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Editorials.

The wish of the Mitre to all its readers is, "a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year".

The remarks of our Alumni Editor in the November number, as to the advisability of bringing the University more prominently before the public, deserve consideration, by all the friends of the Institution. It is beyond dispute that the number of men attracted to this University is small compared to what it should be, and one of the causes of this is, we believe, lack of adequate advertising. The College is not widely known outside this Province, and, even in Quebec, her peculiar advantages are not known and appreciated as greatly as they deserve to be.

In Ontario, of course, Trinity holds the view of the Church people and of those who favor a residential system, largely owing to her persistence in advertising, and the name of Bishop's is but little known. Particularly is this the case in
Western Ontario, which sends forward more men for University education than any other section in Canada. We do draw quite a number of students from Ontario, and would draw more were Bishop's better known. The men we get come here; not because they knew of Bishop's beforehand, but because the personal influence of some past or present student has brought this College to their notice.

From Quebec province, and especially the Eastern Townships, the enrolment of students is comparatively small. Students from the Eastern Townships should be in the majority, but in reality the number from Ontario is nearly as great. To instance one case. Sherbrooke, our neighboring city, in the last four years, has sent us only three students. Surely something is radically wrong here. Is University education valued at so little in the metropolis of the Eastern Townships? We fear that the majority of intending students are attracted by the more showy name and fame of some large College.

Now what is the cause of this state of affairs? First and foremost, we would put lack of proper advertising. The only advertisement we ever remember to have seen is a bare announcement of the opening of Term, inserted in one or two Montreal papers for the space of one month. No Church periodical mentions Bishop's, no space is given in the papers of the Eastern Townships, her special and privileged municipality.

The remedy suggests itself. Keep the name of the University and the work it has accomplished and is accomplishing before the public. There are several ways of doing this, viz,—through the Professors, the Alumni, the present students and printer's ink.

It is the last of these we would like to dwell upon, for it is the one that is being utilized very sparingly at the present time. Even the present amount of advertising might be materially improved upon. We are not of those who believe in hiding the advantages of this University under a bare announcement of the date of opening, or a list of the Faculty. What is wanted, rather, is a succinct statement of the special advantages, in the way of residential system, healthful and beautiful location, convenient R. R. centre, improved buildings, efficient teaching staff, up to
date courses and many others, that only need to be mentioned to be at once brought to the mind's eye. Then the Calendar, with the addition of a few cuts and some descriptive matter, would be made more attractive; or, if the authorities are too conservative to tamper with that time honored catalogue, let them issue a separate booklet well illustrated with cuts of the different buildings, surrounding scenery and groups of athletic clubs, and describing in a readable style the advantages and capacities of this University. We fancy more attention would be given to the booklet than to the Calendar by any intending student. This booklet could be scattered judiciously and thoroughly among the Alumni, the Academies, the Schools in Montreal, Quebec and other cities; in the Eastern Townships, Ontario and the States to the South of us. The demand for a Calendar would follow. Furthermore, more advertising should be done in the local papers. They are read by local people. The Church papers should not be neglected, because they reach a more extensive and privileged community.

We respectfully put forward these suggestions, firmly believing that if deliberated upon they will be adopted, and if adopted they will be successful in securing a large entry next year. The increased cost will be more than met by an increased revenue. With her new buildings and increased accommodation, with her courses of study improved and made elastic to meet the needs of the day, her honour courses thorough and producing good work, her staff strengthened and enthusiastic, with a spirit of progress in the air, Bishop's is ready and prepared to meet a new class next year that will tax her accommodations to the utmost.

Let this be the object and aim of the authorities, of our Alumni, of the present students and of every friend of the University, a large incoming class for the next year.

This year for the first time since its inception, the Mitre loses the support of the School. The authorities there have decided to issue a separate paper on strictly school lines. While we may regret their decision, and doubt the wisdom of the new departure, yet the Mitre thanks them for the support that has been given in the past; and it also is sure that the friends of the
school will always hold this magazine in kindly remembrance, because of the assistance that has been given, during all these years, in keeping the old boys in touch with their School in a way that was not otherwise available. This withdrawal will influence the Mitre in two ways.

In the first place, it will have some effect upon the financial side of our paper. It will probably entail the loss of the subscriptions from old boys, if not this year, certainly in the near future. It will mean that none of the present boys will subscribe. The financial loss, although considerable, will not be insuperable, if only our graduates and friends will still support us in the same cordial and prompt manner as in the past. We are going to ask even more than this. We need more subscriptions to replace the ones lost, and we trust our friends will help us in this respect. An appeal is being prepared to the graduates who are not subscribers, and it is hoped that some help will be secured in this way. We ask our present subscribers to supplement it by urging their friends to subscribe.

Secondly, it will be an advantage. For now the Mitre can be made a purely University affair, and as such will be "A Monthly Magazine of Literature, University Thoughts and Events." It is the intention of the present Board of Directors to keep the Mitre attuned to this standard, and to make the motto of the paper, "Hic est aut nusquam quod quavisimus," a truism.

In conclusion we would point out that the Mitre is published as much for the interest of the Alumni, as for the present students. The latter hold it simply as a trust to hand on unimpaired in vigour and efficiency to future generations of students. As it conserves the interest of the University, both in preserving that essential closeness of touch between the Alumni and their Alma Mater, and also by keeping the name and work of the College before the public, so it should be the resolve of every son of Bishop's to loyally support the College Magazine.

The cuts which illustrate the article "Pictorial Photography" in this number have been kindly loaned to us for the occasion by the Acta Victoriana; the publication of Victoria University, Toronto, and the Mitre is under a deep debt of obligation to them for this courtesy.
Those who know Paris only as tourists, visit indeed the museums, theatres and churches of the French capital, but do not know the real city. Paris is no modern Babylon of wealth and luxury, no storehouse of art and antiquity. These are merely the surface. The genuine and unique city is something more profound and more impenetrable—a vast tissue of human lives. The long boulevards, sumptuous mansions and priceless picture galleries, which attract superficial observers, are like a mantle, under which the real tragedy and comedy of the town lies hidden. Sometimes, by chance, a corner of this mantle is raised for one instant, and the student of humanity catches a glimpse of what happens every day in the depths of Parisian life. This is how one day I caught a glimpse below the surface:—

We were sitting together—Cherbuliez, De Latremouille and I—smoking and talking in a fashionable cafe not far from Montmartre, the bohemian quarter of Paris. Cherbuliez was in the middle of a discourse:—"Really the man's behaviour is unaccountable. The next time I met him, he cut me dead... He saw me a few days afterwards in the Petit Monaco, and all he said was "Idle as usual! You fellows never do any work," and then turned his back on me. Dostoveski lent him a book; he kept it three months, and then said that he had not enough money to buy himself a copy and so Dostoveski must do without. To crown all, he calmly appropriated a new packet of my cigarettes, remarking that he worked for his own living, and so had more right to them than any of us."

