University of Bishop's College.

LENNOXVILLE, QUE.

THE COLLEGE OFFICERS

Principal, The Rev. R. A. Parrock, M.A. (Cantab), D.C.L. (Bishop's), LL.D.
Dean of the Faculty of Arts and Hamilton Professor of Classics.

Dean of the Faculty of Divinity, Vice Principal, Harold Professor of Divinity
Rev. Canon F. J. B. Allnatt, D.D., D.C.L. (Bishop's.)

Professor of History .............................................. E. R. Boothroyd, Esq., M.A. (Cantab) M.A. (Bishop's.)

J. J. S. Mountain Professor of Pastoral Theology . . . Rev. F. G. Vial, M.A., B.D. (Bishop's.)
Professor of Philosophy and Economics, and Lecturer in Church History
Rev. H. C. Burt, M.A. (Trinity, Toronto.)

Professor of Modern Languages ........................................ F. O. Call, Esq., M.A. (Bishop's.)
Lecturer in Mathematics .............................................. A. V. Richardson, Esq., M.A. (Cantab) M.A. (Bishop's.)
Lecturer in Natural Science ........................................... N. C. Qua, M.A. (Toronto.)

On leave of absence with 5th Mounted Rifles.
Honorary Lecturer in Surgery ... E. A. Robertson, Esq., M.A. [Bishop's], M.D. (McGill.)
Organist .............................................................. George Dick, Esq.
   (J. Matthews, Esq., Acting Bursar).

Michaelmas Term, from Sept. 21, to Dec. 21, 1918.
Lent Term, from Jan. 11 to March 31, 1919.
Trinity Term, from April 1 to June 19, 1919.

For Calendars and further information apply to the
PRINCIPAL or the BURSAR.
When you find you require some good Furniture, and do not wish to pay too much for it, just try

The McCaw-Bissell Furniture Co.

Opposite Court House. Wellington St., Sherbrooke.

BIRK'S YEAR BOOK
 IS IN THE LIBRARY.

Every year we issue a Gift Book, which is illustrated in colour. and we are sure will be a great help in choosing gifts for your relatives, or even for yourself. Whatever you have to spend, you will find something which is "just the thing."

Write to us and we will mail a copy to you personally.

Henry Birks & Sons, Limited
Montreal.
HOLT, RENFREW & CO. LIMITED

FURRIERS TO H.M. THE KING.

Apart from our extensive selection of High Grade Furs we specialize in English, French and American Hats and Caps and Men’s Wear of all kinds.

QUEBEC CITY

Stores also at Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg.

---

Prize Cups, Medals, Shields

AND ALL ARTICLES SUITABLE FOR SPORTS PRESENTATIONS

THE SELECTION

Displayed in our store is greatly increased with new designs, and our facilities for executing special work is unexcelled.

Sketches and quotations will be furnished on application without obligation at any time.

MAPPIN & WEBB

(CANADA) LIMITED

St. Catherine Street West. Montreal, Que.
This Life and the Next.

The Lord of All Good Life.
By Donald Hankey, author of "A Student in Arms," etc., a study of the greatness of Jesus and the weakness of His Church. Price $1, postpaid.

The Kingdom that Must be Built.
By Walter J. Carey, M.A., R.N.
What is a Christian, and what does he do? This book insists that Christians are followers of Christ in a very definite warfare of good against evil, whereby the Kingdom of Christ and of Righteousness is to be built among men. Price 90 cents, postpaid.

The Personal Life of the Clergy.

The Study of the Gospels.

Notes on the Parables of Our Lord.

Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity.

Rays of Dawn.

How to Teach the Prayer Book.
By the late Canon Daniel, M.A. "Religious Knowledge Manuals." Price 30 cents postpaid.

A Book of Instruction.

The Parson's Handbook
Containing Practical Directions both for Parsons and others as to the Management of the Parish Church and its Services according to the English use, as set forth in the Book of Common Prayer, with an Introductory Essay on Conformity to the Church of England, by the Rev. Percy Dearmer, M.A., D.D., Oxon. Thirty-four Illustrations. Cloth price $1.50, postage 12c

Father Stanton's Sermon Outlines.
From his own Manuscript. Edited by E. F. Russell, M.A., St. Alban's, Holborn. Price $1.75 postpaid.

---

**BOOKS.**

---

**UPPER CANADA TRACT SOCIETY**

JAMES M. ROBERTSON, Depositary.

2 RICHMOND STREET EAST — — — TORONTO

SUBSCRIBERS ARE ASKED TO SUPPORT OUR ADVERTISERS.
We Carry the Largest Stock of Trunks, Bags and Suit Cases
In the Eastern Townships.
McKee Sales and Service Co.,
11 King street, Sherbrooke.

J. O. DUFOR
HIGH CLASS PICTURE FRAMING
Mouldings and Engravings
160 Wellington-st., Sherbrooke.

IMPERIAL LAUNDRY
Launderers, Dyers and Cleaners,
Dyeing and Cleaning of Ladies’ and Gent’s Clothes a specialty. Carpet cleaning 6c yd.
JENCKE’S LANE, SHERBROOKE.

Stop at BONNER & POVEY’S Quick Lunches
Wellington-st., next Legaré’s, Depot-st.
and opposite G. T. station, Sherbrooke.

The New Sherbrooke
The Only Fireproof Hotel in Sherbrooke.

Newly built and equipped throughout with the most Modern Improvements.
Steam heat in every room.
Bedrooms with Bathroom attached.
First-class Sample Rooms.
Free Bus to and from trains.

SHERBROOKE, QUE.

MEMORIAL TABLETS IN BRASS AND BRONZE

DESIGNS MADE FOR APPROVAL

In Memory of Staff Sergt G. J. Bemom
Ten Years Connected With the Ottawa Garrison
Lost His Life While Saving Five Others in the Webster Hotel Fire Montreal Oct 30th 1899
This Tablet Is Erected By The Officers of The Ottawa Brigade In Remembrance of a Brave Soldier

SEND FOR CUTS OF TABLETS

PRITCHARD-ANDREWS CO., 264 SPARKS ST., OTTAWA
ESTABLISHED 37 YEARS

SUBSCRIBERS ARE ASKED TO SUPPORT OUR ADVERTISERS.
# TABLE OF CONTENTS

- Poem—"After Hall," E. E. B. ................................................................. Page 1
- "Ruminations." ..................................................................................... 4
- "The Road," 'ro ...................................................................................... 8
- Poem, "The Vision," W.C.D. ................................................................. 9

Editorial Note and Comment ................................................................. 11

Exchanges ............................................................................................... 14

Correspondence ..................................................................................... 18

Military Notes ......................................................................................... 21
Honor Roll and Roll of Service ............................................................... 25

De Alumni ............................................................................................... 28
Divinity Notes ......................................................................................... 29
Arts Notes ............................................................................................... 31
Co-ed's Corner ....................................................................................... 33
Athletic Notes ......................................................................................... 35

Around the Halls ................................................................................... 42
ADVERTISER’ CATALOGUE.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Category</th>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Architects</td>
<td>H. G. James, P.Q.A.A.</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bakers</td>
<td>Lynn &amp; Gunning</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Banks</td>
<td>Can. Bank of Commerce</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Royal Bank of Canada</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Books</td>
<td>Upper Canada Tract Society</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Miss M. Poole</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Rosemary Gift Shop</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clothing</td>
<td>Cluett, Peabody Co.</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Duncan’s Limited</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Harcourt &amp; Son</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>McKechnie’s Limited</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>McMurray and Hall</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>J. Rosenbloom &amp; Co.</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Tooke Bros. Ltd</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>T. Vineberg</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Confectionery</td>
<td>A. J. Burge</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Goodard’s Limited</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Crockery</td>
<td>James Thompson</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Druggists</td>
<td>G. Griffiths</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>W. J. H. McKindsey</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Education</td>
<td>Bishop’s College School</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Inside back cover</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>University Bishop’s College</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Inside front cover</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Gleason’s Business College</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Electric Fixtures</td>
<td>Electrical repair and Supply Company</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Southern Canada Power</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Florists</td>
<td>J. Milford &amp; Son</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Footwear</td>
<td>J. A. Wiggett and Co.</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Furniture</td>
<td>McCaw - Bissell Furniture Company</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>W. F. Vilas</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Furriers</td>
<td>Holt. Renfrew and Co., Ltd</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Alex. Ames and Sons, Ltd</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grocers</td>
<td>C. C. Chaddock</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>C. J. Lane</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Bray Bros.</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>L. H. Olivier</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>A. L. Parker and Co.</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hairdresser</td>
<td>E. Duford</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hotels</td>
<td>New Sherbrooke</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Magog House</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Insurance</td>
<td>W. B. Dresser and Co.</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jewellers</td>
<td>Henry Birks and Sons, Ltd</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Mappin and Webb</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>A. C. Skinner</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>H. J. Labaree</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Laundry</td>
<td>Imperial Laundry</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lunch Counters</td>
<td>Bonner and Povey</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>H. V. Barrett</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>J. Desharnois</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Memorial Tablets</td>
<td>Pritchard-Andrews Co.</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Motors</td>
<td>McKee Sales &amp; Service Co.</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Websters Motors Limited</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Music Stores</td>
<td>H. C. Wilson and Sons</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Musical Instruction</td>
<td>A. E. Whitehead, A.R.C.O.</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Mrs. A. H. Labaree</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>J. C. McConnell</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Photographers</td>
<td>Nakash Studio</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Herbert Studio</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Picture Framing</td>
<td>M. J. Bennett</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>J. O. Dufour</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Professional</td>
<td>Dr. G. E. Hyndman</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Dr. R. B. Speer</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Printing</td>
<td>F. H. Bridgman</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Page Printing and Binding Company</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sporting Goods</td>
<td>J. S. Mitchell and Co.</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>H. A. Wilson and Co., Ltd</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tailors</td>
<td>A. E. Massé</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tobacco dealers</td>
<td>A. E. Kinkead</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Imperial Tobacco Co., Ltd</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Back cover</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>W. R. Webster and Co., Ltd</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

SUBSCRIBERS ARE ASKED TO SUPPORT OUR ADVERTISERS.
After Hall.

So you despise the poets, Mr. Jones!
Those visionary beings, whose thin works
Spun, like a spider's thread, from their own guts
Give nothing useful to this world of ours;
This working world, whose motto is success
In matters practical; a wider reach
And grasp of physical phenomena,
And how they may be used by man for gain,
To turn a wheel, weave cloth, or spread a glare
Over the city advertising pills,
Or someone's shaving-soap. Well now
I have an hour to spare before I turn
To my night's task—correcting Latin verse,
Or what the sophomore deems such—so fill
Your pipe—there's the tobacco-jar—and choose
A chair that gives the body ease, the mind
Free play, and we will thresh the matter out.
Your pipe won't draw! Then take that piece of wire,
A woman's hair-pin you'll observe, which I
Have straightened out, and use for cleaning pipes.
I bought a packet in the town to-day,
And the smug clerk, aping his Sirlock Holmes,
Deduces I'm a married man who shops
For "little wifie," matching crochet-silks.
He's out, you see, and so perchance are you.
Judging the poets with a half-fledged mind.
Your pipe's a little? It draws; the thin grey thread
Of smoke curls upward from the blackened bowl
Until the lamp-draught catches it, and in
It swirls under the shade, and out at top,
And up in many a weird fantastic curve
Mounts ceilingward. Well, what's the use of that?
Let's start from there. Come, tell me, Mr. Jones,
What power over matter's in your pipe?
Will it weave cloth, run trains, enable you
To rule the mighty forces of the world,
And harness them for your own ends? It won't?
Then you despise it as you do the poets.
If so, why smoke? You don't read verse, you say,
Because it isn't practical. You're not
Consistent, Mr. Jones.—You like it well,
Get pleasure from it, that's your plea. Well then
There's gain in pleasure. There we start afresh.
There's something practical in pleasure, for
It rests the brain wearied with toil, and from
That rest we draw the power to work anew,
And in one hour accomplish more than we
Could do in five with weary heart and mind.
Agreed. But argument's dry work, so have
A drink; you'll find the Scotch and soda-water
There on the table in the alcove; fill
A glass to suit yourself. You don't drink Scotch?
Why most men do, and find a pleasure in't;
Say it's refreshing; draw from it the strength
To work again. It burns your mouth and throat,
And has a nasty taste. Well, that's been said
Of smoking. Tastes do differ then, and one
Man's pleasure is another's poison—that's
An old wife's saw, true none the less for that.
Back to our poets, waiting patiently,
A trick of their's, they force themselves on none,
But bide their time upon the shelf till we
Come to them, take them down, and find ourselves
Transported to another world, new forms,
New scenes, to rest the eye, refresh the mind
With change, or old scenes turned to new by that
Swift stroke of genius which sets a thing,
Familiar through long years, in a new light.
That gives me pleasure, and from it I draw
New strength, as you from smoke, or he from Scotch.
I don't despise your pipe, so why should you
Sneer at my harmless, inoffensive poets?
Now take a wider sweep, your science says
There's use in everything. The flower's hue
And scent attract the bee, and out he sucks
The honey which you love to smear in hall
Upon your bread and butter, building up
Your bodily force. Why should it not be so
With poetry? Thus those gauds which you despise
Of rhyme and metre, tuneful melody,
Swift-painted pictures, are the hue and scent
Which draw us human bees to dive within
And suck the honey of some potent thought
That gives us power o'er ourselves, and o'er
The world without us. So far, my young friend,
I've met you on your own low ground of use,
Material service, and the like; but now,
With your good leave, we'll soar a higher pitch.

