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A Year Ago

The waters of the river gleamed as brightly,
And murmured with the same untiring flow,
The branches of the birches tossed as lightly,
Among them sang the breeze as soft and low
A year ago.

We sat upon the shore 'neath branches bending
To breast the gurgling waters of the bay,
We watched the boats their courses sea-ward wending
And earth seemed fair, before us life's long day;
Night far away.

But often clouds would veil the sunlight over,
A moment cast a shadow and pass by,
So stealthily above our hearts would hover
Sad thoughts to pause a moment, pass and die,
We knew not why.

We heeded not the moaning of the river
Nor did the breeze a whispered message bring.
Ah now I know they murmured,—Part forever,
For that dull gloom above us hovering
Was Death's dark wing.

F. O. CALL.

Reviews.

The Golden Bough.


If the analytical faculties of primitive man had been as highly developed as those of Dr. Fraser the distinction that he makes between magic and religion might be valid in a philosophical consideration of the progress of human relations with the unseen. It is granted, of course, that an author may divide his subject in any way that is to him convenient, but such an arrangement must be subject to critical examination before we can suffer ourselves to be led
captive by it. And in the present case, while from the point of view of research into the primitive beliefs of mankind, it may be of little importance whether these two well nigh constant elements of human culture are regarded as related or as essentially different and antagonistic, from the point of view of philosophy it may be of considerable significance, as indeed Dr. Fraser's remarks clearly show. By means of a very limited and severely logical definition of religion he is enabled to set it in complete opposition to magic, and he supposes that it is in the beggary of the latter that the former originated. That as man found out that his supposed, dominion over nature through spells and rites was a delusion he was driven to take refuge in the theory of beings that did possess this power whom he might propitiate, to believe, that is, in gods, few or many. Now, as Dr. Fraser puts this, it appears very plausible, and we are not careful to deny that it may express one aspect of the facts and their relationship. It very reasonably might be supposed to have happened had men discovered the impotence of magic in one, or even in several generations. But the process is age-old, the great majority of mankind, including many among nations of the highest civilization have never discovered this truth, but their belief more or less in magic does not prevent, and never has prevented so far as is known any one of them from being also religious. Dr. Fraser describes the process (I: 237 seq.) as it might have taken in the mind of one individual (though adding immediately after that it must have been prolonged over a long period of time) for to do otherwise is equivalent to saying it did not take place at all. One who had supposed he could control the seasons, and the weather, and the movement of the heavenly bodies, as primitive man seems to have done, and by the acquisition of more knowledge had found out the baseless character of such belief might in despair have fashioned some deistic (in its widest possible sense) theory to account for things and have set up a god as a refuge from the ills of life; though such an intellectual upheaval in actual life seems more likely according to our experience to produce scepticism, but so far as we can judge the belief in divinities was well established long before men had begun to realize that there was any deficiency in the power of magic. The fact that the two things existed side by side for so long gives a strong presumption in favour of the idea that there is some connection between them. Even the strict analytical view, although as far from influencing primitive man in the development of his ideas as the fact that one element of the water so necessary to life is still more immediately necessary as a constituent of the atmosphere, is not to be accepted without argument. The essential conception that lies at the root of magic may be the same as that which underlies modern science, that things act and re-act on each other according to their own immutable nature, while that of religion may possibly be described in the belief that everything is and is moved by the direct interposition of a divine being or beings, which 'control the course of nature and human
"life," and which direction and control may be exercised in the interests of a favoured worshipper, so that nothing is fixed or certain, but all hangs on the will or caprice of the divinity, and yet there is not necessarily essential antagonism between the two. Of course Dr. Fraser's bias against the reality of religion (which is unmistakeable, though not thrust upon our notice in the present work) leads him to accept the ordinary supposition of a conflict between science and Christianity, and very naturally he sees the same opposition in the forerunners of each. This is not the place to enter into that question however.

He also quotes the opposition between priestcraft and witchcraft, but is it really pertinent? Except in the case of two or three ethical and inter-racial religions, which in this respect, as in others, are in a class by themselves, this opposition resolves itself merely into that which naturally exists between a man or a group of men and their enemies. It is found in a primitive but very forceful form in Australia, which is quoted as a convincing instance of people without religion, but possessing an elaborate system of magic. It is found as a most important institution in Africa. All who have read Rider Haggard's vivid stories must remember the "witch doctor." But the latter are admittedly almost wholly magicians. It is sufficiently obvious that in all the lower ethnic religions and most of the higher ones that there is no opposition to magic as magic, but only opposition to the magician as an enemy, just as among barbarous peoples, it is not "wearing iron," which is indeed the mark of the freeman's estate, but its use for homicide that is illegal. And the analogy can be pursued further, for the reason that in civilized countries the carrying of weapons is in itself an offence is closely parallel to that for which the ethical cults forbid the practise of magic.

Again Dr. Fraser's conception of the origin of religion in the despair of magic is contradicted surely by all that wealth of cases that he has collected to illumine his text, the Rex Silvius of Némi, "the priest that slew the slayer and shall himself be slain." He shows, most convincingly, that all these various personages from all over the world represent and are the incarnations of deities on the one hand, and on the other perform in their divine capacity purely magical rites for the obtaining of rain, or of abundant harvests or what not. This must show a far closer connection between the two things than he would have us believe.

On psychological grounds as well as philosophical we are forced to regard this limited definition of religion as inadequate: There is a large class of phenomena which are so closely connected with belief and worship that they must be at least called religious in order not to divorce them from their natural place of classification. These facts throw much light on ancient and primitive religions, in the form taken by myth as well as in the modes of worship; and in especial they afford some reason for the, to us, unseemly predominance of sexual ideas in most early forms, for this element has not been so much eliminated in
the higher forms of religion as merely thrust out of sight and ignored.

But aside from all this it cannot be admitted that primitive man's ideas of nature which crystalized into magic were of the type which Dr. Fraser assumes. That men took (and take) the solidity of the earth, the taste of food and like certitudes for granted, and so, had they followed it out logically, as acting by a fixed law inherent in their nature is doubtless true, but magic did not deal with such things; there are no instances to show that men thought it possible that some charm was necessary to make their ordinary food edible or their water potable. Magic dealt with the uncertain things, and as much with animate as inanimate objects, and even the most thoroughgoing materialistic monist must admit that men and animals are in appearance not swayed by fixed laws of action and reaction. Dr. Fraser gives no reason for rejecting Tyler's theory of animism as the essential idea in magic, which seems fully as legitimate as his own.

A more just conclusion would appear to be that magic was developed without any theory at all, not even an implicit one. It is only justice to state here that we do not understand Dr. Fraser as supposing that primitive men had any conscious theory, but he does seem to presuppose an intellectual idea. To us it seems more probable that magic found its origin in feeling, not in thought. A savage sticks a thorn into an enemy's footprint and expects him to go lame in consequence. To us, accustomed to complex intellectual processes, it seems as though it must be the result of a train of reasoning. But compare with this the act of a little child punching a pillow as an outlet to an impotent fury, imagining it to be the individual against whom it bears resentment, and to whom it can do nothing in proper person. Children and savages are in many ways very helpless, in a great many contingencies there is nothing direct that they can do to help themselves. And everyone knows from personal experience how difficult patience is in any anxiety or other form of tension of feeling. It is most natural for children, and probably for primitive men, to fall back for relief on some form of imagination of the result desired aided by words and actions as nuclei for the make-belief. This feeling would account for the persistence with which men have held to magic in the face of knowledge—who is there who has not had feelings about trifling coincidences that under favourable circumstances might have developed into real superstition?—while the occasional apparent success of the rite or formula would not only confirm belief, but help to shape a theory when men came to think about what they had done instinctively.

