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After the Order of Melchisedek.

I have no temple and no creed,
    I celebrate no mystic rite;
The human heart is all I need,
    Wherein I worship day and night.

The human heart is all I need,
    For I have found God ever there;
Love is the one sufficient creed,
    And comradeship the purest prayer.

I bow not down to any book,
    No written page holds me in awe;
For when on one friend's face I look,
    I read the Prophets and the Law.

ROBERT NORWOOD.
(Reprinted from "The Farmer's Advocate.")
Detached Thoughts on Dickens and Modern Fiction.

The age they live in, the country they inhabit, current customs, manners, social conditions, all bear a great influence on the works of authors. Whatever difference they may have in personal style, subject, forms of writing, they cannot separate themselves from the Spirit and Influence of the Age. Thus, during mediaeval times, in the days of chivalry and romance, we find the poets singing strains of love and war, usually under the outward form of a long poem. In the days of Elizabeth patriotic fervour breaks out after the defeat of the Spanish Armada, giving us works pertaining chiefly to the history and development and greatness of the nation. In the Victorian Era advancing civilization and progress in industry, science, communication, transportation, have an appreciable influence on the current literature.

Thus, as general evolution takes place, and the world advances materially, and the people become more enlightened and broader-minded in their views, the literature also changes to suit the various temperaments. Merely to consider some changes which have been wrought in the novel during the past seventy-five years or so, owing to the influence of the times, it is interesting to note various differences in the form and substance of the fiction of those days and of to-day. Charles Dickens' writings may be taken as a good example of the product of his time, while to choose one from many of the living authors, Ralph Connor will afford us the material required. In comparing the works of these two men, however, we must not forget that they were also subject to the influence of two different countries, but in such small space as this we shall not consider it.

One of the most striking differences between Charles Dickens and the general run of modern fiction writers is in their character-delineation. The types of humanity portrayed by Dickens are real live characters, with whom we can feel and sympathize, share their sorrows and their joys—it seems as if we had known them ourselves, and dwelt in close touch with them all our lives. We have a warm spot in our hearts for the benevolent Mr. Pickwick and the hospitable Mr. Waddle; we cannot help but sympathize with poor Little Nell's grandfather; Pecksniff inspires our contempt, Ralph Nickleby and the dwarf Quilp our utter repugnance; Sam Weller with his "old man" gives us many hours of pleasant enjoyment; his heroines call for our admiration—kind, good Kate Nickleby; rosy, beaming Dolly Varden; excitable, mirthful Dora; blushing Arabella, with the fur around her boots; brave and strong Lucie Manette; and Little Nell, for whom no adjective is necessary. Sarah Gamp with her "Mrs. Harris," Mrs.
Nickleby with her elaborate family history, Mrs. Bardell with her action versus Pickwick for breach of promise, Mrs. Quilp meekly enduring her husband's taunts—we know them all. Yes, how real and dear they are to us—in them we feel we have old friends, and they are never forgotten.

Most of the present-day readers of short stories and novels, carried away in the rush and whirl and bustle of the modern world, have no time for entering into small details, and thus the writer, to suit the demands, does not portray characters as minutely and carefully as the past masters have done. Only sketches are presented to the public, and in many cases these are but poor descriptions of characters. A general standard seems to be recognized for the hero and heroine of the American magazine. The former is usually depicted something like this: “Tom Kinks was a typical American. He came from Idaho, and in his socks stood six foot two, and possessed one hundred and eighty pounds of solid United States of America flesh and bone. Fair hair, square jaw....., etc., etc.,’’ while the heroine is always a healthily-built girl still in her teens, “awful fond” of sports and dancing, etc., etc. Ralph Connor, whom we have accepted as our example of the novelist, although not confining himself to such narrow limits, yet only “sketches,” does not “paint,” and many of his chief characters are very similar to one another in various ways. His heroes are practically all Scotch or of Scottish descent, college men, good foot-ball players, and college graduates who go to the West and “make good.” As examples, take Dick and his brother in “The Doctor,” Martin and Cameron in “Corporal Cameron,” Shock and The Don in “The Prospector.” Connor’s heroines show a greater “variety,” and it must be acknowledged that some are really charming and cleverly drawn, as Helen, Betty, Mandy, Kate.

Another striking point in the works of Ralph Connor and the majority of the modern novelists is the intense action which is shown from the beginning to the end of the story. Instead of putting in numberless little anecdotes and conversations and minor events in conjunction with the major plot, such as abound in Dickens, we find a series of daring adventures, hair-breadth escapes, wild escapades, which thrill and animate us throughout, so that one can hardly put aside the book before it has been read to the very end. The “after-memory” of, say “The Prospector,” is of an exciting foot-ball match, an emotional courtship, several thrilling hand-to-hand fights, of cowboys, revolvers, gold mines, and many other similar incidents. The “after-memory” of “Pickwick Papers” is of a series of amusing events—Mrs. Leo Hunter’s “fête champêtre,’’ the trickery of Mr. Jingle and Job Trotter, the troubles of Mr. Winkle on the ice and while hunting, the party given by Bob Sawyer to his fellow-students and the wrath of his landlady, the trial Bardell versus Pickwick, the footmen’s dinner at the back of the greengrocer’s, and so forth. The contrast is apparent.
The age of Dickens might be termed the age of the Great Thinkers, the age when flourished John Stuart Mill, Alfred Tennyson, Charles Darwin and others. It was during his life-time and immediately before that men's thoughts began to turn especially to questions relating to the bettering of the conditions of all classes. He himself in his writings took an important part in some of these reformatory measures. For instance, his description in "Nicholas Nickleby" of the base and shameful Yorkshire schools had a great influence in causing the abolition of the hateful system; also, Mr. Pickwick's sojourn in the Fleet Debtor's Prison bore a similar fruit. What, compared to this, does the modern novel do to better mankind? What good is reaped from the magazine short story? From the serials published in the Saturday editions of our leading newspapers? Their influence for good is nought. And yet the general public calls out "More! More!" and the hack-writer again takes up his weary pen and attempts in vain to fill the greedy maw. There are exceptions to all rules, of course, and the works of some of our novelists, for example Mrs. Gene Stratton-Porter, have certainly a beneficial influence, but the general run of our fiction now seems to be reduced to simply a medium for arousing our emotions, and giving us a few minutes of pleasure, which is soon forgotten.

The question which now presents itself is—what will the novel become in the future? No doubt a great change is approaching, and is not very far distant either, while two things are at present contributing largely to this change. The first of these is the moving pictures, which have now become so extremely popular. If, as has been said, the novel of to-day only supplies a story which arouses in us a few temporary pleasures and emotions, the motion pictures will completely or almost completely, supplant it. One can, at a smaller price and with no more trouble, get the same enjoyment from a picture-show as trash under such names as "The Fires of Love," "Tom Kinks, Esq.," "Engine No. 72," "The Chauffeur," and other such, are able to give us. The other element is the present great European War. After the war many changes are going to take place, and literature will not escape the general movement, but be very much influenced. This was seen to be the case after the Napoleonic Wars, and other times of stress and woe, and the same thing must be expected now.

Here's to the writers of the coming generation!

F. F. '17.
HERE am I? I gaze around in astonishment. What place is this? How did I get here? For what purpose have I come? I am oppressed by a sense of vastness, of some approaching event, indefinite, yet vastly important. As I look around me I am aware of the presence of other beings—beings that are strangely familiar, and at the same time wonderfully strange. Can it be—is it possible—(the thought wavers even as it takes shape in my bewildered brain)—has the great spectre of Death stolen secretly upon me as I slept, and smitten me? Is this Heaven? Even as the idea forms in my mind, voices make themselves heard behind me; voices that fall upon my ear with a sense of intimacy. I turn and contemplate the speakers. A light begins to break upon my senses. They are the Divinity students of Bishop's College, and are engaged in a heated discussion of the question of Predestination. No, this is not Heaven. If it were they would not be here. Further observation brings further recognition, and I perceive that my companions are the Faculty and resident students of U. B. C. And this vast building in which we are assembled—why, it is the library at Bishop's. Yet all is changed. The old familiar scene and faces now partake of a weird, mystical and awe-inspiring appearance that oppresses and frightens me.

