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THE MITRE.

VOLUME XXVI.  LÀNNOXVILLE, QUE.  No. 3.

TRINITY NUMBER, 1919.

Somewhere in the North Sea.

H.M.S. "Canada,"

Sunday Night, December 29th, 1918.

The censorship regulations are now removed from the Fleet I am told, but I fear I can't tell you where I am exactly, for I don't know. I am literally "at sea," and am really enjoying my first trip on a battle ship; in fact I wish I could always travel in a ship like this. It is so heavy that even a rough sea has but little effect, and to-day the sea has been fairly quiet. It was a very different story last night when I crossed from Thurso, in the Orkney Islands, to Scapa Flow, where the Grand Fleet was anchored. There was an awful gale blowing, and we had a comparatively small boat to bring us over, and before we had gone half a mile I began to feel that it "was no place for the Army," and after we had gone another half mile I was sure of it. I lost the only meal I had eaten (since a very hurried breakfast at Inverness), and for about an hour I wondered why on earth I ever wanted to see the Fleet.

I was the first "casualty" on board, but before long I was joined by several members of "H. M. Navy," some of whom claimed to have lost their Xmas dinner, to say nothing of "Boxing Day" rations as well, so you can imagine "poor me" in a sea like that. However, all things have an end, and we reached the Fleet at anchor in about two hours, i.e. nine p.m., having left Thurso at seven p.m. I slept on board the passenger boat and came on to the "Canada" this morning at nine a.m.

The long rail journey of twenty-five hours from London to Thurso, including a "sitting-up sleep" on the train in a crowded coach, was not the best preparation for me, though I enjoyed seeing something of the rugged hill country of the north of Scotland; certainly I was glad I came up here after I did arrive, because I have been able to see the great (?) German Navy "all safely gathered in" lying peacefully at anchor in British waters. Now that I have seen the size and the number of ships surrendered I am more amazed than ever that the Huns could give them up without a fight, no matter how urgent the cause, and our naval officers all feel the same.
Good fortune awaited me as soon as I arrived, for although I was at first taken on board the "Revenge," I was soon transferred to this ship, and have had a great day. Soon after I arrived on board I was told we were going out to sea, and I am fortunate in being able to see the Fleet in motion if not in action, and it is a sight I shall never forget. How I wish you could have seen it, too! There are five squadrons in all in the Fleet, and the "Canada" belongs to the 2nd Battleship Squadron, which is moving south to-day. The "Empress of India" is our flagship and leads the way, and we are directly behind her, and we in turn are followed by the "Iron Duke" (Admiral Jellicoe's old flagship) and four others of the same class, including the "Marlborough," which was so badly damaged in the Jutland Battle. We had torpedo practice en route this afternoon, and I had the privilege of standing on the bridge with the Captain (Watson by name) and little (?) Roger Bidwell, the Bishop's son, who is a midshipman on this ship. It was strange to meet him here, but there are several Canadian "middies" on board who were training at Halifax in the early days of the war. Roger expects his father here this week sometime. I think I told you the Bishop was in England.

This ship is the largest in the Navy, or in fact in the whole world for that matter, so you see how ambitious Canada is. It is also one of the latest ships, having been launched in 1915, so I could not have visited a more interesting one, apart from it being the only "Canada" in the Fleet. As I came on board the Sunday morning service was being held on deck and it was most impressive, the band playing "Eternal Father strong to save," before we put out to sea.

We go to Rosyth, Firth of Forth, which we hope to reach at seven a.m., and the crew will be going on leave. I will return from Edinburgh to London New Year's eve and hope to reach home on New Year's day.

The above fragment (all too brief) is from a letter written by the Rev. C. G. Hepburn, M.C., to a friend in England. We fancy this experience of the gallant army chaplain can scarcely be duplicated by any Canadian in the Service.—Ed. Mitre.
A Parson in the Wilds.

WAY in the wilds of the mysterious north-country of New Ontario the parson takes his pen in hand, (no, that hackeyed phrase may be discarded, for it is before his type-writer that he seats himself—even in the "backwoods" there are sometimes traces of civilization), to attempt to fulfil the promise given in an unwise moment of generosity, to allay the curiosity of wondering friends in old Quebec, and at the same time, killing two birds with one stone, (if the Editor will allow the liberty of designating his readers and himself as "birds"), to satisfy the voracious appetite of his unlucky successor in the editorial chair, by relating some of the excitements (and otherwise) of the life of a missionary parson in this land of lake and stream and forest. After which complicated preamble (which the writer trusts will not reach the eye of the Professor of English Literature, lest he succumb under the strain), reader and author will at once proceed on a voyage of discovery through that part of the Dominion known as the Lake Nipigon district.

