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✧ "THE MITRE." ✧

VOL. XV.

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AT EVENTIDE.

The golden sun is sinking in the West,  
And to him hastes the glory of the day;  
The light is going, ev'ry fading ray  
Home to its father flies and we to rest  
Retire in peace and trust that all is best,  
And that with morn the gloom will pass away  
When light returns at last with us to stay  
And ~~nights~~ <sup>things</sup> now hid will then be manifest.

O Light of Light! Bright Sun that never sets,  
Shine inward and our ev'ry thought make bright;  
Remind us ever he who from Thee gets  
The Light of Life shall swerve not from the right.  
As sunbeams to the sun at even fly  
Draw us Thy sons to Thee the Sun on high.

C. G. LAWRENCE.

A person whose manners were brusque  
Scented his garments with musque  
When he went to the Zoo  
The beasts murmured "Phu,"  
And the elephant sneezed off his tusque.

# The Mitre.



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We think we are making an obvious statement when we say that Bishop's University is beginning a new epoch in her history. This year there has been a record entry and the overflow has had to be accommodated outside the College buildings. The University is larger than it has ever been and among those who have come in we see some who will "make history" in the College. It is a great pleasure to welcome among them some cousins from "across the line" who with the men from the "old country" will give a cosmopolitan touch to the place.

We have in our new Principal an energetic and enthusiastic leader whose whole life and soul is devoted to the University and its expansion—surely the least we can do is to follow loyally in his steps. Now practically the only work under graduates as a body can do for the enlargement of this place is through athletics and

especially intercollegiate athletics. This is one of the strongest legitimate means of making a college known and to be sought as a *man's* institution. Granted, a man does not come to College for athletics—far from it—but a manly man will prefer to fit his mental training where he can enjoy athletic exercise as well. At present the only intercollegiate sport we have is foot-ball. Now the story of our plucky teams—struggling year after year against insuperable obstacles, year after year meeting a 'varsity fifty times her size accepting defeat with a good grace and then grimly determining to do better next time—is rather pathetic. We are glad to be able to say that this story has come to an end, for this year we met McGill on even terms and the defeat—and that a small one—was dealt by the runners-up of the championship. Surely it shows however that we should be represented in intercollegiate athletics by more than our foot-ball team.

Are there then no other ways in which we can meet other universities? There certainly are, and the most reasonable chance is through a track team. In the College at present there is most promising material but how can it be worked up? We have a field in which to play foot-ball endangers life and limb—to run in it in its present condition is out of the question. It must be levelled to make any game in it reasonably safe but why cannot we have a track, around it? To come down to the fine thing what has the College, yet done to forward our athletics? The fact that we have a gymnasium, rink and racquet court is due to the action of the School. Why should we—some sixty strong men, fond of athletics—with every chance to turn out splendid athletes to represent Bishop's at other 'varsities, have no track to train them on? Again, every other university has graduates, public-spirited enough, true enough to their college and generous enough to contribute cups for the advancement of athletics, for the enkindling of greater enthusiasm in it. Is not a Bishop's graduate as loyal as a McGill or Toronto man?

Surely he is.

Some time ago a committee was formed to go into this matter. They got a circular letter printed and sent out over one hundred copies. How many answers? Up-to-date two. I have no more to say now—those men who received those letters have not thought of the matter seriously. I trust they will now see that we ask and *need* their help.

We have a 'varsity of which we are rightly proud—we have a common life that has made friends such as men alone can make—we have a course of intellectual training that will make its mark in Canada in the near future—we want Canada to know of this place—we want these benefits to be more widely spread—we have a leader working to his best ability for this end—we, students of this College, are doing what we can behind him. We appeal to the graduates, who have carried away with them the many benefits of this place—we appeal to the Alumni of Bishop's University to stand behind us.

The readers of the MITRE will notice an attempt to brighten the pages of the magazine by some new headings. We are indebted to Mr. Grant '10 for the clever little sketches and much thanks is due him for his kindness in the matter.

We wish to call attention to a mistake in our last issue. The statement that the Principal Rev. Dr. Parrock was given the degree of LL.D., by the University of King's College, Windsor, is incorrect. The degree was conferred by the University of New Brunswick.

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### THE LADY STUDENTS

Poring over their studies,

Scanning some ancient text,

Working at classics one moment,

Grinding up maths the next.

Moving sedately amongst us,

Steadfast, earnest, and staid,

Their wit and their learning have cast us

Wholly into the shade.

Ne'er are they late for their lectures,

Their proses are always done,

When the strife for prizes is ended,

'Tis always a lady has won.

We seem but children beside them,

Playing some childish game ;

We envy their grave demeanour,

And strive to copy the same.

Yet can we never attain it,

Or climb to the height where they dwell.

So "Te He! Te Ha! The Ladies!"

We give them the honour yell.

BY ONE OF THE MEN

## THE REFORMATION.

*An outline of the History of the Church from A. D., 1503 to A. D. 1648. By the Rev. James Pounder Whitney, B. D., D. C. L., formerly Principal of the University of Bishop's College. Rivingtons, London, 300 p.p. 5 s. net.*

A conspicuous service is being rendered and we doubt not a considerable impetus given to the study of History by two series of historical works, the one issued in 1903-04 and the other one issuing from the publishing house of Messrs. Rivington, 34 King Street, Covent Garden, London, viz : an eight volume series on the eight great periods of European History, and a series of a like number of volumes "Dealing with the history of the Christian Church from the beginning to the present day," the four volumes of which that have been already issued are now, through the courtesy of the publishers, before us.\* The several volumes of the former series are each the work of an eminent historian especially competent to deal with the period assigned to him ; and, taken together the series forms a valuable continuous History of Mediaeval and Modern Europe. As aids to the College Student in laying a broad foundation for the study of history and in stimulating the historic spirit, nothing to equal the volumes of this series has hitherto appeared. We gladly seize this opportunity to commend the earlier series in writing of the later series on *The Church Universal*, for, one does not dip very deep into the history of the Church, especially in mediaeval and modern times, without realizing what Dr. Whitney remarks in connection with the Helvetic Reformation, "how largely the forms in which religious ideas express themselves are moulded by political forces." † We do not wish to infer that the current series on the history of the Church is dependent upon or merely supplemental to the earlier series. Its writers have sufficiently correlated the political events of each period with ecclesiastical thought and life to present a lucid and interesting story.

Mr. Pullan's volume on "The Age of the Fathers" is already a text book in Bishop's College and as such has great value. It is intensely scholarly. Its pages are crowded with summaries of con-

\**The Church of the Fathers.* Rev. Leighton Pullan, M.A. 5s.  
*The Church and the Barbarian.* Rev. W. H. Hutton, B.D. 3s 6d.  
*The Age of Schism.* Herbert Bruce, M.A. 3s 6d.  
*The Reformation.* Rev. J. F. Whitney, B.D. 5s.

†*Cambridge Modern History.* Vol. II, p. 241.

flicting schools of thought, patristic teaching and political environment that frequently bewilder the average reader. The outlook is not always comprehensive nor has the early narrative the literary excellence that compels interest, but the later section which treats of the period after "The cause of Constantine and the cause of Christianity were now identified" sustains the readers interest throughout. It is a work of reference to be mastered and kept close at hand.