Hardly have I begun to fathom the depths of the mystery when a sound from the outer world breaks upon our ears. A distant bell is tolling the hour. One, two, three, four, five—as the notes, muffled and slow, impress themselves upon us, a dreadful silence falls over all like a pall—six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, TWELVE.

At the last stroke the door swings open, and two figures march into our midst. One, towering and majestic, I recognize; it is old Father Time. He leads by the hand a little child, whom I know to be the New Year, 1917. Slowly and stately they advance to the dais. Father Time turns and addresses us:

"Oh, ye sons of men, I bring to you another New Year. The Old Year is past and gone, no more to return. No useless regrets can recall its joys, or restore its failures. Henceforth you are subjects of a new monarch, the New Year of 1917. Salute him! Pay to him your homage! Record before him your vows and resolutions!"

As the voice ceases, I gaze in fresh astonishment. The new-comer alone remains on the dais; Father Time has vanished into space.

A move is made from our midst, and one advances to the throne; a familiar figure laden down with a load of responsibility—the responsibility that pertains
to the headship of a University. As he bends before the throne, I hear the words in which he pledges his service.

I will not censor an event
When it creates a precedent.
But this is sure; I will refuse
Lateness at chapel to excuse.

As he retires another goes forward; our patriarch, for thirty years a familiar figure in these halls of learning; one whom, in spite of grumbles and grievances, we love and revere. His clear voice rings out as he Frank(y)ly declares:

Whene'er I hear the lecture bell a-ringing
My lecture to a close AT ONCE I'm bringing,
I'll send my class to recreation winging.

Next comes one of massive figure, with curly head of silver gray. Renouncing his vile short-comings, he resolves:

The musical ability  
Of students in Divinity  
I will allow  
With any row,  
And suffer with tranquillity.

Then follows a doughty man, a historian to Boot(s). Thus he speaks:

Shall I reduce my puns? Oh, no!  
My class will grieve if I do so.  
Shall I pluck all when June has come?  
I'd rather give stars to every one.

Now one who is justly called "the poet," a man of many languages, offers his vow.

They ask late leave, these trusty men  
Who wish to stay out after ten;  
To them I always will accede  
Upon their joyful way to speed.

Quickly advances the philosopher, companionable as a FATHER to all who know him.

What is the rate to dictate, dear lad?  
To make you hasten so is sad.  
For writers distressen  
My speed I will lessen;  
Five thousand per hour will not be bad.

With mathematical precision comes the Binomial Theorem. Musical genius emanates from his person as he proclaims:
To play or not to play? That is the question!
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The grim and hideous howls of every duffer.
No! let the chapel service sweeter be
Without the subtle aid of harmony.

So pass the Faculty. But in close succession follows another well-known figure. Like the ghost of Scrooge, he is burdened with ledgers and keys and other symbols of the office. In fine bass voice he cries:

Ho! every one that thirsteth, come and drink;
Ye hungry ones approach the board and eat;
The College grub shall always be, I think,
Of quality that nowhere else you'll meet.

A pause ensues as the Staff, in dignified silence, take their seats around the throne. Then from amongst my fellow-students one steps forward; one like unto the first created man, a son of the soil, huge of frame and ruddy of countenance. As he speaks Lett his words be remarked with due care.

The father of this family am I.
My size is such that none will dare deny
To me my right to fill the highest chair,
And o'er th'unruly household rule to bear.

Next comes one from the place where all are Bury-ed. His presence is Bown-d to be felt and valued wherever he may be. Thus he ex resses his feel­ings:

At Sunday-tea no more I'll quit,
And leave my mates in gloom to sit.

Almost lost to sight is the diminutive figure which next occupies the scene, as he declaims in heroic vein:

Magazines, magazines,
Magazines always!
Papers of every kind
Each in its place you'll find;
I watch them always.

Then comes the budding surgeon, with direful words.

If any man will not support the Mitre,
I'll punch his useless head, the lazy blighter.

Who is this dark bespectacled apparition that follows? What is to be Dunn for him? Hear his brief speech:

Peace on earth! My voice I'll still,
Ere hearers by my gas I kill.
Slow of step comes the next victim; one of the Denizens (of the) Mills, who puts the Cars-on. Yawningly he gasps out,

How long wilt thou sleep, O sluggard?
When will thou rise from thy sleep?
Late hours evermore will I discard,
No more to my bed will I keep.

Now approaches an hyphenated citizen of two unhappy and divided nations, Row-land and Cleave-land. Gladly he cries:

Dispense with minutes? Sure, I'll be delighted
To leave in blissful ignorance men benighted.

Next comes one Holden in great esteem by all, exclaiming:

They say I talk at night. No, that shall never be,
I never will have any fault that apes divinity.

Then with downcast eyes and solemn mien advances a Free-man bold:

No more I'll shut my eyes to all around,
To learn a thing or two I now am bound.

With accent English and tone obnoxious, another adds to the clouds of Hot-air:

On the golf-links, in the College,
I my voice will e'er restrain,
For I freely will acknowledge
That its sound brings nought but pain.

Here come the strangers, for the first time appearing in these mystic halls on this solemn occasion. First and foremost is a representative of old Newfoundland, now domiciled Here-on the beautiful land of Canada.

Aloof I'll be; midst all the madding throng
My steps I'll guide the quiet ways along.

Now comes one whose name reflects the honour of episcopal ancestors. Meekly he pleads.

I know I am
Like a twin from Siam;
I never appear
Without my dear
Friend from the city I know.
A new leaf I'll turn,
No friendship I'll spurn,
With all men and sundry I'll go.
THE MITRE.

Closely follows a Scotts-man, sweetly thrilling.

No more on tin whistles I'll twitter and pipe,
When music from neighbours draws words not polite;
From the page of my life this sad blot I will wipe,
And let poor old Bishop's have peace and delight.

Of very Fish-y appearance is the next comer, reciting in his native tongue.

How I love Hebrew; 'tis a language grand,
But I must try something I can understand.

Again comes one from the Acres of the land, declaring a new message of hope,

How to be happy though married,
That is the lesson I learned;
Now to the world it is carried,
I'll proclaim it to all men concerned.

And who is this? Broad as he is long, and with a bright smile overflowing his countenance, he vows,

How to grow thin; that is my constant plea,
Some fat-reducing exercise for me.

Then one More'll appeareth saying,

The stories I tell are a little bit tall;
Within bounds of reason I'll limit them all.

I am about to approach myself to the dais, to present my humble homage, when suddenly a tremendous thunder clap peals out. The building shakes, the walls are rent, the roof crashes in, and with a start—I wake up. My word! It's eight o'clock, and New Year's morning.

CYNICS.

Matrimonial Conscription.

All things seemed at peace on this beautiful autumn evening in the little rural town of Kaskambia on the Bay of Chaleur. The last shafts of the setting sun, striking across the rippled waters of the Bay, turned them first into glittering, burnished gold, which then faded through every ranging tint of yellow, red and purple, until at last the waters assumed their dull, dark flow once more, as the last stray flame of the departing sun lighted up the glittering cross on the lofty spire of the church perched high on the slope above the Bay. A gentle breeze stirring through the long avenues of Rowan trees sent loads of the bitter berries to the ground, where they were eagerly sought by the myriads of red squirrels which infested the town.
at this season. Lazily the farmer lads drove in the lowing cows from the neigh-
bouring pastures, and the good housewives made haste to prepare the evening
meal. All suggested peace and harmony. But within the Town Hall there was
no peace.

The mayor and his council were in solemn session. Little did they note the
beauteous peace without; they were deeply stirred by some weighty civic prob-
lem. In truth, if one might have entered at the moment, one might easily have
taken them for those famed councillors of Hanover city, who of old devised ways
and means of ridding their town of rats. The mayor, a short, dark, keen busi-
ness-like man, sat in the presidential chair in evident dejection.

"It's no use," said he, "she will not listen to it. Why, for three years past
we have sent her to the City Home for the poor and decrepit, but every summer
has seen her back here. How she gets money to get back I know not. I expect
she begs it as she does her patent medicines here about. When she returned this
year she said she would never go again, but that she had come to stay."

"Waal," drawled a tall, lanky and bewhiskered councillor from a corner,
"she can't stay any longer at my house, for she's too cranky for words, and besides,
she's too particular—why, she wont even eat smoked 'herrun.'"