Let it be said at once that the time and space at our disposal will not permit of an extended study of the inhabitants, customs, or events of the region under consideration. The field of operations which we are to visit extends over thousands of square miles of more or less undeveloped country. So we must confine ourselves to a very hasty survey of the lay of the land, with perhaps an occasional pause to note some particular aspect of the problems, religious or social, which confront the Church in this corner of the Diocese of Algoma.

Dawn is just breaking as the International Limited rushes through the great rock-cuts of the Lake Superior Division of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Ever and anon there appears some little glimpse of the wide-spreading waters of the Lake, only to be quickly shut off again by the tremendous "bluffs" for which this north shore is famous. To the traveller, weary with the long thirty-six-hour journey from the Windsor Street Station in Montreal, and but newly awakened from an uneasy night's slumber, the cliffs seem to suggest in some hazy way the mighty eyries of the giants and monsters of childhood days. Then suddenly the waking dream is rudely dispelled by the cry of the trainman, "Nipigon, next station! Nipigon!" All other thoughts are forgotten in the necessity of gathering together all the paraphernalia of a journey and preparing to leave the train. With a rush and a roar the train sweeps over a bridge. Far below are the tumbling waters of the rapids of the Nipigon River, wending their way to the great expanse of Superior. There, too, is the winding track of another of our transcontinental railways—the Canadian Northern, or as we must now call it, the Canadian National. There is a touch of romance in the very fact that here is the crossing
of these two sets of rails, two narrow shiny trails, each stretching away in either
direction from ocean to ocean, uniting in one the vast regions of prairie and field,
mountain and plain, that make up the great Dominion.

But here we are at our destination, and there is our old friend waiting for us,
to escort us to the pretty little green and white parsonage, snuggling in its own little
group of trees, overlooking the bay. No sooner do we leave the depot than we are met with a reminder of the wonder-tales which make up so much of the history of these regions; for there, staring us in the face, is a Hudson Bay store. Further down the bay we shall see the original Hudson Bay Post, built in the old pioneer days when such posts were the landmarks of the progress of our modern civilization. To-day there is little to see, and certainly nothing that would suggest romance—unless to the unsophisticated visitor the presence of groups of Indians may come with some degree of novelty. But these relics of a once noble race have gone far in their habits of life and dress from the primitive simplicity of their forefathers. But this is not the time or place to discuss questions of Indian life, so we will go on our way.

Judging from the appearance of this street, the inhabitants of the town must be of a very religious frame of mind, for here are no less than three churches. In spite of the fact that its official title is "Second Street," it seems to have a more familiar and appropriate sound when we designate it by the nickname sometimes given to it, and call it "Church Street." But alas! we soon find that appearances are deceptive. The first of these ecclesiastical buildings is Presbyterian in faith—at least, it was before it came down to the depths of being used for an occasional temperance rally or Salvation meeting or Christian entertainment. Now for more than five years its doors have been closed, its bell has refrained from ringing the clamorous call to worship. The building is a monument to the oft-remembered days of the "boom," when the little town was filled with the rush and hurry of busy life. Now the boom is far past, the grass-grown streets are almost empty, and the deserted church tells eloquently the message of the uncertainty and transitoriness of the affairs of the world. A few yards further down the street and we see another somewhat similar building, and as our eyes travel upward to the humble heights of the belfry, the cross-crowned sphere at its summit proclaims its obedience to the See of Rome. Here again is a memory of those old rushing days, for this edifice also dates from the days of the boom; built by the devotion of a few English-speaking adherents of the Roman Church, it has now come to be the spiritual home of the Indians who have drifted from their homes on the Reserves to settle within the confines of the town. Again we go onward; and here, with fir-trees nestling against its windows, is a landmark that dates back to the early history of the hamlet. This weather-beaten church was erected more than thirty years ago, under the guidance of the head of a fam-
ily now known throughout Canadian Anglicanism, Mr. Renison, the first Church of England missionary to settle in these wild regions. And still to-day, while its more pretentious neighbours stand silent and unused, the old bell rings out the call to worship, and the old walls re-echo to the sound of the worship of God. The leaking roof, the bat-infested belfry, the hideously coloured interior, all call to the new generation for a House of God more suited for its high and holy purpose; yet still the glamour of the old shrine remains, to speak of the glories of the days of the pioneers. Side by side with the church is the simple graveyard, where the dust of the heroic wife of the lion-hearted old missionary rests in the shadow of the church which she helped to build, amidst the remains of many who in succeeding years have worshipped under its roof. So we cross the road and enter the Parsonage, and for the time being rest from our wanderings.