The little volume on "The Church and the Barbarian" by Mr. Hutton, Editor of the series, is in a different vein with a literary excellence of grace and charm all its own. As the picture of the work done by the Church in bridging the gulf between the old culture and the barbarians grows under his master hand the eye is anxious to follow every stroke of the brush. Especially valuable is the chapter on Sacraments and Liturgies in view of present day controversies.

The 14th and 15th centuries have never attracted the devout student of Church history, but Mr. Herbert Bruce, in his little book "The Age of Schism" has done much to show how the lamp of piety and devotion was kept burning through this corrupt period. The age that produced the Brethren of the Common Life, and such brilliant luminaries as Dante, Chaucer, à Kempis and Savonarola was never altogether bad. He says: (p. 217). "The great preachers like Savonarola were in their best work but the mouthpiece of what was highest in the religious thought of their contemporaries." The method of the book is revealed in this single sentence and constitutes a fine corrective to the popular theory that the great lights of this dark age were isolated stars in a firmament of deepest blue. In this little book we welcome at last a complete introduction to the age of the Reformation.

The book of the series however which will come to the readers of THE MITRE invested with a unique interest is Dr. Whitney's work on The Reformation. Aside from the privilege of personal acquaintance with the author and his method of treating history which enhances the value of the book, the five active and fruitful years of Dr. Whitney's career as Principal of Bishop's University, during which time he threw himself with characteristic energy into our educational and ecclesiastical life, could not but enable him to view Church problems from a wider standpoint and to treat of his subject in a manner that more completely wins our interest and sympathy. That

it is so no Canadian reader of his book will deny. He illustrates the wisdom of the decrees of the Council of Trent, concerning divorce and remarriage of the so-called innocent party, by the rarity of divorce in Canada; and his chapter on Missions reflects the glory of the work of the Jesuits in New France concerning which Parkman excels himself in eloquent writing. But beyond such instances Dr. Whitney is able, through his close knowledge of the life of the Colonial Church untrammelled by state connection, and enjoying the democratic constitution of free Synodical action, to outline the real needs of and hindrances to reformation. In fact, as he says, (p. 323) it was because ecclesiastical relations, the growth of ages, and taken for the most part on trust, had become matters of political convenience, that a crisis in these relations developed. So long as the Pope was willing to sacrifice the interests of the Church to his political needs, so long the work of Council and Conclave would be confined to hurling anathemas at all who dared to think apart from Rome. In the clear survey of evils and complications arising out of the use or misuse of the temporal power of the Church this book makes its most interesting contribution to the study of this period.

But, considering its size, the story is wonderfully complete. Dr. Whitney condemns as "narrow and unhistorical" the view that the great aim of the Reformation as a whole was to overthrow the catholic conception of the Church.

It began within the Church and was in the best sense a general movement towards the largest positive good. We cannot but feel that the narrow section of the Church of England which effects to despise the English Reformation, where, more than elsewhere, the "Catholic Conception" was most fully adhered to, cannot talk so complacently about the work of the Reformation being brought to completion in our own time after reading Dr. Whitney's eminently fair story. He breathes into his narrative the convictions of a sound and sympathetic theologian. In two instances his manifest desire to fairly deal out praise and blame results in conclusions that challenge popular conceptions on these points.

Instead of the Index being due to or fostered by the influence of the Jesuits it was Canisius the learned and energetic Jesuit, who pointed out that the true remedy against error lay in widely diffused learning, while force alone was useless." In this Canisius voices the general policy of the Society of Jesus in its earlier days.

Again, "The Marian persecution was neither unique nor without palliation." The Lords of the Council are made to share the blame and guilt thereof with Pole and the poor, saddened Queen.

A third striking feature of the book is its literary excellence. The fascinating grace and fidelity of the gem-like biographies of the leading figures cause them to live again in these pages. There is Erasmus, "the cosmopolitan scholar at home wherever learning was to be found, and.....with no patriotism to counteract his wider tastes", and Luther "a man of impulse and instinct rather than reflection and insight" and Zwingli whose "religious ideal was soon bound up with politics"; but there are also S. Vincent de Paul who "was always beginning some new form of doing, some new form of teaching; and whose life completed is the best of lessons," and the "saintly prelate and cardinal," S. Carlo Borromeo, and S. Francis de Sales whose "great wish was to carry always with him the Atmosphere of the Altar." Pole is there "showing excellence of intention joined to weakness of execution." and Archbishop Laud, representing "the course the English Reformation might have run steadily and throughout, but for foreign and temporary influences."

With consummate skill the reader finds himself introduced to these leading figures only to be conducted forthwith to some coign of vantage whence he can survey the entire field of action.

As we read the splendid summary which occupies the closing pages we could not suppress a feeling of regret that the book is necessarily so brief, the progress so rapid and the author compelled to refrain from directly pointing the moral for our own time of many of the scenes in his story.

The style is lucid, rapid and modern. The statement that the Duke of Guise "controlled the party machine" is peculiarly graphic to us as is the position of Laud "up against strongly fixed opinions." We think Dr. Whitney can enhance the value of his book by following the practice of his fellow-writers in this series and including footnotes and references to authorities in his work. He is so thoroughly imbued with the historic spirit that he inevitably stimulates research and while his work gives the general reader a fine version of the whole story of the Reformation it is destined we doubt not to guide many a student through his study of "the Church as a divine institution with a continuous life" during these stormy and perilous years.

A. H. M.

## THE NORSE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

BY H. E. MALDEN, M. A., F. R. H. S.

*(Continued from October issue).*

It is necessary to begin with Greenland for further voyages to America were connected with the settlement. One Herjulf went with Eric to Greenland. Bjarni Herjulfson was at the time in Norway, and made a trading voyage to Iceland intending to pass the winter with his father. On his arrival he found Herjulf gone, and determined to go after him, though, said he to his ship's company, "imprudent will our voyage appear, as no one of us has been in these seas before." For three days they sailed towards Greenland, and then strong north winds and thick weather came on and they were driven from their course for many days, and knew not where they were. Then they saw the sun again, and sailed for one day and then saw land, but Bjarni said it could not be Greenland. It was flat country with woods and small eminences. They left the land on their port hand and sailed north-east, till they lost sight of the land over their port quarter. Two days later they again discovered land of a similar character on the port bow. The sailors wanted to go ashore, but Bjarni said it could not be Greenland, for there were no high ice hills. Then they sailed for three days before a south-west wind, and saw land for the third time, high, with mountains and ice. Still Bjarni persisted that it was not Greenland. The autumn was coming on, and he did not want to delay his voyage, so would not land, as they had plenty of supplies. He turned his stern to the land, and after four days made the coast of Greenland close to where his father had settled, and there he abode, with Herjulf his father and succeeded him in his land. Such is the substance of a simple account of the first discovery of North America. The details are not sufficient to enable us to fix the points with certainty, but it appears that Bjarni coasted Newfoundland and Labrador; unless indeed his original direction from the north was long enough continued to have brought him to Nova Scotia and Cape Breton. But the former points seem more probable.