"Don't say!" interjected a third city father, as he meditatively chewed his
tobacco, "she ever were different from other folk. I just dote on smoked and
pickled herrun."

"I can't see how pickled herring is going to get us out of this pickle," said
the mayor, as he banged down his fist on the table. "She has no money, no
house, no relatives, and a temper and manner such that no one can possibly stand
her all winter; we have no poor house, and she refuses to be sent away. What
is to be done?"

"Why not marry her off to Simon Kilter? It would make a splendid match
—would not spoil two homes, so to speak," said a fourth councillor, a short,
merry gentleman with a rubicund nose.

"What! Simon Kilter as lives down in that shack in the common and culti-
vates a patch of pertaters about twenty feet square?" queried the last man, "why
he is nearly as poor as she."

"Jumpin' Jehosophat!" ejaculated the man with the tobacco, arousing him-
self from the careful contemplation of the toe of his boot propped up on the table
edge. "They would make a fine looking couple, for I never seen two homelier
ones in my born days."

"An excellent suggestion," said the mayor. "Old Kilter has enough to run
the household for a time. It must be lonely for him living all alone in that old
shack, and I'll guarantee that Dame Belinda's tongue would not let him get very
lonesome if they were but matched. We could provide part of the food and turn
his shack into a sort of local poor-house. Then we would have her off out hands.'"

"Waal," drawled our friend of the whiskers, "I reckon Simon won't want her."

"She'd make him a fine wife, I vow," laughed a little wizened-up dyspeptic, who completed the ring of worthy councillors. "But who's going to arrange for the match? Who'll set fire to the fuse that is to rid the town of its last pauper?"

"I'll do my best to bring the match about," said the mayor at length. "I say, Jenkins," said he, turning to the councillor who had suggested the scheme, "you and I will go down and see Simon to-night and try and get him to propose to her."

"Agreed," said Jenkins.

Satisfied with this practical suggestion the city fathers adjourned their meeting.

At eight o'clock that evening the mayor and the imaginative Mr. Jenkins called in a most friendly fashion on Simon Kilter. Now Simon was somewhat of a mystery to the town, as no one knew anything about his family, his parentage, or his former business. He had strolled into town one late afternoon some years before as a tramp. He had erected from debris cast up by the waves, a small hut by the railway track, and since then he had lived alone, cultivating a small sandy plot of potatoes, and occasionally working for a neighbouring farmer or fisherman in the busy seasons. By this means he had supported himself. But it was a constant source of worry to the council that in his old age the town would have to look after him. On this evening the mayor and his worthy councillor found Simon peacefully smoking his pipe outside his cottage.

"Good night!" greeted the mayor, as he approached. "How is your potato crop turning out this year, Simon?"

"Gude nicht, coom and sit down," said Simon, indicating a near-by bench, made from a large bit of ship's wreckage. "It's a grand nicht fur the time o' year. I've just finished gatherin' my pertaters, and a fine crop they be."

"Good," commented Jenkins, "but don't you ever think that you would like a wife to cook them for you?"

"Yes," added the mayor, "it must be hard cooking your own meals. I've often wondered why you did not ask Belinda Jane to be your wife. She'd make you a fine cook."

"Sure she would," continued Jenkins, "she brews splendid tea and as for cooking she's hard to beat; I've tasted it and know whereof I speak."

"Mon," replied Kilter, "I believe ye; I axed her onct, but she said, 'Nay, Mr. Kilter, I'd narry think o' marryin' sich a hobo as ye be,' indade and she would not."
"Ask her again," said the mayor, "a faint heart never won a fair lady, you know. Propose again, may be she has changed her mind."

"It's na use, sor, it's na use, she'll na do it. I swore I'd never axe her agin."

"Well," said Jenkins, "supposing we ask her for you, would you marry her?"

"Sure," said Simon.

After a little more chaff, and a running comment on the late fishing season, the two civic officials took their departure, with the farewell assurance that a wife Simon should have ere the week was out.

"Now, Mr. Mayor," said Jenkins, "'strike while the iron is hot,' that's my motto. We shall go at once and interview Belinda Jane, and see if the match cannot be pulled of in record style." The mayor agreed, and they wended their way at once to the house where their unsuspecting victim was staying.

Having arrived there, they found a most weather-beaten, ugly and decrepit old lady huddled up by the stove, with a camphor bottle in her hand, a patent medicine bottle open on a near-by chair, and a gnarled old cane propped up at her side.

"Good evening, Belinda Jane," said the mayor, "I hope I find you well."

"Oh, lack-a-day, I'm most miserable. My rheumatism is a-botherin' me most terrible, and winter is a-comin'. The good-for-naught store-keeper ain't got no Painkiller, and I'm havin' to use Radway's, and it aint no good. But the Widow Jones sent me in some campfire this arternoon, and I have managed to live thro' the day." Then, a suspicious look breaking out over her old face, she burst forth tempestuously, "But I want you to understand, Mr. Mayor, as 'ow I ain't a-goin' to that there poor-'ouse this winter, so there now! I know what ye come for; ye need not mention it."

"You quite mistake our mission," said Jenkins, "we are come on a most happy errand."

"Yes," assented the mayor, "we have a proposal of marriage for you. You would like a nice husband to protect you in your declining years, I am sure?"

"Ah, none o' your blarney, Mr. Mayor," said the old lady, with a sour smile, "I'm too auld for that now. Tho' I will say as 'ow I desarve a gude man."

"No, I'm not joking," said the mayor. "Simon Kilter is looking for a helpmate, and being too bashful to ask himself, I told him I would ask you for him."

"Me marry that 'omely, ugly good-for-nauthin, lantern-jawed, squint-eyed tramp? No, niver! niver! 'Ow dare you insult a rheumatic and 'elpless old woman? No, niver will I marry that, that, that thing!—and I told him so onct. If I ever marry I want sommut better lookin' than him."
“Oh, Belinda Jane, you are most unfair to Simon,” said Jenkins, “he is not handsome for sure, but he has a fine heart and a slow tongue—two excellent gifts for a perfect husband, and besides he has a comfortable shack, well stocked with potatoes.”

“Good heart, shack, potatoes. ’Ow dare you talk of sich a thing,” shrilled the old lady, rising and upsetting in her excitement the chair and the patent medicine. “I’d as soon think a marryin’ the, the—I don’t know what. The idea, why he’s as ’omely as an edge fence. Lack-a-day, that I should ever be so insulted. Stand back, sirs.” She was about to hobble disdainfully by the two well-meaning city guardians, when the mayor suddenly decided on a course of action.

“Belinda Jane,” said he, “you will either marry Simon, or else you will go to the poor-house for the rest of your life. You may choose which you like, but the Council has determined to pay your travelling expenses just once. Next time you go to stay. If you will marry Simon we will keep you both here comfortably. He wants a wife and you need a husband.”

“I shan’t marry Simon, I wont live in the poor-’ouse,” shrilled the thoroughly irritated old lady.

“Well,” said the mayor, “you have heard our offer. You can let me know to-morrow whether you will marry Simon, or whether you will go the city poor-house. Do as you like; the town has done all it can for you.”

“Remember,” said Jenkins, as he edged towards the door, with his eye on the old lady’s ready cane, “Simon is a fine man,—has nice, curly hair. He will make a good prop for your declining years.”

“Go! and bad luck to the both of yez!” was Belinda’s parting shaft, as she hurled her camphor bottle at the mayor’s head as he passed through the door.

Thus it came about that next day the village was all excitement over the news that Simon and Belinda were to be married that night at the little church on the hill, and that the mayor was to be best man. For, upon mature reflection, Belinda had decided to capitulate, for was not a homely husband even to be preferred to the poor-house? The wedding was a great social triumph, for the town’s folk turned out “en masse” for the occasion, and thronged the church to the door. The aged couple arrived and the service proceeded without a hitch, until the clergyman arrived at the words “to love, cherish and obey,” when Belinda took her stand: “To love I’ll try, to cherish I’ll try, but to obey I won’t.” The clergyman pointed out the necessity of the exact words. Belinda was obdurate, till the mayor leaned over and whispered, “Remember the poor-house.” “Alright, I’ll obey,” amended Belinda—the service continued to a peaceful close.

