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Rheims.

In royal splendour rose the house of prayer,
Its mystic gloom arched over by the flight
Of soaring vault; above the nave's dim night
Rich gleamed the painted windows wondrous fair.
Sweet chimes and chanting mingled in the air;
Blue clouds of incense dimmed the vaulted height;
And on the altar, like a beacon light,
The gold cross glittered in the candles' glare.

To-day no bells, no choirs, no incense cloud,
For thou, O Rheims, art prey of evil powers;
But with a voice a thousand times more loud
Than siege-guns echoing round thy shattered towers,
Do thy mute bells to all the world proclaim
Thy martyred glory and thy foeman's shame.

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Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.
SOMEWHERE within the bounds of this our Western Hemisphere lies an island. It is a land of romance and interest. The home of adventure and daring deeds; famed in song by lovers of its soil, but often desecrated by the utterances of those who lack the blest aptitude of seeing good in everything. It is a land whose interesting history if given in detail would offer a reading as fascinating as any of the extracts from Greek mythology.

What is this land? Some call it in scorn the "Barren land," and others the land of "Ice and Snow," names given in ignorance by those who never take the trouble to seek for facts, or who judge it by the reports given in its earliest annals, and who do not realize that time brings change.

Those who realize some of its attractiveness call it the Sportsman's Paradise, Nature's home, the land of promise—names significant of some of its special features—the latter indicative of a future full of hope towards which it plods.

The real name we leave to conjecture and invite our readers to accompany us on a tour of that land. No barrier will be opposed to our entrance. Tibetan rules of secrecy will not be imposed on us providing we offer it fair judgment and have as our "Open Sesame" the word "Friendliness."

We convey ourselves thither somewhat after the fashion of the heroes of the Arabian Nights, or follow Mercury's example and speed thither on winged shoes. A rapid flight through space and we take up our position on the highest pinnacle of that land—a point 3,000 feet above sea level. Why such a position? Because we wish you to have a commanding view East, West, North and South, and now, as Merza stood and saw visions of the past Mystic Ages, and looked forward into eternity, so we will be granted by the aid of certain Genie a glance at the prehistoric days of this island, then follow a few centuries in the annals of "Old Father Time," and also be given a prospective view of this "land of promise."

Do my eyes deceive me? Or do you behold with me a mist which partially surrounds this land on which we stand, and a few furlongs distant from its shores. Ah! and who is this that arises from the mist and approaches us rapidly. On and on he hovers as if anxious to make our acquaintance, as if he had some important message for us. At last he is near. Listen, he speaks. "Friends, I am the 'Spirit of Science.' I have been informed of your eagerness to learn of this country, and I am the first of four Genie whom you are to meet this day. My part is soon done. 'Behold!'" at which word we gaze into the mist. We see, as it were, a series of pictures, and almost simultaneously we exclaim, "What
are these?" "This is the method by which the knowledge I possess will be given you. I take you back into the dim ages of antiquity, even anterior to the time when our ancestors as baboons climbed from tree to tree, and of which Darwin, one of my disciples, writes. The period to which I refer is that of the 'Glacial Action.' You behold this country covered with ice and snow, but as you watch you notice the gradual removal of the glacier and a land emerges beautifully sculptured, with here and there lofty pinnacles and chains of mountains, alternated with valleys and plains, rugged and bare yet beautiful." As we gaze the barreness disappears; gradually over the whole land comes a magnificent covering of foliage. "Here you behold," says our informer, "the beginning of that evolution from which is to issue that splendid Flora with which this land is adorned, and of which my brother Genie will have more to say to you. How do I know these things are so? you ask. I offer you no different proof, and admit it be more or less a conjecture, but I point you to a study in the light of reason, of its physical features, assisted by the geologist. Here comes one, however, who will give you more of fact, your second instructor,

**The Spirit of History.**"

Immediately he is with us. We realize the knowledge he will give us will make him the most important for our acquaintances. "You seek the story of the island—I willingly give it. You seek for facts, you say—So I give them, but ask your pardon if I add a little of tradition by way of introduction to what I wish to say. The story goes, and one almost conclusively proved, as we gather from the Icelandic Tagos (story books) to which I refer you for detailed information, that one Lief, a stalwart son of a great sea-faring king, Eric the Red, visited its shores, and so claims to be its first discoverer. But this is tradition, which we are not forced to accept. However, 500 years after this traditional visit (Cir. 1497) a few small ships of quaint appearance, and after the model of those built in the reign of Henry VII, who then reigned in that famous island across the sea, arrived in sight of this land, at a point which you will see on the East coast. The crew of the ships exclaimed at the appearance Bona Vista (Happy Sight), and so the name remains.

The discoverer was a Venetian by name of John Cabot, one of those adventuresome explorers who braved death for the glory of finding new lands, and for which he received, as we read in the Court chronicles of that time, 'to hym who found the new isle £10—an enormous reward from such a benevolent king.

Now comes the strange part. Although Cabot was the first to open this land to civilization, yet he was not the first to set foot there, for he found human beings. I do not wonder at your amazement; but it is a fact. A most peculiar race they were. Of a copper colour, high cheek bones, of a brawny and robust
appearance, possessed of great ingenuity and who lived by hunting and fishing—a race whose detailed routine of existence would furnish you with much interesting matter. How they came and from whence is not known. Theories have been advanced many and varied, e.g., that they crossed from some neighbouring land on fields of ice. Where are they now? Quite extinct. Having no idea of right or wrong, the first visitors to the island became a prey to their thieving. Knives and other useful implements, which contrasted so strongly with their dull implements, offered too great a temptation to them, and they were mercilessly murdered in revenge by the 'whites.' Gradually they died out. A desperate effort was made in later years to save them, but to no avail. The last known was one captured in the month of March, and so named Mary March, whose mummy is still to be seen in the museum of the land, where also can be seen many of their relics.

The discoverer returned to that 'Island across the Seas,' carrying with him almost fabulous stories of the wealth to be obtained from the waters around its shores, and numerous ships from the land of the Fleur-de-lys, and others, came draw some of that wealth, and they drew it in the form of fish, which filled those encompassing seas, and for centuries has been the chief source of revenue.

Coming down a century to the reign of Good Queen Bess, we find this land formally claimed as part of her realm. Stories of its wealth were more than ever prevalent, but although crowds flocked to its shores none, under penalty, were allowed to remain. The greed and avarice of certain merchant adventurers saw it would not be good for themselves to have the land inhabited. They fought it vigorously, having influence with the ruling powers. The prosperity of the country was thereby greatly retarded.

Jimmy the Wise Fool granted patents to many would-be colonizers. Many of these were successful, and each of the colonies founded an history in itself. The population gradually increased, rather, perhaps, of a mixed character, but possessing the varied characteristics suitable to successful colonization. The old restrictions had been removed. Hitherto the fluctuating population had been ruled each year by the captain of the first vessel who happened to arrive in one of the beautiful fiords. The majority ruled after the fashion of the old aristocrats of Greece—with an iron heel.