"But who is this exceptional personage?" I enquired.

"Oh" interrupted De Latremouille "This is Sulger; a Belgian and the most educated man I ever met. He has studied mechanics, philosophy and mathematics; speaks about ten languages like a native—of Belgium; and draws, though whether carts or pictures I can't say. He came to Paris in search of a profession..."
and not finding any, ran short of money. Now he is reduced to showing rich Americans round the Louvre and making a collection at the end; a form of donkey-driving which is not lucrative. No wonder he is a trifle irritable . . . . I say, you fellows, I'm getting bored, let us go to the Petit Monaco and see if anybody interesting is there."

So we sallied forth and began climbing the steep hill on which Montmartre is built (the highest quarter of Paris overlooking the rest of the city). All the way Cherbuliez continued to enlarge on Sulger's misdemeanors; how he seemed consumed with spite and jealousy, slandered everyone, insulted everyone, was insufferably conceited, too proud to acknowledge a favour, yet always playing some mean trick in order to extract money.

If you talk of the Devil, I mean Sulger, you always find him at your elbow. At least we met him just outside the Petit Monaco—a tall lean figure with long hair, a shabby frockcoat and battered hat; he had eyes like a hungry wolf."

"Ho, Ho, here you are again" he cried, catching hold of the pompous Cherbuliez by the arm, "Had a good dinner, I suppose, and are now coming to the Petit Monaco to talk about things you don't understand—eh?"

"Will you kindly unhand me at once" said Cherbuliez coldly. "Hallo, Tremouille, how are the epigrams going? I could say your smart things if I had as much money."

"Never mind" said De Latremouillé "you will be saying them—as soon as you have heard them."

Then I turned to the Belgian, "Look here, you've been unfortunate and are not living the life that suits you. That's why you always seem so quarrelsome. We quite understand."

"Ah" he cried gratefully "You are the first person who has spoken a kind word to me! Allow me to shake hands with you. And now will you permit me the honour of offering you something to drink? Please step this way."

And so for the first time I entered the Petit Monaco; I remember noticing that it was just midnight.

We passed through a double door into a long, low, and rather dirty room, illuminated, in the true tradition of Montmartre, with candles.
THE MITRE

The Cafe was filled with shabby looking men and a few women; the service was performed by one unda’ waiter and a young girl who answered to the name of Jeannette. There, through the blue-greyish haze of tobacco smoke, I beheld the illustrious company of the intellectual failures—les râles, as Daudet calls them—who infect our great cities of learning and civilization. Les râles are men who cannot settle to any profession; who have a horror of the regular uneventful life of the respectable citizen; who, for the most part provincials, arrive one fine day in Paris with little money and less brains, inspired by that boundless confidence in themselves which comes from a vast, all embracing ignorance. Paris for them is the city of daring thought, unfettered art and romantic adventures; the home where genius and talent are valued at their real worth. And so they come, like moths round a lamp, only to burn those wings on whose pinions they have soared so high. Paris has no need of this type; she cares only for persevering toilers or for rich voluptuaries; she hates all that is absurd or useless. Thus these dreamers find that the capital of art and science is merely a huge ‘selfish town where housing is dear, food dearer, influence and emolument unattainable. Their money, their health, their minds, their innocence, gradually vanish; one thing only remains, their egregious confidence in themselves. Here are scribblers of verse who resemble poets in nothing but their long hair and dirty shirts; studio-loafers, disguised as artists, who detect faults of technique in Raphael and are deadly jealous of Ballestrieri or Sergant; philosophers, greater than Leibritz, for whom life with its mysteries and enigmas is represented by absinthe and cigarettes; critics who could write with greater charm and insight than Catulle Mendes, but do not; musicians who cannot afford to go to the Opera, and so pronounce the Opera to be vulgar. These and such like types meet in the cheap cafes to which their poverty condemns them, and there discuss art, poetry, and politics with all the pedantry of the intellectually unemployed. Most of them sat there tired and moody. They seemed like men wearied out with a hard day’s work. Naturally, for there is no profession so fatiguing as that of being useless.
We took our places at a small greasy table where two other men were sitting. One was a pale hawk-eyed little man with a shaggy black beard. By the way he looked at Sulger I knew that they were sworn enemies. Everyone addressed him as Jabolet, and I gathered from casual remarks that he was a journalist. Sulger, as soon as we were seated, began to assume the airs of a grand Seigneur.

"Monsieur," said he to me, "My means do not enable me to offer you champagne, but if you will indicate what refreshment you prefer, I shall be happy to order the waiter to bring it"

"Oh thank you," said I as politely as I could, "but I'm not thirsty; I would rather sit and talk."

Here Jabolet snarled out, "If you are so very free with your drinks this evening you might offer me something."

"Waiter," called out Sulger, "give this man a glass of water." The water was brought.

"If you were not so stingy," snapped out Jabolet, "you would give me something to put in this water."

"Waiter," cried Sulger, a note of anger in his voice, "bring this man a lump of sugar to put in his water."

A lump of sugar was brought.

"If you were only generous," hissed Jabolet, "you would give me something more than one lump of sugar."

By this time all our neighbours, thoroughly alive to the conflict, were watching each move with the greatest interest.

"Waiter," called out Sulger loftily. "Take away this man's tumbler and bring him a glass of water with two lumps of sugar."

And then the waiter grew indignant and complained of this series of frivolous orders. But the Louvre-walker carelessly flung down a sous, probably his last, on the table. "There's a tip for you" he said with exasperating condescension.

"Merci, mon ami," said the waiter sarcastically, as he pocketed the coin.

Sulger leapt to his feet with flashing eyes.
"How dare you speak to me like that. You are only a waiter—an uneducated man. Kindly keep to your proper place and address me respectfully. Your ami indeed!"

The servant eyed the lean shabby figure contemptuously, and then retorted, "I'm every bit as good as you—better, maybe. Don't try any of your little tricks on with me or I'll..."

Here Jabolet leant across the table and deliberately slapped Sulger in the face.