In any case it may be admitted that while pure magic, of the contagious or homoeopathic kind, is no more religious than pure science, or the arts and crafts (crafts) practised by mankind at large, it yet furnished the material out of which primitive religion was fashioned. The religious ideas of any men are always in terms of the concepts that form their stock-in-trade. With us these are largely of a scientific nature, with the Greeks they were prevailingly philosophical (at least in the classical period), while with savages they are magical. When we
come to compare the qualitative content of the three kinds of conception of the nature of things we find the difference between them to be far more apparent than real. Matter and energy remain to us insoluble mysteries, we are surer of results than our predecessors, but the nature of our ideas remains much the same. The primitive proto deity of Australia, Daramulun, for both Messrs. Spencer and Gillen and Dr. Howitt refuse to admit his godhead, who is a superhuman and immortal magician, rewarding virtuous and punishing bad black fellows and working by means of spells and magical substances, is only a crude blocking out of the idea of a Deity who governs and controls a universe through the intermediation of natural laws. We have made a great advance, but not by changing the essential nature of the conception, but in enlarging the dominion of the divinity and refining the details. With primitive man the greater part of nature is taken for granted, only the variable phenomena are considered. But logical necessity with the growth of knowledge make it necessary to continually enlarge this area till we come to the Greek dualism of inert formless matter and divine personality, which seems to have been also the conception underlying the Biblical cosmogony. Philosophy would now force us into some form of monism, either that the Deity creates matter, or that the properties of the latter will account for everything, but in all these stages the idea of the power of the superhuman remains essentially the same under the change of the conception of its mode and sphere of influence.

We have devoted so much space to this point, which is directly considered in the work before us in but a few pages, because it forms the thread on which Dr. Fraser has strung a wonderful collection of facts dealing with vegetation deities, their priestly representatives and the magical ceremonies connected with them. And it is after all the most important topic in the book to all but the professed anthropologist. It seems well to classify our ideas at the outset before we come to the later volumes of the series where the cult of the dying god will be discussed. These volumes, we are informed by the preface, will be republications of "Adonis attes bsiris" and such portions of the second edition of the Golden Bough not reproduced in the work before us, with such additions we presume as Dr. Fraser's later researches would suggest.

In respect to the religious aspect of the King or Ruler, Dr. Fraser has done an inestimable service to the advance of knowledge. If seems very obvious once it is pointed out, that a chief source of the ruler's power is his connection with the duties of his magical powers. We were all in possession of many facts tending to show this without noticing their significance, assuming, as is most natural, that the ruler or leader always attained his position in the same way as he does among ourselves, in short the king has been always supposed to be the successor of the war leader, and he obtained his power by superior strength or cunning, or the faculty of command that a few men possess, whereas the war leader's power is generally ephemeral and incomplete, while the magician or medicine man is the
real ruler of savage tribes, and in most civilized ones appears himself to have become the king in their advance from barbarism. Dr. Fraser indeed seems a little afraid of pushing his theory as far as he might in respect to early Latin culture. The work of Ettore Pais has conclusively shown the mythical nature of early Roman history, and any use of the stories of the regal period must be very cautious. The Roman religion is very poor in mythology; it seems quite possible that the stories of the gods have been transformed into history by a continuous rationalizing process.

The chapters on fire rites are very good, the comparison of the ceremonies of the Herero with those of Vesta are especially most illuminating. In respect to perpetual fires any one who is free of the woods knows that a fire does not really go out, even in rainy weather, once it is well started, and that it only needs to be attended to a few times a day to make it perpetual. If the modern camper with a sufficiency of matches keeps an undying flame (while in camp), that savages dependant on friction to start fire anew should take some pains to keep fire alight, is not wonderful. And caution very easily becomes sacred, even with ourselves.

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**Psychological Phenomena of Christianity:**


This is a useful work, summing up as it does much of the recent (and there is little that is not recent) work in religious psychology. We recommend it strongly to all who are candidates for Holy Orders. It is indeed a curious thing that divinity schools have hitherto so completely failed to realize the importance of psychology to one who has the cure of souls—school teachers are usually far better equipped in this respect. In our opinion it were better to give divinity students a good grounding in psychology than a smattering of the learned languages. The latter are not necessary, and unless a considerable degree of excellence has been reached are of very little use, while the former even in a rudimentary form, would save a priest from many heartbreaking mistakes in dealing with his people. Dr. Cutten's illustration of a medical course without psychology is very opposite.

The warning against the present fashion of using the subconscious, or subliminal self, or whatever name it may be given, is very timely. Like all new conceptions it is being greatly overworked. There is no reason for supposing that normally the unconscious (or subconscious as it was once called) is separate or distinct from the conscious person. That the personality includes more than the conscious has always been obvious enough. Consciousness being the latest and highest step in the ascent of evolution is naturally the less firmly seated of the faculties, and there is reason for supposing it not yet to have reached its fullest possible development.
With the author’s position that direct inspiration, when it occurs, must necessarily be through the subconscious, we are unable to agree. Nor with the latest fad of “liberal” Christians that our Lord’s union with the Father was through the subliminal self. Consciousness in Him must have been in its highest human (the distinction is not unimportant) development and may well have included much that ordinary superficial minds remain wholly unaware.

Dr. Cutten does not agree with James in respect to the nature of emotion. But what an emotion can be beyond the feeling induced by a given sensation or thought, or combination thereof, is difficult, if not (as we think), impossible, to say. And there are no feelings in the brain of itself, though sometimes scalp tensions and kinaesthetic sensations in the inner facial muscles are taken to be such.

The parallel between the development of the child in not conclusive enough in showing fear to have been one of the sources of religion. The race must have progressed far beyond the stage represented by the infant’s earliest reaction to fear or apprehension ere it developed a religion.

The book is printed in a good clear type, but surely “without” and not “with mental reservations” is intended on page 359.

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A New Heaven and New Earth.

A STORY WITH NO PLOT AND VERY LITTLE MORAL.

Belinda was weeping.

There could be no doubt about that at all. She sat curled up at the foot of the old ivy-covered sun dial in a very abandonment of woe. Her white summer dress was sadly crumpled, and her face, usually so dimpling and sunny, was buried in her pocket handkerchief—that is, if such a verb could legitimately be used in connection with a microscopic square of cambric, at this present moment screwed up into a sodden ball.

“Now what,” I asked myself, “could be the cause of such a lachrymonious display?” True, young ladies at the still tender age of twenty-two are often prone to weep for very trifling causes, but no cause, trifling or otherwise, met my eyes as I looked around in concerned perplexity. It could not be the weather, for no more glorious day was ever vouchsafed to sinful humanity. Nor could one with reason blame the surroundings, an old-world garden with trim lawns and quaint cut hew hedges, a large many-winged house peeping between the trees, and all around the undulating green of a fine old English park, with just a glimpse of blue sea beyond. No, the scenery was innocent I felt sure.

It was Belinda herself who at length first enlightened me.

“Oh, the brute,” she sobbed, “the horrid brute! I wont speak to him again, never, ne-never, ne-never.”
I whistled softly to myself. A lover’s quarrel was it! Cherchez l’homme. He was not hard to find; Seated in an aggressive attitude some hundred yards off, an unlighted cigarette in his mouth, was a young man clad in a blazer of startling hues. This promised to be interesting. I freely confess that I am utterly unprincipled and my curiosity was aroused, so I had no hesitation in balancing my hundred and sixty-two pounds upon the top rail of an iron fence close by and awaiting developments. I had not long to wait. The villain of the piece cast away his cigarette (oh, shameful profligacy) and sauntered towards his victim. As he drew near I was a little disappointed in his appearance; he certainly did not look the part. He had a singularly open face, crisp brown hair and eyes which looked as though they could harbour a merry twinkle, though at the present moment they were serious enough, even apprehensive.

He leaned against the sun-dial and contemplated the weeping Belinda with a wrinkled forehead. A minute he stood there uncertain, and then:

"I say, Bel, you didn’t really mean what you said, did you?"

An emphatic nod from the owner of the handkerchief was all the reply he got.