People thought Bjarni unadventurous because he had not landed, and did not go back to the countries which he had seen. Shortly afterwards there came to Greenland Leif the son of Eric the original

coloniser of the country. Leif was a trader, and probably a pirate on occasion, who had some reputation and could command a following. He bought the ship of Bjarni and engaged thirty five men for a voyage of exploration. He wished his father Eric to go with him ; but as Eric was riding towards the ship his horse stumbled, and he fell off and sprained his foot. "Then," said he, "I will not go, I am not fated " to discover more countries." It is interesting to notice that Eric rode. An Icelandic pony could be kept in Greenland. So Leif and his thirty five men sailed. Whether they had any of Bjarni's company amongst them, as well as his ship, does not appear. They sailed first to that land which Bjarni had seen last, and landed, but were not pleased with it. Leif called it Helluland, from *Hella*, a stone. The name seems to have been applied to both Labrador and Newfoundland. Then Leif went further south, and called the land Mark land, or Woodland, from the forests. This was probably Nova Scotia. Then he stretched out to sea and came in two days with a north east wind to an island near the shore. This was perhaps Nantucket or Martha's Vineyard, and passing onwards from this through narrow sounds they finally came ashore in what they called a lake, but which was probably Mount Hope Bay, the land locked water behind Rhode Island. Here they built wooden houses and passed the winter. Before winter came Tyrker, a German, who was of the party found wild grapes, and they prepared a cargo of raisins, and of wood, highly valuable in Greenland, and next spring sailed back thither. The country where they spent the winter they called Vinland because of the grapes. Leif was called Leif the Lucky after this. This seems to have been in the years 994-995.

His enterprise was so successful that his brother Thorwald borrowed Leif's ship, and sailed a few years later to the same place. He explored the country further, but now for the first time they encountered the natives. They call them the Skraelings. They were black and ill favoured, with coarse hair, broad faces and large eyes. They were perhaps rather Esquimaux than Indians, the former having not yet been driven northwards nor reduced to their present condition by the rigours of the climate into which they have been forced. The same name Skraelings is applied in Icelandic to the natives of Greenland. "Black" need not be construed literally. They were dark complexioned, and of course dirty. The meeting was disastrous, for the Skraelings were hostile and discharged arrows, one

of which killed Thorwald, the first European to be buried in America.

A third son of Eric, Thorstein, next essayed an expedition, but was driven back to the western settlement in Greenland by a storm, and there fell a victim to fever which was general in the settlement. His widow Gudrid went back to her brother-in-law's, Leif's, house, and there subsequently married Thorfinn Karlsefne, with whom begins another story.

The above is from the Saga of Eric the Red. The Saga of Thorfinn Karlsefne is later in date. It is confidently ascribed to Hauk Erlendson, *Lagman*, lawman as we should say, of Iceland in 1295. He was descended from Thorfinn Karlsefne and Gudrid. There is one marked discrepancy with the Saga of Eric the Red, but not of a nature to discredit the narrative. Thorwald the son of Eric who has been killed once by the Skraelings is killed over again when sailing with Thorfinn, but in the same way. The common fact of the two stories, that he was killed by an arrow and buried on a promontary with a wooden cross over his grave, whence the promontary was called Crossness, is rendered the more credible. A mere inventor and a copyist would have stuck to the same story. He and his brothers were of the first generation of Christians in Iceland and Greenland.

Thorfinn was descended from Kings in Norway, Sweden, Scotland and Ireland. Very petty kings no doubt for the most part, but he was a man of wealth and influence. He took out several ships, 160 persons including some women, and also had cattle on board. He intended a permanent settlement. He sailed in 1007, and his Saga said that he named Helluland and Markland as he coasted along them. Unlike Leif, who had reached out to sea from Nova Scotia and gone wide round Cape Cod, Thorfinn coasted along Massachusetts, and landed on Cape Cod, then sailing close round it. He finally made the same points as Leif, whose wooden houses he found still standing. This however was in the second summer. The first winter was passed on the shores of Cape Cod Bay. Here an adventure befell them which illustrates the half and half state of religion of the Norsemen. Among them was one Thorhall, a hunter, a big man usually silent but very foul spoken when he spoke at all, "and a very bad Christian." The fishing had failed, and though not starving the company was discontented for want of fresh food. One day Thorhall was missing. He was discovered lying on his back on a

rock making strange grimaces, and when asked what he was doing said he was making verses to the red bearded Thor. Then he pointed out to sea, saying "the red bearded is more helpful than your Christ; "see what my verses have sent me." Then they saw a dead whale floating close in shore. They hauled it up and cooked and ate slices off it. Not unnaturally dead whale disagreed with them, and they were sick. This, they said, is an impiety, and they threw the rest of the whale into the sea. Thórhall afterwards deserted with one ship. He was driven over to Ireland and the ship's company were made slaves by the Danes of Ireland.

*(To be continued.)*

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## CANADA THROUGH FRENCH EYES.

MY DEAR CLEMENT,

, Que., Nov. 07.

When I left the shores of "la Belle France" over two years ago, to seek a new home in a far-distant land, I promised most faithfully to give you a true and complete account of my impressions from the day I set foot on Canadian soil.

I have kept you waiting a long time, but pray, before you accuse me of lack of faith and sundry offences of the same sort, hear what I have to say in defence. The reason why I have delayed so long the first instalment of my impressions is a very worthy one. In fact there are two reasons :

First : A personal one. As these letters of mine might be read by other persons less partial than you to my imperfections, I wanted to wait until the knowledge of the subject was good enough to allow me to speak without running the risk of "making a fool of myself." This is not what you might call literary language but more impressive than anything I can think of.

Secondly : Since I am going to pass as a critic and a judge of the good people of this land: it was only fair to them that I should so study the case that I might render an impartial verdict.

And now where and how shall I begin ? There are so many sides to the questions. I want to treat that I hardly know which one to start with. I think the best plan to follow is to give you first a general idea of the country and the people living therein and afterwards speak of the peculiarities of the life here.

I must, in starting, knock out of shape a fancy which many people still entertain not only in France but also in the other parts of the old world and that is, that to go to Canada, almost means to place oneself outside the reach of civilization. If I remember rightly you and several other friends of mine were ready to look upon me as a lunatic when I expressed my intention of going to Canada. I do not think you would feel more surprised and alarmed, if I had told you I was going to live among the cannibals of Central Africa. My notions concerning Canada were indeed very slight but I refrained from expressing any opinion, first because I would have been at a loss to give any, had I been asked to do so ; secondly ; since I had made up my mind to go, what would have been the use of trying to guess, what I was going to see for myself in a short time. So I

thought it best to look wise and say nothing. (I wish people who insist upon talking about what they know nothing of, would do the same.)

Although you have not heard from me for such a long time I hope I have not been the cause of your spending sleepless nights, trying to imagine what horrible fate had visited your unfortunate friend in that far, unknown country. Be comforted, and go roudly asleep without troubling your mind about me. In spite of your dark forebodings and solemn warning, I have not met with any of the terrible ordeals you tried to picture so vividly before me. I have not been kidnapped by Red Indians, to be afterwards roasted or boiled alive. As a matter of fact, I never saw one. I do not think it is very likely I will see any, as I do not feel inclined to travel a few hundred miles, to the nearest point where, those famous Indians, who are by the way or the most part inoffensive, lawabiding creatures, live in Reservations provided for them by their kind White Brothers. They have given up scalp hunting for the time, I am sorry to say, for it will demolish another of your pet fancies. But I must say I am just as well pleased they have, as, besides the value I place on my fairy locks, it would be rather inconvenient, considering the emperaturein winter, to go without any hair at all.

