours each day. It is interesting to watch the surge of fish towards the feeder, and the scramble for food the instant it touches the surface. As required, the young trout are shipped out in the same type of containers as the salmon fry.

Thus is realized the fisherman's hopeful dream of forest and stream, and the rod hard-bending under the strain of fighting fish.

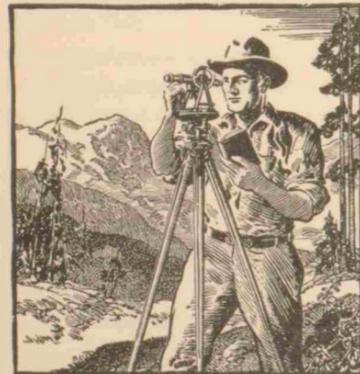
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FRESHMAN ORGANIZATION

We have been asked to write an article for this issue of "The Mitre" concerning freshmen (spelt with a small "f") and their various duties. To us it seems that, it being an old Bishop's custom for the freshmen to comply with certain regulations and to carry out certain customary rules and duties, there is not much to be said in objection to this. However, we do feel that, having been given this opportunity, we would like to put forth a few suggestions which may, perhaps, prove useful, not only under existing conditions, but also for the future.

We would first like to make it clear that no objection is being raised. The freshman duties have been and always will be, a necessary factor, and as freshmen, we do our best to carry out whatever tasks may be assigned to us. However, we do feel that in some cases, if a certain amount of forethought were used, with more organization, this work would be done with a minimum of time and effort to the satisfaction of all parties concerned.

In many instances, the aforementioned lack of organization could not be prevented. There are, too, a number of things which can only be done at the last minute. These obviously cannot be taken into account. But of what could be avoided:

At the Introduction Dance, several articles of furniture were required to be moved from the Reception Room to the gymnasium, but the door of the Reception Room was locked and the key couldn't be found. The result was that the freshmen assigned to the job, and the Second Year men in charge, waited around for an hour and a half before we could finally move the furniture. This, as you see, hindered those in charge of decorating from finishing their task. Surely the key could have been obtained quite easily beforehand, and the resulting delay prevented.

As a second thought, let us consider the job of liming the Football field. Would it be possible in some way to obtain a machine which would do the field better and more quickly? Our suggestion is as follows: such a machine need not necessarily be bought outright, but at practically no cost, the necessary materials could be obtained to build the apparatus. These materials having been obtained, surely there is enough mechanical genius in the college to assemble such a machine? If this could be done, the result would be three-fold. First, the college would have a machine which would have cost them practically nothing. Second, someone would have had a chance to do something for Bishop's. Third, but by no means least, the task of liming the field could be accomplished with a minimum of effort and time, and what is more important, the result would be a more satisfactory job.

In conclusion, we hope what has been said will be

taken in the spirit in which it is written — not as a complaint, but rather as a suggestion to help everyone concerned. So we feel if more organization could be obtained, both from those in charge and from the freshmen, the resulting class of work would be much more gratifying.

POOR FRESHMAN!

The freshman (spelled with a small "f") is faced with many trials in the first few months at College and the most harmful of all is "advice".

The poor worm, easily recognized by the lost expression on his face, is accosted by some strange senior who welcomes him to the college, tells him what a great place it is and with very little encouragement, what a great fellow he (the senior) is, and what a fine time you can have if you follow his foolproof way of entering the building. Of course it's hard to get up the fire-escape, which is already so high that were there a fire anyone who dared to go down it would break a leg. By the easy way which he will show you some night, a child can accomplish the feat. The successful negotiation of such an obstacle depends not so much on strength as on a proper sense of balance.

Have you all your books? Well if not the senior has some as good as new, and as for furniture, not only has he the cheapest and the best but he has as big an assortment as any furniture store.

The fortunate freshman who evades this campus canvasser is not yet safe — no indeed! He still has to face a reception committee which calls on him the first night he settles down. They greet him as a long lost brother and drape themselves around his room, cautiously asking if he has any food; then, when they know each other better — would he like to buy a Latin translation. Not just a translation, but one which will, without a doubt, bring its proud possessor a "Distinction" at the very least. For thirty-five this priceless manuscript is his. Nowhere else can he get such a bargain — and for an extra twenty-five cents he may procure the Mythology notes which the professor dictates at an almost stupefying rate of speed.

Then comes the personal advice. One gentleman, displaying superior tactics to the rest, remains behind and tells how to get attendance at lectures without actually being there. How many lectures one can miss without getting into trouble, and at least six fool-proof ways of passing English. The freshman is warned not to buy books from the other fellows, — they will cheat you. But if you make your purchases from him he would not think of taking advantage of your ignorance. Of course he fails to inform you that some of them are the wrong edition. Two weeks later the freshman discovers his mistake.

If these pit-falls have been avoided the worst is past. The sale of all books and furniture requires one week of friendship. Then comes the initiation. Alas and Alack!

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SPORT FROM THE SIDELINES

by Les McCaig

Since coming to Bishop's the writer has found that the more friends he has the harder it is to study — not that he wanted to study anyhow. For the first time he has decided to print (not think about it) what the general student attitude is towards Bishop's athletics. Now if we should lose our friends by publishing what everyone is thinking and saying behind closed doors we shall console ourselves by feeling that we will have fewer men (women don't count) to keep us from our work. It is with this end in view, viz., to make the Sports Section of "The Mitre" representative of Student opinion that we have decided to publish certain sentences and phrases heard on the Campus and in the smoking rooms. When you see a few disconnected sentences further down this page you will please remember that they are actual comments in somewhat modified form.

Owing to unfortunate circumstances we were unable to have a coach at the very opening of the term. But our really ardent footballers were not deterred by this — they turned out daily, did a few exercises and kicked a ball around. We will be quite honest about it all — they didn't accomplish much but the very fact that they showed sufficient enthusiasm to turn out at all is surely commendable. This is an excellent example of the College Spirit so predominant at Bishop's. No, we're not idealists, sentimental fools and we haven't been reading poetry. College Spirit is something very real at Bishop's and the man who doesn't possess it doesn't belong here. Dr. McGreer stressed this at the "Pep Rally" and there is little point in further discussing the topic here; however, we should like to repeat one comment heard on the Rugby field — "It's only college spirit and wallpaper that holds this place together". There is more truth than poetry in that statement and

before we finish this column we hope to have some more truth for our readers.

This year there are about twenty-five men turning out for Rugby and of this number about twenty are not new to Bishop's grid-iron. We will frankly admit we are sorry that the freshmen have not come to our rescue in greater numbers, but we are going to make the best of it.

You may say it is an easy matter to sit down in a chair and criticize; well it is a comparatively easy thing to do, but after listening to the Principal at the "Pep Rally" we came to the conclusion that the graduates and students might appreciate a few unvarnished facts about sports at Bishop's. We intend to find out if this is so and if you find a new name at the head of the Sports Column in next issue of "The Mitre" you'll realize that we did find out.

The boys have been training faithfully for the last ten or eleven days and giving Coach O'Donnell their best — we're not afraid to say that this wasn't too good either. All in all the squad has been making the best of its eleven days coaching and we will not be able to estimate their strength for another week yet. It is unfortunate that the first game is against those formidable rivals from Montreal West, but as we write this the day before the game there is a do or die look in the eyes of each and every man of the team.

PRE-SEASON COMMENTS —
The first five days

This is a fine state of affairs . . . if we only had a few new line-men . . . Kenny Ross is going to play this year . . . did you see that big freshman? . . . Does he play football? . . .

Sure, both of the freshmen play, what do you take them for? . . . when is the first practice? . . . are we going to have a team this year? . . . it's a good thing we have a coach, now we'll have someone to blame if we don't get along



TO
the Student
 WHO THINKS OF THE *FUTURE*



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so well
 and a few days later

Len O'Donnell is the new coach . . . guess he'll be O.K. . . . did some fine work at Sherbrooke High . . . too bad we didn't have him a week sooner and then on the Rugby field

You guys don't have to stop the smoking, but cut down on it see but remember this, lay off the booze . . . get me some adhesive and be quick about it . . . hey freshman, bring that water over here, what do you think we got you here for? . . . how about putting a radio on some of those guys and let Len control them from the bench . . . it's a good thing it doesn't rain all the time . . . Where's Wing? He promised to get me a new pair of pants . . . he promised me shoulder-pads

. and so on until the day of the first game while Harry Scott parades his thin line of lime spreaders around the field and Wing Gall rushes about with sheets of paper in his hands and a medical kit under his arm.

The Montreal Daily Star had a most heartening influence in so kindly reporting the fact that Loyola had burned an effigy of a Bishop's player before coming to Lennoxville to begin their quest for another Dominion title. The Bishop's boys took this with the traditional grain of salt.

