The Mitre

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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.
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 on 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 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. We welcome and are heartily and sincerely pleased to say that Dr. Vial, as Honorary President of the board, 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 on 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 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!

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may say, feels so uplifting as a victory over Loyola. October at Bishop’s without these things does not bear contemplation, but with them, the soul of even the lowly Freshman is privileged to soar. Recreational facilities here have improved greatly since the days of 1879 which are described so effectively by Archbishop Scott in his article on page 5 of this issue, but should they improve as much again as they have done, it is questionable whether our intercollegiate competitions could be more keenly contested and thoroughly enjoyed than they are at present. If all our activities received the same loyal support that Football and Hockey do, we could have one of the best Literary and Debating Societies in the Dominion, an unmatchable Dramatic Society, and “The Mitre” would probably reach a new high in circulation. Why not? It is the hope of “The Mitre” Board that by the time this is read we shall have an office of our own in the Old Arts building, equipped with the necessities of an Editorial room. Should this be the case, timid contributors will then be able, furtively, to slip their anonymous contributions under the door and the without danger of detection. We hope also that if some people who are critical of “The Mitre” can decide what it is they dislike about the magazine, they will let the board know, preferably by submitting a piece of constructive criticism. This may also be done via the anonymous route, if the critics so desire. We believe it a good policy to give everyone a chance to air his or her opinions on the printed page. Such a contribution as the anonymous article regarding Freshman organization is exactly what we want. A letter to the Editor, providing it is coherent and legible, and not comprised of overblown and deliberately offensive diction, will be readily accepted. It should be fairly obvious that these few regulations in no way bridge the expression of controversial, and, perhaps, thoroughly radical and heterodox opinions.

The mention of radical opinions brings to mind the sad thought that in “The Mitre”, apart from the special articles contributed last year by outside writers, we have had no contribution which might be called radical, for many moons. Just what constitutes a radical we find it difficult to say but Bishop’s doesn’t exactly seem to be full of them. Can’t someone say something or write something that sounds rank heresy and treason to the rest of the student body, or to some of it? Have we no people with political opinions (we gratefully except C.C.C. and his article) which they can put on paper for the edification or otherwise of the student body? Is there no one who admires Mussolini? Who believes war is inevitable? What thinks the Freshman initiation should be abolished, or who believes Bishop’s C.O.T.C. is due to suddenly become popular? Impossible and silly as most of the above statements sound, a very decent article could be written around any one of them. Yes, even the old O.T.C. pros and cons would be new material for this and last year’s crop of Freshmen, who comprise over half the student body.

We are concluding this Editorial immediately after the resident students’ Common-room meeting of October 17th, at which the Principal spoke to the student body of several important matters, and cleared the air for a proper appreciation of the positions of a number of parties concerned. Hardly any comment is required, but we feel it incumbent upon us to reiterate the statement made above, regarding letters to the Editor, and say that it is applicable to all contributions which we may receive, always bearing in mind the fact that the literary board has the power of rejection if the articles do not merit publication. An article may be rejected because it lacks in interest value, in literary merit or because it violates what may be termed good taste. All who were in attendance at the meeting in question will realize exactly what this means, and, we trust, act accordingly.

THOUGHTS — REMEMBRANCE DAY

What matters it if trumpets sound — and cannon roars
On solemn hill, or solemn sea
Ponder still, as stern salute
And people stand with bared head, and pay their fallen dead tribute?
When hate, intolerance, fear and greed, and love of self is ever rife,
And nations resist more — to peace? Would God!
But ever still to strive.

H. T. H.

COLLEGE MEMORIES

Again and again I have been asked by the Editors of “The Mitre” to write an account of my experiences at Bishop’s College as a student. I have dived them hitherto but now I have been driven to earth and can escape no longer. So “here goes”, as we say in Piccadilly.