The aged pair were showered with gifts and provisions, for this matrimonial escapade, so late in life, highly delighted everyone. The mayor and his councillors winked at one another and sighed with relief at the success of their plan, and the
mayor congratulated himself upon his final success as best man, but wisely kept the fact to himself.

Now reader, if you want to know of the final bliss of this aged couple, you have only to go to Kashambia, on the Bay, where you will still find them in the little shack upon the common, the living argument for matrimonial conscription.

The Hermit.

Socialism Refuted.

Dear Mr. Editor,

I was greatly surprised, and I might almost say shocked, to read in the last edition of the Mitre, an article upholding such a cause as Socialism. I admit that there is a considerable need for social reform, but is the solution to be found in Socialism? As the writer of the article in question has intimated, Trades Unions and such organizations are playing an important part in the struggle for a more perfect system of relationship between employer and the employee. However, I do not admit that these Unions are largely imbued with Socialistic principles. They are simply organizations among workmen and artisans for sustaining their rights and principles. The Trades Unions, etc., do not wish for a change in the system of production or distribution of wealth, but only to secure for the individual labourer due consideration from the employer.

Now as to the first of the three great fundamental principles of Socialism mentioned in this article, namely, Equality of Opportunity. Broadly speaking, this would mean that every child should possess the benefit of an adequate education. This, however, is a matter for the great educators of the world to deal with, and it is to be hoped that soon a system of education will prevail throughout the civilized world, in which everyone will have the opportunity to gain a thorough education.

Next, taking up the question of Common Ownership. If the central government of a state were to have the management of the great industries of the country in its own hands, it would be forced to leave much to the officials appointed by it. Also, these officials would have to remain in office for a considerable time before they would become sufficiently conversant with the management of the industry to make its operation a success. Thus a strong central government with great power over the important industries of the country would evolve, and this would be quite contrary to the outlying principle of Democracy, namely, Liberty. The great power which would thus be in the hands of the central government would tend to cause it to abuse its power, and consequently the men who went into office as our leaders, would, in a short time, become our masters.
Furthermore, if the principal industries of a country were carried on for use and not for profit, the efficiency of the industries would be very apt to decrease. The great factor tending to the efficiency of industries under the present scheme of things is the fact that each has to be operated at a profit or it cannot survive. Eliminate this great need for profit, and one of the greatest producers for efficiency in modern industry is lost.

Last of the three great fundamentals of Socialism, we have the question of Universal Co-operation. Certainly the present day commercial system is competition run mad, but has not this system resulted in a speed and economy of production never known before? The object of the present day business manager is to overcome every competitor, but to do this he is forced to place as good an article as possible on the market, and to offer it at as low a price as possible, and in doing this he serves the general public. Again, if the management of the great industries of a country were under national supervision, there would be a tendency towards a lack of progress, since the officials appointed by the Government would need to remain in office for quite a long time before they would be in a position to make the constant improvements in the processes of production which are demanded. And when a certain party of Government appointed managers were about ready to make some improvements they would be apt to be replaced by an entirely new body of managers, who would not be in a position to proceed with these improvements.

It is only too true that it is often the unscrupulous men who survive the war of competition, but, until business morality has reached a higher plane than it now occupies unscrupulous men would also be found among those who had attained positions of power under the national government. And the unscrupulous person at the head of a great industry of a nation could bring harm to a much greater number of persons than he could as head, even of a very large concern, under the present system.

These, briefly, are the difficulties which would arise, were the advocators of Socialism to gain their ambition. However, let us hope that every one will give his earnest attention to any plan for the reform of the social or commercial system now in existence, and that any changes which do take place will tend to a betterment of these conditions.

Yours truly,

R. C. '18.
The Rhodes Scholar.

When the Committee of Selection announced that they had unanimously elected Mr. Elton Scott, B.A., '16, as the Bishop’s Rhodes Scholar for 1917, widespread satisfaction and approval was expressed. Every one felt that the right man had been chosen for the right place, and all are confident that he will fitly represent and uphold the traditions of his Alma Mater while at Oxford. The Mitre wishes to extend to Mr. Scott congratulations for his election, and best wishes for a successful and prosperous career, so well begun.
Elton Scott was born at Drummondville on November 28th, 1893, and was educated at the High School of Quebec (1906-13) where he was very successful both in his studies and athletics. He entered the University of Bishop’s College as a student in Arts in September, 1913, where he took two full years of the Arts course and qualified for Latin and French Honours. In the summer of 1915 he decided to join the overseas forces, and after taking two artillery courses, qualified as a lieutenant in the Heavy and Siege Artillery, later to join the McGill Siege Battery, in which force he is still serving. Like other Rhodes Scholars who have enlisted, he will be permitted to postpone entrance to Oxford until after the conclusion of the war.

While at Bishop’s Mr. Scott was on the First Cricket and Foot-ball Teams, and won the Annual Tennis Tournament, singles, in the Spring of 1915. He also held many important offices under the Student’s Association, was Assistant Business Manager and later, Business Manager, of the Mitre, and in 1915 was Senior Man of the University for the ensuing session.

College Activities.

The first part of this term is to be noted for a very necessary revival of several clubs, which had been dormant for many a long day. The Toboggan Club, sending an active representative to the annual meeting of the Board of Directors, was successful in having a sufficient amount of money assigned to enable the purchase of three splendid new toboggans. The result is that now several of the men who are unable to participate in the Hockey games and practises, as well as the Lady Students, can adjourn to the slide on the Golf Links and equally enjoy an outing.

The Debating Club, thanks to the energy of its President, Mr. C. E. S. Bown, is in active operation. Weekly debates are being held, and general interest is being taken by everybody, so that success is assured. Although nothing definite, beyond electing officers, has as yet been done in regard to the Dramatic Society, yet matters have now reached a point which predicts that some play will very probably be staged in the near future.

This is a good thing—a good thing in many ways. Not because it means a good time for everybody, not so much for the beneficial training derived from some of these clubs, but because it keeps the place alive, because it safeguards us from getting afflicted with the dry-rot, because it is keeping up the old standard for the return of our men from the front. We are living under extraordinary and difficult circumstances, but as has been said and can never be repeated too often, EVERYTHING MUST BE KEPT GOING, and in its proper channel.
Support the Mitre.

A Lenten resolution which should be adopted at the present by every student is to, in the future, give full support to the Mitre. The Mitre is the property and official organ of the students, and it is their duty to care for and look after it. It should not represent merely the result of efforts made by a few members of the Editorial Staff, but be the true expression of the feelings of the whole student body. Let each one strive to make the paper successful in every way—remember that as for the British Empire, “United we stand, divided we fall,” so with our College magazine.

And now for a sore spot—a gentle reminder to our old friends the graduates and subscribers. How about that subscription? How many years are you behindhand in your account? One meets graduates time and again who, as soon as the Mitre is mentioned, declare that they are several years in arrears, but “will send something at some time or other.” There is no time like the present—everybody says that, and it’s a good motto, too. The Business Manager is ever ready and willing, and at his post to receive all subscriptions due. F.F.

Extension lectures in connection with Bishop’s University are being given in the Y. M. C. A., Sherbrooke. These lectures afford courses in business knowledge generally.

Winter sports, such as tobogganing, skiing and snow-shoeing, are being greatly indulged in by the students.

Notice has just been given that the annual Lent Term Illustrated Lectures will again be given in the Library.

Two more of Bishop’s students joined the colors during the Christmas holidays. These were Mr. Lemieux, of Ottawa, who is in Quebec training for a commission, and Mr. Doyle, of St. Lambert, who has joined the Artillery, and is now in Kingston.
We welcome to the University Messrs. Smith and Towne, of Danville, Que., thus adding to the already large group from Danville. Both are valuable members of the Hockey Team.

We also welcome Mr. Chisholm, of Lennoxville, who is taking lectures in Arts.

On February 13th, "Theatre Night" was held by the students. Quite a large number of the students attended, and were much in evidence during the evening.

STUDENT’S WAR MEMORIAL FUND.