But we must not dally too long. It is a pleasant thing to sit and chat, recalling sweet memories of the old college days that are past. Yet we must go to our task. Perhaps we may start by getting a glimpse of that old problem of the social life of the Dominion, a problem old and yet ever new—that of the alien population. For here we are at the very gates of the great West, and many of the problems of the prairie provinces are felt in their own small way even here. We retrace our steps up the street and across the railway track, and find ourselves in that part of the village sometimes designated as "Finn-town." Yes, here you may hear the sound of the strange tongues of the immigrant settlers from the old countries of Eastern Europe—mostly Finlanders, but with now and then an occasional Swede. Strangers in a strange land, yet they are thoroughly at home, for they have all the advantages of comradeship with those of their own race and language. The population of this part of the town is much larger than that of the English-speaking section from which we have just come. And what manner of people are these? Our first impressions are decidedly pleasant. As the "minister" and his party wend their way along the street they are met with evident welcome—from the men a respectful gesture, from the women a smile of greeting, and (best of all) from the children a shy but emphatic "Good morning." Lack of previous knowledge might lead you to suppose that these little ones were really Canadians; so indeed they are, for most of them have been born in this country. At home they talk the language of their fathers and mothers, but in the daily contact at school and at play their English is as fluent as that of their British companions. May it not be that fault lies in us, that we are not willing enough in granting to our "alien" settlers the proud designation of "Canadians." Whatever may be said of the adults (and it is unreasonable to expect that they should altogether forget the habits of a life lived in the old country which they call "home"), yet undoubtedly here in the children we have the makings of a splendid nation. Ah! if you had been here at our Christmas concert a few months
ago, to see these same "alien" children so naturally and so confidently taking their parts in the evening's programme, delivering themselves of their speeches, joining in the carols and songs, while the faces of their only half comprehending parents beamed with gladness to see their children thus taking their place with their more favoured school-fellows in the entertainment of the evening. But let us inquire further into the habits and thoughts of these people. First of all, we have the fact forced upon our attention by their somewhat suspicious neighbours that they are "Socialists," and it is surprising, (at times almost amusing), to notice the vast amount of condemnation and fear and horror which can be imparted to that much misused and much misunderstood word. Yes! here we have a branch of the Finnish Language Department of the Social Democratic Party of Canada. That fine hall over there is the property of the local branch. Let us go in and look over it. I do not wonder that the perfect floor surface sets the ladies whirling, for a better dancing floor it would be hard to find. If you wish to indulge you may come here on any Saturday night and join in the sweet motion of the dance. (Incidentally, to the credit of these so-called atheists be it said, that Dame Rumour has it that no Finn is ever seen on the floor after the hour of midnight has ushered in the sacred day of rest, though it is not unknown that their superior "white" visitors will keep up the round of pleasure even after the hour has passed.)

You old members of B.U.A.D.C. in the days of "Professor Pepp" and "The Hoodoo," will find some interest in this well-equipped stage. Curtains, stage lights, prompter's box, scenery and all the paraphernalia of a dramatic club are here in full evidenc, awakening memories of the weeks of work and play and cross purposes and comradeship which finally found issue in another triumph for the college dramatic fans. There above our heads hangs the vivid proclamation of the ownership of the hall, the red flag, and side by side with it hangs the Canadian ensign. What are these people in actuality? The presence of this fine hall will of itself tell what is perhaps the most outstanding characteristic, a tremendous faculty for hard work. There is no need for the Finn to fear the result of any comparison of himself and other settlers on the score of capacity for hard labour. And being a hard worker, and frugal withal, it is little wonder that he is also a prosperous citizen. Secondly, the fact must be taken into consideration that, like so many of his fellow emigrants from the old autocracies of Europe, the Finn is very advanced in his social views, and must be sympathized with and educated in order that these views may be directed into right channels. And thirdly, the question faces us, what is to become of these people from a religious point of view? Cut off from the Church of their fathers, set down in the midst of a strange land with a strange language, it is little wonder that they drift away from organized religion. They are un-religious rather than ir-religious. Yet
there are still the remnants of faith; the advent of a new-born babe is the signal for the calling in of the missionary to perform the rite of baptism, and the coming of death brings them again for the last rites. They are able to understand little or nothing of the ceremony, yet they cling to that much of their old faith. In the absence of ministers who can speak their tongue, it is impossible to do much for the adults; but the Church and the Country owe it to the children that they shall be taught the faith which has meant so much to the Empire and the World. Drop in at the church on some Sunday afternoon, and visit us at Sunday School. There you will find the future citizens of Canada, children of all descents—English, Scotch, Finn, Swede, Italian—all united in the bond of a common interest.