My mind goes back to a September evening in 1879, when the afternoon train on the old Grand Trunk Railway (there was no C.P.R. then) brought me to Lennoxville. I had put in two years at McGill and partly owing to the distractions of city life and partly owing to my not having been blessed with a mathematical mind, the latter of these two years I had lost. Incidentally in my examinations I had failed to draw a pair of tangents to a parabola from a given point without. I think that was the point at issue. Having, through the influence of dear old Father Wood of St. John’s Church, Montreal, decided to take Holy Orders, life had now become real value and a necessity. I had promised my father, he would let me go to Lennoxville, I would try to make amends for my former laxness. I remember the dark drive through the lamp-lighted road from the station to the college and the old and ill-savoured wooden bridge with a lantern at each end light up the mysterious command “Walk or pay two dollars.”

We drove across the bridge without stopping and I passed under the boughs of the old pine tree which still stands at nature’s ministered watching the goings on and comings in of the successive lines of students. “Florest in Eternum,” old tree.

I was depositing my belongings in my room on the third story, in went in to report my arrival to the Principal, Dr. Lobley, who lived in the Lodge, which was then that part of the building which has now been made into students’ rooms. The drawing room was the present Reading Room. Dr. and Mrs. Lobley received me most kindly before an open fire, and I felt in the presence of the Principal that I had entered into a new and distinct atmosphere. Dr. Lobley was one of the finest characters I have ever met. He was a Cambridge wrangler of high standing, besides having a high rank in Classics. He was deeply devout and to him constant work and the discharge of every duty was a matter of supreme consecration to God. He never parted his religion, but it was there, under the performance of the most trivial acts.

There were only about thirty students in residence, but they were good fellows and the residential life among them with its constant rubbing up against other minds and characters began to grip me. I found, by the many arguments in which a great deal of our spare time was passed, that my opinions had often to be toned down and modulated, thereby fitting me for life in a larger world of men. Lectures were interesting, and such companionship as we could form with the professors enabled us to see work through their eyes and to me became a source of inspiration. Dr. Lobley was the outstanding man of the faculty and his example, all through my college course and in years since, has been one of the golden treasures of my memory.

The daily services in the old chapel, plainsong, but substantially the same in walls and decorations as the present building, was a revelation to me of the uplifting life of the old Church of England. The historical associations of learning and religion supplied a special culture to our life which brought into the institution, small as it was in comparison with McGill, a note of refinement, which larger Canadian Universities lacked. In fact Bishop’s was the offspring of the two great English Universities and at every turn, in manners and customs, there was a flavour of the old college days of Oxford and Cambridge. To me, this was enchanting, and that charmed life always followed me in my walks through the woods, beside the railway tracks and in canoe excursions up the Massawippi river. When there is a pleasant countryside around and no distractions of city life, it is easier to hold communion with the philosophers and poets and the beauties of Greek and Latin authors which have filtered through the crib in Bohn’s library.

There used to be a curving about a mile away along the railway track. It was a picturesque stretch, and the school boys had carved their names. It used to be the end of my daily walk for exercise. I was reminded there of the place where I carved the words “Byron is dead” in large letters. There is a bridge, just beyond the cutting, where in November one can stand and watch with interest the fallen, yellow leaves being carried away as by the older generations of men to make way for the younger.

We were not without our problems at Bishop’s. One very acute one was the high rank in English or the Rector of the School should come out of Chapel first. I forget how the matter was settled, but, until it was, we used to watch the two augurs personages bickering before the Principal each muttering, no doubt, internally, “Après moi, mon cher Alphonse.”

Our football team was a measurer one. We had not enough men to keep us in practice. But, we had plenty of tennis, which was then of recent importation into Canada. There was also an old five’s court in the quad. Wondrous to relate, we had an old four our outrigger which used
to be taken out on the Masstuvippi, 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 of 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 concert, held always in the most proper style were often the subject of caustic reviews by jealous Sherbrookers. The music was amusing 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 record 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 because he couldn't make as much noise on them as he could on his lower ones. I retired from the stage after the season, R. never had his long black hair cut. However he said of me that the poet's high notes were the most popular with taste, patience and the impudence of a Mussolini; who will fling restraint to the winds and with it those drunk 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 habil-dressery 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, lace, 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 seats of their breeches.