On the morning of Sat. Oct. 5, there was a distinct feeling of uneasiness around the home campus. Players missed lectures, Mac Dunsmore spent his time teaching signals to those who were not quite sure of them and Tommy Johnson complained about having to wear sweater thirteen.

Loyola arrived about 1:00 p.m. and "dined in hall" after which they went about making preparations to destroy the rest of the Bishop's effigies whom they were to meet at three o'clock. Despite the fact that very keen rivalry was displayed we must admit that we have never had a more friendly and clean game with Loyola — may this fine spirit of sportsmanship prevail.

And now, the time — 3.00 p.m.
 the scene — Bishop's Rugby Field.

Faint noises and cheers, enter the Loyola squad; and still faint cheers, enter the purple and white.

The whistle blows and the game begins.

Bishop's kicked off to Morley who was brought down on his own forty yard line. Loyola kicked on second down. Bishop's lost the ball on a fumble in the first play. Loyola tried a forward pass which was incompleated and kicked on third down. Fenton and McMahan made yards for Bishop's on strong bucking. After failing to make yards in two downs Bishop's kicked. The ball was now on the Loyola 45 yd. line. Morley kicked on second down. Fenton fumbled for Bishop's and Loyola recovered the ball on

Bishop's 15 yard line. Few yards were gained in the first two downs and Morley kicked to the deadline for the first point after nine minutes and forty seconds of play.

This now gave the ball to Bishop's and Smith bucked for seven yards, then Fenton carried the ball past the ten yard marker on the next play. Coughlin was hurt on this play. Within the next few plays Slattery was hurt. Dunsmore kicked for a rouge and the score at the end of the first quarter rested one to one and Bishop's was gaining confidence (in itself).

Loyola suffered a fifteen yard penalty for running interference. Loyola now kicked and on running back this kick Ross and Dunsmore skilfully executed a criss-cross which gained about 15 yards. The rest of this quarter saw better rugby. Bishop's was left one man short while Smith served a penalty for tripping, but despite this, Bishop's forced their way into Loyola territory and after twelve minutes and thirty seconds of play in the second quarter Bishop's scored another rouge. Verdicchio was given a penalty for charging and Bishop's again rouged with thirteen minutes and fifty-five seconds gone.

There was no score in the third quarter and both teams played cautiously, each waiting for a break. In this quarter Bishop's made yards twice consecutively and at the end of the quarter Loyola performed the same feat three times. Loyola completed a forward pass for about fifteen yards but on the next play a fumble was recovered by Page.

The fourth quarter started out as a kicking duel between Dunsmore and Morley with the latter having the edge. Dunsmore is to be admired for his clever and cautious generalship in this final frame; Mac took no chances and decided to keep the ball in Loyola territory by kicking. One of the finest exhibitions of running was that of Brennan's when he ran back a kick through Bishop's tacklers for about twenty-two yards. Loyola now began throwing passes in a mad effort to score, but their attempts were fruitless. Bishop's got a break in this quarter when Dougan fumbled and the ball rolled into touch. Bishop's now kicked deep into Loyola territory and Loyola began a drive that was steadily netting yards. The time was now nearly up and the last play of the game was a completed pass from Morley to Tyler for twenty yards. The whistle blew and the game was over — Bishop's had chalked up two points in their Intercollegiate series.

THE LINE-UP

LOYOLA		BISHOP'S
Tyler	quarter	Dunsmore
Morley	half	Ross
Dougan	"	McMahon
Brenan	"	Bilkey
MacDonald	F. wing	Martin
O'Brien	snap	Fredericks



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Coughlin	inside	Bassett
McNally	"	Purdy
Slattery	middle	Powell
Verdicchio	"	Smith
Kane, F.	outside	Page
Hayes	"	Johnson
Kane, C.	alternate	Bissonnet
Hammond	"	Fenton
McKeown	"	Trenholme
Moore	"	Davis
McGovern	"	Scott
Murphy	"	Chappell

Looking at the game critically we are assured that Bishop's has a superior backfield. Dunsmore and Ross have sure hands which is much more than can be said for the Loyola backfielders; furthermore Ross' broken field running stood out very well against that of his opponents. McMahon showed up quite well and is certainly not very slow when it comes to running in a straight line. Powell tackled well and nipped a good many Loyola plays in the bud. Bassett and Purdy worked better in the line than we have seen them do to date. Page tackled hard and certainly was not the same lad who ran in the wrong direction last year for a touch against Bishop's Jrs. — incidentally that play was called back so he didn't really do any damage. Of the newcomers Fenton and Smith look quite promising and with more seasoning should be valuable assets; however Fenton does not seem to carry the ball very carefully but this should be rectified easily. Smith is a stocky chap and will be of much greater service on the field than on the penalty-bench.

The lines of both teams seemed to be the weak points and we have every reason to believe that ours will improve remarkably as the season advances. It was opening holes but the timing seemed to be slightly off. We hope that this victory will not make the team too sure of itself as the writer predicts a much tougher game at Loyola on Oct. 26. McGill comes here on Oct. 12 and with a week's practice and polishing Bishop's should put up a very strong fight.

We feel quite certain that much of the credit of the victory should go to coach O'Donnell. He has only been working with the squad for about eleven days and he has certainly taught us a lesson — nothing is so bad as it looks and we are not beaten until the final whistle blows. **Fine work Len!**

Condition played a great part in this game and Len is to be congratulated on the excellent shape into which he has rounded the men.

The game was ably handled by Eddie Wolfe and Frank Shaughnessy, with Lyman Tomkins as head-linesman.

An added feature to this year's staff of officials is the attendance of three Provincial traffic officers who very effectively put an end to parking on the road next the

field. It is really too bad to deprive people of rugby in this manner when tickets to the game cost 35¢ and you can buy an auto for only \$900.00. We feel quite certain that the Federal Government should do something about this: a second Aberhart might give out credit slips for our Rugby games and these poor people would only have to buy the car and the Rugby games could be enjoyed without paying the absurd fee of 35¢.

Wilson Gall is Rugby Manager and Harry Scott is his Assistant. To date they have been pursuing their duties assiduously and strange as it may seem we didn't hear one player crabbing to them any more than usual. Incidentally both were quite hoarse after the game so it might not be out of place to suggest that the medical kit be equipped with a potion to clear up this hoarseness which develops during the game. Perhaps they might even join the Loyola culture class and learn to cheer with their stomachs instead of with their throats — the writer is full of suggestions at this point and has even accepted the suggestion of the Editor-in-chief that he cease his rambling for another week.

Act II. Scene: Bishop's Rugby Field.

Time: 2.30 p.m.

Characters in battle array — McGill vs. Bishop's.

Attendants: Freshmen, cheer-leader Gedye, Provincial Police and officials.

The thing that impressed us most was the fact that McGill was out-fitted in bright new red sweaters and new pants. The new coaching department seems to be taking the freshmen seriously, so from now on McGill will be the team to beat.

The second act of the Rugby Drama is not as pleasant as the first, but for once the writer of the manuscript cannot be blamed. McGill outplayed Bishop's and won by the score of 9-1, hence the tragedy in Act II.

McGill kicked off to Bishop's. Bishop's first play was an unsuccessful end run. In this play Dunsmore was wind-ed but was able to continue playing after about half a minute. Mac kicked on the second down and it was McGill's ball on their twenty-five yard line. On the second down they fumbled and the ball was captured by Purdy. Fenton and Dunsmore made about seven yards on bucks and a placement was vainly attempted. The ball went behind McGill's goal line but it was run out. McGill made two consecutive first downs and gained another fifteen yards when Bishop's went offside. Hamilton kicked behind Bishop's goal line and Ross was brought down for the first point of the game after nine minutes of play. Before the end of the quarter McGill got another rouge.

There was a lot of kicking in this quarter and Hamilton certainly booted some beautiful spirals. McGill's line was considerably heavier than ours and used its weight to the best advantage. McGill was able to get another point

EXPERIENCE plus PERMANENCE

Two factors to
consider when
you name an
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Trustee in your
Will

After you have revised your Will to meet to-days conditions, the next thought should be: "How can I best assure myself that these plans will be carried out?"

That is the duty of the Executor you choose. And usually the duties of Estate administrations are too complicated and too important to be entrusted to anyone inexperienced in this work.

Again, if you should be so fortunate as to choose as Executor an individual of experience, specialized knowledge and judgment — your Estate would always face the possibility of a change in management, with subsequent confusion and possible loss.

Name the Sherbrooke Trust Company as your Executor and Trustee. The collective experience of many years and many minds is then available in the management of your Estate — and permanence of experienced management is assured as our Charter is permanent.

