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Student and Modern Poetry
(If there is a distinction)

Once upon a midnight weary
When I was so weak and tired,
I contemplated over . . . poems
in The Mitre, and found
that student poets aren't.
i read through poem arfter poem
and came to the conclusion that style
is so very personal that it doesn't
matter if you conform to certain standards
such as pentameter, rhyme, spulling,
etc., etc., ad nausium.
In fact! punctu'ation could be
used: where-ever one

wished;(?%)

The really most grammar brunged up the
really most better.
But wait: what was that rumbling sound?
Perhaps it was Wordsworth upsetting his grave stone.
Now that you've read over my poem
It will be obvious that
I didn't.

—Ross Paul
in the shade, by cool water. Why dehydrate out there in the sun? And Oliver Mellors, Lawrence's “natural” man can only cry out to the night and the wind—

Oh if only there were other men to be with, to fight that sparkling electric Thing outside there, to preserve the tenderness of life, the tenderness of woman, and the natural richness of desire.

1) The Intelligent Heart—Moore, letter from Gardiner
2) Lady Chatterley’s Lover
3) Paul’s Letter to Oliver Mellors
5) Lady Chatterley’s Lover

This is the great Lawrencian chord. “The greatest need of man is the renewal forever of the complete rhythm of life and death, the rhythm of the sun’s year, the body’s year of a lifetime, and the greater year of the stars, the soul’s year of immortality.” We have feet of clay—why not plant ourselves in the universe again. The computers and soap-flake factories, the picket fences and contraceptives will not miss us as we sit on toadstools and feel the “streaming of the sun and flowing of the stars.” Love should be taken out of “our civilized vase on the table” and grated back on to the “Tree of Life.”

And this is the man that old maids scorn and parsons burn on funeral pyres. This is the dirty old man that runs around pinching young thighs and writing “dirty words” on the sidewalk. This is a sad commentary on ourselves. Are we blind as well as insensitive? Will we only react to careful clinical analyses of the perverted or abnormal—and smear at what is normal, what is natural, what is right?

a world of made
is not a world of born—pity poor flesh
and trees . . .

D. H. Lawrence spoke his personal gospel of the magic and wonder of life all his life. Lady Chatterley’s Lover was his last plea. It is a tired and forlorn little book of a tired and forlorn little man. It aches in its big despair and small hopes. The book indeed bears “a bruise of fear and horror” of our cold, cold world. The natural man and the awakened woman do not escape—their self and world communication is transitory. The overwhelming worlds of “insentient iron” and “cold minds” lets them play in the sun for a while, then drags them back. The “Mammon of mechanized greed” laughs at the futile energies of the make-believe angels.

The escape is important and the rebirth is central. Connie Chatterley and Oliver Mellors manage to come together with life—“the perfect heart-beat of life, systole, diastole.”

And it seemed she was like the sea, nothing but dark waves rising and heaving, heaving with a great swell, so that slowly her whole darkness was in motion, and she was ocean rolling its dark, numb mass. Oh and far down inside her the deeps parted and rolled asunder, in long, far-travelling billows, and ever, at the quick of her, the depths parted and rolled asunder, from the center of soft plunging, as the plunger went deeper and deeper, touching lower, and she was deeper and deeper and deeper disclosed, and heavier the billows of her rolled away to some shore, uncovering her, and closer and closer plunged the palatable unknown, and further and further rolled the wave of herself away from herself, leaving her, till suddenly, in a soft, shuddering convulsion, the quick of her plasm was touched, the consummation was upon her, and she was gone. She was gone, and she was not, and she was born: a woman. (1)

But the symphony is unfinished and musicians are sent home; the crowd cannot stand silence.

—Judy Banks

References:
D. H. Lawrence: Sex, Literature, and Censorship: Collected Essays.