Then intense anger took possession of the Belgian, anger born of months of suffering and outraged pride; the anger of the slums, in which disregard for life mingles with pent up feelings, the anger of the decivilised man made brutal by the callousness of the world and its unending hardship. He snatched up a syphon, whirled it round, and brought it down with all his might on Jabolet's head. The bottle smashed into a thousand pieces, the water gushed over his face, the heavy glass end shot across the room and crashed into a row of liqueur bottles. Jabolet did not scream under that blow; for one instant his face contracted into a terrible expression, then his features relaxed his eyes closed, he turned pale to the lips, staggered and sank down into his seat. Everyone leapt up; several chairs fell back, ward and the whole company stood gaping at us. Then there came an exclamation from the group of onlookers near the door, and a policeman forced his way into the cabaret, and made straight for Sulger, who stood there almost as pale as his victim, still trembling with rage, his hair dishevelled, his brows knitted, and glaring like a demon at the man he had struck. At that moment all the centuries of civilization had fallen from him. It was one wild beast face to face with another. Then came a grim reawakening to the order of life as the Hand of the Law grasped his coat collar. The policeman was on him—these guardians of the peace who always come too late to prevent the deed, but in such excellent time to arrest the easily caught perpetrator! Sulger was adroitly seized by the elbows from behind and dragged towards the door, without being able to catch a glimpse of his captor. His face, turned towards mine, was a hideous
study of conflicting emotions. And now the bystanders suddenly became animate. The short scene was over and their interference was useless, so they woke from their trance. All turned upon the arrested man, and overwhelmed him with contumely—

"Ah, la miserable! Le scelerat! Va done farcat! Brute! Assassin!"—

Several spat at him, and one reached out his leg at the defenceless object and launched a vicious kick.

These sights are graven on my memory. I can see them as clearly now as I did on the night of that sordid adventure—the first of my experiences of the real Paris. But what happened immediately afterwards I cannot tell. I only know that as I was standing by the door, the people pushing and crowding past me, I heard the frightened voice of Jeannette behind me. "Monseur, Jabolet is bleeding to death!" I turned round; the cabaret was emptied of its occupants, except for the little servant girl who stood trembling and at her wit's end; and there sat Jabolet in the chair where he had fallen; his eyes half open, his head rolling slowly from side to side, and what I could see of his pale face looking even paler by contrast to the red flow of blood, which welled out of a hideous gash in his temple and forehead, spread over his cheeks in two long streams, soaked into his collar, dropped on his waistcoat, and pattered upon the floor, where it mingled with the thickly-laid dust and coagulated into a loathsome mud.

In emergencies like these, the mind proceeds in one of two ways. It either becomes intensely active, and, in imperceptibly short space of time, reviews all possible expedients, or it suddenly loses the power of independent thought and falls back on the force of habit. The latter is what happened to me. I instinctively pulled out my handkerchief to bind his head, and shouted to Jeannette: to fetch a doctor. But the girl did not move, and while I leaned over the wounded man she cried in despair. "But Monseur, how can I?—I'm quite new here... I don't know where the doctor lives."

"Then go and ask a policeman, Tonnerre de Dieu! Look sharp! This man's cut an artery... why, Nom d'un chien, don't stand there! Run, girl, run—he's bleeding to death!" And with-
out turning round again, I began mopping up the blood on his face and head, to see where the wound was. I managed to wipe it away and caught a sight of one hideous irregular gash, stretching across his forehead, losing itself in his matted hair and breaking up into a dozen separate cuts over his left temple. For one fraction of a second the wound stood bare with gaping edges, the next instant the blood gushed up, suffused it and spread over his face and clothes. The syphon-bottle must have severed every vein and artery in his forehead.

And now, in the silence and squalor of that wine-shop, amongst tables encumbered with half empty beer pots, and on a floor littered with cigarette ends and over turned chairs, in the shadowy uncertain light shed by smoking and guttered candles, and in an atmosphere heavy with stale tobacco and the reek of alcohol and fritures, there began, in its most ghastly form, the struggle between life and death. I tried to staunch the wound by pressing my handkerchief firmly over the whole length of the cut. But the blood surged up impetuously and escaped underneath this improvised bandage which was soon itself soaked and the pressure on the gash only opened it the more. Then I tried to localize the bleeding artery in the hopes of being able to press my thumb against the vessel just at the point where it was severed and so close the chief outlet of the blood. But the broken glass had so lacerated the flesh, especially at the temple, where the hemorrhage continued in bright red gushes, that, wherever I applied my thumb, the blood seemed to be bubbling up in a greater volume elsewhere. All this time I was looking into the face of the man bleeding to death, a face growing every instant, more drawn and haggard. At first he had shrunk from my touch and had put out his hand to keep me off. "Then he let his arm drop and sink lower into the chair, his chin on his breast. Just then Jeannette hurried back into the wine-shop, pale and panting, failure expressed in every look and gesture, "If you please Monsieur, I can't find the doctor and I can't find a policeman—is he better?"

"Better, you little imbecile! He's nearly dead! Where on earth is the cafe-proprietor?"
"If you please, Monsieur, he went to see the other Monsieur taken to goal, and hasn't come back."

"Sacre bleu! Here girl, get me a sponge and some cold water at once."

"If you please, Monsieur, I don't know where to find a sponge and some water—I'm quite new here."

I gasped and turned once more to my grim task. And now, alone in this obscure corner of bohemian Paris, I realized that I was fighting for two men's lives; the one who was slowly sinking under my hands and the other who was lying in some prison cell to await his trial for murder if this one died. Fate leads us into strange and bizarre situations in our great European capitals.

I tried a last expedient, that of stopping the circulation to the head. I felt for the two carotid arteries, which run by each ear and pressed them with my two thumbs hard against the skull. But either my pressure was unskillful, or the head is supplied chiefly through other channels, for the flow continued, unabated, and with it the man's life ebbed away.

So the time wore on, and the dingy disordered cabaret grew gloomier as the candles, one after another, burnt low, flickered, and went out. I still bent over the injured man, trying one remedy after another while the blood still poured out but now less violently than before. Then a shudder went through the prostrate form, and his whole frame seemed agitated. His fingers worked convulsively, his chest heaved and he gasped for breath. The palpitations, which follow exhaustion of blood had begun; at the same time he opened his dull eyes, and through his parched lips came again and again a thick harse whisper "a boire . . . a boire . . . a boire!" I sprang to the counter and poured him out something to drink, and just at that minute the short thick figure and sensual face of the cafe-proprietor appeared in the door-way. His hands were in his pockets and he was smoking a cigarette. But the moment he saw the ghastly object in the chair, he started, made a dozen rapid paces into the shadowy sordid room and cried out "Mon Dieu, he is bleeding!"
Then he caught sight of me and exclaimed. "What in the world are you doing there, mon drole? This man is wounded and you—idiot!—are pouring out wine to drink."

My nerves, strained to the utmost, had rendered me morbidly excitable. I needed some outlet for my overwrought feelings and, at this brutal injustice, my spirit rose in revolt. "Hold your tongue animal," I shouted, beside myself with rage. "This man has been bleeding to death while you saunter round the Town and amuse yourself. Then you saunter in, as useless as ever, and stand there to talk the most consummate nonsense."

The café-proprietor was raising Jabolet from his chair, but at this attack he wheeled round, his face flaming with injured vanity, his hot French blood boiling at my insults "Get out! get out!" he thundered, "or I'll half kill you." That was the only thanks I ever got for my night's work.

