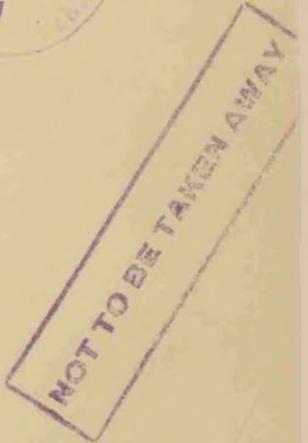
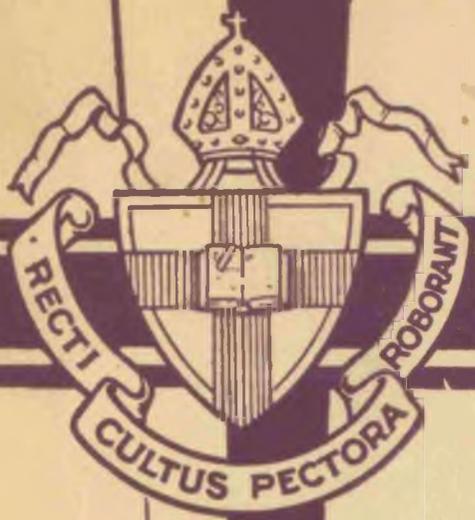


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VOL. 45 NO. 5

JUNE

1938

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A Liberal Education In The Modern State

A few generations ago acquiring a liberal education meant toiling patiently and persistently along a few well-marked and well-trodden roads to knowledge. The roads were not overcrowded, for only a small proportion of the community travelled thereon, and a liberal education was usually confined to the comparative few who had the leisure to do the thinking of the world. In many of those who "followed the gleam", however, the fruits of their search were revealed in a fine tradition of scholarship, enriched personalities, and stores of wisdom. Or, to use another picture, the stream of intellectual energy flowed along between well-worn banks in a fairly narrow channel but it was often found to be quite deep.

A liberal education in the modern state is an altogether different thing. Our educational horizon has expanded so constantly and rapidly in the last half century that it is doubtful if we realize what a tremendous range of mental activity the term "a liberal education" now includes within its circumference. Instead of spreading our intellectual treasures along a narrow pathway, well protected by formidable fences from the incursions of the common people, we have spread them out over the whole land for all to see. In the modern state it has become an axiom that a liberal education should be brought within the reach of all who are competent to profit by it, whatever their station in life.

There is something profoundly inspiring in this rapid and constant enlargement of the educational horizon. It means that mentally we are living in a new world. The rapid process of discovery in science and its corresponding quickening of thought, forced by the necessity of adapting our minds to new positions, has simply revolutionized the mental background of life. Modern education is in a sense iconoclastic and revolutionary as well as creative. It requires great mental alertness to keep up with its rapid stride. Not only does modern education demand facilities for providing youth with a varied intellectual equipment but it is rapidly increasing its demands for facilities providing vocational guidance and training. When any new subject of interest is discovered among the manifold activities of modern life, sooner or later there is the demand that it be added as a subject of study to the curricula of school and college. It is evident that the modern state has advanced far beyond the teaching of Plato "that the labouring classes must be kept in ignorance, for knowledge is unnecessary for them for the work they have to do." The modern state regards education as one of the great instruments of social and economic betterment and the conviction that educational facilities must be opened to all has become a passion. In

no age has knowledge been put to such extensive use in securing the mastery of man over nature and developing the great industrial work of the world. This application of knowledge to physical phenomena and to industrial development has added so many technical courses of study to the curricula of secondary schools and universities that they often seem like vocational training schools rather than centres of culture in the older sense of the word.

The enlargement of the educational sphere is still further represented by a variety of institutions which have sprung up outside the schools and colleges, such as libraries, museums, art galleries, vocational institutes and service clubs, all claiming education as their primary purpose.

One of the problems of present-day education is to harmonize its "useful" and "cultural" elements by discovering that there is "use" in the cultural elements, and by fostering imagination, refinement of taste and deepening of intellectual insight in the useful elements.

In many quarters education is regarded as the prime agency in providing a new orientation of mind to the ever increasing problems of citizenship, politics and international relationships.

It is evident, therefore, that when one asks the question, "What does the term a liberal education involve according to modern standards" it is a fairly comprehensive question. A famous educationalist recently expressed his idea of it in the following confession of belief, "I believe that a liberal education should be given under conditions favourable to health and that includes not only the school but the home; that the body should be trained by vigorous and systematic exercise, attention being paid to health and food; that the eye should be trained to see and the ear to hear with quick and sure discrimination: that the senses of the body should be awakened, and that the pupils should be taught not only to appreciate beauty, but to express it by music and movement, through line and colour, and through beautiful modulation of the voice; that their hands should be trained to skilful use in handicraft, that their will should be kindled by the ideal and be hardened by discipline which enjoins self-control. They should learn to express themselves accurately and simply in their mother tongue. Wherever possible another language besides their mother tongue should be learned, to enable the student to see things in a new intellectual and moral perspective, apart altogether from the immense wealth to which it gives the key in another literature.

"Through history and literature they should learn something of the past, but not so taught as to make them

blindly conservative. They should learn what the human race, and not least of all, what their fellow-countrymen have achieved, and how the great poets and sages have interpreted the experiences of life. Some study of nature should set them in the way of realizing both the amount and the quality of evidence which a valid induction requires. This liberal education should open the windows of the mind so that the student may see a wide perspective of history and of human thought. A liberal education should also, by the enforcement of accuracy and steady hard work, teach that by toil and patience students have to make their way along the road to truth, and that this has to be done again and again with each new generation. Above all, education ought to give students a sure hold upon the principles of right and wrong and teach them to apply those principles in their conduct and through the activities of corporate life."

This is a fairly extensive programme and if the implication of all its prosecution involves in the various stages of elementary, secondary and higher education is carefully worked out the result will be rather staggering. It will be seen that it entails tremendous equipment in instructors and buildings; with a need for constant expansion and enlargement, and the provision of huge sums of money for its maintenance.

As one looks over the educational field today one feels that we have been so fascinated by this tremendous enlargement of our mental horizon, and by the intellectual wealth uncovered to our startled gaze, that we have not as yet really faced the problems involved in it.

Problems there are in abundance. Problems, for instance, of the unification and systemization of these new treasures of knowledge, of their assimilation by the mind, of their ultimate values in terms of moral and spiritual development, and problems of the great cost involved in all this mental labour.

In democratic states the latter problem of the cost of education is emerging as a very real problem for statesmen. It is sharply visualized in the question, "Who in the world is going to pay for all this?" It is generally admitted that the success of democratic forms of government is intimately bound up with the possibility of educating the citizens of the democratic state. This general feeling was expressed by a statesman who played an influential part in giving the franchise to a largely-extended electorate when he said, "The problem now is to educate our masters". Some thoughtful minds are already saying, "If you can educate your democracy, all right; but the education of the democracy will cost so much that the resources of the world, in addition to other needs, will not meet the cost."

Signs that the urgency of the problem is appreciated are found in the work of important commissions both in England and the United States. These commissions had

started the "costing" of education in an attempt to find out what the provision of a liberal education in annual maintenance and capital outlay upon primary and secondary schools and universities really means, and whether the most is being got out of the equipment. In England the Geddes committee was responsible for this work and in the United States Dr. Pritchett of the Carnegie Foundation issued an important report of their work upon the subject. Dr. Pritchett indicates the immensity of the problem when he says that the expenditure for public, elementary, and secondary schools has risen from 140 millions in 1890 to 1,000 millions in recent years, and that there has been a more heavy increase in the universities than in the primary and secondary schools. In Canada we do not as yet seem to have "taken stock" in the same sense. It is very evident, however, from the constant demands made upon the public purse in the provinces and in the municipalities that the same problem is with us.

This short article is not intended to set forth any solution to any of the problems mentioned generally, or to the one particularly enlarged upon. It is only intended to stimulate thought upon the subject. It may be, as a well-known professor recently remarked in another connection, "the solution may be in seeing why there can be no solution."

The problem, however, is of interest to us at Bishop's University just now because it is clearly visualized in the expansion and needs of the university. At a recent meeting of university administration it was stated that in many colleges the fees of students provided less than 40 per cent of the annual cost of college and university work, and the need of increased endowment to cover the difference between student income and cost of maintenance was strongly emphasized. This cost of maintenance is of course altogether apart from the initial capital outlay involved in buildings and equipment.

This statement gives some indication of the debt the student who has passed through the educational institutions of this country owes at the end of his university career. It is a debt which, perhaps owing to thoughtlessness and lack of knowledge of the cost of education, is not always recognized. In whatever way the problem of educational costs may be solved it would seem that one important method of help lies in the closer co-operation of graduates with the governing bodies of our educational institutions in their financial problems. Those who have themselves received the advantages of a liberal education in school and university should be seriously concerned in assuring those advantages to others. We do not yet seem to have developed amongst university graduates in this country the consciousness of obligation to their alma mater which is so evident in the universities of the United States by the munificent gifts for the endowment of educational work. We have not, it is

true, the same wealth but there is great strength in small amounts if the number of givers is large, and any alumnus, whether rich or poor, should have a deep interest in a problem which, it is evident, is of great importance to the well being and progress of all our educational institutions, whether under the control of the state or of separate cor-

The Ross-McMurtry Cup

The Ross-McMurtry Cup was presented to Bishop's University by Mr. F. N. Southam of Montreal, and the inscriptions on it read:

"This Cup for Inter-Platoon Competition in the Bishop's College Contingent of the C.O.T.C. is given in affectionate remembrance of two young soldiers, boyhood friends and companions-in-arms during the Great War

MAJOR JOHN ALEXANDER ROSS
of Lethbridge, Alta.
killed at the Somme in 1916
aged 24 years

MAJOR ERIC OGILVIE MCMURTRY
of Montreal, Quebec
killed at Vimy Ridge in 1916
aged 23 years"

"Olie" Ross was born in Kenora, Ontario, on the 20th of October, 1893, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Ross. Later the family moved to the vicinity of Lethbridge, Alberta. Educated at Trinity College School, Port Hope, and R. M. C., he was in the same class at R. M. C. as Eric McMurtry but had to leave in December 1913 owing to his father's illness.

"Olie" was quiet, well-built, with a strong face and an attractive smile. He was a very good horseman—and indeed the sort of man one instinctively felt would be worth having as a companion in a tight corner.

Eric McMurtry was born in Montreal on the 28th of June, 1894, the son of Mr. and Mrs. S. A. McMurtry, being educated privately, at the Montreal High School, and at R. M. C., graduating from the latter in 1914.

Both were handsome, athletic and full of the "joie de vivre", great friends and very lovable personalities; when the War broke out in 1914, they were among the first to offer their services. Receiving commissions in the 24th Battalion, Victoria Rifles of Canada, their ability and leadership were quickly realized and they were given command of companies and promoted Majors—McMurtry of C Company and Ross of D. The battalion occupied, as barracks,

porations. Since we have all been beneficiaries we ought to make it our concern that according to our ability we become in turn benefactors, and assume our proper share in assuring to our successors in school and college an educational training in all that is proper to our common humanity.

the old Montreal High School on Peel Street where the Mount Royal Hotel now stands.

Intensive training was carried out all through the winter of 1914-15. The example and keenness of these two young officers played a large part in the resultant efficiency of the battalion and in the high standard of conduct of those composing it.

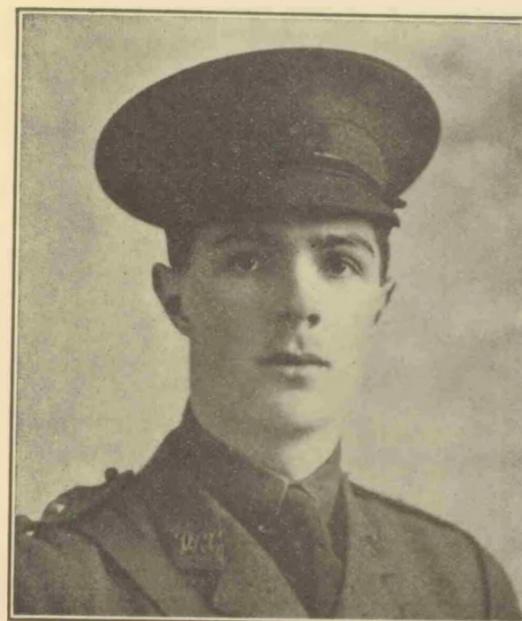
On 11th May, 1915, the battalion sailed for England on the Cameronia and finally landed in France, on 15th September, as part of the 5th Infantry Brigade of the 2nd Canadian Division.

On the 14th April, 1916, the battalion took over the area of the St. Eloi craters. It consisted of a small salient north of Ypres which had been the scene of a series of attacks and counter-attacks with the result that the ground was in an appalling state and the enemy's position very uncertain.

Storms and fog prevented aerial observation and so, during the night of 15th April, Major Ross crawled out and made a reconnaissance of the craters held by the enemy. His report was most valuable and was corroborated by aerial reconnaissance the next day. He was mentioned in despatches and awarded the Distinguished Service Order, (in the words of the London Gazette) "For conspicuous gallantry. He volunteered for and carried out, with another officer, a very dangerous reconnaissance in face of heavy fire and secured information of the utmost value regarding the enemy."

On the 26th April, 1916, the battalion was in Brigade Reserve and occupying shelters in Scottish Wood behind St. Eloi. During the morning a shell struck one of the shelters, killing one officer, Lieut. Ian McNaughton, and wounding Major McMurtry. He was in due course evacuated to England.

In September, 1916, Eric McMurtry married the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. N. Southam of Montreal. While on leave in England early in 1917, I lunched with him in London when he told me of his keenness to transfer to the Royal Flying Corps (as the R. A. F. was then called), hoped that



Major Eric Ogilvie McMurtry

we in his old battalion would not mind and said he would come to see the battalion as soon as he got back to France. He was appointed a Flying officer in the R. F. C. on the 7th April, 1917, and on the 18th April went to France.

On 28th April, we saw a British aeroplane, on patrol duty above Vimy Ridge, suddenly crash just behind the 24th Battalion front line. On investigation we found the pilot and observer had been killed. The observer was Lieutenant Mason and the pilot was Eric McMurtry. He had returned to his old battalion almost exactly a year after he had left it, wounded.

His Commanding Officer in the Royal Flying Corps wrote of him: "Although he had been with us such a short while, he had already proved his value, and I was hoping great things of him. His ability and personality at once endeared him to us all and gave him a very high place among us."

A very gallant soldier and gentleman lies buried in Bruay Cemetery.

On the 15th September, 1916, the Canadian attack on Courcellette took place. At 5.00 p.m. on 17th September, the 24th Battalion attacked the maze of enemy trenches east of Courcellette. To quote the History of the 24th Battalion by R. C. Fetherstonhaugh: "Ignoring the enemy fire, though reminded at once of its danger by a bullet which tore his throat, Major J. A. Ross, D.S.O., led D Company against the enemy position on the right. With courage that no odds could daunt, he fought his way across the narrow

strip of No Man's Land and the men of his company, inspired by his example, followed him straight to the German wire. Even though they found the wire uncut, no thought of abandoning the attack was entertained. Instead, the men strove desperately to force a way through; but no way through was found, and the Germans, with machine guns and rifles shot them steadily down. A few wounded, dragged themselves back to the Battalion lines; the majority, including the officer who led the attack so gallantly, died in the positions where they fell."