Death of a World

The thought of a wind
once stirred in the heart of a bird,
and it struck the air with whimpering wings
upon an endless night;
it's feathered might riding
the arrows of the moon;
ever rising in swift anger,
as if its passage
could shatter the vaulted night.
Until at length, it reached
a broken star;
and with it
fell
in brilliant
glory,
and both star dust and feathers
were blown away,
by the thought of a wind.

—Jack Rose
simple and complex than that. Simple because psychology and sociology will never provide more than a partial answer to the human situation. Complex because each individual is composed of an infinite number of possibilities.

Pope was right. "The proper study of mankind is man". Squaring the circle is only a mathematical exercise ... nothing more.

—Roger Snape.

**Strength**

Where to find it?
Here and there and everywhere.

How?
In a tree, by the sea, with me.

Time?
Any, every, then, now.

Place?
Human race, a lazy cow.

For strength is a tree, a mountain, a song.
Strength is a smile, withdrawn, long.
Strength is a butterfly, a bird, a drink.
A lake, a hill, a thought to think.
Strength may be life, love, hate.
It is give, receive, help, take.
A human being, a handclasp true.
It is found in me and so in you.

—Christine Angin

**The Naturalism of Lawrence**

David Herbert Lawrence was a moralist and a humanist; a lamentable combination for an age which has outgrown humanism and morality. Jean-Jacques Rousseau wept that his mankind was in chains and he dreamed of golden men that ran around naked and free. D. H. Lawrence, as a tempered ancestor, looks also for his "natural" man. He is looking for:

... the wholeness of man, the wholeness of woman, man alive, and live woman.

His prescription is quite simple: dare to be born, alive. Unfortunately, it seems that we like to old, civilized, and quite dead. Why life is so much easier to analyze and crystallize now that we have put out the fire. Man is well preserved in ashes. What shall we call our age—the great white-washing of body and soul? How redundant it is to attempt to contact life and the cosmos when it can be so nicely distorted on "artificially-lighted stages" or psychiatrist's mirrors!

Love, sex, all that sort of stuff, just water-ices! Lick it up and forget it. If you don't hang on to it in your mind, it's nothing.

And what strange creatures we must be to "exist" from "Void to Void"

What a strange creature, with the sharp, cold, inflexible will of some bird, and no warmth, no warmth at all. One of those creatures of afterwards, that have no soul, but an extra alert, cold will.

1) The Novel—essay—Sex, Literature, and Censorship.
2) Lady Chatterley's Lover—104
3) Lady Chatterley's Lover—189

D. H. Lawrence speaks out and dares "to disturb the universe." There is more to life than sanitation and the metaphysics of Plato. He dares us to throw away our coffee spoons—and to measure our lives as "Warm, white flames." "It was a nourishment of the mind that he affected, clothing the spirit with pulsing flesh and blood." (1) Lawrence dared to go beyond the human individual, beyond social groups, to the landscape itself." (2)

The wood was silent, still, and secret in the evening drizzle of rain, full of the mystery of eggs and half-open buds, half-unsheathed flowers. In the dimness of it all trees glistened and dark as if they had unclothed themselves, and the green things on earth seemed to hum with greeness... Nothing made any sound. The trees stood like powerful beings, dim, twilit, silent, and alive. How alive everything was!

"Do you not see?" he seems to be saying. "We are bleeding at the roots, because we are cut off from the earth and sun and stars..." "Man-kind has got to get back to the rhythm of the cosmos and permanence of marriage." Mankind has to become human again. It is pleasant here
The world is covered with a big, black, plastic dome
And there is no light.
Beneath the dome there is a fog.
This is the mist of myths.
Being young is believing in them.
Growing old is realizing that they are not so.
The hurts pile up and that is dying.
But, there is hope...
For there are a few who scratch away at the blackness
With their little needles.
There may be light.

—Robert Wikstrom

Squaring The Circle

Another radio interview, an indispensable link in the chain of every lecture tour. Another intense young face mouthing the eternal question,

'What is the significance of your latest novel?'