W.C.D.

The Solitary Grinder.

(With Apologies to William Wordsworth.

Behold her, working at her prep,  
You earnest-minded college lass!  
Grinding and swatting by herself;  
Intent to gain a "pass."  
Alone she hammers out her comp,  
Or reads of Arthur's fairy pomp.  
Oh, listen! how the maiden's room  
Echoes the Tennysonian boom!  

No busy bee did ever hum,  
In summer, such a weary note  
As that with which, each blessed day,  
She learns some poem by rote.  
Such deadly monotone was ne'er  
Sent shrilling through the quiv'ring air  
At even by an amourous frog  
A-whistling from a distant quag.  

Will no one tell her youth's the time  
To taste the sparkling wine of life?  
Leave all-day grinds for older years  
When she's a wedded wife!  
And use the work that must be done  
As seasoning for youthful fun;  
Like pickles eaten in the spring  
At some gay festive sugaring.
'Twould be in vain; the maiden works
As if her toil could have no ending.
I saw her sitting at her task,
And o'er her Caesar bending.
I watched her—motionless and still;
Then as I mounted up the hill,
Such pity in my heart I bore,
I verily believe I sw——.

The Call of the Road.

WITH the advent of Spring we hear the owners of automobiles planning pleasure trips for the coming summer, and we wonder if, after all, anticipation is not greater than realization. We all know full well the delight of driving along over the open country roads, but let the auto lover say what he will, the pedestrian has an advantage over him in both pleasure and benefit derived from an across country trip.

The country which can boast of the greatest number of cars is the United States; the country which can boast of the greatest number of pedestrians is England. The recent war and the intercourse which it has brought about between these two countries are resulting in a better understanding of each other, but the American never has been, and probably never will be able, to understand why the Englishman walks so much when he does not need to do so. The climate of England is at all times conducive to walking, while that of America, as Americans so often complain, is not. The heat of summer and the cold of winter, together with poor roads, tend to decrease any desire to exert one's self to a great extent. Hence the American uses all modern means of conveyance from place to place but seldom the most ancient of all—his feet. It is claimed by the American, who prides himself on his trim small feet, that the Englishman's foot is very large. There certainly is a noticeable difference simply because the latter uses his and the natural result is that the foot grows. When we see our cousins across the border take a street car to go two blocks, suffer the discomfort of a crowd and poor ventilation, we begin to wonder if the poor tramp, who of necessity goes barefoot, is not to be envied. His foot may be blackened with dust, but it is free. The tramp walks, and he walks in comfort.

If one wants to enjoy life to the full he must, like the Englishman, join the Fraternity of Pedestrians and get into close touch with the earth and the elements. Everyone has this opportunity, for all, even the city dwellers, are within easy reach of the open country, which is ever sending out the call to enjoy its
beauties. Happy is the man who walks from the sheer joy of doing it. He knows the charm of the long straight white road, stretching out in perspective as far as the eye can see, he knows the delight experienced in swinging along a beautiful winding highway which curves like a quietly flowing river; he knows the expectation of a new scene which presents itself at every turn, and he knows the pleasure of a mountain climb to get a view of the surrounding country within a radius of many miles.

Fields, hills, trees, flowers and birds are filled with the joy of living, and this spirit is transmitted to the pedestrian. He soon becomes observant. Each season of the year has its charm for him. He cares not whether it rains or shines and the approaching thunderstorm is one of his chief delights. He loves the autumn especially. Those frosty, bracing days are admirably suited to a long tramp. What pedestrian does not revel in the crackling of the fallen leaves under his feet—in the rain pattering down and sending to the ground more russet colour? What pedestrian has not taken shelter in some wayside cottage at the close of an autumn afternoon, when a sudden heavy shower of rain came on, and has he not enjoyed the tramp home over the wet carpet of leaves when the whole country round him might answer the poet’s picture:

“In the stormy east wind straining,
The pale yellow woods were straining,
Heavily the dark sky raining.”

