

THE MITRE.

**H. HAWES**

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M. H. WELLS, '15	EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
R. H. WATERMAN, '14	BUSINESS MANAGER
C. C. Phillips, B.A.	Alumni Editor
C. G. Wintle	Exchange Editor
F. A. McCrum, '14	Athletic Editor
R. H. Fleming	Associate Editor—Divinity
J. Phillips, '14	Associate Editor—Arts
H. H. King, '15	Assistant Associate Editor—Arts
Miss Harney, '14	Lady Editor
J. A. Lobban '15	Assistant Business Manager

THE MITRE is published by the Students of the University of Bishop's College.

Terms, \$1 per year in advance. Single copy 20c.

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Address all contributions to the Editor-in-Chief, and all business correspondence to the Business Manager.

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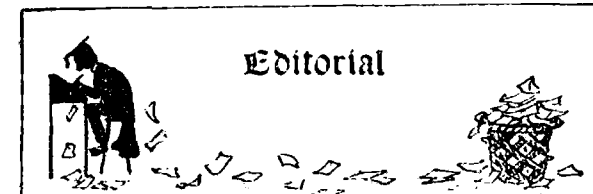
Printed by F. H. BRIDGMAN, Danville, Quebec

VOL. XXI.

LENNOXVILLE, QUE.

No. 3

FEBRUARY, 1914.



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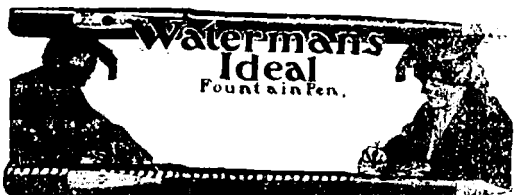
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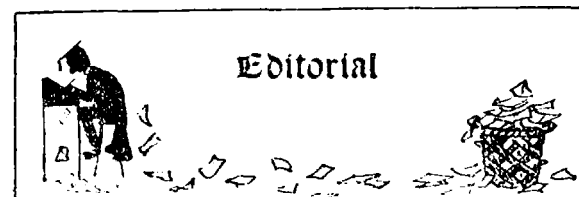
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misused amongst ourselves. We say with "sorrow" because the misuse of the word has led to wrong action, and it is from this wrong action that the College is seriously suffering at the moment. There has sprung up within the College an idea that it is quite permissible, or at any rate there is no very serious harm done if a man plays for himself, plays to win his "B.," and in doing so forgets his duty to the team and the honour of his College. Now this can mean but one thing, that we are not a sporting College. It is a sad and painful thing that these words should have to be written in our College paper, but there are times when it is well to look into such matters and to face the facts, and this is one of those times. We have been careless, and this spirit has been allowed to grow up within us, and until we throw it out we can lay no claim to the title of sportsmen. It were well then, under such circumstances, to consider the character of a true sportsman, and because we are dealing with one phase of a large subject, we will confine our remarks to the true sportsman as exhibited in a man who is resident in a College or School, and who is or hopes some day to be a member of his College or School team. Now we believe that at the very foundation of every true sportsman's character lies unselfishness. That a sportsman is one who plays first and last for his college, and who has obliterated the element of self. Further, we believe that the true sportsman is desirous rather of a glorious defeat against odds than the gaining of a victory by means which may have the shadow of the unfair or the "dirty" about them. Other things for which a true sportsman is ever conspicuous is cheerfulness in defeat and the determination which carries him through a losing game. And that, after all, is the true test. It is easy to play one's best when the play is one's own way, but the question is another one when a man is playing against heavy odds, then it is that the true sportmanship comes out in a man when he is playing all that he has in him knowing that victory is impossible, but believing also that a hard fought losing game is often better than many victories.

Such then are some of the characteristics of the true sportsman; there are others which we have neither time nor space to mention now, fearlessness is one of them and gentleness is another, and we would commend to all those who are now taking an active part in the College sports and especially to those who are upon the threshold of their athletic and University careers these characteristics of the true sportsman—gentleness, fearlessness, unselfishness, and further would we demand that they will determine now once and for all to banish from the College sports that element of selfishness which is at present so unhappily and so fatally prevalent among us.



We were pleased to receive a visit from the Rev. W. R. Hibbard, M. A., Headmaster of Rothesay Collegiate School, who came back to his Alma Mater for a few brief hours, before the commencement of the term, while waiting for the Halifax express.

Our sincerest congratulations are extended to the Rev. R. J. Shires, B. A., L. Th., for the distinction he won his University in the recent priest's examinations, when he gained one hundred per cent. in Hooper, thus establishing a record in the diocese in that subject, and high marks in all the other subjects. "R. J. S." is enamoured with the old life of the West, and is doing splendid work in the large territory he has charge of just outside Calgary.

Our sincerest sympathy is extended to the Rev. W. E. Patterson and his brother "Pat." in the loss of their mother.

Sunday, Jan'y 11th, was a very happy and long-to-be-remembered day for the congregation and friends of St. George's Church, Ayers Cliff, as it was the occasion of the dedication of their new and beautiful church. The Ven. Archdeacon Balfour, D. C. L., acting as the bishop's representative, was met at the door by the clergy and wardens, the Rev. Rural Dean Murray, of Danville, and Rev. I. N. Kerr, the rector, who read an address. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Rural Dean Murray from Haggai 2-4. Thus we see that in the short time Mr. Kerr has been rector of Hatley, he has not been idle.

We were sorry to hear that the Rev. A. H. Moore, of St. John's, has been confined to his home for some days through illness. The Rev. F. G. Vial, B.D., Warden of the Divinity House, kindly visited him on Sunday, the 11th, and conducted the services in his parish.

We were agreeably surprised to have a visit from the Rev. A. F. Sisco, of Lorne, and another of our graduates, who landed in on the "Midnight" just after the Xmas holidays. Our hope that Mr. Sisco was intending to give us

the pleasure of his company for another term soon proved to be unfounded, though he did say something about a monthly visitation.