Now another menace arises. The people from France, realizing the enormous wealth of the country, make a desperate effort to possess it. Their constant attacks and encroachments harassed the few settlers and rendered life insecure. They did establish themselves here once, and in one of its most beautiful harbours made their capital. But let us speed thither. You see, as we approach, how well it merits its name, Placentia (Pleasant-beautiful). Look at these grand, majestic mountains, towering on each side. Pause, and look down into
the valley and see the quaint little town, nestling among the hills. Imagine it as the sun shines over these hill-tops and throws its rays upon the nestling colony well named Placentia. Come swiftly to the top of these mountains. What are these cannons, etc.? Oh! these are the remains of the old forts, erected to repel attacks on the capital. How well they guard the entrance. See yonder in the village is the old antique church at which these old sea-farers worshipped. Nothing remains to-day, friends, to remind us of these worthy invaders but the names in the language of that fair France still reminiscent of these times. The capture and recapture of this strange land had gone on for centuries. The rivalry was strong between the land called England and the aforesaid France for this pearl haunt at last. But once again I ask you to accompany in fancy to a far-off land, and peep into an assembly at Utrecht. What is going on? A roll is being signed ceding to England the practical sovereignty of the territory on which we stand. France makes her exit as far as ruling power is concerned.

I have brought you to a period, in this rough island story, when things begin to look brighter. I cannot go farther into detail, but leave it to your next instructor to show you the result of this beginning and supply you with modern information of the land, and so let me give place to

**THE SPIRIT OF KNOWLEDGE.**

I, the Spirit of Knowledge, am commissioned to supply you with modern information of this country. Time does not permit of a lengthy discourse, which I would much prefer, but I will endeavour to give you one or two points of importance. Let us dispel the mystic idea and adapt ourselves to the modern age. In that airship yonder we will reconnoitre above the island while I supply you with a little information. We speed rapidly to a spot on the East coast. You see below you the chief town. Entered by the discoverer on June 24th, St. John Baptist Day, and so honoured with the name St. John's. Note the magnificent harbour, its modern buildings, its cathedrals, representing the best architecture on this side of the world. The town can vie with any of its size in manufactures of all sorts, in commercial importance. Different steamship lines touch or terminate here. Five cables come to land, thus connecting the land with the whole universe. The town is in the midst of an historic ground, and old remains of forts and other marks of conflict point to the struggle of earlier days for supremacy. There is, however, just two things which I wish to emphasize in connection with this place. Note that building back of the city, the Parliament Buildings. Here, my friend, is the ruling body of the island—a Governor, an Executive Council, a Legislative Council and a Representative House of 36 members. After a long period of experiment in one form or another of ruling power, this island was made responsible for its own affairs (1832). The land was divided in
sections, household suffrage was established, and under this regime the country, as all democracies, directing its own affairs, prospers and goes steadily on its way of advancement.

Once again look around. See these four large building within a furlong of each other; they represent the source of education. It is the denominational system. In the eyes of some this is a barrier to the greatest success. It is, to a certain extent, and we trust in the future will be improved, but from these same buildings have gone out worthy representatives who have won honour for their Alma Mater in the worthiest institutions of the world. The forenamed system extends throughout the land, and no doubt will be the foundation on which a more consolidated education will be built.

I could further take you to the other towns—to picturesque Trinity, to historic Whitbourne, to our second in importance, Harbour Grace, but we must hasten. Now we are above the centre of the island. Below you note the wide stretch of plateau—the high lands are mostly around the shores. I have brought you here for the express purpose of giving you a glimpse of the Fauna. Look yonder, you see great herds of what are known as caribou. These hold a conspicuous place among the wild animals indigenous to this country. In those forests yonder you would find fox a valuable asset in the hunting industry of this land. The wolf also is there, although almost extinct. The black bear, the beaver, and numerous other animals typical of non-tropical countries. No less than 300 species of birds are to be found, most of them migratory. As our eye wanders here and there we notice the large lakes and rivers and numerous minor streams. These are the homes of the speckled beauty and of numerous salmon, offering every attraction to thousands who flock to its shores every year to indulge their sportive natures, and justifying it as the Sportsman’s Paradise.

While above the interior, let me point you to one new-born town. Lord Northcliffe has established here an industry, that of paper manufacturing, fed by the wide timber areas of the land. Most of the news of London and New York is at present provided on the product of this industry. The town is named Grand Falls, and is destined to rival the capital in the race for supremacy.

I call your attention also to the line of railway running through the centre of the country, with branches here and there to the chief centres on the shore. The railway plays a unique part in the history of the island and will form an important factor in its future progress. The contractions for this also provided a central boat system, although there are other steamship lines at present in opposition. The company provides towns with electrical appliances, establishes large ship docks, having always as its aim development.

The sea around the coasts is the chief source of wealth now as in the days of the discoverer. Many daring deeds have been performed on its bosom in the
pursuit of the land's chief industry (fishing). Heroic battling with the storm and tempest has produced men of a hardy, bull-dog nature. The inhabitants are of robust healthy appearance, indicative of a salubrious climate—the land of ice and snow, eh! How truly misnamed. The thermometer rarely goes down below zero, and the typical features of such a land are missing and could more easily be found in the "Land of the Maple." True, in the month of March fields of ice float past its shores, but that alone does not win for the land such a name of desolation any more than the warm stream which washes its southern shores could make it as the "Land of Warmth." The ice brings myriads of seals with their consequent wealth. The warm stream (Gulf Stream) moderates and makes the climate that health-giving one.

One other idea and I leave you. Recently, when that monster called Kulturn became rampant, this land sent its quota to help quell its ravages. Its percentage was higher than any other country in the family circle of the Empire to which it belongs. Men of its sea-faring type manned the ships of "John Bull." Honour and glory followed its sturdy manhood on many a field of battle, and this country has become conspicuous because of its patriotism and loyalty.

I have done, I fear, but poor justice to the modern age of this island. At a future date I may be able to spend more time with you, and endeavour more conclusively to justify it as something modern in the eyes of those highly educated people, who land on its shores fully prepared to meet the savage of prehistoric times. I return you to your point of vantage, and leave you to your last informer, The Spirit of Prophecy.''

Our last acquaintance, following the example of the first, bid us look again into the mist, and there we behold not the land that we first saw, but one showing the effects of the progressive advancement we have endeavoured to trace. "This," says our friend, "is this island in the future, as her worthy sons would have it, and to which it is inevitably hastening. I pause just long enough to give you one or two of the movements. The country is no longer one thickly populated near the coasts, and sparsely in the interior, but you notice that towns of importance have sprung up all along the central railway. New discoveries in the mining industry, etc., have given rise to these towns. The town of Grand Falls, which was pointed out to you as destined to become a great city, has succeeded in so doing. It has exceeded the former capital in population and modern ideas. It is a great railway centre, in fact the capital of the interior of the whole island. It is the centre of that industry above referred to, which has now become a mighty source of wealth.