"Man does not live by bread alone," he's not
Mere body, craving food material.
The flower's matter, draws its food from earth,
It's drink from showers, but needs more than these.
The sunlight's what it longs for, opes to meet
At peep of day, and when the day is spent
The flower closes, as the child's hymn says.
And so it is with man. The light he craves,
In which his soul expands and lives full-blown,
Is beauty. From the cradle to the grave
'Tis beauty that he longs for, strives to have.
Look round about you; take a case at random,
The mill-girl, say, who tends a loom all week,
Who gives six days be-clogged, be-shawled, unkempt,
With frowsy hair, and greasy dress and hand,
So earns her bread and housing, but revolts
Against this ugly life, and on the seventh
Day casts her slough of clog and greasy shawl,
And blossoms out in wondrous hues and shades
Stark greens, imperial purple, brilliant reds
That make one shudder, meeting on the street,
But these to her are beauty, she's content.
Or take your man of business. Does he hang
His drawing-room wall with cheque and bond and scrip
The signs of practical success? Not he
You'll find a summer landscape, framed in gilt
To match the sunlight playing o'er the fields,
Or black, by way of contrast, bringing out
The beauty of the sunlight. Here are nymphs
About a fountain. There the full wave breaks
Upon a rocky shore. All beautiful.
And now, to clinch the matter, one case more.
Your precious stone, the diamond. What use
Superlative has it that men will sell
Their souls to buy it, water it with blood,
Their own, or others? Diamonds will cut glass,
But so will tools you buy for half-a-crown;
Nor do men use the Koh-i-Noor to carve
A window-pane. It's precious just because
It's beauty concentrate. And that's the case
With poetry and its "jewels five-words long."
The diamond gathers light, flashes it back
In rays that show its beauty, pure and true;
And so the poet gathers in the scenes
Of this old world of ours, the thoughts of men,
And every passion of their wayward souls,
Then gives them back to us in all the charm
Of ordered beauty; and we bathe our hearts
And minds in it, as flowers bathe in light,
Expand, and live full life. But there's the clock,
Our pipes are out. We've had our rest, and now
'Tis time to work anew. Drop in again
Some other night; we'll have another chat,
And take a friendly glass. Oh! I forgot,
You don't drink whiskey. Good-night, Mr. Jones.

E.E.B.

Ruminations.

LONESOME CORNERS has changed some since the war started. I believe things is changed worse in Montreal, and I'm told you wouldn't know London and Paris for the same places. But that's just what war does. It takes these busy centres of commerce and population and makes 'em look like six o'clock and feel like the Advent meetin' house on week-days. We haven't had to put out our street lamps like what they did in London, for there ain't no air-ships round here unless Deacon Elkins can be reckoned one. He's that big and full-blown lookin' and talks windy-like, but then he wouldn't throw no booms nor try to massacre women and children. Still, it's an exquisite fancy of my brain to see the good old harmless Deacon a' floatin' slow-like on the wings of his own verbosity, (see Webster abridged, or Funk & Wagnall's Pocket Dictionary for that last word) droppin' blessings instead of booms. And it may happen any time. You should see him the first hot spell in spring come blowin' and puffin' into the post-office. He looks like one of them balloons down to the Sherbrooke Fair. Good land! I could tell you lots about the Deacon, but I mustn't stop.

Yes, we've been spared that inconvenience, that about the street lamps. Really, it wouldn't make much difference to us, as I always said it was a useless expense puttin' up them lamps. There's one in front of the feed-store, another near the Congo minister's house, and one at the horse-sheds of the 'Piscopalian Church, which is most always in bad shape. They get it fixed up and trimmed for Easter and the Harvest Bean Supper, but the boy that looks after the church (the sextant, they call him) is that shiftless and sassy Elder Rubrick can't take no comfort of him. But here I'm in a rut again! Well, the last lamp is right in front of my store and the post-office—I run the two things together, yer see—and that was put up as a sort of sop to Serbrus (a big dawg spoken of in the Bible what bit folks goin' to Hell and was awful faithful to his master), a sort of sop to Serbrus, that is, to kind of conciliate me after I'd talked some about the useless expense. Now I don't pretend to be immune from arguments of that kind.
They seem mighty forceful and cogent to me. I must say I require delicate handling and merit some consideration from the folks of this town which I've served faithful as Postmaster ever since when Alexander Mackenzie was Premier of Canada. So they stuck up the lamp across from the post-office and I let it go at that.

But what I want to say is, that it wouldn't hurt us so much if we flushed out all them four street lamps. Not the same as London and Paris, it wouldn't, because we've been used all these years to luggin' a lantern along, or, drivin', to tie the same on to the axle-tree, and a man gets more satisfaction that way, but the folks in them other parts have no initiative,—so the editor of the Swampton Screech-Owl says, and he ought to know, for he travelled all the way to Ottawa to get a subsidy for his little rag of a paper—and he says they have no initiative, and so when the lamps go out they're kind of upset, and with the booms fallin' round it's a bit precarious.

But say! This war in spite of all its horrors is kind of educative. I've learned quite a lot about the Belgians and the Rooshuns and other queer dago folks since Mirandy's first cousin on her mother's side joined up with the 5th C.M.R. It makes a fellow feel friendly like with Kernal Draper, Fosh, Dave Beatty, and the other big guns. A chap sort of takes a deep personal interest in 'em.

Talking of how this war has knocked out all the old class feelin's we used to have, it reminds me of Mrs. Cheltenham de Chazet, who has a summer home close here, down by the lake shore. All fixed up fine it is, too. The old lady was kind of big feelin', but it didn't get my goat any, for as long as folks act decent and pay for their postage stamps, I'll pass the time of day with any of 'em, Dooks and whatnot. I'm not set on ettyket and would make proper allowance for King George same as I would for 'Liph Wilcox. It aint either of their faults.

But what I was tellin' about was the widow woman down by the lake shore. Nice old lady she was (not so old neither) though she minced her words some and wore what the French call pints-sneeze, and she only riled me once. That was when she come into the post-office one day and asked for a heap o' stamps. That was all right. Then she hands me a lot of letters and says she, with her nose in the air, "Stamp the letters, please." "Lick 'em yerself," says I, quite dignified-like. The old lady looked kind of surprised, smiled in a frosty sort of way, took the stamps and envelopes and did her own lickin' thorough. Then says she as she hands 'em back, "Thank you very much, Mr. Huckins. Good morning." There was something impressive about her as she walked out of the store to her auto. Just a wisp of a little woman, but with such a air! I did feel kind of cheep but I've never known why.

Now this Mrs. Cheltenham de Chazet had three or four husky lookin' sons. They were nice and free with folks and were well liked, though Hugh, that's the second boy, was a bit wild. Well, when war was declared all them boys jumped
into khaki. Go-as-you-please lads they was in ornery times, but when something big was doing they was in it. I'm considered a pretty well-informed man round these parts, but it took me all that first winter to size up the situation proper and see it was a matter of life and death for civilized folks, and another six months to bring round the wooden-heads of this town to share my conviction. I don't mean all the folks of Lonesome Corners. The Congo preacher was on to the puzzle, likewise Elder Rubrick, for all his queer, half-dazed trick of snoopin' round as if he didn't know where he was. Then there was the old doctor—no, I don't mean the well-read folk but the unintelligent rabble what gathers round the big box-stove in my store on winter nights, playin' checkers, chewin' the rag and Stag tobacker. But them young chaps knew by a sort of instinct, and was in the trenches that first year, one with the British and the other with the First Canadian Contingent. Chucked away was the golf and tennis, the flirtations and philandererin' with "summer" and country giris alike. Not, mind ye, that their natures was changed, but they was all took up with something else. Give 'em a bit of a ease-up, "leave" or something like that, and I bet you they was up to their old tricks again. I know human nature on its small and big side, and with them boys the small side was kiddishness, and the big side was heroism. There's no other name for it. And where did they get it from? The Lord only knows its 'riginal source, but I can tell you the channel it come through, or a heap of it anyhow. It come through that little, fraggle woman who got poor Ebenezer so mad about the stamp lickin'. I seen her through them long months draggin' theirselves on into years when all her boys was away and them liable to get shot, or baynighted, or blown into small bits any time, for none of 'em was boom-proof-job chaps. We seen that early in the show when one got the M.C., another the D.S.O., and one of the boys, Zeph Perkins's lad, come back wound­ed and told how all the fellows swore by young Hughie and would follow him to — well, I don't like to use the word what he used in the Miter, but it means with him as their leader they'd face the d——. There I go again! But you know what I mean. Mirandy says that since the war started my langwidge is losing in elegance what it gains in force. Well, blame the old Keezer. It's not the biggest crime he's responsible for.

But I was talkin' about the clear, calm grit of that feeble critter of a woman. Every hayin' season brought her bad news. Not the worst kind of news, for there's worse than death. In fact I'm changed some in the way I look at things. I used to think a dollar was a dollar, and the more of 'em you had the better life was, and if everyone was rich everyone would be happy, and as long as Canada had lots of trade, and money came rollin' in it was the best of all possible countries and the happiest. That was my mental attitude. I've always stood for what was practical and common-sense, and I couldn't account for the warm, all-
overish feelin’s I had—I wanted to cheer and I wanted to blubber at the same
time—when Canada said in the House o’ Commons she’d stand by the Old Coun­
try and see her through. Mind ye, I warn’t at all convinced at that time of the
need and sense of the war, but I wanted to shout and holler all the same. It
didn’t seem sensible, but it felt all right. Later on I got the sense of the whole
thing. Then ye could have offered me 10c. seegars as fast as I could smoke ’em,
a life-ticket on the Boston and Maine, yearly admission to the Ayers Cliff Fair,
a brand new Studebaker, and a fresh coat of paint to the street gable of the post-
office; in fact, any or all of the dazzaling luxuries that my rosiest dreams could
paint, and I’d have turned my back on ’em if the Johnny who tempted me had
asked me to stand aside and let the other fellows win this war. It was my war,
that’s what it was. Why, I gave a dollar and a quarter to the Red Cross Fund
and was just gettin’ ready to give another dollar when the armistice was signed.
Yes, if I was a young chap I’d have been over there in Hughie’s squad P’raps
by this time I’d a been a sargint. Poor Hughie—no, good boy, Hughie! He was
killed at Wipers a-leading of his men in a counter attack. And Willowby (the
name ain’t just like that but near it) Willowby, that’s the oldest, I wa’nt so well
acquainted with him—he’s the one that got the D.S.O. He died brave-like to
Vimy Ridge. He was by that time Kernul of a Scottish Batalion. The youngest
boy, Lancy we used to call him, (some fandango sort of a name it was wrote big)
he was killed a-flying over the German lines. There’s only the third boy to come
home, and he’s been led home, he is. He’s blind of both eyes and gassed on top
of that. And yet there’s Mrs. Cheltenham de Chazet bearin’ up noble. She
don’t look any less big feelin’ but she acts different somehow, and when she
smiles it’s like a angel’s. I’m tellin’ ye straight. She’s took to me terrible of
late, and we visit a whole lot when she comes into the post-office and there ain’t
too many folks round, and says she, “Mr. Huckins, I shall miss the dear lads,
God knows how much! But he has taken them into His gracious keeping and I
don’t grudge them to Him. At least He gave them a chance to fight for a great
cause and to die like Christian gentlemen, and what more can a mother ask for
her sons?” I’m givin’ what she spoke literal, for I wrote it down immediate,
and there was more, too, which I couldn’t quite follow; it was too exalted-like.
But dashed if she ain’t a proper mother of heroes, and I’d lick her stamps till
judgement come if she’d only let me. But her letters since that fatal occasion is
always stamped. I’d do it if she’d only give me a chance. P’raps one of these
fine days I’ll ask her. Gone is the pride of all the Huckinses!