All our Alumni will be glad to hear that the number of enquirers about the college by prospective students is much larger than that received by this time last year. Is it asking too much of each alumnus to bring the college before the notice of any such young men they may know of? Calendars and all information will be gladly furnished to any one interested.

The Rev. J. V. Young paid us a visit about a month ago, being on his way down to the winter port at Halifax, where he has charge of the emigration work. We believe that he is also studying for the priest's exams, which he has to take in June.

Mr. C. C. Phillips, B. A., and brother "Jack" have rented a house on Prospect Street, Lennoxville, where they are living with their mother and sister. They now attend lectures as day students. "Charlie" has charge of the library as assistant librarian.

We were very pleased to receive a visit from the Rev. Henry Wright, M.A., of Wilks, Sask., on Tuesday, Jan. 27th. Mr. Wright gave us a very encouraging report of the church's work in his district. When he arrived there seven years ago, he had charge of a district 75 miles long and 65 wide. At the present time there are twenty Anglican churches with ministers in charge. Such has been the progress in seven years.

We also had a flying visit from the Rev. M. B. Johnson, B. A. "Moody" could not stay long, because he was interested in the flower exhibition in Sherbrooke. Mr. Laws, from Sawyerville, accompanied "Moody" in this pleasant but brief visit.

Mr. Meekren is at present paying us a very welcome visit.

A meeting of the Alumni Association was held in the Council Chamber on Tuesday afternoon, Dec. 3rd. There were present the Rev. Canon Shreve, Rev. Rural Dean Murray, the Revs. Moorhead (secretary), Moore, V. E. Hobart, M. B. Johnson, Laws, Ward, Messrs. Rollit, Montizambert, Reeves, Phillips, Dr. E. A. Robertson, the Principal, and all the professors of the University.

The Secretary read the minutes of the general meeting, held on Dec. 11th, 1913, and those of the annual meeting held on June 18th, 1913.

As Mr. Rollitt begged to decline the office of the presidency of the Associa-

tion, proffered him at the June meeting, from which he was unavoidably absent, Prof. Call nominated Dr. E. A. Robertson for that office, and he was thereupon unanimously elected. In a short address Dr. Robertson thanked the meeting for the honour conferred upon him.

Professor Burt then stated the chief business of the meeting. He stated that a suggestion had been worked out amongst the faculty which was that in view of the fact that all other Canadian Universities had some other special thesis or examination, that it would be well to strengthen our own position in this respect especially as it entailed no extra financial burden.

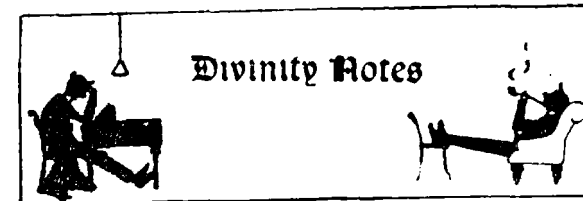
He thought that it would be well to make an exception in the case of one, who took first class honours in his finals, so that he might proceed without further basis to the Master's degree.

After considerable decision the following resolution was brought forward by Prof. Burt, seconded, and carried—"That in the opinion of this meeting some test or examination should be required of graduates in Arts before being permitted to proceed to the M.A. degree, and that a committee be appointed to consider the question, and place the matter in some form before Convocation for acceptance or rejection."

A committee was then proposed consisting of the President of the Association, Rev. Rural Dean Murray and Professors Call, Burt and Boothroyd.

The Principal then gave a statement with regard to the progress of the Diamond Jubilee Fund, and also pointed out the advantage which would accrue to the College from the government buying the lands adjoining the College Estate for the purpose of turning them into an experimental farm.

The President then proposed that the Association should be incorporated, and it was proposed by the Rev. H. Laws and seconded by the Rev. M. B. Johnson that the following committee be appointed to go into the matter, the President, the Secretary, Professor Boothroyd and Messrs. Lawrence, K.C., and G. H. Montgomery. The meeting then adjourned.



We, of "The Shed," take this opportunity of extending to all, who have gone forth from these walls, our best wishes for a Prosperous and Happy New Year.

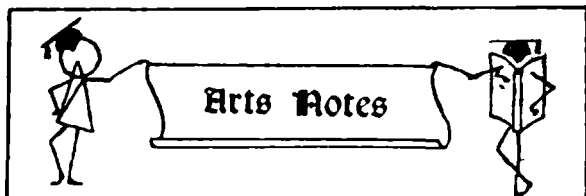
We are pleased to have Mr. C. C. Phillips, B. A., with us again. Mr. Phillips' mother is now residing in the village.

Rev. T. M. Melrose is now stationed at Fort Saskatchewan.

Rev. W. L. W. Moore, L. S. T., and Mr. F. Butterfield of the diocese of Ottawa are at present in the Motherland.

Rev. J. V. Young, assistant Emigration Chaplain at Quebec, has been transferred to the Halifax office for the winter season.

We were glad to notice in the December number of the "Quebec Diocesan Gazette" such a glowing account of Rev. F. Allen Sisco's work at Lorne. We extend our hearty congratulations to our friend, Allen.



To the present moment the history of the Arts Building during the college year of 1913-14 has been conspicuous rather for lack of stirring events than for anything else. This we trust is a sign that there has been to some, at least, a steady advance in the which is, the first duty of every student, the work of his course.

We were very sorry to lose Messrs. Ward, Andrews and Almond, especially as the latter showed by his marks in the Christmas examinations that he would have been a valuable asset to the college.