Supplementing this industry, and that which was formerly its staple one (fishing) is another. An advance has been made in agriculture. The richness
of its soil has been realized, and with the exception of one or two crops (e.g. wheat) it tends to rival the "Land of the Maple."

Education has thrown off the bond of denominationalism, and has advanced rapidly. Four large colleges have been merged into one university, and throughout the island, where once existed little settlements with as many as four schools, amalgamation has taken place, consequently better teachers can be afforded, and with this increased stimulus, rapid strides have been made and the country is reaping the benefit of a solid education.

One other thing I bring to your notice. The country is still independent. Cries that in future it would be with the Maple Leaf have proved false. Barriers insurmountable have interfered. The good which it would have derived from such confederation was of a minimum amount, and so on it goes, ever advancing—that land whose name, ere this is evident to you, and which has indeed become a veritable Terra Nova.

R. HERON, '91.

The Poems of Robert Norwood.

A NEW book by a former undergraduate of Bishop's College cannot fail to attract the attention of the present generation of Bishop's men, especially if it be such a book as Robert Norwood's dramatic poem, "The Witch of Endor," or his former collection of poems, "His Lady of the Sonnets." Just as we have always taken a pardonable pride in the splendid poems of our distinguished Alumnus, Canon Frederick George Scott, we now find another source of gratification in the praise bestowed upon the work of a former undergraduate of Bishop's College, Robert Norwood. His recent work, "The Witch of Endor," has been extensively reviewed, and has received the commendation of the best reviewers of this country, as has also his former book, "His Lady of the Sonnets," and there is little left to be added in the way of criticism. One critic, writing in a leading Canadian journal, says of "The Witch of Endor":

"I find Robert Norwood in the true succession of Phillips. There are passages in "The Witch of Endor" that move with the footfall of the immortals. There are the sacred fire and the illuminating vision; the lyric cry that will have music and beauty for its instruments; the virility and imaginative power, and the tenderness, that belong to and are inseparable from impassioned strength. There has been nothing like it before in Canadian literature."

While it is easy to agree with the critic in the last statement, it is difficult to do so in regard to the first ones. One cannot believe that a drama with so little
action as "The Witch of Endor," could ever gain the success of Stephen Phillips' "Herod" or "Ulysses," even under the most favorable circumstances. The supreme test of a drama is whether it can be played successfully or not, and while "The Witch of Endor" is a play, full of strong passages of great literary beauty, it smacks rather of the study than of the stage. In fact, the most striking and pleasing characteristic of this dramatic poem is in the lyric beauty and the splendour of the images called up by the words of the poet. To give only two examples:

Loruhmah, the Witch of Endor and Priestess of Ashtoreth, thus speaks of her love for Saul:

When soul meets soul there is not any fear;
It is the morning of the world; the breath*
Of all the woodland gods blows on the face,
Brings up the flowers and commands the birds,
Shakes myriad raindrops from the leafy boughs,
And sends the thousand lances of the sun
Against the shadows . . Joy is everywhere
And love is everywhere!

And Saul replies:

When soul meets soul
That moment's memory takes wings to fly
Beyond the barriers of fate and finds
Fulfilment in the certainty of love,
Laughs at all shadows, knows no present fear.

And in the same scene Saul continues:

As Jordan bends
Afar his silver bow, like some great archer,
Gone hunting in an autumn land of gold,
So will this land draw man's resistance back,
Set the strong shaft of purpose to the cord
And send it singing to the mark, though all
The shields of Gath were in the way!

To which the Priestess of Ashtoreth answers:

But yet
I fear the gods who, throned upon the years,
Fret in the heavens when they see us climb;
And lest we win to their divine content,
Place on the upward path shadow and storm—
Loss of the ones we love—doubt, and then—death!

Let us now consider briefly "His Lady of the Sonnets." It is not too much to say that this book contains some of the most beautiful poetry written in
our language during this century. It is perfect in workmanship, while the thought, so often obscure in our present day poets, is always clear. Here, as in "The Witch of Endor," the chief theme is love, but a spiritual love, refined by suffering and bitter experience.

Here is only one example taken almost at random:

Then came three wise men riding from the east;
One was a king and brought a gift of gold;
And one bore frankincense that fate foretold;
While myrrh was offered by a mitred priest.
Nor ever hath Love's brave adventure ceased
Since that fair night ashine with stars and cold,
When even angels paused their wings to fold—
Love to adore made one with man and beast.

Accept three gifts I to thee gladly bring;
Each hath its own divine significance;
Gold is the Body thou hast crowned a king;
My Spirit is the prophet's frankincense;
Myrrh is the Mind which strives to tell thee all
Love's mystic and melodious ritual.

Nothing could prove the poet's genius than the masterly way in which he treats the hackneyed subject of "Spring."

Little laughter of the grass;
Clapping of soft, tiny hands;
Fleeting forms that come and pass
In relays of fairy bands:
And the birds upon the wing
Tell the secret! This is Spring!

In the woods the dryades
Here the sounding pipes of Pan,
Leave their temples in the trees
And return to haunts of man;
This the song they sweetly sing—
Ave! Ave! It is Spring.

Domed with sapphire is the sky;
Haze of opal hath the hills;
Brown the brooks that rushing by
Call to their companion rills;
These their joyous welcome bring—
Hail! All Hail! For it is Spring.
One Last Pipe before Bed.

When I read or recall the well-known lines in Calverly's "Ode to Tobacco,"

"Sweet when the morn is gray,
Sweet when they've cleared away
Lunch, and at close of day
Possibly sweetest."

I feel inclined to strike out "possibly," and substitute "certainly." For however delightful the hasty smoke snatched between breakfast and chapel or lecture, and the more leisurely inhalation after the mid-day meal, the supreme moment in the smoker's day is undoubtedly the "one last pipe before bed." That is the time when the day's grind is over, and thought is free to wander at will down any path in which it chooses to find itself, regardless of whether that path leads eventually to a numerical value for X or the proper turn of an oratio obliqua. The smoke curling from the bowl does the work of the incense cast upon the braziers of the Arabian Nights, and places at our service the genie, Imagination, ready to transport us whither we would.