With reference to those famous Indians, I must tell you about a comical occurrence which happened here, a short time after my arrival here. But as I do not play in it a very heroic part, I will ask you to keep it secret. I had only been in this place a few days, when, one night, as I was quietly dropping off to sleep, I was suddenly aroused by the most unearthly yells, such yells as nearly turned my blood to solid ice. Thinking the whole village was being raided by a host of savage, blood thirsty, scalp hunting Red Skins, I jumped out of bed, and without waiting to put on any clothes, hunted all round my room for some kind of weapon with which to sell my life as dearly as possible. In my haste I never thought about turning the light on and fumbling in the dark, I managed to upset a table; a couple of chairs, to break a jug and finally catching my foot somewhere I landed with a mighty crash on the top of the whole thing.

At this moment the door of my room was opened by my next door neighbour, who after having turned on the light, and gazed upon the scene of disaster for a few seconds in wonder, gave vent to his feelings with these words: "What on earth are you trying to

do?" (as a matter of fact these are not his exact words, but I would be afraid to write what he actually said. It might prove too much for you) Extricating myself with difficulty from the mass of ruins, I managed to stammer out: "Where are they?"—"They! who? What are you talking about?"—"The Indians"—"The Indians! My dear fellow, you must be crazy, you must have been dreaming. Don't eat any more chocolate cake before going to bed"—By this time I was beginning to feel very small, but wishing to ascertain the cause of the trouble I asked: "What were those yells for?" He looked at me for some time as if I was some freak animal on show, then burst out laughing. It might have struck him as being very funny but I must say I did not see it in that light at all. At least when he had recovered his breath he told me what I had mistaken for the Indian war cry, was simply the college yell, which a few students were giving by way of exercising their lungs. After having vouched this explanation, he left me and I could hear him laugh for another hour, as he related my experience to some other men. I was not allowed to forget that night's occurrence in a hurry; for many weeks afterwards. I was almost every day, asked to give an account of the battle I fought against the Indians, and the number of scalps I had gathered.

I was cured once for all, I can tell you, of the Indian scare, but however, it took me some time to hear without shivering that famous yell. I am sure it will interest you to know what a college yell is like, These are the directions to be followed carefully in order to give it properly.

*First*—Give three or four hearty yells, as if you had picked up a red hot iron by mistake, or as if a twenty pound weight had landed on your pet corn.

*Secondly*—Shout the name of the College at the toppest top of your voice.

*Thirdly*—A few more of the yells mentioned above.

*Fourthly*—Spell the name doing all this as if your whole life depended upon it. Repeat the performance once a day for a fortnight and if your lungs and throat hold out you will be able to join in the performance of this inspiring ceremony.

I think I will have to stop here for to-day, but, now that I have made such a good start, I will endeavour not to keep you waiting as long as I have in the past for a letter from

Your sincere friend,

JOSEPH.

## CUPID AND THE MAN.

When the heart is young and mellow  
 And as yet knows naught of care,  
 When you feel a jolly fellow  
 Taking pains to part your hair,  
 When you think that life is pleasant  
 And that all the world is kind,  
 When you live just for the present  
 And the future never mind—  
 Then you think of love and all it means forgetting love is blind.

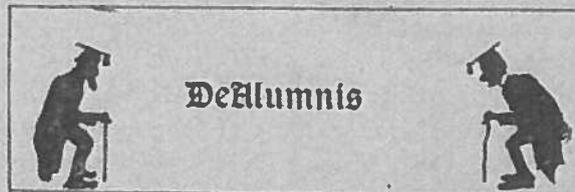
For you meet a pretty maiden  
 And she seems to you ideal;  
 And your heart with love is laden,  
 And that love you think is real,  
 That your ardour is requited  
 You have not a single doubt—  
 When you ask to be united  
 Your mistake is soon found out.  
 And you wonder what in all the world you could have been about.

So you grow a little older—  
 Less impulsive and less gay  
 And the heart, once warm, is colder,  
 Self addressing you will say  
 "Could I once have let delusion  
 Dull to such degree my brain!  
 It is naught but an illusion  
 So-called love, 't is hollow, vain.  
 How can anyone believe in love and yet withal be sane?"

Old still you grow, maturer  
 In experience of life—  
 In ideas, and feeling sure a  
 Man can live without a wife  
 Openly you voice conviction  
 Now long settled in your mind:  
 You'll not suffer contradiction  
 From another so inclined.  
 But the fact is you're without one only while she's still to find.

For there comes a day not distant  
 When you find your tongue is mute  
 Since you see that love's existent  
 That your words you must refute.  
 Now you know in fullest measure  
 What in youth was but a shade.  
 To your heart you take a treasure  
 Feeling you are fairly paid  
 For the way that Fortune told you you could never love a maid.

RETA.



Since the last MITRE went to press, the College has received a visit from Mr. G. K. Boright, B.A., ('07), who came out from Montreal to spend a week's end with us. Mr. Boright's visit was a very welcome one; and he was able to tell us much of the inner life of great McGill, at which institution he is now a student in the Faculty of Applied Science. The College, and especially the Third Year Arts, was also highly pleased last week to receive a visit from Mr. H. H. Safford, who tells us that he expects to return next year to continue his course.

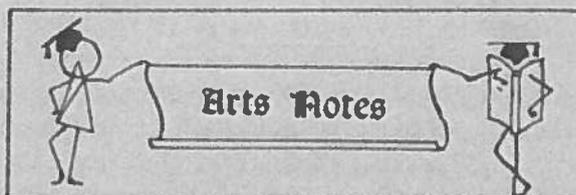
We extend our heartiest congratulations to the Rev. A. J. Vibert, L. S. T., ('04) whose engagement to Miss S. Rhona Scott, of Rivière du Loup, Quebec, was recently announced.

The Rev. F. Plaskett, B.A., ('03), now senior Missionary at St. Clement's Mission on the Canadian Labrador, expects next spring to return to more temperate climes.

Mr. Edward Miall, B.A., ('04), has completed his course in Law at Osgoode Hall, Toronto, and has established himself at Govan, Saskatchewan, as Barrister, Solicitor, and Notary Public.

The Rev. J. W. Alexander, B.A., ('06), has been chosen to succeed the late Rev. Dr. Roberts as Rector of St. Paul's Cathedral, Concord, New Hampshire, U.S.A.

At a meeting of the Rural Deanery of Nipissing, in the Diocese of Algoma, held at St. Paul's Church, Haileybury, on October 14 and 15, old Lennoxville men were very much in evidence. The Rev. C. E. Bishop, M.A., ('99), of North Bay, was elected Rural Dean; and the Rev. R. A. Cowling, M.A., ('03), Rector of St. Paul's Church, Haileybury, was elected Secretary-Treasurer of the Deanery. The Lord Bishop of Algoma, also an Alumnus of Bishop's College, was present throughout the meeting, and preached a missionary sermon in St. Paul's Church, at the opening service. The meeting came to an end on the evening of October 15, with a Confirmation Service.



On Wednesday evening of November 13th. an impromptu dance was given by the Football Club. This was by way of recompense for the postponement of the annual college dance usually held during the present term. Miss Gill and Mrs. Frith kindly acted as patronesses, receiving the guests in the students' Common Room, which was comfortably arranged for the occasion. Dancing commenced about 8 o'clock. The floors in both council chamber and lower dining hall—the latter which was kindly thrown open by Miss Jeffrey—were in splendid condition and did much towards the success of this initial effort of the Football Club.