His body was never found. One of his men, when a prisoner in Germany, wrote to ask for news of Major Ross and stated that before he, the former, was taken prisoner he was wounded at the edge of the German trench and at that time his Major was still going.

He was mentioned in Sir Douglas Haig's Despatches dated 13th November 1916 "for gallant and distinguished services in the field."

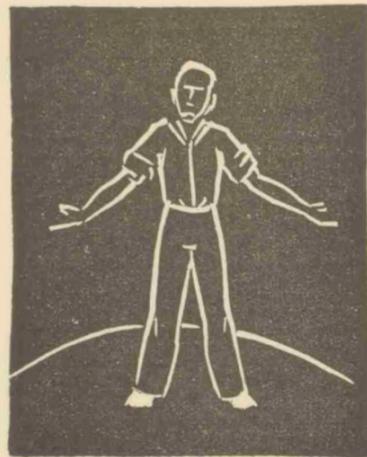
With those of us who served with them and lived with them are many memories—their being caked in mud and smiling, steadfast and dependable in times of stress, lying on the grass outside the huts at Reninghelst listening to a gramophone, riding together over the fields in the "back areas", Olie on a grey and Eric on a bay, their example when faced with life's temptations, and always radiating infectious cheerfulness and optimism.

We who were their friends are the richer for all they gave us.



Major John Alexander Ross

Hand to Mouth



Leaving his half-filled sack on the ground Steve Brodie climbed slowly up the great heap of coal, which lay in the railway dump. The rattle of the sliding coal did not deter him in the least, and he soon crawled over the railway tracks that ran along the top of the mound. Wishing to gain a better view he swung himself up on an empty coal car parked on the tracks. He perched on the wheel of the hand-brake, and from that position took stock of his surroundings. It was already dark, but a full moon and the glare of the city lights enabled him to get a shadowy view which could be clarified by his memory. Over to the right was the blackness of the river with the countless lights twinkling along the harbour. That black mass was the derricks, which unloaded the coal boats. On the extreme left he could see the red glow from the fires made by the unemployed, who lived in tin shanties on the garbage dump. The numerous smoke-stacks silhouetted in the background showed him the situation of the railway shops, the stock-yards, and the dirty factories which lined Mill Street. The mountain loomed behind the high buildings of the city, and the whole scene was crowned by the lighted cross in the cemetery at its summit. The lights of the high office buildings, and the dull roar of the traffic uptown were to Steve the symbols of another life, of which he knew nothing. For his life was lashed to that area of small, flat-roofed houses, which lay in the foreground—a few blocks of cheap houses, which were surrounded by factories, dumps, railway tracks, and dirty harbour water. This isolated section of the large city was known to the world as Griffintown, a name which implied filth, squalor, and endless poverty.

Steve shuddered at the thought of Griffintown, its dirty streets lined with stuffy fire-traps, which were the dwelling places of several thousand drab people, who led a useless existence. These pathetic creatures breathed an atmosphere fouled by the black smoke from the iron mills, and by the sickening odours from the garbage dump and the stock-yards. Every bit of food that they ate—and often they didn't eat much—tasted of sulphur from soft coal, or burn-

ing hides, or decaying rubbish. Little wonder that disease swept through these filthy tenements, killing the undernourished beings like flies. In the summer they died of typhoid from drinking contaminated water; in the winter they were stricken with pneumonia and influenza, because the soft coal, which they stole from the railway dump was inadequate to provide heat for the draughty, damp houses. These people never saw leafy trees, nor green grass. Behind the rusty tin sheds, which stood in the backyards there was nothing but muddy lanes, or sand lots, cluttered up with garbage tins and newspapers. The only view ever seen from the greasy windows was that of dirty, grey laundry flapping in the next yard.

Steve Brodie had been brought up under these conditions. As a child he had run half-naked in the dirty streets; he had breathed the nauseating sewer gas; he had eaten the tainted food, and had drunk the chlorinated water. As a boy he had gone to the shabby little school, where a distracted, underpaid woman had tried to enlighten a class of ill-fed, poorly clothed street-urchins, who would rather throw horseshoes in the alley, or swipe apples from the fruit man, than learn to read and write. The parents had neither the means nor the energy to encourage these bedraggled children to apply themselves. Consequently the conditions among such families were never improved because the people never learned any better. As a youth Steve had delivered groceries from the Greek's corner-store, for which he had received the weekly wage of five dollars, which was absorbed in the family treasury. In his spare time Steve played baseball with his pals in the sandlot, or helped his old man carry coal from the dump at night. Often he had warned his father of the approach of the railway dick.

Now he was filling a sack for his own family needs. He had obtained a job in the rolling mills, and eventually he had married one of the plain, but more dependable girls in the neighbourhood. There had been no romance or glamour in his marriage. He had done it simply because he believed that raising children was his purpose for living. He had

never loved any woman very much, although he had satisfied his desires with the shameless sluts that infested the place. He also had no scruples about getting good and drunk, when he felt like it, and he had been carried home from many a tavern brawl. Once or twice he had narrowly escaped being pinched in raids on the various joints, but the Griffintown boys were too well organized to be caught by any dumb cops from the police station on the other side of the canal. The police didn't dare patrol the area. Once they had tried, but the constable was found floating in the canal with broken glass from a beer bottle imbedded in his head.

Tonight Steve had come home from the mill, worn out as usual. He was greeted at the door of his flat by the squawking of his three younger kids—why did that wife of his have so damn'd many anyway? The wife had complained irritably that there was no coal for the fire—they burned coal all the year round because of the accessibility of the dump.

"Well, why the hell don't you go and get some?" he snapped back brusquely. He was tired and sweaty, and didn't feel like arguing.

"I can't," replied the woman, "because I have to make your supper. You'd bawl me out if I didn't."

"Well send Sammy," Steve exclaimed referring to his eldest son, "he's got nothing else to do."

"He hasn't been here since lunch time," explained Mrs. Brodie. "The little bugger is never around when he's needed."

"I'm gonna teach him a lesson one of these fine days," threatened Steve, banging his fist on the table.

"Yeah? Well, what about getting some coal, before the fire goes out," said his wife sarcastically. "All you ever do is threaten—I can see where Sammy gets his laziness from."

"Me, lazy!" rasped Steve, "I slave all day in that bloody hot mill, and when I come home, my supper isn't even ready. Why? Because there isn't any coal."

"No, and there still isn't," stormed Mrs. Brodie, "so get a move on."

Muttering furiously to himself Steve went out to the shed to get a sack. Climbing over the back fence, he made his way across the vacant lot to the railway tracks, cursing all the way—"that damn'd woman always make me sore—where the hell is that lazy kid? I'll sure beat his backside tonight for making me lug a sack of coal home before supper."

In a few minutes he had crossed the railway tracks, and had begun to fill his sack with his bare hands. It was slow work, and he had time to cool off after his fit of temper. When the sack was half-full, he decided to go up on the coal heap to take a look around.

There he was, sitting on the coal car regarding with distaste the huddled group of houses, which he somehow

felt was the cause of all his misery. For the time being he had forgotten his supper, his nagging wife, his delinquent son—he was absorbed in a crude process of thought, trying to figure out why he was in such a wretched position, why he was spending his life in such a dreary manner.

"Hey, cowboy! Come down off there," snapped a man's voice from below him.

His peaceful reflections shattered, Steve stared down, and was astonished to see a railway cop, who was pointing a black revolver at him. Terror gripped his heart; he was on the spot; he had always been afraid of the can; now he was caught red-handed. So terrified was he, that for a few moments he was unable to move.

"Come on, come on," snarled the railway official, "you're one coal-snitcher that's not going to get away."

Still Steve continued to stare down with his mouth wide open. Suddenly a chunk of coal came flying through the blackness, and cracked the cop on the wrist.

"What the —?" cried he, dropping his gun.

Steve didn't hesitate a moment longer. He leaped down on top of the officer, and sent him sprawling.

"Yon son of a —," the cop's voice was stifled as he rolled in the coal.

Steve jumped to his feet, slid down the side of the coal heap, and galloped over the tracks, expecting to be shot in the back by the detective, who was groping around for his fallen gun.

"This way, Pop!" cried a sharp voice from the sand-lot, and Steve realized that Sammy had been responsible for his rescue.

"Just a chip off the old block," thought Steve as he stumbled across the field after the small boy, who was staggering under the weight of the sack of coal.

"Maw sent me to help you," explained Sammy as the two climbed over the backyard fence.

"It's a good thing you came along when you did," grunted Steve, in relief. "But you'd better not tell your mother what happened, because she'll blame me."

And so, as though nothing had happened, father and son entered the dingy kitchen and poured the contents of the sack into the coal scuttle. The only evidence of the adventure was the colour of Steve's face, which was somewhat paler than usual. The wife didn't notice or care about her husband's appearance, so no questions were asked. Steve sat down to a poorly cooked meal with mingled feelings of relief for his escape, and of fear of future consequences of his mishap. Thus it had been all his life. In repeated succession he had experienced fear, relief, despair, rage and discontent. Anxiety, insecurity, and suffering were the chief characteristics of his existence. It had always been the same—although he did not realize it—and it would continue to be so. Such was the life of any inhabitant of Griffintown.

A Short Short Story

The little girl watched the front bedroom window of her neighbour's house, hoping to catch a glimpse of Miss Libby.

"Oh please, God, let her just come to the window," she prayed, "and I'll change my dress the minute I get home."

It was useless; Miss Libby always slept Sunday mornings, and the little girl could not linger, for now her mother demanded:

"Are you or are you not going to Sunday School this morning?" and coming out on the veranda, added, "What on earth are you hanging around here yet for? Now then, Clara, run along."

Clara ran along, but she felt that after all life's sorrows are more than its joys, and she hated Sunday even if it was the Sabbath day to keep it holy, because this thing happened not once, or twice, but every Sunday. On week days Miss Libby leaned out of the window every morning at eight o'clock to see what sort of day it was; Clara said her prayers and saw Miss Libby every morning, and nothing could go very far wrong on a day which began so auspiciously.

She loved Miss Libby passionately, had loved her for weeks, would love her forever. The goddess was ignorant of the devotion she inspired; she would remain so until Clara did something so noble that all the world would admire her and bless her with tears running down their cheeks, and she would say simply, "Do not thank me, good people. It is all due to Miss Libby." Or perhaps Miss Libby would not know until Clara lay dying, and summoned her to the bedside, and told her of the great love which had lighted her life; Miss Libby would implore her to live, but she would smile sadly, and then her head would fall back, and Miss Libby would go forth ennobled.

This train of thought filled her with such delicious melancholy that she quite forgot her disappointment. But her woes had only begun; when her turn came to say a text, she declaimed with gloomy emphasis that "the lips of a strange woman drop as an honeycomb, and her mouth is smoother than oil: but her end is bitter as wormwood, sharp as a two-edged sword. Her feet go down to death; her steps take hold on hell," only to be sharply rebuked.

"That's very poetic," Clara said rebelliously.

"Well, it isn't proper!" was the crushing reply, "and you'll just not get your star today. You must learn a text with a moral you can apply to your daily life, like: 'Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.'"

"We only have wine at Christmas," Clara said, and then judged it wise to subside. But she nursed her grievance.

Nor was that all. When she returned home she had to change her new organdy frock to the despised, limp second-best. She felt she was hardly used; God had taken no heed of her generous offer, he had not vouchsafed her the tiniest glimpse of Miss Libby. But Clara's mother had said, conscious of humour in the adult's silly way, "Never mind about God, just do as I say." There was nothing funny about that: it was blasphemous.

And as if it were not humiliating enough to have to go about in what was little better than an old rag, and on Sunday even if it was afternoon, who should witness her degradation but the goddess herself. Miss Libby was sitting on the veranda steps; her hair was curled in innumerable fascinating little ringlets and tied with a coquettish bit of ribbon; she wore shiny shoes with high heels, and a pink dress which was unquestionably new. No one would ever tell her that she could not wear her best dress all day Sunday. Clara passed with downcast eyes. Why, she questioned herself frantically, *why* could not her mother at least have starched her dress? Once past, she looked back; Miss Libby was looking the other way, perhaps she had not noticed the little ragamuffin in the limp green dress at all. Thankfulness flowed into Clara's heart, and the weight in her stomach lifted, so that when her smaller sister begged her to play hide-and-go-seek with her, she consented indulgently.

When it was her turn to hide she ran behind the neighbour's house and crawled under the back veranda. While she was there Miss Libby came around the corner of the house pursued by a youth, the bank clerk, whom Clara knew to be a very silly young man.

Miss Libby held out some small object to him, and he snatched at it.

"Don't you wish you may get it?" she said teasingly.

He looked at her with feigned exasperation, and she giggled.

"Now, Betty Lou, be good," he said fatuously.

She dangled the keyring in his face and retreated precipitously, watched him approach with timorous expectancy, and looked about for possible avenues of escape. She was far from cornered, but appeared to have no sense of strategy.

Clara did not watch the drama to its inevitable conclusion, but crawled out at the other end of the veranda and sauntered home.

"Miss Libby indeed!" she said scornfully.

Westward Ho!

The importunity of an editor and a rash promise of several months' standing are responsible for this belated account of an extended motor tour last summer, covering 10,455 miles, passing through 21 of the United States of America and 4 Provinces of Canada, and including some of the most magnificent scenery of the Western world.

After two intermediate halts for the night at Gananoque and Niagara Falls—themselves a sufficiently promising beginning of any exploration of the earth's wonders—we found ourselves on the evening of the third day in Delaware, Ohio; and then, on the fourth day, we really bent to our task with a run of 436 miles from Ohio, through Indiana and Illinois, to the State of Missouri at St. Louis, across the Mississippi. The Father of Waters, slow and turbid here, would no doubt be unattractive enough by day, but in the dusk, as we crossed the bridge from East St. Louis, with the scores of lights from either bank playing on its surface, it formed a sight to arrest the eye, and fitted to justify the associations which even the bare names of certain rivers and mountains call up in the mind.

It was in St. Louis that I properly realised for the first time the magnitude of the journey we had set ourselves. Maps are deceptive; and it was not till I read the direction-board outside the tourist camp (already 1311 miles from home) that I began to appreciate the true scale by which they should be interpreted. The Grand Canyon 1629 miles on, San Francisco 2361, Los Angeles 2384, and even Denver 925, distinctly impressed those who seemed already to have been following the white ribbon of roads for weeks, at a speed often of well over sixty miles an hour, and who the previous day had accomplished (not altogether without pride, or weariness) the greatest single effort of their motoring careers. But later we were to encounter bigness in other and more important matters than mere distance.