Ebenezer Huckins,
Postmaster.

P.S.—I ain’t conscious of any mistakes except a’ droppin’ (there one goes
now) of gees to the end of some words, but I’m told that was fashionable with
some folks in the Old Country a while ago, so I guess I’m all right.
It was in the golden glories of a day that had spent herself and was drawing her last quiet breath.

The evening star took his accustomed place and gazed unwinkingly and seemingly unmoved at her transitory loveliness.

Yet he really could not have been indifferent for she was very beautiful and softly appealing.

And the little white road wound its way purposefully through the green folds of the foot-hills to where the hectic, unsleeping city had begun to kindle its tapers.

The woman, tired-eyed, sat back amidst the counterfeit leather cushions, and the man, a little ahead of her, turned and turned again.

It was the two hundred and seventeenth time and he knew what he was doing.

At last spoke the woman, "Shall I give it a little more?"

The man nodded and bent again to his vesper task, no sweet toned angelus chimed out on the quiet air, but the man’s lips were seen to move as his hand mechanically jiggled a piece of wire,

The sons of men from divers parts gather and gazed.

Men from the city at the end of the road, dinner pails a’ rattle. Tired-footed peasants returning from the market, and the child and her brothers who lived at the back of the white farm on the hillside.

But they spoke no word for the spell of the evening was upon them, and the new-born breeze flowed over the crest of the hill challenging the day’s dead heat, so they held their peace.

"Shall I turn it back again?" asked the woman, and the man a little in front of her, said softly, "Please do."

But the evening star triumphed over the day, for she had completed her last quiet breath; and he shone bravely out from a sky which had ceased to be golden.

The Northern Lights shot up slender fingers over the city at the end of the road; their ribbons of pale incandescence wavering, flickering giant tentacles that loved darkness better than light. Higher and higher they reached, seeking to draw the evening star into their embrace, and lashed angrily when they failed.

"King Winter holds high revel to-night," said the child to her brothers, who lived at the back of the white farm on the hillside.

But the man had turned until he could turn no more.

He straightened himself; looked at the woman, and then crumpled up in the midst of the road... dead.
The woman wept softly, for she loved the man. And in case this surprises you it must be pointed out that he had been her husband, and she had always taken much pains to fulfil her marriage vows. Apart from this she was genuinely sorry that he should have died in the midst of the road, under the Northern Lights, and in a dark suit, too, which showed the dust.

And the sons of men went back to their places in the world talking softly among themselves.

And this is what they said: "We must not allow ourselves to be surprised, it was a Ford."

But one from the city who understood all things, for he himself had suffered—how many things only the gods could tell—went silently up to where the woman wept on the counterfeit cushions and looking for a moment, passed down the road to where the city mumbled to itself beneath the Northern Lights.

And as he went he smiled with the wisdom of the ages.

"He had forgotten the switch key," he softly said.

The Vision.

One day I prayed—I asked that future's veil
Might render be; that I might gaze beyond
Into the depths of life's wild wondrous tale.
Forgetful both of rev'rence and of awe
I strove to pierce the dread Creator's bond.
At last... my eyes were opened... and I saw.

A mighty sea, a sea of troublous mood,
Stretching far out beyond the farthest star,
Boundless and restless, like an ocean rude,
With ne'er a glimpse of land or cloud to mar.
And yet 'twas not—this awful visioned sea—
Such as men view from shores of mortal sight;
Those waves were men; that sea, humanity,
In all its weakness, yea, and all its might.

A storm-tossed sea, by sin's dread conflict bruised;
Some sinking, some oft rising o'er the strife;
There struggle some, by bravest soul enthused
To conquer sin, to vanquish death and life;
While some there be who sink beneath the stream,
Lost in the foam of life's tempestuous main;
And others drifting on as in a dream,
Careless of all things, living but in vain.
But look ye hence! In farthest distance there
A gladder view outshines the noonday sun,
A heavenly glory light'ning all despair;
The cruel Cross, and hanging on it One
Who looks from out His ever-loving eyes
Upon the turmoil of the raging tide.
And men gain strength o'er sin and death to rise
At sight of Him who for mankind hath died.

Guide of our life, in earth's most bitter sorrows,
Be Thou our Light, to lead us on our way;
At last we reach the sweetest of to-morrows,
To be with Thee, and see Thy heavenly day.

W. C. D.
THE MITRE

EDITORIAL STAFF.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF ........................................ F. G. VIAL
Alumnae Editor ................................. Miss B. M. Cowan
Lady Editor ................................. Miss A. M. Findley, '20
Assistant Lady Editor ........................ Miss Hilda Moore, '19
Associate Editor—Divinity ................. T. G. Acres, Div. '20
Associate Editor—Arts ......................... H. I. Cohen, '19
Assistant Associate Editor—Arts .......... A. E. Bartlett, '20
Athletic Editor ............................... E. W. Smith, '19
Exchange Editor .............................. F. R. Scott, '19
Military Editor ................................. F. O. Call

BUSINESS MANAGER ................................. N. Fish, '19
Assistant Business Manager ............... W. W. Smith, '20

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

Terms, $1 per year in advance. Single copy 25c.

Contributors of articles are entitled to receive three copies gratis of the number containing their articles.

The Editor declines to be held responsible for opinions expressed by contributors.

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

Interest has been kindled among readers of the Mitre by the charming reminiscences which appeared in our last issue entitled "Bishop's College in the Seventies." No doubt many were struck by the gravely humourous recital of the plain, even hard, conditions of those early days—no adequate heating system, no hot-and-cold water arrangements, no electric light. The teaching staff consisted of five members, one of whom was away on furlough, which means that for a time all the instructional work of two University Faculties was
in the hands of four men. Though our distinguished graduate does not say so, there was probably no apparatus for the pursuit of scientific studies. The curriculum followed the austere lines of Classics and Mathematics, relieved by a little academic French, with perhaps an occasional lecture in English Literature from some harassed professor already cumbered with much serving at intellectual tables. But Classics and Mathematics were undoubtedly the back-bone of the Arts Course. The student had no facilities offered him in Philosophy, History, or Literature. If he had gifts to exercise, or aspirations to gratify in any of these directions, the authorities were not in a position to include them in the recognized course of study. Yet, as the writer of the reminiscences points out, with quiet self-restraint "a sturdy lot of men were trained for clerical and other walks of life, and there is no reason to be ashamed of their records." The sentence might be re-stated in positive form with several eulogistic adjectives and yet keep within the strict limits of truth.

The fact of the matter is that the life and training were hard and simple. There was sheer hard work on subjects possessing attraction only for a few choice souls, and simple, wholesome pleasures which did not satiate but really invigorated those who enjoyed them. Thus, in spite of an under-manned staff, and an inadequate equipment, the results were remarkably good, and we find bishops, distinguished barristers, railway magnates, leading educationalists, and literary men among the graduates of the Victorian period.

Since, and during that period, there has been steady if slow development. Buildings have been erected, or reconstructed and enlarged. The library has been decently housed. There is a respectable laboratory with a moderate equipment, while a chair of Natural Science is in process of endowment—the process is, however, appallingly slow! The Divinity House has been constructed. For present needs this is a sufficiently large if not a very decorative and convenient building. The Arts Course has been enriched by Honour Courses in Theology, History, Philosophy and Modern Languages, while the study of Science has been made more attractive and serviceable to undergraduates. The staff has been increased, but is yet unequal to the demands of modern education.

The widening of educational opportunities for the student has been greater than the numerical increase in the staff, and the professor of 1919 is really as much harassed with little odds and ends of subjects outside the department he has made his own as his predecessor of 1870. He might become a specialist, even a considerable authority, if allowed to do his own work. But there are courses and subjects which, though considered necessary, are left unprovided for. There are apparently no funds available to defray the cost of a special lecturer. So a professor of History occupies his leisure in correcting the essays of the first year,
or a professor of Philosophy is teaching elementary Latin to the Preparatory Divinity Class! These hypothetical instances are no more absurd than the actual ones. Of course it is all good and useful work, even necessary work, but the efficiency of the whole institution would be raised if each member of the Faculty had his own proper task, to which he could devote all his enthusiasm and power. To attain this object, however, new chairs must be created, new lecturers appointed. At present the Corporation has sufficient funds to maintain a few professors who "have the effect of being underpaid," and whose energies are distracted by unrelated fragments of general education, to which somebody must attend. But—if we could get more money, and a lot of it!

Certainly the time is ripe for enlargement and expansion. We have a solid position: we can go on indefinitely in our circumscribed routine and do useful work, but not the work which we might do. A correspondent complains that "the very name of the institution is unknown, even in Sherbrooke." I fancy the same might be said of any institution of higher education. The writer would not be amazed to hear that there are many people in Montreal who have not heard of the University of McGill. Higher education does not interest the masses. Yet the complaint has some force if it means that any considerable body of intelligent opinion is unaware of our existence, or even for what we stand. Effort should be made to dissipate such ignorance. Perhaps not enough is done in the way of publicity. For instance, the University during recent years has been conducting Extension Lectures in the city of Sherbrooke on several of the more popular branches of education. She makes use of certain members of her own staff and secures also the services of other gentlemen possessing special knowledge. Yet the writer looked carefully through a report in the daily press of one of these lectures, which happened to be attractive to the general public, and there was not one word as to the agency and auspices under which it was given. Of course in the initial notices and posters the fact was mentioned, but it requires more than mention; it demands re-iteration and emphasis. If this were done a newspaper reporter would not be guilty of such an oversight. This is merely an illustration of how the University may come to be charged with inaction (the connexion between cause and effect being unnoted) when her real crime is a distaste for blowing her own horn.
Some years ago the writer received almost at first hand the story of Canada’s great railway experiment—the joining of the East and West, of the Atlantic and Pacific. We hold no brief for wealthy corporations, even railway corporations. They may become oppressive or become sources of political corruption. But there was something magnificent in that first bold thrust across the uninhabited prairies, and over the unseemingly impassable mountain ranges of the Pacific slope. Thousands of miles of wilderness, untroudden except by a few Indians, traders and half-breeds! Physical difficulties were enormous; financial difficulties equally great. But engineers had the capacity; business men took risks; both had vision. They could see that which was not yet. Their day-dreams became actualities and now we have a (physically) united Canada, and the broad acres of the West and the mineral and timber resources of the mountains are now being utilized, or are ready to be utilized, in the service of civilization and in the up-building of a materially prosperous commonwealth. Which things are an allegory. It is sometimes the part of wisdom to take risks. Even a chess-player will tell you that! And we would humbly suggest to our governing bodies, especially to that one which holds the purse-strings, that such a time has arrived. Give a little freedom to the Council, or whatever it is, which is concerned with purely educational matters. As a beginning, tell that body that it may make two new appointments to the teaching staff, one in the Divinity Faculty and one in the Arts. Even such an increase would cost money, but it would be money well spent, and would contribute to the efficiency and, later on, to the prestige of the University, and that means increased attendance, greater public interest, further benefactions, greater possibilities of usefulness. Let us try it, and when we have proved its wisdom, do something more. Vision and enterprise are as much needed in academic affairs as in the laying down of railway ties.