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 the seeds of their breeches.

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 record 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.
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 befall 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 reins of government. 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 power 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 promise. The Conservatives in office had tried for a new mandate in a period of business depression. The two older parties are bereft of ideas and are completely committed political suicide. He owed his advancement in the Civil Services. Thousands of positions which are in the gift of Patronage will change hands. Mr. Fergunson will be recalled from London and Mr. Heritage 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.

The hosts of youth are marching and their hearts are all aflame. For they found earth full of beauty and the night ablaze with stars. With the glory of the sunrise in the land that gave them birth, their cry goes up for ever, "Give us freedom of the soul." But their cry goes up for ever, "Give us freedom of the soul".

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 paternalism will be exploited to their full. The C.C.F. has an opportunity 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. Woodworth, 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 afame 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.
THE CATHEDRAL OF THE HOLY TRINITY,
QUEBEC

by R. Turpin

In 1621 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 Church of England, 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 was the wife of this Duke who gave 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, 18th 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.

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
Come in and stop pounding that door! Oh hello, Harry. 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 paper clippings scattered all over your desk? I can hardly believe it's your turn: what are you doing with all those newspaper clippings?"

"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 partially explains 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 lose interest I go over these items and they bring back many strange memories to me—some pleasant, some awful.

"If you look at my 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 soup. Nothing doing, Harry; I'm lazy and hate to work."

"These stories are my precious possessions. If I had these newspapers printed I wouldn't have any more use for these clippings and I love messing about with them. Again, if I had money I might start a newspaper..."

"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 one of his infernal machines, 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 the 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 stone-cold cases; 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 peer 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 sheath of his enormous scythe that they would 'not lak to meet dat fella on dark night.'"

"My analysis of the situation was that the villagers feared him as an outside devil but deeply relished hardships that made him distrust everyone. I had spoken to him several times and he had seemed more reticent 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. I heard 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 least 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 saw 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. I heard a laughter and I wanted to see what he was doing and its beams flickered rather grimly through the windowpanes. 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..."

"I passed then. I gasped. 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. He then turned back to the body. Something snapped inside of me. I had control of my faculties again. I crept away quietly although heaven knows I could hardly have remained. It was the noise of his infernal machinery that I heard."

"The evening was no longer cold and beautiful. The cold rays of the moon were now cruel and ghastly. I hurried as quickly as I could through the cemetery. I packed up and left."

"I don't 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 ago."

"But Alan, that's just as inhumane as murder. I could hardly blame 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 connected 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."

St. Louis de Gonzague, Que., Sept., 12. (C.P.)
Ivan Arfokski 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 Arfokski had been grinding meat for his foxes when his arm was drawn into the grinder. The arm was badly mangled and he lost considerable blood. The lantern was still burning although it was the middle of the forenoon and the gasoline engine was also working 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. The essence of creation's parent 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 sways 'twixt us, says— "Love will abide," In the glint of golden sunlight in your hair. There's music in the drowsing 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 Evansong when day is o'er. There's music so exquisite in the whispering of a bird, in the chatter of a sparrow on a lofty bough. In the rush and fall of water, and the lowering of a wind, in the gentle roll of farrows 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.
The name amazed me. Early Birds would have suited his name; I was young and fanciful. "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 human industry and self-denial. In my newspaper work day and night to capture and record the newspapers in their capturing and recording. But the story of that bustle there must be people who helped needed nothing more than soft food and sound sleep, I was ingenuous; I had had no experience with the feverish, pre­
ed was not only a place of marble tables and gleaming restaurants in the infant hours of the morning, but a place where men and women who had determined to take over the book department and the drama. He 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 Controllors had voted themselves the full stipend of $200 a year, was chassis, 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 newspaper men do, the unemployment shakers downtown because the appropriation was expended? 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 Jeffery came in next. He had cleaning copper­head, daft, daft, you could see where he had been dreaming all the while he hounded of the time when he and the man who had preceded him as editor of Varsity and who 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. But I was there at the time, he had been there; it was a poor night; in the middle of the week and too far each way from payday for anyone to afford a penny, so with Carr and Hammond counting the possibilities of pooling resources for a weekend up at Midland for Skiing, we left.
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, to study these things, so that when the reins are given them, his advancement of man and the fruits of his labors, did not seem to be considered. When primeval man first wanted to dig in the ground and put away his tools of little change. It leaps ahead when restraining force is 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 to apply the results of their research to the population, 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 kinder 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 materialistically. There is enough and to spare, for wealth in a relative term. But our civilization is in urgent need of great leaders and thinkers. The amassing of material wealth can not and will not prove 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 wealth, even as the result of reasoning and observing peniveness, 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 negligible. But man is so equipped in himself as to be able to cap a noblest 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 as long as there is in his life an excess of anything. There has been an excess of materialism; and there is conflict as long as there is in his life an excess of anything.