The road from St. Louis to Denver led up the Missouri Valley, across the great plain of the Middle West, and through the Kansas oil towns, whose drabness was mitigated by the cheapness of their products. In time, I worked out the rough generalisation that the finer the scenery the higher the price of gas. (One cannot have everything in an

unsatisfactory world, and in the Lake Louise district of the Canadian Rockies, to which we later came, the parallelism between cost and country, between peaks and prices, was maintained with altogether too scrupulous an accuracy.)

From a mere tourist's point of view, the Middle West, if prosperous, is unexciting—endless acres endlessly repeated, innumerable towns, blazing heat. Out of a hazy recollection of shimmering distances, where the skyline advanced as rapidly as we, there only distinctly emerges the charming

little town of Topeka, some 70 miles west of Kansas City, where we spent the night on a pleasant balcony in comparative coolness; that, and a roadside stubble field on fire whose flames came much too close for comfort or safety, and we had to dash blindly through clouds of smoke, and a man dragged out groaning from under a car which had knocked him down—fortuitous incidents which have nothing to do with the interest of the country as such. For the most part, the main concern was the accumulation of miles on the speedometer, and the nightly computation of averages to which it led. We began to long for our first view of the rampart of the hills. At Goodland we changed at last to Mountain Time, and a little farther on passed over from Kansas State to Colorado, and acquired the first of that collection of "stickers" which in its later stages became a travelling picture gallery of western fauna. From a blur on the distant horizon the mountain bastion defined itself and rose ever higher, and at

noon on Sunday, the seventh day out, we entered Denver, the Gate of the Colorado Rockies. We felt it fitting, on the completion of our preliminary journey of some 2,300 miles, to signalise our arrival at the mountains by lunching on mountain trout in the engagingly named "Charcoal Brazier" in Broadway. (And that, with the sheer swindle of a so-called "porterhouse steak" in, unfortunately, Windsor, Ontario, weeks later, is all I remember about food on this journey.)

Then we began to climb, and before nightfall negotiated four passes—Look Out Mountain Pass (7,450 ft.), Berthoud Pass (11,306 ft.), Muddy Pass (8,772 ft.), and Rabbit Ear Pass (9,595 ft.)—a slow business, because we had to stop at so many points to try to take in the gorgeous



views, and because, too, the road became progressively worse the further we penetrated into the mountains. Moreover, the rain came down in sheets, and towards evening swirling mists rose from the valleys and reduced visibility at times to only a few yards. The country was grand, but desolate in the extreme; the ascents and descents often awesome; and the lights of the little town of Steamboat Springs, when we came to it shortly after nightfall, seemed to beckon us on encouragingly with the news that humanity was not yet quite lost in this wilderness of peaks and precipices.

From Colorado, with the main chain of the Rockies now behind us, we crossed over into Utah, and made as good a journey as the vile roads would allow to Salt Lake City. When for a space we could take our eyes off the potholes which threatened to break the springs of the car, and the mud which attempted to slither it into the ditch, or alternatively to prevent it from moving at all, we were cheered on by most impressive scenery, more particularly Strawberry Lake and its surroundings, and the quaint red rock formations of Utah, with black mountains in the distance. And Salt Lake City, when we did arrive, was a delight—a beautifully laid out city, with wide tree-lined streets and the sound of abundance of water, set in the semicircle of the Wasatch Hills, with to the southwest the Great Salt Lake, and the glistening flats which lead on to San Francisco. We drove out to Sunset Beach on Salt Lake, and looked back on the town. No wonder Brigham Young declared, "Here is the place," and the pilgrims immediately set about building a continuing city.

It is difficult to write appropriately, impossible to write adequately, of the Canyon country, stretching south from Salt Lake City, in which we spent the next few days. Marysville Canyon, Red Canyon, Bryce Canyon, Zion Canyon, and last and greatest the Grand Canyon itself, need to be seen to be believed, and even when seen are barely believed. There are moments and aspects when the fantastic combinations of shape and colouring suggest, not hard rock, but the projections of a gaudy and disordered imagination. The Grand Canyon, indeed, is nothing less than an opium smoker's nightmare in stone, with the silvery snake of the Colorado River wriggling along at the bottom of the mile-deep chasm. From Fredonia on the Arizona border we climbed on to the Grand Canyon Plateau, and then, passing through the magnificent Kaibab Forest of pines and silver birches, arrived on the North Rim at Bright Angel Point. Here the splendour of the scenery takes on an almost menacing quality, and the "chasmy hells" disclosed to view may well afflict a sensitive imagination. Here, at least, the faithful companion of my journey, who had looked down unappalled, often from the outer side of the road, into the worst precipices the Colorado Rockies had to offer, got out and walked—an undertaking which on a blazing afternoon is

more significant perhaps than many adjectives. There is a point, says Hardy, in the person of Swithin St. Cleeve, where immensity trembles over into horror. If anyone is tempted to regard this as mere rhetorical exaggeration, let him drive a car along the North Rim of the Grand Canyon, on a narrow road, and preferably on the outer side of it. But all this land is a land of sublimity, and I find a travel note to the effect that as, in the evening, we returned and descended from the plateau, the plains of northern Arizona and southern Utah, outspread before us in the sunset, and ringed round with pink and grey mountains, provided a prospect which almost rivalled that of the Grand Canyon itself.

After one of the mightiest works of nature, one of the supreme achievements of man. Leaving the Canyon country, we had a solid day's driving of 431 miles towards Los Angeles, in the course of which we tuned aside from Las Vegas to see the Boulder Dam. It is an enormous construction, impressing itself on one by sheer weight, like the Great Pyramid. Nevertheless, this day is perhaps chiefly memorable for its heat. At Mesquite we crossed over into Nevada, and began a trek of about 200 miles over a barren, treeless, waterless desert, such I had never realised existed in the American Continent. It reminded me strongly of the Sahara, and the heat was definitely African. It mounted, as the morning wore on, to 105°F in the shade—or would have done so if there had been any shade available. A roadside acquaintance told us, with no little pride, that Las Vegas is the wickedest town in the States, and we were quite ready to believe him, if the deeds of the nether region are in any direct proportion to its temperature. Las Vegas, however, when we got to it seemed respectable enough, quite undistinguished except for its desert situation, and very drowsy. It provided us with nothing more lurid than ginger ale and sandwiches, and we pushed on to the hills which separate Nevada from California.

Next day, the country was completely different from any we had covered hitherto—from the plains, and the mountains, and the canyons, and the desert—less savage, less grand perhaps, more mellow, more beautiful, and instead of barren rock or grey scrub we were entering a region of the brightest and most varied vegetation. From the upland town of Barstow, on one of the subsidiary ranges of the Sierra Nevada, we coasted down towards the distant gleam of the Pacific, deserted at first by imagination rather than by sight; and passing through San Bernardino, Pasadena, and Hollywood, came to Los Angeles, and finally reached the water's edge at Long Beach. The thin green line which marked our route on the map now stretched right across the continent, and we had done exactly 3,900 miles in 12 days.



Then began a more leisurely progression of some 1700 miles along the Pacific Coast from Los Angeles to Victoria. Up to San Francisco, the road for many miles ran at the sea's edge, well-made and in parts only recently opened, but with innumerable windings and sharp gradients, where it climbed along the side of the cliffs and hung over the water. Over and over again we were constrained to halt near sandy beaches and enjoy the glorious sunshine, here always tempered by the sea air. Moreover, by this time, the third and four-footed member of our party had joined us, at Santa Barbara.

Like many another big American city, San Francisco is more impressive at a little distance than when one actually walks its streets. There the fine buildings are balanced by what seems a good deal of unnecessary squalor at their feet, and for the best perspective one needs to cross to Oakland over the marvellous Bay Bridge, and look back from the other side on the immense town clustered over its hills, on the arms of the sea which embrace it, and the mighty bridges which link it to the rest of the world. By the Golden Gate Bridge (which, being all suspension, is in a way, if much shorter, quite as imposing as the more tremendous Bay Bridge) we entered upon the Redwood Highway, and thereafter drove for scores of miles through the enormous trees, often in a bewildering alternation of sunlight and shadow. We spent a night in the forest, and then, after a detour to take in the Oregon Caves, followed the course of the Umpqua River to the sea again at a delightful stretch of coast near Yachats. We crossed by ferry from Astoria into the State of Washington, and after an unfortunate halt at another Long Bay, which must surely be one of the dirtiest towns on the continent, had a lovely day's run through the Olympic Peninsula to Port Angeles.

Here, as so often, one was impressed by the vast emptiness of the Western States—mountains and forests and lakes and deserts—scores of square miles without a house or sign of human occupation; desolate, primitive, unreclaimed, and a good deal of it, of course, unreclaimable. From Port Angeles we had a very choppy crossing over the 18 miles of the Juan de Fuca Strait to Victoria, to be greeted by

presumably Scottish lassies playing quite unmistakably Scottish bagpipes. We spent several days in Victoria, enjoying its climate (much too consistently good to be truly English, but still with a certain reminiscent geniality about it) and its brilliant flora; making the acquaintance of *Ursus Kermodei*, the town's pet bear, and the tropical birds in the Aviary; admiring the splendid, though still unfinished, cathedral; and looking up friends' friends. From Victoria we went on to Nanaimo, over the Saanich Inlet, and thence across to Vancouver, where we had another halt of some days for exploration, including a cruise amongst the Gulf Islands, and a memorable return to the mainland at nightfall with all the lights of the city, plain and coloured, shining in long, trembling rays over the quiet water.

On from Vancouver our route led us through Seattle, Spokane, Coeur d'Alène, and Cranbrook, to the heart of the Canadian Rockies at Lake Louise, taking in, in the neighbourhood of Ellensburg, some of the most delightful country we had yet traversed, a quite lovely stretch of moors and fells—Shap Fell enlarged to the usual Gargantuan scale of this continent; and then leading across the Columbia River into a region of hills whose eroded formation was strongly reminiscent of the canyon country.

Of the Canadian Rockies it is, again, impossible to speak in any way which shall not belittle them in the recollection. A plain account of a single day's exploration may be the least unworthy tribute to the unattainable. Crossing the Great Divide and passing Wapta Lake, we went down into Kicking Horse Canyon, and continued past Field to Emerald Lake, a gorgeous sheet of colour in the sunlight. Returning from Emerald Lake, we visited the Natural Bridge over the Kicking Horse River, which is here quite excited and apparently in a very great hurry. Then going back to the foot of the Pass, we diverged to the left up the Yoho Valley, climbed the zig-zag where the road rises 200 feet in a third of a mile, and went to the foot of the amazing Takakkaw Falls, which are well over 1000 feet high. In the afternoon, we went 27 miles along the Jasper Highway to Bow Summit, and then walked a mile steeply uphill to Bow Summit Look Out (about 7000 ft. up), where we were presented with a truly astounding view of peaks and glaciers and lakes and pine forests—one from which, in all strictness of language, it was really difficult to tear oneself away, and so blot out voluntarily (though not, indeed, from the inner vision) such magnificence. Finally, in the evening, we went along a road which, because it was rough, and narrow, and curving, and sharply graded, and bordered by a precipice—and possessed in fact, every evil quality conceivable in a road—effectively engaged all my attention, till, in the end, it justified itself by bringing us out to Lake Moraine, guarded by its ten sentinel crags, and looking in the waning light very quiet and lonely and remote—and very lovely. Our last sight of the Canadian Rockies was

from a spot a little short of Calgary—a sort of long range, encyclopaedic good-bye to what must surely be one of the supreme spectacles of the world.

From these snow-topped mountains it is impossible not to descend to lower altitudes in more senses than one. Yet much in the highest degree memorable remained — to wit, the Logan Pass in Glacier National Park, and our encounter with a bear; the current of Rock Creek, Montana, which nearly swept our dog Rex away; all the marvels of Yellowstone Park (see cut, Old Faithful Geyser), not omitting the marvel of where all the tourists come from; and lastly, the most spectacular highway in the world, the 65 miles from Cooke City, the northeastern gate of Yellowstone Park, to Red Lodge. We climbed to the top of the appropriately named Hellroaring Plateau by means of convolutions which produced no less than five roads, one above another, on the mountain side. I have by this time no adjectives left for the expanding panorama which accompanied our ascent; but if, most reluctantly, I had to choose three moments out of the whole journey and forget all the rest, they would be, I think, (1) the Grand Canyon from Bright Angel

Point, (2) the Glaciers from Bow Summit Look Out, and (3) the raging mountains of Wyoming from Hellroaring Plateau—and the last not least (see cut).

It began to be a relief to have one's capacity for wonder stretched no further, but to jog along quietly, through Montana, the Bad Lands of North Dakota, and the verdant, restful lake country of Minnesota and Wisconsin, to Chicago. Here we stayed for a week, mostly immobile on the edge of Lake Michigan, to recuperate from marvels, and to get back from nature to man. There are abundant opportunities for the latter process in Chicago. Then across the State of Michigan to Detroit, and so back to Canada at Windsor. Then through the flourishing towns of Western Ontario, until at Hamilton we came full circle, and had completed a round of just over 9,000 miles. All that remained, even though it included a week at Niagara Falls and many runs to Buffalo along the fine boulevard on the Canadian side of the Niagara River, was only in the nature of a relatively quiet epilogue to an astonishing chronicle play, so pallid here in the telling — so vivid, so grand, so unforgettable in the experience.

DESOLATION

The land goes back and it was hard to clear;
Already in the meadow, deep and slow,
The stubborn weeds are creeping; year by year
The spruces thrust, the brier and the witch grass grow.
Only a little time and all will be
Forsaken, save by those who claim their own,
Blackbird and crane and wind-bedevelled tree,
And golden flies above the old well-stone.

Oh, come from here, for seagulls standing
Stiff-necked and still on their old hip of ledge
Have given us little welcome for our landing—
And he forgets if he be ghost or guest
Who stays too long above this echoing edge
Of rock, among the scanty marsh grass thinning,
To watch the web of water spinning, spinning,
Past these old headlands, lonely and possessed.

Berkeley Square

The production of the major play involves each year the expenditure of a great deal of time, energy, hard work and enthusiasm, and it is indeed gratifying when the result turns out to be definitely commensurate with the energy expended.

The evenings of May 2, 3 and 4 were occasions to which the University Dramatic Society may look back with justifiable satisfaction. Anyone who has seen the film version of "Berkeley Square", and has read the script, cannot but realize that here is a play which demands real acting ability, is full of subtle nuances, and calls for the expression of genuine emotion and the creation of an "atmosphere". The unspoken question in the minds of many of the audience was undoubtedly "could they put it over?"—and it is no small tribute to the teamwork of all concerned in the production that it was "put over" so well by an amateur cast.

Berkeley Square is a play which calls for sustained effort on the part of the principal characters, and the casting committee did not make any mistakes in their choice. One felt in advance that the success of the production would hinge largely—though by no means entirely—on the interpretation given to the character of Peter Standish, the neurotic and imaginative young Anglo-American of the 20th century who finds he has the power to transport himself into the environment of his ancestor of a century and a half ago, and who, while disillusioned as to so many things, yet finds his love for Helen Pettigrew can far outweigh the mingled suspicion and fear with which an 18th century London household regards him. Lincoln Magor showed decided talent in his interpretation of Peter, whose difficulties and embarrassments were made convincing—in particular he played the exacting final scene, when he has returned to the 20th century and has nothing but memories of Helen to sustain him, extremely well.