A small owl, which flew in one of the Council Chamber windows, perched itself upon a portrait in that room and seemed to quite enjoy the proceedings of the evening from its point of vantage. Also a football ball dummy, seated in one corner, was very à propos of the occasion. However these incidents were but trifles in the course of jollity of the evening. A running supper had been arranged and thus no prolonged lull was necessary. About 11.30 the dancing ceased as the special car for Sherbrooke left at midnight. Although this event was by no means of the proportions of the annual dance, it was thoroughly enjoyed by all and as is usual, on such occasions murmurs of "another" were immediately put forth.

Mr. R. A. Malden '09 unfortunately has been the victim of an attack of appendicitis. On November 2nd he was taken to Dr. Williams Private Hospital and the operation was performed. He is now happily on the way to recovery and we hope he will soon resume his place among us.

## AFTER THE DANCE.

'Neath the shaded lights caresses,  
 Midst the silken swish of dresses,  
     Which young beauty did enhance,  
 Softly came a feeling o'er me,  
 Like a vision to allure me,  
     And my inmost soul entrance.

But the feeling now has faded,  
 And my spirit worn and jaded  
     Cannot vividly recall  
 Those short hours of fleeting rapture  
 That my heart and soul did capture,  
     Holding them in willing thrall.

Oh the pity that existence  
 Cannot offer some resistance!  
     But that Time must need advance  
 And efface with ruthless finger  
 Those sweet memories that linger  
     All too briefly round the dance.

C. A.

## THE CHURCHWARDEN CLUB.

In the winter term of last year the need of a club in connection with the University for literary purposes was felt, and, as it is a well-known fact that most men of literary tastes (or any good taste) are smokers, the result was Bishop's University Churchwarden Club.

The purposes of the Club as set forth in the constitution are the colouring of Churchwardens and the mutual amusement and instruction of its members. The mark of membership is a churchwarden decorated with ribbons of the colours of the University, purple and white. The officers have in addition a red ribbon and past officers a black; the Honorary President is known by an orange ribbon.

The arms of the Club are two churchwardens proper, crossed, upon a field of tobacco-smoke, a tin of Arcadia couchant proper, and a cup of coffee rampant, argent. Supporters, two safety matches, proper. Motto "Semper fumans."

At an ordinary meeting, after the lighting of the pipes and the signing of the minutes by the President with a burnt match, either a paper is read by one of the members or someone especially asked for the occasion, or a play of Shakespeare or some other classic is read by the members collectively. Afterwards the paper or play is discussed, any gem of wit being preserved in the minutes. (N. B. The

penalty against puns is stringently enforced.) After the final cup of coffee the pipes are replaced in their rack in the "Clubroom" and the meeting adjourns.

At any ordinary meeting two visitors, recommended and approved by the Executive Committee, are admitted and the eagerness of those who have attended to be allowed to come again, indicates the great success the Club has attained.

To some serious men the notion occurred,  
 "The Coll's frivolity's really absurd."  
 They got matches and baccy, and paper and pens,  
 And founded the club of the Churchwardens.

Long pipes of clay, adorned with ribbons,  
 Of purple and white they bought.  
 They made a rule forbidding all puns,  
 And mutual instruction they sought.

Learned papers they read,  
 Witty sayings they said,  
 And they drank the most excellent coffee  
 They read Shakespeare's plays,  
 And in different ways  
 Made the time go as smoothly as toffee.

Now the moral of my song,  
 Which I hope 's not too long,  
 Is simply and solely this,  
 Come join the club  
 And, paying your sub\*—  
 Share in our Parnassian bliss.

SEMPER FUMANS.

\* N. B.—All subscriptions to be paid to

R. A. M—D—N

November 13th beside being the date of the '08 Hoax will also be remembered as the date of the first Smoking Concert at Bishop's. Acting on a suggestion of Prof. Hamilton's the Debating Society entrusted its committee with the responsibility of establishing a precedent in the way of private entertainment. No visitors were asked except those directly connected with the University and the numbers on the Programme were filled almost entirely by members of the Faculty and of the Student body. The easy chairs loaned by the Arts men together with the excellent tobacco and coffee lent to the Council Chamber the at home feeling so pleasing to the smoker.

The chair was filled by Prof. Hamilton. The entire Faculty of

the College were present and Dr. Bidwell with the Masters of the School.

Among those whose names appeared on the Programme were Rev. Mr. Viall, Rev. Mr. Burt, Mr. Hudspeth, Mr. Turner, Mr. Speid, Mr. Von Stridsberg, Mr. Johnson and Mr. Grant. During an interval in the entertainment the Reverend Principal presented Mr. Whalley B. A., with the Prince of Wales gold medal referring to it as the highest honor the University can bestow. The Glee Club of the Shed gave some very good parodies and were cleverly replied to by an impromptu chorus from '08.

After the programme a welcome was extended to the visitors and a hearty vote of thanks to those who had helped in the entertainment was proposed by Mr. Boothroyd B. A. President of the Debating Society. The Vice-President Mr. Love B. A. in a few choice words seconded the motion and with three cheers and the National Anthem the evening ended.

Another Smoking Concert is being arranged for the evening of December 3rd. For this the Committee hope to secure Rev. Canon Shreve, Mr. Bearder, organist of St. Peter's, Dr. Bidwell and several of the masters of the School. It is to be regretted that with the large number of students there is so little room in the Council Chamber for visitors the College would like to invite.

### THE HOAX.

*(To the tune of "Sing me to sleep.")*

#### I

Once 'noughty-eight', ('twas this very fall)  
 Made up a barrier in the hall  
 And the maths. lecturer working long  
 Never once guessed at what was wrong.  
 Not till he left his old arm-chair  
 Did he see at the top of the upper stair  
 A great pile of boxes from far and near,  
 And went back down in a state of fear.  
 Though men like children should not act (chorus)  
 We understand that 'tis a fact  
 Old heads on young shoulders never yet  
 Even on yours, boys, have been set.

#### II

The principal all 'nought-eight' did call  
 To task for what happened in the hall  
 And listened to their dance and song.

## THE MITRE

They said they knew that it was wrong,  
 And also that sorry they had been  
 That they did not intend to act so mean:  
 He told them never to do it again.  
 And acted the man—he's a man among men.

Though men, etc.

## III

'Nought-eight' thought up an awful rag,  
 On the others there—'twas a terrible gang.  
 They told them they all had been sent down  
 And were going to spend two weeks in town.  
 And though the weather looked like rain  
 Forty more students went down to the train  
 And wished them a happy and peaceful trip,  
 Then gave to each senior his well filled grip.

Though men, etc.

## IV

But the third year men were very astute.  
 Each man in his grip had a sporting suit.  
 They stopped off at Sherbrooke and photographs  
 At Johnson's were made amidst the laughs  
 And cheers and hoots of this happy gang  
 Till the bell at one o'clock loudly rang,  
 And they took to their heels from the street-car line  
 And came in late in Hall to dine.

Though men, etc.

## V

"Hicks, Hicks, Hick," was the song they sang,  
 And the cheers of the rest of us loudly rang  
 As we saw our comrades back again.  
 When not like the ghost of the kingly Dane,  
 But in their own bodies and suits so fresh,  
 They appeared so happy and in the flesh.  
 Though we at their going were really sad,  
 We welcome you back, boys! Yes, we are glad.