So he is restless — becomes depressed, until he begins to appreciate the beauty in life, to tap the rich vein of his spiritual nature. But he suffers for a time for his body must be fed and he has little or nothing with which to feed it. He begins to think.

Deeds. He 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.

Henry T. Holden

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 to the aboriginal 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 money, 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 has 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, to tap the rich vein of his spiritual nature. But he suffers for a time for his body must be fed and he has little or nothing with which to feed it. He begins to think.

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PROGRESS

By J. C. Chappell

When primeval man first wanted to dig in the ground and put away his tools of little change. It leaps ahead when restraining force is no longer forcibly held in check. Progress also accelerates as educational standards rise. In this century, a cycle of three years, in which the students move on in yearly jumps. Each year those of experience who have held the reins of progress lose power, and others take their place. In other words, the mistakes of previous years these new leaders expose faults which are left for their successors. Similar mistakes are made again and again, but the debts all set backs considered the aggregate progress moves ON. As freshmen enter the college they notice the abundance of reforms made in England a century ago when the people had acquired knowledge enough to attempt to apply 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 here 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 kinder to higher and nobler living, who might have solved some of its great problems, did not seem to be considered.

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Deeds.
WELCOMING AND PRESENTING . . .

William Lawrene Delaney at an Englishman, for he was born in old London on November 2nd, 1917. He 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.


Frank R. 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. As a future date McGill is to have him as a student.

Maniff 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 Cockshire High School. His activities are to be basketball, hockey, and debating. Intends to take up teaching on leaving Bishop's.

Robert Leslie Gunckley, our senior freshman was born at Munson N.B., Nov. 14, 1913. Here he attended Aberdeen High School but lately has been living at Quebec. His interests have always been in the "Mitre", (no matter what he is writing). O.T.C. T. and McGill as his former Alma Mater.

Eric Rogers 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. He was 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 Gordon MacKenzie Hue. 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. He is interested in the O.T.C., badminton, and skiing.


John Lundineer. Born at Lennoxville, March 17th, 1916. He was a pupil of Westminster 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 22nd, 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 Reidpath McMurrick. Toronto claims him for her own and welcomed this one of her sons on May 26th, 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.


Alan Victor Lennon Miles. Born at Orillia, Ont., on Dec. 24th, 1918. He is a graduate of T. C. S., in Port Hope, Ont. and his home-town is Toronto. Activities include tennis, golf and basketball. Has no ideas concerning his ultimate career.

Gerard Early Moffett. Arrived here from Regina, Saskatchewan where he was born May 26, 1917. Educated at Rorkeshy 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 Colborne, Ont., Oct. 7, 1917. 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 one of his activities Mining Engineering at McGill.

Merritt Colin Pharo. Comes from Maple Grove, Que., where he was born September 16, 1918. 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 Ryett. 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 Montreux, Que., March 9, 1917. Came here from Shavington Falls, Que. Went to Ashbury College and intends to take up debating, dramatics, and "The Mitre". He will pursue Law at McGill soon after.

William James Robinson. Kempeville, Ont., numbers him among his sons, the memorable date being Sept. 8, 1915. He has to attend Kempeville High School and says he is interested in tennis, O.T.C., and mining. He hopes to be an Anglican priest.