Last term a very successful Dramatic Entertainment was given in aid of the Mitre. Many bought tickets for the good of the cause rather than for the entertainment itself or the pleasure it would give them, but all who attended felt that they had received their money's worth and more than that so delightful was the programme which Mrs. Rowland presented during the course of the evening. We hope that this will not be the last time that Mrs. Rowland will pay us a visit. We were largely indebted also to Miss Wilson and Mr. Stewart who so kindly lent us the aid of their services.

The football dance took place on Nov. 27th. In many ways it was one of the most successful dances we have had for some years. Much credit is due to the committee whose efficiency is attested by the able way in which all arrangements were made, and by the fact that they came out with a clear profit of \$18, surely a record in college dances.

Mr. Stewart is now with us again after a Christmas vacation spent at his home in Scotland.

We are very glad to note the fashion that is making itself felt all over the College for Chess playing. As a result of this fashion a Chess Club has duly been formed which is to meet on Monday night in the new Common Room and much pleasure and profit to its members will, we are sure, result.

It is with pleasure that we see the success which an old member of the Arts Building has attained in the poetical world. Mr. Hargrave's poem, which is printed in this issue of the Mitre, speaks for itself, and is, we hope, earnest of more to follow.

## Athletics.

What promised to be one of the most interesting hockey seasons of late years has been somewhat marred by the inability of Harvard to keep to the arrangements made with them last term. Columbia, too, were unable to arrange for a game with us. As a result the hoped for expedition into the States has had to be put off for this year.

The first match of the season takes place on Saturday, Jan. 31st, against the Danville team at Danville. It is to be hoped that the game will result in a victory for the college, but we should feel more confidence in the result had the team attended the practises better.

## Societies.

Misfortune attended the history of the Missionary Union during the latter part of the last term. Two speakers whom we had much looked forward to hearing were unable, at the last moment, to come, and we had perforce to control our disappointment as best we might.

This term however fortune has shined on us more favourably. We have already had one really excellent and instructive address which was delivered by the Rev. Mr. Roy, rector of Cookshire, and, moreover, arrangements for further meetings have been made with Mr. Brewer, Mr. Bunbury and Mr. Macdonald.

M. H. WELLS, Secretary.

#### THE GUILD OF THE VENERABLE BEDE.

A meeting of the Guild was held in the Reading Room of The Divinity House, on Dec. 4th, 1913, the Warden presiding. After the business had been settled the Warden read three very interesting letters, from the Rev. A. V. Grant B. A. ; Rev. R. J. Shires, B. A. ; and Mr. C. C. Phillips, B. A.

A letter from our Bedeite Brethren is greatly appreciated but we regret to say that such epistles are few in number. Truly we are interested in the welfare of each absent member, and his work.

Will you not, therefore, give us an account of your doings?

The question has been put to the Secretary, by a graduate of nineties,—What are the objects of Guild of the Venerable Bede?

They are two in number, and in case there are other graduates who would like to know, we take this opportunity of stating them, viz.,

1. To form a bond of union between the Divinity House and its past and present members.
2. To encourage mutual intercession and assistance.

### Library Notes.

The following books have been added to the college library since September, 1913.—Hugh of Lincoln, Marson ; The Diary of a Lady-in-Waiting (II Vols.) Lady Charlotte Bury ; Madame de Maintenon, Dyson ; The Westminster Biographies (Wesley, Newman, Eliot, Duncan, Defoe,) Stodard's Lectures (XIV vols).

A list of government sessional papers and reports have also been forwarded, and received in due course.

C. C. P. Ass't Librarian.

### Exchanges.

In the Exchanges which we have received since the issue of our Christmas Number, we see a marked improvement in the general matter of our sister Exchanges. We are pleased to notice in this connection their literary matter.

During the Fall we noted the remarks of one Exchange Editor to the effect that University students were making little effort to produce short stories of fiction. While there was an apparent dearth of fiction at the time, we feel that now when the Colleges and Universities have got down to serious work, efforts will be forthcoming. Some of the University Magazines have produced good stories. Among these the Christmas "Argosy" presents us with, "Through the Mists of Bygone Years." It is a story which is well written, descriptive, lucid and enhancing, and carries the reader away from his own immediate surroundings to the joyous Christmas season of the middle ages, and then, when he has enjoyed a glimpse of the past, he is unconsciously brought back to his own cosy room, and left there to debate in his mind the possibilities of pre-existence.

In lighter vein we have "Between Earth and Sky," a humorous yarn appearing in the "Acadia Athenaeum" for January. It is told naturally and pleasingly, and we hope that the writer will be encouraged to further efforts.

"Queen's University Journal Supplement" presents us with two stories, one a prize winner and the other of honorable mention. Concerning the prize story, "Birthright Pottage," Miss McLachlan, the authoress, shows us yet another side of fiction, the romantic. Her story pulsates with womanly thought and feeling, and possesses that romantic charm which only a woman can infuse into a story of this type.

On the whole the fiction found in the magazines so far has been of that clean wholesome type which writers of this branch of literature should aspire to produce. Good short stories as well as novels can do much towards educating and uplifting the world in general.

We welcome a new magazine, the "Gleam," the production of the student body of the newly united Colleges of Manitoba and Wesley. The number received is the first issued under the union, and judging from it, the "Gleam" has a bright future before it.

The "Mitre" wishes it every success.

"To live with a high ideal is a successful life. It is not what one does, but what one tries to do, that makes the soul strong and fit for noble career."

—Selected

### Be Careful.

The junior was talking to the girl over the 'phone (as juniors do sometimes), and, forgetting in his excitement that he was using a public means of communication, addressed her in most endearing terms.

"O ! be careful," said she. "Central might be listening." "Kindly under-

stand," broke in Central, "we are not in the habit of listening to private conversations."—Exchange.