In accordance with a vote of the Student’s Association, a fund under the above name has been opened to receive subscriptions towards a memorial, to be erected at the close of the present war, in commemoration of the members of the student body of the University who lose their lives in the service of King and Country. Although it is too early at the present time to make any definite plans, yet it has been thought well to establish a fund which may be the nucleus of any more extensive scheme to be embarked upon after the war is terminated. There will probably be many who would wish to subscribe for this object, but who, for some reason or other, may not be in a position to participate in any later scheme. The present fund is intended to provide for this contingency.

Our Acting Bursar, Mr. J. T. Matthews, has consented to take charge of the fund. Subscriptions should be sent to the Treasurer of the Student’s Association. On behalf of the Student’s Association.

A. R. LETT (President.)
H. ROLAND CLEVELAND (Secretary.)
WM. C. DUNN (Treasurer.)

One day after the end of the Michaelmas term the Divinity House, with the exception of Mr. Freeman, was laid bare of its worthy students of Theology. The several workers, with their strenuous labours ended, left their cares and worries behind, each wending their separate paths to enjoy a vacation of three weeks.
The Divinity Editor with his sister journeyed to Allentown, Pa., U.S.A., spending Christmas with their brother, and afterwards returning to their home at Eganville, Ont., where Lett spent the remainder of his vacation.

Mr. C. E. S. Bown, B.A., returned to his home at Bury, Que., where he enjoyed the comforts and joys of home life on the farm.

Mr. W. C. Dunn went to Danville, Que., taking services in the Lorne Mission on Christmas Day and the following Sunday. From thence he visited friends in Toronto. On his way back to College Mr. Dunn spent the weekend with Lett, both returning to College together.

Mr. A. A. Carson spent most of his vacation at his home in Dennison's Mills, Que. We note that Mr. Carson paid a special visit to Kingsey village during the vacation.

Mr. H. O. Hodder wended his way down to Boston, U.S.A., where he visited his brother and other relations. Mr. Hodder, when in Boston, was fortunate enough to hear the great Evangelist Billy Sunday, and as a result on his return attempted a spiritual revival in the Shed.

Mr. T. G. Acres spent his vacation at his home in Ottawa, Ont.

Mr. Freeman, who was the only occupant of the Divinity House during the vacation, was naturally put in charge of some mission work, the Warden sending him to take Mr. Dunn's place at Lorne. Mr. Freeman had some exciting times. He tells us he lost his way in travelling from church to church, driving some seven hours to cover a distance of five miles.

In calling for recruits to make a Toboggan Slide off Bishop's brow, our ranks were speedily filled in, but after drilling for some time in the deep snow, two of the squad, Messrs. Acres and Freeman, deserted. Mr. Hodder is also thinking of such a move. The Synod of Shedland will have to meet and administer the usual punishment prescribed for deserters.

There is a good prospect for a hockey team among the Divinity students this year. Mr. Hodder, who has just got beyond hugging the wall of the rink, will make an excellent wing. Mr. Acres, who beat Mr. Hodder in a race on skates by a narrow margin, will make a fast centre. Messrs. Freeman and Dunn, who will be the competitors in the next race, will, we are sure, fill their positions on the team effectively. With this good showing we no doubt will be able to challenge the lady students to a game before long.

In reference to the boys who enlisted last year. We have regular correspondence from them. Messrs. Roe and Baker are in France, Messrs. Griffith, Vokey and L'Estrange are still in England. All enlisted in the Ninth Army Medical Corps.
During the Christmas vacation Bishop's College received an agreeable surprise visit from Mrs. William MacKenzie, through whose munificence the Oratory of the Venerable Bede was built. This lady, hospitably entertained by the Principal and Mrs. Parrock, expressed much interest and pleasure in all that she saw within the College precincts. The interior of the Oratory met with her strong approval, but she thought that the exterior might have been rendered more dignified with the expenditure of a little more money which, she declared, she would have been quite ready to provide had she known that the authorities were hampered by a lack of funds. As an earnest proof of her good-will Mrs. MacKenzie left with the Principal a cheque for one hundred dollars to be used as he wished. The Principal has devoted the sum to the part purchase of an organ, the old organ taken in exchange making up the balance. This new instrument is now installed and contributing greatly to the attractiveness of the daily offices, and the generosity of Mrs. MacKenzie is greatly appreciated by all who profit by it.

As we go to press comes the sad news of the passing away of Mrs. Allnatt, beloved wife of the Dean of Divinity. The Mitre wishes to extend to Dr. Allnatt, Miss Gill, and other relatives, most sincere condolences in their bereavement.

The Christmas vacation is over for another year and also the Christmas examinations—may their shadows ever grow less—and we have started on the Lent term. Cannot we do something besides our College work? The Editor suggested a Dramatic Club in the last Mitre. Why should we not begin practising a play soon, and give it after Easter for the benefit of Patriotic work? Is there any one who can suggest a reason why this should not be done? Some years ago it was usual to have a Dramatic Club, and why should we not keep up the old customs?
Last term the Lady Students played two basket-ball matches. In the first game the "Reds" won, and the proceeds were given to the Canadian Patriotic Fund. In the second the "Blacks" were the victors, and the proceeds were used to send Christmas boxes to all the men from the College who had enlisted. The money left over was given to the Serbian Relief Fund.

Both these games were very fast, and if we may judge from the shouting of the audience, exciting to them as well as to the players. A match was also played between the Lady Students and the Men's Basket-ball Team, the latter only using one hand. Needless to say, this was rather difficult work for them, and so the Co-Eds came out triumphant.

This term we are not able to keep up our basket-ball, but hope to play hockey. A meeting was held on January 30th, and it was decided that two teams should be formed, and arrangements made to secure the rink for at least one practise a week.

Several letters have been received thanking the Lady Students for the Christmas boxes which were sent to College men who had enlisted. Altogether twenty-six parcels of good things were forwarded, and if the amount of string and paper used would enable them to reach their destinations safely, we may be sure they did so!

We congratulate Miss E. Hall for being the lucky person to win the B. A. Hood, which was raffled for the benefit of a prisoner of war.

Last term cocoa was frequently made by Co-Eds. during spares. We are sorry we cannot open a canteen for the whole College, but the size of our sauce-pan forbids. Since Christmas the "Freshies" hardly need to ask for even one cup of cocoa, seeing that they "sup" so frequently both morning and afternoon on free days. Such feasts! and they don't half appreciate them.

The lectures in teaching began on February 1st, and are being held Mondays, Thursdays and Fridays in the afternoons. Several of the Lady Students are taking advantage of this opportunity to gain academy diplomas.

Miss Atto is taking the lectures in Home Nursing in Sherbrooke, and we hope she will be as successful as she was with the First Aid examinations.

We might have a sale of tennis-shoes; does any one want a pair? Going cheap, all sizes. They are merely taking up valuable space on the shelves of the Co-Ed.'s room.
On Saturday, February 17th, the Co-Ed.'s Hockey Team played against the Lennoxville Academy girls, and came out victorious after a hotly-contested game. Miss Abbott, of the Academy, and Miss Atto, of Bishop's, were the individual stars of the game.

Our Fighting Men.

We have much pleasure in extending our hearty congratulations to Lieut. Harold Waterman, B.A. '14, upon the receiving of his commission in the Artillery. We are glad to see that the sterling qualities of Bishop's men still continue to be recognized.

It will be remembered that Lieut. Waterman enlisted in the spring of 1915 in the Fifth Mounted Rifles as a private, along with several other Bishop's men. He steadily won promotion in the ranks, until he had become sergeant. With his regiment he passed through the heavy fighting of last June. In August last he was asked by General Carson, of the Canadian Headquarter's Staff, to go to England to train as a Lieutenant of Artillery. He has just been granted his commission. Good work, "String!" We wish you success in your new and responsible duties.

We were pleased to receive a visit in December from Corpl. G. K. Murray, of the Canadian Irish Rangers, just previous to his sailing for England. We now hear, with satisfaction, of his safe arrival in England.

Lient. S. L. Craft, of the Base Camp, Havre, has been spending ten days' leave in London, where Mrs. Craft and her mother, Mrs. Worthington, are spending the winter.

We are glad to note that Mr. E. H. Baker, who was wounded, is again able to resume his noble work attending to the wounded.