In such an hour during the Easter vacation as

"I sat at ease in my old arm-chair,
Smoking my blackest briar,
And idly noted the visions fair
In the smoke-wreaths' twining spire."

my thoughts fixed themselves, I know not how, upon the subject of old clothes. Perhaps I had been recalling the blaze of colour that brightens the world at this season, as the ladies shed the sober hues of winter and Lent, and blossom forth in all the glories of Easter hat and costume, like those

"Dull-coated things, that making slide apart
Their dusk wing-cases, all beneath there burns
A jewell'd harness."

and so by contraries had come to think of the discarded garments relegated to the cedar-chest and moth-bag, or even to jumble-sale and old clothes man. Perhaps I had merely noted the patched and worn old study-coat that increased the comfort of my lounge—for one can never lounge comfortably in new clothes. But by whatever path I had reached it the subject took possession of me, as such subjects will, and after all there are worse topics to consider, less attractive visions to behold against the gray mists of one's last pipe.

Considered with regard to clothing men fall into three classes—those who have no new clothes, those who have no old, and the happy mortals who possess
both kinds. On the first class I will not dwell; their lack of new garments may be their own fault, or merely their misfortune—not so grave a misfortune as to have no old ones, as we shall see. But it may be well to note in passing that a grave evil is impending over this class. All readers of the humorous press are aware that when Weary Willy desires a change of raiment he exchanges garments with the first scarecrow he comes across. To-day, however, every condition of life is influenced and moulded by all potent war, nor has the scarecrow escaped. A recent issue of Punch has drawn our attention to the fact that with the introduction of universal service in the British Isles, and the advent of the "Women Workers on the Land," it has become necessary to attire the scarecrow in female garb, or the wily bird, realizing that all the men have gone to fight, would penetrate the ruse. What is Weary Willy to do now?

There are some men whose garments never grow old, who always appear, in the conventional phrase of the novelist, to have just left the tailor's hands. These men who possess no old clothes are thoroughly to be pitied by their more fortunate fellows, for there is no comfort to be found in new clothes, they are merely a care and an encumbrance. One cannot sit down without carefully drawing up one's trousers, lest the nether garment bag at the knee. Undivided attention cannot be given to the all-important matter of the lighting of a pipe, for glowing ash is sure to fall upon one's clothes, and the dread of damage to a new suit lends to that hasty beating, brushing and shaking of one's garments with which all are familiar, during which process the more important business in hand is neglected. All the real enjoyments of life—the lounge in an easy chair, the care-free stroll through brambly wood and across barbed wire fence—are taboo. And in their place comes the embarrassment of feeling conspicuous. The wisest man I know, when compelled by domestic pressure to visit his tailor, smuggles home the new suit under cover of darkness, and sleeps in it for a week before appearing in it in public.

Men who have no old clothes are persons to avoid or beware of, since they are either devoid of personality or are of a dark, secretive nature. For the chief feature in the process which makes new garments old is the transference to them of the wearer's personality. It was, as all readers of Conan Doyle are aware, the recognition of this fact by Dr. Bell which suggested the character and methods of Sherlock Holmes to his pupil. It follows, therefore, that men whose clothes appear always new have either no personality to transfer, or desire to conceal their real nature from their fellow-men behind ramparts erected by the tailor. They are consequently either insipid or dangerous acquaintances.

How this transference of the wearer's personality to his garments is accomplished has never been accurately determined. But some years ago I came across an article in a newspaper which gave a clue to the process. The writer stated
that human personality overflowed the bounds of the corporal frame and affected its immediate vicinity. That each individual was surrounded by a sort of colour-ed umbra whose shade denoted the character—red for the choleric, black for the melancholy. If there is any truth in this it would account for the phenomenon under consideration, for one's clothes would be within the circle of this umbra and so be soaked in the wearer's personality. Many considerations attest the validity of this theory. Such, for instance, as the fact that certain colours do not suit particular individuals, explicable by the clash of that particular shade with the colour of the wearer's umbra. Still more conclusive is the change of colour as garments age, to be accounted for by their becoming dyed with the colour of personality. Green is the obvious colour of the simple and innocent nature, and we must all have noticed the tendency of black garments worn by people of that character, as for example the black coat of the cleric, to turn green.

So far, however, we have been considering old clothes from the egotistical human standpoint. If we look at the subject from the point of view of the garments what a vista is opened up to the imagination!

Personality implies life, and accordingly the transference of the wearer's personality to his garments involves the endowment of these garments with the gift of life. A wardrobe of old clothes is, therefore, a congregation of living beings, which, like Wordsworth's natural objects, may have the power of transmitting ideas. As the poet might have said had he been thinking of clothes instead of woods:

"One impulse from a cedar-chest
May teach us more of man,
Of gloom and joy, of pain and zest,
Than all the sages can."

What interesting conversations may take place between one's swallow-tail and sack-coat as they hang on adjacent pegs in the closet! It might be objected that the garments would have nothing to say to each other, since, belonging to the same individual, they would have acquired identical personalities—would be, for all practical purposes, the same individual. But this is by no means the case. Human personality is many-sided, and naturally only that side of the wearer which is uppermost at the moment of wearing is transmitted to the garment. Thus a dinner-jacket acquires the social, a college gown the intellectual, and a foot-ball suit the bloodthirsty side of the owner's personality. Moreover, all lead different lives, see different things, and must have many stories to tell each other of what they have seen and done. No man is a hero to his valet, and it must be truer still that none is a hero to his wardrobe. Imagine the silent laughter with which a business suit, fresh from the swallow-tail's revelation of the doings of the night before must listen to its owner reprimanding the office-boy for sneaking off to the ball-game!
With personality and a certain amount of life clothes must acquire feelings
One can conceive of their taking a kindly interest in their owner's concerns, and
carrying on a gossipy conversation about his doings after the fashion of the serv­vant's hall. "Did he kiss her last night?" whispers the cutaway to the dress­coat, and the latter lifts a sleeve and points significantly to a whitish mark on his lapel which certainly was not made by the ash of cigar or cigarette.

There is, however, a melancholy side to this train of thought. When we have thoroughly grasped the fact that old clothes have acquired personality and feelings their inevitable fate must sadden and depress. After a life of gaiety and pleasure the dress-suit passes to the waiter, and instead of sitting at ease in the theatre-stall to be thrilled by the art of the tragedian and amused by comedy, or swinging rhythmically through a waltz with its sleeve around a slender waist, a dainty hand resting lightly on its padded shoulder, it must descend to the menial occupation of carrying plates. Nay more, it must undergo a change of personality, probably for the worse, as its nature changes to that of the new owner.

The familiar lines

"Imperial Caesar dead and turned to clay,
May stop a vent to keep the wind away,"

Suggest an adaptation in addition

"Great Wellesley's coat replace the beggar's sack,
And clothe a coward's, not a hero's back."

What must be the feelings of a statesman's Prince Albert as it wanders idly thro' the world on the back of a tramp, and feels its great ambitions and mighty ideas give place to the mean concerns of begging a meal and finding a bed in a barn, one hates to imagine. Better the other destiny which is heralded by the anapaestic chant of the old-clothes man, "'Any rags, any bones, any old clothes,'" the brief journey in the dingy sack to the paper-mill, there to yield up life and feeling amid the iron teeth of the machinery, and start life anew as a dainty sheet of perfumed-note-paper for the reception of lover's messages.