William John Rogers. His birthplace is Galt, Ont., the date being November 1, 1918. Moved to Goderich and attended Watertown High School. Activities are rugby, basketball and hockey. Intends to take up Law at McGill.

Douglas George Wells Roye. Born at Waterville, Quebec, December 4, 1918. Is a graduate of Waterville High School and intends taking up hockey and "The Mitre".


Robert Aylmer Smith. Born May 15, 1915, at Scots­town, Que. He attended high school there. He intends to join the O.T.C. Ambition is to be a teacher.

Charles Trenor 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 College, 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.

Murphy, Elizabeth Clarke came into the world on April 5, 1918, in Montreal West and was subsequently educated at the Elizabeth Ballantine 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; Gide College, Ottawa; Toronto University. Activities will be badminton and dramatics. Upon graduation she intends to go to McGill for Medicine.

Edith 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 J. Green was born in Lennoxville, but only 14 years ago, which seems to make her junior fresher. She too went to Lennoxville High School, is interested in badminton, tennis, basketball, hockey and skating, and wants to be a nurse.

Elute M. Groome. Half from North Hatley and was born on February 4th, 1917. Went to North Hatley High 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 Gravenhurst 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.

Evelyn Florence MacDonald. Is from Coaticook, Que., and was born on August 1, 1918. Attended Lake Magentic and Coaticook High School 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 McDougall 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 in Newborough, 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.

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 get the natural fisherman back to the streams as surely as the seasons notes on the day's catch. There is a fascination about quiet sunflecked pools and spray-sparkling rapids that calls the thrill of a well-hooked fish with lots of fight and deception yet to be caught. The salmon, with their way upstream, will leap for the fly-crested 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 caught and netted, it ends its life on the river's gravelly shores. Thus valuable sperm 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 shallower 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 they carefully removes them with a dip-net, transferring them to a specially built container. The pontoons as it is named, has a length of approximately ten feet, width of three feet and depth of two feet. It is really a sort of large rowboat, the scene in which the fish is 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. Natural the salmon returns 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 but also at the time when the small boat is being towed 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. The water in the trap and the salmon leaving 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 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 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 providing 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 of Quebec is increasing, and it is important that these be kept well stocked with fish. Trout sperm is obtained at certain of the larger and well-stocked lakes. The fish are captured 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 trout hatchery. The stream is diverted through a series of shallow concrete basins varying in size and shape but together covering approximately one acre of ground. These shallow basins are inclosed and kept in constant water motion by pumps keeping them free of ice and snow during cold weather. The trout are grouped in basins according to age. Some are tiny, hardy smolts, 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 as the fishcall 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.

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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, 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 they 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, tells him what he (the senior) is, and what a fine time he can have if he follows their foolproof way of entering the building. Of course it's hard to get up the fire-escapes, which is already so high that there is almost no one who dares to go down it. 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 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 evade this campus cannibal 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 settle 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 — wise 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 three-fifty 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 stupifying rate of speed.

Then comes the personal advice. One gentleman, displaying superior tactics to the rest, remains behind and tells you that some of them are the wrong edition. Two weeks later the freshman discovers his mistake.

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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

To you as a student, banking may seem a quite irrelevant matter. It shouldn't... for actually a banking connection can be of real value to you now, while you are still at college, and in the years to come when you enter business or professional life.

Now, as the college term begins, why not call at one of our savings offices and establish your banking connection by opening a savings account of your own? It will serve you now as a depository for your money, and will also provide a financial connection that may be important to you in later years.