Mr. A. A. MacKindsey, who was wounded, is recovering speedily and is trying to get a transfer to the McGill Siege Battery. Best wishes, Mac!

The promotion of Capt. H. W. Blaylock to the rank of Major will be greeted with joy by all who knew him.
It was also with a feeling of pride that we read the name of Mr. J. F. Crowdy, B.A. '00, among those on the Birthday Honours' List of His Majesty the King.

We would also extend our congratulations to Capt. J. S. Dohan, B.A. '04, upon his elevation to the position of second in command of the 55th Regiment. It is to be noted that Capt. Dohan has won his promotion by years of faithful service.

The appointment of the Rev. H. S. Laws, B.A., rector of La Tuque, to the chaplaincy of "Kitchener's Own" is a very popular one. We feel that no better qualified man could have been obtained for the post.

The many friends of Capt. W. H. Moorhead, B.A. '09, will be pleased to hear that he is now Senior Chaplain of the Seaford area in England. He is enjoying the best of health.

Capt. A. A. Sturley, B.A. '90, Professor of Physics of King's College, Windsor, is now on leave of absence from the University and has gone to the front as Captain of the King's University Platoon.

Since last issue another of our graduates, Rev. W. A. Reeves, B.A. '16, has enlisted as a private in an ambulance corps at Halifax.

Word has been received that on January 11th Lieut. Henry Cotton, who previously held a commission in the 5th Mounted Rifles, passed his examination for the Royal Flying Corps, and has been gazetted a flying officer. Lieut. Cotton resided in Cowansville, Que., and attended Bishop's in 1913-14, when he was captain of the Hockey team.

It was until deep sorrow that the University heard of the death of Rev. Canon King, M.A., on January 8th. It sympathizes most profoundly with Mrs. King in her bereavement.

The Rev. Canon A. E. Willoughby King, M.A., whose passing removes from the Anglican Church one of its oldest and most widely known members, was born
in May, 1844, at Robinson, Bury, Que. He was ordained deacon in his 26th year; he thus ministered in holy orders for forty-seven years and died in his seventy-third year. He was the son of the Rev. W. King, of St. Sylvestre, Que., and of Mary Anne Hyde, daughter of the Rev. James Hyde, both of England.

Canon King was well known not only in the Diocese of Quebec, where he held the office of rector of St. Peter's Church for the past ten years, but also in the Diocese of Montreal, for he was at one time Principal of Cote St. Antoine Academy (now Westmount), and was connected successively with St. Matthew's Church, Christ Church Cathedral, Trinity Church, Lachine and Cote St. Paul, prior to returning to the Diocese of Quebec. He served for some years in the militia and qualified as a captain, and served in the Fenian Raids.

He was a student at Bishop's, receiving the degree of B.A. in 1866 and M.A. in 1869.

It is also with deep sorrow that we record the death of Rev. Canon George Radley Walters, L. S. T., a graduate of this University. Canon Walters was incumbent of the mission of Mal Bay, on the Gaspé Coast, for thirty-six years, where he was ever untiring in his efforts for his flock. During that time he superintended the erection of three beautiful churches, and was rural dean of Gaspé for many years. He was deeply loved and revered by his parishioners, who will sorely miss him.

His son, Rev. S. R. Walters, who also received his training in this University, is now carrying on his work. We trust that God will bless his efforts as He did those of his father.

We take much pleasure in extending to Br. Elton Scott, B.A. '16, our heartiest congratulations upon his election as Rhodes Scholar for 1917 by this University. We feel that in his person our Alma Mater will have a most fitting representative at the University of Oxford. We wish Mr. Scott every possible happiness and success during his sojourn there.

The many friends of Rev. L. Ralph Sherman, B.A., will be pleased to hear of his appointment as rector of Holy Trinity Church, Trinity Square, Toronto, where he will assume his duties at Easter.

We have been privileged with the visit of several graduates lately. During the vacation Mr. N. C. Lyster, B.A. '95, was in Lennoxville with some friends. Shortly after term opened Rev. A. T. Love, B. A., came to see us, and on January 25th Rev. N. N. Snow, B.A. '09, of Westboro, Ont., paid us a flying visit.
Around the Halls.

Wanted.—The whereabouts of the Senior who suggested a dance.

Popular Pastime No. 468—"Fixing your bow-tie."

Rumour—One of our worthy Sheddites becoming social lion at Minto Rink.

A quiet young man went to his best girl the other evening. The parlour was very comfortable, but he appeared rather gloomy. However, about 12 p.m., he said to her, "I see you have a feather on your dress." "Well," she said, "it's not much wonder, because I have been sitting beside a goose all night."—T. J. Acres.

Phone No. 638 r. 3—May I speak to Miss——?
Patient Co-Ed's Mama—Certainly (aside, in a tone of relief and astonishment) it's a girl—this time.

Why didn't you stay any longer in Boston, Sam?
Sammy—I don't know nothin'!

The Hockey Team wish to convey a vote of thanks to Jim Pender for so gallantly saving the lunch from the hands of the Customs officer at Newport on the Dartmouth trip.

Livery Stable Keeper—Would you like a buffalo? It's mighty cold driving to-day.
Freeman (about to set out on "Tinkleville" mission)—Oh no, thanks! a horse, please.

Kipling Made a Mistake. Proved by Co-Ed.

"Oh, the East is East, and the West is West,
And never the twain shall meet."
In the East the women do all the work (voice from the round table, "Hooray!")
And most of the work is done by them in the West,
Therefore, the East and West do meet.—Q.E.D.
THE MITRE.

Hodder (in his room after Mock Trial)—“All’s lost but honour!”

Charlie (at telephone)—“Hello, I’d like to see the bank manager.”
Voice at Bank—“Beg pardon, but this is a telephone, not a telescope.”

Ph——ck to S——t.—“Say, Frank, how is the air up there?”

Did you hear someone say during the recent cold spell that he was as warm as toast? He must have been thinking of the toast we get each morning in the Dining Hall.

HOW HAROLD OSWALD MISSED HIS CHANCE.

Hodder (at telephone)—Say, you, you can’t fool me—I know you—I can tell the difference between a man’s and a woman’s voice—besides your “bid” sounds too good. Good-by.

Athletics.

Green Loses to Bishop’s in Battle on Snow-Covered Ice.
(From the Dartmouth Daily, February 9th.)

Before an overflow crowd of Carnival guests the Dartmouth hockey team suffered its second defeat of the season, on the Alumni Oval Rink, at the hands of the Bishop’s College septet, by a score of 1-0. A driving snowstorm handicapped both sevens, making it not only impossible to carry the puck any distance, but also to shoot, and even the players were indistinguishable at times.

The Canadians got the jump on the Green and forced the play, the rubber remaining on Dartmouth ice practically the whole of the first period. The Hanover defense was up to the standard, however, and the Dominion team was unable to get in many shots, the occasional sallies being warded off in good style by Ross. The best work in this period was done by Reycroft for the Green, and Gillander and Capt. Norcross for the Lennoxville outfit. Reycroft showed more speed on the snow-covered ice than his team-mates, but whenever he cut loose for any distance he lost the disc in a miniature snowdrift, only to have Norcross, the visitors’ bulky point, lift it back into the territory around the Dartmouth cage. Norcross was the only man on either team able to get any distance into his shots.
It was not until the close of the first period that the Canadians scored. This came on a clever shift by Gillander, from a pass from Pender.

During the second half the Canadian six-man style of play was used. The diminished number of players seemed to instill more life into the contest, and the Green forced the play. Capt. Tyler and Paisley peppered the Canadian cage repeatedly during this session, and only the alertness of Liebling kept the visitors in the lead. Although the Green worked hard, it was a simple matter for the Bishop's defense to keep them scoreless on the snow-covered ice. Substitutions were frequent, and a comparatively fresh sextet was on the ice the greater part of the time.

A. E. Norcross and Tuck handled the game satisfactorily. The line-up was as follows: Liebling, goal; Norcross, Capt., and Pender, defense; Smith, centre; Gillander, rover; Williams and Towne, wings; Fluhmann, O'Donnell and Cleveland, subs.; Fish, time-keeper.