We beg to acknowledge, with many thanks, the following :—'Stanstead College Magazine,' 'Cambridge Review,' 'Queen's University Review,' 'The Student,' 'University of Ottawa Review,' 'The Gryphon,' 'The Quill,' 'Acadia Athenaeum,' 'The Gleam,' 'Argosy,' 'St. John's College Magazine,' 'Notre Dame Scholastic,' 'King's College Record,' 'Trinity University Review,' 'McGill Daily,' 'Western University Gazette,' 'Harvard Bulletin,' 'MacMaster Monthly.'

### In Memoriam.

The Rev. Canon Phillips, who entered into rest on Christmas Day, 1913, in the Rectory of Hawksbury, Ont., was a priest of the type which it is to be hoped will long continue to bear its witness in the Canadian church. In response to a call from Canada for men willing to "endure hardness" in the ministry of Christ's Church, he took up work on the Ontario side of the Ottawa Valley, and within a short time settled at Hawksbury where he remained for his forty-five years of service.

Devoted to his people, zealous and unflinching in the performance of his duty, sympathetic, kindly and cheerful, not only was he a teacher of his flock by word of mouth, but his example marched with his precepts. Moreover, though a man of considerable reading and much practical wisdom, his gentle humility prevented him from pressing himself into public notice. When, however, His Grace of Ottawa advanced him to an Honorary Canonry there was very general rejoicing as the recipient was widely respected and held in much affection by all who knew him intimately. For many years Canon Phillips has been a friend of this University and Bishop's College School. Both of his sons are Old Boys of the latter institution, and are now both taking their respective courses at this University. He is also survived by Mrs. Phillips, who is a daughter of the late Sir J. J. Abbott, K. C. M. G. (at one time Prime Minister of the Dominion of Canada), and by one daughter, to all of whom the "Mitre" extends its heartfelt sympathy.

### THE GLORY OF THE HILLS.

The face of earth is grandly scarred  
As shown where mountain stand ;  
Where nature's elements once warred,  
Then ceased at God's command.  
We wonder at the power that heaved  
And piled them into place ;  
What giant intellect conceived  
Such splendour for earth's face.  
The mighty grandeur of the hills  
Seen towering o'er the plain,  
With wonderment our being fills ;  
All else appearing vain.  
While at their feet we stand and gaze,  
As sinks the sun behind,  
Their glory, through the evening haze,  
Is framed in heart and mind.

JOSEPH EDWARD HARGRAVE.

### Patience.

Doesn't Solomon say something about madmen casting fire and destruction abroad, and saying that it is only in sport? At anyrate there are such madmen, for I know one, and until some of his fire and destruction fell upon my head I thought he was a friend of mine. Now—!

There was no outward and visible taint of Bedlam or Colney Hatch, or Verdun about the gentleman. He seemed a very ordinary pleasant-mannered individual; and when he systematically preferred my Craven to his own tobacco I would have gone bail for his sanity. We had many tastes in common, besides the taste for Craven; liked the same books, preferred straight-stemmed to curved pipes, and generally thought alike about the other important things of life. Eventually we became so intimate that we could afford to express our pain at each other's attempts at a joke, instead of giving the inane polite laugh of mere acquaintance. And then came the fire and destruction.

The question which most troubles my mind is whether it was a fit of temporary insanity, like that of poor Mary Lamb, or whether he was wholly and hopelessly insane, and his previous conduct, so disarming to the most suspicious mind, was merely the superhuman cunning of the madman lulling me into quiet confidence so that I should not be prepared to dodge the fire. Sometimes, as I look back over the pleasant memories of our friendship, I wonder whether his action can have been dictated by the deliberate intention of even temporary insanity, and am inclined to think that it was as innocent of any malicious meaning as that of a child of a few months, which clutches at a table-cloth in its play,

and breaks some costly vase. But then the results of his action come into my thoughts, and he becomes again for me the madman of Solomon with his fire and destruction, and anyway he's a grown man and as such responsible for his actions, actions which have utterly destroyed my peace.

He called it "Coronation Patience," and introduced it in the most ordinary way, with the diabolical cunning characteristic of the madman. (I have decided on thinking over what he has done that he is hopelessly and incurably insane, and I'm glad of it, it's the only bit of comfort that is left to me in life.) We were smoking in my den (my Craven too!) talking idly of this and that, when he remarked "I've learnt a new patience," and, taking the cards from the drawer, proceeded to lay them out face upward in four rows. I shall not describe the game (Game! Ye Heavens!) lest the fire which my madman poured upon my head should be spread still further and consume other innocent lives. I will admit that I was sorely tempted to do so, and began to gloat over the thought of others falling heedlessly into the pit into which my so called friend has cast me. But then came the thought that this was to do what he had done, and the temptation vanished. If I am to go mad I will go mad alone like a gentleman without dragging others into the abyss with me like that—Ask the Editor's blue pencil what the rest was. As I said, I shall not describe the thing sufficiently for those fortunate individuals who do not know it to learn. But it will do no harm to the uninitiated to say that he spread the cards out in four rows face upward, took out the aces, and then began to move other cards into the vacant spaces.

Now I had never learnt Patience, and never wanted to, being singularly unendowed with the virtue from which it takes its name, so if he had attempted to teach me, or explained things, I should have taken up a book and escaped my doom. But with that noted cunning of the lunatic he did no such thing but went quietly on with his game while I smoked. The cards were under my eyes and I could not help noticing the method on which he moved them, and the aims he seemed to have in view, and thus the Patience-poison was insidiously instilled into my blood. So things went on for a space. Then he judged that the time had come for a further move in his plot against my peace of mind. He pretended to be what I think is known to patience-players as "stuck;" he wasn't really for I could see a way open to him; I pointed this out; he thanked me and went on with his game. Now that it is too late I can understand and follow all his moves, and I realize that it was here that I swallowed the bait he had cast for me; and even amid all the suffering he has brought me, and the hatred that suffering has aroused, I cannot refrain from admiration at the skill of all his moves, and the self-control which kept all sign of triumph out of his bearing as I nibbled at his bait. His eyes were bent on the cards so that I could not see their expression; had I been able to I might have noted some gleam of insane triumph