Exchanges.

MacDonald College has produced an excellent magazine in its November issue. The material is interesting and very tastefully arranged; the whole being seasoned with a few good photographs. Few of our exchanges can compare with this number.
From the far West comes the "Black and Red," proving that the boys of University School (Victoria, B.C.) are just as capable of producing a good magazine as their Eastern brothers. We are always glad to receive the "Black and Red" as it gives us an insight into school life in other climes.

The Christmas number of the "McMaster University Monthly" contains a most interesting account of the formation of the Khaki University of Canada. This University, the writer informs us, is the outcome of several independent efforts on the part of educationalists both in Canada and overseas. During the summer of 1917, when the Fifth Canadian Division was in Witley camp awaiting the expected orders to proceed to France, the idea came to some of the officers of opening evening classes for the men in various subjects. The suggestion was eagerly taken up, and teachers and students were enrolled from the men in the camp. Thus the Khaki College, as it was called, came into being.

Meanwhile in Canada President Tory, of the University of Alberta, had hit upon a very similar plan. He sailed for England in the summer of 1917 in order make a report on the possibilities of educational work among the Canadian troops. At Witley he found his plan already in operation, and he was convinced of the great good such a system of training would accomplish. Accordingly he returned to Canada with a full report, which so satisfied the home officials that Sir Robert Borden gave him permission to put his scheme into execution. So he sailed once more for England, only to find on his arrival that the military authorities there had already established the Khaki University in all Canadian centres. Seeing that co-operation was essential for success President Tory joined forces with the military organization, and the University is doing splendid work amongst our troops.

We feel that we should call the attention of the Co-eds to an article in the November number of the same magazine, under the heading "Why University Women do not Marry." Statistics prove that only about 45 p.c. of the college trained girls ever marry, whereas among those women who have not had a college education the percentage of marriage is as high as 75. This matter should be carefully considered by the girls thinking of taking the B.A. course!!

We were pleased to receive a copy of the Wycliffe College Magazine (Jan., 1919) with its many good articles. Our theologians would do well to read the one entitled "Social Religion." Lovers of Dickens will find food for thought in "Dickens and the Christmas Spirit."
Under the heading, "Get Inoculated," a writer in the 'Brandon College Quill' (Xmas, 1918) gives some first rate suggestions on mind and memory training. These ideas—which are rather suggestive of the Pelman course—will be found useful by every student.

We always expect something worth reading in the Trinity University Review, and in the last three numbers we have not been disappointed. Of the many good articles we note especially that entitled "Our National Game" (Nov., 1918) which deals with the question as to which one of the many Canadian sports can truly be called the national game. Defining the term "national game," the author says that it must be a game that the nation as a whole plays well; and one that is not confined to any professional class, but which is more indulged in than any other game by sport-loving people. With this rule to guide him the writer dismisses lacrosse as being too little played to be called a national game. Golf, tennis, football and Rugby are also passed over as games that are played with greater skill and enthusiasm elsewhere. Hockey is dealt with at greater length. The demands for physical condition and skating skill, however, are too exacting to make it a game for all; it tends to become professional. Hence the writer claims that its exclusiveness prevents it from ever becoming a national game.

Finally, the author discusses that noble game—curling. He is evidently a curling "fan," for he dilates on the beauties and science of the game. In his opinion it comes closest to the definition of a national game, and he looks forward to the time when it will be so universally appreciated in Canada as to hold undisputed claim to that title.

In the same issue is an interesting sketch of the life of Tagore, the Indian mystic poet. Although he was granted the Nobel prize for idealistic literature in 1913, he is little known to most Westerners even now. His biography has been published by a fellow Indian—Basanto Koomar Roy—but those who do not desire to go very deeply into his work will find the sketch in the "Review" quite sufficient for their needs.

Of the many school magazines which have reached us the "College Times" (Upper Canada College) ranks with the best. The Christmas number is large and very well arranged, and it reflects great credit on the publishing staff. The only improvement we would suggest would be the addition of a Table of Contents.
The Rev. Cecil Allen, a graduate of Bishop's, has very kindly sent us a copy of the "Putney Parish Magazine," from which we reprint the following parody—Mr. Allan's own composition:

**THE SONG OF THE CURATE.**

With features faded and worn,
With eyes the colour of lead,
A curate sat, in a fifth rate flat,
Earning his children's bread.
"Give! give! give!
For bread will they give a stone?"
The vicar pleads: for his curate's needs—
They seem so like his own.

Work—work—work
With the staff at half its strength;
And work—work—work
With sermous the usual length.
Club and visit and "sick,"
"Sick," and visit and club.
If over the traces he tried to kick
He'd probably get a snub.

O men with money to burn,
Who can support your wives,
It's not your pocket you're wearing out,
But joy from human lives!
It's "O to be free from care
Along with the parish clerk
(Who has his fees, enough and to spare)
If this is Christian work!"

Work—work—work!
The fluent speaker flags.
And what is the stipend in time of war?
Ask the collection bags.
No rise in the paltry scale
That shamed in days of peace!
No marvel that poor young curates pale
At income-tax increase!

Work—work—work,
From Sunday chime to chime;
Work—work—work:
Not toiling all the time.
Sweat-labour just the same.
If that is a social sin
The Church must fight, it's only right
To stop the stain within.

With features faded and worn,
With eyes the colour of lead,
A curate sat, in a fifth rate flat,
Earning his children's bread.
Give! give! give!
For bread will you give a stone!
A vicar pleads for his curate's needs.
Happy the parish that really heeds!
It is not like my own.

We believe this poem appeared in the columns of the "Guardian," and assisted greatly in calling the attention of the public to the curate's sorry financial plight.

In his student days Mr. Allen was a frequent contributor to the Mitre.
The reconstruction period finds the College unprepared to receive its returning guests. Corporation has notoriously failed to take advantage of its opportunities at its very doors by not providing facilities for education in agricultural science. The very name of the institution to which people should look for leadership is, I regret to say it, unknown to many even in Sherbrooke.

The immediate and pressing need, as I see it, is for a larger outlook on the part of the authorities; it is for them to study the needs of the community which they profess to serve.

The last four years was the time for them to "see visions and dream dreams" but now "it is high time to awake out of sleep" and "produce the goods."

I am, yours truly,

UNDERGRADUATE.

Lennoxville, Que., October 21st, 1918.

The Editor of the Mitre.

Dear Sir,—As you have asked for letters from the students or friends of the University on college life, I am taking the liberty to write about my life as a Freshman, and trust that if you have room you will print it in your esteemed magazine.

As a Senior, I am going to write to the Freshies of this year, telling them of my personal experiences as such, and ask them if they would tell, through the same column, how they feel in this their first year at college. For, in spite of time being a great healer of sores and troubles, yet mine as a Freshie, are still clear enough in my mind to allow me to write about them.

At last the great and eventful day had arrived, that long waited for and desired day, when college should start. College, that magic word, which means so much to the youthful and inexperienced. For many are the times when your ignorance is thrust on you, when you find yourself in the presence of a Senior. Oh ! you who look so proud and dignified as you pass for the first time through the gates into the precincts of that august and most learned place, will yet find what it is to stand up under the scorn of a Senior's glance, and be made to bring half a dozen chairs for the others as well as one for yourself. The Seniors standing coldly by waiting for you, who are overcome with shyness and confusion, to place a chair for each of them, before you dare take one for yourself. Oh ! how you wish you could fall through the floor, or fly away home to mother and get out of the way of these haughty, dignified beings.

These everlasting doors, that take about a hundred-weight to open, must be opened and held while your superiors pass through. And what do you get for your trouble? A kind word and smile? Ah ! no indeed, they never even no-
tice that there is such a thing as a girl holding the door open for them. That a
smile, if only a smile, might be turned your way, and let you feel once more as
if you were a rational being and not a worm, which must be stepped on and
'squashed.'

Everywhere you turn you see those detested "Freshies's Rules" posted be­
fore your eyes, just as if they ever let you forget them. Ah, no! never do they
let you forget such a thing, and you know only too well, that you've got to
wait, perhaps a whole half hour, for the mirror before you can get your hat on
at the right angle, just because the seniors had to fuss and fix till they look chic
and coy. And, perchance, when you look for your hat, that new one, which is
certainly so becoming and that mother had warned you to be careful of, is on
the floor, all crushed and beyond hope of ever being made presentable again.
How came it there? when you knew you had taken special pains to hang it up.
Why, a senior, who had had that special hook the year before, and consequently
first claim to it this year, has thrown your things on the floor, because it is be­
neath Her, a Senior, to hang up a Freshie's hat.

Again, in lectures, you have something so important to tell the good look­
ing Freshman opposite, who only that morning held the door open while you
passed through, and who made you feel once more that you were a fair young
damsel, worthy of respect, instead of a worm, to be trampled on. The only
way to tell him, as talking is forbidden, is by writing him a note. You know
he will understand, for his sympathetic eyes say, only too truly, that he also is
getting it from the Senior men. At last, your note written in your most ar­
tistic and pretty style, you pass it across the table, only to have the seniors look
at you as though you had committed a crime so heinous and black it can never
be forgiven. You feel miserable, oh! so miserable, and long for home, that
blessed place, which means a haven of rest and love from the cruel, cold stare
of the Seniors.

And last of all you see the Senior Lady, with her most dignified and haugh­
ty air, bearing down on you like an old gobbler on a small and helpless little
turkey, to tell you you spoke to a Senior on the street before she deigned to
notice you, and that if ever it happened again you'd be called before the Court.
Oh! so humble and confused you crawl quietly and unobtrusively out of sight.

Finally, the year is over and exams are passed, and you feel that only one
more day will you have to suffer the ban of being an insignificant Freshman, for
in a few months you will return a proud and haughty Senior ready to do bat­
tle with anyone, regardless of size or colour, if she dare say one word against
your Alma Mater, for whom you've suffered so much.

That loyalty, which only hardships and bitter trials can root in you, has
been planted deep in your heart through the difficulties and troubles of your
Freshman year. So take heart, dear Freshies, for it is only during those awful days, as a new girl, that you really learn what it is to attain the honour and responsibility of a Senior, and, as such, take up the good work the following year, of ever bringing a higher moral and intellectual standing to your dear Alma Mater; for it is dear, oh! so dear to you, as you will see and realize, only too fully, once you become a graduate, and the proud possessor of your much longed and struggled for Bachelor of Arts degree.

Trusting I have not been too presumptuous, and overwearied you with my pen picture of my Freshman year, I will close. Thanking the Editor for his kindness and space in his magazine,

I remain, yours truly,

Ruffles.

Military Notes.

Sergt. William Ward.

KILLED IN ACTION.

Though details are not available we have first hand information that Sergt. Ward died on the field of honour a few days before the signing of the armistice. Mr. Ward was a student at Bishop's College for several terms, and afterwards moved to the Middle West, where he continued his studies. Thence he returned to Canada to enlist in the Overseas Forces, and was in all the hard fighting of the last year of the war. Mr. Ward was in line for a commission when his promising career came in an earthly sense to a sudden close. We extend our deepest sympathy to his relatives.

Corpl. T. E. Burton paid us a visit recently and stated his intention of returning to the College next September. "Timmy" has still his old sweet smile, in spite of three years' warfare.

Cadet G. W. Holden has returned to the College for a visit, and having decided to remain for a half term, is dividing his time between the pursuit of science, and the pursuit of the puck.

Gunner A. P. Butler has returned to his home at Sand Hill after long service overseas.
M. A. Norcross, of the R. C. N., paid us a short visit recently.

Messrs. H. H. King and G. M. Pender have returned from the positions which they held as Marconigraph operators in the R. C. N., and are again pursuing their law studies, the former in Sherbrooke, and the latter in Montreal.

Lieut. H. R. Cleveland, R. A. F., is still at Shotwick, near Chester, England. He hopes to return home shortly.