Significance; the most abused of all words in contemporary criticism. All that some young entrepreneur has to do is to lock himself in a garret for twenty years and create abstracts from coat-hangers, and finally some critic will declare that his work is "SIGNIFICANT". Then comes the killing; the acclaim and the money. The secret is to find a gimmick and keep plugging away at it, as if you believed in it.

You may say that I sound bitter. It's not that at all really, but the thought of the pattern that my interviewer will follow. A lot of questions skirting the central issue in my novel. A multitude of tangents neatly drawn, so that if they were projected until they met, the circle would begin to look like a square at first, and then become even more polygonal.

A favourite line of attack is the psychological one.

'I admired the psychological perception that you displayed in drawing the principal protagonist. Tell me --- frankly --- did you hate your father?'

I hate myself because I usually mumble a reply couched in the same kind of jargon. Then I throw in a few remarks about Freud and the Oedipus complex, because it all sounds so terribly sophisticated.

Closely related to this is the creativity oriented question.

'What striking occurrence or illuminating idea compelled you to write this way?'

I balk at saying that my wife has run up bills which have to be paid, or that the power company is threatening to cut me off. I scratch my head --- and suggest that I was so fascinated by watching the happenings in an ant colony, that I had to pass my observations on to mankind.

This sort of answer usually causes my questioner to fix upon sociology.

'What does the position of your hero in the group imply about your attitude towards society?'

It would appear dishonest --- intellectually dishonest (that's even more impressive) --- to say that I never wanted to imply anything of the sort. Much better to infer that I resent the way in which society forces the individual to conform to its standards, and that my hero represents the ideal "individual".

By this time my analytical inquisitor is congratulating himself on having assessed my significance, and my audience believes that I subscribe to all the popular cliches. I don't, for I believe it's all much more
On The Fall of Man

Most pitiful image
of doubtful lineage,
casting your hate
in a pendant state
'twixt void and void.

Conquering all
with a pseudo pall
of unbelief
for things unseen,
unfelt,
unloved,
rejected!

I am not there
for all you care;
I never was:
unwilling son
of a god of none,
whom you insist
cannot exist.

Tread not my way
frail creatures of clay
and you will not stay
at the dawning of day
to know,
that
I AM!

—Jack Rose

High in a world
of rose-coloured dreams
I sit among vegetables
and gaze at my seams

—Sara Allnut

The steel universum
of yellow and blue
on the tandem bike
of God and the Muses
that is the vision
of the poet.

He paints on the water
the light of the windows
in the marvellous mirrors
on a fata morgana

Eternity caught
in an icon of music
which the close-up
of human infinity.

—Tom deHoop

we could not love
for fear sat on long shoulders
and stole a dark to wait while
two hearts broke on a hum-line
and aparted in a many world
we could have one-ed on a spider-web in
a wonder-world . . .
but that was a child's ago.

—Judy Banks
"The ultimate in thinking as in communication is silence."

C. Jaspers, *Reason & Existenz*

Why then, my love,
We must be perfect in our communication
And we must think perfection.
For so seldom do you speak
That I am forced to wonder
If your thinking is at least as empty
As is our silence.

And if it is, my love
Why then the ultimate in our relationship
is reached.
And it is time to move to one
Less ultimate, but interesting.

—Peter Brigg

This damn degree is the last thing
I ever wanted, she thought,
Lifting her white dress to show
Her rounded knees.

No, I never dreamed this day would
come so soon.

Damn it all.
They always were my best feature—
Perhaps if I

Go on? Yes. I hardly feel I’ve had
the time.

To accomplish anything worthwhile.

I’ll try Australia—they say there
The ratio is better. But all those sheep
And all those sheep ranchers!
I’m sure that man is staring.

You’ve tried personality and brains
Long enough; now employ
Other charms. And the skirt
(Lifted Again)

It would be a hellish life.