He is indeed able to understand the motive which moved the poets to exalt the beauties of nature.

He does not allow wind or rain, frost, snow or cold to prevent him from taking a ten or twelve mile walk; he is not merely a spectator of the drama played by nature but a participator in it. He finds as much pleasure in his twelve mile walk as the traveller by train finds in his trip across the continent. The pedestrian is the only real traveller.

He seldom longs for company—he does not feel the need of it. It is a well known fact that two kindred spirits will walk for hours together without exchanging many words. Conversation may be animated at the outset, but it wanes and dies. On the other hand, walking is a peculiar co-partnership. It brings strangers together. The lover of the road meets a complete stranger, and one or the other speaks, he overtakes a fellow-walker and immediately falls into step and starts a conversation. The relation is a sympathetic one.

Afoot on the open road a man is on the one common level on which humanity meets. He has a fair start in life, and by putting his better foot forward can reach the heights. He is on the ground trod by his early ancestors, their voices whisper in the trees, and the air is filled with the mystery and enchantment of bygone days. The depths of his soul are stirred; the best in his nature rises to
the surface, he recognises the work of the Master-hand. His imagination is strengthened, his memory is refreshed. He realizes his own insignificance in the great universe, and the seed of good-fellowship and brotherliness is planted in his heart.

These rambles mean all in all to one who loves the road. He learns something new every time he goes forth, and he never forgets a road he has once traversed. The joy of a walking tour through a definite section of one's own land, getting forward and taking rest at will, is unlimited. One meets good souls who exhibit that friendliness and hospitality for which we do not perhaps give our fellow-creatures enough credit. The pedestrian has a new faith in humanity instilled in his heart, and once a man joins the fraternity he will never regret the day when he answered the call of the road.

"O, what a glory doth this world put on
For him, who with a fervent heart, goes forth
Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks
On duties well performed, and days well spent!
For him the wind, aye, and the yellow leaves
Shall have a voice, and give him eloquent teachings."

—Longfellow.

The Passing of a Pioneer.

It is with deep regret that the Mitre records the decease of Mr. Ebenezer Huckins, Postmaster of Lonesome Corners, P. Q. Not merely is it that we bewail the loss of an occasional and valued contributor to our columns, but that we recognize in him what the clerical correspondent, who made the lamentable announcement to us, describes as "a worthy representative of a class of Canadian citizens now vanishing from our country-side who, by their manly vigour and sturdy fortitude, changed the forest wilderness of Southern Quebec into a smiling landscape, dotted with thriving homes and happy homesteads."

Let this suffice for the present—later on, possibly for the Convocation number of the magazine, we hope to secure from the pen of the Rev. Missal Rubrick (a respected graduate of the University, who attended Mr. Huckins in his last hours and possessed a considerable share of his confidence) an adequate memoir of this picturesque and forceful personality.

The Rev. M. Rubrick assures us that this matter will be given his immediate attention as soon as he is relieved from his Lenten duties and the Easter vestry meeting has been confronted and vanquished.—EDITOR.
The Immigration Problem of To-day.

Now that the war is over should the wide fertile areas of Canada be closed to desirable settlers from any free country?

We need population to carry out the burden that the war has cast on our shoulders by the scarcity of men, who have given their lives on Flanders' fields and other battlefields of Europe for the cause of freedom and justice, and by the huge increase of industry which we have created—but with this, there is need that our future immigrants should be in sympathy with our ideals and institutions, lest this great influx of foreigners should incur more harm than good. We should require allegiance to Canada and the Empire; we should not give the franchise too readily to immigrants who are ignorant of the privileges of free institutions, and who do not appreciate the responsibilities of free citizenship; for all this, instead of being advantageous, would only lower our average of citizenship.

It is our duty to do our utmost to be hospitable to people from allied countries who have fought with the soldiers of our Empire in the cause of civilization.