and been warned. But in his bearing and voice there were no warning signs, and I went to my doom. Soon he was "stuck" again, and again and again I showed him a way of escape, or thought I did, for of course he saw it himself and merely pretended not to in order to draw me deeper into the toils. And so presently I found that I had abandoned the position of uninterested onlooker who merely made a suggestion to help a friend, (A friend!) and was actually playing with him the game I most despised. Before he left I had made him explain the whole game to me. Made him, as I thought at the moment, poor fool that I was; but now I realized that he had played with me after the manner of that Japanese art which I don't know how to spell—and the dictionary is not within reach—in which one's opponent is made to supply the force for his own downfall. Had I followed him to his room that night should I have found him dancing a tango of triumph at the ensnaring of his friend's soul? I wonder—. But I did not follow him. As soon as he had gone I began another game of "Coronation Patience" and played far into the night; and when at length with weary brain and dizzied sight I went to bed, it was not to sleep, for when I closed my eyes I saw against the blackness four long rows of cards, and began the attempt to get a free space next the ace of spades, to do which I had to put the nine of hearts behind the eight, but behind the eight was the five of clubs that must go behind the four, but to clear a space behind the four I must move the six of diamonds—and now my doom has come upon me. The fever is in my blood. All my spare hours by day are devoted to the absurd attempt to get fifty-two bits of paste-board to arrange themselves in a given order; while all night long my sleepless eyes behold those four long rows and attempt to place the eight of hearts behind the seven and so on. The strain is intolerable, and I have ceased to dread the moment when my over-wrought brain will give way, rather do I long for it as a tired child for sleep. Some day I shall answer some question or other by "To clear a space for the two the ten of spades must be cleared, but the five of clubs is behind the nine of spades, that must go—etc." Then kindly men in blue will lead me away to a building standing in grounds surrounded by a lofty wall, where I shall enjoy the society of the Emperor of China, and Napoleon Bonaparte, and a poached egg for which stony-hearted officials refuse to provide an arm-chair of buttered toast; and there I shall be at peace—Unless he is there with his diabolical "To clear the place for the two we must get the ten of spades away."



### Letters from the East.

GULF OF OMAN, PERSIA, ARABIA.

S.S. Bankura, off Muscat, 15th October, 1913.

Since I left Bombay I have had a perfect feast of fresh sea air, and it is getting colder and colder as we get more North, it has been such a charming trip. I am the only passenger on this big ship and so am travelling in the greatest comfort. I changed from the "Dwarka" at Karachi and this is called the slow Gulf Mail; it goes backwards and forwards touching at a good many ports, and stays long enough to enable one to go ashore. I have not gone ashore yet since we left Karachi, as we have only touched at two tiny little places, one in Beluchistan, called Passani, the other in Persia, called Chahbhar, they are both absolutely lonely, just a few date palms under which some camels are resting, one or two white plastered houses, a long ridge of the most brilliantly yellow sand amidst a glorious blue sea, with a back-ground of great mountains bare of any sign of vegetation, in fact—the East. (Poona is certainly not the East, except perhaps in the hot weather.) But this is exactly the East of the pictures you have seen in England with nothing exaggerated.

I go up on the bridge with a young officer who is the navigator, and then we silently glide along under a superb moonlight without a sound of anything, with no boat or human being within a hundred miles of us. It is more like reading Omar Khayyam than any reality. To-morrow we hope to reach Muscat, said to be one of the most beautiful harbours in the world. Just as my trip to Ceylon was the East tinged very largely with the South (it was more like Africa) so this place is the East tinged with the North, it is more like Greece, until you get close into the land, then it is just like pictures in the Family Bible. We have seen few creatures—two very small whales, a great many jelly-fish, and one dolphin.

Just as Ceylon is perhaps the seat of the oldest civilization, these parts are inhabited by people who have never been civilized at all, the land of the Bedouin.

This account is rather confused, but we go backwards and forwards between Persia and Arabia, and the two countries though only separated by the Gulf differ from each other immensely. I am sitting on deck writing this letter at 4.30 p. m. I have just seen a whole heap of flying fish.

S. S. Bankura,

Bushire, Persian Gulf, 26th Oct. 1913.

I have now had nearly 20 days of beautiful sunshine, sapphire seas, glorious sunsets and journeys ashore on some of the most isolated spots in the world, first in Arabia, and then in Persia. One place, Linja, was simply as if I had stepped

straight into the times in which Christ lived, exactly the same kind of people were walking about in exactly the same kind of scenery; it was much more like a dream than a reality.

It is beautifully cool now. I am on my return journey to Bombay, and we are just off Bushire for the second time. I landed at Karachi, Muscat, Linja, Bahrein, Koweit, Mahomerah and Busra.

They were all of intense interest from different points of view. Muscat, a strongly fortified Arabian city and the seat of the Sultan.

Bahrein, the centre of one of the biggest pearl fisheries in the world.

Koweit, perhaps the most weirdly fascinating, the most absolutely uncivilized and primitive place I have ever seen, situated on the very edge of the great silent unknown Arabian desert stretching as far as Port Said, inhabited by wild Arabs, and the starting point of all the great caravan routes across the desert.

In the "Safar" at Koweit I saw nearly 1000 camels waiting together. I saw a number of primitive Bedouin Arabs in their tents just packing up their goods and chattels and silently stealing off in a long ragged single line of camels. Then the slow calm passage of the Euphrates, between rows and rows of date palms, and lovely sheik palaces to Basra, not thirty miles away from the supposed Garden of Eden; Basra is neither in Arabia nor Persia, but in Turkey.

In all these places there is an English Consul or Resident and I go and call on them, and they immediately offer me the most liberal hospitality and show me all around these places. If only I could give you an idea of the sights and sounds I have seen and heard, and of the primitive bazaars of Arabia; this latter country is as large as Europe. Ormuz is the most lovely island I have ever seen.