Pte. A. W. Reeves writes to us from France, where the mistletoe grows thick on the trees, and threatens to bring a large bundle of it with him when he returns to Lennoxville.

News has recently been received from Lieut. R. Waterman, who is now at Bonn, Germany. We hope that it may not be long before "String" is back with us again after an absence of four years.

Lieut. Elton Scott, Rhodes' Scholar for 1917, has returned from overseas to his home in Quebec. We understand that he intends to go to Oxford in the autumn.

Pte. W. B. Scott, B.A., has been elected President of the Great War Veteran's Association in Montreal.

Ptes. R. Heron and H. O. Hodder have returned from England, and have resumed their courses in the College. They say that the worst enemy they encountered was the "flu."

Cadets W. E. Hume and A. A. McKindsey, of the R. A. F., have returned home. We hope that we may see them both back in the College soon.

Capt. J. C. Stuart enjoyed the distinction of being the first British officer to enter Mons. We understand that his unit is expected to return to Canada before Easter.

Pte. R. J. Meekren, who has been a prisoner in Germany for over two years, has arrived in England, but we regret to report that he is suffering from a wound, and is now receiving treatment in a military hospital.
Lieut. Don. Cameron paid us several brief visits during his stay in Sherbrooke. He has now left for his home in Winnipeg.

Rev. H. S. Cheshire writes from Germany, about thirty miles from Cologne where he was doing outpost duty at the Cologne bridgehead. He says that that part of Germany is very beautiful, and that the inhabitants seem kindly disposed to the British, but that he is longing to be back in Canada again.

Pte. T. C. Travers, who is at present in No. 2, Canadian General Hospital, in France, writes that he hopes to return to College next year.

Capt. M. H. Wells has returned to England, and has taken a position as master in his old school, at Durham.

From the Canadian Machine Gunner: On September 30th, 1918, Lieut.-Col. Canon Scott, C.M.G., D.S.O., was wounded. Just a little bald notice, on perusing which the man in the street would probably say, "Nothing in that! All kinds of officers and other ranks were wounded on that day." But then—the man in the street does not know Canon Scott. Ask any man who is wearing the Red Patch, "Who is Canon Scott?" The universal answer amounts to this: "Canon Scott is the morale of the First Canadian Division." To see the old Canon, with a tin hat on his head and a cheery smile on his face, jogging along the front line is as good as a rum ration to any of the boys. And now he is wounded and away off in Blighty! Good luck to him, and the best of doctors, for the "Old Red Patch" needs him.

At a meeting of the Corporation of Bishop's College, Bishop Farthing, of Montreal, presiding, it was announced that a bequest of $2,000 had been made to the University by the late Mrs. Julia M. Robinson, of Granby, in memory of her son, Lieut. F. Reginald Robinson, a graduate of Bishop's College, who laid down his life for his country. The fund is to form a bursary in the gift of the Lord Bishop of Montreal.

Dr. E. A. Robertson has been appointed Medical Adviser to the Board of Pension Commissioners of Canada, and has rented a furnished house at 284 O'Conner Street, Ottawa, where he and his family will live. Dr. Robertson expects to remain in Ottawa for some time.
Major N. C. Qua is now with the army of occupation at Bonn, Germany. During a recent leave he visited Florence, Milan, Turin and Rome.

We congratulate Lieut. H. F. Cocks, Adjutant of the 5th C.M.R., on his recently acquired distinction, the Military Cross. He won this in the fighting immediately preceding the cessation of hostilities.

Lieut. Ernest Rankin, of H.M.C.S. Canada, is among the officers who have recently returned from duty. After a course at the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, he was appointed navigating officer on H.M.C.S. Canada, and has been with that ship for two years. Mr. Rankin expects to resume the practise of his (that of a notary) in a few days. He graduated (B.A. 1900) and afterwards took a successful law course at McGill and resides in Montreal.

A quiet but pretty wedding took place at the Cathedral of the Holy Trinity, Quebec, on January 15th, when Miss Shirley Gowen, youngest daughter of the late Hammond Gowen, and Mrs. Billet, of Quebec, was married to Lieut. Wm. Knapp, P.P.C.L.I., son of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Knapp, of Brompton, Que. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. J. F. Belford, rector of Richmond. The bride was gowned in brown satin with hat and furs to match, while the bridesmaid, Miss Hope Glass, wore alice blue. The groom was supported by Lieut. I. Grant. The newly married couple are leaving shortly for overseas, where Lieut. Knapp has an appointment with the clearing service.

Mr. W. H. Knapp was a popular member of the second year Arts, and was among the very first of our students to enlist, going overseas with the First Contingent. Later on he joined the Princess Pats and won his commission on the field. The Mitre wishes him every happiness.

A Soldiers' Convocation.

With the cordial approval of the Principal, the Executive Committee of the Alumni Association is planning to have a grand rally of returned soldiers at Bishop's College during Convocation week. A special invitation is extended to all our graduates and undergraduates who have upheld the honour of the University by engaging in military service during the fateful years of 1914-18.

Other members of the University are requested to assist the Principal and the other members of the Executive of the Alumni Association in making the Convocation of 1919 a memorable one in the annals of our Alma Mater.

Details will be communicated later on.
Decorations.

C. M. G.

Rev. Canon F. G. Scott
Rev. J. McP. Almond
Lt.-Col. E. B. Worthington

Legion of Honour.

Lt.-Col. H. W. Blaylock

Commander of the Order of the British Empire

Lt.-Col. H. W. Blaylock

Croix de Guerre.

Capt. A. Joly de Lothiniere

D. C. M.

Corpl. L. A. Robertson, (killed in action.)

Military Cross

F. H. Mitchell (died a prisoner of war.)

Capt. J. C. Stewart.
Capt. A. C. M. Thomson.
Rev. C. G. Hepburn.

Lieut. W. G. Hamilton.
Rev. F. G. Sherring.

Capt. James MacGregor.
Lieut. H. F. Cocks.

D. S. O.

Rev. Canon F. G. Scott.
### Roll of Service

#### Chaplains

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Rev. Canon Scott</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>&quot; Canon Almond</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot; W. Barton</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot; R. B. Browne</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot; W. H. Cassop</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rev. H. S. Cheshire</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot; C. G. Hepburn</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot; R. Haydon</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot; C. G. Lawrence</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot; H. S. Laws</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot; L. Carson</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rev. W. H. Moorhead</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot; F. G. Sherring</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot; R. J. Slires</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot; W. R. Walker</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot; J. W. Wayman</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot; O. G. Lewis</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

#### C. A. M. C.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Dr. E. A. Robertson</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Lt.-Col. H. W. Blaylock</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dr. W. L. M. Carter</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Corpl. T. V. L'Estrange</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dr. Mc. D Ford</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nurse E. W. Odell</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pte. G. Roe</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pte. T. C. Travers</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nurse E. M. Fothergill</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dr. H. P. Wright</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nurse M. R. Odell</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pte. E. H. Baker</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pte. R. Andrews</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

#### Prisoner of War

| Pte. R. J. Meekren |

#### Invalided Home

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Lt. D. I. Cameron</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Rev. H. W. Ievers</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lt. F. R. Belford</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lt. W. H. Knapp</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A. T. Brooke</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>H. P. Lovell</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pte. W. B. Scott</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pte. S. W. Clements</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

#### On Active Service

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Lt. Col. E. B. Worthington</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Capt. A. Joly de Lotbinere</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Major N. C. Qua</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lt. S. L. Craft</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lt. J. Robinson, R.F.C.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lt. R. H. Cleveland, R.F.C.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2nd Lt. W. P. Griffiths, R.F.C.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2nd Lt. J. Vokey, R.F.C.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lt. (Adj.) H. F. Cocks, C.M.R.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Corpl. T. R. Burton, C.M.R.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pte. K. W. Huntten, C.M.R.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pte. N. D. McLeod, C.M.R.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Major J. F. Belford, on leave</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Capt. C. F. Rothera, Forestry</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sapper J. A. Phillips, R.E.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gunner P. F. McLeau, Art</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cadet G. W. Holden, R.A.F.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lt. E. Scott, Art.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lt. M. H. Wells, Art.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lt. R. Waterman, Art.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Driver J. K. Lowry, Art.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Driver J. H. Channonhouse, Art</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gunner D. B. Foss, Art.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gunner W. E. Hume, Art</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cadet D. C. Abbott, R.A.F.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gunner W. R. Baker, Art</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gunner A. P. Butler, Art</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Signaller E. Doyle, Art</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lt. W. W. Alward, Art</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C. Sowerbutts, Art.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pte. C. V. Ward, Inf.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>E. Miall</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cadet F. Fluhman, R.A.F.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Major J. S. Dohan, Inf</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Capt. A. A. Sturley, Inf</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Capt. A. C. M. Thomson, Inf</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Capt. R. F. Gwyn, Inf</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Capt. J. C. Stewart, Inf</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Capt. J. MacGregor, Inf</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lt. W. G, Hamilton, Inf</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lt. V. E. Hobart, Inf</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lt. C. H. Savage, Inf</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pte. R. H. Baker, Inf</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cadet A. A. McKindsey, R.A.F.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pte. C. Mortimer Payne, Inf</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>G. Hughes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A. G. E. Rankin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pte. R. Heron, Inf</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pte. H. O. Iddler, Inf</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>H. H. King</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>G. M. Pender</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>M. A. Norcross</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

#### Marconigraph Operators, R.C.N.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>H. H. King</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>G. M. Pender</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>M. A. Norcross</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Rev. G. H. Fooks, M.A., for some time vicar of the Church of St. Phillip and St. James, Ilfracombe, Devonshire, England, has now become vicar of Holy Trinity, Torquay, Devonshire. We wish him all success in his new field.

Rev. Hubert S. Wood, B.A., for some time rector of the parish of Canaan and Groveton, N.H., is now appointed to the rectory of Berlin, N. H. Unfortunately Mr. Wood was compelled to spend his first Christmas there in the unwelcome companionship of the "Flu." At last report he was quite recovered and again about his duties.

Rev. (Maj.) J. Belford has just received honourable discharge from the military after many services rendered both as a chaplain and as O. C. the E. T. Forestry Battalion; he has now resumed his duties as rector of Richmond.

The many friends of Rev. Geo. Pye, B.A., incumbent of Windsor, will be pleased to learn that he is in greatly improved health after his long summer's illness.

Rev. P. R. Roy, M. A., incumbent of Scotstown, was treated to a most happy surprise during the New Year's week, when a large and representative body of his parishioners suddenly invaded the Parsonage one evening to present him with a large purse of money in appreciation of his splendid work in the mission.

Rev. W. C. Dunn, L. S. T., deacon in charge at Nipigon, Out., from all accounts is doing excellent work in that large and scattered parish. His well known organizing powers have been of inestimable value in starting several church and social organizations which have proved of great social helpfulness to the people.

Largely through the efforts of Rural Dean Watson, M. A., of Melbourne, who is president of the Richmond Co. Ministerial Association, a county branch of the Social Service Council of Canada has been founded. Mr. Watson is an unceasing social worker, and for several years has been the guiding force of Richmond County in temperance reform.
On Dec. 22nd, there took place at the Cathedral of the Holy Trinity, Quebec, the ordination of Chas. E. S. Bown, M. A., to the diaconate. The candidate was presented by the Ven. Archdeacon Balfour, who, by a happy coincidence, was that day celebrating the forty-ninth anniversary of his own ordination. Canon F. J. B. Allnatt, D.D., replied to the questions directed to the examining chaplain. Mr. Bown has been appointed as deacon-in-charge of the mission of Kingsey under the supervision of Rural Dean Watson, of Melbourne.

Mr. H. King, B. A., '15 (Bishop's) and B. C. L. '18 (McGill) has joined the firm of Nicol, Lazure & Couture, Sherbrooke, Que.

Mr. Grant Hall, vice-president of the C. P. R., and a graduate of the eighties, recently delivered an address before the Montreal Rotary Club on the subject of demobilization and the transportation problem.