Chiefly, of course, we should seek British immigrants; but our kindness should not cease towards them when they land on Canadian soil. We should see that they are treated with sympathy and consideration, and that they are conducted to their destinations by officers especially chosen for that work. We should look particularly for immigrants to go upon farms, but if this seems unsatisfactory to some, they should be helped to secure some other occupation which will reward them with fair wages. For immigration when improperly directed may easily lead to widespread unemployment and poverty, besides hindering the welfare of Canadian industry, which is so well established.

If the principles underlying British rule are worthy of perpetuation, there should be some well defined policy for the political education of the foreigner before he aspires to full citizenship within the Empire. Canada requires five years residence in the Empire, the last year at least being spent in Canada, but neither provides nor prescribes any system of education. Why should the foreign immigrant not be required to possess some knowledge of the laws and customs of the country in which he desires to live?

If it be objected that such a process of education would be too expensive, a ready reply could be made to the contrary by stating the fact that money spent in such a manner is an investment rather than expenditure—paying interest to the community in the most satisfactory way, by giving to each individual enlightened citizenship. "Canada needs fewer politicians, with their eyes fixed on
the next election, and more statesmen who are interested in the needs of the next generation."

The United States has preceded us by a few years along the path that Canada is now called to tread, and from the States we can gather both example and warning. In the region of state-aided voluntary effort and research, as well as in the munificence of individual citizens in providing for social experiments among her new citizens, America has led a path we should be eager to follow; but, on the other hand, we should learn from the assimilated American the folly of permitting the establishment of the "foreign quarter," and of omitting to insist upon the political education of the immigrant.

To-day is the day of action for the new tide of immigration which peace will direct to our shores, and for this action we need the ripest thought of our wisest statesmen, backed by an enlightened and instructed public opinion.

HILDA MOORE, Arts '19.

Ver Venit.

WRITE an article; what! In such a manner your quiet, peaceful existence is disturbed. The Editor of this voluminous magazine awakes one morning with the thought that the third issue is due and no material. Then full of determination he sets off to the Arts building—that store of hope—and the first unfortunate met with is collared and commanded, "Write an article." So sudden. Yet he fails not to remind you that it is a moral and patriotic duty; informs you that it must be in in two days, and passes on.

You retire to your room to consider your predicament. What to write about is the problem. Some living current events—impossible with your limited knowledge. Shall you strive along the lines of poetry—you remember the critical eye of the professor of literature is watching in that direction, and you cower under what that criticism will mean. Perhaps, like Dr. McTeague, of Leacock fame, you will endeavour to reconcile Hegel with St. Paul, the professor of philosophy crushes your noble ambitions in that line. So it goes on, and in despair you retire, with the thing still revolving in your mind, and a prayer that Providence will help you out of your predicament.

Do you believe in prayer? I do. Here is proof. You awaken still puzzled re the article. Suddenly the sun streams in through the window, throwing a lurid red around your cell, and you feel a sort of thrill of new life coursing your veins. You have awakened from a Rip-Van-Winkle slumber, and like a lion re-
fres hed with sleep, something animates you which can't be resisted. What is the cause of such a change of feeling? It is a little past the 21st of March, and the thought strikes you, why "Spring has come!" A happy thought follows in quick succession, "Here is your article!" Away with knotty problems—uninteresting researches; leave that to more mature minds, and write on this subject suitable to your childish ability even at a chance of its finding the W.P.B. of the eager editor.

So you sit down to delineate. Your ideas naturally centre on your own little perspective, and you consider "What does the change of season mean to the students of U.B.C.?"

You get first impressions of that change as you start to perform the morning ablutions. It may be the fact of some one being awakened to new life by the ancient means of a "dump." Or you hear the noise of bustle accompanied by lively whistling; or perhaps melodious sounds of someone striving to emulate the robin or thrush outside your window, issuing from the bath-room. What does it all mean? Why this change of feeling in those lazy drones, who usually have to be shaken to awaken them to activity? Why this bubbling o'er with vivacity and joy? Listen to the explanation in that cheery "Good morning," followed almost immediately by "At last spring has come."

Again you are reminded such is the case as, during a recess, sounds of confused voices are heard issuing from the veranda, and happy gatherings as of persons who have regained their freedom. Birds who, for the first time, have been able to get outside their winter cages. Animated conversations, lively chatter, thrilling laughter assails one's ears. Who knows, it may be the demonstration of what Tennyson had in mind, "In spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." Such it would seem to be, as no longer do you see the line standing as guard of honour watching with longing eyes the first appearance of the fair sex from the C. R. But as soon as a lecture is finished they may be seen hastening to the trysting place, to be the first object of attention and form the centre of an animated group.