"But hang it all, my dear girl, you can’t mean to let a little thing like that spoil both our lives; it—it isn’t reasonable."

One half of a very flushed face and a tear-laden blue eye emerged from the damp shelter of her pocket handkerchief.

"I—I’m not your dear girl, and it is not a little thing, so there!"

The handkerchief resumed operations.

The villain was evidently nonplussed. He took a silver cigarette case out of his pocket; moodily contemplated it a moment and then replaced it again unopened.

"But, dash it all, Bel," he burst out, "it’s only cigarettes. Cigarette smoking couldn’t hurt a flea."

The head again bobbed up.

"They are tobacco," she said, "and I have told you tobacco is poi-poison, de-deadly poison; I read all about it in a newspaper. It clouds the intellect, induces laziness and wild habits and stunts the growth."

The corners of my mouth twitched as I surveyed the stalwart form and clear eye of the tobacco fiend’s victim.

He frowned impatiently and gave a least shrug to his shoulders.

"So it is all over between us, eh?"

"Most certainly it is, Mr. Anstruther."

Belinda had recovered her composure and was sitting bolt upright on the steps of the sun-dial with an assumption of calm dignity.

"And you will marry that old bald-headed bore, Sir Archibald Phelps?"

"It’s my parent’s wish," replied Belinda dutifully, "and it is quite untrue to say he is an old bald-headed bore. Sir Archibald Phelps is a man in the prime
of life; he has a distinct parting at the back of his head, and far from being a bore, I heard father say only the other day that Sir Archibald could tell some very racy anecdotes."

"I have not a shadow of doubt on that score," the youth commented dryly. "Ever noticed the way his false teeth click?"

"And what if they do?" she flashed back. "They are his; why shouldn't he click his own property if he wants to?"

It is worthy of note that these young people seemed to find nothing humorous in thus squabbling over Sir Archibald Phelps' physical peculiarities. They were in deadly earnest.

"Well," said the hapless lover, and this time he did not try to conceal the fact that he considered the inconsistencies of woman baffling and incomprehensible. "Well, I suppose you know your own business best. Of course I quite agree that you could not for a moment contemplate the feasibility of marrying a man of clouded intellect and one who combines the evils of lazy and wild habits with that of being undersized, so I have nothing more to say but—Good-bye."

"Wh-what are you going to do?" she enquired hesitatingly.

At this I cheered up. Things looked a trifle more hopeful. The injured maiden still showed a glimmer of interest in the fate of the villain.

"I? Oh, I don't know. I think perhaps I shall travel a bit."

"Will you go in for big game hunting again? You enjoyed your last trip to East Africa."

Not exactly," he replied, reflectively. "I'll see if somewhere I cannot find a new heaven and new earth—my old ones are a bit shattered."

He spoke bitterly, and I felt like seizing the editor of the anti-tobacco paper by the collar and giving him the toe of my boot.

"Oh!" was all the comment he received. There was a pause.

"Good-bye," said Mr. Anstruther again, holding out his hand.

Belinda was deeply interested in a squabble between two sparrows and appeared not to notice.

He dropped his hand, and without another word turned on his heel and his gaudy form was soon lost among the trees.

A while longer Belinda sat, idly gazing in the direction he had taken, with something—was it akin to remorse?—in her blue eyes. But suddenly her lips compressed and her pretty face hardened. Springing up she shook out her frock, and then she too departed in the direction of the house.

I sat on alone pondering on the ways of her sex and marvelling at a nature that could throw away her own happiness and that of the man she professed to love for a mere whim. At length I climbed stiffly down from my perch—the top rail of an iron fence is not exactly a bed of roses—and was taking myself off when my eye was caught by a little sodden ball lying at the foot of the sun-dial.
I stooped and picked it up. It was Belinda's apology for a handkerchief. I have already mentioned that I am unprincipled. Spreading it out I folded it neatly and placed it between the leaves of my pocket-book. I would keep it as a memento.

A year passed. Mr. Charles Fortesque Anstruther, gentleman, true to his word, explored the face of the globe attended by his man and a leather suitcase. The latter gradually became plastered over with innumerable hotel labels of brilliant hues, and its owner, a poor linguist, soon became an adept at making himself understood through the medium of his arms, legs and facial expression.

It was in Cairo that a letter from an acquaintance informed him casually of Belinda's engagement to the highly eligible but decrepit owner of the adjoining estate, Sir Archibald Phelps, and with a deepening sense of gloom he left the land of the Pharaohs and pushed on eastward. India and China bored him excessively. In Japan he stayed some little time. Here indeed he found a new and fascinating earth, but of a new heaven there was no sign. So after four months of cherry blossoms, rickshaws and weird indigestible dishes, wearied and dispirited he once more ordered his bag to be packed and turned his weary face homeward.

In the early days of April he arrived in London, and two days later took the train to the east coast resolved to pay his respects to the newly married couple. Anstruther was not the sort of a man to show when he was hard hit.

We landed at Cromer about mid-day. The year which had elapsed had seen no improvement in my morals and I was resolved to see this matter through. Anstruther left his bag at the station hotel, and having lunched made his way on foot along the top of the cliffs towards Penhurst, Sir Archibald Phelps' estate, which lay a mile out of town. I followed respectfully some distance behind. For a quarter of an hour we pushed steadily on over the billowing green of the close-cropped down. A bright sun beamed upon us and a land breeze wafted around us the inmultitudinous odours of spring. Rounding a bend we suddenly perceived, about two hundred yards ahead, the slight figure of a girl in a pink muslin dress seated in a little sandy hollow where the cliff had partly given way. It was Belinda. Sighting Anstruther at almost the same moment, she started and hastily dropping something small and white at her feet, and focussed her attention on an open book which lay on her knee. Anstruther came on, and standing at the edge of the hollow, looked down.

"Good afternoon," he said.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Anstruther."

Belinda carefully closed her book and looked up. She was not a mite changed and even more fascinatingly pretty. Then she looked down again, and
with the end of a piece of stick began making a little heap of sand at her feet. Then there was a pause.

“Might I enquire—” he began.

“Hush!” she said, “I am looking for shrimps.”

“Shrimps!” he echoed amazedly. “Rather far inland, isn’t it?”

“I found one here yesterday,” she replied seriously. “Poor little fellow; he must have walked all the way, for he was quite exhausted—dead, in fact. It must have been heart failure, these cliffs are awfully steep, you know.”

“More probably it arrived in a paper bag,” he commented.

She shook her head despairingly but did not look up.

“You are as prosaic as ever,” she complained.

“Not where you are concerned, Bel—er—I should say Lady Phelps.”

The floppy hat which Belinda was wearing sank a little lower hiding her face from Anstruther standing above.

“My name,” she said evenly, “is still Belinda McCrae.”

“Oh!” The young man looked as if ten years had dropped from his shoulders but he remained tongue-tied.

“Yes,” she went on calmly, ignoring his exclamation, and she might have been discussing the weather for all the interest there was in her voice. “Yes, I didn’t suit. You see he didn’t approve of my smoking cigarettes.”

“Good Lord!” exclaimed the amazed Anstruther, and again, “Good Lord!”

“I quite approve of cigarette smoking now,” she added demurely.

The young man found his voice at last.

“I say Bel, do you really mean it? Then it’s alright, we can—”

“Aren’t you rather tired of standing up there?” she interrupted quickly.

“I think there is room for you to sit here.” She shifted slightly to one side and Anstruther needed no second bidding.

“Tell me of your travels,” she said. “Was your search successful?”

“My search?” he repeated, puzzled.

“Yes, didn’t you say you were going to look for a new heaven and new earth?” He caught his breath. “Belinda,” he said in a voice which sounded strange and harsh.

She looked up quickly and their eyes met. Long and earnestly his search had found the depths of her blue ones, and there was no laughter in them now.

“Yes,” he said at last in a voice so low that I could scarcely catch the words. “I have found both.”