Though men, etc.

SERGEANT.

---

John O. Duncan,  
 MERCHANT TAILOR,  
 OUTFITTER TO MEN,  
 WELLINGTON STREET, SHERBROOKE, QUE.

An exceptionally brilliant hoax was successfully perpetrated and carried out in the college about the middle of November. A disturbance had been made in the building for which the students of the year '08 were found guilty and duly admonished. To their fellow students however they announced they had been "sent down" for two weeks. Unbounded sympathy was of course expressed and almost to a man the students accompanied the apparently unfortunates '08 to the station on the morning Nov. 13th. Each man handed his grip to his sympathizing companions and thus the more or less ludicrous procession arrived at the G. T. R. station. The train pulled out amid the enthusiastic cheers of those left upon the station plat-form, a sight most gratifying to the members of '08 whose journey extended but to Sherbrooke. The hoax however hardly ended there, for after having some class pictures taken, they awaited the one o'clock car for Lennoxville. This brought the "renegades" back just at dinner hour, so to the shout of hicks-hicks-hicks," they marched into the dining hall and once more received the cheers of their comrades who concluded pardon had been meted out to them. The joke was of course afterwards revealed and a hearty laugh was indulged in all round.

We are glad to take this opportunity in extending our welcome home to Mrs. Parrock. For some months Mrs. Parrock has been under medical care, but is now almost entirely recovered. We trust that Lennoxville atmosphere will prove even more helpful than that of England in restoring Mrs. Parrock to complete health again.

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## THE FUTURE OF LENNOXVILLE.

"What is to be the future of our University?" must be a question often in the minds of Lennoxville men, whether they are called upon to take part in the administration of its affairs, or are merely to pass out into the world as graduates, bearing the stamp of the Alma Mater on their character.

"What is to be the future of Lennoxville?"

Who indeed knows? This is the day of small things. This is the seed-time of Canadian life. We are sowing now for the future. Vast growths, vast issues, vast changes, may come at any moment in our new country.

We are only beginning to wake to our true position. Fourteen years ago the writer had the pleasure of travelling by rail through part of the Diocese of Algoma with Dr. Sullivan, then Bishop of that see. As the train swept on through the wild rocky country, the Bishop pointed out of the car window at the wilderness around and said, somewhat bitterly, "Look at that, what can you ever expect from such a country?" The New Ontario has been opened up since then, and the astounding riches of Algoma, are just beginning to be discovered.

So the lesson for Canadians at this time is to have faith and a long sight. We must believe in ourselves and we must look to the future, and when I say that, I do not mean the near future, but the far future. I suppose we may take it as very probable that Canada will continue to mark the globe until the crack of doom. So that we should at once begin to look forward, in everything Canadian, to a future of hundreds or thousands of years. In founding every institution in Canada, we ought at least to look forward five hundred years. Moreover, as long as men are on the globe they will have souls and minds. They will therefore need both the Church and University. Now here at Lennoxville we have an institution which touches both needs of men, we have something therefore that will be needed five hundred years hence and more. In the beginning then, in this seed-time of Canada, let us remember the vast issues that hang upon the actions of to-day. If we wish Lennoxville to be anything, that is, if we wish her to play her proper part in Canadian life, we must at once begin to look ahead and far ahead. For nothing

great can be done without a spirit of deep reverence, and reverence may arise either from looking far forward or from looking far back. In a new country it must come from looking far forward. If we do so, an institution founded for the benefit of the soul and mind of man, and reaching out into the dim distance of a country growing into gianthood, becomes great. With faith then and reverence we undertake to answer the question in our minds by setting out to *make* the future of Lennoxville ourselves. And the key-note which we shall strike now, and which we should strive to make continuous to the end is *excellence*.

How few things in Canada aim at excellence. Many aim at meeting difficulties, pressing needs, expediencies, but how few at real excellence. That ought to be our aim in Lennoxville. We are a small University and we may or may not remain so, but whether small or large we should aim at being an *excellent* University. Our common residential life ought to have a tone about it that will make it a privilege for a man to enter it. It may easily be allowed to sink down. The world outside would be glad if it did.

It often sneers at the "English" atmosphere which marks Lennoxville off from American and Township institutions. Let it do so. We must have excellence. It is not affectation, to be refined and critical and to aim at the best things. A man's environment is the outcome of his inner thoughts, and in our University life, the thoughts of all collectively form a general environment. We must see that this environment is excellent. In tone of thought and manner, excellence must be our aim. It is the only thing that permanently satisfies. Without it, residential life in a University may easily deteriorate.

Then we must aim at excellence in our equipment of the teaching side of our University. We ought to aim at having in Arts in addition to the chairs of Classics and Mathematics, Chairs of History, English Literature, Philosophy and Modern Languages. These chairs should be filled by the very best men that we can get, preferably men from the other side, who can bring with them the traditions of the great Universities of the Mother land, and so give us something which our life in Canada has not got at present. The Principal ought to be freed from the stress of the lecture room, in order to give himself to the general interests of the University. The excellence of such a teaching staff would attract to the University

men who were seeking "the best things." Then in the men, there should be excellence. It is not numbers that count in the end, it is influence. A class of four men who are going to be Prime Ministers, would be worth a class of five hundred who were going to be road-menders. We must seek excellence in the kind of men we invite into our walls. If we pursue the policy that I have indicated, more and more, as the generations come and go, will the power of influence grow in the hands of the University that sits so pleasantly on the banks of the St. Francis. So let her continue to do her noble work, unobtrusively and effectively, making excellence the hall mark of her various activities.

"What will be the future of Lennoxville?"—It will be *excellent*, if we begin to make it so now. Let us look far, far ahead, let us guard and water the seed sown, let us with firm faith and a deep reverence for the great future, play our part in its development.

"Others, I gather, if not we  
The issue of our toils shall see,  
The children gather as their own  
The harvest which the dead have sown  
The dead forgotten and unknown."

FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT.

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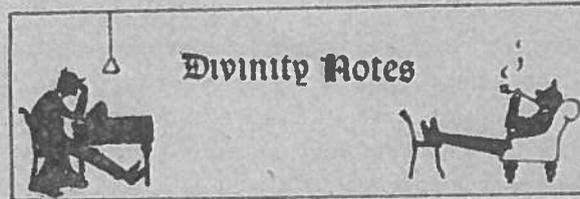
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The Student's Missionary Society has been reorganized and the following officers have been elected :—President, H. H. COREY, B. A; Vice-Pres, C. G. STEVENS ; Sec.-Treas., A. A. STURLEY ; Committee, O. G. Lewis, B. A. ; C. G. LAWRENCE and C. VON STRIDSBURG. The first meeting was held in the evening of Nov. 4th when Rev. Prof. Hamilton delivered an address on "The purpose and obligation of Missions." It was a very inspiring address and was heartily enjoyed by all. On Nov. 19th the President spoke to us on the subject of "Protestant Missionary Work at home." His advice was of a very practical nature, being the result of some time spent among the people from whom his conclusions were drawn. The plan of work, proposed by the Committee, is to have a Missionary study class once a month and an address by some outside speaker once a month. This plan was approved. The study class will deal chiefly with the work in Japan.