One of the most interesting features of the play is the reaction of the various members of the 18th century world towards him—ranging from the understanding and sympathy of Helen to the ill-concealed contempt of Tom, the growing terror of Kate and Throstle, and the feeling of uncomfortable mystification produced in the Duchess. This 18th century group performed their parts in a satisfactory and adequate manner. Vivian Parr showed genuine emotional power as Helen Pettigrew, and her various scenes with Peter, so vital for the real understanding of the play, were acted with due restraint and the real feeling which the occasion demanded. As her sister, Kate Pettigrew, Helen Legge was quite successful in portraying the growing fear

and realization of something uncanny, combined with the desire to save Helen from what, to her mind, would be irremediable disaster. Beverly Ames (although she appeared as young as her daughters) was a picturesque and convincing Lady Anne Pettigrew, torn between her social duties and her financial worries. As Tom Pettigrew, Henry Holden gave a good interpretation of the Georgian "man about town", full of scorn for his Yankee cousin and for what he considers the useless scruples of his sisters. Guy Marston, if inclined to over-act at times, made Mr. Throstle appear the dilettante and "man of sensibility" he was meant to be. The other characters of the period (Katherine Davey as the dignified and statuesque Duchess of Devonshire, Patricia Hall as Miss Barrymore, Ruth Echenberg as the maid, Ian Maclean as Major Clinton, Hugh Mortimer as a cabinet minister of astonishingly youthful aspect, and, last but not least, William Delaney as the egregious Duke of Cumberland, complete with Hanoverian accent) all added to the spectacular effect of a gathering in an 18th century London mansion. Equally well cast were the remaining modern characters, Janet Speid as Peter's fiancée, Peggy Richardson as a housekeeper "anxious about many things", and Peter Greenwood as the dignified diplomatic representative of the United States.

In a "period piece", the *décor* counts for a great deal, and was successful in giving a much more convincing effect of a past century than is sometimes the case. Evidence of careful preparation on the part of the stage manager, his advisers and assistants, was not lacking; the sound-effects, the lighting, the properties, the costumes, and the portraits especially painted for the occasion, helped the efforts of the cast to reconstruct the strange episode of a vanished era.

With an amateur production, the ear is not always as well satisfied as is the eye, but in this case there was little to be desired — the favourable comments, as to audibility and clearness of enunciation, which were heard among the audience when the performance was over, are a tribute to the care taken over this important aspect by Mr. Robert George, who spared no time and effort in the matter.

The officers of the University Dramatic Society, and the director of the play, Miss Macnab, deserve the most sincere congratulations on the entertainment provided. There is real acting ability among the present group of Bishop's students, and if the production and performance of next year's major play is as good as that of Berkeley Square it will indeed be worth seeing, and seeing more than once.

Mining Country

(Continued from last issue)

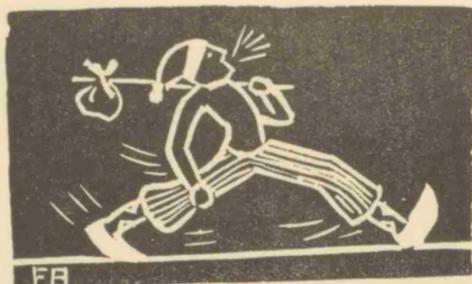
In Kirkland Lake there were bed bugs, but I suffered them mildly. Should I have been disgusted? They live on blood, but so do mosquitoes; and that they lie in wait is not against them, for black flies do that too. They bit you, and you smote them, and there was an end on it. But we had with us a gentleman from Aberdeen who spoke his Scottish in a precise slow drawl, and this is what he had to say about it:

"I don't mind them biting on me. I don't even mind when they chew a piece out of me, and roost on my knee cap to digest of it. But it is a sad affair when they reach and walk off waving a piece of you. It is a pitiful thing when a man is pecked to death by a bed bug."

I met some more of them over at the Sault, but they were the mild kind that merely swarm over you. The Kirkland bug is of the crafty type that lurks. They lie in wait 'till you've looked under the pillow, and then drop on you from the ceiling.

I captured some of the bugs and sent them home. It was very easy. You dip a match stick into the rum bottle, and apply the end of the match to the bug. By capillary attraction a drop is formed, and drawn over the insect. This encloses it in a globe of fluid, and the alcohol kills it. Then it dries off, and there you are. You put them in capsules, and you can mail them to your friends. But this was in the attic corridor of the Northland Roomer. It was in the same place that I won the open series for spitting at roaches. The idea was to make a direct hit while the roach was crossing from one chalk mark to the other one, nine inches away. But it was easy. You landed one in front, when he stopped quite still, and you smacked him centre. The rest of them tried sniping on the run, and never got their sights dead on. This sample of resource proves the advantage of a Bishop's education.

I drifted into Timmins at one o'clock at night, when it was raining, and turning to snow. The rooming homes were closed, and the houses and pavement were shivering in their skins. I went to one place, and I knocked, and no one came;



so I went inside and knocked at the back room, and still no one came; so I went upstairs and found an empty room, and I camped down in that. There were no blankets on the bed, but only a mattress, so I took four curtains from a rod in the hall, and I slept very warmly. The proprietor was surprised, and rather pleased: "Look. Something has happened!" so I stayed there four days. In Sudbury I stayed in a dorm with a drill crew, and in the Sault in my own room again. At Sturgeon Falls I remained in the police station, but this was my own request. The cheapest room in town was \$1.50. After that I was moving too fast to stay at all, and I made it to Ottawa in one jump.

I accept my roommates and our life in common as a completely natural thing, and so do they. It never occurs to us that it could be otherwise. This makes our guarded indifference to the masses of people a very empty way of life. We are aware of no one but ourselves: we don't know anybody else, and we don't want to know them. It is inestimably dreary. So collectively you are indifferent to them as to cattle. You are no more concerned than for a kennel of dogs, and you walk in and around them and ignore them, and lock your room in their presence as a matter of course. They all lead similar lives, and are tired of it. Separately, though, they'll talk of their homes as if you'd always known them, and if you have the sense to listen, they never realize that you have not grown up across the street. Thus you learn about places and things. I found about Finland from a person in Kirkland. I slept with him, and he had huge woolly underwear. It was like staying with a sheep. At Liskeard it was a French gentleman come down to buy wood carvings for his church at Ville Marie. But they were very much alike, and I learned from them all how ordinary I was myself. The only difference between them is whether or not they think. Most are not concerned with inference from the data of experienced things, but they want the same things, and they are hurt by the same things. They are all interested in their own concerns, and if you are interested too, you are a part of their existence, and you

matter too; if you are not concerned, you don't count. They believe that whatever can exist is only what they know about. If they don't know about it, then they can't believe it exists, and it does not matter to them. So that unlike people everywhere are similar in this—that the only things that matter are the things that matter to them. I find I've given up disliking people: they are all too much like me. So I listen instead, and hear myself.

It is a lonely business driving, and you can't travel fast, so I toot along at 20 m.p.h. The other cars come up to me, and shy at me, and jump over the ditch, for I close all the windows up, and sing at the absolute top of my voice, and the row is glorious—like firing off a cannon down a well shaft. But in Amos I stole a mouth organ, so I drove one-handed then, and played it with the other. The drivers see me and think I'm thumbing my nose, but the small boys know I'm eating a sandwich. Which would it look like?

I pick up hitch hikers always, and they get in and shake the snow off, and find there is no heater in the car, but that does not matter. I have a small gasoline stove, and I keep it propped, roaring away, on the floor of the car, and it is like a small furnace. I cook in the fields by the wayside too, but when it rains I dine "en char". I fetch my pot of water and I close the windows up and get the stove going on the floor beside me. Then I have bacon and soup and fried fruit cake and toast and jam and coffee. A glorious steaminess fills the car, and walkers-by pause to stare, but the windows are fogged over, and they can't see in: they can only smell the bacon through the door cracks. They come up and sniff, go past five steps, come back two, sniff again, and walk with puzzled footsteps down the road.

The people are too intent, and too afraid, and friendly with the comradeship and kindness of drowning men on a raft. They have no time to be silly, and you can't afford to be clever: they make it appear stupid, which perhaps it is.

Man on street: "Every darn Chinaman ought to be hanged."

Look there now: there's a Chinaman unhung.

"My word! Is *he* Un Hung. How did you know his name?"

—Un Hung, the chinaman. They think me an idiot. So I drove away in a hurry to New Liskeard.

When I arrived in Liskeard I had no money, and I could not cash a cheque, for no one knew me. I sold Fuller brushes for two days, and I made \$13.00. Then I was able to come home. I drove back north instead, and I sold an order for \$40.00 profit. I borrowed 25 in cash against the profit, and drove away to Sudbury and the West.

At Sudbury they are burning sulphur, and it is a spreading death. As you approach you see the hills come out of the land, and the rocks stand on them to peep at you. The vegetation melts away, and you drive in the skyline of Hell, and it jumps on you like a shout. There is not a bug nor

a snake nor a weasel, nor a blade of grass nor a tree nor a leaf. I would cry with relief to see a chipmunk run across the road, and if I met a snake, I'd embrace it (so far as circumstances permitted).

The landscape is scarred with cast and broken slag. The country is harsh savage iron, and dreary as the empty ash-pits of Hell; the bleakness appals you. The wind curls in from the Arctic with the whimper and the bitterness of a cheated old maid, and the meanness and hurtfulness. It sifts the little dry snow powdering in the splits of the rocks, and it is cold: but the hills don't care. They are humped and indifferent, and they lie like split and frozen steel, and they don't even cower; it is terrifying.

At Sudbury the mines were busy, and everyone was making money as fast as the government could take it away from them. Unfortunately, the government forgot to put it back into the roads, so we splashed all the way to the Sault. This was late in October, but there was little snow on the roads. The famous Ontario mildness gave us sleet instead, and kept us whimpering with cold. But we achieved a compensation, for we discovered Otto's Cafe in the Sault. This famous restaurant is at 332 Albert St. West—make a note—and all meals are 30¢—make another note. When you look at the price and the menu and the picture of Sibelius, and you see the food rolling in, you feel like Balboa discovering the Pacific.

The people in Otto's Cafe are lean workers from Algoma Steel, and men from the Abitibi Paper, who are thick as ponies, but larger, yet a 30¢ meal is sufficient. You can order whatever you like, and it does not make any difference, for they bring you all there is to eat anyway.

—Soup, as much as you like, a whole dish of butter, and four kinds of bread.

—Roast veal, five sausages, and meat ball; four whole potatoes and a bowl of gravy, a dish of carrots, a dish of beets, of tomatoes, all hot.

—Pie, certainly; and what kind of pudding would you like with it; or jelly roll and cake, instead of pudding, and shall we heat the pie, sir?

Tea or coffee as you wish, and as much as you wish. It is epic.

The dining at Otto's Cafe compensated even for the dismal weather at the Sault, where it rains black mud all the year, and the steamers whoop and bellow all night. Anyone's memory of the Sault is the retching and howling of the dredges while they scream their bowels out with the screech of tearing steel. Really, of course, they are only digging a channel to the lakes. But there were very cheerful people in the town, and we had a happy time before we left. So we drove through the snow, Chum and I, back to Sudbury. (Chum was a gentleman who had wished to go to the Sault, but could not finance it. Neither had I been able to, so we had joined forces.) He got a job with a

driller, so I borrowed two dollars and headed for home. But I paid it back later.

I drove from Sudbury to Ottawa in one flight because I did not have the money to stay me on the road. I stopped twice in 400 miles, because I had to eat. I finished the porridge and I had tea, and that was all; there was nothing left to eat in the car. I wore a tire on the road, and I stopped at Mattawa and I haggled for another, and talked my way into getting it on credit. This was an omen, so I left for Ottawa, and arrived in the capital city with ten cents. All was well.

But the people of the North are a frightened people; they live under the strain of uncertainty; and there is al-

ways the shadow of the landscape in their mind, and it terrifies them. This bears effect in their friendliness, and their common humanity, for there is no division into classes, no bitterness of superiority. There is a "mateyness" about it all that is very warming. You may not be as competent as the next man, but you are just as much considered, for ability is not the criterion of respect between persons, but goodness of nature instead. They are like persons in a shell-hole who knew that they are going to die, for they have the same acceptedness towards whatever happens, and the kindly values are rated higher than skills. They are like persons who would say: "We are all in it together; let's make the best of it"—and they certainly do.

Mink Farming

Ten years ago I should not have been able to use this title with reference to a business. During the past few years however, this branch of the fur industry has made such progress that it has outstripped all the competitors in its field. In spite of the fact that most people have seen mink pelts prepared in some way to make wraps, cloaks, scarves, or coats, surprisingly few have ever seen the live animal. It is for this reason that I shall describe it before going on with the organization of the ranch as a whole.

Mink are dark brown in colour and vary in length from twelve to eighteen inches. They are of the same family as the weasel, or English ferret, differing only in the fact that a mink loves the water. In the natural state they are always found near lakes and streams, and can swim quickly enough to catch a fish.

The number of mink on a ranch is far from fixed, but the important farms have between one and four thousand. The one I am going to write about started with fifteen pairs and is now the largest of its kind in North America, having an annual output of four thousand pelts. This particular farm was a true pioneer and the first to try mink raising as a commercial enterprise. It has grown up with the industry, learning everything by experience.

Mature mink are called male and female, and the young ones kits. Each mink has a separate pen, constructed of number two gauge wire, and the minimum amount of wood possible. The reason for this small quantity is that a male has been known to chew through two inches of pine in one night. After the breeding time in March the females are



placed in large pens with five compartments joined by connecting doors. The kits, from the time they are born in April until they are weaned in August, are given this large area to play in. When it becomes necessary to separate them from the female they are driven into one of the compartments and the door is shut, thus the one pen changes to five smaller ones.

A great number of experiments have shown that one person can look after two hundred and fifty females. Thus in the case of the ranch mentioned above, which in order to produce the necessary pelts must keep twelve hundred, five men are employed constantly. They are made responsible for the care of their section throughout the year. In the spring when the kits are born each of the five caretakers is given a helper or what we call a feeder. Two men

then have the original females besides anywhere from five to nine hundred kits.

The preparation of the food is extremely important since the price that you obtain in the fall depends to a large extent on the diet. Five experienced men do nothing but cut up fish, meat, and vegetables, and having mixed them in the right proportion add cod-liver oil and vitamin E tablets. This mixture is about as thick as porridge. Every can of tomatoes and any substances which could have been contaminated are tested before the food is given to the feeders. A special man arranges the feed schedule which is changed nearly every month to meet different conditions. The "dietician" can alter the colour of the fur in less than a year by varying the amount of certain constituents of the food. Twenty mink are kept apart from the main herd for the purpose of experiments of this kind. Men preparing the food have also three helpers who wash up the pails and dishes, and are available for repair work.