Do not hesitate about opening an account for yourself 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 we 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 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 incomplete and kicked on third down. Fenton and McMahon 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 the Bishop's 11 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 cross-come 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. Verdichio was given a penalty for charging and Bishop's again regained 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 getting 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

Tyler

Tyler

quarter

BISHOPS

Bishop's

Dougan

Dougan

McMahon

McMahon

Brennan

Brennan

MacDonald

MacDonald

F. wing

O'Brien

O'Brien

snap

Dunsmore

Dunsmore

Morley

Morley

half

Ross

Tyler

Tyler

F. wing

O'Brien

O'Brien

Page

Page

F. wing

O'Brien

O'Brien

Dunsmore

Dunsmore

Morley

Morley

half

Ross

Tyler

Tyler

F. wing

O'Brien

O'Brien

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---

Coughlin
McNally
Matterty
Verdicchio
Kane, F.
Kane, C.
Hammond
McKown
Moore
McGovern
Murphy

Bassett
Purdy
Powell
Smith
Page
Johnson
Bosso-net
Fenton
Trenholme
Davis
Score
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 of the game. We feel quite certain that much of the credit of the victory should go to coach O'Donnell. He has only been 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 Las!

---

Time: 2.30 p.m.
Characters in battle array — McGill vs. Bishop's.

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

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Fine work Las!

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-lineman.

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 95¢ 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 95¢. 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 voice culture class and learn to cheer with their throats instead of with their chouts — 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.

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Act II. Scene: Bishop's Rugby Field.

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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, here 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 backs and a placement was vainly attempted. The ball went beyond McGill'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 point.

There was a lot of kicking in this quarter and Hamilton certainly boosted 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
permenance

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

After you have revised your Will to meet to-day's 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.

SHERBROOKE TRUST COMPANY

in this quarter, but Bishop's seemed to recover themselves when Dunmore completed a forward pass to Ross for twenty yards. McGill was given a fifteen-yard penalty for being offside. McMahon spat 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 up 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 chastised 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 backing by McGill, which was ineffectually opposed by our line. The bright spots in this quarter were two forward passes from Dunmore to Ross on two consecutive plays. A third one was not completed and the whistle blew for the end of the quarter just as Keever was given five minutes to reconsider his views on tackling 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.

Dunmore 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 they are about fifteen players in the squad, this isn't at all bad.

The only way to insure the success of a movement is to persecute it. Soccer has been relegated to the sidelines as the headlinesman. It is a recognized fact that the only way to succeed in an endeavor is to persevere in it. Soccer has not been 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 the last quarter.

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 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 soccer enthusiasts' excitement the Fates seem to be taking a hand. In an early practice Annett stopped a kick meant for the goal 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-
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An acquired through your eyes.

hinderance to their studies. 90% of your learning is 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.

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 did not... ah... er... expect to... er... er... 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 really 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.

THE MATHEMATICS AND SCIENCE CLUB

Mr. Browne spoke most interestingly on the history of plant breeding. Mr. Browne, B.S.A., of the Experimental Farm, Lennoxville, gave 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 Agriculturalists 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.

R.L.B.
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 eye 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 Vanier. They're in Montreal now; Doug is teaching at the Montreal High. As we sat there, 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 Wrenchal and Dot Broomlein 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 bought a new car for his honeymoon trip to his parish at Amherst, New Brunswick. O.G. has one eye on Harold Newell, '34, who is still in a liberal 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 Great Britain through 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 Curley 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 Edith Montgomery (Mrs. T. J. to you) are living at Viking and must be eligible for Aberhart's Allowance. Bill Elin and John Ford have parishes in the same diocese.

In the Mid Pacific, O.G. sees H. 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 of 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, Fullham and Sam at Cateham, Surrey. Wm. (Bill) Basset is continuing his historical research in England too. Old O. G. has one eye on Harold Newell '24, who is still in a library at St. John's, Nfld. On the Canadian Labrador there is...
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HEADQUARTERS FOR SOCIETY BRAND CLOTHES

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To the unthinking buyer it seems a little strange that there is such a wide variation in the prices of men's suits. The well-dressed man knows that there are certain details in the construction of any garment which must be manifested correctly if the wearer is to have satisfaction. These details cost more to produce, but this extra cost means the difference between a good garment and a poor one.

In the illustration above notice how one collar fits snugly against the neck, whereas the other falls off and looks slovenly. Only a detail of course, but the permanent good fit of a coat collar means much to the appearance of any man, and it can be achieved only by careful attention to details. And this reminds us... Do you know that Society Brand uses silk thread throughout every garment? It costs more, but it does not shrink or stretch, and Society Brand style remains permanent.