Mr. M. A. Phelan, K.C., and graduate of the late nineties, is a keen student of sociology, and has been delivering a series of lectures on Social Service before the members of Loyola College.

Divinity Notes.

Messrs. Bown and Dunn, two of our last year's graduates, were admitted to the diaconate during the latter part of 1918. We wish them every success in the life work for which they have been preparing during their stay among us; and if they carry into their sphere of labour the energy and spiritual influence which characterized their stay at U. B. C. their work cannot but be fruitful, and the parishes prosper which come under their jurisdiction.

With the return of Mr. Hodder to college on the 27th ultimo came another member to strengthen the senior element. Having completed his 2nd year Divinity last June Mr. Hodder enlisted and went overseas with Mr. Heron, an Arts student of 2nd year. When peace was declared they left England for Cana-
da's shores again, and we had the pleasure of their company at our Christmas dinner at College. Mr. Hodder's return was indicated by the shortage of milk on the 27th. After the steward had placed on the fourth jug, he was asked if the milk supply did not increase as the number of students became greater. It must seem difficult for Mr. Hodder to settle down to work after having the gay experience of camp life, and good fortune to be with those who heard the proclamation of peace before going into action. We wish Mr. Hodder greatest success in scaling the great heights of Theological knowledge in completing his course.

We are glad to learn that Mr. Lett, who has been seriously ill with pneumonia, is recovering, and will soon return to college to complete his course next June. The number taking Divinity at present is three, Messrs. Robinson and Acres having been here since September.

The annual Freshman's concert was held last Wednesday. The night was fine, and the march invigorating after a strenuous wrestle from the top flat. Our new candidate, Mr. Robinson, was one of the happy number privileged to undergo the agony of the Freshman's concert. Be it said to his credit, however, that he nobly accepted the tortures realizing, as a gentleman, the necessity of such things to the average freshman. He is now hard at work with a determination to realize the noble ambition befitting a member of that "august" body, he students of U. B. C.

Owing to the shortage of students during the war period the upper flat of the Divinity House was almost vacant. It has recently been occupied by others than students. Next year the students return to it.

Some of our students are taking advantage of the University Extension lectures given in the Y. M. C. A., Sherbrooke. The public speaking course given by the Rev. E. Read, should prove of especial value to the members of the Divinity class.

Many are looking forward to the happy evening when we shall have our annual skating party.

St. Andrew's Brotherhood.

Owing to the war this Senior Chapter has been much depleted in numbers. However the many duties have been performed, and semi-monthly meetings have been held to readjust organization and consider other functions.
As Messrs. Bown and Dunn completed their courses last June, Messrs. Scott and Heron were elected vice-director and director respectively, while Mr. Acres filled the position of secretary treasurer. When Mr. Heron returned from overseas, Mr. Scott withdrew from the office of director, having been elected from vice-director in favour of Mr. Heron. Mr. Robinson is now vice-director. The Brotherhood received a very interesting reply to a Christmas letter, which was sent to one of our soldiers on duty in Germany.

Arts Notes.

The Day of Reckoning.

On Wednesday, Jan. 29th, the annual freshman-sophomore concert took place. The freshmen had barricaded themselves in the top flat of the Old Lodge but the seniors could not be tempted to attack them under such favourable conditions. After an armistice of ten minutes had been granted to the freshmen, who, after this brief respite, betook themselves and all their possessions to the upper flat in the Art's building, again renewed hostilities. However, the superior generalship of the sophomore leaders, who had been trained in many previous battles, had its effect upon their inexperienced opponents. The latter were soon hauled down from their lofty citadel to the stairs below, where they were securely bound hand and foot, in spite of their undaunted courage and determined resistance. Attired in their full evening clothes, and under the complete domination of the seniors the column of prisoners paid an impromptu visit to the homes of several of our professors. The occupants of the Minto Rink in Lennoxville, and the Stadium in Sherbrooke were among those who shared in the privilege of witnessing this imposing array of conquered freshmen. The initiation itself was of a mild and stimulating nature and several of the freshmen showed a remarkable rapidity in swallowing the various foods which had been tastefully and carefully prepared for them. A light luncheon was served in the Common Room of the Old Lodge to all those participating in the event, and soon all were pleasantly engaged in relating the various incidents which had happened a few hours previous. Mr. Frank Scott on behalf of the seniors, thanked the freshmen for the splendid spirit with which they had undergone their ordeal, and hoped that the bond of good-fellowship would now be firmly cemented among them. Mr. Rex. Moore, on behalf of the freshmen, ably responded.
Prof. Boothroyd and Prof. Richardson were among the number of the faculty present, and, after making short addresses, which were heartily appreciated by all the students, the assembly concluded with mutual expressions of goodwill and friendship.

We take great pleasure in welcoming to our midst several of the men who have recently returned to us, among whom are Messrs. Robert Heron and H. O. Hodder. We extend to them a very hearty welcome, and feel sure that they will enter once again into the college life with the same spirit and energy which characterized their former activities.

Among the new students in the Art's Faculty who have entered our university after the Xmas reunion is Mr. Aylmer Morris, formerly a student of Bishop's College school. We wish him success in all his studies.

Mr. George Holden, B.A. '18, who for some time was stationed with the R. A. F. at Long Branch, Ont., has returned to our college in order to complete his studies in connection with the Government Civil Service Exams. We extend to him our heartiest wishes for success.

The pleasant holiday that we all have enjoyed has no doubt placed the student body in a happy mood. The results of the Xmas exams, now a thing of the past, must have an influence as regards the manner in which they will affect the plans of the students for the coming year.

Each and every student ought to ask himself the questions, "Have I done my very best? Can I do better than I have already done?" We must remember that we have a long period before us in which to make up for any mistakes made during the previous session. There is room for improvement in us all, and this can only be accomplished by concentrating upon those subjects that we are weakest in. The feeling of self-satisfaction which comes to everyone who has done well in the exams is alone a sufficient reward to encourage us to do our best. By adding to our own efficiency we are also adding to the prestige and standing of dear old Bishop's. Let us all start to work—now.
The beginning of the Lent term saw all the lady students back at College, full of new vigour and a determination to make the term an enjoyable one. The cessation of hostilities has removed the restrictions so long placed on social functions, and it is hoped that one or two parties may be had before the end of the winter.

The determination to do good work is indeed overwhelming, and certainly speaks highly for the majority of the Co-eds. We are accustomed now to hearing, "My dear, I simply MUST get a first-class in this stuff in June." Where there's a will there's a way, say we.

In answer to a petition made by the students for the course of lectures in the Art of Teaching to be given this year instead of next, Dr. Parrock has very kindly made arrangements, and the course will begin Feb. 3rd and end April 7th lectures given three afternoons a week.

We are pleased to welcome into our midst a new co-ed, Miss Marion Fox. We wish Miss Fox success throughout her course.

We have heard of the recent illness of our old friend "Rusty," and we unite in sending her our sincerest wishes for a speedy recovery.

We regret that we have not Miss Gertrude Jenckes with us this year. Miss Jenckes, who was one of our most popular girls, is attending Smith College, Northampton, Mass., where she is enjoying her studies.

On the evening of Jan. 25th, after the basket-ball game with Stanstead, an informal dance was held in the Council Chamber. There were not as many of our co-eds present as were expected, but a very pleasant evening was spent.

Bishop's Dramatic Club has been showing signs of life and a play, entitled "The arrival of Kitty," has been chosen. Practices have commenced and a very good play is anticipated.
A number of letters have been received thanking the lady students for the Xmas boxes sent to our men at the Front.

Basket-ball.

The first game of the season was played on November 8th. The contending teams, Greens and Reds, were evenly matched, and an interesting gathering of spectators saw a hard played game, which ended in a score of 7-5 in favour of the Reds. The line-up was as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Greens</th>
<th>Reds</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>J. Towne</td>
<td>D. Wright</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>M. Ashe, R. McAllister</td>
<td>F. Perry, N. Findlay</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>E. Rimmer, B. Echenberg</td>
<td>H. Bennett, L. Macdonald</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

On November 14th Bishop’s Co-eds faced the village team in the village gym. The game was a very exciting one, and was witnessed by large numbers cheering for both sides. After a few minutes’ play the village girls had two baskets to their credit, but Bishop’s intended to win, and at the end of the first period the score was 5-2 in their favour. This good play continued till the end, when the Purple and White was well ahead, 20-9.

Teams and summary:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Village Team</th>
<th>Bishop’s</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>H. Atto</td>
<td>D. Wright</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>B. Roe, G. Parrock</td>
<td>M. Ashe, H. Bennett</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grace Parrock, Mrs. Boothroyd</td>
<td>B. Echenberg, F. Perry</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>


During the latter part of November we received a challenge from the Stanstead basket-ball team, which was accepted, and the game was played on December 7th. The U.B.C. team, which was comprised of—Centre, D. Wright; Forwards, M. Ashe, H. Bennett; Defence, F. Perry, B. Echenberg; Wing, J. Towne; Subs, L. Macdonald, R. McAllister, L. Rimmer, put up good play at Stanstead, but were unable to overcome their opponents. The game ended with a score of 28-18 in Stanstead’s favour. The team pronounced the trip a most enjoyable one.
On Saturday, Jan. 25th, the Stanstead team visited us to play the return match. From beginning to end the game was an interesting one, and the gallery was crowded with spectators, the B.C.S. being especially well represented. The play of both teams was hard and fast, but Stanstead exhibited more training and skill, and at the end of the first period the score was 26-7 in their favour. In the last period Bishop's saw that they were losing heavily and by means of some fairly good combination kept their opponents in check, but not enough to make up what was lost. When the whistle announced "time up" the score was 44-24 in the visitors' favour. Misses Barwick and Algio scored for Stanstead; Misses Ashe and Bennett for U.B.C.

Athletics.

Basket-ball.

S. W. C. vs. U. B. C.

On Nov. 23rd the Stanstead College Quintette played and defeated the University team in the college gymnasium by a score of 22-16. In the first period the teams were evenly matched, and the play was fast and interesting, Parker registering seven counters for Bishop's while Martin found the basket four times for S. W. C., Kiefer and Pitman also scoring in the period for S. W. C.

The period ended 12-7 in favor of Stanstead.

The second period Bishop's played hard to overcome the lead which Stanstead had obtained, but the S. W. C. team played their combination with great effect, and succeeded in registering five field baskets in this period, Martin being chiefly responsible, while, as for Bishop's, Parker, Cohen and Shepherd all succeeded in registering tallies. The whistle blew for time with S. W. C. 22, U. B. C. 16 Line up was as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Bishop's</th>
<th>Stanstead</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Kelly</td>
<td>Kiefer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Parker</td>
<td>Martin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Smith</td>
<td>Pitman</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Moore</td>
<td>Jones</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wiggett</td>
<td>Mace</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cohen, Shepherd</td>
<td>Kersley</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
B. C. S. vs. U. B. C.

On the evening of Nov. 27th B. C. S. and U. B. C. clashed in a game of basket-ball in the college gymnasium. B. C. S. succeeded in defeating the College Quintette by a score of 42-16. The game was played in three fifteen minute periods.

The first period was very fast, the teams being evenly matched, the score being 12-12 (twelve-twelve), when the whistle blew for time. The second period B. C. S. had much the better end of the play, holding the U. B. C. aggregation down to 2 (two) points, while they themselves succeeded in adding 12 (twelve) more to their score, making the score 24-14 (twentyfour-fourteen) at the end of the second period.

The third period saw the B. C. S. Quintette having the play all their own way, as during this period they added 18 more points to their score, while the U. B. C. only succeeded in registering two more counters making the final score 42-16 (forty-two-sixteen) in favor of B. C. S.

Teams lined up as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>B.C.S.</th>
<th>U.B.C.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>C. Price</td>
<td>Defence</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>M. Harrison</td>
<td>Defence</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MacLaren</td>
<td>Centre</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. Ross</td>
<td>Forward</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Atkinson</td>
<td>Forward</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Spares</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Cohen, Shepherd</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

U. B. C. vs. S. W. C.

The University Basket-ball Team journeyed to Stanstead on Nov. 30th to play the return match with S. W. C., and again the Stanstead Quintette defeated the Bishop's team. The University team owed this defeat to poor shooting, as they had the best of the play a great deal of the time, but failed to score, while the S. W. C. shooting was excellent, and it was this factor which decided the game in their favour. Parker for Bishop's and Martin for Stanstead did the bulk of the scoring. The game was well handled, fast and exciting. The final score being 22-19 in favour of S. W. C.