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in this quarter, but Bishop's seemed to recover themselves when Dunsmore completed a forward pass to Ross for twenty yards. McGill was given a fifteen-yard penalty for being offside. McMahon spurted out on an end run for about twelve yards. At this point the press and officials at the table were thrown into confusion. Betty Brewer's dog picked on a very little dog, and chewed his ear. Nasty doggie! This was one form of sport that didn't appeal to the officials and press, and until Miss Brewer chastized the offender we weren't able to concentrate on the game. At the end of this quarter McGill backfielder fumbled the ball behind his goal line, McMahon dived for it but the ball was too elusive, and slipped from his hands. McConnell recovered it and the result was one point for Bishop's.

In the third quarter the play consisted of very effective bucking by McGill, which was ineffectually opposed by our line. The bright spots in this quarter were two forward passes from Dunsmore to Ross on two consecutive plays. A third one was not completed and the whistle blew for the end of the quarter just as Keefer was given five minutes to reconsider his views on tackling about the neck.

McGill started the last quarter by a steady march down the field to Bishop's ten yard line. McGill were unable to make yards on two downs, and kicked. Carson ran the ball out across the goal line. Everyone seemed to have the feeling that Bishop's was beaten and the old fighting spirit waned. In the last minute of play Ross received a kick and fumbled when he was tackled. Perowne grabbed the ball and ran across for a touch which was converted. The whistle blew and McGill stepped into first place in the League Standing.

As we have said before McGill outweighed Bishop's, but that in itself wasn't responsible for our defeat. Bishop's didn't play the same brand of football they played against Loyola. The spirit was not there — the cries of "Come on, let's go places, etc." were not at all convincing.

Dunsmore fought the whole sixty minutes — Mac always has and we hope the team won't let him down next week. Carson played an excellent game, he is a natural tackler and he doesn't go to sleep. Powell was right in there body and soul and Ross did some nice broken field running. If we may suggest it Kenny would quite often be better off if he did not try to avoid a man by running back.

Smith, Fenton and Johnson did not show up as well as we have seen them do. These are football players and should do much better. Bassett did not see action due to an infected leg which kept him in the Sherbrooke Hospital for three days. Johnny likes the nurses too. Page did well when we consider that he had not recovered from injuries received a week ago.

For McGill, Christie was a constant threat and Hamilton's kicking was nothing to sneer at. McConnell, Dodd and Perowne put in very creditable performances.

The game was capably handled by Eddie Wolfe and

Tommy Robertson while Lyme Tomkins was wide awake as the headlinesman.

LINEUP

McGill			Bishop's
Hamilton	quarter	Dunsmore	
Merifield	half	Ross	
McConnell	"	Fenton	
Dodd	"	McMahon	
Neville	snap	Fredericks	
Donnelly	inside	Trenholme	
Turfus	"	Purdy	
Bartram	middle	Powell	
Telford	"	Smith	
Keefer	outside	Carson	
Perowne	"	Johnson	
Southerland	alternates	Page	
Telfer	"	Bissonnet	
Kerr	"	Perkins	
Davies	"	Davies	
Gibb	"	Scott	
Collier	"	Chappell	
Draper	"	Bilkey	
		Davis	

SOCCER

It is a recognized fact that the only way to insure the success of a movement is to persecute it. Soccer has not been literally persecuted but has always been frowned upon by ardent Rugby enthusiasts including yours truly but it seems to be coming into its own — Bishop's is becoming more English in competitive sports. Who knows, we may have huge crowds to watch soccer games when Bishop's finally gets that stadium that has been in the offing since we began to take sports seriously.

Since we have taken upon ourselves to report all the sporting activities we will not muse any longer and will tell exactly what is happening on the soccer field across the river. Soccer has been riddled by graduation too but it has not suffered so badly in as much as the freshman contingent has been decidedly helpful. Practices have been taking place with more or less promising regularity. All in all there are about fifteen players in the squad, this isn't at all bad when we consider that there are only about a dozen more than this turning out for Rugby.

Since nothing else will dampen the soccerite enthusiasm the Fates seem to be taking a hand. In an early practice Annett stopped a kick meant for the ball and has been unable to play since. A few days ago a loose cross bar dropped on Baldwin's head — no damage was done (to the head). In the last game Farley dislocated a knee and has been going around on crutches ever since. Like a good fighter he didn't give up at that — the other evening he blocked someone going into chapel; for those who don't understand, this person was unable to get past him as the crut-

THE MAYFAIR ROOM at the NEW SHERBROOKE HOTEL

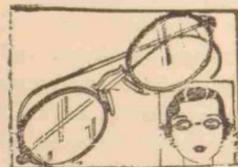
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Old Birks Bldg.,
MONTREAL

ches and Ran were filling the entrance and a retreat was no more practical than a slow advance.

In the games played so far Bishop's has been defeated. On Sept. 24 the Blue Birds (Lennoxville) won 2-1. On Sept 28 a team from Hatley, playing in the rain, set our stalwarts back by a score of 4-0. Superior combination and kicking on the part of Hatley is to be blamed for this unfortunate result. On Oct. 8 the Blue Birds came back for more gore and got it to the tune of 4-2.

We are told that the great difficulty is to arrange games that will not clash with Rugby but this situation will not arise after Oct. 19 when Bishop's plays its last home game against MacDonald. However, practices are continuing regularly under the tutelage of Coach Gray and Capt. Harper. Slowly but surely the team is improving: the players are being fitted for their particular positions, passing and kicking are becoming more accurate. The team is beginning to function as a unit and by the time the next issue of The Mitre comes out we hope to be able to record a few victories.

AN APPEAL by S. J. Davies

The dining room of the Hotel Ritz was very full; the annual banquet of the Brambleville business men was in full swing. After dinner the toasts and speeches began. There were two or three guest speakers who delivered good addresses on business conditions.

The chairman then announced that he was about to call upon a newcomer to the town, one who had already shown himself to be a man of marked ability. He referred to Mr. Henry Jones. It was quite true, Jones was a good business man and was already quite popular with his new associates.

"Mr. Jones" announced the chairman.

Jones rose to his feet. "Er . . . er . . . ladies and . . . gentlemen . . . I . . . I did not . . . ah . . . er . . . er . . . expect to . . . er . . . er . . . expect to . . . er . . . er . . . to be asked . . . I ah . . . mean called upon . . . no . . . ah . . . requested . . . er . . . ah . . . that is to say . . . Ulp . . . ah . . ."

Jones, sweating and bewildered, looked around the table wishing the floor would open and swallow him.

Let us draw the curtain on the rest of this painful scene. It would be quite funny if it were not a serious matter, because, believe it or not, Jones lost a lot of his former popularity and much of his business. His great opportunity of building up a sound business for his firm was lost, only to be retrieved by much hard labour. A good speech, no matter how short, would have produced far better results.

If you have taken the trouble to read this far you will now be saying: "I've read all this before in an advertisement for some correspondence school."

Well, we are not trying to sell "Brawno" to strength-

en your nerves, nor are we pleading that you should take a course at the "Toonerville School for would-be-orators".

But you are going to be let in on a secret; this is free! You don't have to send ten cents with the wrapper of "The Mitre"; you don't have to find the missing faces; you don't have to sell or buy anything.

The secret is this: there is a society in this College which has for one of its aims the abolition of the scenes pictured at the beginning of this article. We refer to the Literary and Debating Society.

In many respects this is perhaps the most useful society in the College, because every one of us will of a certainty be called upon to speak at some public function, at some time and somewhere.

It is not an easy matter to get on your feet and speak to a large audience, if you have never spoken in public before. You may be very intelligent, you may prepare a really good speech, *but* if you cannot deliver that speech in an impressive manner, your intelligence and your preparation will avail you very little.

Therefore, this is an appeal, especially to the freshmen, that you will make use of the opportunities which the Literary and Debating Society offers you. It is not for our benefit but for your own. Give yourself a chance. If you have never tried to debate, now is the chance to learn; if you have already debated, do some more and improve your style.

We have a very ambitious programme this year, but we *must* have new material to build upon.

Come to the meetings of the Debating Society — see how it's done, then when you are asked to debate, say "Yes" right away — have a shot at it. (N.B. those with Scotch blood) — it will not cost you anything!

Not only will you be able to address a public meeting, but you will grow in self-confidence and in the ability to think on your feet.

THE MATHEMATICS AND SCIENCE CLUB

The Maths and Science Club held its first meeting of the year on Monday, October 7th, when the society heard a paper, entitled "Plant Breeding", presented by F. S. Browne, B.S.A., of the Experimental Farm.