Notice how the ordinary armhole is bulky and ugly. The smooth, even finish of the Society Brand armhole is of particular interest, and... One collar is of Acadia Albermarle, whereas the other falls off and looks sloppy. That was mentioned by O.G. that... The importance of the Academy Brand armhole is that it is of a high literary standard. This was begun... to judge and compare the... To the unthinking buyer it seems a little strange that there is such a wide variation in the prices of men's suits. The well-dressed man knows that there are certain details in the construction of any garment which must be manifested correctly if the wearer is to have satisfaction. These details cost more to produce, but this extra cost means the difference between a good garment and a poor one.

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... 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 some political problems, or to some other study, until it be nine of the clock immediately after this meal they either go to reasoning in some political problems, or to some other study, until it be nine of the clock.

The Rev. J. Hamilton Dicker and on the Magdalen Islands the Rev. R. Robinson. To the Maritimes there are Geo. "Rusty" Baird, Tony Earle and G. Allison Olmstead all at Dalhousie. In Quebec City Jack Rattray '34. L. O'Neill, Rev. Jimmy Barnett, T. Johnson, B. Titcomb and Allison Ewing are all worth noting...

pipeline — probably smoking French tobacco to remind him of the East Angus shrews. 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 Rollin, as curate at Trinity Memorial Church, N.D.G., under Archbishop Amond, another Grad, joined the ranks of the Bishop's clergy in the metropolis. The Old Gargoyles 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.

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... 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 some political 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 Tatler has several clever wood-cuts, also a well written article on "War", a unique and humorous story, "Almost a Reporter", which consists of the correspondence between a would-be reporter and his friend. The two articles of particular interest appear in "The Windsorian", "A Thousand Miles by Air" and "The Old Wil-

E. S. Davis

which is used in all Universities today. This was begun to help students who lacked financial backing. 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 Albermarle 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 Author 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 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 Author 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...
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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THE FRESHMAN DANCE

Beneath a gay canopy of streamers in the College gymnasium on October the second, the introductory dance was held. Mrs. McCreery, Mrs. Scott, and Mrs. Boothroyd received the guests; and Min Spald and Larry Mervin 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.
NEWS AND NOTES

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."

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.

Mr. Gould 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.

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.
**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". (These 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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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 keen 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 clothe the grass of the field which today is and 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 protects 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 non-mechanical 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 realm of matter; we are beginning to respect 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 neighbor as thyself."

This is what science in its deepest sense means to me.
INDIANS OF THE PLAINS

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 the 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 redskin of the plains.

The Plains’ Tribes are six in number, namely the Assiniboine, Plains’ Cree, Blackfeet, Sarsee, 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.

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.

The weapons of all the plains’ tribes are practically alike. Most of them live by the chase, and, like the popular Indian of legend, made their homes in tepees and moved from place to place following the seasons. The Assiniboine’s was the sun-dance. The office of leader was hereditary. After a hunt to provide the necessary food, the medicine-man cured his sick and murdered his enemies, and 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 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 horses, which were hitched to the poles of the “travois” and dragged the household possessions, both in summer and winter.

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 rawhide between the branches of large trees. The feet were always turned towards the west. When the trees or scaffoldings fell, it was customary for the relations to bury the house 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 to which Wah-kions 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 presents before departing.

The greatest religious event in the year for the Assiniboine was the sun-dance. The officiating priest was the medicine-man. After a hunt to provide the necessary food, the medicine-man cured his sick and murdered his enemies, and 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.
smoke-offering to the Great Spirit and the annual feast to the dead were borrowed from their eastern neighbour.

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 Ishmail of the prairies."

The nation was divided into three tribes, the Blackfoot proper, the Blood and the Pienyen. 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. These thongs were attached by means of a strong cord to a pole, 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 because they were smeared with 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 friends 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 Arapaho held sway over southern Saskatchewan. 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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