I crept out into the night-air. The street was deserted. Suddenly my knees began to tremble so violently that I could hardly walk; I looked at my watch, it was already four o'clock. I stood for a few minutes on the terrace of the church Sacre Cœur, perched on the heights of Montmartre, overlooking Paris. All the city lay at my feet like a dark entangled morass in the silence of sleep time. The night had been sultry, but now a fresh breeze seemed to be stirring like a messenger of dawn, and far away in the east, I could just distinguish one streak of saffron in the dark sky. The greatest event of the world was about to take place! In another hour Paris would be, full of light and life and run glittering like a brook. And as I thought of the scenes of violence I had just witnessed, scenes so carefully hidden from the tourist, I felt like one, to use the Roman poet's simile, who walks on the crust of a volcano-discharge, which may break through any moment, and let him fall on the glowing embers below.

A week later I returned to the Petit Monaco to learn the sequel of the drama. Everyone was talking of Berlioz, grand opera, La damnation de Faust, which had been revived at the theatre Sarah Bernhardt.
"What harmony! what unity! what staging!"
"And Jabolet?"
"Ma foi, can't tell you—forgotten all about him. We Parisians have no time to think of what happened a week ago."

H. V. R.

IN THE WINTER WOODS.

Grand old Winter forests, standing
Naked on your bed of snow,
Wide your knotted arms expanding
To the biting winds that blow,
Naught ye heed of storm or stress,
Stubborn, silent, passionless.

Buried is each woodland treasure,
Gone the leaves and mossy rills,
Gone the birds that filled with pleasure
All the valleys and the hills;
Ye alone of all that host,
Stand like soldiers at your post.

Grand old trees, the words ye mutter,
Nodding in the frosty wind,
Wake some thoughts I cannot utter,
But which stir within the mind,
With a meaning strange and deep,
As of visions seen in sleep.

Something in my inmost thinking,
Tells me I am one with you,
For a subtle bond is linking
Nature's offspring through and through,
And the spirit wakes in me
Of your dauntless bravery.

While I linger here and listen
To the creaking boughs above,
Hung with icicles that glisten
As if kindling into love,
Human heart and soul unite,
With your majesty and might.
Now with hurried steps returning
To the world from whence I came,
Leave I all the great west burning
With the day that died in flame,
And the stars, with silver ray,
Light me on my homeward way.

Brothers, let the poet bring you,
Fitted to a simple rhyme,
Something which the forests sing you,
Through the snow in winter time;
This the burden writ at length:
Calm endurance, silent strength.
—Frederick George Scott.
Pictorial Photography.

The pursuit of photography as a hobby, and for pictorial effects, shows no signs of diminishing even if the army of "snap-shotters" or kodak-fiends is not so numerous as it was five years ago. That the popularity of pictorial photography is unabated is not surprising to any of its devotees, who know the fascination attached to the practice, and who never enjoy themselves so thoroughly as when roaming through the fields and woods with a camera, seeking subjects for effective portrayal.

The indiscriminate exposing, on any and every occasion, practiced by the great majority of those owning cameras must be distinguished from the more serious and decidedly more satisfying pursuit in question. In the former case no particular ability is required, while in the latter both artistic taste and technical skill are demanded for successful results; the one in the selection and arrangement of the subjects to the best possible advantage; the other in the after-treatment of the practical details necessary for obtaining the desired result. Although it is very important that the photographer should possess sufficient artistic taste to be able to recognize subjects that will produce effective results, and to compose such subjects in the most suitable way, yet it is, in my opinion, almost equally essential that this artistic knowledge should be accompanied by sufficient technical skill, as exhibited in the choice of plate and exposure and in the manipulation of developer and printing process; to produce an adequate representation of such subjects. Unfortunately: only a small percentage of photographers possess such a happy combination of qualities, and this will perhaps explain why so few of the thousands of photographs extant, barring of course those taken for scientific purposes or as records, have any pictorial value. A photograph to be worth preserving should have a general as well as a personal or local interest, and should afford pleasure to those seeing it without the aid of titles or explanations. It is the purpose of this short article, in so far as it is possible, to give beginners in photography a few hints that may be of service to them in producing photographs of artistic value, and not mere records of persons, places, or events.
In the first place, the practice of taking photographs by means of a focusing scale, and without observing the image on the ground glass must be entirely abandoned. It not only leads to needless exposures and a careless habit of "snapping" everything in sight, but from its very nature it forbids any careful study of the composition of the subject.

No one can possibly hope to accomplish anything worth keeping who does not own a tripod and focusing cloth and persistently use them.

The first thing to be considered, after a certain amount of photographic experience has been attained, is the choice of subject and, consequently, of motive. No picture is worthy of the name unless it immediately suggests its title, unless there is one and only one principal object, and unless it represents but one idea or motive. To confine a photograph to one principal object or idea is, however, by no means so easy as it sounds. The one invariable and unchangeable property of the photographic lens is to accurately record everything within its range; and this property is, as has just been seen, very frequently a disadvantage.
for artistic purposes. Generally one part of the scene requires to be emphasized and the rest subordinated, but unless great care is taken all parts may have equal prominence, or even a subordinate detail may be the most pronounced. In this respect the artist has a decided advantage over the photographer. It is a comparatively easy matter for the former to omit any detail that does not harmonize with the balance of the subject, or even to substitute portions of other scenes, but such a method is not possible in photography.

Skilful handling of his apparatus, however, will enable the photographer to overcome, partially if not entirely, many difficulties of this nature. In this respect he will find the great advantage, nay the absolute necessity, of observing the full sized image on the focusing screen or ground glass of the camera. If he neglects this aid, he has no guide to the success or otherwise of the devices he may have used for suppressing the objectionable or emphasizing the desirable features of his subject. Among these devices, when the object themselves are immovable, may be mentioned, and will be briefly discussed, the change of viewpoint, the choice of suitable focal length of lens, and the use of diffusion of focus.
None, but those who have had considerable experience in photographing outdoor scenes, can have any idea of the difference produced in the appearance of the picture by a change in the position of the camera. Frequently a change of a few feet in the view point will transform a very ordinary photograph into a pleasing and harmonious picture. By using such means the main idea or motive of the picture may be rendered more prominent, and objectionable details frequently suppressed or reduced to insignificance; the effect, in either case, being a decided improvement to the composition. Again, without suppressing or even reducing them, change of view point may cause previously unsuitable details to harmonise with the subject and so enhance rather than detract from the effect. Generally, also, there is one particular position from which the subject appears most effective, and no exposure should be made until it has been decided from sufficient examination that the best possible point of view has been selected.

The choice of focal length of the lens to be used is quite analogous to choice of view point, being indeed dependent on the one or the other; for, in order to maintain unchanged the range of subject included, a change in focal length requires a change in view point. To those unfamiliar with the action of lenses, the difference between short and long focus lenses may be briefly stated thus—the short focus lens includes a greater number of objects or a larger range of subject, but represents them on a smaller scale than the long focus lens; the short focus lens emphasizes the near foreground and diminishes the distance in contradiction to the long focus lens which frequently omits or overlooks the near foreground while emphasizing the distance. Here, evidently, is an additional aid to composition which, in conjunction with change of view point, will enable any desired object to be emphasized or subdued, and puts considerable power in the hands of the skilful photographer for successfully attacking his problem.