In a fast and strenuous game the University six were defeated by the School on February 6th in the B.C.S. Rink. The College men were greatly handicapped by the small rink, and found it difficult to work much combination. The penalties were rather numerous, the University team, who were considerably the heavier, being the chief offenders. Capt. McLeod, of B.C.S., played a splendid game, and undoubtedly saved the School boys from defeat. Smith and Holden scored for Bishop's College, while Lewis and MacLaren tallied for the School. Ross, of B.C.S., and Norcross, an ex-U.B.C. man, were the officials.

Summary of the teams:

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>U.B.C.</th>
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<td>Liebling</td>
<td>Goal</td>
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<td>Pender</td>
<td>Point</td>
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<td>Gillander</td>
<td>Cover</td>
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<td>Smith</td>
<td>Centre</td>
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<tr>
<td>Norcross, capt.</td>
<td>L. Wing</td>
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<td>Towne</td>
<td>R. Wing</td>
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<td>Substitutes</td>
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Bishop's—Holden, O'Donnell, Williams, Lett and Cleveland.
School—Blinco, Ross II, Hart and Morris.

U.B.C. 7. S.H.S. 0.

The first game of the season was played in the Minto Rink with the Sherbrooke High School and resulted in a win for Bishop's in a slightly one-sided contest. Bonner's wonderful tending of the nets was all that saved the High
School from a bad defeat. Parker, on the forward line, was the most effective player for the Sherbrooke men, while Smith, Fluhmann and Norcross did the scoring for the University septet. Perry refereed the game for both teams.

**Seniors 7. Freshmen 2.**

On February 14th the Seniors and Freshmen met in a struggle to the death for Hockey superiority. In the first period the Freshies started out with a rush and scored one, but the Seniors rallied, and forcing their opponents, found the net three times before time was called. Keeping up their offensive during the second period the Seniors had much the better of the play and scored four goals. "Dan" Towne scored another for the Freshies on a brilliant individual rush. The game ended in a win for the old-timers to the tune of 7-2.

The line-up was as follows:

Seniors—Lett, Norcross, Pender, Gillander, Holden, Cleveland, Fluhmann.
Freshmen—Liebling, Scott, Williams, Towne, Smith, O'Donnell, Hume, Chisholm.

**U.B.C. 9. S.W.C. 2.**

In a fast and exciting game of hockey the Stanstead College aggregation met defeat at the hands of the Bishop's six in the Minto Rink on Saturday, February 17th. The game was played in three fifteen minute periods, and was refereed by A. E. Norcross, a graduate of the University.

From the beginning Bishop's took the aggressive, and kept the rubber in the visitors' territory a great deal of the time during the first period. Shortly after the opening of the game, Towne slammed one by Fletcher, the S.W.C. net guardian, a few minutes later, Smith, the U.B.C. centre man, found the goal with a pretty side-shot, and again, before the end of this period, tallied another for the University, after a nice combination play with Holden.

Although having secured a lead of three points, the purple and white showed no disposition to loaf in the second period, Towne scoring a few seconds after the first face-off. Hyndman, of the red and white, then secured the puck, and succeeded in evading the University forwards, only to be brought to a standstill by Capt. Norcross, who, recovering the disc, made an end to end rush and added another point to the tallies of his team. Shortly afterwards he duplicated this rush with the same result. Towne brought the scoring for the second period to a close by slipping another into the visitors' net.

The third period was undoubtedly the closest of the three, Pender, the heavy Bishop's defense man, after some clever stick handling, slammed a sizzler past Fletcher. Martin, the clever little wing man of the Stanstead team, then scored the first for his team. This seemed to encourage his team-mates somewhat, and
McClatchie brought the rubber and managed to fool Lett, the College goal-tender. The last point registered in the game came from Smith's stick, thus bringing Bishop's score up to nine, while the scoreboard showed two for Stanstead.

The line-up was as follows:

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>U.B.C.</th>
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<td>Lett</td>
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<td>Norcross, Capt.</td>
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<td>Holden</td>
<td>L. Wing</td>
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<tr>
<td>Substitutes</td>
<td>Stroud, Capt.</td>
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Bishop's—Gillander, Fluhmann, Cleveland, Williams.
Stanstead—Bishop.

Since last writing the Brotherhood has continued along its usual peaceful course, endeavouring as best it may, to fulfill its duty in the University life. Judging from the regular attendance of members and friends, the meetings are found to be both enjoyable and beneficial. The Moulton Hill Mission has proved a most encouraging field during the past term and the Sunday school is especially well attended. The weekly hospital visits seem much appreciated by the patients, and thus far it has been possible to keep both general wards well supplied with reading material. The fortnightly devotional addresses are deeply appreciated.

Letters have been received from the following men at the front: Capt. W. H. Moorhead, Capt. R. J. Shires, Br. Elton Scott, Lieut. H. Waterman, Gr. A. P. Butler, Gr. Don Foss, Gr. W. E. Hume, Pte. G. Roe and Pte. T. C. Travers. All expressed their appreciation of the circular letter of last term, and gave assurance of their good health and spirits.

Capt. Moorhead, Senior Chaplain of the Seaford area, says he has plenty of duties to perform. Capt. Burges Browne, another graduate, is associated with him on the staff. Capt. Shires speaks of meeting many Bishop's men at the front.

Br. Elton Scott says, "I am glad to see that there is still some of the old life in the boys at home. Whatever happens keep up as large an expenditure of energy as possible, according to the requirements of the time, because as long as
there is plenty of healthy life Bishop’s men will surely uphold the high reputation which they have so dearly won in this war.”

Pte. Roe said they were enjoying a well-deserved rest up the line at the time of writing. Pte. E. H. Baker had just arrived back after an enforced holiday in “Blighty,” and was quite fit for duty again. Foss, Hume and Travers were enjoying to the full the novelties of English life.

We again take this opportunity of expressing our pleasure at receiving visitors and friends at our chapter meetings. We hope all will feel fully welcome at all our meetings.

B. C. M. U.

At a well attended and enthusiastic meeting held on January 26th the Missionary Union was reorganized, and sent off with a good start for the present year. The following officers were elected: President, C. E. S. Bown, B.A.; Vice-President, A. R. Lett; Secretary-Treasurer, W. C. Dunn; Committee, G. Holden, A. A. Carson and R. Heron. Meetings, with addresses by clergy from the neighbouring regions, are being arranged; while the members have pledged themselves to pay a weekly subscription to the Union during Lent, to raise the funds to fulfil our pledge to help support a Japanese student for the ministry. The attendance at the Missionary Litany, which the Union conducts every Monday at 12:45, has shown encouraging improvement. It is to be hoped that interest will not only be maintained, but will increase as time goes on.

The following letter from Rev. C. H. Shortt, a Canadian missionary at Nagata, Japan, which has been received by the Secretary of the Missionary Union, will be read with interest:

“The Bishop of Mid-Japan has told me your men are lending a hand in our work in a valuable way, viz., in helping us to train some young Japanese as clergy and catechists. As one of them, Mr. Kanzaki, was one of my own congregation at Takata, I am asked to write and tell you something about him, so as to help in personal interest.

I knew him as a soldier, for he was an officer of the “Gendarme,” and always appeared at church in his uniform. Unless he was on duty nothing could keep him from church, or from any of our meetings, for he was one of the keen sort, and his earnestness was infectious; a bright, jolly fellow, popular on all sides.

Quite from his own initiative he asked if he could be prepared to become a catechist as soon as his term should be up. His allowance is small, enough to keep his wife and two little children, as well as his old father; but of course not enough to put him through the School of Catechists in Tokyo. The Bishop took all risks and accepted him, and he is now studying there. He will be a valuable
addition to the staff when he gets through.

The other two students are younger, and are both at the Central Theological College; but I think that they are supported by Trinity and Huron.

There is no more important work than the preparing of a strong Japanese ministry, for, of course, it is essential to the permanence of the Japanese Church. So far as catechists are concerned we are better off than most of the dioceses, though we have not yet enough. But as to clergy we are very badly off, having now only two Japanese priests, both old, and two deacons. We could have more by lowering our standard, but that would be fatally shortsighted.

Volunteers can be got, but the educating of them is not easy. Even when they belong to well-to-do families they are often the only Christians among their relatives; and can hardly expect Buddhists, or non-religious people, to help much in preparing priests for the Christians.