Lecture finished, the question is what to do next. Some industrious lad suggests study, and immediately he covers six feet of the college floor. Ah! I have it; we will go on a sapping trip. No sooner said than acted on. The whole university (male students, of course) hasten up to the nearest enclosure of maple trees, over barbed wire fences, and from the pannikins hanging here and there they sip the sap to their fill. Above the head, a sound you have not heard since last spring issues from the throats of little black objects, and you fancy you hear the voice of conscience saying, "Stop!" but you are set at ease by one of your well informed chums, who explains that what you hear is only the echo from the hoarse croak of the rook, who is reminding us forcibly that "Spring
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has come." Perhaps it is determined to proceed further and in a group attend a sugaring party and get your fill of the produce of the maple, at the end meekly paying a quarter for the sugar, and at the same time to quiet the conscience for stealing the owner's sap.

Clank! Clank! What's that? It comes from the minarets of U.B.C., and you realize it's the call to prayer; so remembering your extreme naughtiness, or perhaps from more urgent motives, that you have only five chapels instead of six, and realizing the ominous consequences of such a neglect, you hasten to join the happy band of martyrs, and confess your shortcomings in leaving undone what you ought to have done (viz, your Latin comp.), and done what you ought not to have done (that essay on Auction).

A stroll towards the village also emphasizes the change of season. No longer the coat and muffler and visible, but crowds of industrious students are seen flitting here and there, male and female, with their college gowns floating in the wind, eager to indicate by this symbol that they they have the proud privilege of higher study and strenuous research at U.B.C.

There is a change also in the form of pastime. No longer is there the fascinating attraction of hockey. No longer does the chess club attract (except after evensong on Sunday), and that extraordinary mate must linger in the memory like a sonnet of Keats. Now a foursome may be seen wending their way to "Bishop's Brow" with a bag containing substitutes for golf sticks. They are going to spend the afternoon in learning some of the science of golf, or in what they are most proficient, to spend most of their time in looking for what one writer calls the intelligent golf ball. A name you are quite ready to endorse when your only ball, lost in the first drive, evades all efforts to find it. Occasionally, however, by what is known as a "fluke," you swoop down on some poor innocent little ball, and as it travels towards the goal you seek to emulate the spirit of your betters in the game, straightening yourself up and shouting "Fore! Fore!"

Some evening, near dusk, perhaps you witness that annual scene, so similar to what many scenes in the slavery of Israel in Egypt must have been, the freshies pulling a two ton roller over the tennis court, the senior taskmasters looking on, rejoicing at the sight of such abject slavery. Then some day these courts are dotted here and there with objects in white ducks, or others bedecked with what often appears a remnant of Joseph's coat of many colours. A tournament is in progress, and occasionally the words "Love, love, thirty," attest the closeness of the games, or may be expressing indirectly the feeling of the players as he or she gazes with longing looks on the one who utters that sweet word.

The college woods at this time have their attraction also. An occasional student may be seen lolling here and there with a "Livy" or a "Kant" open be-
before him, tricking himself into the belief that this is real study, while in reality he is only watching the antics of certain little ants, a nest of which he has found beneath his book; or may be casting longing eyes in the distance at certain prosfs. competing at golf, and inwardly feeling, "How nice to be a professor."

Here and there may be found also on occasions, solitary couples, the wanderers, perhaps, from that tennis tournament, strolling along, prompted, needless to say, by some other feeling than that which Wordsworth felt on giving expression to

"One impulse from the vernal woods," etc.

Is there then nothing but pleasure in the University? Yes, indeed. Occasionally a cloud is seen on faces, and on the cause being asked the answer comes back, with a sigh of regret perhaps, "Only six weeks more! Oh these bally exams." So you yourself begin also to realize that "Spring has come."

X.Y.Z.

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Peace.

Now Peace at last is hovering o'er the world
On silver wings, and golden trumpets blow,
Home from the long crusade the warriors go,—
Victorious knights with banners wide unfurled.
Bow down your head, for these have passed where swirled
Great tides of darkness ebbing too and fro;
Their eyes have seen, 'mid fiery tempests' glow;
How youth at Death its dauntless challenge hurled.