The third adjunct, diffusion of focus, is a property of the lens, when used with a large aperture, by which it can form sharp images of objects situated in one plane only, that is to say
at one particular distance from the camera, but this distance can be varied at will by suitably focusing the camera. Objects at other distances are represented by images, more or less diffuse or fuzzy according to their distances from the specified plane, and according to the size of aperture. All objects in the field of view will form sharp images by using very small apertures; while large apertures will give diffuse images to all objects but those in the one particular plane. If the object to be emphasized is sharply focused upon at large aperture it will be rendered more promin-

![Corn](image)

ent; while details nearer to or farther from the camera will be subdued owing to the softening of their outlines thus produced.

It can readily be seen how the employment of such devices will enable the photographer to modify, to a considerable extent at any rate, the relative importance of the various details of his picture. By changing the view point, he can entirely change the appearance and composition of the subject; by changing the focal length of the lens, and perforce the distance from the principal object, he can increase or diminish the relative size of minor details; and by increasing or diminishing the aperture of the lens, he can render more or less diffuse any object or objects desired. Although, unlike the artist, he cannot insert or omit objects at
will, considerable power is placed in the hands of the skilful photographer by these devices to modify the composition of his picture.

A further and very important consideration is suitable lighting. No matter how carefully the details mentioned above may have been worked out, the whole effect may be spoiled by unsuitable lighting. Moreover, the question of light and shade has to be considered in the selection of viewpoint, owing to the fact that it is not possible to obtain effective results in a subject lighted from behind, notwithstanding advice sometimes given to the amateur photographer. The sun or main source of light in nearly every case, be in front or to either side, else...
picture assuredly be flat and lacking in vigour and character. The most suitable lighting varies, of course, with the subject and composition, and can only be determined when the conditions are known. A very prevalent error among photographers, due probably to the too general practice of "snap-shooting," is the belief that the photograph should be taken in the brightest possible sunshine, and near the middle of the day. So far is this from being the case, that photographers desiring pictorial effect rarely think of making exposures when the sun is nearly overhead, but preferably choose the early morning or late afternoon when the lengthened shadows produce far more pleasing results. Examples of this may be seen in the "Muskoka Oat Field" and in "Harvesting." In the former the sun was almost directly in front, and so near the horizon that it was difficult to shade the direct rays from the lens without cutting off the top of the picture. The chief charm of the picture, the lighting on the tops of the sheaves and on the trees in the middle distance, would be lost in any other position of the sun. In "Harvesting" also, taken about five o'clock in the afternoon, the lengthened shadows are a decided advantage. For many subjects, too, a softer light than full sunshine will give much more harmonious effects. In "Corn," though the sun was shining only faintly, the glint of light on the stalks and leaves is quite sufficient to brighten up the picture and give the necessary vigour, while there would have been danger of harshness with a stronger light. In "Cattle" also, although the sun was completely obscured, it is very doubtful if a brighter light would have effected any improvement.

So far only one side of the subject has been touched upon, that which calls for the exercise of artistic taste; but the more mechanical, the strictly photographic side is scarcely less important than the former in the production of high class work. No matter how carefully the subject may be composed and arranged, nor how suitably it may be lighted, the result will be a total failure, unless the photographer possesses sufficient technical skill to so choose his plate and exposure, and to so regulate his development and printing as to give the effect he desires. It is, of course, impossible in this short article to go into details of this
character, but I trust I may be pardoned for dwelling, briefly, on
the kind of plate desirable to use to obtain the best results.

That the ordinary plate does not correctly represent the
relative luminosities or brightnesses of the different colors has
long been known. That blue produces a light, and yellow a dark
tone in the ordinary photograph, is a well known defect of the
ordinary plate due to its very limited range of sensitiveness to
color, which renders it quite unsuitable for the satisfactory re-
production of color values. The reds, yellows, and greens, so
frequently met with in nature, are very imperfectly represented
by the ordinary plate which is practically color blind to these
tones and can only see, as it were, through blue spectacles. The
employment of an orthochromatic or color sensitive plate over-
comes this difficulty, and furnishes a means of obtaining pictures
giving adequate representation to all colors. No such absurd
effects as black yellows and white blues, black grass or foliage
and white sky need be seen when such a plate is intelligently
employed. It has the additional advantages of giving brilliant
and, at the same time, beautifully graded effects, and of repro-
ducing very faithfully the natural appearance of clouds and sky.
Although orthochromatic plates were used for each of the nega-
tives from which the accompanying illustrations were made, yet
perhaps "Scarboro Cliffs" and "Dandelions" illustrate, in the
most marked manner, the advantages of the process. In the
former, notice particularly the distinction between the sun-
lighted white cliff and the dark blue of the sky, and also be-
tween the sky and the light fleecy clouds. Every photographer
knows, that on the ordinary plate, the sky and cliff would be
barely distinguishable from one another, and there would not be
the faintest trace of such light clouds. In "Dandelions" the
flowers in bloom are represented by a light instead of a dark
tone, and the different shades of green in the foliage are well
represented in the gradations of the photograph. Indeed so
numerous are the advantages of this process, that no amateur
photographer seeking pictorial effects can afford to neglect the
means here offered of correctly representing the colors of his sub-
ject in monochrome.
I can only hope, in conclusion, that I may have been able to tempt some of those, who hitherto have only been playing with the subject, to procure a tripod and focusing cloth, and test for themselves the pleasure as well as profit that will undoubtedly ensue from a determined effort to enhance the quality of their products. Let every photographer remember that his hobby, unlike many others, cannot fail to result, when perseveringly followed, in pleasure to others as well as to himself.

J. S. Plaskett, B. A.

De Alumnis.

When a graduating Class has shaken hands and boarded the train, it seldom meets again without the absence of one or more of its members. The graduates of '08 may be glad to hear news of their fellow-classmen.

The Rev. M. C. M. Shewen is in-charge of the Parish of Doaktown, in the Diocese of New Brunswick. Mr. J. H. V. Bourne is acting as Lay Reader at Fox Point, Diocese of Algoma. Mr. J. H. Crowdy has resumed his duties as assistant master at Upper Canada College. Mr. S. C. Kennedy is at present at the College of Pharmacy in Toronto, while Mr. D. G. Bray has joined the Medical Faculty of McGill University. The Schools of the Province have claimed no less than three of the members who are in charge of Academies, Mr. G. W. Findlay at Bedford, Mr. W. M. Moore at Cowansville, and Mr. A. E. Rivard at St. Lambert's. The other graduates of '03 are still with us in the Divinity Faculty.