Stanstead.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Kiefer</th>
<th>Centre.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Martin</td>
<td>Forward</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pitman</td>
<td>Forward</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jones</td>
<td>Defence</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mace</td>
<td>Defence</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kersley</td>
<td>Subs.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Bishop's.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Kelly.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Parker</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Smith</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Moore</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wiggett</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cohen, Shepherd</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Hockey

At a meeting of the Hockey Club Committee held Nov. 11, 1918, it was decided to make an attempt to enter the University team into the Sherbrooke City Hockey League, and accordingly two delegates were chosen to represent Bishop's College at the League meetings, Messrs. O'Donnell and Smith being chosen.

Owing to the fact that the Rand Drill team had been disbanded since last season, no great difficulty was experienced in getting the Bishop's team admitted into the race for the city championship, and up to the time of this issue going to the press four of the League games have been played, accounts of which, as well as our exhibition games, are given below.

Bishop's and St. Regis won the opening games in Sherbrooke City Hockey League.

St. Regis and Bishop's College celebrated the inauguration of the City Hockey League championship marathon last night (Jan. 20th, 1919) at the Stadium rink by chalking up victories. The St. Regis aggregation took a fall out of the Dollard Club representatives, to the tune of four goals to one, while Bishop's College handed out a six to four beating to the St. Pats. The teams furnished some excellent hockey which kept a large gathering of spectators on edge.

Bishop's College clearly demonstrated that they will have to be reckoned with in the championship race, in the second game on the card. It was a really hard fought contest, but the college lads had the finish to their play. The first period ended with the score two to one for the college, O'Donnell and Bartlett doing the scoring for the purple and white aggregation, and Wolfe for the wearers of the green.

In the second stage St. Pats played a strong game, Earl Hebert scoring twice in quick succession, which put the Irishmen out in front, but the Bishop's lads came back strong, and tallied again before the end of the period, thus making the score three to three.

The last period saw Bishop's College outplay their opponents, scoring three goals to their opponents one, thus winning by six to four. The games were wellhandled by Tom Molynceaux and Redmond. The teams lined up as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>St. Pats.</th>
<th>Bishop's</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Workman</td>
<td>Goal</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wolfe</td>
<td>Defence</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hawkins</td>
<td>Defence</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>E. Hebert</td>
<td>Centre</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R. Hawkins</td>
<td>Forward</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kenalty</td>
<td>Forward</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lauder, McClatchie, Gagnon</td>
<td>Spares</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Bartlett, Kennedy, Kelly</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
S. W. C. vs. U. B. C.

In the second hockey match of the season Bishop's lost to S. W. C. in a clean, fast game, by the close score of 5-4. Over confidence seems to have been the chief trouble with the college team. Stanstead forced the play at the outset and succeeded in getting the lead, which Bishop's were unable to overcome, but certainly had the S. W. C. sextette "going" at the end of the game.

Parker tallied the initial count for Bishop's after five minutes of play, while McClatchie and Gray succeeded in netting two scores for the red and white before the end of the first period. The second period opened with Bishop's still "loafing" and trying to do more than keep the Stanstead team from scoring, which, however, they failed to do during the last few minutes of the play, and the whistle blew for time with three scores to the credit of S. W. C., while Bishop's remained at one.

This stage of the game saw Bishop's awakening to the fact that S. W. C. were in the lead, and "Brick" Bartlett exerted himself to the extent of making an end to end rush and sagging the twine for Bishop's second counter. Directly after this S. W. C. scored one from a scramble, only to be duplicated a short time afterwards by Holden for U. B. C. During the last few minutes of play Bishop's had complete possession of the rubber. Holden scoring again on a pass from Parker. The whistle blew for time before the wearers of the purple and white could get another shot past the S. W. C. goaler, thus leaving the S. W. C. victorious on the Minto Ice, the first time for many years.

The teams lined up as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>S. W. C.</th>
<th>U. B. C.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Goal</td>
<td>Kersley</td>
<td>Moore</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Defence</td>
<td>Martin</td>
<td>O'Donnell</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Defence</td>
<td>Layhew</td>
<td>Kennedy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Centre</td>
<td>Grey</td>
<td>Parker</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Forward</td>
<td>McClatchie</td>
<td>Holden</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Forward</td>
<td>Pitman</td>
<td>Bartlett</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spares</td>
<td>Douglas</td>
<td>Kelly</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

St. Pats break into the win column in the race for the City Hockey League Championship title at the expense of the "Flying Frenchmen," while St. Regis and Bishop's College played a three to three time game at the Stadium on Monday night, Jan. 27th, 1919.
It was a thrilling encounter to which the fans were treated by St. Regis and Bishop's College.

In the first period the ex-Bishop's star, Dan. Towne, showed his usual good form and splendid stick handling, which was a treat to see, as well as putting two counters to the credit of St. Regis.

However, in the second stage of the game Bishop's College reduced this lead which ended three to two in favour of St. Regis. During the final period the College team shewed good form and did some really great back-checking, with Holden making several spectacular rushes, the last of which resulted in a score for Bishop's just thirty seconds before the whistle blew for time.

The teams lined up as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Position</th>
<th>Name</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Goal</td>
<td>Moore</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Defence</td>
<td>O'Donnell</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Defence</td>
<td>Burt</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Centre</td>
<td>Smith (captain)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Forward</td>
<td>Bartlett</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Forward</td>
<td>Parker</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spares</td>
<td>Kennedy, Holden, Kelly</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

On the first of February the University team journeyed to Stanstead to play the return match with S. W. C. on the Olympic rink. The game was fast and strenuous, with Bishop's men drawing several penalties for minor offences. Bishop's played a good game in spite of the fact that we were handicapped by the lack of substitutes, and took the lead on two occasions. However, in the last period the S. W. C. succeeded in beating us out by the score of eight to five.

Holden scored the first goal for U. B. C. after about three minutes of play. Martin then tallied for S. W. C. and Smith followed by scoring from a face-off near the S. W. C. nets. Bishop's scored three times more during this period, all of which were declared null by the referee who insisted that these goals were made on off-side passes.

The period ended three to two for U. B. C.

The second period opened with both teams determined to score, and the goalers deserve much credit for their work between the poles, especially Kersey for S. W. C. who saved the game for the red and white aggregation, as during the last few minutes of this period, the Bishop's forwards were raining the shots in at the S. W. C. goal, which surely would have resulted in a win for the
purple and white, had it not been for the wonderful saves by the goaler for the red and white.

In the third period Bishop's as usual played their game with determination, and again the S. W. C. goaler gave a truly great exhibition between the poles. Much handicapped by the small rink and lack of substitutes Bishop's went down to defeat to the S. W. C. sextette for the second time this season. The final score was eight to five in favour of S. W. C.

The teams lined up as follows:

Kersley ............. Goal .......... Moore
Martin ............... Defence .......... O'Donnell
Layhew ............. Defence .......... Kennedy
Grey ................ Centre ............. Smith
McClatchie .......... Forward ............. Holden
Pitman .............. Forward .......... Bartlett
Douglas ............. Spares .......... Kelly

St. Regis took the lead in the race for the title. Champions downed St. Pats, while Dollards furnish a surprise by trimming Bishop's College last night.

St. Regis climbed out in front in the race for the City Hockey League championship title when they downed the St. Pats to the tune of four to one, coupled with the victory of the Dollards over Bishop's College to the tune of six goals to three, in the series staged at the Stadium rink last night, February 4th.

Dollards furnished a surprise, in the second game, by taking a fall out of the University team. Early in the season the college boys were looked upon as their chief contenders for the title, while Dollards made a weak showing in their first two games. However, the Frenchmen shewed up well last night, and won a well deserved victory.

Bishop's were the first to score, Kennedy beating Audette out, on a shot close in, after ten minutes of play. Langlis evened up matters for Dollards but before the end of the period Bartlett again put the University team in the lead. Dollards came back stronger than ever in the second period, Langlis and Royer beating out Moore while Bishop's failed to increase their count.

Again in the third period the Frenchmen outplayed their rivals scoring three more, while the college sextette only succeeded in registering one tally, making the final score six to three in favour of Dollards. Messrs. Povey and Baker handled the games to the entire satisfaction of all concerned.
The teams lined up as follows:

**Dollards.**
- Audette.................Goal.................Moore
- Trudeau...............Defense.............O'Donnell
- Langlis...............Defense.............Kennedy
- Langlis...............Forward...............Holden
- Royer...............Forward...............Bartlett
- Lafrancais.............Centre...............Smith
- Coulombe, Duquette.. Spares.............Parker, Kelly
- Gingras, Laberge.... “                        

**Bishop's**

Surprises were in order at the Stadium rink last night, when the Dollards lowered the colours of the champions, while St. Pats took a fall out of Bishop's College.

The race for first place in the Sherbrooke City Hockey League is developing into a real race, and, notwithstanding the fact, that the champion St. Regis aggregation lost their game to the "Flying Frenchmen," they still lead for the honours but by a very small margin, whereas Bishop's by losing to St. Pats have taken the cellar position.

Dollards handed out a fine defeat to the St. Regis crew to the tune of five to two, while the St. Pats did the unexpected when they whitewashed Bishop's College by the count of six to nothing.

St. Pats shewed great improvement in their game, and had the edge on the Bishop's team after the first period. They played better together than they have before this season to date, while their back checking showed down their rivals. The first period ended with the score board still a blank, but early during the second stage R. Hawkins took a pass from Kenalty and registered a counter for the Irishmen. A minute later Hawkins scored again. During the final stage the Irishmen played a defensive game, while as the Bishop's team played four men forward but were unable to get a single counter by Workman, while as St. Pats scored four on two men combination rushes.

The teams lined up as follows:

**St. Pats.**
- Workman.................Goal.................Moore
- Kenalty...............Defence.............O'Donnell
- Wolfe...............Defence.............Kennedy

**Bishops.**

---
St. Pats.
Lauder .................. Centre ............... Smith
O'Brien ................. Forward ............... Holden
Hawkins ................. Forward............... Bartlett
McClatchie, Oliver ...... Spares.............. Morris, Parker
Gordon ........................ " .................. Kelly

League Standing

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Team</th>
<th>Wins</th>
<th>Draws</th>
<th>Losses</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>St. Regis</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>St. Pats</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dollard</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bishop's</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Around the Halls.

There was a young lady named B——
Who loved to give Freshies a pain;
She succeeded in this,
And was called a young miss
Who turned up her nose in disdain.


Please tell us:
What Co-ed Haddy admires most in lectures?
How long it takes Miss H——to do her hair?
What Co-ed called W. W. a "boob?"
Who is the "lady killer" in first year?
Why Bessie was so anxious to go to Stanstead?
Why H——M——has changed her coiffure?
What Co-ed called "Dickie," "duckie?"
What happened under the horse in the gym?
When the Co-eeds had their last debate, and when they will have their next?
If a freshie can be senior lady?
If Bobbie included the men as well as the ladies of second year, when he told them to sit on the prep. year co-eeds.
Who was the poor "fish" who paid $5.10 to see Cinderella, and if he could not have seen "mo(o)re" for less money?

If you see the joke in J. O. Ke(1ly)?
If Holden knows how to run his "flivver" in Stanstead?
The name of the Co-ed whom "Dad" asked for a waltz to the music of a one-step. Also why "Dad" changed partners five times during this dance?

If Cameron has "cut up" the fellow who cut his hair? If not, why not?

Why Miss Goodhue calls us children?
Why Nat. and Harry like Coaticook so much?
Why Miss Southwood lacks her usual "vivacity?"