I began to feel a trifle in the way, and a tardy prick of conscience caused me to turn my back on them and look out seawards.

Storm-clouds were gathering ominously, and the air was breathlessly still. A seagull shot out from under the cliff with a startled cry and circled screaming; a dead white against the leaden coloured waters. A heavy drop of rain splashed on my nose and there was a rumble of distant thunder. We were in for a show-
I turned to find the young people on their feet and moving off. Their heads were very close together and they appeared oblivious of the rain which had begun to patter down in earnest.

I, too, bethought me to get back to the town, but before doing so curiosity led me to make a small excavation in the sand close to where Belinda’s feet had rested. A few moments’ probing with the ferrule of my cane served to unearth that which I hoped to find—the charred remains of a half smoked cigarette. It was a dainty affair with a gold tip. I sighed my satisfaction. Carefully I brushed the sand from it and placed it in my pocket-book alongside the handkerchief, marked “B.” I felt extremely pleased with myself and the world at large, for did not I earn my living by my pen, and had I not here to hand all the material for a most interesting psychological treatise? I would call it “Woman, the Enigma.”

You sniff, my friend, you do not believe the truth which I have so painstakingly put forth above. “Mere fiction,” you say— “pure make-believe.”

Well, I made no secret of the fact that I am a person altogether lacking in principles, so perhaps you have grounds for suspicion. But then what about the handkerchief and cigarette, silent but reliable witnesses?

Aha, you can’t get over that!

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**College Spirit**

Coming back to Lennoxville in the Fall always awakens in one mixed feelings of pleasure and anxiety. To those who like myself live on the other side of the Atlantic, Lennoxville is a second home. Here, perhaps, we have pitched our first camp in a new country, and here we live nine months in the year. The three months’ vacation has been spent by us in various ways. Many of us have been busy at parochial missions and living in strange boarding houses, where we are expected to turn up for meals and get to bed at a reasonable hour, or else give a reason for our absence. How delightful is it then to come back to College and know that as long as we attend a certain number of chapels and lectures we are our own masters and can go on our sweet way. Surely the chief charm of College life is its freedom and comparative lack of responsibility.

On the other hand, however, in getting back here we find that many of the old familiar faces have departed. How, we anxiously ask ourselves, is the College going to exist without these men who seemed to bear upon their shoulders the whole of the College life; what is going to happen to our athletic clubs; is it possible for us to have a dance; what is going to happen to dramatics? We look around at the Freshmen. How, we ask ourselves, can this flock of green and rustic youth fill the place of the wise and sober hands that have left?

But, still, has not the same question been asked every year, and has it not been answered every year that they can do so?
We are members of a small College let us all remember, and therefore every man of us has something to do to help forward the life of the College. Only let us all pull together and we need have no fear that Bishop's is dropping a peg. There has so far this term been a marked feeling of cordiality between the Faculty and the students, between the Arts and Divinity, between the Seniors and Freshmen. This good feeling has shown great results; in spite of reduced numbers we are more active than was the case last year. Athletics, of course, have suffered from lack of material, but in social matters not at all. We have had the best Freshman's concert in years. We are looking forward to a mock trial and students' concert—an entirely new departure, and we have been promised a dance. The basket-ball team has been doing some good practise, and everything seems to be running more smoothly than has been the case in former years.

We certainly have much to congratulate ourselves upon, but do not let us rest upon our laurels, but rather press on with the fixed determination to make things keep on going.

The College spirit is a spirit of selflessness. The routine of committee work is oftentimes wearisome and very generally worrying, but do not let this deter men from accepting such responsibility. In former years such work has always fallen upon the shoulders of a few men, who either through special ability or an unselfish willingness to help things out, have had more work forced upon them than they could properly handle and yet do justice to their study work. This should not be the case. There are quite enough men here in residence who, if they all lent a hand, could considerably lighten the work and enable it to be accomplished more efficiently. Let each man, then, do his share, even if it is irksome to him and takes up time which he would otherwise employ. Do not let the attitude of any member of the University be that of "what am I getting out of the College," but rather "WHAT IS THE COLLEGE GETTING OUT OF ME?"

Tempora Mutantur

The autumn sky without, the falling of the leaves,
The heavy odour in the air, the keenness of the breeze
All tell a well-known tale—albeit they are dumb—
"The summer fair has passed away, the winter soon will come."

That semblance of a leaf, there on the ground alone,
With all its fibres barred to view, its verdant beauty gone,
Seems to lament its fate in whispers sad and low—
"The other leaves have passed away, why do I linger now."

Yea, 'tis a saying true, which all of us one day
When Age with stealthy feet has come, and old friends pass away
And ties of human love to Earth no longer held,
Will cry to God with anguished soul, "Take me, I'm lone and old."

H. S. C.

W. S. H. B.
If climatic conditions were to have any direct influence upon the spirits of those who fall victims to its immutable phenomena, this present editorial would certainly prove the most lugubrious that has ever shadowed the pages of the Mitre, and would cause the reading public to cry out: "Away with this pestilent fellow, this lantern-jawed, furrow-browed disciple of melancholy Jaques; we want none of him... Let him vacate the editorial chair for a fellow of spirit, one who can at least see the silver-lining to every cloud, aye, and one who can at a pinch season the editorial pottage with a pinch of humour!"—And to our thinking the public would be entirely in the right.

Regarding this present editorial, however, our readers need not excite themselves on this score at any rate. It is true that the aforementioned climatic conditions savour much of nodding sable plumes and black-bordered pocket handkerchiefs—a drear autumn-day, of leaden sky, from which streams the rain with that I've-come-to-say look which is the despair of all lovers of sunshine; and who, we may ask, is not? A chill autumnal wind charges gustily through the
gaunt arms of maple and birch, sweeping noisily around the Arts building and, even sacriligiously penetrating the Divinity house, causing its inmates to look to the cracks and crevices in their window sashes, and the editor to frown at his lukewarm pipes and cry. "Pish," (never anything stronger used in the "Shed."), "what is that furnace man about!"

As a matter of fact the weather by no means depresses us, and our spirits at the present moment stand, if we may so say, at 76 degrees Fahrenheit; nor let this be wondered at, for is this not the day commemorative of that blessed evangelist S. Luke; with whose anniversary comes one of those goodly oasis, known as a "free day," which here and there brighten the desert of our University curriculum; days on which the lecture list is heeded not by its victims, and on which the lecture bell for twenty-four long, glorious hours is mute. Surely there is enough reason here for the serenity of the most cantankerous editor's mind, but doubly; trebly is it calmed and rendered joyously tranquil by the realization that its owner stands on the threshold of another College year, that dearest of all seasons to him who runs the academic race. The reunion of friends, the welcoming of new comers, familiar sights, familiar sounds, the whole atmosphere of this loved life wrapping one around, the contemplation of long mouths before one ere farewells have again to be said, all contrive to produce that serenity of spirit, la joie de vivre, that should ever stir the heart of every loyal son of Bishop's.

The College year is just three weeks old, and such being the case we are able to look around and forecast something of what the coming months have in store for us.

It is, upon the whole, as bright an outlook as we have ever had. The number of students in residence is unfortunately smaller than is usually the case, a state of things which is to be ascribed in part to the unsettled condition of affairs brought about by the radical changes in the Arts and Divinity courses, and in part to the exceptionally large outflow of Divinity students last June, which included the first batch of Pan-Anglican exhibitionists for the dioceses of the North-West.

The present small entry is, we feel confident, but a temporary state of things and that next year will again see our numbers on the increase. The benefits to be derived from an extended course in both faculties will begin then to be appreciated, as will also the long-summer vacations, which will enable those men who are desirous of lining their pockets to pick up those pecuniary plums which hitherto have been out of their reach owing to the late closing of the University.