I have not brought a camera, it would have been of no use—the coloring is everything. Never can one have an idea of the magnificence, the world-wide grandeur and power of the British Empire, or of the wonderful characteristics of the English who are seen at their worst in England, as they are quite unconscious of the greatness of the empire to which they belong; never mind how primitive, how wild, or savage or uncivilized a place you go to, if there is a flag at all it is the British one, and if there are many others, it is the British one flying proudly above all the rest. But it is the English gentleman who has conquered and ruled half the world, and when there are not enough of them, and the British Empire gets into the hands of the Little Englanders—Kier Hardy and his ilk, then they will drag the British Empire to its knees. I believe if you took away Oxford and Cambridge, Woolwich and Sandhurst, Osborn and Dartmouth, and the training they give there, the British Empire would cease to exist. It is such a rare thing to see an Englishman up here, that I have been treated by everyone with the most exaggerated respect as an Indian Official in Government Service.

At the risk of repetition I must try and picture, however inadequately, the glory of these wonderful sunsets and sunrises. Here it is the sunrises that are so inconceivably wonderful. There are on a fine day two complete ones, which is a phenomenon peculiar to the gulf. The sky becomes vermilion all over and then in the East it suddenly turns dark green, this, blending with the peacock-blue sea and the absolutely dazzlingly white Arab houses—I am describing it as I saw it at 5 a. m. off Muscat—gives one a picture that you would never believe to be true if you saw it painted, so intensely vivid are the colours. The cocks we carry on board suddenly begin to crow, but they, as mankind, who see it for the first time, are completely deceived. The whole blood-red sky gets darker and darker just like the sunset and slowly all the light fades away, the air becomes suddenly chill and still, but only for five minutes, when suddenly, a slowly moving speck of red light is seen on the horizon moving upwards and increasing every moment until it becomes a huge ball of red fire and the age-worn East has heralded another day—it is all so wonderful.

In the East nature is crude and even cruel, and there is nothing of the mezo tints of the West. It is savage and wild like the people who inhabit it.

It is hard to believe that a week ago I was on the sea. Poona seems like England after places like Koweit. Nothing I have seen in the length and breadth of India or Ceylon has really been like what I expected the East to be. But places like Linja, Bushire and Koweit were the living image of what I had always expected to find in the East.

The East we really read of and see pictures of in England is Palestine and the land in which Christ lived. Basrah, where I went, was only 30 miles from the supposed Garden of Eden (Sinbad the sailor set sail from Basrah) and was exactly typical of places like Jerusalem, Nazareth, and Bethlehem. I think of all the places I saw, Ormuz, "The wealth of Ormuz and of Ind," was perhaps the most beautiful, set like a jewel in the sea.

Linja was the most Persian and resembled most closely the pictures of Omar Khayyam and "Kismet" with the minarets and pear-shaped domes which are not seen in India. Basrah, most like places one sees in the Arabian Nights pictures. Koweit, the living image in every respect of Jerusalem, only far more like what Jerusalem must have been in the time of Christ than Jerusalem itself is; for Jerusalem is full of Western People, clothes, shops and tourists nowadays. Koweit is still the primitive East.

Then there was Muscat, more like Algeria, pure Arab, with silent, white fitting people, and women in black gliding along with every inch of their faces covered, except a slit for the mouth and two for the eyes. Nearly all the men were armed, and life was worth practically nothing there. (These places are nearly 2000 miles away from Poona; it is like coming back to civilization.) The

date-palm and the tamarisk are the only signs of vegetation, so different from the cocoanut-palm and luxuriant vegetation of Ceylon.

Life can never hold a dull moment with such scenes to look back on.

It is to Koweit that my mind most frequently turns. Moses, Abraham and Isaac with the same sandals, clothes and faces seem to be walking about in real life, until you cannot believe your senses. The asses are still the beasts of burden, and have no bridle nor saddle; you get on them, you hit them with a stick, there is no other means of guiding them. The carpenter is still seen by the door, two women are seen grinding corn in the same primitive way, sitting opposite each other.

"One shall be taken, the other left." Three-quarters of the customs of the Bible which are meaningless are suddenly given their proper setting. The beggar by the wayside, the man at the receipt of custom, the money changers in the market place. The quaint ships and simple fishermen give the whole picture a tone and force which no amount of reading could ever give. The salutations; men still kiss each other; there the time of day is quite different from ours, and begins and ends with sunrise and sunset.

Bahrein lower down the gulf is much the same; it is from there that the wise men left the islands of the sea (Persian Gulf) to contend in knowledge with Nebuchadnezzar at Babylon, about 70 miles north of Basrah, which shows that this now deserted, dried-up place was the centre of learning to which Babylon and Ninevah were inferior, and was the centre of civilization which flourished before history. It is incredible to think of the wealth, learning and civilization of Arabia, at a time when Greece and Rome were not thought of. This country is now utterly deserted, and the only places one ever hears of, are perhaps, Muscat, Bahrein, Koweit, Mecca, Multan; in fact a few places on the Red Sea and Persian Gulf. The interior is practically unknown to the white man. I never can decide which is most superb, the sunrise, the sunset, or the full moon night, which makes the sky opposite it a blue, which must be seen to be described. Omar Khayyam tries to do so. The tropics, as in Ceylon, are always beautiful, but the beauty there is sensuous and unhealthy, like all the scenery and architecture in India, except perhaps the Taj Mahal. But Ormuz is nothing more than a wonderful island of about a dozen different kinds of rock, all of a different colour, which harmonize in a most wonderful way. In the midst of these rocks, red, blue, green, grey, there is a hill about 3,000 feet, pure white. I looked through my glasses about 12 p.m. and could have sworn it was snow clad; it was not, but phosphorescent. This, set under the rich sky, the glorious sun and the deep blue sea, gives a type of beauty which we associate with Greece in our imagination. The way the sea changes colour is just as if some one was mixing paints in front of your eyes. It was the first time I ever saw the sea become an

absolute and distinct purple as the last of the sun's rays were reflected on it. One can enjoy it there, as owing to its more northerly latitude, there is a distinct twilight which there is not in India at all.