Our Pastoral Theology lectures have been conducted on an entirely new basis this year. Instead of the regular morning lectures the class meets fortnightly in the evening when special topics are discussed. Papers are read by the men and then after discussion, supplementary points are given by Prof. Hamilton. Thus far the subjects under consideration have been—The object and aim of the Parish Priest and how he is to know when his object is accomplished ; Miracles ; and how to increase the number of candidates for Holy orders. Last year we were favored with a very helpful address on—"why men don't come to church," by Archdeacon Jeffries. In it the speaker pointed out that it was largely the parson's fault. Seeing such is the case, then, it behoves us to thoroughly grasp all such practical questions while we are under the guidance of such able instructors.

The Divinity Glee club's recent success at the smoking concert has

decided the management to make arrangements for another appearance in the near future. Under the able leadership of musical director Calder, several new numbers are in preparation. The libretto will be the result of the joint-work of Cecil and Sergeant, with a musical setting by Hal. The club are fortunate in securing the services of St. Chrystopher as accompanist.

One would think from the names decorating the doors that the Shed was a co-education institution, but upon entering the abode of St. Cecilia we discover the celebrated poet is a man, as is evidenced by the absence of hirsute adornments.

The *Laws* of the Sherbrooke Street Railway Co., will be enforced with *Ruthless* severity in future, owing to a recent narrow escape from a serious accident.

It is said that St. Ignatius wrote seven epistles to different parts of the world. From the number of postage stamps borrowed it is evident that the Sergeant has far exceeded the example of his patron Saint.

Although neither of the teams from the Shed succeeded in retaining the Dunn challenge cup this year, it is gratifying to know that the individual champion still hails from these sacred halls. We refer to Mr. Kirk, who was one of last year's champion team, and who this year carried off the individual trophy. The challenge cup was won by Arts '08, and we take this opportunity of congratulating the year in general and the team in particular for the splendid race they ran. The record made by Mr. Corey last year still remains unbroken.

It was with consternation that we heard the following epithets applied to sedate Divinity men at the recent mock trial when the jury was being empanelled—Josephus Roughhouse J-n-s: Sidney Breaklamp Dormouse; W-l-e-s; Benjamin Benedict; L-w-s: Eros Cupid Aphrodite, L-v-.

(Over)

## STEVE ORATIUS.

*(With apologies to the shade of Lord Macanley)*

Steve the College captain  
By all his Gods he swore  
That the footer team of old McGill  
Should beat the call no more.  
By all his Gods he swore it,  
And named a date to play,  
And bade his messengers go out,  
High and low to search and scout,  
And gather his array.  
Through the upper and the lower flat  
The messengers have sought,  
And from out their dark recesses  
Husky freshmen they have brought,  
Stout scrim, and nippy quarter,  
Fleet halves and steady back,  
And sturdy scragging wing men,  
Of these there was no lack,  
A proud man was our Steve,  
Upon that Saturday,  
When the heroes of the College  
Lined up the match to play.  
There stalked the mighty Walters,  
And there with eyes of flame,  
Sweet player on the organ pipes,  
Our noble Baror came,  
And on the right stood Harding,  
Slow smiling, gentle-voiced,  
Yet gifted with a turn of speed  
Wherein our soul rejoiced;  
There in the heart of all things  
Fitly our Love was seen,  
On either hand stout heroes stand  
To keep him safe I ween.  
On his right side was Lootie,  
No need his strength to vaunt  
And on his left was Downing,  
Whose heart no foe could daunt.  
Our inside right was Hayden  
Beating the Stars and Stripes,  
There would be woe unto the foe  
With whom he came to gripes.  
At inside left our legal man,  
Tight lipped of aspect grim,  
What e'er they did the foe would ne'er  
Get through our line past him.  
At middle left the Scottish Kirk  
Stood to the world four square,

## THE MITRE

While "Willum" Scott the middle right  
 Poured forth a fervent prayer.  
 At outside right the Doctor stood,  
 Waiting the word to go  
 With all his might straight thro' the fight  
 Bald-headed for the foe.  
 Next let us load our outside left,  
 For wholly W(right) was he,  
 Whate'er might tide thro' thick and thin  
 He at his post would be.  
 There still remains our Yankee Pat  
 Who in the fray did shine,  
 And made his way, how none could say,  
 Straight thro' the thin, red line.  
 These were the Bishop's heroes  
 Who strove with old McGill,  
 And though this year they did not win  
 Next year, we hope, they will.



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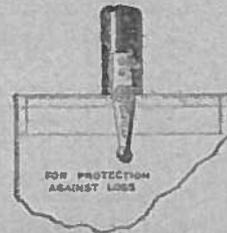
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FOOTBALL.

On Saturday, October 12th, Bishop's met McGill II, on the College grounds, before a large crowd of spectators. The game was most hotly contested from start to finish and Bishop's put up a better class of foot-ball than they have done for some years past. The score was 11 points to nil in favor of McGill but though the purple and white failed to tally they played the game right through, and with a vim and snap that was good to watch. The visitors had an unusually strong line-up and three of their backs afterwards played senior foot-ball. The average weight of this year's team is considerably above that three or four seasons back and thus Bishop's was able to buck their opponents' line for gains, while often McGill failed to make their yards in three downs. But where the College went down, and went down badly, was in their lack of combination and team play. Individually they were as good man for man as McGill but as a rugby team they did not work so well together and it is due almost entirely to this that the score was not reversed. However, the chief thing is to realize wherein failure lies, and there is not the slightest reason why next year's fourteen should not remedy this failing by patient effort at practices.

Following the College traditions Captain Stevens lost the toss and Bishop's had to play with the sun in their eyes all the first 30 minutes while at half-time the sun went behind a bank of clouds for the rest of the game. Bishop's opened with a fierce attack and for some time kept the visitors within their 25 yard line. Walters just missed getting a drop-kick over the bar from 30 yards out. Finally McGill obtained a free kick and the play was next in Bishop's end of the field. Soon there was another free kick for McGill and this time Stevens was forced to rouge. Taking advantage of having the sun at their backs the visitors' halves fed Ballantyne and the latter punted in fine style. At last from a scrimmage McGill got the ball

and by some combination went over the line for a try which was not converted. Score McGill 6, Bishop's 0. This ended the scoring of the first half.

Soon after the opening of the second period Stevens was again forced to range. McGill obtained several free kicks but Bishop's backs always took care that they never came to anything. The ball travelled up and down with first one side in possession and then the other. On McGill's first down twenty yards out Smith dropped a goal netting 4 more points and this ended the scoring for the match. Bishop's made several good bucks and Walters punted for gains but the College seldom got away for any considerable distance. Once Whalley and Walters went up together and but for the former stepping into touch would probably have scored a try. When the time keeper's whistle blew Bishop's held the ball near centre-field.

The team all showed up well. Stevens played his usual steady game at full-back and never muffed a catch throughout the game. Walters did fine work at centre-half and punted and tackled effectively. Thomson made some spectacular tackles on outside wing and also followed up well. Love was able to work in some good tackles and fast following up apart from his scrim work. Hayden and Patterson were in the centre of every buck and Laws also did good work. Winslow, Smith and Ballantyne starred for the visitors.