But if our numbers are small our quality, so to speak, is excellent. The Freshmen this year are the most promising set that has invaded these halls for many years. They will all of them, we hope, remain with us for the prescribed
three years and longer, and we look to them to carry on the 'best traditions of
the University and may feel safe to leave them in such promising hands.

Another thing we may similarly congratulate ourselves upon is the excellent
tone which this year pervades the whole College. This is no new thing, for I
think we may without undue bombast claim that the moral tone of the College
has always been one of its best features, and in this respect the coming year will
by no means fall short of its predecessors.

The complete harmony which seems to exist between the two faculties is:
another pleasant state of affairs to those who can look back on days when a spir-
it of rivalry, amounting to unpleasantness on many occasions, existed between
the Arts and Divinity men.

We extend a cordial welcome to this year's Freshmen. You have by now
begun to feel your position as foster sons of your Alma Mater, and may you
prove yourselves worthy of the honour conferred upon you. You Freshmen,
perhaps, do not realize how much depends upon you, more so in a small Univer-
sity than in the larger ones, where only a small percentage of men are called
upon to take an active part in its social life; how anxiously your seniors take
stock of you—of your disposition and abilities for filling those important offices
so soon to be entrusted to your keeping. The initiation ceremonies which lately
took place were not organized so much for the sake of having a "rag" as for trying
you out and seeing what sort of stuff you are made of. Nor are we disap-
pointed at the results. Go on as you have begun, forgetting self in the interests
of the whole student body, assiduous at all times and in all ways to promote the
welfare of our College life—its athletics, its societies and clubs, steeping yourselves
in the true College spirit, which has for its motto, "Pro bono publico," and we
who are so shortly to pass out from these walls, will do so with no feeling of
anxiety for the future welfare of the College we love.

We welcome into our midst Mr. A. V. Richardson, B. A., who has crossed
the "pond" to act as lecturer in mathematics in place of Prof. Gummer, who has
taken a position at Queen's University, Kingston, Ont. Mr. Richardson is be-
coming well liked by everyone.

J. C. Stewart, Esq., is acting as Bursar to the College pending a permanent
appointment to be made shortly. We sincerely hope that Mr. Stewart will re-
main with us permanently. Not only has he made himself popular with the stu-
dents but he is also a great acquisition to our musical circle.

Mr. W. W. Alward '12 and Mr. A. W. Reeves '13 have been appointed As-
sociate Arts editors for the present year.
In the absence of Mr. H. H. Dinning, B.A., Mr. H. S. Blythe Critchley, B.A., has been appointed Alumni editor pro tem.

We apologise for a mistake made in our last issue, Mr. H. S. Wood having been elected Assistant Business Manager, and not Mr. A. W. Reeves as was stated.

The editor once again appeals to the students and Alumni for contributions to the Mitre during the coming year. It is altogether useless for the members of the editorial staff to attempt to make a success of the University magazine unless the students do their level best to help them out. If only the men, and ladies too, were to realize their responsibility in this matter there would be no need for the unhappy editor to spend sleepless nights through anxiety as to where copy for the next issue is to come from.

We have much pleasure in publishing a suggestion from one of our graduates. We shall be glad to hear from any of our readers who are interested in the matter discussed.

A Possible Help to Study

One of the things we promise to do at the time of our ordination is to be diligent in study. But with frankness it may be asked, how many of the parochial clergy have any systematic plan to be followed out in the parson's workshop, the study? How many draw designs on the trestle-board and carry them into effect? Too often good and reasonable excuses are offered instead—the extent of parochial duties, two sermons a Sunday for the younger clergy, and lack of books and funds to purchase them. Possibly under all these is the want of a definite scheme which is as necessary to the student as a chart is to the navigator. Excuses here are leaks in the main pipe that eventually cause the pump to run dry. The study table is over laden with daily papers or periodicals, popular magazines included, many of which have been received through the kindness of friends, while books giving a real insight into the pressing needs, spiritual and social, remain still on the publisher's shelves. The natural consequence of this is—the preaching is dry and the people left hungering and thirsting for righteousness in matters eternal and temporal. Much more might be said, but every reader of this will appreciate the situation and hope for a solution. May I suggest one?

The Divinity Faculty of Bishop's retain a vital interest in her graduates, and we may turn to them for assistance. Why not form a "Society of Sacred Study" by mapping out a course of reading to be covered in a year and publish it in the Mitre with the names of the books and publishers? How many of the parochial clergy will signify to the editor, at their earliest convenience, their wil-
lingness to co-operate with this scheme? Possibly then we can arrange with the Faculty and some of our distinguished Alumni to set the course.

This would lead to the obedience of our ordination vow and supplement individual work of the parochial clergy by enlisting the co-operation of men specially qualified to stimulate to greater efforts. It would also be another link binding us together and to our Alma Mater.

A. M. Dunstan.

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DeAlumnis

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Rev. Canon Kittson, M.A., had the honour of preaching before T. R. H. the Duke and Duchess of Connaught in Christ Church Cathedral, Ottawa, on Sunday, October 15th.

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Rev. Canon Tucker, M.A., has been appointed rector of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, Ont.

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Prof. Boothroyd, M.A., spent the long vacation in England.

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Prof. Gummer, M.A., on his return from England, spent a few days at Bishop's in September, afterwards leaving for Queen's to take up his new duties.

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Ralph Hayden, B.A., has been elected President of his "year" at the General Theological Seminary, New York.

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Hearty congratulations to the Rev. A. P. Durrant, B.A., on his engagement to Miss Beisby, of Trail, B.C., and also to H. H. Scott, B.A., to Miss Constance Hall.

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A. P. Durrant, B.A., was ordained deacon by the Bishop of New Westminster on July 16th last. His address is Edgewood, B. C.

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Avern Sturley, B.A., was one of the fifteen men selected from the Oxford Squadron of King Edward's Horse to take part in the Coronation.
Of the three officers of the Twenty Club at Christ Church, Oxford, two are Alumni of Bishop's—Hon. President, L. R. Sherman, B.A.; Hon. Treasurer, A. A. Sturley, B.A.

Rev. W. H. Moorhead, B.A., Port Chaplain at Quebec and Halifax, and Curate at Quebec Cathedral, has paid two visits to Bishop's during the present term.

Rev. J. S. Seaman, M.A., Rector of North Hatley, has accepted the Rectorship of Shawville, Que.

Past members of the University are asked to be kind enough to send to the Alumni editor of the Mitre any news about themselves which they may consider of interest to be inserted in the Alumni Notes.

The officers of the Alumni Association are as follows: Hon. President, John Hamilton, Esq., D.C.L.; President, Rev. J. Almiond, M.A.; Vice-President, Rev. Canon Kittson, M.A., J. R. Montizambert, M.A.; Secretary-Treasurer, Rev. A. F. Cecil Whalley, M.A., B.D.; Alumni Editor, H. S. Blythe Critchley, B.A.

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To Class Arts '15.

(A PROPOS OF THE FRESHMAN'S CONCERT.)

Well done, Freshmen. Last night you proved your metal by entertaining so excellently the Seniors of this great world-famous University of Bishop's College, in what is known as the Freshman's Concert.

For weeks you have been having all sorts of nightmares and shivers in anticipation of this very trying ordeal; but at last it is over, and you have now been initiated as a full-fledged student among a vast body of sophists. We can see your faces brightening already; your hair which was on the verge of turning gray, out of natural fear, has resumed its youthful brilliancy on the anticipation of future cheerfulness and heartsease.

To illustrate what I wish to say, allow me to quote the words of an honoured learned professor, "You are completely matriculated." But you must not
expect a superabundance of pleasure at once; you must be patient, and by the kindness of the gods, the time will come when you will experience that peculiar and sensational joy which all undergraduates and graduates have felt in past years. In the soft stillness of some night, in the midst of heavenly dreams you will imagine yourself flying in the celestial regions accompanying the most Sacred Owl. Agreeably surprised you will be in finding yourself elevated far above the common race of man, and pleasing (to others) will be the strains of charming music, that you will yell out of sheer delight. I can vouch for this, as it has been mine own most happy (?) experience.