Mr. Browne spoke most interestingly on the history of plant selection and development in Canada. He pointed to the triumphs of Canadian Agriculturists in the development of early-ripening wheats, of fine quality fruits, and improved types of other agricultural products. In conclusion, Mr. Browne showed some examples of an investigation being carried on in the development of an improved barley at the Experimental Farm, Lennoxville.

The society hopes to meet again in the week of Monday, the 21st, at which time two papers will be presented.

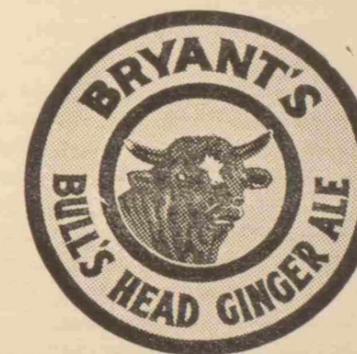
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ALUMNI

There is a gargoyle on the main tower of the Old Arts Building. It sees and it speaks. I found this out the other night when I was waiting for the porter to open the door and report my late leave. I was looking up at it when I saw by a queer gleam in its eyes that it seemed to have a lot to tell someone — so as soon as I got into the building I went up to the window by the landing of the stairway to the third floor, opened the window, sat on the sill while the old beast opened up and spoke. Gosh, he told me a lot! He's been watching people around here for years, and from his perch he can see all around the globe, picking up bits of purple and white news. Here's some of his conversation Do you see that moon up there? (I nodded Yes). Well, sir, it's done a lot of work around here; a lot of boys and girls have come together under its influence. Why just this summer there have been four weddings due to its affect. Old Ivan Stockwell and Ruth Meade were married this summer. They're living in Quebec now where Ivan is teaching at the Commissioner's High — perhaps he's teaching some of the mathematics Ruth used to teach him. Doug Campbell and Jean Colquhoun jumped the proverbial broomstick at Waterville. They're in Montreal now, Doug is teaching at the Montreal High. At Quebec, the day before term opened, Jessie Knowles became Mrs. Ed. Massey. Ed's a Ph.D. from McGill now and head of the Analytical Department of J. T. Donald & Sons, Montreal consulting chemists. Exactly one week before this Mike Wisenthal and Dot Rosenbloom became man and wife. (Mike says "this is the life, boys"). Harry Pibus and Helen Acheson have announced their intention of following in the near future. That same old moon worked on Davey (Rev. A.E.W.) Godwin until he married Helen Bennet at Canterbury last July. Davey bought a new car for his honeymoon trip to his parish at Peninsula, Gaspé Co. In September Allan Anderson married Isobel Lyons at Kingston and now has a parish in Ontario diocese. Martin Banfill '28 and Don Masson have also succumbed to the moon's charms (other charms too, I guess) The former is now a Doctor at Cookshire, while Don is reported to be at the University of Alberta. Jean Towne '22 changed her name too, this summer — What a moon! Russ Blinco also has been seriously affected but made the trip to Winnipeg with the Maroons, still a single man — He has his mate though — It won't be long now.

Old Gargoyle grinned a bit when he told me of a baby boy born to Bill Mitchell and his wife Marg. Bradley, B.A. '34. The baby was born on Sept. 13, and will probably be called Walter Bradley Mitchell.

The old fellow then became melancholy as he mentioned the death of an M.A. graduate of Bishop's and a football player of the nineteenth century — Ralph Merry

W. J. Belford

Noyes — until his death a postal inspector in Montreal.

Brightening up a bit after this Old Gargoyle told me a bit about Ralph Gustafson and the success of his new collection of Poetry "The Golden Chalice" mentioned elsewhere in this Mitre. From this, he (Gargoyle) turned to the Sciences and mentioned Doug R. Cooper '30, the manager of the new hydrogen peroxide plant at Shawinigan Falls. He spent last winter in England studying the manufacture of peroxide (Gargoyle could not remember Doug being worried about the scarcity of blondes in his day here). Gordon H. Findlay '31, another McGill Ph.D. is continuing his research at the Pulp and Paper Research Laboratories University Ave., Montreal. Reg Watson, a McGill M.D. is spending another year as Staff Interne of the Western Hospital, Montreal. Gordon McMurray, B.A. '33 is on the teaching staff of the Laurentide School. C. H. Shaw '30, is with the Canadian Celanese at Drummondville as a chemist, and Alex Ames '34 is in the same role at the Paton Mill, Sherbrooke.

Looking west, Old Gargoyle saw Ed. Brakefield Moore in the R.C.M.P. as Editor of their quarterly. Ed. was in the thick of the riots at Regina, but O.G. saw him visiting around the corridors this term. Further west at the University of Alberta were Pete Curry and Colby Aikins, as well as the already-mentioned Don Masson. Don too was in Lennoxville recently. Out in Alberta Tim Matthews (Rev. T.J. to you) and Eileen Montgomery (Mrs. T. J. to you) are living at Viking and must be eligible for Aberhart's Allowance. Bill Elkin and John Ford have parishes in the same diocese.

In the Mid Pacific, O.G. sees Hollis H. Corey working for the Missionary Society of the Church in Canada among the natives of the Hawaiian Islands.

I asked O.G. if he could see very far in the other direction — of course he could. Rev. Claude Sauerbrei, L.S.T. '24 and lately a member of the Divinity Faculty is making his way to the College of the Holy Cross at Rangoon. He wants his address known so his old friends can keep in touch with him. It is College of the Holy Cross, Kokine, University P.O., Rangoon, Burma. O.G. could also see people in Zurich making way for the hockey of Harry Griffith, H.S.D. '34. The old beast certainly had an eyeful in England. Oggie Glass '35 and Chris Eberts '34, both Rhodes Scholars, are at Oxford — Oggie at St. John's College and Chris at Trinity. Bert Eagles '34 and Sam Wright '34 both have curacies over there. Bert at All Saints, Fulham and Sam at Caterham, Surrey. Wm. (Bill) Bassett is continuing his historical research in England too. Old O. G. has one eye on Harold Newell '34, who is still in a library at St. John's, Nfld. On the Canadian Labrador there is

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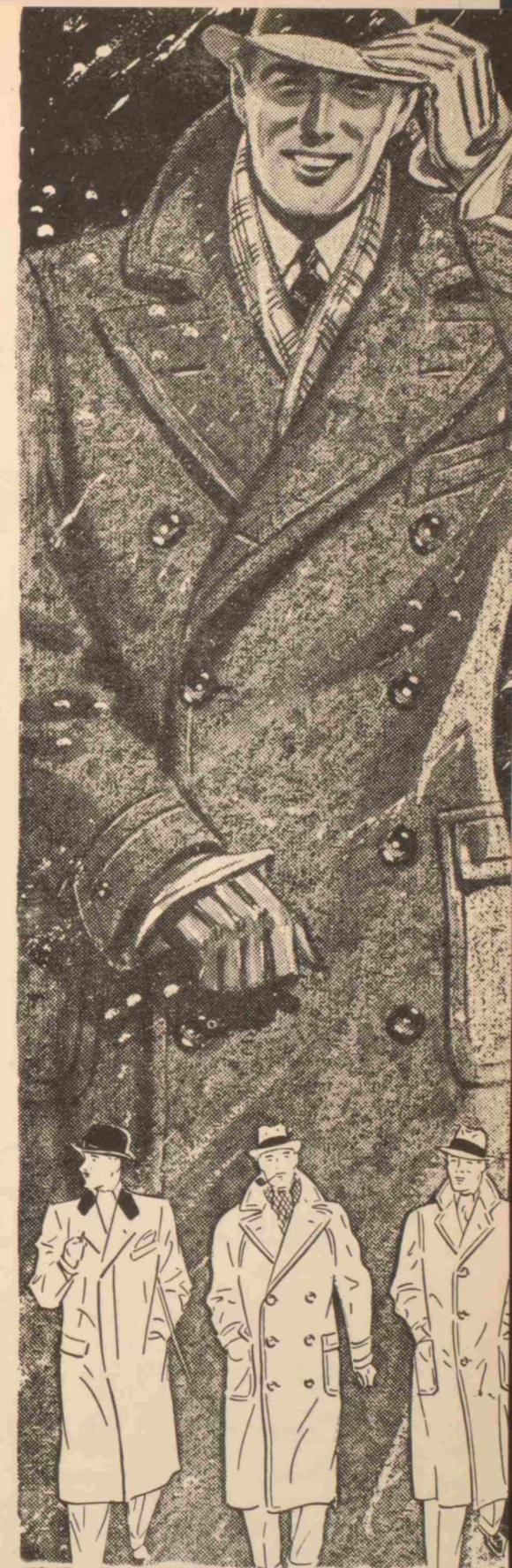
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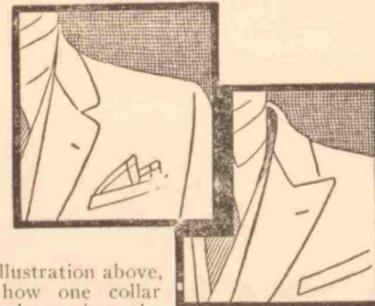
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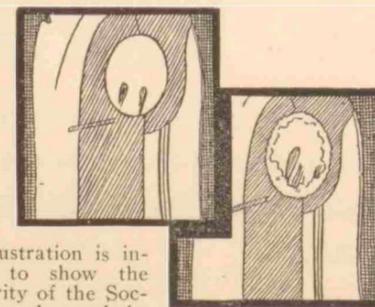
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the Rev. J. Hamilton Dicker and on the Magdalen Islands the Rev. R. Rowcliffe. In the Maritimes there are Geo. "Rusty" Baird. Tony Earle and G. Allison Olmstead all at Dalhousie. In Quebec City Jack Rattray '34, L. O'Neil, Rev. Jimmy Barnett, T. Johnston, B. Titcomb and Allison Ewing are all working.