A general foreman is in charge of the various departments. He has to see that the condition of the stock is kept up and that the food schedule is adhered to. All the stores are under his supervision and since it would be fatal for the mink to go without nourishment for even a day, he has to have a sufficient reserve of all supplies. This is quite a problem as over forty-five tons are consumed in one month.

The manager, who does the actual buying gets the orders for supplies from the foreman. Fish is brought straight from Nova Scotia by train, a carload at a time, and kept in the cold-storage plant. Cattle and horse are imported alive from the West, and pastured at the ranch until needed. Cases of tomatoes are also obtained by the car-load directly from the canneries, while the other vegetables are grown on the farm itself. Seeing that twenty-five gallons of milk

Lennoxville

Perhaps the name "Lennoxville" has such a familiar ring in our ears that we seldom stop to consider its origin. However, upon speculation, one finds that its history is rather of interest.

The first actual mention of the name noted in a contemporary document is in the deed giving the land for the first St. George's Church, January 8, 1822, which refers to the "highway leading from Lennoxville to Compton". Next it is referred to in 1825, when School Commissioners were appointed for Lennoxville; after that date the name appears frequently. Before 1822 there are many references to Ascot (or "Ascott"), and to people living at Ascot, but there are no indications as to whether they lived at Lennoxville or Sherbrooke. Joseph Bouchette's very detailed map of the province in 1815 on the scale of five miles to two

are required every day a ready supply is essential. This need is met by having a herd of fifteen cows as an independent unit of the ranch. Another of the manager's worries is the hospital in which there are always thirty or forty mink suffering from some minor ailment. He does all the doctoring and many supposedly hopeless cases have been saved by an operation. It was due to the inauguration of this idea of a hospital three years ago, that the losses were cut from fifteen to three percent.

Kits born in the spring are ready to be pelted, or skinned, by November, and this brings on the most important period of the year. Mink are only good for breeding purposes for three years; therefore some of the best kits are kept to renew the strain. With the exception of these however they are all pelted. For two weeks a mink pelt is what is known as prime, that is to say the fur is dark and silky. In order to obtain the best price the animal must be killed and pelted during this period. To accomplish the task requires at least twenty-five extra men, known to fur-farmers as the pelting crew. The crew is divided into three sections; one selects the mink and catches them, another kills them in a carbon monoxide tank, and the third group does the actual pelting. The last mentioned is the most difficult work and necessitates considerable skill; a man has to be an apprentice for two years before he is allowed to try it himself. A single slip of the knife may mean fifty dollars thrown away.

The pelts are packed in bundles of five hundred each and either shipped to the auction sales or, in this case, to a store in New York dealing exclusively in the one farm's furs. There a customer may see the whole collection of pelts with the price marked on them. She is then able to choose the exact ones she wants, and have a garment made out of them right there to suit her taste.

inches, shows "Hyat's Mills" on the site of Sherbrooke, but though the land at Lennoxville is shown as settled, no name is given; his "Topographical Description of Lower Canada" of the same date does not mention the settlement in its account of Ascot township.

The name, then, was probably given between 1815 and 1822, and since the Duke of Richmond (whose surname was Lennox) was Governor-General in 1818 and 1819, it is quite likely that the settlement was called after him, as were the villages of Richmond in Ontario and Quebec. The Governor seems never to have visited the Eastern Townships, though he did visit the new settlement at Richmond, Upper Canada, where he died in 1819—his death resulting from the bite of a fox.



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Looks
Down

PRENEZ-GARDE A LA PEINTURE

Quand il s'agit de critiquer quelque travail littéraire dont l'auteur nous est inconnu, c'est peut-être là plus qu'ailleurs que l'occasion se présente de toucher le fond de la critique générale, c'est à dire la nécessité si forciblement présentée d'exprimer ses propres pensées sans la tentation qui existe toujours de se gouverner par l'opinion des autres qui, on se dit, doivent mieux savoir ce qu'ils disent que nous—jeunes et sans expérience dans l'art du critique.

Ainsi dans cette petite pièce une occasion admirable se présente de montrer son savoir-faire, car le jeu est très moderne et nous devient familier par un contact avec de pareilles circonstances dans notre vie quotidienne. Il est vrai qu'on ne fait pas de rencontres si fréquentes avec des peintres et des directeurs de musées mais après tout ceci n'est qu'un moyen détail et l'intérêt de la pièce se trouve réellement dans l'entendement psychologique qui existe entre l'auteur et le milieu qu'il traite.

Aussi n'a-t-on point ici une dissertation sur les qualités rédemptifs de la société la plus commune de nos jours—les nouveaux-riches. C'est au contraire une discussion sur forme de représentation des défauts de caractère si communs à cette classe de la société moderne. L'auteur nous présente sous une déguise personnelle l'avarice, l'hypocrisie, et le défaut commun de vivre au-dessus de ses moyens.

Le docteur n'est que simple médecin de campagne mais il joue à la bourse, et il perd de l'argent—un trait qui nous est devenu si familier. Donc la famille se trouve obligée de faire des économies afin de pouvoir aller aux bains de mer! Mais pourquoi aller à la plage si l'argent nous manque? Ah! Nous avons la raison; c'est principalement pour y établir un contact avec la société du groupe dans lequel les Gadarins ne font qu'entrer. Enfin la vraie raison; afin de trouver des époux à leur filles. C'est la marque d'une certaine qualité que de fréquenter une plage reconnue; donc les jeunes gallants se diraient: "Eh bien, nous n'avons rien à soupçon-

ner; puisqu'elles viennent ici, elles sont des nôtres." Et quelle belle occasion de faire son choix! Des centaines de jeunes hommes!

Et l'avarice dans la discussion sur les gages d'Ursule! Elle doit partir mais quand il s'agit d'engager une autre fille, il ne faut pas lui payer si cher. Mais si on n'a pas les moyens d'avoir une servante, pourquoi s'en inquiéter? Il en faut une, si seulement par parure.

Ne voit-on pas le signe caractéristique de ces gens quand une des filles avoue que son père ne voulait déboursier l'argent nécessaire à faire peindre une barrière et son bureau de consultation, mais qui discutait la même journée avec sa mère les possibilités d'aller passer trois semaines au bord de la mer.

La petite scène d'amour entre Léon et Amélie survient un peu vite et s'avance d'une rapidité extraordinaire. Une demande en mariage après une connaissance de quinze minutes! Assurément l'auteur s'est un peu pressé, mais le motif de la scène consiste pour moi en ce qu'elle fait apparaître le vrai caractère de Zulma. Elle se montre ici jalouse, bébé, manquant de l'intelligence généralement attribuée à une jeune femme de son âge. En tout, elle est détestable. Et plus tard, pour faire monter le totale de ses défauts, elle se fait hypocrite.

En contraste nous avons Amélie; jeune, belle, avec beaucoup plus d'esprit que sa soeur, moins gatée de ses parents, ne voulant aucunement décevoir Ursule, et, en tout, aimable. A la fin elle se voit heureuse tandis que sa soeur n'a fait aucun progrès. N'avons-nous pas son caractère dans sa déclaration à Léon qu'elle ne doit pas être plus élevée ni plus belle que sa soeur dans leur portrait?

Enfin on peut ranger sur un côté le docteur et Mme. Gadarin, Zulma, Cotillard, et Cachex qui pratiquent une grande déception et qui sont opposés par Amélie, Léon, Ursule, et Grépeaux.

L'introduction des caractères mineurs, où nous comprenons Grépeaux, Cotillard, et Cachex, nous fournit une

illustration typique des affaires croches pratiquées par ces "connaisseurs d'art" de nos jours. Amélie et Ursule excitement en nous la compassion envers le simple monde en contraste avec notre dégoût des escrocs. Amélie et Léon fournissent l'intérêt romanesque de la pièce et la première nous porte à sympathiser avec le bien surprimé. Tout en considérant le contenu de cette pièce on serait peut-être porté à suggérer comme titre alternatif: "Une Deception Manquée."

L'auteur, bien qu'il se montre ici bon psychologue et familier avec son milieu, n'est pas en possession d'une psychologie aussi compréhensive et aussi profonde que celle de Balzac. Il n'a non plus le pouvoir de faire autant avec rien si reconnu dans Musset et Balzac. Cependant on peut dire que sa pièce peut être appréciée plus facilement en ce qu'elle traite des circonstances modernes.

G. M. D.

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 Borgerhoff, J. L., ed.: Nineteenth Century French Plays.
 Chambers and Daunt, eds.:
 A Book of London English, 1384-1425.
 Coward, Noel: Present Indicative.
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 Fleming, G. T.: The Music of the Congregation.

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 Underhill, Evelyn: The Mystery of Sacrifice.

The Second Bishop Mountain of Quebec and Bishop's

Inspired by the example of our worthy editor in searching through old books, we came across a rather old volume in the Lloyd library published in 1866 entitled "A Memoir of George Jehoshaphat Mountain, D.D., D.C.L.," Bishop of Quebec, compiled (at the desire of the synod of that diocese) by his son Armine W. Mountain, M.A. Thinking that something in it might be found that would be interesting to the present and former students of the University, we scanned its pages and found some very illuminating notes.

One of the most remarkable features of the book is the amazing energy of the Bishop and his versatility. A glance through the table of contents is sufficient proof of his untiring labours and the last forty pages of the book are taken up with some of the very fine prayers and selections of verse of his own composition.

Of French extraction the Mountain family emigrated to England on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes and settled in Norfolk. George was born on July 27, 1789, in Norwich where his father was incumbent of the parish of St. Andrew's. In 1793 Dr. Mountain was consecrated as first Bishop of Quebec and left almost immediately for Canada. When he was just sixteen, George Mountain left Canada to pursue his studies under the care of Rev. T. Monro at Little Easton in Essex with whom he remained until going to Trinity College, Cambridge. On the 18th of September 1803 he had been confirmed by his father at Quebec. His love for Canada being already quite deep, he regretted leaving; this found expression in some lines he wrote, in which he says that in England

"Mid the grandeur of men,
 And the wonders of nature and art,
 For the wildness of nature again,
 A sigh shall be felt in the heart."

He took his degree at Trinity in 1810 and returned to Canada in 1811 where he continued his studies for ordination.

His father had the blessing of admitting his son to Deacon's orders on August 2, 1812. In 1813 he accompanied his father on his triennial visitation of the diocese. (We must remember that the diocese of Quebec in those days covered the whole of the provinces of Quebec and Ontario, and as far west as the Red River.) In August of 1814 he was married, by his father, in the Cathedral of Quebec to Mary Hume, a daughter of Deputy Commissary-General Thomson. "They lived together in the tenderest and truest affection for forty-seven years."

For a while he worked at Fredericton and thence moved to Quebec and for several years travelled around the diocese with his father. The book at this point is a revelation of conditions in Quebec and Ontario in this period which



should prove of the greatest interest not only to Churchmen, but to any interested in the history of these provinces.

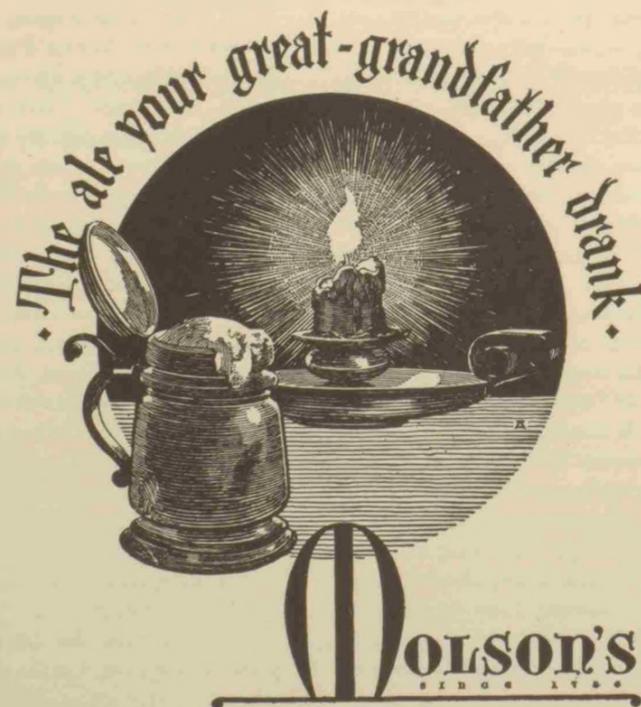
In 1821 he was appointed as one of the two archdeacons of the province of Lower Canada. An interesting note comes here. "Archdeacon Mountain's first journey in this capacity in the autumn of 1822 when he visited the Eastern Townships. He had intended to spend the first Sunday of his absence at Eaton, but was obliged to remain at Sherbrooke for lack of the means of conveyance. He "could hear of nothing like a horse in the village" in which a church was in course of erection. The Sunday was spent at Lennoxville, better known by the name of Upper Forks (Sherbrooke going by the name of Lower Forks) which was reached by a horse path through the woods from Belvedere."

Mr. Le Fevre at this time had charge of Lennoxville and Sherbrooke and found "it necessary to have double services at each place on alternate Sundays, because the roads are so bad through which part of the congregation have to come, that they expect two services after such an exertion."

In 1821, on the arrival of the charter of McGill University the Archdeacon was nominated as honorary Professor of Divinity and Principal of the College and held these offices until 1835. "He never however acted in his capacity as professor for up to that date the Medical Faculty only had been organized and there were no resident students. As a Governor of the College he had, however, for many years a great deal of labour and correspondence."

On the 18th of June, 1825, the old Bishop died while the Archdeacon was in England. There is not sufficient space here to quote the letter found on page 90 which the Archdeacon wrote to his own children, but it is certainly worth reading; at the same time the simple but very beautiful poem on the following pages, which he composed on the voyage back to Canada, is commended to the reader.

Chapters 6 to 11 are taken up with a full account of



the travels of the Archdeacon in various parts of the huge diocese now under Bishop Stewart. Intermingled with the tales of various visitations we find parts of the Archdeacon's letters and some more of his poems.

"About 1855 Archdeacon Mountain was appointed to assist the Bishop of Quebec under the title of Bishop of Montreal. He had no separate jurisdiction, nor was any see erected at Montreal and he acted under a commission from Bishop Stewart. The understanding between the Bishop of Quebec and himself was that he should relieve him entirely of the charge of Lower Canada and render such assistance in that of the Upper Province as might become necessary. It was also understood that on the occurrence of a vacancy he was to assume the charge of the whole diocese."

In July of 1837 Bishop Stewart died and George Jehoshaphat Mountain became the second Bishop Mountain of Quebec.

The first mention in the book of anything like an educational establishment at Lennoxville comes from the Bishop's journal of his visitations. He writes, "The Rev. L. Doolittle has opened a school at Lennoxville, and such has been the accession of respectable families of late to his neighbourhood, that I think I have nowhere seen in America such a collection of right English-looking youths of a gentlemanly stamp."