Well, without the least desire to flatter you, let me say that by all appearance you are a fine bunch. Your attitude conveys the impression to us seniors that you are the possessors of a good College spirit. On entering this University you have laid aside your swaddling clothes and have put on the apparel of men. So it is up to you to be men. It is now that you have to be self-reliant and

Do what thy manhood bids thee do,
From none but self expect applause,
He noblest lives, and noblest dies,
Who makes and keeps his self-made laws.

But it is not my motive to dictate, for you are men who can think for yourselves. But I would like to be privileged to say this: It is not always class work that proves the worth of a man; you may be exceptionally clever, work little and get splendid results in the examination room; another may be probably less fortunate than yourself, working hard and doing poorly in examinations. You are a man not for the results attained but for what you attempt.

Your true worth, too, might be often misjudged, while that of someone else, less worthy than yourself, is overestimated. This is sometimes the case, though not, I am glad to say, likely to happen at Bishop's, if you are a poor man's son and the other fellow is the son of somebody with influence. For example, I have actually heard of a case, where, in a certain University, there were two competitors for one of the University prizes. One of the aspirants was the son of a great ecclesiastic, the other a self-sustained young man, who had no influential father behind to back him up. Both were brilliant men, but the first worked little and obtained less than a first-class aggregate, the latter worked strenuously and succeeded in leading his fellow-competitor by more than ten per cent. on the average. The first candidate was awarded the prize.

But, men, you are now at old Bishop's. The environment here is nothing but what will make your character but what it should be. The residential system is that which makes comradeship so close a bond, that all soon regard themselves as brothers and co-workers in the one definite aim—that of making men. Your examiners are such that the mere hint of a bribe would make them fall backward astounded; and so conscientious are they that they will cause you
to lose a whole year for the sake of two or three paltry marks, if occasion arises to do so. But none who have entered this year intend getting to such low water I feel sure.

So, men, if some of you are entering College merely with the ambition of taking your B.A. degree four years hence, and as yet have no particular vocation in life in view, do not worry, "Play the man," and remember the words of Seneca, "It is every man's duty to make himself profitable to mankind." And "mankind" here means your University.

In the class of '15 we also welcome two promising co-eds, namely, Miss M. F. Boyce, of Milby, Que., and Miss M. F. Harvey, of Lennoxville, Que.

Particularly glad are we to see our old friend, Mr. Beaudry, back. He has been elected senior man of the class. Three cheers for '15.

A. W. Reeves.

Echoes from Arts.

On the 28th of September the old Arts building was as a giant refreshed from sleep, but she awoke to find most of the old familiar faces missing, and fewer faces than formerly, sad to say. However, she extended a hearty welcome to all her former friends, and promised friendship and shelter to all the new comers, who although not as numerous as in times past, gave promise of making up in quality what they lacked in quantity. She already feels restored to her own and is settling down to the enjoyment of another year of work and play (principally play.)

One of the great College functions was arranged for October 11th and was performed with great gusto and ceremony, proving to be the greatest success in its line for years past—we speak advisedly. This was the annual concert given by the rubicund entering class, for the delight and amusement of their seniors. The dignatories of the occasion were selected with great care and all was arranged in accordance with the traditions and unwritten law appertaining to the time honoured celebration.

Sir Augustus Plum-tree, the chairman, was arrayed according to the dignity of his office and in a manner truly awe-inspiring and commanding of respect. Over his shapely legs, clad in a marvellous but rather domestic garment, hung an apron of black, on which was portrayed the emblem of death. His long beard and ruby nose caused veneration for the great man to be stirred in the emerald hearts of the juveniles who performed in the evening before him. But the great interest of the evening was centered in his worthy "Master of Ceremonies," who, clad in true piratical fashion, struck fear into the hearts of all who stood before him. With red breeches and heavy boots, with loose shirt and bared arms,
with black scarf over which spread his shaggy hair and beard, and from which protruded his fierce and commanding visage, not to mention his insignia of office composed of sword and buckler—truly significant—he stood by the chairman on the rostrum.

The ghosts assembled and flitted to their respective positions, where they poised ominously silent. With slow and martial tread the poor entertainers of his excellency's court, hearts quaking and footsteps faltering, were led by their custodians to their docks. The oppressive solemnity dawned upon them and they felt like condemned prisoners and became blushingly conscious of their mean attire, usually only donned in the seclusion of their private chambers. The custodians, one short and thick set, with dark whiskers and rotund figure, and the other with larger frame and larger nose, and in fact with more generous proportions all round, most fittingly fulfilled their functions and used their faces to good advantage upon the poor performers.

The chairman, after order had been secured, and after the Master of Ceremonies had given his paternal blessing, "Pax vobiscum," addressed the spirits of the court and other persons attending. His long roll of genuine papyrus was slowly unwound, delivering words of eloquence and wisdom to those assembled. Then the poor entertainers, listed on the programme to follow, withdrew and re-entered singly and alone to do their meagre best. As the novice entered the hall he was greeted with a hearty handshake, which tingled down his back and throughout his entire nervous system. He was led before the terrifying Master of Ceremonies, who grimaced in his face and told him to "stop that smilin'" in a broad Scotch dialect, at the same time brandishing his sword dangerously near the victim. He then ascended the rostrum, aided in the rear by the custodians. Having asserted that he was going to entertain the company of ghosts by song, dance or recitation, as the case might be, he mildly began until painful groans emanated from all around, and such phrases as "take it away," "beat it," etc., warned him that he had not made a hit with the critical audience. He resigned his presumptuous pose and descended in disgrace and successively made his obeisance to the Sacred Owl, the Faculty and the Skull, reminded upon each occasion of his own unworthiness by a tap across the nether regions. The company then accepted him with outstretched arms. And so the victims were led to the slaughter until all had been disposed of, the above ceremony being rigidly carried out in all cases.

And now a solemn procession was formed, the Master of Ceremonies and Sir Augustus, being seated in a most noble and tastefully decorated chariot, were drawn by the verdant entertainers through the streets of Lennoxville. The Principal was first visited and being acclaimed responded in a fitting manner, made more so by the donation of cigarettes to the Great Personages in the chariot. The Master of Ceremonies made his trained troop bow low before him; and with a "Pax vobiscum" ordered the procession to proceed. Many noble citizens
were visited, selected, perhaps, principally on account of their well known beauty and also well known possessors of “smokes.” The Master of Ceremonies on each occasion outdid himself in eulogy of their character and thanks for their gifts, demonstrated more fully by the bowing of his steeds.

On the return of the procession, a banquet, consisting of coffee, biscuits, apples, and the cigars gleaned from our patrons, was indulged in and at this many more experienced and trained performers delighted the company and, strange to say, were allowed to do so. It may be said that the oftimes aforementioned Master of Ceremonies continued to amuse his friends with great gusto, and was with difficulty constrained to adjourn the festivities when discretion called for it.

On Sunday, September 24th, the Lord Bishop advanced three candidates to the priesthood in the Cathedral of the Holy Trinity, Quebec. Of these the Rev. V. E. Hobart, L.S.T., who is in charge of the Church of the Advent, Sherbrooke East, under Rev. Canon Shreve, D.D., rector of Sherbrooke; the Rev. A. R. Warren, who is the missionary at Sandy Beech, Gaspe Basin, and the Rev. S. R. Walters, L.S.T., who has been assisting his father, Rev. Canon Walters, L.S.T., in the extensive mission of Mal Bay. The candidates were presented to the Bishop by Rev. Canon Allnatt, D.D., who also preached the sermon. The Litany was sung by Rev. A. E. Burgett, M.A., and the Epistle was read by the Very Rev. the Dean of Quebec, and the Gospel by the Ven. Archdeacon Balfour. The service throughout was most solemn and impressive. All the candidates are continuing in the work which they have hitherto been doing. They all have our best wishes.