For a while we must push them through ourselves; and it is in this work that you are helping.

Yours faithfully,

C. H. SHORTT.

This interesting letter will, we are sure, help to stimulate and encourage every member of the University to do his or her utmost to enable the Missionary Union to fill its pledge.

The Secretary has a photograph of the three Japanese students mentioned by Mr. Shortt as being supported by Trinity, Huron and Bishop’s. This may be seen by any who wish to see it.

W. C. D.

Harvard is celebrating her 280th anniversary, and in commemoration of the event she is launching a campaign to increase her endowments by the amount of ten millions. A committee has been selected from classes covering roughly a period of forty-five years to get into touch with graduates of this time. We wish the committee every success.

David Heald has a very interesting article in the Harvard Bulletin on "Book-buying for Harvard in War Time." Mr. Heald succeeded in buying a copy of Fabyan's "Chronicles of England and France." The book was printed by Richard Pynson in 1516, and was burned by Wolsey on account of its remarks on the wealth of the clergy. Dibdin wrote of it in 1812, that a perfect copy was "one of the greatest acquisitions to a library of old English literature." Three other editions of Fabyan were printed during the sixteenth century, and of these the narrator found the second and third.

In the Wycliffe Magazine W. G. Atkinson has a very interesting article on the "Sinn Fein Revolt" in Dublin on the 24th April, 1916. As Mr. Atkinson happened to be in Dublin at that time, he narrates the following interesting incident. When General Maxwell wrote to the Roman Catholic Bishop of Limerick, demanding the removal of several priests who had unwisely taken a too prominent part in the insurrection, the doughty priest replied that his priests were devoted to their church, but he had nothing to do with their politics. In thanking the Limerick Board of Guardians for a resolution approving of his reply to General Maxwell, the Bishop said it would be a sorry day for the Roman Church of Ireland if her bishops took their orders from the agents of the British Government, and that these men who had galvanized the British Government into action with regard to Home Rule, were now being shot by Messrs. Asquith & Co. "There lies the evil, there lies the misery of Ireland." The article is all but too short.

Theodore Gabriel Berg writes entertainingly in the Holy Cross Magazine on the rediscovery of "The Pearl," a little gem of mediaeval verse, which lay buried for five hundred years in an old illuminated manuscript in the British Museum. The manuscript contains four poems in the West Midland dialect of the latter half of the 14th Century. Several translations of "The Pearl" have appeared in both prose and verse, one of the best is by Miss Sophie Jowett, who happily completed it only a short time before her death.

For those who are interested in the history of Christmas carols, there is a very readable article in The Trinity University Review on the subject.
The January number of The Bowdoin Quill has an excellent translation from "Le Cid," act iv, scene 3. There is also a translation of the ninth ode of the first book of Horace's Odes. These translations are in conformity with the high literary standard which The Qnill has maintained in the past.

A writer, under the nom de plume of E. A. F., in The Elevator, writes a vivid account of his escape from Germany after the outbreak of the great war.

The Ashburnian has a "rep," if may use the expression, to keep up. The School is certainly doing so, if we may so infer from the January number.

In The Holy Cross Magazine, under "Nova et Vetera," there is an account of the life of the late Right Reverend Charles E. Cheney. Dr. Cheney was one of the most militant churchmen of his day, but who, in many respects, was an admirable character and who had strong and sincere convictions. In the early seventies, the burning subject of controversy was the question of baptismal regeneration. Dr. Cheney denied this in toto and deliberately and defiantly omitted the words, "Seeing now that this child is regenerated," from the Baptismal Service. He believed that the Prayer Book meant what it said and, regarding the statement as false doctrine, he peremptorily refused to use it. The doctor's refusal to use the language of the Prayer Book led to his degradation from the Church. A weary and bitter trial was carried through the courts over several years and ended in the recalcitrant priest and his parish going out of the Church. These were the days when the Church, for better or for worse, exercised discipline, and a man, only at his peril, could deny the Faith or any part of it. These trials did not make for the greater confirmation of the Faith, but they at least shewed that men of all schools had the courage of their convictions, and in their zeal for their beliefs, were not afraid of being called heresy-hunters—a charge from which so many shrink to-day with sensitive alarm.

The Acadia Athenaeum has a short article entitled "Provincialism." We never considered the question was a debatable one, and always took it for granted that it was only in the country where qualities of self-reliance, inventiveness, industry, economy and shrewdness were properly engendered.

According to the University Monthly, the students of that University have appointed a committee with the object of erecting a suitable memorial to the sons of U. N. B. who have fallen in battle. This is a scheme worthy of commendation and imitation, and we heartily wish it every success possible.
We take pleasure in reprinting a poem entitled "Noel, 1916," in the King’s College Record, by Professor Forsythe.

O’er Bethlehem shone forth the Star of Peace,
To greet a world of tumult and of strife,
To herald hopes of happiness and life,
When God shall reign and wars forever cease,
And love and truth and right shall love increase
Begetting justice, mercy and liberty.
Enslaved to sin God’s sons no more shall be.
List! Angel choirs, hymn loud the soul’s release;
And hark! the battle thunder pealing,
Unwilling swells the harmony in strain,
That rumbling bellowing bursts upon the ear,
This heavenly message clearer still recalling,
Our Peace-Prince, Christ, tho’ crucified again
Shall rise in power, war’s night shall disappear.

Geo. W. Philbrick.

Offices held under Student’s Association, 1916-17.

Vice-President, C. E. S. Bown, B. A.
Secretary, H. R. Cleveland, Jr., ’18.
Treasurer, W. C. Dunn, Div. ’18.

Reading Room—President, F. Fluhmann ’17; Vice-President, W. C. Dunn, Div. ’18; Secretary-Treasurer, G. W. Philbrick ’17.

Debating Club—President, C. E. S. Bown, B. A.; Secretary, G. W. Philbrick ’17; Committee, F. Fluhmann ’17, W. C. Dunn, Div. ’18, R. Heron ’19.

Dramatic Club—President, C. E. S. Bown, B. A.; Secretary, G. W. Holden ’18; Committee, M. Norcross, Misses K. Atto ’17, and J. Bradshaw ’19.

Offices held under the B.U.A.A.A. 1916-17.

Vice-President, H. R. Cleveland, Jr., ’18.
Secretary-Treasurer, G. W. Holden ’18.

Basket-ball Club—President, M. Norcross ’17; Vice-President, Geo. W. Holden ’18; Director, F. Fluhmann ’17; Secretary-Treasurer, W. C. Dunn, Div. ’18; Committee, A. Lett, Div. ’18, H. R. Cleveland, Jr., ’18, R. Doyle ’19.

Hockey Club—President, J. Pender ’17; Vice-President, C. E. S. Bown, Div. ’18; Director, M. Norcross ’17; Secretary-Treasurer, H. R. Cleveland, Jr., ’18; Committee, F. Gillander ’18, Geo. W. Holden ’18, S. Liebling ’20.

Tennis Club—President, C. E. S. Bown, Div. ’18; Vice-President, H. R.
Cleveland, Jr., '18; Secretary-Treasurer, W. C. Dunn, Div. '18; Director, S. Liebling '20; Captains, Arts F. Fluhmann '17, and Divinity A. R. Lett, Div. '18.

Toboggan Club—President, C. R. S. Bown, Div. '18; Vice-President, F. Fluhmann '17, Director, C. E. S. Bown, Div. '18; Secretary-Treasurer, S. Liebling '20; Committee, F. Scott '19, S. Williams '19, R. Heron '19.

Foot-ball Club—President, A. R. Lett, Div. '18; Vice-President, H. O. Hodder, Div. '19; Director, E. Doyle '19; Secretary-Treasurer, S. Liebling '20.

Cricket Club—President, W. C. Dunn, Div. '18; Vice-President, G. W. Philbrick '17; Director, R. Lemieux '19; Secretary-Treasurer, H. O. Hodder '19.

Base-ball Club—President, J. Pender '17; Vice-President, E. Gillander '18; Secretary-Treasurer, G. W. Philbrick '17; Director, E. Gillander '18.

Canoe Club—President, M. Norcross '17; Vice-President, A. Carson, Div. '18; Director, R. Heron '19; Secretary-Treasurer, E. Doyle '19.

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