The football match against McGill brought with it a good many faces once familiar in these halls. Our old friend T. F. Donnelly '94, played for us as a representative of the Medical Faculty, while on the other side we found as Captain of the McGill team, Hunter Wurtele '00; Ernest Rankin '00, acted as Referee, and W. G. M. Robertson '96, as Umpire to the great satisfaction of both sides.
The Rev. C. W. Balfour, '97, has resigned his Curacy at Sherbrooke to become Rector of Huntsville Ont., in the Diocese of Algoma. Mr. Balfour will leave for his new field of work at the beginning of the New Year with the best wishes of his many friends.

The Rev. Ethelbert Browne, '99, a former Business Manager of the Mitre, is we understand to succeed Mr. Balfour at Sherbrooke. Mr. Browne has been in England since he graduated, and we are glad to welcome him back to Canada.

The Rev. A. H. Wurtele, '97, is working in New York at the Chapel of St. Agnes.

Mr. H. D. Hunting, '01, is Assistant at the Westmount Academy.

Mr. L. D. Von Iffland '90, has been appointed to succeed Mr. W. E. Enright, '99, at the head of the Cookshire Academy.

Mr. J. H. Keller '97, has resigned his post at the Academy in Sherbrooke and gone into the Life Insurance Business. Mr. Keller intends to live and work in Mexico.

We are sorry to have to chronicle two cases of illness this month. Allan Wilkinson, son of the Rev. B. G. Wilkinson '90, has we regret to say shown signs of tuberculosis, and Mr. Wilkinson has left England and gone to St. Montz in Switzerland where he has charge of the English Church.

The Rev. E. N. R. Burns '97, Rector of St Luke's Church Hamilton Ont., met with a very unpleasant experience the other day. Mr. Burns had a very bad cold and took some cough mixture to relieve it, but the remedy seems to have been worse than the disease and he was laid up in bed in a very wretched condition, for some days. We are very glad to say that he is now rapidly recovering.

Mr. R. D. Thompson '00, has sent word of himself. He is working on the staff of the Evening Telegram in New York.

A meeting of the Executive Committee of the Alumni Association was held at Sherbrooke on Dec. 1st. It was decided that it would be impossible to hold a general meeting of the Association at Christmas, owing to the fact that the Clergy Lectures will not be given this year.
The Executive Committee are very anxious to arrange for another Alumni Association dinner on the evening of the day before Convocation. It is hoped that members will make an early note of this fact and make their arrangements accordingly.

A proposal was also made at this meeting that the Association should publish a year book containing illustrations of the College and a list of graduates with full information as to their whereabouts and work etc. We hope to have more to say upon this subject in our next issue, as well as upon the question of advertising the University which we referred to in our last.

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**Federation of Trinity.**

The federation of Trinity University with the University of Toronto has just been formally announced in the Ontario Gazette. It would not be possible to form an opinion as to whether this step is likely to prove beneficial to the two Universities concerned and the cause of education at large, without referring to the terms of the agreement. A careful study of these, however, should satisfy most people that by the change Trinity has but little to lose and much to gain.

There is no real danger of her losing her distinctive character or her valued traditions. She will retain her present buildings in the western part of the city, with all the associations attached to previous years, and thus no violent break with the past is involved. From one point of view at least, the most essential features of Trinity's life have been features of College rather than University life, and the College should be able to retain its individuality and peculiar character without at the same time holding aloof in any way from friendly intercourse with all the sister colleges, or from the wider life of the University.

It is true that in adopting the Toronto University curriculum, Trinity loses a part of the summer term, with all its pleasant conditions and healthy influences. (One can only hope for fine Aprils and Mays in the future). But educationally the
longer course of four years cannot but bring some advantage. It should mean that fuller and more complete instruction can be given in all subjects, and a higher standard of efficiency secured. In several subjects, Trinity will continue to teach her own students at her own expense as before. These are Theology, Greek, Latin, Ancient History, English, French, German, Oriental Languages and Ethics. She will be relieved of the expense of maintaining teachers and providing equipment in Mathematics, History, Political Science, Philosophy; and Science in its various branches; and as provision is being made for the duplication of lectures in most of these subjects except Science, at Trinity College, the majority of her students will be saved the necessity of going up to Queen's Park every day. And with regard to Science as "applied," Trinity has much to gain, since hitherto she has not of herself been able to provide instruction in it to any extent.

Little has yet been said with regard to Trinity's position as the Anglican Church College of Ontario. In the University this position will remain intact. She will hold a place somewhat similar to that of King's College in the University of London, or Keble and Selwyn at Oxford and Cambridge, and there seems no reason why her influence should not extend over a wider area than before when coming into contact with a larger body of men and women;—especially as there is reason to hope that Trinity may in future receive several members of the English Church who, from one cause and another, (such as the necessity of being where training in applied science can be acquired), would have under previous conditions gone to University College.

Trinity, while conditionally giving up her position as a University, retains complete autonomy as a College. Hence the residence system, with both its beneficial discipline, and its pleasant social life, is maintained without alteration. The Chapel worship and instruction in Divinity for all students will go on as before,—and this latter will not mean an additional 'course' for Trinity men, but will be of the nature of a compulsory option where members of other Colleges can take other subjects if they prefer. As a training College for the University Trinity remains unaltered.
Toronto University should also gain something from this addition to her forces. It means a larger total number of students, additional teachers, and more educational facilities. The Provincial University with its strength thus augmented, (and Trinity’s influence is great in proportion to its size and numbers,) should be able to present a stronger claim than ever upon the government for complete endowment and support. And there can be little doubt that with this concentration of forces and effort the cause of higher education in the country will be substantially furthered.

E. O. S.

NOTE.—The University of Toronto and University College are technically distinct; the University being the examining and degree-giving body, while partly engaged in teaching; the College being wholly a teaching Institution. In the future this distinction will be more marked, and there will be three Arts Teaching Colleges, all officially in exactly the same footing within the University:—i. e. University College (the largest numerically), Victoria College (Methodist), and Trinity College. Wycliffe, Knox, and S. Michaels’ Colleges, are theological Colleges only, and do not as such give an arts teaching. McMaster College (Baptist) remains a separate University.

Divinity Notes

Rev. G. Osborne Troop, M. A. of St. Martin’s Church Montreal, addressed the Missionary Union on the evening of November 28th. Besides the Students, many friends from the School and village were present. Mr. Troop’s subject, “Tramp life as I have seen it in the city of Montreal,” was replete with personal experiences, which go far to show how much may be done through the exercise of kindness and by personal interest in men and women of this class. The earnestness and sincerity with which this interesting subject was set forth impressed all who were present.