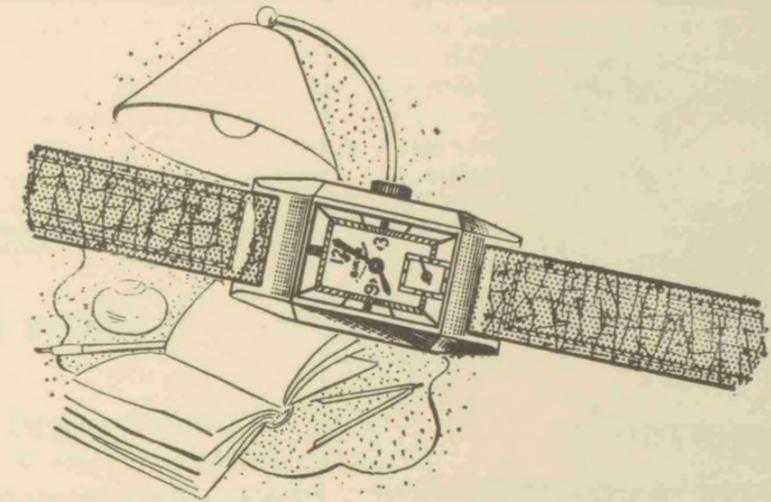
So long before as in 1839 the Bishop had said to the S. P. G. that it had long been his ardent wish and prayer to establish a College. In the December of that year the Society voted £200 per annum towards the maintenance of divinity students.

"In the following autumn he decided on placing all the recipients of this bounty at Three Rivers, under the charge of the Rev. S. S. Wood, M.A., of Corpus College, Cambridge, rector of that place, whose theological and classical attainments eminently qualified him for the task. . . . The rectory-house at Three Rivers, which was originally a monastery, seemed to offer some peculiar facilities for this purpose, both from the general character of the building, and particularly from its connection with the parish church, which had been the chapel of the monastery. But before these arrangements were finally completed, the Rev. L. Doolittle came forward, on behalf of himself and several residents of Sherbrooke and Lennoxville, with the offer of large contributions in money and land if the site of the college were fixed in the neighbourhood of those places. The situation of Three Rivers had been considered sufficiently suitable for a theological institution, but it was proposed now to give the college a more general character, with the special object of affording the advantages of a superior education to the English families who were daily flocking into the Eastern townships, and of retaining within the province, and so moulding in English tastes and principles, the young men of American origin who were in the habit of seeking those advantages in the United States.

There was no difficulty in his mind with regard to McGill College, already established at Montreal, partly because he foresaw that the day could not be far distant when the wants of the population would equal the resources of both institutions, and partly because McGill College had been deprived of the religious character which was a necessary feature of an establishment designed as a place of theological learning. The consent of Mr. Wood having been obtained to his removal to Lennoxville as Principal of the institution, measures were at once put in train for the erection of the necessary buildings on the site which had been secured; and while the theological students, awaiting their completion, remained at Three Rivers, a preparatory school was opened at Lennoxville, under the charge of Mr. Edward Chapman, B.A., of Caius College, Cambridge. In February, 1842, the Bishop furnished the society with a detailed account of the proposed college at Lennoxville, of which he said he considered a chapel as a most essential part, in connection with the formation of the habits of the students, and he shortly afterwards published similar statements in Canada. . . .

Soon after his return from the Red River, the Bishop had the satisfaction of laying the cornerstone of Bishop's College at Lennoxville. This ceremony took place on the 18th September, 1844. Mr. Wood had, before this time seen reason, to the Bishop's great disappointment, to relinquish the idea of taking the charge of the institution, and another clergyman in the diocese, a graduate of Oxford, having declined the offer of it, the Bishop entered into communication with his friends in England in the hope of procuring the services of a competent person from home. The funds at his command were, however, at this time so small that he could offer no higher salary than £100 a year, and the matter was, therefore, one of great difficulty. A connection of the Bishop's, being a Michel fellow of Queen's College, Oxford, was found willing to accept the post on these terms; but before the arrangement with him was finally completed, the liberality of the Bishop's aged friend, who, upon his attention being particularly drawn to the wants of the diocese of Quebec, sent him £6,000 stg. to be applied at his discretion to their relief (a sum which he thought should be appropriated unbroken to some one permanent object), enabled him to raise his offer for the services of a principal and professor of divinity to £300 currency. He applied this donation to the endowment of the college, reserving, however, £400 towards the chapel, which he considered 'an essential feature of the institution.' . . .

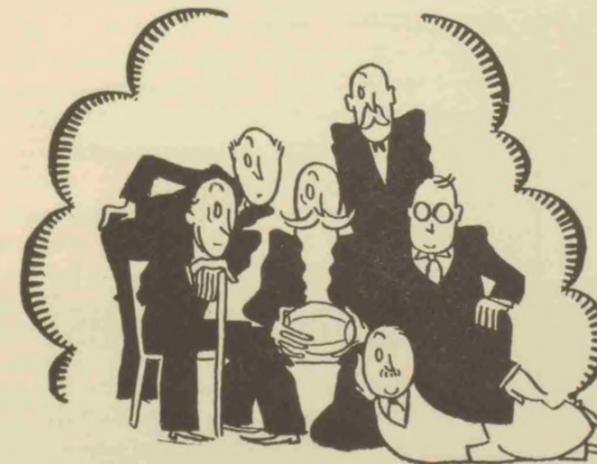
Towards the autumn of 1845 Bishop's College was opened, through the building itself was not completed. The new principal, with the students who had been removed from Three Rivers, occupied part of a building at Lennoxville, another part of which served as a store, though not without being called upon to submit to some inconvenience and privation, which they were taught to regard as part of



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their training for missionary work."

Writing to the S. P. G. the Bishop later wrote, "I have so often mentioned the grounds of thankfulness to God, the Giver of all good, which exist in relation to this institution, that, although my soul overflows more and more with a sense of these blessings, I must put some restraint upon the repeated expression of it."

At every possible opportunity the Bishop visited the College and always maintained the deepest interest in it. On page 337 we get this note which makes one realise how anxious he was to render all the help he could to the college.

What's In a Name ?

"Little enough," cries Juliet, "a rose by any other name would smell as sweet" — but I am inclined to disagree with her. Names are inevitable in all phases of life and have considerable importance in regard to the impressions they create.

In the business world names matter a lot. Every organization must have a name, and practical psychology enters into the choice. The firm will wish to impress the public with its solidity and trustworthiness. Thus an assurance company will adopt the rising sun as a symbol of its power and extent; banks will call themselves Royal to attract the upper classes; transportation services will suggest world coverage; similarly the grocery stores will dub themselves *Atlantic and Pacific*, or *Dominion*. All manufacturers are bent on impressing the buyer with the quality of their goods and providing a catchy name. Take *Chilprufe Underwear*, *Dawes' Black Horse Ale*, *Kellog's Cornflakes*, *Sweet Caps*, and *Mi 31*. These are examples of names both catchy and relevant.

Names are most interesting when connected with persons, and in literature. The choice of names for children has worried parents from the beginning of time, and their decisions are often appallingly unwise. Personal names such as *Percy* and *Montague* may brand an unfortunate infant as a sissy and affect the whole course of his life, whereas a parental decree of *Emma* often predestines an old maid. Family traditions of course determine many names, but apart from that one can set down as general principles the regard of euphony, rhythm, and variety.

Such mistakes as *John Johnson* do not often occur. The error is too obvious. To take my own name, *Peter Edgell*. All the vowel sounds are variations of "e", and the name is hard to pronounce without running the "er" into "red". The result is dull and rather slurred, producing an impression I hope not warranted. To prevent this lison the last syllable of a Christian name should be a pronounced vowel

or consonant, when the initial letter of the surname is a vowel.

On his seventh triennial circuit to Gaspé he "journeyed down the Kempt road, which was still a matter of difficulty and fatigue, and was obliged to return through New Brunswick to insure that he be in time for the Convocation of Bishop's College in September."

And so one could go on culling from the ages of this interesting book. To many, even if they have read this far, the subject is perhaps not particularly interesting, but to those who want to know more about the conditions in this district and in this diocese 150 years ago—read the book!

My name also violates the general principle of rhythm. You will notice that Christian and surnames have the same number of syllables. With exceptions such regularity is unwise. How much better *Dogger Mills* than *Charles Mills*, *Walter Wood* than *Walt Wood*. Similarly *Walt Neilson* can be preferred to *Walter Neilson*, and *Hank Holden* to *Henry Holden*. No *Mortimer* would dream of naming his son *Montague*. A short name like *Hugh* is ideal. Turn to famous men for well-balanced names: *Alexander Bell*, *Ramsay McDonald*, *Anthony Eden*, *Theodore Roosevelt*.

Another consideration is the unusualness or variety of the names. Where the surname is an uncommon one, such as *Edgell* or *Schoch*, a simple Christian name is suitable, and vice versa. What could be better balanced in all ways than the name *Christopher Brown*.

The question of names is an important one to the novelist. Few realize what time authors spend in naming characters. In a story the names must assist in the characterization. The reader should get some idea of the person from the very sound of his name. There is no need to stop to classify the following as hero or villain — *Simon Legree*, *Scrooge*, *Peggoty*, *Disco Troop*, *Alexander Selkirk*, *Anthony Adverse*. A contemporary writer attributes much of her success to the care she takes in choosing her names. They must be sufficiently unusual to arouse interest, yet not so uncommon that the reader cannot imagine himself into the part. To take a recent successful novel as example: A. J. Cronin's "Citadel" has *Andrew Manson* as the self-sacrificing young Scotch doctor, *Christine Barlow* makes a splendid little wife, *Philip Denny* an eccentric genius, *Joe Morgan*, honest coal miner. All are plausible names.

The naming of books is an art in itself. The title should be "in some degree . . . descriptive of the work, giving the reader his first hint of the fundamental idea. . . . It should

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be brief for convenience's sake . . . and neatly and effectively phrased. It is an advertisement to the work as well as a name . . . exposition, history, and argument have particular need to be named accurately, whereas fiction . . . must depend on appeal of title." Thus French summarizes the qualities of a title.

If a title can be noted and a general impression of the book formed, which remains unchanged after the book has been read, then that title is a good one. Titles of expository works are usually quite definite—there can be no question of what *Organic Chemistry*, or *Century Readings in the English Essay* deals with. *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* is an explicit title. It is in fiction that the author can exert himself to devise a title that will fill all bills mentioned. Sometimes he succeeds and often he doesn't.

To return to Dr. Cronin's novel. This is a really splendid book, yet there is nothing to indicate the fact in the title. *The Citadel* certainly does not suggest Andrew Manson and his fight to uphold the Creed of Hippocrates in the face of modern medical practices. The publishers evidently realized the difficulty and emblazoned the dust cover " . . . CRONIN'S novel about DOCTORS that made a SENSATION overnight." This is one title that failed. As a contrast let us take Kipling's story of *The Man Who Would be King*, suggesting strife and upheaval, and an ambitious pretender snatching unsuccessfully at a throne—which is roughly what does happen. This title serves its purpose.

The White Company of Conan Doyle suggests in this day swarms of sterilized nurses and scrubbed internes, while in fact it is dealing with a company of Scottish mercenary troops in France. *1066 and All That* presages, and deals out, humour in an historical vein. Here there is no ambiguity.

Edgar Wallace's titles are usually too brief. *The Frog* hardly suggests the grim thriller it is. Indeed only Wallace's reputation promises a thriller at all. Edgar Allan Poe on the other hand successfully suggests the dark depths of despair that bring the murderer to insanity in his one word title *The Tarn*.

The Story of San Michele is a misleading title for a fascinating biography. Axel Munthe reviews his experiences in the field of medicine and describes his retreat at San Michele. To be sure, San Michele is inextricably interwoven with the author's life and inspires him throughout, but the title does not lead one to expect a surgeon's memoirs. The autobiography of Baden-Powell of Gilwell on the other hand, is immediately recognizable as such. *Lessons from the Varsity of Life* consist of the experiences of a very full life of soldiering and scouting.

So we see the great importance of names at all times—whether commercial, personal, or literary. What's in a name? . . . a devil of a lot!

Exchanges

Since the last issue of the *Mitre* the exchanges have dropped from the high literary standards set by former issues. We are all familiar with the situation; the term is drawing to a close; students have written all they ever wanted to publish; spring usually inspires very few to write poetry or even prose; examinations are drawing near. But whatever happens the last issue must be published, so the editor tears his hair and digs up what he can find, no matter if it is little better than trash. We must think of this when looking over the exchanges; they must not be judged from the last issue of the year, when there is little left but the dregs.

The exchanges seem to be a pretty poor lot from the above paragraph, but I cannot go on without first congratulating the pupils of Upper Canada College for their exceptionally good magazine, "The College Times", which they publish three times annually. It has been two or three years since we have heard from this school; now that we are exchanging again, we must congratulate them for their success in compiling this magazine which, I think, one could call the finest school magazine in the country. But the Upper Canada boys are not satisfied with this, and they don't stop here. They publish the "College Times" in the Christmas, Easter, and summer terms, so in the intervening months they publish the "In Between Times", which like its parent magazine must be the pride of the school. This magazine is especially commendable for its photographic section, which one would hardly expect was arranged by amateur, school-boy photographers.

The Quebec Diocesan Gazette says about the *Mitre*: "The members of the Editorial Board are to be congratulated on this publication. It belongs to the best type of college magazine, clean, attractively got up and containing much of interest not only to the student body but also to the general reader."

The Red and White from St. Dunstan's always has a good variety of articles, but we can't quite see why the magazine has a special Soph-Frosh corner where 1st and 2nd Years' articles are published. Why not print their articles with the rest? This system gives one the idea that the magazine is run entirely by the mighty Senior while freshman articles are tolerated only when published in the more insignificant place.

Most of the departments in the Acadia Athenaeum seem to have suffered considerably last month from lack of material. We were amused by H. Denton's cartoon of a student approaching the final exams.

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Looking about to find what others think of examinations we found the King's College Record quotes the Sheaf from the University of Saskatchewan: "Examinations are an involved problem. Certainly it is not right to place the student under complete subjection to the whim of one man per class. Neither are our examinations a test of appreciation, and is not that the important thing? It is interesting to note that many other universities have discarded term examinations in favour of more effective methods." This sort of thing is always appearing in college magazines, and it all seems so futile because the examinations come just the same year after year.

Technique had a good article on the "Chemical Industries of Canada." We feel that this magazine can hardly be called strictly a school or college production because about seventy-five percent of the articles are written by the teachers and instructors of the Montreal Technical School or by other authorities on large industries of today.

The McMaster Quarterly is always one of our best exchanges. It has an attractive cover and good articles. The last issue did not have such a variety of articles as in former issues, but as I said before, it is the effect of approaching examinations. The Quarterly is always very serious and staid; there is little attempt at writing lighter humorous articles.

Before closing this department for the year, it might be interesting to briefly survey the activity of the exchange department. Including the June issue, by the end of the year over 200 *Mitres* will have been sent out to other universities, schools and colleges. In return for these it is estimated that we have received at least 550 copies of the various newspapers from our larger universities. In the way of magazines we have received, as closely as can be estimated, about 100 copies from schools and universities in Canada, about 45 from England, and about 15 from elsewhere in the world. In this way Bishop's has been connected with over 55 other institutions. This appears to have

been a very successful year, and we wish to take this opportunity to thank once more all those institutions which have sent their publications to us.