Can anyone tell us:
If Frances couldn't do better than Wait(e) for a quarter?
Why Dan goes to Town(e) so often?
What makes mere Fish blow like a whale?
Who Shepard's pet lamb is?
If Lucy misses her Kiss?
Why Miss Martyn is so Keen(e) about things?
Why the Preps. have so much (Ayer) air?
How many Acres Hazel covered on the snow-shoe tramp?

FAVOURITE SAYINGS.

Frances—"I want Mo(o)re."
Matchell—"Thou art my (Shepard) shepherd."
Marjorie—"Will there be a (Carson) car soon?"

There are metres of time
And metres of tone,
But the best kind of metre,
Is to meet 'er alone.

Freshman to Co-ed.—"Miss X., you're ripping."
Miss X.—"Oh, where?"

Say, people! Why doesn't someone compose a college song?

Prof. Vial's lecture—"There aren't many girls here to-day. Where is Mr. Moore?"
Can you imagine:
  Baby Waite with a top hat on?
  Muriel Martin without curls?
  Hilda missing a dance?
  Muriel Kinkead without a powder-puff?
  Arthur Scott without a smile?
  R. Kennedy attending lectures?
  Bishop's without a boy?
  Our Earl of Bar-to let with jet black hair?
  A four-legged quadruped?
  A Carson going to the movies alone?
  Dorothy D. with a short pigtail?
  Frank with a Buster Brown suit on?

Heard from a Morris Chair.

TING-G-G-G-G.

Ting ! Ting ! "Hello—Yes, will you hold the line
A moment and I'll call her." "Marjorie,
You're wanted at the telephone—make haste."
Tip-tip—tip-tip,—a tripping down the stair,
A rustle through the room, and then—"Hello!
Yes, this is Marjorie, who's speaking? Oh!
Why no, my dear—yes, I'll be simply charmed—
Delighted—That will be A I—Who else
Is coming?—Oh—Yes—Good—Ah-ha—Hm-hm—
Not really?—Well I never—I should say—
Yes rather—That is simply grand—Oh fine
But listen, dear. What are you going to wear?

Oh no, I wore that at the Smithson's do—
I haven't got a single thing that's fit—
Oh no that's simply filthy—Not the red,
It makes me feel so blowzy—I don't know—
Oh well, I'll find something—Good-bye—Oh say,
What time is it?—Seven-thirty—Good—So long,
Click—"Keep the Home Fires Burning"—Ah-h-h.
The Royal Bank of Canada
Incorporated 1869.
Capital paid-up.................. $14,000,000
Reserve and undivided profits. 15,000,000
Total assets...................... 393,000,000

HEAD OFFICE, MONTREAL.
Sir Herbert S. Holt, President.
E. L. Pease, Vice-President and Managing Director.
C. E. Neill, General Manager.
Business Accounts carried upon favourable terms.
Savings Department at all Branches.
R. G. Ward, Manager, Lennoxville, Que.

The Canadian Bank of Commerce

BANKING SERVICE
This Bank provides every facility for the prompt and efficient transaction of all kinds of Banking business.

Lennoxville Branch, L. G. T. Lynch, Manager.

DO IT ELECTRICALLY
AND SAVE
FUEL, TIME, AND MONEY.
WE CARRY
EVERYTHING ELECTRICAL
Electrical Repair and Supply Co.
Sherbrooke
W. J. Wiggett, Prop.

ALEX. AMES & SONS
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
PACKERS, CURERS AND BUTCHERS
Public Cold Storage.
Fur Storage a specialty.
Sherbrooke, Que.

Subscribers are asked to support our advertisers.
C. J. LANE & SON
Fresh Groceries, Fruits and Confectionery.
Post Office Building, Lennoxville
Bell Phone 426.

Just Read This
The Boyd Syllabic Shorthand is a purely Canadian Shorthand System. It is being taught in a large number of schools and colleges throughout the British Empire and the United States. It is a logical, common-sense system, and can be mastered in Thirty Days and less. Textbook; A Self-Instructor, sent post-paid, for $1.50.

Gleason's Business College, Sherbrooke.

PAGE & SHAW
THE CANDY OF EXCELLENCE

A. J. BURGE,
CONFECTIONER
LENNOXVILLE
For Satisfaction Eat
LYNN & GUNNING'S
HOME-MADE BREAD.

L. H. OLIVIER
Importer of Fine Groceries
AND
Wine Merchant
Phones 783 and 101. SHERBROOKE
ALWAYS GOOD SERVICE
AND
REASONABLE PRICES
AT
MCKECHNIE’S
SHERBROOKE

Subscribers are asked to support our advertisers.
Mr. A. E. Whitehead
Mus. Bach., A.R.C.O.,
Organist and Choirmaster of St. Peter's Church, Sherbrooke,
Piano, Voice, Organ, Theory.
29 London St., Sherbrooke.

G. E. Hyndman, D.D.S., L.D.S.
DENTIST
45 MONTREAL STREET
Sherbrooke.

J. MILFORD & SON
ALL KINDS OF CUT FLOWERS
Orders promptly filled.
SHERBROOKE.

The Rosemary Gift Shop
Everyman's Library
Latest Books
Gifts for All Occasions, Note Paper, and Cards
2 Dufferin Avenue, Sherbrooke.

R. B. Speer, M.D.
SPECIALIST
—EYE, EAR, NOSE, THROAT—
TEL. 1240
WHITING BLOCK SHERBROOKE

ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER.

Patronize our Advertisers
They support our Magazine.

—THE BUSINESS MANAGEMENT.

SUBSCRIBERS ARE ASKED TO SUPPORT OUR ADVERTISERS.
Magog House

HENRY H. INGRAM, PROP.

SHERBROOKE, QUEBEC.

Hot and Cold Water in each Room.

Rooms with Bath Attached.

All Modern Conveniences.

BEST LOCATION.

ALL CARS RUN PAST THE HOTEL. BUS MEETS ALL TRAINS.

Your Hockey Requisites will be well Supplied from our Immense Stock

The popularity of Hockey Supplies amongst college students is well known.

You can depend on finding here the kind of Skates and Boots you want.

Uniforms, Pads, Sticks or Leg Guards.

Our new catalogue, No. 83, lists our entire line of Hockey Supplies, Toboggans, Skis, etc.

Send for YOUR copy to-day.

The Harold A. Wilson Co., Ltd.

297-299 Yonge St. Toronto.

SUBSCRIBERS ARE ASKED TO SUPPORT OUR ADVERTISERS.
Wiggett's Shoe Shop

We stock all kinds of Shoes, of the Best for every occasion.

J. A. WIGGETT & CO.,
Opp. Court House. Sherbrooke

DUNCANS LIMITED
MEN'S WEAR
Wellington St., Sherbrooke.

J. S. MITCHELL & CO.
Wholesale and Retail

Hardware and Sporting Goods
Sherbrooke.

F. H. BRIDGMAN
PRINTER
Commercial Work of all Kinds Executed Promptly and at Moderate Prices

DANVILLE, QUE.

Griffith's Drug Store

121 Wellington St., Sherbrooke.

Kodaks, Drugs, Toilet Articles.

E. DUFORD
Hair Dressing Parlour

Violet Ray Massaging and Scalp Treatment,

Main St. Lennoxville

Subscribers are asked to support our advertisers.
THE REXALL STORE
THE BEST IN DRUG STORES

Watermans's Fountain Pens
Kodaks and Photo Supplies
Fine Note Papers in all forms
Ligget's Chocolates, Boston's Best
All Toilet Requisites

W. J. H. McKINDSEY, Druggist and Stationer, Lennoxville, Quebec

H. J. Labaree
Jewelry, Watch and Clock Repairing

MRS. A. H. LABAREE
Optometrist
Prescription Work and Repairs

Main Street, Lennoxville, Que.

H. V. BARRETT
Ice Cream, Confectionery,
High Grade Chocolates,
Cigars, Cigarettes, Tobacco

Tea, Coffee, Cocoa, Sandwiches
ALWAYS READY.

Main St., Lennoxville.

McMurray & Hall
Dry Goods,
Gents' Furnishings,
Sporting Goods

Slater's Invictus Shoes and Semi-Ready Clothing, by special orders.

Lennoxville, Quebec.

Beautiful Photographs
ARE TAKEN AT
Nakash Studio
Successor to Geo. Johnston
STUDIO:
158 Wellington St., Sherbrooke.

SUBSCRIBERS ARE ASKED TO SUPPORT OUR ADVERTISERS.
SMOKE THE ORLANDO CIGAR

Four Shapes

Benefactor, Invincible, Club House and Londres.

A. J. BURGE'S, LENNOXVILLE

M. J. BENNETT

Picture Framer and Upholsterer.

All Kinds of Woodwork neatly done.
Handmade Hockey Sticks a specialty.

COLLEGE ST., LENNOXVILLE.

SELECT YOUR GROCERIES!

FROM

BRAY BROS. REG.

Fresh Fish a specialty.

SHERBROOKE, QUE.

H. G. JAMES, P.Q.A.A.

ARCHITECT

SHERBROOKE, QUE.

Telehone, Office 1069
Residence 1096W

McLAUGHLIN AND

CHEVROLET CARS

WEBSTER MOTORS LTD

219 Wellington St., Sherbrooke

SUBSCRIBERS ARE ASKED TO SUPPORT OUR ADVERTISERS.
WOODARD'S LIMITED
ICE CREAM, CONFECTIONERY,
SALTED PEANUTS,
HIGH GRADE CHOCOLATES
TWO STORES, - - SHERBROOKE.

W. S. DRESSER & CO.
Insurance Agents and Brokers.
Absolute Security at Reasonable Rates. Prompt Settlements.
Eastern Townships Managers North American Life.

THE SPOT CASH SYSTEM
The Best System for Everybody.

OUR STOCK
Choice Fresh Groceries, Fruits in Season, Shelf Hardware, Paints and Oils.

OUR MOTTO
Spot Cash, Reasonable Prices, Reasonable Service, Square Deal.

C. C. CHADDOCK
The Square. LENNOXVILLE, QUEBEC.

We Fit, Make and Repair
All kinds of
SPECTACLES AND EYE GLASSES
PROMPTLY.

A. C. Skinner, the Optician on the Square, Sherbrooke

SUBSCRIBERS ARE ASKED TO SUPPORT OUR ADVERTISERS.
When in Sherbrooke don't Fail to Visit

J. THOMPSON’S

KITCHEN GOODS & CHINA STORE

One of the most popular stores of the city. Our stock consists of a variety of every-day needs in the home, and of good quality and moderate prices. Every article is guaranteed to be as represented. Come in and see us at

15 Strathcona Sq., Sherbrooke.

Phone 442.

Page Printing & Binding Company

— Albert Street —

SHERBROOKE, QUE.

PHONE 43J.

HERBERT’S STUDIO

(OPPOSITE BANK OF MONTREAL)

111 WELLINGTON STREET,

SHERBROOKE, QUE.

Principal:

HERBERT J. TEAR.

Professor of Photography.

H. C. Wilson & Sons, Ltd.

Sherbrooke.

Headquarters in the Eastern Townships for

Pianos, Player Pianos, Organs and Victrolas

Agents for Steinway, Heintzman & Co., Wilson, Weber and Canadian Pianos


SUBSCRIBERS ARE ASKED TO SUPPORT OUR ADVERTISERS.
---HOW TO---

Lighten the Labour of your Home.

Wash with the Seeds Electric Washing Machine.
Clean with the Spotless Electric Vacuum Cleaner.
Iron with the Smoothen Electric Iron.
Cook with an Electric Stove.

Southern Canada Power
Lennoxville
Has all of them ready for you to see and try.

F. Vilas
Manufacturer of
School Furniture, Lawn and Garden Seats, Opera Chairs, &c.
Desk and Book Cases for Office and College Use.
Improvement in Design.
Perfection in Workmanship.
Symmetrical in Style.

Cowansville, Que.

A. Kinkead & Co.
Wholesale and Retail Tobacconists
Sign of the Indian,

3 Wellington Street, Sherbrooke

Miss Poole
Bookseller and Stationer
45 McGill College Ave.
Montreal
All Text Books Used at Bishop's College.

Subscribers are asked to support our advertisers.