Others of the Class of '34 mentioned by O.G. that evening were Gerry Cameron, who is a member of the acting company of the New York Troupe, a recent development in the American Theatre, which is sponsored by Mikhail Chekhov and is under the direction of Andrew Jelinsky of the Moscow Art Second. John MacAuley is still teaching at Lakefield. Waymen Labaree, now married (That moon again) is farming at Bulwer, Que. E. A. Hutchison is teaching in his own home town, Thetford Mines. Rev. A. V. Ottiwell is still remaining in Honduras. James "Friday" is still at La Tuque.

At McGill O.G. has a view of Walt Stockwell making himself felt in the senior rugby union, as is also Doug. Wigle. Wm. "Bill" Bradley is captain of his faculty team, The Law Lions. Wes. Bradley is a strong supporter of the

EXCHANGES

One of our contemporaries has said that "The Mitre" gives more space to the Exchanges than do most College Magazines. Our reason for this is twofold; we wish to arouse interest in contemporary Exchanges and also invite criticism of our magazine by writers from other Universities and Schools.

To those who are attending College for the first time the exchange should be a great storehouse of ideas for use in satisfying the article-hungry Editor. In them most national and international political problems are discussed by really thinking people; here also you will find literary ability in its numerous forms. It is by judging and comparing the work and progress of others that you will build up the standard of your own magazine.

The *Acadia Athenaeum* is of particular interest, and the author of "Night Mail" and "Crocus Bulbs" gives something unique, in the form of short, absorbing playlets. The simple background used serves to make the characters seem real. These, with the short stories: "The Violin Maker" and "The Unknown Soldier" are of a high literary standard.

The Northerner has two striking coloured wood-cuts which are a material aid in the brightening of any magazine. In it, too, appears another well written article on "The Rise of The Universities". The author traces the University from early in the middle ages down to our present systems. He tells of the coming into being of the Hospitium of the middle class, from which developed the College system, and the rise of the endowment system

team. Heath Gray and Bill Stockwell led their years in Engineering and Dentistry respectively. Pete Stewart, of the class of '34, is the college heavyweight wrestling champ. Alymer Hunt, Sid. Medine, Ken Smith and Ken Norris are cutting the same figure. Ash Hibbard is in Engineering and may find time to play hockey there. Henry Rugg is in Science, and Arnold Banfill is taking Law and smoking a pipe — probably smoking French tobacco to remind him of the East Angus zephyrs. Dick Richardson and Ed. Boothroyd are studying for their M.A. Recent additions to Bishop's teachers in Montreal are: H. Wright, '34, H. Gall, '34, and F. N. Fleming, '33. Dick Rollit, as curate at Trinity Memorial Church, N.D.G. under Archdeacon Almond, another Grad, joined the ranks of the Bishop's clergy in the metropolis. The Old Gargoyle almost laughed aloud at some of the events which happened in Montreal at the newly formed Alumni Association, but he told me not to tell everything he said. I won't — not this time anyway, but I'm going to see him again before the next Mitre goes to press and should find out lots more news of the old gangs from him.

E. S. Davis

which is used in all Universities today. This was begun to help students who lacked financial backing.

In the course of this article the following quotation from an ancient document is given:

"There be divers there, which rise daily betwixt four and five of the clock in the morning, and from five until six of the clock use common prayer, with an exhortation of God's word in a common chapel, and from six until ten of the clock use ever either private study or common lectures. At ten of the clock they do go to dinner, when, as they be content with a penny piece of beef among four, having a potage of the broth of the same beef with salt and oatmeal, and nothing else.

"After this slender meal they be either teaching or learning until five of the clock in the evening, when as they have a supper not much better than their dinner. Immediately after this meal they either go to reasoning in problems, or to some other study, until it be nine of the clock, and then being without fire, are fain to walk or run up and down half an hour to get a heat on their feet, when they go to bed."

Who pines for the "good old days"?

The Tech Tattler has several clever wood-cuts, also a well written article on "War", and a unique and humorous story, "Almost a Reporter", which consists of the correspondence between a would-be reporter and his friend.

Two articles of particular interest appear in *The Windsorian*, "A Thousand Miles by Air" and "The Old Wil-

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low". The second is the story of tree-planting by U.E. Loyalists.

Ranking high in literary merit is *The Red and Grey* (Canadian Academy, Kobe, Japan). In its article "The New Democracy" we are given a practical criticism of the present so-called democracies of the United States and Canada.

Here we see a clear picture of conditions as they now are, brought to public view by the force of political and economic necessity. The writer also suggests a solution which sounds practical in that it is not too complicated. This clear cut criticism is worth the consideration of every thinking believer in democracy. Also in this magazine is the poem from which the following lines were extracted.

MOON GLOW

Light that is colourless
laps me around,
sweetly and softly
caressing the ground.

Covers my ankles,
creeps to my waist,
lies on my lips without
substance or taste.

No trace of her lingers,
although I besought her,
she slipped through my fingers
like water — like water —

Arrows (University of Sheffield) is still one of our best exchanges. In the latest issue appear two penetrating articles, "Politics" and "Facets of Democracy". The latter is a criticism of British democracy, displaying its advantages and faults. It says, in short, that although the "Mother of Parliaments" is advancing towards better ends, there is yet great room for improvement as a democracy. Two more selections from the *Arrows* which claim attention are: "British Imperialism in India" and "Darwinism and Its Critics".

A worth while article on "Universities and Modern Culture" is printed in *Tamesis* (University of Reading). The question which the article attempts to answer is: What is the function of the University in the modern world? What does it accomplish? Such a question merits attention, as does this writer's answer.

"The Monocle" is an article in the *Acta Victoriana*, which discusses in a very able manner, the topic of co-education. In another article "The Mistake of the Renaissance" we are presented with a picture of the Renaissance as something that, in many ways, seemed to kill vision. A rather new thought! This magazine also contains an interesting

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bit of comedy, "Mr. Miggles". The following is an extract:
She: "Tell me Archie. Now tell me honestly — do you really like to see a girl smoke?"
He: "I don't —"
She: "I know what you're going to say. As a matter of fact I agree with you. I don't know why I do it myself. It's not really a pleasant habit."
He: "Uhuh."
She: "Do you know, I think the only reason girls smoke is because it's smart. I do myself. I don't mind admitting it. I do it partly, too, to keep my hands busy. Keeps them out of mischief you know."
He: "Uhuh."
She: "But I don't think it's necessary. I think if anything it degrades a woman a little, don't you?"
He: "No!"
She: "But I thought you said you didn't like it?"
He: "No! I was going to say it didn't matter."

Before listing all our Exchanges, we should like to express our thanks to the Universities and Schools responsible for their production, and trust that we may continue to receive them regularly.