The teams were as follows :—

BISHOP'S.			McGILL II.
Stevens, (Capt.)	}	Full Halves	Ballantyne
Harding			{ Roberts
Walters			{ Smith
Whalley			{ Reid
Patterson	}	Quarter	Winslow, (Capt.)
Downing			{ Strumbert
Love			{ Frith
Lewis			{ Crutchfield
Hayden	}	Wings	Sailman
Laws			{ Johnson
Scott			{ Patterson
Kirk			{ Dunnett
Thomson			{ Byrne
Wright			{ Gillis

REFEREE—Murray Robertson

UMPIRE—R. Newton.

The return game took place in Montreal, on October 19th. Bishop's was weakened by the loss of Hayden who unfortunately broke a bone in his leg three days before the match. The score was 17-0 in favor of McGill, consisting of three tries, one of which was converted, and a touch-in-goal. For the first fifteen minutes Bishop's were more or less stage-struck and allowed 11 points to be notched against them before they settled down. Then Patterson found an opening and went through the line for 30 yards gain. This seemed to put new life into the team and half time found them pressing McGill hard on the latter's 10 yard line.

The second half saw some very interesting foot-ball. After some end to end play Gillis got the ball on a fumble on Bishop's 25 yard line and went over for a try which was converted. After this Bishop's bucked repeatedly and as a rule went through for gains but again a fatal lack of combination prevented them from tallying and the game ended without any further scoring. The tackling and following up was not as good as on the previous Saturday.

Bishop's lined up as follows:—Full, Stevens, (Capt.); Halves, Walters, Thomson, Whalley; Quarter, Patterson; Scrim, Downing, Love, Lewis; Inside Wings, Dinning, Laws; Middle Wings, Scott, Kirk; Outside Wings, De Lotbinière, Harding.

#### PUNTLETS.

The Foot-ball Club is much indebted to the Rev. R. W. Wright, for his services in coaching the team during the last week. Mr. Wright at one time played for Bishop's and later on for the Hamilton Tigers. Our only regret is that we were not fortunate enough to have him, along with "Tommy" Adams, right from the beginning of the season, but we hope that next year he will be able to take the men in hand as soon as the term opens. If he does so there is no reason why Bishop's should not turn out a championship fourteen.

"Tommy" Adams, foot-ball captain '04 and '05, was good enough to coach the team and superintend the practices. His advice and knowledge of the game were of much practical value to the men. Next year we hope he will be able to don his uniform and chase the pigskin as of yore.

The team could be in better condition another time.

It's up to Bishop's to reverse that score next October.

Bishop's II under the captaincy of "Channell" Hepburn went down to defeat before B.C.S. I to the tune of 27 to nil. Clifford unfortunately had his collar bone broken and Mr. Boothroyd was knocked unconscious for some minutes on a tackle. Hepburn played a fine game but was not well supported.

On the other hand Bishop's III, "Pat" Moorhead's team, licked B.C.S. II by 19 points to 7, in a snappy exhibition of Rugby.

The football field in its rough and uneven state presents a very sorry appearance—not in any way reflecting credit upon the Univer-

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sity; the numerous holes and ridges are also dangerous to the players. Something ought to be done to fill in the worst hollows and level off the largest bumps.

The following won their football colours this year.

S. R. Walters, winner of Colours	'02, '07	G. Downing, winner of colours	'06
H. A. Harding,	" '03, '05, '06	A. J. De Lotbinière,	" '06
A. P. C. Whalley,	" '04, '05, '06	S. A. Kirk,	
H. S. Laws,	" '04, '05, '06	H. J. Patterson,	
O. G. Lewis,	" '04, '05, '06	R. H. Hayden,	
C. G. Stevens, (Capt.)	" '05, '06	H. P. Wright, (Subs with colours)	
A. T. Love,	" '05, '06	H. H. Dinning,	" "
A. C. M. Thomson,	" '06	J. S. Brown, (Sub without colours)	
W. B. Scott,	" '06		

#### THE DUNN CHALLENGE CUP.

On Thursday, Nov. 7th, the second annual road race for the Dunn Challenge Cup took place and resulted in a most interesting contest. The course, some six miles in length, led from the Lennoxville Square to Henderson's bridge, and thence across to Huntingville and over to the brickyard, and from there along to the Cookshire road and back to the College. Owing to the recent wet weather the roads were in bad shape, and the mud, especially on the hills, was in many places ankle-deep.

A large number of runners lined up for the start, consisting of men from Divinity '08, Divinity '09, Arts '08, Arts '09 and Arts '10.

Everybody went off at a fast clip and for the first mile and a half kept well together. After that, about half a dozen began to plough through the mud ahead of the rest. Two miles from the finish, Kirk, Div. '09, took the lead which he kept all the way back, coming in with a garrison finish in 40 minutes 1 second. De Lotbinière, Arts '08, came second, taking 41 minutes, and 5 seconds behind him was Corey, Div. '08. Then followed Kilpack, another Div. '09 man, and after him, Stevens and Hepburn, both of Arts '08. Next in order were Love, Div. '08; Thomson, Arts '08; and Calder, Div. '08.

As the winning year is that whose first three men home have the best average time, the Arts '08 team, consisting of De Lotbinière, Stevens and Hepburn, is the winner of the Cup for 1907. Their average time was 1 minute and 23 seconds better than that of the first three men of Div. '08, who made the next best time.

Kirk won the individual Cup, presented to the winner of the race, and but for the sloppy roads he would have broken last year's record. He gave a great exhibition of running and was loudly cheered as he breasted the tape. A large crowd of spectators watch both the start and the finish.

#### BASKET BALL.

The first basket ball match was played in the College "gym," on November 9th against Stanstead. The game resulted in a victory for the visitors by the score of 19-12. Bishop's was weak in shooting and lacked knowledge of the fine points of the game. In the second half they played more aggressively but were unable to win out.

Bishop's lined up as follows:—Defence, Hepburn, Scott. Forwards, Harding (Capt.), Thomson, Love.



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## EXCHANGES.

We are certain the following poem, which appears in the Varsity will appeal to our sturdy fourteen :

He thought he saw a centre half,  
 A-falling on the ball,  
 He looked again and saw it was  
 A splendid funeral.  
 "The similarity," said he,  
 "Is very plain to all."  
 He thought he saw a quarter back  
 Who got away quite clear,  
 He looked again and saw it was  
 The remnants of an ear.  
 "Poor fool," said he, "poor silly fool,  
 What makes you look so queer?"  
 He thought he saw an outside wing  
 A diving at a back,  
 He looked again and saw it was  
 A doctor in a hack.  
 "Our relatives," he sadly said  
 "Will soon be wearing black."

R. V. C.

We picked out the following for the special benefit of our plucky, dashing centre Scrim :

## SONG OF THE CENTRE SCRIM.

After the match is over,  
 After the field is clear,  
 Straighten my nose and shoulder  
 Help me to find my ear.

The St. John's College Magazine publishes the following anecdote, which will interest our future bishops of the West :

"A check was issued by Bishop Pinkham in favor of Rev. Mr. Hilton of MacLeod, and signed : "Cyprian of Saskatchewan and Calgary." When presented at the Union bank for payment, the new cashier, who did not know the signature refused to cash it, stating that it was issued by an Indian chief who had no account there. The check was cashed after being endorsed by a gentleman in town.

The same Magazine publishes the following extract from the Newsboys Magazine.

There was a young man from Torquay,  
 Who never took milk in his tuay  
 Till one day at a ball  
 He drank tuay, milk and all—  
 And they buried him far out to suay.

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