Oh, it does make me sad
To hear the Alma Mater for the last time

That ass is crying over it.
Those maudlin sentimental girls with their big fat

diamonds

And daddies. I could send them
Right straight to
He is staring!
Thank God they’re round
Not knobbly A sheep ranch. Lord!

But I’m sure I can
Put my little store of knowledge
To good use.

—Anne Thompson
"Yes," she said, "the river gives one a feeling of strength. It flows with a purpose. It knows where it's going."

We sat down on a bench, very close together, and felt extremely secure.

* * *

We left civilization behind when we turned off the highway and cut across the rough moorland towards the coast. Leaving the motorcycle at the top of the cliffs we scrambled down to the deserted beach.

As we chased each other in and out of the waves we washed away the smells of the city and of travel. Hand in hand we came out of the sea and lay down on the soft golden sand. Everything smelt clean and fresh. There we lay, all afternoon, relaxed, at peace with oneself and one another.

* * *

Strange how unrelated incidents will suddenly pop into one's mind.

It was the fifth time that we had been to the theatre together. As usual we had seats up in the gods — that is where young lovers were wont to sit, — the seats were unreserved, and cheap, besides one sat there for atmosphere.

We had trekked all the way down to the main floor and were drinking lemon and lime, waiting for the final act to begin. Everybody was standing around, and was either sipping a drink, blowing smoke rings, or discussing the play.

One voice, louder than the others, came from the centre of the room, "The two leads are not giving themselves to their parts. They act as though they were jealously guarding something that they had been promised, and intended to have. They are on guard the whole time."

* * *

It had not been a very satisfactory evening. It was noisy and hot in the dance hall. My feet would not keep in time to the music and we either stood on each others' toes or bumped into other couples. Besides I could not think of anything to talk about. Finally the last waltz arrived. A tired voice echoed through the dance hall,

"Now is the hour, When we must say ...."

"Come on, let's go."

It was foggy and miserable outside. I hailed a cab.

"No, I will walk back. Goodnight."

* * *

Yes, she was dead. Quite dead.

I glanced up at her window. The shades were drawn. Somebody was standing in front of the light. Automatically I gave the same signal as I pressed the buzzer. The light went out and footsteps came down the stairs. The door opened and a figure stepped out.

---

The Mitre

"I was afraid you wouldn't come."
She was of the same height, her eyes were the same colour, her hair had not changed.
I looked at her again.
Yes, quite dead.
We walked along the street, a leaf floated gently down in front of us.
"I am glad I put on a heavy coat," she murmured.
"Yes," I replied, "it is going to be a cold evening."

—Ray Clarke.

---

When Spring Rumbles

The soft spring rumbles away the last twilight of winter,
And the night becomes gentle with the laughter of rain.
In stippled puddles.
The small grass wonders at this weak liquid—
(Sweet, warm tears from the hunchback rain-god)
Prying life from every dark corner of creation;
Humbly, silently purging the adulterous earth
Of the secret faults of Autumn.

Would that I could purge the white cobweb of my soul's long winter.
But I must wait until the crimson hill transforms the droplets
Into the red rain of Calvary.

—Jack Rose

---

I wish
I was
living
dying
laughing
crying
floating like foam
with eyes.

—W. J. Murray
Peace

Peace is a bird that sings,
A bell that rings,
A love that brings.

Peace is a star at night,
A moon that's bright,
A shining light.

Peace is a river so still,
A garden, a rill,
An ecstatic thrill.

Peace may be in you,
Found in a shoe,
In all you do.

Peace is love, and only love,
A girl, a dress, a glove
A church, a bell, love.

Peace is marriage perfect and true,
For me and you imperfect.

Peace is a thought, a mind, care,
For peace is everywhere.

Our world may be still and good,
In nature, love, and food,
In contemplation, the brood
May find peace in self the most;
At home, at sea, the coast.

Peace is here and there, a ghost
Of a breath or shadow.
A door, a chair, a silent window,
A painting, a work of art;
Found deep in the depths of the heart.