Since last going to press "The Mitre" has received a record number of Exchanges, of which the following are newspapers:

- Canta, (Canterbury College, Christchurch, N.Z.; weekly)
- The Bate Student, (Bates College, Lewiston, Me.; weekly)
- The McGill Daily.
- The Manitoban, (University of Manitoba; twice weekly).
- Varsity, (University of Toronto; daily)
- The Ubysey, (University of British Columbia; twice weekly)

- L'Hebdo — Laval, (Laval University; weekly)
- The Challenger (Vocational School, St. John, N.B.)
- The College Cord, (Waterloo College, Ontario)
- Alma Mater (St. Jerome's College, Kitchener, Ont.)
- Honi Soit (University of Sydney, Australia; weekly) and the following are magazines:
- Tamesis, (University of Reading, England)
- The Arrows, (University of Sheffield, England)
- College Echoes (St. Andrew's University, Scotland; 2 issues)

- Journal of The Malta University Literary Society;
- The Northerner, (Armstrong College, Newcastle, Eng.)
- Dawn (University College, Swansea, Wales.)
- Revue de L'Universite d'Ottawa (2 issues)
- Acadia Athenaeum (Acadia University, Wolfville, N.S.)
- The Trinity University Review, (2 issues)
- The King's College Record.
- The Red and White, (St. Dunstan's University, Charlottetown)

- Loyola College Review.
- The O.A.C. Review, (O.A.C., Guelph, Ontario)
- R.M.C. Review,

- Chadonian (St. Chad's College, Regina)
- The Algoma Missionary News, (2 issues)
- The Stonyhurst Magazine (Stonyhurst School, Blackburn, England)

- Acta Ridleiana, (Ridley College, St. Catharines, Ont.)
- The Heliconian, (Moulton College, Toronto)
- The Magazine of King's Hall, Compton, P.Q.
- The Voyageur (Pickering College, Newmarket, Ont.)
- The Albanian (St. Alban's School, Brockville)
- The Windsorian, (King's Collegiate, Windsor, N.S.)
- Westmount High School Annual,
- The Howardian, (Howard Gardens High School, Cardiff, Wales)

- Technique (Ecole Technical, Montreal; 2 issues)
- Stanstead College Annual,
- The Black and White Review, (Roman Catholic High School, Montreal)
- The Year Book of Kelvin Technical High School, Winnipeg,

- Commissioner's High School Year Book (Quebec)
- B.C.S. (Bishop's College School)
- The Magazine of Codrington College, Barbados, British West Indies; 2 issues,

- Blue and White (Rothesay Collegiate, Rothesay, N.B.)
- Northland Echo (North Bay Collegiate Institute)
- The Diocesan Gazette, (Diocesan College, Montreal)
- West Saxon, (University College, Southampton, Eng.)
- Pitman's Journal,
- The Adventure, (Magee High School, Vancouver, B.C.)
- MacDougall College Annual,
- Hatfield Hall Magazine,
- The Moniteur,
- Queen Mary College Magazine, (Q.M.C., London, England)
- The Grobe Chronicle, Aurora, Ont.)

- St. Andrew's College Review, (St. Andrew's College, Lower Canada College Magazine,
- St. Francois Xavier University Annual.

THE FRESHMAN DANCE

Beneath a gay canopy of streamers in the College gymnasium on October the second, the introductory dance was held. Mrs. McGreer, Mrs. Scott, and Mrs. Boothroyd received the guests; and Miss Speid and Larry Maven introduced the new students to the hostesses.

At the far end of the floor the white-coated members of Rollie Badger's orchestra did their part to make the evening a success. On either side of the floor behind a curtain of streamers similar to those overhead, Reg. Turpin and his able committee had arranged tables for the refreshments.

By a series of tag-dances the freshettes became introduced to the freshmen and all were sorry to see the fun end at the early hour of eleven.

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NEWS AND NOTES

S. J. Davis

The Literary and Debating Society of Bishop's University is able at this time to announce that it is to welcome, on November 22nd, two debaters from the Canadian West. Messrs. Maurice A. Western and John R. Gould, whose write-ups follow, will debate against a Bishop's team composed of Kenneth H. Annett and George T. Mackey. The visitors are to have the affirmative side of the debate, which is worded as follows: "Resolved That The Menace Of Japan Is A Myth."

He represented U.B.C. with success on several major debating teams.

BISHOP'S REUNION DINNER

Friday October 4th.

Seventy to seventy-five ex-Bishop's students met for a Reunion Dinner at the Corona Hotel in Montreal,

The dinner, which had been organized by a committee under the chairmanship of Doug. Lunan with Frank Gray as President, had been selected at a dinner last spring, attended by about twenty graduates, to organize a more representative gathering at which steps could be taken to revive Alumni interest in Bishop's.

The meeting moved to form itself into an Alumni Association and the following were elected:

President, Douglas Lunan; Vice-President, William Mitchell Secretary, Frank Gray; Treasurer, L. Patti; Committee, Messrs. Gall, Marshall, McVetie and Thompson.

This Committee was therefore representative of the graduates present who with a single exception graduated in the last decade.

Among those present in addition to the committee were Messrs. Naylor, Crandall, Crawford, McCrea, Wood, Blinco, McArthur, the two Rudners, M. Medine, Michaels, H. Gray, G. Hall, Wright, Banfill, Wes. Bradley, Rugg, Richardson, Dawes, Hutchison, Pickford, Calder, Johnston, Buick, and Rev. D. Rollit.

PEP RALLY

The Annual "Pep" Rally was held in the Common Room on Oct. 1st. President of the Students' Association, Larry Maven, presided and spoke briefly concerning the purpose of the rally.

The Principal then addressed the students, urging them to develop a true "Bishop's Spirit". Rev. Sidney Childs and Rev. Elton Scott spoke briefly on behalf of the faculty.

The different activities were reviewed. Vice-President J. H. Carson asked for support for all the minor activities. M. W. Gall in a delightful piece of very flowery oratory spoke for the Rugby team. Mac Dunsmore also spoke for rugby. Other talks were given by W. J. Belford, Hockey Manager; A. Perkins, Basketball Manager; W. L. Tomkins, President of the Dramatic Society; R. Turpin, President of the Literary and Debating Society and B. Stevens, President of the "Mitre". L. Tomkins also spoke on behalf of the C.O.T.C.

The usual free smokes and eats were provided. The evening was made a great success by the "Bishop's Orchestra" which helped in the general singing and introduced each speaker by an appropriate burst of music.

MAURICE A. WESTERN UNIVERSITY OF SASKATCHEWAN

Maurice A. Western was born at Pelly, Saskatchewan, in 1912. He completed his High School training at Medicine Hat and then entered the Normal School at Calgary, Alberta. After two years of teaching experience he took his second year Arts at the Junior College at Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan. From there he entered the University of Saskatchewan in 1934 where he is this year completing the work towards a Bachelor of Arts degree. Mr. Western is majoring in History.

Mr. Western combines a cheerful manner and pleasing personality with a wide interest in social and other activities. As a debater he has a long run of progressive experience. He debated for the Normal School in the Calgary City League, and has been very active in the Debating Union and in team debates at the University of Saskatchewan.

He is a pleasing and forceful orator, a rapid logical thinker and has a versatility of subject and approach which lends a distinctive energy to his debating style and prowess.

JOHN R. GOULD UNIVERSITY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

Travelling salesman, logger, seaman, bank clerk and publicity agent for a theatrical company were some of the occupations that engaged John R. Gould, better known as Jay, during the six years he spent "seeing the world" before he started University. Gould, now President of the Literary and Scientific Executive, is noted as one of the most active students on the U.B.C. campus.

Born in Vancouver, he was educated at Vancouver Preparatory School and King George High. He is intending to go into law eventually.

During the time he was wandering over the map, Gould spent a year and a half at sea. Other short periods were spent in a bank, a brokerage office and a logging camp.

At U.B.C. Gould belongs to the Players Club, the Parliamentary Forum, the Rowing Club, the Badminton Club, and is on the Students' Council.

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INITIATION

The Initiation of the freshman year 1935-6 took place on Thursday evening, Sept. 26th.

The first part of the initiation was accompanied by much shouting and banging of sticks along the corridors. The freshmen trembling inwardly sat in the middle of their room, with their heads covered. In response to the request for songs the seniors received many variations of well known tunes.

Having been ejected from the buildings, a long procession around the quad took place ending in the "dive to death". (We wonder what the freshmen thought the next day when they viewed the scene of their role.)

Each worm was "shot" into the gym by means of a well-greased coal shute.

Then groups of freshmen were made to dance and sing encouraged by the seniors' "sticks". (Those freshmen can sure do a swell jig!) When the hens were being fed the worms did some great squirming and obediently rubbed in the medicine so thoughtfully provided.

As the freshmen were being assisted to their feet a great hush fell upon all, the hopes of the worms rose high as a well-known voice bade the proceedings to end. But the ensuing outburst soon dashed their hopes to the ground.

The tussle between the bell and the gloves provided plenty of amusement — for the onlookers. The initiation ended in a wild scramble for right-foot shoes.

Food was supplied in the traditional Bishop's manner, and to quote from what must now be a world renowned poem, "and chatting of the night's good fun, The Bishop's Spirit filled everyone."

PROFESSOR SCOTT LECTURES

The Literary and Debating Society held the first meeting of the year on Thursday evening, Oct. 4th, in the Common Room.