On Sunday morning November 29th, Mr. Troop preached the Annual Missionary sermon in the Chapel from the words—

“As truly as I live, all the earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord.” Numbers xiv—21.
He pointed out that the humblest believer may be a Christian Statesman, looking out upon the world of mankind from the Council Chamber of the King of Kings, and with the eyes of the Victorious Son of God. The Scriptures carefully distinguished between the Jews, the Nations and the Church of God, and we should never forget this striking division of the human family.

The Bible was shown to be a supernatural book by its manifest foreknowledge of human history down to and far beyond our own day. The history of the Jews, the Nations and the Church of God was being lived out before our eyes on lines laid down centuries ago in the Word of God.

No Christian Statesman could afford to leave out of view the Jews who were still jealously preserved, though wanderers among the nations.

The Preacher then instanced the remarkable prophecy of Hosea iii.—4, 5. "The children of Israel shall abide many days without King, and without prince, and without sacrifice, and without pillar, and without ephod or teraphim: afterward shall the children of Israel return, and seek the Lord their God and David their King; and shall come with fear unto the Lord and to His goodness in the latter days."

In this and many kindred prophecies both Israel and Judah were marvellously described in their pathetic experience of judgement, and also assured of eventual restoration to their land and to their King, the Messiah, in the latter days.

And according to the Revised Version of Acts iii. 19—21, St. Peter, speaking to Jews, made "the times of restoration of all things" contingent upon their national repentance, which St. Paul also foretold would be as "life from the dead" to the world. What a majestic title was given to Abraham when St. Paul boldly called him "the heir of the world!"

For the Church of God the next supremely great event in her divine history was the return of the Lord Jesus Christ to claim His Bride. The meeting-place between the Lord and His own was declared by St. Paul to be "in the air". The Holy Spirit
was now making ready from Jew and Gentile "a people for His Name," who should be ready to meet the coming King and return with Him to be witnesses of His future dealings with the Jews and with the world. "For, according to His promise, we look for new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness."

The following work has been done this term by various members of the Brotherhood of Readers:—

Rev. J. J. Seaman, B. A., has taken duty at Danville and East Sherbrooke, and also, with Rev. J. H. Nelms, assisted Rev. P. Callis at Sawyerville.

Mr. F. Plaskett, B. A., has taken Sunday duty at Stanstead and Danville, besides going twice to Colebrook.

Mr. A. J. Vibert, assisted the Rev. A. H. Robertson, at Cookshire on November 22nd, and has also taken the services at Brompton Falls regularly.

Mr. G. E. Fletcher, who was lately elected a member of the Brotherhood, went to Windsor Mills, for November 22nd.

We take this opportunity of thanking Rev. J. J. Seaman, B. A., for his able demonstration of the truth of that old proverb which maps out the road to the human heart. Mr. Seaman's barrel of apples was highly appreciated. We are sorry—but why? Because we too have found the truth of a proverb which treats of one fault of good things.

We have lately enjoyed visits from Rev. E. R. Roy, B. A., East Angus, Rev. W. T. Wheeler, B. A., Dixville, Rev. F. G. Vial, M.A., Fitch Bay, and Rev. P. Callis, B. A., Sawyerville: It is one of the great pleasures of College life to renew from time to time old friendships, and to live over scraps of our lives thus brought back to us.

One of our number has evidently set his mind on a high percentage in the coming exams, for we note that he has invested in a brand new alarm clock. We would advise him not to pin his faith on so frail an ally. Alarm clocks are only wheels and cogs; besides too rude an awakening is bad for the heart.
Athletic Notes.

On Nov. 12th, the second paper chase of the season was held. The two hares, Harding and Adams laid the first paper near the Infirmary and from thence to the River St. Francis. Here the hounds following fast after them came upon a false scent, but soon found the true one which led across the bridge towards Moulton Hill, and from thence to the river. The pack crossed the stream, and after a few minutes search struck the right trail, which led across the country to the brick-yard near the C. P. R. track. The hounds were again at fault at this point for about ten minutes, but on resuming the chase the paper was found thickly strewn across the C. P. R. track and along the Huntingville road for nearly a mile. Here the trail ended, the pack then raced for home by the shortest route, coming into the College about twenty minutes after the hares, Seaman I being first, followed closely by Messrs. Routh and Read, the others arriving in a few seconds later.

The last paper-chase of the season took place on November, 14th. Read and Bonelli being the hares. A start was made at 2.41., p.m., the hounds following five minutes later. The track lay along the Pottery Hill through the woods towards Huntingville. Two trails were here discerned, one leading over the bridge and the other up the river. Both were followed out by the hounds and the pack was led to within half-a-mile of Milby. The trail now crossed the Salmon River, through the Ledge, and across the C. P. R., track to a bush on the other side of Mr. Mitchell’s farm, where it ended. A straight run was then made by the hounds for home, most of them returning by way of the C. P. R. track, and coming in about twenty minutes after the hares. Harding was first, closely followed by Seaman I and Mr. Routh, the others coming in later. The distance covered by the run was nearly ten miles.

The School rink is fast nearing completion. According to the contract it has to be ready by January 1st. It is 140 feet long and 60 feet wide, and is being so constructed that additions
to its length can be made at any time. With the rink at our doors College hockey ought to take a boom, and it is the duty of every man to join the rink and learn to play Canada's winter game, so that Bishop's College may again regain the coveted position she once held in Eastern Townships Hockey.

We are favoured this year with an unusual season. Many people are seen enjoying themselves skating on the River St. Francis. Hockey matches have been indulged in by the students, and a favourite question you hear asked on all sides is, "Are you going for a skate this afternoon?" It is a season for beginners and the timid.

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**Book Review.**


This is not, as its name would indicate, a tale of the sea, but rather a story of courts, diplomacy and love. It has as its base the famous love affairs of Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton. The scene opens in Naples and a description is given of the varying fortunes of that gay but pretty monarchy in the stirring times following the victory of Nelson at the Nile, and of the pretenses who played in it. The story is then transferred to England, and a graphic picture is given us of bohemian London at that period. Altogether Mr. Molineaux has given us a novel full of the inner life of England's naval hero, with accurate historical details and with incidents of a thrilling nature that keep up the interest to the very end. The narrative is written in the first person, supposedly the chronicle left by Nelson's friend Vice Admiral Hardy.


Mr. Crawford evidently delights in the nations of Southern Europe. He has again chosen Rome for the scene of his lat-
est novel. "The very heart of the Eternal City—all the trends of thought and action, all the hopes of rich and poor—Mr. Crawford has essayed to put in his new novel. He has written a most absorbing story and drawn modern Roman life as it has never been drawn by a foreign before". Many interesting characters are introduced, but especially delightful and strong are the hero and heroine. There is thrilling adventure in the account of the night they spent whilst imprisoned by the rise of the "lost water" in an old Roman subterranean aqueduct. The rest of the story narrates the entanglements resulting from this adventure.