But the last pipe is smoked out, and I must to bed to get my share of slumber as this article will doubtless give to any who attempt to read it.

PURPUREI METUUNT TYRANNI.

Horace Odes i, 35, 12.

Full many a tyrant, since the world began,
Has sought to make his subjects' yoke still tighter,
But even history's most despotick man
Might take a hint from him who runs the Mitre.
All contributions for the Convocation number of the Mitre must be sent in before June 25th.

Such interest having been taken in two contributions which were published anonymously in our last issue, we have much pleasure to declare at request that the same, signed as “Cynicus” and “The Hermit,” were by Messrs. W. C. Dunn, Div. '18, and C. E. S. Bown, B.A., Div. '18, respectively.
At last it has materialized! At last the long-expressed hope that our Dramatic club should be revived has come to fulfillment. And with what success! On Thursday, May 3rd, the Club presented "Professor Pepp," with an all-college cast, in St. George's Church Hall, Lennoxville, before an audience which crowded the hall to the doors. The acting was excellent, the stage setting adequate, the dresses pretty and appropriate, the lighting well managed—everything in fact contributed to a most successful representation, and all those in charge of the entertainment are to be highly congratulated on their achievement.

"Professor Pepp" is a farcical comedy in three acts, having some sixteen characters in the cast. When it was at first proposed to put on a play of this magnitude many shook their heads doubtfully, urging that it was not practical to stage, but under the leadership of our able President, the Committee set to work, drew up the cast of characters, and rehearsals began immediately. A date was set for presenting the play, and all redoubled their energies. The enthusiasm shown by the Club officers and the Committee was "contagious," and everybody became "affected." When the fatal day came, everything was in readiness.

As to the merit shown by the cast little need be said. There were no stars—all interpreted their roles to perfection. W. C. Dunn, Div. '18, as the nervous old professor in constant fear of Nihilists and bombs; G. W. Holden '18 as C. H. Buttonbuster, widower, ladies' man, Freshman; C. E. S. Bown, B.A., as Sim Batty, the village constable; M. A. Norcross '17 as Buttonbuster's son—kept the audience in constant roars of laughter. H. O. Hodder '19, A. R. Lett, Div. '18, S. Williams '19 and N. Fish '19 are to be congratulated on the way they took the parts of College undergrads. On the female side of the cast great talent was shown by Miss H. Moore '19 as the Professor's ward; Miss E. Hall '19 as Aunt Minerva, the Professor's housekeeper; Miss J. Bradshaw '19 as Petunia Muggins, the hired girl; and Miss K. Atto '17 as Olga Stopski, Russian teacher of folk dancing. The minor roles were splendidly rendered by Miss H. Bennett '20, G. Parrock '19, B. Echenberg '19, and Mrs. H. Clark '18. Between the acts various musical numbers were rendered, and S. Liebling '20 gave a very good monologue entitled "Rosa," which met with great approval.

The success of the Club is largely due to the great interest and devotion shown by the President, Mr. C. E. S. Bown, and the other officers and members of the Committee. The thanks of the Club are due to Mr. Arthur Speid for the able manner in which he took charge of the rehearsals and acted as Stage Manager; also to Miss Frances Bayne, B.A., who acted as accompanist, Mr. J. T.
Matthews who rendered great service in looking after the musical numbers, and several others who very kindly gave their assistance.

The presentation of "Professor Pepp" has clearly shown that Bishop's can and should keep up a Dramatic Club. There is no excuse whatever for the inactivity of the past six years, and may there now be no relaxation in the activities of the Club during the coming sessions. The prospects for next year are splendid. With only two members of the present cast leaving and chances for talent from the Freshmen, the possibilities for staging a play of still greater proportions are innumerable. Here's to the Dramatic Club of 1917-18!

Thoughts suggested to a member of the Wordsworth class by reading on the College notice-board a statement to the effect that "The Supplemental Examinations will take place on——."

Still as the College year moves slowly on
Unto its ending in the month of June,
Penance strikes discord into youth's gay tune,
Penance imposed for tasks we left undone.
Lorn is our aspect, and our visage wan;
Extremest swotting all our hour employs;
Music we think of as disturbing noise;
'E'en from a dump the excitement all is flown.
No more for us the movies' changeful screen,
The tennis-court, the links, or base-ball bench—
Alas, our lot is of all lots most evil—
Lost to the world in Spenser's Faerie Queene,
Statics and Caesar, O. T. G. and French.
Examinations are the very d—-1!

Cynicus.

The lectures on the Art of Teaching have been concluded and successful examinations were held.

Nearly all the students spent the Easter holidays at their respective homes.

We regret to say that owing to the amount of time required for dramatic rehearsals the Debating Club was obliged to suspend till next year.
Gunner E. Doyle, Royal Canadian Horse Artillery, of Kingston, paid us a brief visit prior to the Easter recess. We understand he has since gone overseas.

The last debate was one of the best that has been held this year. The subject was "Woman Suffrage." Needless to say the affirmative carried the day. It was also the first debate in which our Co-eds took part.

The Easter vacation over and gone, the Divinity House is again harbouring its usual number of inmates.

C. E. S. Bown, necessitated by what he thought was an extremely bad cold, had to leave for his home before the vacation began. A couple of days after he arrived home his cold developed into a case of measles. We need not express the pleasures he enjoyed during his holidays. Although Charlie contended with a very severe attack, he has returned quite fit, and again has resumed his usual activities.

W. C. Dunn spent the first part of the vacation in the Lorne Mission at Danville, where he administered to the spiritual welfare of the people. On his way back to College he visited Rev. A. Sisco at Richmond. He spent the remainder of the holidays at the College.

A. A. Carson spent the vacation at his home in Dennison’s Mills. Since returning he has undergone an operation on his throat. We are pleased to be able to state that he is progressing very favourably.

A. R. Lett spent a very pleasant Easter week-end in Montreal, returning Easter Monday, and spent the remainder of the vacation at the College.

H. O. Hodder spent part of the vacation in St. Paul’s Mission, Sherbrooke, and the remainder at the College.

We hear that the Rev. Charles Phillips was priested by the Bishop of Ottawa at Perth, Ont., on Tuesday, March 27th. His old friend, Rev. F. A. Sisco, went thither for the occasion.
We offer our congratulations to Mr. W. P. Griffiths on his promotion to the rank of sergeant. We were also interested to hear that he was one of the speakers at the annual meeting in London of the English Algoma Association, a society existing for the purpose of supporting the Church in the Diocese of Algoma.

During his stay in England the Bishop of Quebec paid a visit to the Ontario Military Hospital at Orpington, Kent. It is here that several members of our L. S. T. Class, now serving with the C. A. M. C., have been stationed.