Since the last issue we have received and enjoyed the following:

The Huguenot, Univ. College, U. of S. A., South Africa.
 The Graccum, Auckland College, New Zealand.
 The College Times, Upper Canada College, Toronto.
 In Between Times, Upper Canada College, Toronto.
 The Fettesian, Fettes College, Edinburgh, Scotland.
 The West Saxon, University College, Southampton, Eng.
 The National Student, University College, Dublin.
 The Northerner, King's College, U. of Durham, Eng.
 Acadia Athenaeum, Wolfville, N. S.
 The O. A. C. Review, Guelph, Ont.
 Technique, Montreal Technical School, Montreal.
 Trinity University Review, Toronto.
 The Record, T. C. S., Port Hope, Ont.
 The King's College Record, Halifax.
 The Gryphon, U. of Leeds, Eng.
 The Red and White, St. Dunstan's Univ., Charlottetown.
 The Cap and Gown, Wycliffe College, Toronto.
 College Echoes, St. Andrew's, Scotland.
 The Stonyhurst College Magazine, Blackburn, Eng.
 The McGill Daily, Montreal.
 The Gateway, Edmonton.
 The Manitoban, Winnipeg.
 The Ubysey, Vancouver.
 The Argosy, Mt. Allison, N.B.
 The Queen's Journal, Kingston.
 L'Hebdo Laval, Quebec.
 The Brunswickan, Fredericton.
 Xavarian Weekly, Antigonish.
 Algoma Missionary News.
 Codrington College, St. John, Barbadoes.
 Quebec Diocesan Gazette.
 The College Cord, Waterloo, Ont.

* ★ *

We are indebted to Mr. A. J. H. Richardson, B.A., for the following:

Downing Street, 3 February, 1853.

My Lord:

Referring to your Lordship's despatches addressed to my Predecessor on the 17th and 27th of November, Nos. 108 and 115, I now transmit to you the Queen's Letters Patent under the Great Seal of the United Kingdom, by which the privileges of a University are conferred upon Bishop's College at Lennoxville; and your Lordship will have the goodness to cause these Letters Patent to be delivered to the Lord Bishop of Quebec.

I have the honour to be, My Lord,

Your Lordship's obedient humble Servant

NEWCASTLE.

The Earl of Elgin and Kincardine, K. T.

The Ingredients of Good Talk

So much has been written in the popular books and newspapers of the day concerning good talk and the qualities of a good conversationalist that one would suppose us all to be, by this time, expert in this respect. Yet how few of us have ever begun to master the art. I say art, for I believe that, though natural talents are distinctly helpful and for near-perfection essential, they are of little use in themselves without the development gained through practice and effort and thought.

One of the commonest misapprehensions is that the first essential of good talk is a good education. A basic knowledge of facts there must be, of course, but that does not mean a pedantic vocabulary nor an acquired technical phraseology. These are interesting within the boundaries of their own particular sphere, but are not essential to general good talk. Nor is any sort of affected *party-manner*, aided and elaborated by stock phrases and fashionable expressions, much of an asset, for such an obviously acquired *method* of conversation defeats its own end.

As for wit: it, like a sense of humour, has its task of relieving tension and carrying talk successfully over difficult situations. The common practice, however, of using wit at the expense of others soon ceases to be amusing and may quickly become actually offensive. If, then, we inhibit wit and dismiss pedantry, what are the ingredients of good talk?

I think perhaps the most important of all is sympathy. With it, paths of intimate contact may be found and followed up to points of genuine common interest; without it, all talk is hollow and meaningless as regards its social value. For good conversation does not admit of one voice in apparent stage-like prominence. All participants must feel a mutual bond of personal sympathy and understanding, even while unconscious of it as the real axis of talk.

Which brings us naturally to selflessness — and the much-sought-after poise which is derived from that rare quality. So many of us complain of *self-consciousness*, and nurse it as the cause of poor conversational ability. Yet, despite its pleasanter-sounding title, what is self-consciousness but pure selfishness, flaunted as excuse for anything from timidity to snobbishness? If one is sincerely interested in others, if he can forget himself long enough to find something absorbing in his companions, he will soon lose himself in the flow of talk; while his natural personality, usually much more charming than an affected one, motivates his speech and action. Even if his companions seem dull, reserved, and uninteresting, the very act of trying to find some redeeming quality in them will serve to take him out of his own thoughts and provide him with

tall, and enjoy the compliments of an attentive audience the same poise and freedom which he feels among his intimates. Poise, of course, may come from other sources: it may proceed from *sophistication* — the term which seems currently to signify a state of supreme general boredom — or placid self-satisfaction. But poise of this kind does not provide conditions favourable to really good conversation; it usually results, rather, in an empty, fruitless field of talk.

While a constant harping on self is decidedly unpleasant, personal anecdotes hold a prominent place in the make-up of good conversation. These must, however, have some objective, whether it be amusement or illustration, and should never degenerate to tasteless discussions of individual personalities. Stories of personal experiences seem to add a familiar touch to even the stiffest discourse, and, if really amusing, may often serve to fill in an embarrassing gap. For, no matter what other rules are overlooked, the tie of personal interest and sympathy is almost always essential to a completely satisfactory discussion.

Then, too, although we have named sincerity as a necessary circumstance, we may say paradoxically that one of the handiest of conversational devices is the ability to bluff. Everyone must be acquainted with countless excellent talkers whose intellectual ability is not out of the ordinary and whose experience is decidedly limited. We wonder at their ease in conversation and at the wide variety of topics apparently within their scope, without realizing that by a few well-placed remarks they have saved themselves seemingly inevitable embarrassment. The clever conversationalist does not admit defeat by confessing ignorance of suggested topics. By some quiet question or reference he sacrifices the floor to a better-qualified individual and then keeps his mind alert to grasp ways to light on the subject; or, if this is impossible, by careful manipulation he leads the talk into safer channels. Such manoeuvring involves a certain amount of subtlety and infinite tact; but the tactless speaker seldom fails to find himself in difficulty and should early guard against his fault, even if by the old "count-to-ten" method.

Perhaps the weightiest point of all is the one least regarded by the majority. It is that often *good talk* means *no talk*. This does not suggest long, gaping pauses at awkward moments, but tactful silence in the right places. Here again selfishness is often the cause of clumsiness. So few people are good listeners. There is no more obnoxious companion than the one who seems constantly ready and anxious to pounce upon the first conversational break to fill it with his own words; while, on the other hand, most of us find some pleasure in being able to contribute equally to the

talk, and enjoy the compliments of an attentive audience when it comes our turn. In spite of ourselves we feel more kindly disposed toward those who evince an interest in us, and the general atmosphere is rendered far more pleasant by a mutual exchange of spontaneous deference. So we see that in most cases the problem of conversation is almost as good as solved when we learn how to listen.

Notes and Comments

And so still another year draws to a close, as evidenced by the fact that already the notice has been posted advising those who hope to attain degrees they should visit the Bursar to see that their names are correctly registered. As we contemplate the year in retrospect, we see that it was not the dullest that we have known, rather, the amazement seems to lie in the fact that we were able to do so much in so little time.

* * *

The first term, *Michaelmas* on your report card, proved itself to be one that will linger in the minds of the freshmen, for it was then that initiation was stricken from the lists of the Senior's minor sports. Two members of second year adjourned to their respective homes to contemplate the change, for a period of not more than a month and not less than two weeks. And while on the subject of freshmen let us not forget the Magor reforms, or the insisting that the day-student freshmen do their share of "helping seniors".

The first social event of the term was the ascent of Mount Orford, which indicated that the year was to be an unusual one as far as social life was concerned. Memories of the trip still persist, the principal ones being split skirts and broken heels.

As time wore on the freshmen problem was forgotten, including Withal's lengthy communication on the subject. Then followed the annual events. The Prin welcomed the new students and condemned dictatorship, the freshettes were appraised at the Introduction dance, and the presidents of the different clubs announced their ambitiously expanded programmes for the year.

The radio police in Sherbrooke proved a novelty to many of the students especially in their valiant attempts to clean up one of the local dance halls.

It was in this period that the faculty were invited to talk over the local radio station for fifteen-minute programmes. The New Arts' affair blew up and the boys in

THE MITRE

All these ingredients, interwoven inseparably with attendant attitudes and circumstances, require, however, much practice before they can be fully useful. To sympathy and alertness, generosity, tact, and humour, there must then be added patience in practice and a real desire to please. Combined in entirety, these cannot fail to produce good conversationalists—and good talk.



the building missed a couple of dances, but then five boys bore the brunt of the wrath with a five-day gating until June.

Late features of the term were the Gibeau pills and the Knox suicide; aside from the actual victims it was amusing to watch others who claimed that they had not been victims of the hoax.

The *Lent* term proved that the students could get on with the faculty so the lads turned their attention to much less important things, namely the student Council. Who can forget the Senior Man's sweeping reforms—so the students spent less of their own money this year. The first of a series of informal get-togethers was held in a dimly-lighted Convocation Hall, and proved to be such an outstanding success that a vote was taken for its repetition in the near future and the whole thing forgotten.

It was also in this term that a drinking song was introduced, which served the village in that they now can be sure who the noisy hoodlums are that walk through the village in the late night or early morning. All this term the Sherbrooke radio police were on the job. They kept a careful watch on the lads at the Formal and chased two divines out of East Sherbrooke.

The Formal proved to the management of the New Sherbrooke Hotel that there are other places in Sherbrooke

where the students could hold their dance. And a good time was had by all!

The Maths and Science Club redeemed itself for a long period of inactivity with an excursion to Thetford Mines, which was enjoyed more than many would care to admit. Amusing was Professor Kuchner's remark that he realized where he could find any of the lads who had wandered from the group.

The Literary and Debating Society sprang into activity at the end of the term, and the Divines once more won the Skinner trophy. The Arts Club proved itself to be the most popular of the now existing clubs, and Bill Power pushed the ex-mayor of Sherbrooke in the stomach to make an appointment on time.

We must not forget the night that the Froth Blowers made Northwest Passage punch, or for that matter the trip to Mount Washington, when the car was not allowed past the border, but they had forgotten their lunch in Sherbrooke anyway. And then Mills and his trip to Bermuda when he forgot his steamboat ticket, and Bredin's shrewd betting on the Cornwall Flyers.

* * *

The *Trinity* term was a short one and many of the students turned their thoughts to more serious things. At the major play a few of the amusing things noted were Geoff Murray's horse . . . the music played entre acte at the dress rehearsal "Minuet in Jazz" . . . and the actors truckin' to it in 18th century costume. . . the arguments over the shade of make-up . . . six costumed actors (?) sitting in a car outside of Loach's sipping milk shakes . . . valiant attempts being made to study in the Girls' Common Room while the play was going on . . . Pharo's new entrance on to right back stage, complete with lighting . . . The white blazers on the ushers, which seemed to be a relief after the tux and gown of so many years . . . difficulty of several of the female members of the cast to get the play out of their system in time to listen to lectures on the next morning . . . and at the rehearsal, one of the assistant directors demonstrating with Linc. Magor how the hero should embrace the heroine.

The radio police ride on and complete the anti-climax of their year's work, in so far as the University is concerned by arresting a freshman for going twenty-six miles an hour.

We are reliably informed that there has been a co-ed admitted to the ranks of the Froth Blowers, for identification inquire from Mr. Menard.

It was resolved that freshmen members of the Parchesi Club would not be known as Junior "G" men.

It is also rumoured that Knox has been demoted to a "G" class runner.

We must commend Dr. Langford for his valiant attempt to hold a Biology lab while the Bassett wedding was in progress; photographic evidence shows that the female

element was missing almost in toto.

Contrary to widespread rumours and photographic evidence Communism has not as yet gained a firm hold on the attention of the students.

Let not the Bishop's students feel that their claim to radio fame is limited to the local station, for on the morning of May 5, at 3 a.m. two members of the university gained momentary fame over station WNEW when "Your very good friend the milkman, Stan Shaw" dedicated a number "Joseph, Joseph" to their English professor, with the sincere hope that it would prejudice him in their favour. He was not quite certain what they meant when they stated that they were studying for their June exams, but along with the state distributors for "Twenty Grand" cigarettes he wished them the best of luck, but anti-climaxed with a dedication to Elita in Flatbush, New Jersey.

And there are a few changes taking place in the staff of the University. The New Arts building is losing one of its deans to Prospect street, number 31, 'tis rumoured, and we are getting a French professor to replace him . . . and then again a new permanent resident of the Shed has been noticed, Ronald Elton Scott by name.

O. T. C.

Although the annual inspection took place before the Easter vacation, the corps has not been inactive. The most popular parade of the year took place on May 7 when the members were paid for their service to their country. On May 12 the corps was lined up complete in uniform, (buttons not shined) and the Corps picture was taken. Wonder if we will each be given a copy free?

On May 1 the Corps paraded with the Sherbrooke regiment to St. Peter's church. This parade proved itself to be a novelty to all those concerned; Principal A. H. McGreer was the guest speaker at the service.

THE ACTIVITIES DINNER

Was held in the University dining room. It was the occasion for the presentation of the various awards for the year in basketball, golf, badminton, and the awards in hockey, the major and minor Bs. Mr. A. C. Skinner of Sherbrooke was on hand to present the Skinner trophy for inter-faculty debating, the trophy being once again won by the Divinity team . . . Noted, the last public appearance of the Glee Club for the year, with all of the members apparently highly enjoying their task . . . Ron Fyfe refusing to say a few words after being presented with the cups for badminton singles and golf on the grounds that his turn would come next year . . . The song sheets given out and not used . . . the first official use of the "Alma Mater" . . . Dr. Raymond's crack, mentioned after: "It should be the aim of every Divinity student to preach a sermon in our chapel that would prove to be so interesting that it would even keep the Arts students awake."

Sport from the Sidelines

The fact that there is no major sport in the summer term at Bishop's is due to the inevitable sporting cycle in fashion here; whenever there is no pressure of work, which of course is practically the entire year, there is a major sport to occupy the athletically minded, while when the occasion comes to think of examinations the minor activities come into their own, and take up almost as much time. So with the major sports and ping-pong officially concluded for the academic year, there remain only a few disjointed items of sporting interest to be covered in this issue.