Many remarkable reflections and sayings are to be found, viz. "The snob thinks most of the treatment he receives from the world; the gentleman thinks first how he shall act courteously to others," and in comparing the two sexes he says. "Women are, in a sense, the embodiment of practice, while men are the representatives of theory.——Women jump; men go round.——Women believe ——Men theorize." The book will afford entrancing reading for the Christmas season.

The binding and typography of these two books leaves nothing to be desired.

_Arts Notes,_

The annual "At Home", given by the Professors and Students of the College, took place on the evening of November 19th. During the last two or three years this event has been growing more and more in favor, and the last was pronounced by those present to have been one of the most successful and enjoyable. In Rev. Dr. Parrock, Rev. J. J. Seaman, B. A., T. H. Iveson, B. A., E. S. Read '04 and G. E. Fletcher '04, we had an experienced and well tried committee; and the great pleasure of the evening was in a large measure, due to their attention to detail in making the arrangements. The dancing took place in the School dining-hall opening off from the Council Chamber. Both rooms were tastefully decorated with flags, shaded lights and the College colors of purple and white. Hubbard's Orchestra played
in their own excellent and well known style the latest of gay two-
steps and dreamy waltzes, so inviting to dance. No small part of
the success of the dance was due to Mrs. Whitney, who threw open
the Lodge, so beautiful in its interior arrangements, and affording
such cozy ‘sitting-out’ places in all kinds of delightful corners.

The guests were received in the Common Room by Mrs.
Whitney, who wore a beautiful gown of white chiffon, Mrs. Par-
rock in a lovely gown of becoming white, and Mrs. Scarth in black
satin and lace.

Among the guests, were Mr. Dickenson, Arts ’04, represen-
tative from McGill; J. C. Seaman, B. A., representative from
the Diocesan Theological College, Montreal; Mr. Crutchlow,
representative from the Medical Faculty of the University.

Supper was served in the College dining-hall about mid-
night, and the gay party did not break up until the early hours
of the morning.

Mr. F. Plaskett, B. A., our representative to the dinner
given by Bishop’s Medical Faculty in Montreal on December 3rd,
reports a good time and is loud in his praise of the kind hospita-
ility of the Medicos.

The last Meeting of the Debating Society for the Michael-
mas term took place on the evening of November 16th. The
question for debate; “Resolved that the pen is mightier than the
sword,” was a most unsatisfactory one as all proverbs must be as
subjects for debate. We have come to the conclusion that the Com-
mittee might exert itself to find subjects of more practical inter-
est. At the present time when great political questions are
being discussed, it should not be a difficult matter to find an in-
teresting subject for debate. The affirmative was led by the
Rev. J. H. Nelms, supported by Messrs. Read and Love. The
negative was upheld by Messrs. A. J. Vibert, Miall and Walling.
While the Judges were arriving at a decision, many side speeches
were given. The decision of the judges was in favor of the
affirmative. The Critic, Rev. E. J. Bidwell, M. A. complimented
the speakers on the easy and fluent manner in which they spoke,
but he reminded them that, while they must not neglect to cultivate
fluency of speech, they must also pay attention to their argument, and above all things avoid misstatement of facts. Leaving out of the question the style in which some of the speeches were delivered, a lack of preparation was evident in the majority.

We noticed in the Rev. A. Stevens' report of King's Hall, Compton to the St. Francis District Association, an allusion to the efforts of the authorities of the Wesleyan School at Stanstead to establish a Normal School in connection with that institution. We quite agree with Mr. Stevens that such an institution should be established in connection with the Arts department of a university, and most certainly with Bishop's University as the university of the Eastern Townships. An institution of this kind, is no doubt a necessity in raising the standard of primary education in the townships, and if a Normal School is to be organized by the Educational Department we would point out that there is no more convenient centre than Lennoxville, which is in close proximity to Sherbrooke, the metropolis of the Eastern Townships, and also that the work should be intrusted to a university rather than a collegiate school.

The University has received as a kindly memorial of his Excellency's the Governor General's visit at Convocation time last year two large prints of himself and Lady Minto; these are to be placed in the Council Chamber, which is now fairly well furnished with pictures of Ex-chancellors, Principals and others.

FRESHMEN LOGIC.

(Lieutenant from Malta.)

"How many chapels did you put in last week?"

(Man from Gaspe.) "Only four."

(Lieut.) "Don't you know that you will get yourself into trouble with the professors?"

(Man.) "Well! I intend to put in two today which will make it alright."

(Lieut.) "This is not last week."

(Man.) "It is not next week either."

(Lieut.) "Well! What is it then?"
The Glee Club is still practicing still for the concert to be given next February. Mr. Routh, has promised to compose some local hits for one of the songs and they will be a feature of the entertainment. Just now interest is centred in the Communion Office which is being prepared for the chapel services and is to be sung in unison by the men. This office is the "Missa de Sancto Amphibalo" by Dr. Agutter. It is full of harmony and power, and will be rendered at the ten o'clock celebration on Sunday morning December 6th.

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**Exchange Column.**

"The College Zoo" under the guise of a dialogue in which the Goat, the Owl and the Terrier are prominently concerned, makes it plain that the "bill of fare" admits of plenty of room for improvement.

"We trust that the experiment of federation may prove successful both to the University of Toronto and to Trinity"—*Queen's University Journal*. The Mitre joins with the *Journal* in the good wish.

One of the leading features of the *Presbyterian College Journal*, Montreal, is an article on "The Catholicity of Presbyterianism". It is not long since Protestantism would fly to arms at the mere mention of the word "catholic". We are pleased to know that the prejudice against the word is fast disappearing and that the days of its being considered a term of reproach are passing away.

"Although the men of Trinity were not implicated in the unfortunate proceedings of last Hallowe'en, a change in the manner of observing the event this year was considered advisable... and as a result, no disturbance was created on the streets as on former occasions"—*Trinity Review*. Trinity has taken a step in the right direction and doubtless celebrated Hallowe'en in a manner more dignified and more befitting College students.

"Swans sing before they die,
T'were no bad thing.
Should certain persons die before they sing".—*The Argosy*. 

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The Student of Edinburgh comes to us in a new and striking cover. Nor is the outside the only noticeable feature. The inside matter is crisp and readable, and criticism is given out with a free hand. We quote from the first number. "We may be pardoned for suggesting that our dear mother the University should stir her chariot wheels. Is she going to jog sleepily along while the Carnegie Trust plays stepmother to us? And the doctors have been telling her for some time that she is in a decline—-—She has a new Principal and more than one new Professor. Let them not sit dozing while the wheels are in the ditch."

Other Exchanges receivable are, University of Ottawa Review, McMaster University Monthly, Stanstead College Monthly, The Crozier, Church Times, Trinity College School Record, Manitoba College Journal and Cambridge Review.

ERRATA—in last line of page 96 and sixth word it should read "Ministry" instead of "University."

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