Co-Ed's Corner.

During the greater part of last term hockey practices were held once a week by the Lady Students and there were matches played. The account of the first, which was against the Girls of the Academy, has already been given in the last Mitre. The game with the Academy boys was very fast, but in spite of hard work by the College, the Academy certainly had much the better of it.

The annual match with the “Shed” was held as usual, and ended in a draw, 4-4. Everybody certainly seemed to thoroughly enjoy the game, which was very exciting. Last year and the year before the Co-eds won, and as this year was a draw the “Shed” may hope to win the championship next winter.

Several new toboggans were bought by the students this year, so tobogganing became very popular. It was quite a problem for the Lady Students to get into line to climb without snowshoes a hill in six feet deep, more or less, of soft snow. It was good exercise.

Just before Lent began the College men gave a skating party for the Lady Students, which was enjoyed very much indeed. The Minto Rink was hired for the evening, and programmes all filled out were handed to every one. This was quite a novel idea and added to the fun. After the skating was over, supper was served at the College, and later there were a few dances.

We are very sorry that Miss Hume has been so unfortunate as to be ill with typhoid fever. She is recovering speedily, however, and we hope that she will be well enough to come back to College soon. It is especially unfortunate as this is Miss Hume’s third year at College. Her illness has already prevented her from finishing the course in the Art of Teaching.
Miss Ashe, we are also sorry to say, has measles, and Miss Standish, too is, on the sick list. Every one must hurry up and get well so that they can go to see the play.

The annual lecture given by the Ladies’ Alumnae Association of Bishop’s College will be held on May 26th. The name of the lecturer has not yet been announced.

Now that the hockey season is over we are looking forward to tennis. It is to be hoped that soon the weather will be favourable for this sport.

Our Fighting Men.

It was with deep sorrow that we heard of the death of Mr. Forest Mitchell, who was a student at Bishop’s some twelve years ago, in a Turkish prison. Mr. Mitchell went overseas with the First Contingent. He was then transferred to an Armoured Car Division, and sent to Russia. In an engagement between the Russians and Bulgarians he was unhappily taken prisoner and sent to a Turkish prison, there to meet with an untimely fate.

Lieut. W. H. Knapp, of the P.P.C.L.I., has been slightly wounded during the recent struggle at Vimy Ridge. Lieut. Knapp enlisted as a private in the First Contingent, and was promoted on the field. We send him our best wishes for a speedy recovery.

Lieut. Don Cameron, Arts ’13, has returned to his home in Winnipeg on a three months’ furlough.

It was with great pleasure that we recently received the visit of Sergt. Frank Belford, of the First Battalion. Sergt. Belford was wounded last July, and has been declared unfit for active service, although he has until now been employed at office work.

Our congratulations are extended to W. P. Griffiths on his promotion to the rank of sergeant. Sergt. Griffiths is at present on duty at the Military Hospital, Orpington.
We thank the Rev. C. Sowerbutts for so kindly remembering us as to write. Rev. Sowerbutts is at present at Shorncliffe with the 5th Battery C.F.A.

We welcome Pte. Sydney Clements, of the 117th Battalion, back to us again.

We note that Pte. K. Hunten has been transferred from the 117th Battalion to the 5th C.M.R. Also that Lieut. R. Lemieux has been appointed to Colonel Blondin’s French-Canadian Battalion.

We have much pleasure in reprinting the following clipping from “Church Times”: “On Monday last the Archdeacon of Sudbury inducted the Rev. H. J. Fane Edge to the livings of Naughton and Nedging, Suffolk. There was a large congregation from both parishes, many of whom remembered the Rev. William Edge, the new rector’s great-grandfather (who was for sixty years rector) and the Rev. C. Fane Edge, the rector’s grandfather, both of whom were successive patrons of the livings and lords of the manor of Nedging Hall. The new rector took up his work in October, having resigned his parish in British Columbia in September last.”

Mr. Edge received his complete theological training at this University and graduated in 1911. Since then he has had great success as a parish priest in the Diocese of New Westminster, B. C. We are sorry that the church in Canada should lose the services of such a priest, but nevertheless we take great pleasure in congratulating Mr. Edge on his preferment.

Rev. R. J. Shires, B.A. ’12, who has for the past eighteen months been one of the Canadian Chaplains on the field, has just returned to Canada and has been appointed by the Bishop of Quebec to the parish of La Tuque. We wish him all success in his new field of labor.

It was with much interest that we read in a recent copy of the “Guernsey Advertiser and Weekly Star” of the present work of Rev. Pedro S. Minsey, M. A., a graduate of 1884, who is now rector of Castle Church, in the Island of Guernsey. Rev. Minsey received both his Arts and Divinity training here, and has held many important positions throughout his long and faithful ministry and...
few men have enjoyed his wide and varied experience in different lands. Shortly after his ordination he became rector of Trinity Hall Academy, next he became Archdeacon of Pittsburg, and later rector of the Church of the Nativity, New York, U.S.A. He was at Marston Mcque in Somerset, Eng., and thence went to the chaplaincy of the Embassy Church, Paris, France, 1901, and was appointed to the Cobo Church in 1903, from whence he went to take up his present duties. At present he is, in addition to his present charge, honorary chaplain of the 1st Battalion R. G. L. I., and offered to go to the front with them, but his age prevented the gratification of his wish.

Budding Gems.

Latest addition to Litany (for the special benefit of the Dramatic Club)—"Oh Lord, make Speid to save us."

**WHO ARE THEY?**

Canny voters are we two,
For a box of fudge we'll vote for you.

 Seriously, now, what would "Rusty" minus an ink-well be equal to?

The Senior Man of Arts is to be congratulated on his patriotism in displaying a pair of pyjamas, for lack of a Union Jack, out of his window on St. George's Day.

Freshman (to shop-keeper)—Are these night-shirts of good wearing quality? Shop-keeper—Sir, you can't wear them out.

Ah-ah-ah-oh-oh-ar-ar (in stifled and guttural tones from the music-room. Visitor—For goodness' sake, what is happening? Is someone being murdered?

Student—Oh no! It's only Mr. Acres practising voice culture exercises.

It is rumoured that the Lennoxville Council is contemplating changing the names of Prospect and Church streets to College Avenue and Bishop's Boulevard respectively (?)
Pretty Co-ed (but just a trifle thin and tall)—Yes, he said he'd been having an awfully dull time until he met me, but since then things had been mighty jolly.

Soph.—By Jove! another case of the drowning man clutching at a straw, eh!!!

We beg to note that Mr. Hodder strongly objects to the wearing of "mole-cules."

George (at table)—Who put salt in my tea?
W.C.D.—My, what a gross insalt!

Atlantic.

Although the number of students this year has been necessarily quite small, yet athletics have been carried on in every branch, except in football, and undoubtedly with greater success than for many years previous.