Rev. Elton Scott, taking as his subject "The Power of Words", dealt with the individual's use of words arising from the latent power in thought, emotion and vision, mentioning especially the practical results arising from the words of Marx, and Mussolini.

In concluding, Professor Scott appealed for a right use of words, so great a factor in human happiness, in order that the power let loose by them might be properly guided.

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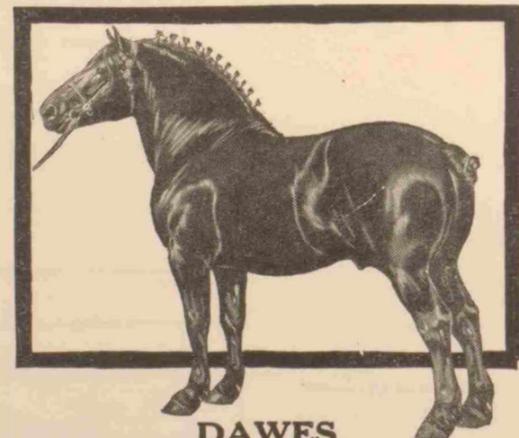
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AN APPRECIATION OF SCIENCE

by Dorothy Wallace, B.A.

I have been asked many times why I prefer to study science; also how I can study the subject which in so many cases has produced atheists, and still retain my faith in God.

To answer the first question I might say inclination. Ever since my toddling days I have felt a keener interest in things mechanical, hence assigned by popular opinion as man's particular field, than I have in any subject of a literary or more refined lady-like nature. (However, I have a very keen appreciation of them too). Also, science is an extremely fascinating study. There is always something new. It is a subject with growth which extends an appeal and a challenge.

I wish more particularly to emphasise my own personal attitude towards science. How can biology, physics, chemistry and religion work together? Here is how I find it:

What little of biology I have studied, instead of making me take life and nature more for granted, has aroused in me a tremendous awe. I have begun to get a glimpse of the mind behind the universe. In studying plants it is startling to find how their structure is so adapted that they can eke out their existence under varying and adverse conditions. Animals express a still bigger thought in the divine mind. Each one has been endowed with the ability to choose, each has the physical organ called a brain, which is developed in a degree proportional to the animal's needs, mode of existence and relative importance. Yet through all these forms of plant and animal life there is unity or what might be termed division of service. The algae and protozoa may live only to supply food for a larger animal, but in that capacity they in their innumerable diminutiveness form the basis of the whole system. It is this complete synchronism of all the chemical, physical and biological forces to produce these animate and inanimate organism that brings to me a deep realization of the power and presence of God in the world.

Seeing thus the needs, the unexpressed needs, of every plant and animal so freely met, why does man fret and worry? The New Testament says: "Wherefore, if God so clothed the grass of the field which today is and which tomorrow is cast into the oven, shall He not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?" Surely the God who in His love nurtures these which care not whether He protect them or not is only too willing to grant to man what is best when he learns his need and humbly petitions its fulfilment. It is a fact which confronts me every time I come in contact with nature. Am I going to let the faith of this soulless flower exceed my faith?

My attention has been drawn to a statement of Sir James Jeans in "The Mysterious Universe" which seems to sum up this idea very well: "To-day there is a wide measure of agreement, which on the physical side of science approaches almost to unanimity, that the stream of knowledge is heading towards a *nonmechanical* reality; the universe begins to look more like a great thought than a great machine. Mind no longer appears as an accidental intruder into the realms of matter; we are beginning to suspect that we ought rather to hail it as the creator and governor of the realm of matter — not of course our individual minds, but the mind in which the atoms out of which our individual minds have grown exist as thought. We discover that the universe shows evidence of a designing or controlling power that has something in common with our own individual minds."

The human mind is the great exception to blind obedience to law. One day it obeys one impulse and the next another — and then wonders why the chaos in human affairs. Man has been endowed with a soul and a mind. He is a natural lawbreaker. He seems to have forgotten the great trust given him — his own soul. He is like an atom which will not react with the desired reagent to produce the required compound. Man's equation should be:

Talents + environment + opportunity = achievement, but he deliberately leaves most of his talents out of solution, tries to stir in new environments and lets most of his opportunities escape as volatile gases. Hence the precipitate is an amorphous gelatinous mass of "ifs" and "might-have-beens". He has tried to formulate his own life, like a student chemist, and so has often mixed either explosives or inert substances. He can only learn the correct way by taking his test solution, called life, to the master chemist and asking him in choosing reagents and adjusting the conditions and times so that his precipitate will be an homogeneous one of love and service to his fellow man.

Scientific progress cannot be made by thinking up new laws and trying to force the elements to obey them, but by discovering the laws that be and then giving the elements scope to follow them. Man's case is just the same. There is nothing new under the sun. He does not need more complicated laws, but he needs to discover these simple fundamental laws of humanity, and free himself from those circumstances which hinder his progress. And he can only learn these by first practising, "love the Lord thy God with all thy soul, and all thy heart, and all thy mind, and thy neighbour as thyself."

This is what science in its deepest sense means to me.

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INDIANS OF THE PLAINS

by W. J. R. Wilson

The Indian has made his home in all sections of Canada. On the shores of both oceans, through the mountains, on the broad prairies, along the rivers and lakes of this country, he has left his mark.

In this article we shall not be concerned with the Indians of the coasts, or of the mountains, but with the "Buffalo Hunters", the makers of pemmican — the red-skin of the plains.

The Plains' Tribes are six in number, namely the Assiniboine, Plains' Cree, Blackfeet, Sarcee, Gros-Ventre (Big Belly) and Sioux.

The Assiniboine "the people that cook with hot stones" are believed to be a branch of the Dakota Sioux. During the early years of the seventeenth century they left their homes in Dakota and came northward, over what is now the border, in to the Lake of the Woods and Lake Nipigon. By the beginning of the 18th century, they had divided into two branches. One lived on the edge of the wooded land to the northwest of Lake Winnipeg. The other inhabited the territory of the Assiniboine River to the south.

With the acquisition of firearms about the middle of the 18th century they increased the range of these movements until their hunting grounds embraced all the Canadian prairies.

None of the Plains' Tribes were agriculturally inclined and the Assiniboine were no exception. They lived by the chase, and, like the popular Indian of legend, made their homes in tipis and moved from place to place following the buffalo. The existence of the tribe, as a whole, depended on the migratory animal.

Each family owned several dogs, and as time went on horses, which were hitched to the poles of the "travois" and dragged the household possessions, both in summer and winter.

The weapons of all the plains' tribes are practically identical. All the warriors carried the traditional bow and arrow, a long-handled spear for close fighting, several stone-headed clubs, as well as a wooden knobkerrie. With the introduction of firearms each brave longed to possess a gun of any sort.

The Assiniboine dressed in buckskin, more or less clothing being worn according to the rank of the warrior, and according to the time of year and activity in which he was engaged.

The Indians of the plains were very warlike. Each brave had paintings on the outside of his tent to portray his exploits and the eagle feathers on his war bonnet recorded the number of enemies he had slain.

In tribes so devoted to war there were many deaths.

Funeral rites were very elaborate. The Assiniboine occasionally cremated their dead, or placed their notable warriors on the ground beneath cairns of logs and stones. More usually they bound the bodies with thongs of raw-hide between the branches of large trees. The feet were always turned towards the west. When the trees or scaffolding fell, it was customary for the relations to bury the bones and place the skulls in a circle on the plain, the faces turned inward. In the centre of this grim ring they would place a medicine pole to which Wah-kons were attached, to protect the sacred deposit. The relatives of the deceased would visit the cemetery at certain seasons of the year and engage in conversation with the skulls. It was customary to leave some present before departing.

The principle deities of the Assiniboine were the sun and the thunder. The tribe worshipped these gods at the sun-dance and the horse-dance festivals held during the summer.

It may be noted here that the prairie Indians, unlike their eastern counterparts, failed to place much reliance on these "higher" deities. The supernatural blessing, bestowed in a vision after a fast, appealed more to their untutored minds.

The greatest religious event in the year for the Assiniboines was the sun-dance. The office of leader was hereditary. After a hunt to provide the necessary food, the tribe moved to some previously chosen site and erected a sacred pole. The people lashed their offerings to this pole, and to the rafters of a gigantic lodge.

The leader would then say a prayer to the Great Spirit on the tribe's behalf. The ceremonies were of three days duration. On the first day the people danced, on the second day the medicine-men did their conjuring tricks, and on the final day the whole gathering had a feast. It is curious to note that dog-meat predominated at this final feast. The Assiniboine, contrary to popular fallacy, did not associate self-torture with the sun-dance.