ODDS AND ENDS

The writer feels that it is probably just as well that there is very little to write about since it has been calculated that the attainment of a B. A. involves writing well over 50,000 words in less than a fortnight, which certainly leaves very little time to bend the elbow in any other way. . . . It has been appropriately suggested by some especially thirsty local golfers, that beer be sold at the club house. If there is no objection to this on moral grounds, and if the present interest in golf is maintained by the same students, along with the rest of the college's well known capacity for liquid nourishment, this would indeed be a profitable venture . . . Bishop's famous faculty foursome has been taking its usual active interest in the Royal and ancient pastime since late in April so their store of jokes should be replenished by now. The writer has been near enough to notice that they have not reached their well-known mid-season form, but not sufficiently close to hear if their consequent verbal abuse would be in any way a revelation; the average Bishop's golfer has passed the status of a student in this respect, and we doubt whether he could have learned anything . . . Although golf is supposed to be the most expensive of the widely played sports, yet at Bishop's it is considered a comparatively cheap form of amusement; green fees which are \$1 per year, are paid by the Students' Association, the price of balls ranges from one cent, for ones which have provided our local dogs with numerous after dinner snacks, to ten cents for balls that a pro would be glad to use; caddies (self-termed) sell their services for 15 cents a round, and a beginner, with even a slight degree of pawnshop technique, can pick up a decent set of clubs and a moth eaten bag for \$5; and if he applies to Room 19 in the New Arts he can get an excellent assortment at that price . . . Sponsored by a famous sportsman, whose talk on his prowess with a rifle has yet to be matched by results, a great interest has arisen in shooting at the numerous bottles on Convocation Lawn, and the vile-looking birds which hover about the rear of the college; so if any stray bullets happen to come whipping over the tennis courts, players should not be concerned as to their popularity, but



should realize that they are merely witnesses who can readily vouch for the growth of this fine sport at Bishop's . . . Golfers who have not already heard, will be interested to know that Ronny Fyfe has accepted the position of professional at Tadoussac for the summer. So local divot makers will know where to go for instruction, although Ronny has made no promises as to reducing rates for any Bishop's students who may happen to stray down there on their travels; judging from the cartoons in *Esquire* he ought to be in for a very pleasant summer . . . A number of those students who look to excess heat as an excellent excuse for doing no work, have been venturing forth to a swimming hole that really lives up to this name, and apparently the mixture of mud and water has a most invigorating effect; a select few have even been swimming in the Massawippi along with the rest of the college sewage . . . Further laurels were added to the New Arts building's impressive athletic reputation when early this term Ronny Fyfe pitched his team to an easy 10-7 victory over the Old Arts' ablest representatives in a softball contest permeated with verbal abuse that would have shocked a hardened golfer; possibly we had better not deal with the New Arts' reputation in other respects . . . Perhaps the college's more epicurean sportsmen will recall their promotion of a now famous road race from the main entrance of Lennoxville's best hotel to the town post office, for a munificent 55-cent purse which was wheedled out of them when they were in no condition to refuse. Well, although their representative may have been soundly trounced the subsequent challenge of a leading Bishop's athlete to run five miles against the victor at a later date, for the sum of \$5, was turned down, despite a contemptuous notice that was prominently displayed at the scene of the recent exhibition; so Bishop's may take the credit for still another moral victory to compensate for this tragic defeat, even though the person involved is not expected to collect as a result of the default, since apparently his opponent has apparently gone into temporary exile

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. . . Whoever is in charge of the tennis courts must be complimented in having them ready for play only a fortnight after those of the village and the school; it is indeed a pleasant surprise to see them in some sort of condition before Convocation. As it would be an exaggeration to say that very little work is done on them until the first week in May, they consequently remain for a large part of the term a clay quagmire utilized solely as a noisy rendez-vous by the faculty's dogs when they are in a bad humour. By way of excuse it is said that the 35 window panes which were demolished, apparently by the forces of nature, in about ten days during the earlier part of the term, kept the sub staff so busy that they had no time left for the courts. It has been suggested that a good court might be installed on Convocation Lawn where it would be immune from the annual floods (of the river); the only apparent objection to this proposal is that one of the New Arts' student's favourite pastimes consists in heaving great quantities of water on anyone who lingers too long in the vicinity of the building. . . . A motley Freshman softball team walked up to B. C. S. early this term, and before they trudged back they had given the school a 6-2 beating in a game that was heard all over Lennoxville . . . Combined with an even break in hockey and an easy victory in rugby by our Junior teams, as well as the smashing verbal triumph in ping-pong, this helps to regain much of the prestige that was lost last year when encounters between the school and the college inevitably resulted in embarrassing defeats for the latter . . . Some students question the desirability of having B. C. S. play their cricket on our rugby field since their shrill voices are already heard sufficiently in our chapel and on the golf course; at least they have kept out of the dining room and we can't blame them for that . . . The raucous shriek "Do yuh wanna buy a golf ball?" which for the sake of others we hope is peculiar to Bishop's, marked the official opening of another golf season in the middle of April, before the course had recovered from its winter hangover; but after a time it was possible to play two strokes without losing a ball, and conditions improved so rapidly that the annual championship which was held over from last autumn was finally concluded as the *Mitre* goes to press. It may be recalled that the tournament almost reached the semi-finals, which is something of an achievement at Bishop's, before the links were finally taken over by the college's worst skiers. And so it remained for the writer, whose name by the way is Mills, to nose out Geoff Scott for the right to play Ronny Fyfe, who had reached the finals by eliminating Ian McLean and Bill Lunderville, in the decisive match for the Meredith Cup. And it also remained for Fyfe to dispose of the writer by a 2 and 1 margin in a see-saw battle, with the short end ultimately going to the defending champion who will now have only his ping-pong laurels on which to rest. It was

after the end of the first nine when the match was all square that Fyfe forged into the lead and was never again headed. Perhaps the most decisive shot of the game was the winner's 30-foot putt for a par five on the sixth hole of the second round, 610 yards in length, after the writer had been fifteen feet from the pin in three and seemed sure of the hole. So when the loser three putted from this distance the new champion, to hold his lead, had but to halve the next two holes in par to close the match on the 17th green with a well-earned victory. The writer has little hope, however, that Fyfe will act upon a suggestion made at the thirstiest part of the game, that the winner have the cup filled and refilled with a suitable beverage; needless to say at Bishop's this would cost a small fortune . . . Unfortunately the writer did not consider the possibility of a cricket game taking place between B. C. S. and the college and partially upsetting his findings. Such an event, of course, took place and the school won by a 67-15 score; but those athletes who dragged themselves out to the rugby field, and we cannot call them cricketers since at least three of them had never played the game before, still think with some justification that if they practised more frequently than once a year, the school would be in for a sound trimming. Possibly we had better leave it at that . . . It was hardly a treat to sore eyes to view the vile assortment of colour schemes and the dubious quality of the apparel exhibited by some of the Bishop's players, who were decked out as though in preparation for a long hike into some northern wilderness with little hope of returning . . . Also noticed was the apparent inability of a few to decide whether to use a stroke suitable for a 250-yard drive or a prodigious home run until it was too late to employ either . . . At the request of a member of the team who wished to see his name in print before the year is over we are listing the Bishop's team: Davies, Greenwood, Carter, Knox, Mills, Walters, Power, Carmichael, Magor, Edgell and Fyfe. One reason for our poor showing is the fact that we did not have a college scorer . . . Cricket is a sport that sounds very interesting to students at Bishop's when they are merely speaking of it; a great many can talk an excellent game and excel at tales of their prowess when they were in their so-called prime at school. These same individuals in action, however, appear more bored than would be possible at the most tiresome of social functions, and leave the field in such an exasperated frame of mind as to suggest that they were recovering from a particularly violent hangover. Perhaps these tendencies may be peculiar to Bishop's, but at any rate it is noticed that their verbal enthusiasm for the game is partially revived when a number of them assemble in clean bull session; and it is on such occasions as well as over the tea cups that cricket reaches the height of its popularity; all its more tiresome features are immersed in the few really pleasurable moments that the game affords,

and in a sort of inevitable cycle, forgotten until memories are refreshed more experiences of the actualities. Since this is the attitude that a number of our cricketers adopt towards the game it is little wonder that it cannot compete as a steady diet with sports which offer more direct satisfaction to the athlete; as it does not provide the gratification that comes with explosive vocal efforts, as it is somewhat lacking in the action we are accustomed to in sports, as it penalizes too heavily one mistake at bat, as it lacks a sense of humour, and because its tempo is not in keeping with the times, as well as for numerous other reasons, cricket is only popular for variety's sake with the majority of the students here. Thus although cricket seems to be ad-

Alumni Notes

The following is a letter from the REV'D ALLEN BROCKINGTON, M.A., '96, to the Editor of the *London Times*. The letter is dated 10th March, 1938.

"THE REV. DR. ALLEN BROCKINGTON:

More than 40 years ago the University of Bishop's College and Bishop's College School celebrated the jubilee of their foundation at Lennoxville, one of the eastern townships of Quebec Province, of which Sherbrooke is the chief. The occasion attracted many visitors, including Lord and Lady Aberdeen. As secretary for the proceedings I was brought into contact with these guests of the university and school. A boy in my form named Joly de Lotbinière introduced me to his parents, and M. Joly told me that his grandfather was the last seigneur of Lotbinière to exercise the right of the high, the middle, and the low justice. A Norman link indeed!

I could give many examples of the prolific families of Canadians—we were rude enough or ignorant enough to call them "habitants" in those days. These French-Canadians had the reputation of being the most religious people in the world, guiding their lives by fast and festival, observing the seasons of the Church with the same attention as they observed the seasons of the year. And their loyalty to the British Crown could be taken for granted. At least, the French Premier of Quebec said so at the jubilee to which I have referred."

On May 6 the University had a visit from the Rev'd A. R. LETT, L.S.T. '20, headmaster of St. George's Indian Resi-

THE MITRE

mirably suited to the restrained English temperament, yet it appears to be dying out in Canada because it is too placid a game for a people whose sporting natures are essentially American, and who therefore prefer those faster moving and more spectacular sports which are most often seen on this continent . . . Perhaps it would be best to close a very spotty account of the summer term's sporting activities with the familiar but sincere hope that the college will continue their present climb up the athletic slope, and that success will absolve our athletes from the necessity of becoming upset at no more pointed comments than those which appeared in the earlier issues of the *Mitre* this year.



dential School, Lytton, B.C. Mr. Lett gave a very interesting lecture on his work there and used coloured moving pictures by way of illustration. He also gave some idea of the beauty of the mountainous region in which his school is situated. Mr. Lett spent several days at Bishop's renewing old acquaintances and told many tales of the good old days when he was Senior Student 'way back eighteen years ago, and from all accounts students are very much the same today as they were then.

Mr. and Mrs. William Clark of North Hatley, Que., announce the engagement of their only daughter MILDRED SARA, B.A. '29, to DENNIS BURLEY AMES, B.A. '27, PH.D. (Yale), only son of Mrs. Florence B. Ames of Troy, N.Y. Dr. Ames is now Assistant Professor of Mathematics at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, Troy, N.Y. The marriage will take place in June.

The wedding took place on 26th April at St. Mark's Chapel, of JOHN WHITE HUGHES BASSETT, B.A. '36, to ELEANOR MOIRA BRADLEY, B.A. '34. The ceremony was performed by the Rev'd Dr. A. H. McGreer, Principal of the University, and among the wedding attendants were

Mrs. William Mitchell (MARGARET BRADLEY, B.A. '34) and W. B. BRADLEY, '33, sister and brother of the bride. Following the ceremony a largely attended reception was held at the Magog House, Sherbrooke. The bride and groom are spending a honeymoon in Bermuda. The *Mitre* extends its best wishes for a long and happy life to Mr. and Mrs. Bassett. Among several Bishop's graduates present at the wedding were noticed Dr. H. P. WRIGHT, B.A. '09, of Montreal; Mr. H. BRUCE MUNRO, B.A. '34, of Ottawa; W. H. BRADLEY, B.A. '34, B.C.L. of Sherbrooke, and CHARLES F. CARSON, B.A. '36, of Bishop's College School.

Dr. MYER M. MEDINE, B.A. '31, has been nominated for a short service commission (lieutenancy) in the Royal Army Medical Corps, from first May, 1938. He will attend the Royal Army Medical College in London for two months, and spend a third month at the Royal Army Medical Corps School of Instruction, Aldershot, following which he will receive an appointment in England, or more probably on the continent.

Mr. GORDON O. ROTHNEY, B.A. '32, recently sailed for England where he will resume his reading for the Ph. D. at the University of London.

The Rev'd A. V. OTTIWELL, B.A. '34, formerly headmaster of St. George's School, Belize, British Honduras, is temporarily in charge of St. Matthew's Church, Quebec. It is understood that Mr. Ottiwell has been appointed curate at St. Peter's Church, Sherbrooke, and will assume his

duties in June.

DONALD B. MACKAY, B.A. '35, has completed his work at the Theological Seminary, Princeton University, Princeton, N. J., and expects to graduate on 17th May. He will be ordained to the ministry of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, and will take up work in Ontario.

The Rev'd ALBERT BALDWIN was ordained to the Diaconate at St. Luke's Cathedral, Sault Ste-Marie, Ont., on 13th March. After spending the summer in the Diocese of Algoma, Mr. Baldwin will return to Bishop's to complete his final year. To both these men the *Mitre* extends hearty congratulations.

W. E. WALKER, B.A. '37, will be in charge of the Mission of Lake Megantic and Ditchfield from 1st June.

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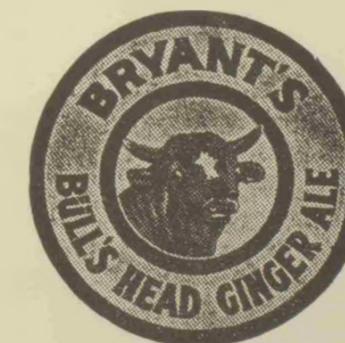
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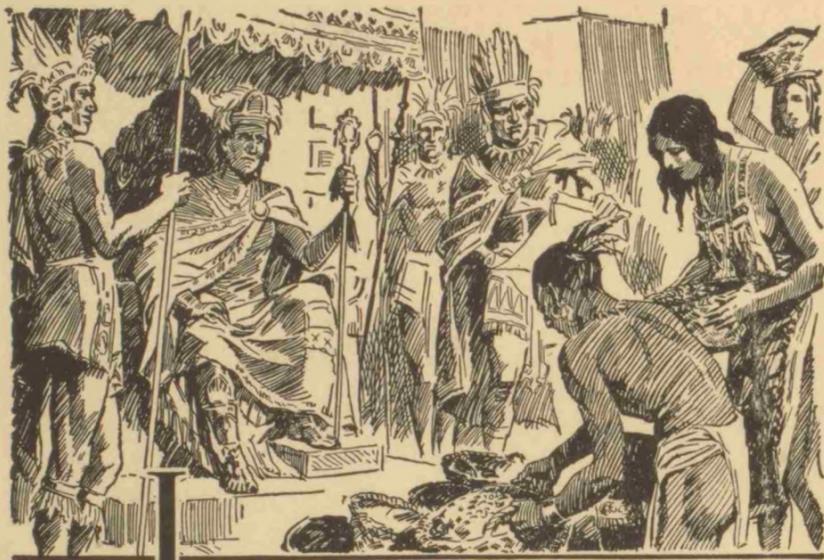
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Canadian Bank of Commerce - - - - -	40	Nichol, J. & Sons - - - - -	38
Canadian Chain Stores - - - - -	30	Royal Bank - - - - -	27
Crown Laundry - - - - -	38	Sherbrooke Trust Co., Ltd. - - - - -	28
Fisher Scientific Co. - - - - -	2	Sun Life Assurance Co. - - - - -	42
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