Basket-ball was started early, about the middle of October, and was kept up until shortly after the Quebec trip, which took place somewhere around December 1st. Games were played with B.C.S., S.W.C., Quebec Y.M.C.A. and the Sherbrooke High School. Probably the best games were with the Bishop's College School and with Stanstead College quintettes. Bishop's obtained a victory over the latter, a thing which hadn't happened for many years and gave the former one of the closest and hardest games of the season. The attendance at these matches was remarkable, the gymnasium being crowded on each occasion.

Hockey, now the major sport of the University, was taken up immediately after the Xmas vacation and was not dropped until practically the end of March. The prospects for a team at first seemed rather poor, but brightened up considerably when two players from Danville decided to take up an Arts course at Bishop's. Practices were held five times a week in the Minto Rink. The Dartmouth trip was a decided success, resulting in a 1-0 victory for Bishop's. This is the third year an exhibition game has been played with the States' team, but the first time the Purple and White have won. The Stanstead College six were easily beaten in the Minto Rink, but managed to win by one score upon their own ice. Bishop's went there with a weakened team and played against a team that was strengthened very much by the addition of a Stanstead senior, which was probably the reason of their defeat. The Sherbrooke High School proved a runaway for
the University. B. C. S. won by two points upon their own rink, but were defeated by the College in the Minto Rink in one of the closest and longest games witnessed in many years. We may mention that this win over B. C. S. was the first for the University in six or seven years. Bishop's total number of scores netted in all the games add up to 23, while those of her opponents number 10. The 1917 team was undoubtedly one of the best which Bishop's has ever put on the ice.

As soon as weather and grounds permit Base-ball will be started. This sport ought to be one of the best in the College this year, as there is plenty of good material to choose from.

Tennis, of course, will soon be under way. Practically all of the students, both male and female, are familiar with this game, and there is no reason why some exciting tournaments should not take place. It is to be hoped that the whole student body will take an interest in this and will turn out and give a hand in rolling the courts and getting them in good condition.

HOCKEY.

**BISHOP'S COLLEGE DEFEATS BISHOP'S COLLEGE SCHOOL BY SCORE OF 3-2.**

(From the Sherbrooke Daily Record.)

In a strenuously contested game, in which the play was fast and close, Bishop's University triumphed over their old time rivals, Bishop's College School, on Saturday last by a score of 3-2, in the Minto Rink.

The game was played in three fifteen-minute periods. Things looked bad for the College at the start, as Lewis and Maclaren each scored a goal for the School, the first period ending 2 to 0 in favor of the latter.

However, in the second period, the College came back strongly and tied the score, Smith netting both goals.

Both teams worked desperately in the last period, but neither were able to score. The School was undoubtedly saved from a bad defeat by Macleod, the net guardian, who in this period turned aside repeatedly many shots that looked like sure goals. Pender, of the College, proved a hard man to pass, breaking up with considerable effectiveness the combination of the opposing team.

It was decided to play two five-minute periods. However neither side scored. The work of Towne and Holden was conspicuous throughout this period, the former's back-checking being a feature of the game. Two three-minute periods were now played, ending as before, without any scoring by either side. Gillander came on in this period, and although suffering from injuries received in previous practices, showed remarkable speed.

Another three-minute period found the teams still tied. After a short rest
play was again resumed. In approximately five minutes Captain Norcross, of Bishop's University, went through the opposing team alone, and scored what turned out to be the goal that gave the game to his team. After time had been called, B.C.S. tallied again; this point, however, was disallowed, the game ending in a 3 to 2 victory for the College. Liebling, who replaced Lett in the nets, played a particularly good game for the University. The latter was unfortunate enough to receive a bad shot in the eye in a practice the day preceding the game, which necessitated his remaining out of the game.

Messrs. Baker and Maurice officiated as referees for the College and Tibbets for the School. The line-up was as follows:

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Timekeepers, Philbrick and Cook for the University and School respectively. Goal umpires, Fish and Ross.

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**Societies.**

**B. C. M. U.**

The proceedings of the Missionary Union during Lent proved to be full of encouragement for the sustaining of the work. The meetings were well attended by the resident students, and were very interesting in the varied topics dealt with by the visiting speakers. We regret to have to record that, except on one occasion, our Co-eds were conspicuously only by their absence; but we live in hopes that next year they will take their places as active members of the Union. We appreciate the kindly interest shown by members of the Faculty in attending our meetings.

At the opening meeting on February 22nd the speaker was Rev. H. O. N. Belford, of Danville, who gave a graphic description of "Missionary Work in Western Canada." On March 1st we were visited by an old member of the Union,
Rev. E. R. Roy, of Cookshire. After sketching the work being done in our Sunday Schools in support of missionary effort, the speaker dealt very effectively with various popular objections to foreign missions. We were pleased to welcome a newcomer to the Townships on March 8th, when Rev. H. Spencer Percival, of Sawyerville, delivered an appealing address on "The Spirit of Service in Christian Missions." A special open meeting was called on March 12th to hear an address by Mr. J. D. McEwen, who told an inspiring story of his fourteen years of evangelistic and educational work in Brazil. At this meeting we were pleased to entertain several visitors from Lennoxville. Last, but by no means least, on March 22nd we were favoured by a very old friend and member of the University in the person of Rev. Canon Hepburn, of Stanstead, who, dealing with the subject of "The Bright Outlook for Missions," gave an intensely interesting sketch of the work of the past and the needs of the future. Any one of these addresses were well worth a detailed report, but space forbids. However, we tender our heartiest thanks and appreciation to each one of the speakers for the time and effort which they have given to us.

Our anxiety is not yet relieved regarding our finances this year. Up to the time of writing we have received subscriptions from the male students amounting to $11, and from other sources a sum of nearly $3. The lady students are "doing their bit," though the amount of their subscription is not certain. But we are still far from our goal. Will every one please do their share, so that we may fulfil our pledge of $30.

In this connection, permit a reminder that we have a few copies of Mr. McEwen's book on "Brazil," which sells at $1.25. Every copy we dispose of brings in a small profit for the funds of the Union, so please come early to avoid the rush, and let us have a quick sale.

The weekly Litany of Intercession, an important part of our activities, goes on regularly, though the attendance is not always what could be desired. Let us all do our part in carrying on the Divine commission, "Go ye and teach all nations." W.C.D.

ST. ANDREW'S BROTHERHOOD.

Since last writing the work of the Brotherhood has continued to move on in its usual quiet and earnest manner. The reports of the Sunday School work at Moulton Hill have been most encouraging, as the large attendance of pupils has been well sustained, even through the severe winter months. It is to be wished that congregations might be larger.