### Morgan Mannering, Mystic.

Continued from the December Number.

#### MANNERING SHOWS ME LONDON.

It was very evident that he by no means relished my rather flippant criticism of Watson's "Sappers and Miners."

"Do you deny," he said, "that conditions in England are bad?"

"Certainly not, but they are not desperate."

"That's as may be," rejoined my friend. "At any rate, I think that poem a work of genius. How wonderfully Watson has caught the spirit of the East! You can positively SEE the Figures vast, the Forms indeterminate, Demons and Genii, the Enchanter's thralls, cloudily rise and darkly come and go! You can—"

"Unfortunately, I CAN'T," I interrupted. "We might just as well agree to disagree. No one can persuade me to regard "The Arabian Nights" in the light of history."

"Not as history, precisely," replied Mannering, "but, none the less, those fabulous tales represent the common beliefs of the people when the renowned Haroun Al Raschid ruled in Bagdad. And you can take it from me, Jones, that there is more in those old tales than you imagine. I know whereof I speak!"

"Bosh, old boy, you are positively growing dotty on that subject!" I interjected.

Mannering smiled mysteriously, a maddeningly provocative and superior smile, and with a slight drawl that almost made me hate him, he went on, "Are you willing to put this matter to the test of experiment, or, would you prefer to take a dare?"

"Nonsense, you can't frighten me," I stoutly affirmed, though I must plead guilty to an uneasy feeling that something out of the ordinary—something uncanny—was about to happen.

Morgan Mannering took out a small chamois-leather bag from his vest pocket, and drew forth from it what appeared to be a diamond-shaped piece of cut-glass about an inch in diameter. Then, going to the window, and apparently contemplating the beauty of the night, he quietly remarked, "The moon will serve our purpose admirably."

Thereupon he turned off the electric light, and we sat smoking for at least a quarter of an hour in silence. I cannot say that I felt very comfortable, but I would not have confessed my uneasiness for worlds, so I sat with ever increasing nervous tension, awaiting Mannering's next move.

Suddenly holding the crystal up between us, he said in a sibilant whisper, "Let us both look steadily at this!"

Moments went by with leaden feet. Then the nervous tension passed, a delicious sense of restfulness and peace possessed me; I no longer resisted, nor even desired to resist, the spell of the magic crystal. "What do you see?" he asked in a strange, tense whisper.

"Nothing," I mechanically replied, though I could hardly hear my own voice, "And yet—yes—I see—I see a great city with a million lights!"

"It is London," he explained, "Go on!"

"I seem to be passing in an irregular course—in effortless flight—over splendid buildings and grand monuments, while motors and trams, and myriads of people, for the most part well dressed and happy, pass on and on in an unending stream. And yet—how strange!—I can hear nothing!"

"Piccadilly—go on," he interjected, a trifle impatiently.

"Curious! I can see nothing. Ah, it comes again! Nothing but grandeur on every side. Magnificent structures! What is that griffin on a pedestal?"

"You see Temple Bar!"

"Mansions and palaces succeed one another endlessly. What a splendid column with a statue near by, with pedestal guarded by four lions."

"That is Nelson's monument, and the statue of Gordon. Go on!"

"More palaces. Oh, what a lovely park! And wonderful buildings and churches in the distance."

"Yes, Green Park; you also see Whitehall, and the Parliament Buildings, and Westminster Abbey."

"Again my sight fails me. I have no idea of time or direction. What a change! I see a great market place, and thousands of people buying and selling, most of them poor and meanly clad, with unhealthy, hopeless faces and narrow, stooping shoulders."

"Yes, Billingsgate Fish Market. What do you see now?"

"I enter a small, low-ceilinged room, a noisome den, with creatures scarcely human gesticulating fiercely in the half light. Men and women alike are under the maddening influence of liquor. Two of the men approach each other threateningly. A blow, followed by a hideous strgggle, in which all indiscriminately take part. What beasts they are! Lord, help us! Can these be Englishmen?"

The vision passed and I came to myself, to look upon the pale, pure moon-light, and the quiet, serious, almost compassionate face of my mysterious friend.

## CHAPTER II.

## FIVE THOUSAND MILES IN A NIGHT.

For some days Mannering had not been up to the mark. While always given to long silences and hard reading, he was usually by no means averse to a game of cards, or even an occasional practical joke, and when I have seen that a little recreation would be good for him, he would readily fall in with my suggestion of a set of tennis or an evening at the theatre. But I had for the moment lost my power to tear him from his beloved books, and he even exhibited decided peevishness when I pressed him a bit too hard.

At last I ran across to his room, with the virtuous determination to draw him, at any cost, out of his shell.

"Look here, you old fossil, how long do you intend cooping yourself up in this den, and giving your best friend the frozen mitt? Can't you see that I—"

"Oh, yes," interrupted Mannering, "I see what you're driving at. You think my health will suffer, and all that sort of thing, but I'm not a child to be petted and bribed to be good, and run away and play."

"Now, don't be offended," he went on, seeing that I was not too pleased. "I know you are acting for what you think the best, but if you only knew all my troubles, you would not wonder that I cannot enter into your pleasures, at least not just now."

"I'm awfully sorry I butted in," I replied, "I wouldn't for the world have done it had I known. All the same I've a crow to pick with you. Don't you know me well enough to kick me out when I'm bothering you—if not, what does friendship mean?"

Mannering seemed a little confused.

"Have a smoke, Jones," he said, tossing over his cigarette case.