—Christine Anglin

La Ronde

Yes, she was dead. Quite dead.
I remember her eyes — dark and round. We were never properly introduced — a corridor cleared through the smoky haze of the dance hall — "May I?" — Our first dance.

"That's a long way round — much quicker to walk — along a few streets and you're there. I'll show you."

Perhaps people saw a boy and his girl walking home. It was not us. With fingers entwined we floated along the deserted streets.

"Goodnight."
"Goodnight."
"Till to-morrow"
"Till to-morrow"

* * *

We stopped outside the coffee house.
"Heaven or Hell?"
"Oh Heaven is too bright and there is hardly anyone there. Let's go to Hell." Quickly we passed through Heaven and descended into Hell.

We had to pause at the bottom of the stairs — it was quite dark. Red lights placed behind devil's masks shed little light. Skiffle music provided a background — no-one listened.

"Two espressos, please."

Sipping the latest craze we listened to the comments of our contemporaries.

"Oh, I thought it was perfectly divine, didn't understand a word, but the acting was simply too much."

"She went to L.S.E. and now she's living with a Red."

"Did you get Tommy's latest hit?"

"Asked me to go to bed before he even offered me the part!"

"I'm stuck on the opening chapter."

"Did you?"

"The critics are way off the beam."

"He went home to mother so she had to get a job."

"Actually, I'm resting at present."

"They were like long lost friends on the telly but you should have seen them after the show."

"Oh, he is just trying to be an An Angry Young Man."

Suddenly I wanted to get out of Hell. I took her hand. A little re-assurance was what I needed. Life lost meaning in such an atmosphere.

We left Soho and wandered down to the embankment. Our hands had clutched each other as we left the coffee house, now they were relaxed, enjoying the contact.
Sign On A Door

Call me poet
or whatever you like
But I don't sing of happiness
I don't know of gloom
The stars rivers moors are prose and
hope—hope beauty love
are forgotten my freedom or fright
if that still makes sense.
So don't talk to me girls
of women of boys
don't talk to me men for what you know
I will never reach and freshmen don't smile
and don't make me laugh...
don't call me a good guy you friends
and don't call me a sinner for that
does not touch me...
I am the angel of stone.
but stir when you touch me.
s.v.p. ne me parlez pas
et ne riez pas mes amis.

To A Negativistic Positivist

"It's getting rather late," I said,
He gently cocked his ear,
"You say you want to go to bed?
Your meaning is not clear."

And so I gazed upon my watch,
Still he sipped my beer,
I yawned and stretched and held my head,
My meaning was not clear.

"Get out! Get out! You hanger-on,
Quickly get you hence!"
"Your words have oomph and mood and tone
Completely without sense."

He felt my foot upon his seat,
He landed on his ear.
"My name is C. S. Pierce," I said,
"And now my meaning's clear!"

—Anne Thompson

I miss you not, my love
and so to dream again;
I fool myself
and run to stop the empty
with people, teas, and talk...
But the others are so little
in a you-remembered world.

—Sara Allnutt

It is a shame you are so
insensitive for I saw
slight-blossoms and tree-roots
by the road and thought maybe
you would like to know of apples and trees
but then you are not the one I am looking
for you are of the the surface-breakers
that must miss the golden ring
and life.

—Judy Banks
The grey desolate sea was my mood:
Out of the mists the sea to my soul
Shouted a grey song.
Black pointed rocks spoke my regrets.
The sea's noise with the
Soprano shrieks of the gulls
Were the tempest of my soul.

In chorus, sea, bird and rock cried:
Hope is as the wave poised on its
Green translucent edge;
It must fall and its frothy substance
Passes away into the sand.

—Helen Digby

i love you he said
and like sand dunes
the walls of the city
were swept aside by the snow-night
letting the street lights like stars
pour into the arms
that held spring's laughter
in the lilting of a kiss
light-bound.