We were pleased to welcome into our midst again Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Warren, who spent a few days with the Rev. Prof. Vial, after the ordination held at Quebec. We also had the pleasure of hearing “Father” preach in the College Chapel on Sunday, October 1st. We hope he will favor us with a visit again soon.

We are indeed sorry that Mr. H. H. Dinning, B.A., our senior man, will not be with us this year. We shall miss “Big Chief” in more ways than one, and certainly hope that he will come back next year.
Rev. H. W. Ievers, L.S.T., has been doing duty during the summer at the Church of St. John the Evangelist, Montreal, but has now left to take up work in the Diocese of Fredericton.

Men in the "Shed" this year have missed the crowing of a "prominent" fowl.

We have much pleasure in congratulating Rev. R. A. Forde on his engagement to Miss Jean Cooke, daughter of the late Rev. Canon Cooke, of Guelph, Ont. We understand the happy event is to come off in January next.

Among the Freshmen this year we welcome two Divinity students who have taken up their residence in the "Shed." Mr. R. H. Flemming comes from Horning's Mills, Ont., and Mr. O. L. Jull from Cayuga, Ont.

Gaspé has not deserted us this year. Mr. P. Bision has come into residence in the "Shed" and is taking Prep. Divinity.

We were much surprised that a Divinity student should make such a mistake, but it appears that Divinity students are not always the best grammarians. At a recent matriculation examination the corresponding gender of cockroach was asked. Among the answers received were "Henroach," "Cockroach-ess," and "Beetle."

We congratulate Mr. Walker, who has been awarded the Waitt scholarship.

Mr. M. Bernard Johnson, B.A., had charge of the organ at S. George's Church, Lennoxville, during August and September.

We were favored with a short visit from the Rev. W. R. Moorhead, B. A., lately. Irish stew was of course on the "menu" in the hall that day.

The Lord Bishop held an ordination service for Deacons on Sunday, October 22nd, when Mr. C. Hepburn was admitted to the Diaconate. Our best wishes go out to Channell in his new career.

Mr. C. S. Chesshire, B.A., is helping the rector of Stanstead, Que.

Mr. Walker was the host at a select tea given in his apartments in the "Shed" in honour of Miss Kinder, who left for England recently. Among the guests were the Rev. Prof. and Mrs. Vial. We wish Miss Kinder a very pleasant trip and a speedy return.

Mr. C. H. Hobart, during July, was at Thetford Mines, and also had charge of Magog during August.
Athletics.

Rugby.

Last season it was thought that owing to the many disadvantages which handicap the Bishop's Rugby team, it would be advisable to withdraw from the C. I. R. F. U. Accordingly this was done, and this year we are playing in the Quebec Rugby Football Union, Junior League, composed of the following teams:

Section A—Westmount, St. Lambert, M.A.A.A. Juniors.
Section B—McGill Juniors, Bishop's University.
Section C—Quebec, Grand Mere.

On account of the late opening of the College this fall, it was impossible to start Rugby practises before October 1st, about two weeks later than usual. This left only a week to get into shape for the first game with McGill, and again the great difficulty has been in getting sufficient men out to have a good practise, although Captain Patterson has used every effort to do so. Those of last year's team who are again playing this season are Patterson, Ireland, Alvard, Cameron, Wood, Norcross, Reeves, Beaudry, Shires, Ward and Haig, and among the Freshman who have turned out are, Murray, Sisco, Belford, Waterman and others.

McGill Juniors 34, Bishop's 7.

On Saturday, October 7th, the first match of the season took place on the College campus with McGill Juniors. As McGill's intermediate team has not yet been chosen, nearly all of the men who will play intermediate this year were used, and consequently the opposing team was fully as strong as the teams with
which Bishop's has played in former years. As soon as play commenced McGill carried the ball well down into Bishop's territory, and advancing up the field, scored their first touch on an end run. Shortly after Alward was laid out and was replaced by Murray for the remainder of the half. Play became very open McGill making big gains through Craig's long punts which were often fumbled by Bishop's backs. Before the half ended McGill scored two more tries and two rouges.

After about two minutes play in the second half, Bishop's scored by forcing McGill to rouge. Bishop's now resorted more to the kicking game and Greenwood's tackling proved very effective in bringing down the McGill backs.

During the last quarter Bishop's more than held her opponents, Ward carrying the ball over for a touch just before time was called. McGill scored three more tries in the second half, one of which was converted, making the final score McGill 34, Bishop's 7. The teams lined up as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>McGill</th>
<th>Bishop's</th>
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<td>Craig</td>
<td>Halves, Ireland</td>
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<td>D. Williamson Capt.</td>
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<td>U. Williamson</td>
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<td>Duclos</td>
<td>F. Wing, Norcross</td>
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<td>Quarter, Capt. Patterson</td>
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<td>Bull</td>
<td>Scrini, Cameron</td>
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<td>Clarke</td>
<td>Alward, Reeves</td>
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<td>Tinling</td>
<td>Wings, Beaudry</td>
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<td>McLeod</td>
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At a meeting of the Rugby Club, held on October 9th, it was decided that owing to the inability of a number of players to go to Montreal and for other reasons, the team would not play the return game with McGill on October 14th.

Basket Ball

The prospects for having a good Basket-ball Team this year look good at present, although it is yet early in the season. Savage, Murray, Scott, Hinerth and Dinning will be missed from last year's team, but with Ireland, Alward, Cameron, Wood, McKee and Patterson back again and the new men who are turning out, it is hoped that Bishop's may put in a strong claim for the championship of the league this year.
Societies.

Churchwarden Club.

The club has held three meetings since College opened. The first was a purely business one. At the second the following new members were initiated: A. V. Richardson, B.A., M. B. Johnson, B.A. and C. Phillips, Esq. At this meeting J. C. Stewart, Esq., was also elected a member.

On October 19th the first paper of the year was read by the Rev. V. E. Hobart. The club was the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Parrock and met at the Lodge. There was a good attendance and several ladies were present.

The paper, on the subject of Glastonbury Abbey, was a most interesting one, and well written. As the paper will appear in the next issue of the Mitre, we refrain from going into details here. The meeting closed with a cordial vote of thanks to the Principal and his wife for their hospitality.

Prof. E. E. Boothroyd has been elected President in the room of Mr. H. H. Dinning, B.A., who has decided not to return to College this year. Old members are very glad to see the ex-president in his accustomed seat once again.

The Parergon Society.

The first meeting of this society during the present session was held in October. The meeting was called for the election of a president in succession to C. F. Gunner, M.A. The Rev. Prof. Vial, M.A., B.D., was unanimously elected in his place. The other officers of the society are as follows: Vice-President, Prof. Boothroyd, M.A.; Secretary, H. S. Blythe Critchley, B.A.

C. Phillips and F. W. Butterfield have recently been elected members, and others are to be balloted upon at the next meeting. The prospects of the society are quite as favorable as those of other years.

Missionary Union

At a business meeting of the Missionary Union held October 5th, the resignation of the secretary, H. S. Wood, was accepted with much regret. R. J. Shires was elected to fill the vacancy. Another member was also added to the Committee in the person of A. H. Plummer. The full list of officers for the current year is as follows: President, H. S. Chesshire, B.A.; Vice-President, W.
R. Walker; Secretary, R. J. Shires; Committee, F. Butterfield, A. H. Plummer, A. W. Reeves. It is hoped that the students will show the usual interest and enthusiasm, and make every effort to attend the meetings regularly. Already several good speakers have promised to come and address the Missionary Union, and the programme which is mapped out gives excellent promise.

The Guild of the Venerable Bede.

At a meeting of the Guild of the Venerable Bede, held on October 9th, Mr. J. V. Young suggested that a Triptych be substituted for the present Dorsal in the Oratory. With the sanction of the Guild he has undertaken to collect funds for this purpose, and would be glad if absent members of the Guild, and graduates and friends of the University would be kind enough to forward donations to him at the Divinity House.