"Do you know, you're a very decent sort, and I was a fool to be vexed at your well-intentioned efforts to wake me up. Now, if you are disposed to be my father-confessor, I'm going to make a clean breast of it. I would have done so a week ago if I had not been afraid you would laugh at me. You know how beastly sensitive I am, and how I hate ridicule—another of my Eastern characteristics you will say."

My friend hesitated a few moments before proceeding, evidently somewhat at a loss how to express himself.

Fact is," he resumed, "I'm a little over wrought. My nerves seem all on edge, and when I am in that shape something is bound to happen. Last Thursday night I dreamt that my brother Fred was in great danger (he's in the West, you know). Well, a couple of nights later I saw him again, just as clearly as I see you sitting in that chair! And I was simply shocked at his appearance. He

looked weak and ill, and I noticed a crescent-shaped scar on his left temple, and his left arm was in a sling. It was horribly realistic!"

At this point I saw fit to interrupt.

"Permit me to smile. You have lifted considerable avoirdupois from my cardiac region, and I can now breathe freely and take notice. 'Experientia does it,' as the ancients used occasionally to remark, and yours truly once in awhile, after dining not wisely but too well, has come up against a proposition at the witching hour of two or three a.m., bearing a striking personal resemblance to the one you have just put forward. The Parisians call it 'hors de nuit,' or nightmare."

Mannering looked absolutely vicious as I finished, and I was sorry I had given way to an irresistible desire to mock. It was with an effort he commanded himself sufficiently to say, "No more confidences from me, Jones, your sense of humour is as clumsy as your skull is thick, and that is saying a good deal! I told you I was not in a joking mood, and you would persist in your untimely vulgarisms. Shall we say Good night?"

It was with great difficulty that I persuaded Mannering to proceed, but after abject apologies, and many uncomplimentary epithets directed against myself, I did succeed at last.

A weird description he gave me of the place in which his brother was lying, the decrepid, tumble-down shack, the scant and dirty coverings, the numerous skins of beaver, fox and otter tacked up against the walls of the hovel to dry.

But let him tell his own story from this point.

"Three days ago the dream came back to me with even greater vividness. My brother was no longer lying down, but was standing in a corner of the shack, absolutely defenceless, but, I am proud to say, with courage unbroken, facing two of the toughest looking ruffians I have ever seen. You may believe me or not, Jones, but I would know those fellows any where I met them, and if they have killed my brother I shall hunt them out and avenge him if it takes ten years of my life."

"Don't you think you have imagined all this?" I asked lamely.

Mannering merely vouchsafed me a glance of pitying scorn, and went on: "I seemed to be right there. I could see every gesture, the motion of their lips in speaking, and even the general tenor of their conversation. They were evidently threatening my brother at one moment and pleading with him the next. The tension of my will grew with my desire to hear as well as to see. At last I heard, as from a great distance, and at the end of an unintelligible rumble, the closing words: "—Wahoo Gulch—Here you be and here you bide, till you divvy up the yellow boys!"

"I must confess that I can make neither head nor tail of that."

I remarked: "It sounds like a thrilling episode in the 'Red Mau's Revenge, or Who Killed Billy Patterson.'" "

"I admit it wasn't very intelligible to me," said Mannering, "and I smoked several pipes over it before I arrived at any conclusion. However, I expect an answer at any time; shouldn't wonder if it came to-night; in fact I was rather looking for it yesterday."

"What are you driving at?" I cried in amazement.

"What answer, to what question, and from whom?"

"From the Chief of the Mounted Police at Edmonton," was the astounding reply.

"You see, I argued that Wahoo Gulch was the name of the place where those miscreants had imprisoned Fred. So I looked over a list of Post Offices, and Government Reports, all to no purpose. Finally I telephoned to Ottawa, where the Information Bureau told me there was a deserted mining camp of that name, within a comparatively short distance to the North of Edmonton. I thereupon sent a night letter telegram to the Chief of Mounted Police at Edmonton, giving a full description of my brother, and his assailants, and telling them where to go in order to find them. I am at this very moment anxiously awaiting a reply!"

For once, I had no comment to make; discussion seemed altogether out of place. So we smoked and ruminated, for possibly an hour, when there came a knock at the door. "Come in!" It was the janitor. "Telegram, sir!"

Mannering tore open the yellow document, and read as follows:—O. K. Brother doing well. Only slight gash on temple, and arm wounded by revolver bullet. Captured Frank Oliver and Red Pete; bad reputation, both having served term in Winnipeg. Brother had found gold mine, and refused to inform as to location. Hence the trouble. You must thank your mysterious informant for Mr. Mannering's safety."

JAMES CORCORAN,  
Chief N. W. M. P., Edmonton, Alta.

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THE MITRE is published by the Students of the University of Bishop's College.

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The Mitre, Bishop's University, Lennoxville, Quebec.

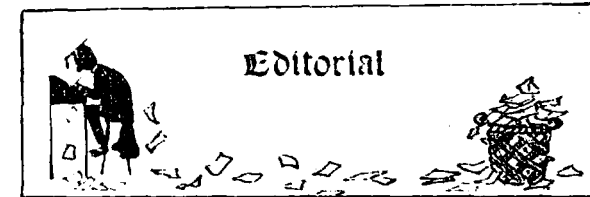
Printed by F. H. BRIDGMAN, Danville, Quebec

VOL. XXI.

LENNOXVILLE, QUE.

No. 4

APRIL, 1914.



Two institutions time honoured and respected, the one a College and the other a great Public School, both in England, have as their motto the words "Manners Maketh Man." Some see in this merely a wise old saw, an old world saying pleasing enough, but still "old world." There are others, however, and it is with these that we would throw in our lot, who hold that besides what is merely pleasing these words contain a very urgent, forceful message to the men of our own day and generation.

Materialism and manners do not, as a rule, go hand in hand, and this is a