Before the first quarter of the 19th century we have no record of the numbers of the Assiniboine. At that period they were divided into seventeen bands with a population of approximately 9,000. Today it has dropped to 2,500 half of whom live in Alberta and Saskatchewan, the rest in the U.S.A.

The Plain Crees seems to be rather the mongrel tribe of the West. At one time they were divided into twelve bands each led by a chief. Unfortunately they possessed only a weak culture of their own, and they quickly assimilated the habits, religion, dress and customs of their immediate neighbour the Assiniboine. A careful investigation of tribal records has also revealed that the annual

smoke-offering to the Great Spirit and the annual feast to the dead were borrowed from their eastern neighbour the Ojibway.

The Blackfoot was the strongest and most aggressive nation on the prairies, and included in its territory all the land from the Rockies to Saskatchewan and from the N. Saskatchewan River to the Upper Missouri in the United States.

The Blackfoot people were, by reason of their splendid military organization, the most feared nation of the west. To quote Diamond Jenness "the Blackfoot became the Ishmael of the prairies."

The nation was divided into three tribes, the Blackfoot proper, the Blood and the Pigeon. Each tribe was an independent unit with separate councils, chieftain and camp circles. Frequent intermarriage, a common language and customs knitted them into a loose confederacy. Outwardly the life of the Blackfoot was like that of the Assiniboine.

It is interesting to note that the Blackfoot employed self-torture in the sun-dance. Thongs were forced into incisions in the back, arms, and breasts of the young braves. To these thongs were attached burdens of religious significance, which the young men dragged behind them along the ground, in their dance. The pain is hardly imaginable.

The Blackfoot being a very warlike nation, had military societies. They were known collectively as All-Comrades. It was the custom to buy a place in the society, which had a number of different ranking bodies. As the warrior's wealth increased, he advanced in the society.

"The word Blackfoot is a translation of the Indian's own name for themselves 'Siksikanwa'. It refers to the mocassins either because they were painted black or be-

smirched by prairie fires" — Jenness.

To date the Blackfoot number about 2,200. They live mostly on reserves in Montana and Alberta. At one time the population of the nation was 9,000.

The Sarcee (not good) Indians of Alberta had a territory which stretched from the Peace to the Red Deer Rivers. They were close allies of the Blackfoot tribes. Without this alliance they would probably have disappeared from the prairies. They seem to have resembled their powerful friend in customs, religion and organization. The Sarcee did have a separate language. This only betrays its different origin. They shared in all the disasters of the Blackfoot and are now on a reserve a few miles south of Calgary. Today the population of the Sarcee is about 160. Tuberculosis the enemy of so many of the native races of the world has taken its toll with them.

The Gros Ventre "Big Belly" Indians, a tributary of the Arapalio held sway over southern Skatchewan. In organization they resembled the Blackfoot.

Finally we come to the Sioux. Strictly speaking they are not a Canadian tribe. It was they who rebelled against the United States government under their great chief Sitting Bull. They sought and found asylum in Canada.

Today, the Indian of the plains differs greatly from his predecessor. He wears the white man's dress and lives under his law. His children grow to maturity knowing little of the fine art of the buffalo-hunt. Disease ravages his family, and yet with this apparent subjugation to civilization and alien custom, there is still a nobility about the race which is strangely captivating. The red man is well qualified to give lessons to many of his white brothers in courtesy, in manners and in diplomacy.

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CONTENTS

LITERARY

DEDICATION - - - - -	p. 1	The Freshman - - - - -	p. 16
EDITORIAL - - - - -	3	What Ho? Materialism, <i>by H. T. Holden</i> -	16
FEATURE ARTICLE:		Progress, <i>by J. C. Chappell</i> - - - -	17
College Memories, <i>by F. G. Scott</i> - - -	5	WELCOMING AND PRESENTING - - - -	18
UNDERGRADUATE AND		Restoration, <i>by K. H. Annett</i> - - -	20
GRADUATE ARTICLES		Freshman Organization - - - - -	23
Thoughts — Remembrance Day, <i>by H.T.H.</i> -	4	Poor Freshman - - - - -	23
Male Attire, <i>by Antar '28</i> - - - - -	7	An Appeal, <i>by S. J. Davies</i> - - - -	32
The General Election, <i>by C. C. Campbell</i> -	8	Maths and Science, <i>by R. L. B.</i> - - -	33
The March of Youth, <i>by F. G. Scott</i> - - -	9	An Appreciation of Science,	
The Cathedral of The Holy Trinity, Quebec,		<i>by Dorothy Wallace, B.A.</i> - - - -	47
<i>by R. Turpin</i> - - - - -	10	Indians of the Plains, <i>by W. J. R. Wilson</i> -	49
... Yet More Apologies, <i>by Fleda Brillhart</i> -	11	COMMENTARY	
The Story Behind The News, <i>by R. L.</i> - - -	12	Sports From The Sidelines,	
Music, <i>by H. T. H.</i> - - - - -	13	<i>by Les McCaig</i> - - - - -	25
The Early Worms, <i>by Gerald Cameron, B.A.</i> -	14	Alumni, <i>by W. J. Belford</i> - - - - -	34
Ralph Gustafson - - - - -	15	Exchanges, <i>by E. S. Davis</i> - - - -	37
A Prayer, <i>by H.T.H.</i> - - - - -	15	News and Notes, <i>by S. J. Davies</i> - - -	43

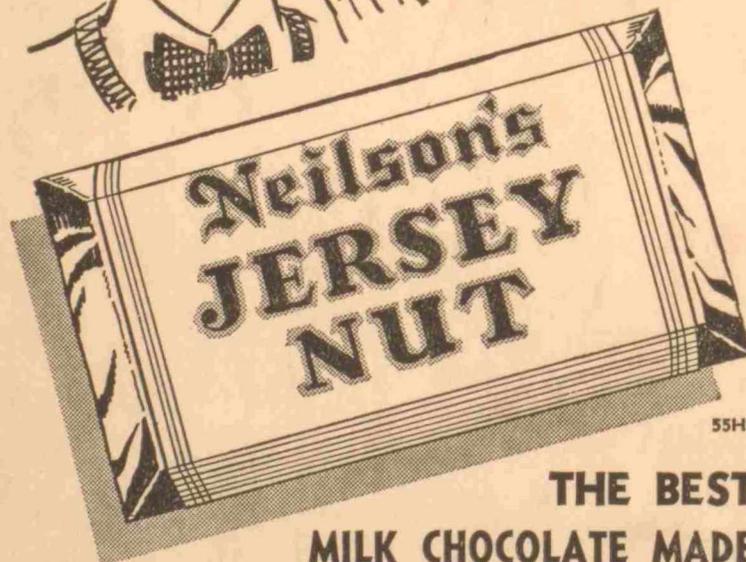
ADVERTISING

Authier, P. D. - - - - -	p. 45	Mitchell, J. S. & Co., Ltd. - - - - -	p. 24
Barnes, T. H. - - - - -	32	Molson's Brewery Ltd. - - - - -	40
Barrett's Reg'd - - - - -	39	National Breweries (Dow Old Stock) - - -	44
Beck Press, Reg'd - - - - -	38	National Breweries (Black Horse) - - -	46
Bishop's University - - - - -	2	Nichol, John & Sons Reg'd - - - - -	40
Brown, Montgomery & McMichael - - - - -	51	Neilson's Chocolates - - - - -	Back Cover
Bryant, J. H. - - - - -	33	New Sherbrooke Hotel - - - - -	32
Chaddock, C. C. - - - - -	39	Olivier's News Stand - - - - -	48
Crown Laundry - - - - -	28	Petery's Barber Shop - - - - -	50
Echenberg Bros. - - - - -	45	Rosenbloom's Limited - - - - -	36
Fashion Craft Shop - - - - -	48	Royal Bank - - - - -	22
Fraser Bros. - - - - -	35	Smith, M. - - - - -	50
Gay's Taxi - - - - -	48	Smith's Restaurant - - - - -	46
Gustafson's - - - - -	33	Sherbrooke Fruit Co. - - - - -	48
Imperial Tobacco Ltd. - - - - -	42	Sherbrooke Laundry - - - - -	44
Keeler & Cross Ltd. - - - - -	45	Sherbrooke Trust Company - - - - -	30
Kinkead, A. E. & Co. - - - - -	45	Southwood, F. J. & Co. - - - - -	48
Meredith, Holden, Heward & Holden - - -	28	Wiggett, J. A. & Co. - - - - -	51
Montreal, Bank of - - - - -	26	Wilson H. C. & Sons, Limited - - - - -	48
Wippell, J. & Co., Ltd. - - - - -	-		- p. 22

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