The hospital visiting has been kept up, and the daily papers and magazines have proved a real source of comfort to the patients.
On February 2nd Mr. Carson gave a very interesting address, based on the text, "Let your light shine before men in order that they may see your good works," Matt. v, 16. On February 16th Mr. Holden gave a very instructive talk on the Lord's prayer and its use. At the next meeting Mr. Freeman dwelt on the necessity of self sacrifice in the priestly life. At the meeting of March 16th Mr. Hodder gave a very inspiring devotional address on the necessity not only of asking God for help when it was needed, but of listening for His reply to our request. Mr. Heron, on March 30th, gave a very helpful talk on the subject of humility. At our last meeting Mr. Morrill read a carefully prepared paper on "Strength of Character."

DEBATING CLUB.

Several successful debates were held during the Lent term. The Society had, owing to the war and other reasons, been dropped, to be revived again this year. Among those who were active participants in the debates were Messrs. Dunn, Bown, Heron, Lett, Hodder, Scott, Williams, Freeman, Fish, Acres and others. Mr. Dunn was always ready to debate on any topic running from the qualities of a fat man versus those of a lean man to the more serious and weighty subject, women's suffrage. He is very good in rebuttal. Mr. Bown, the President of the Society, is a very good debater, and on many an occasion stepped into the breach whenever a speaker was wanting. Mr. Hodder, whose stentorian tones were heard not too often, was an effective speaker. He was rather verbose at times, and somewhat inclined to spread his material over too much ground. Mr. Heron, who had previous experience, was very good, his arguments being concise and to the point. Mr. Fish was very witty and spared neither his native town nor his opponents from the shafts of his mild sarcasm. Mr. Williams showed every indication of developing into a good debater. He will be heard from next year. Mr. Liebling's true facts were much appreciated by the house. Mr. Acres' well-rounded periods, vivid descriptions and a certain freshness and vigor to his language were much enjoyed by the student body.

Formal and informal debates were held alternately. The leading subjects of the day were generally selected. The last debate of the season was on Women's Suffrage. The ladies took part. The resolution was drawn up as follows: "Resolved, that the franchise should be granted on the same conditions to the women as to the men." Mr. Dunn and Misses Hall and Jenckes spoke for the affirmative. Mr. Hodder, Miss Fothergill and Mrs. Clarke were the speakers for the negative. Some very effective arguments were brought forward. The sympathizers of the two parties loudly applauded their sides. Miss Hall enlivened her argument with stories, striking and to the point. Miss Fothergill set a com-
mendable example by speaking extempore. Miss Jenckes then spoke, followed by Mrs. Clarke. The judges retired to deliberate, and in the meantime the resolution was put to the house and was carried. The judges, Professors Burt and Richardson, then returned and gave their decision in favor of the affirmative. This was heartily concurred in by all, and thus ended one of the most successful meetings of the Debating Society of U. B. C.

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The Gryphon is one of the few English magazines that we receive. It contains a very good article on "Aubrey Beardsley and Decadence." Beardsley's decadent vision introduced a new form into black and white art, his novel style shocked the easily disequilibrated emotions of a sensitive public; his work was never intended for the many, and he drew and created regardless of popular prejudice and disregarded the conventionalities of art to such an extent, that it was no wonder the average public protested against his upsetting their comfortable moral notions. The decadence of the latter part of last century can be summed up in two names, Oscar Wilde and Aubrey Beardsley. At the age of 20, Beardsley drew the famous illustrations to the Morte d'Arthur, and thence he passed to the ripe classification of the "Rape of the Lock" drawings, which drew praise Whistlir. Shortly after he was connected with the Yellow Book, then the Savoy. The latter boasted among its contributors Beardsley, Condor, Phil May, Will Rothenstein and Max Beerbohm. Bernard Shaw, too, was a contributor—modern but not decadent. The Beardsley woman is a dark, sardonic creature, leering at the eyes, yet appealing, thick sensual lipped, blasé with life, loving, tasted all its sweets and still having a palate for more.
Beardsley has been greatly extolled for his line; the Beardsley "line" became a factor in art. It is seen in its perfection in the "Peacock Skirt," in "Salome," and even shows its beauty in his "Venus" and Tannhauser" drawings. The Decadence, as represented by Wilde and Beardsley, has left its mark upon literary, poetic and artistic taste to this day, as any one will find who will take the trouble to note the contents of modern libraries. Perhaps Owen Seaman, the keenest of critics, has summed up the decadent movement once and for all.

"The erotic affairs that you fiddle aloud
Are as vulgar as coin of the mint;
And you merely distinguish yourself from the crowd
By the fact that you put 'em in print."

The Wellesley College Magazine, in the April number, contains a farce in four acts, entitled "Baby Ben." This farce was the winner of the summer competition held by "The Barn-swallows" and the "Wellesley Magazine. The farce is interspersed with considerable Western dialect that is not quite comprehensible to any Easterner who lives outside of Missouri.

The University Monthly contains a very well thought out article on "Patriotism." Among other things, the writer, who hides his identity behind the nom de plume G. Y. L. '17, says: A university must feel its greatest asset is peace because war hinders its cherished pursuits and high purposes. Moreover, the things that a university seeks can never be merely national. To be true to itself a university must seek the things which by their nature are international. Knowledge, truth, wisdom, art, culture, belong to no one nation or to any group of nations. It cannot be forgotten that a great scholarship has placed itself at the service of German militarism, has inflamed it, has fed it and justified it to itself. That ought not to be the work of learning."

The semi-centennial number of the Vox Lycei has just reached our hands. We appreciate the criticisms of the Mitre very much, and accept them in the same spirit in which they are given. We cannot too warmly commend the artistic productions of the students in art which are shewn in this number.

Dr. Clawson has written an admirable article in the Wycliffe Magazine entitled: "The Poetry of Charles G. D. Roberts." Dr. Clawson says: "Canadians
know too little of other provinces than their own, and Roberts' vivid and affectionate presentation of maritime scenery could make the seaboar provinces as real to Ontario readers as Lampman's word pictures of the Ontario country-side poetry is for their fellow Canadians in the East. The learned doctor is a great admirer of our Canadian poet, and a perusal of the article tends 'to make others go and do likewise.' Roberts' farm labourers are to him mere figures in the landscape, not, as in Wordsworth, beings to be known and loved. "An Epitaph for a Husbandman" is his best poem of this kind:

"Him at whose hearty calls
The farmstead woke again
The horses in their stalls
Expect in vain.

Busy and blithe and bold,
He laboured for the morrow—
The plough his hands would hold,
Rusts in the furrow.

His fields he had to leave,
His orchards cool and dim,
The clods he used to cleave
Now cover him."

We were fortunate enough to receive a copy of Bishop's College School Magazine. The magazine is issued twice a year. For this reason the contents are somewhat stale, and we cannot really enjoy an exciting description or a foot-ball match, or a harrier's race, when the thermometer ranges 25 below zero and four feet of a white mantle covering mother earth. On the whole the magazine may be favorably compared with other school magazines that are published monthly.

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