—Judy Banks

The Mitre

Johann Sebastian Bach

Bach?
Yes. Bach!
That mathematical old fogey!

You see the problem in trying to say something in defence of Bach.
Not very much comes of telling people that he was the first and most important of the three "B"s — the others being Beethoven and Brahms. Prejudice is so easily maintained and perpetuated that sometimes it is easier to say nothing, but, if musical tolerance can be passed on, certainly more people should learn a little about Bach.

Those who regard Bach as a mathematician, who ground out an almost endless series of dull fugues for the organ, should expose themselves to the variety and vigour to be found in the Brandenburg concertos. Better still they should talk to an organist who knows Bach, and have him — or her — point out the many possible interpretations that can be applied to the fugues.

No dramatic moments in Bach! These declaimers might listen to "The St. Matthew Passion". One example is especially noteworthy — the way in which the "halo" of strings, which accompanies the recitatives of Christ throughout, is silent when He becomes human and cries, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?"

Bach's identification with church music may have proved a stumbling block to some. It is a mistake, however, to think of any of Bach's music — either religious or secular — as the dry offering of a self-righteous man.

Bach had a wonderful belief in God, and a firm conviction that earthly life was only a step to something better. Consequently any of his music that contemplates death has a serenity about it that defies description. But Bach lived very much in the world too. He had time to marry and to bring up sons — Carl Philipp Emanuel and Johann Christian are two — to take their own place in the stream of musical history. The "old peruke", as one of the sons called his father, was passing on the tradition of music that had been so important in the life of the Bach family for so long.

Recognition of Bach's genius did not come immediately after his death. Two men, Felix Mendelssohn and Samuel Wesley, did much to revive interest in Bach's work in the early nineteenth century. There is no question now as to Bach's right to be included in the front rank of composers.

Bach?

—Roger Snape.
... Like You Know...

Well, I was jiving down the street
to a Kingston Trio beat
when the chick up ahead
stopped dead
and said:

Man, you are like not with it. Have you
not yet been clued to the fact that the
Kingston Trio is passé? Now it's like
the Limeliters.

Chick, said I
with a smile that was sly:

That I dig. But my theme for today is
nonconformity. Besides, I like the Kingston
Trio.

Man, said she
with a grin full of glee:

So do I. Shall we?

Let's

So we went jiving down the street
to a Kingston Trio beat
until the cop up ahead
stopped us dead
and said:

Look, bud, I can’t stop you from wearing
a beard, long hair and sunglasses. But
when you start singing and dancing in the
street, I can and will drag you in for
being a public nuisance. So cut it out.

She looked at me
and I looked at she
and we both shrugged
and bugged
out.

Like, it's a conformist world, you know?

—John F. Hogg
Dedication

to Henry David Thoreau

"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer."

Walden, Conclusion

+ + +

There is a time in each person’s life when he feels that he should write. His ability is irrelevant — it is the fleeting moment, the sideways glance, the newly-discovered irony that pressingly demand expression.

For the many, the time is short, and the desire soon lies buried in practicalities; for the few, the time is not an instant of life but the whole, and the urge is inextricably bound up with their being.

For most, the time is youth. Then only do they hear a “different drummer.” Then only, perhaps, are the many free to listen.

The Mitre is for those who hear their drummer, however faint or insignificant the beat, and respond.

The Editors
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... Or large?

If a man has been able to accumulate a few other sizable assets, the importance of Life Insurance to his family's security is clear... it enables him to create an Estate that will provide for his family should he not be around to do it himself.

In a large estate the role of life insurance may not be quite so obvious, but it is certainly no less important, for life insurance can provide the immediate cash needed to pay debts, succession taxes, etc. It makes liquidation of other Estate assets unnecessary at a time when sale of securities and property might result in serious shrinkage of the Estate.

May we suggest a meeting with you, your Insurance man and one of our Trust Officers to discuss this important subject. No obligation, of course

SHERBROOKE
TRUST
COMPANY

75 Wellington St. North