The officers of the Guild are as follows: Warden, Rev. Prof. Vial, M.A., B.D.; Secretary-Treasurer, H. S. Blythe Critchley, B.A.; Committee, H. S. Chesshire, B.A.; J. V. Young and F. W. Butterfield.

St. Andrew's Brotherhood.

The first monthly meeting of the Brotherhood for this year was held in the new common room on Tuesday evening, October 17th. We were very glad to welcome three new members this year, of them Mr. Flemming, coming from North Bay, where he was a member of the Chapter there. Three new members were also admitted as probationers, making a total on the roll of thirteen members. The service of admittance was held on St. Duke's Day, Oct. 18th, immediately after the Celebration of the Holy Eucharist.

Our work this year seems to be very promising. The hospital visiting will be kept up as usual, one of the members going to the hospital once a week with the secretary. In connection with the library which we started last year in the Protestant Hospital, it was decided that the secretary write to some of the influential people in and around Lennoxville asking them if they would give us some books towards the library. Mr. Flemming was placed in charge of the Brickyard mission, with Mr. Jull to help him. The work at Moulton Hill will be continued this year the same as last year, Mr. Sisco being in charge with Mr. J. Phillips to assist him.

Library Notes.

The following are among a large assortment of books added to the Library this month:

The Cathedrals and Churches of Northern Italy, T. F. Bumpus.
Motière et Shakespeare, Paul Stapfer.
Mythologies of Ancient Peru and Mexico, Spence.
Pantheism, its Story and Significance, Picton.
The Function of Criticism, Matthew Arnold.
The Development of Shakespeare as a Dramatist, Baker.
Egypt and Western Asia in the Light of Recent Discoveries, King and Hall.
Nineteenth Century Literature, Saintsbury.
The Egyptian Heaven and Hell, three volumes, Budge.
Roman Public Life, Greenidge.
Principles of Literary Criticism, Winchester.
English Poetry, its Principles and Progress, Gayley and Young.
Some Christian Difficulties of the Twentieth Century.
Lectures on Modern History, Lord Acton.
Life and Letters of Lord Durham, Reid.

We have much pleasure in wishing our contemporaries much success during the present academic year and hope that our old friends who have favored us with exchanges in the past will kindly continue to do so.

Because of your strong faith I kept the track
Whose sharp set stones my strength had well nigh spent.
I could not meet your eyes if I turned back
So on I went.
And though I struggled towards it through hard years
Or flinch, or falter blindly, yet within
"You can!" unwaveringly my spirit hears,
And I shall win.
Aldis Dunbar, St. Andrew's Cross.

The following extract from Notre Dame Scholastic deserves consideration from every student:
"Physical well-being, if not essential to mental health, at least greatly promotes it. . . . And while we may regret the fact that good health has become a great problem in our day, instead of an unconsidered, glowing reality as it was to our sturdier forbears, none the less we must reckon with a worn-down vitality of a constitution tending towards physical dishonour. Happy the lad who has not yet discovered that he has a constitution, for on the heels of that discovery must follow all the science of exercise and treatment. Masseurs, chiropodists, beauty doctors—shades of Hippocrates and the sane Greeks, how the world withers! Be that as it may, not a man in college but needs exercise in some form or another to keep his body in that condition wherein it will best wait upon the wishes of his mind.

The extracts from our contemporaries are few this month owing to the small number of exchanges which have been so far received by us.

Students of Comparative Religion will be interested in the following, which is taken from the Algoma Missionary News, September, 1911.

"It is not generally known," writes the Scottish Chronicle, "that not one of the so-called parallels between Buddha and Christ, the Virgin Birth, the Temptation, Death, Resurrection and Ascension, is to be found in Buddhistic literature, until the 4th or 5th century of the Christian era (Cantama lived in the 6th century B.C.) and that thus a period of about 900 years elapsed before these legends were in vogue. This is proved by an excellent scholar, Dr. Eike, Hong Kong, in his "Three Lectures on Buddhism." The success of Christianity in the East during the first three or four centuries seems to have spurred on the Buddhist teachers to adopt some similar teaching. "I have witnessed more than once," says the writer of the paragraph, "the daily four p.m. service at the Honam Temple in Canton, and it struck me forcibly that not only these myths, but the trinity of Buddhas these worshipped, the vestments of the priests, the processions, the peculiar Gregorian-like chants, and the daily service itself (so unlike Eastern worship) were institutions of early Christian belief and ceremonial. "But the absolute fact that for 500 years B.C., and for about 400 years A.D., these myths were unknown in Buddhists books, ought to put an end to the question which vexes the minds of many, viz., whether all these Oriental religions, including Christianity itself, may not have sprung from some common original."
# List of Officers:

Senior man of University—M. B. Johnson, B.A.
Senior man of Arts—A. A. Alward.
Senior man of Second Year Arts—A. W. Reeves.
Senior man of Third Year Arts—W. E. Beaudry.
Secretary of Students—H. S. Wood.

Churchwarden Club—Hon. president, Dr. Parrock; president, Prof. Boothroyd; secretary, A V Grant; treasurer, E J Shires; bell ringer, H S Chesshire; committee, Rev Prof Vial, H S Blythe Critchley.

Debating Society—President, F O Call; vice-president, A H Plummer; secretary, W T Hague; committee, H S Chesshire, C H Hobart, J V Young.

Reading Room—President, Rev. Principal; vice-president, W R Walker; secretary-treasurer, J V Young; senior curator, C H Hobart.

Brotherhood of St. Andrew—Director, A V Grant; vice-director, W R Walker; secretary-treasurer, J V Young.

Missionary Union—President, H S Chesshire; vice-president, W R Walker; secretary, R J Shires; committee, A H Plummer, F. Butterfield, A W Reeves.

The Guild of the Venerable Bede—Warden, Rev. Prof. Vial, secretary-treasurer, H S Blythe Critchley; committee, H S Chesshire, J V Young, F Butterfield.

The Parergon Society—President, Rev. Prof. Vial; vice-president, Prof. Boothroyd; secretary, H S Blythe Critchley.

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### Officers of Bishop's University Athletic Association

Honorary president, the Rev. Principal. President, M B Johnson.
Secretary-Treasurer, W W Alward.

Football Club—Hon. president, Rev. F. J B Allnatt; president, R J Shires; vice-president, W T Haig; secretary-treasurer, E H Ireland; captain R J Patterson; committee, H S Wood, W W Alward, C C Hinerth; representative to Union, H J Patterson; directors, R J Shires, E H Ireland; Warden, Murray.

Hockey Club—President, H S Wood; vice-president, C Phillips; sec.-treas., F A McCrum; captain, D I Cameron; committee, A E Norcross, N R Ward, W W Alward; directors, D I Cameron, N R Ward; Warden, Dickson I, Dickson II.

Basket-ball Club—President, H J Patterson; vice-president, R J Shires; secretary-treasurer, H S Shires; captain, E H Ireland; committee, W W Alward, D I Cameron, H S Wood; directors, H S Chesshire, D I Cameron; warden, Belford.

Toboggan Club—President, J V Young; vice-president, A H Reeves; secretary-treasurer, C H Hobart; committee, G R Dickson, Fleming, K Murray; directors, C H Hobart, J V Young; wardens, Flemming, Jull.


Racquet Club—President, C E S Bown; vice-president, D I Cameron; secretary-treasurer, A V Grant; committee, F W. Butterfield, H J Patterson, M B Johnson; directors, F W Butterfield, A V Grant.

Golf Club—Officers not yet appointed.
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Secretary-Treasurer, REV. CECIL WHALLEY, M.A., B.D.

Members of the Association are requested to inform the Secretary of any change of address. The Secretary will be glad to receive communications from any graduate or other friends of University, and suggestions for the advancement of the welfare of the institution will receive the careful consideration of the Executive.

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