And these are they who saw the Holy Grail,
Brimming with youthful blood like ruddy wine
Poured out in sacrifice. The light divine
Before whose awful glow they did not quail
Now beckons us; and shall our footsteps fail
To follow where they set the blood-stained sign?

F. O. Call.
The Second Century.

Readings in Church History. By J. P. Whitney, D.C.L.

This little book is by a distinguished historian, formerly Principal of our College and University. It aims "at giving a simple account of a period, sometimes supposed to be very difficult, sometimes very chaotic, and for both these reasons much neglected." This period is one which the writer says every earnest Churchman should know something of, and he writes primarily for "the ordinary reader," The ordinary reader will find the book not only interestingly written but packed with facts, none of which is without its importance to-day. And here is an outstanding feature of the book, although the story is of seventeen hundred years ago, we are kept in close touch throughout with modern life and needs. It is abundantly clear that the author regards the Church of the Twentieth Century as vitally one with the Church of the First and Second Centuries, and as containing and always having contained in itself all the medicine necessary for the healing of the world's sores, as well as for the healing and salvation of individual souls. We are given not only detailed and accurate history, but also we are shown what the Church in the Twentieth may learn from the Church in the Second Century. We have our attention cleverly drawn to dangers which beset the Church in those days, not dissimilar to those which confront her now, and we are shown how the Church helped the world then in ways, by careful consideration of which we can see how she can and ought to help the world now.

We strongly advise candidates for Holy Orders to possess themselves of the book and, as a former Professor of Divinity used to say, to eviscerate it. Let them turn to Chapter xvii, where the writer, in speaking of the Apologists, insists on the need of a well-instructed and mentally capable ministry. Let those who, burning to get to their life-work, are somewhat impatient of the years spent in study at college, remember that the Priest's lips must keep knowledge else the cause of Christ and of the Church must suffer. "A Christian who remains content with his ignorance is slighting God and maiming himself." (p. 59). And again, in connection with the account of the great Catechetical School of Alexandria, we are told the duty of the Church to higher education. "The Church can as little leave Universities uncared for as it can forget the education of the poor. One of the tasks of our own Church will be to provide, as it has never done before, for the better education and training of its clergy. This cannot be left to chance, and the Church as a body must undertake so great a work."
An interesting and beautiful little passage (Chapter xxxi) we will not spoil by quoting. It calls to mind our own "Charlie Mitchell," name ever dear and honoured, who, had he been spared, might have expanded it from his own researches.

We are reminded in a few pregnant words of the secret of the growth and triumph of Christianity. "It triumphed not because of its argument or its righteousness, or even its sufferings, but by the secret of its hidden life and its inner strength; it overcame because of the Christ who was one with it, as it was one with Him." (pp. 93, 94.) So throughout the book we feel the vital connection of Christ and His Church, and realize that the Church at its best is Christ working in the world.

Let us conclude by drawing attention to a few passages that seem to us to contain important truths.

In speaking of the policy of the Roman Empire as it began to recognize that the Church was a power to be reckoned with, the writer says: "Its task (i.e. the task of the Empire) was unity, not, however, the spiritual or organic unity sought by Christianity, but a unity gained by political means. But as experience teaches us, the world cannot be saved by politics. It needs Christ and Christianity." (p. 21).

In regard to present day controversy, we are shown how the "Rule of Faith" is as necessary for us as for the early Church "for safety as well as for clearness of thought." And again, how Irenaeus "sets forth the Virgin Birth of our Lord as an undoubted fact." "It is not the case, as we sometimes hear it said, that Christian teachers gradually gave this article of the Creed an increasing prominence in order to safeguard and enhance the Incarnation. On the contrary, it is put forward even more prominently in the Second Century than in later ages," p. 50.

We are reminded "how attractive," in the early days of the Church, "Christian brotherhood proved to outsiders. In our days this virtue is often disregarded. People may worship side by side for years and never know each other; a stranger may appear in a congregation, and a stranger he will remain. The charity which binds Christian brethren together may make us intercede for Indians or Chinese, but sometimes it leaves us forgetful of our brethren near at hand. Hence it is often unreal and cold...... It was not so in the primitive church," (p. 85.) This passage is truer, perhaps, of the church in England than in Canada. We still have the remains of our "Mrs. Jellaby" in England.

We are warned against isolation. (p. 50). "Isolated churches, like isolated individuals, are apt to fall into strange fancies and do strange things...... The touch of our brethren, that unity which is strength, is a ready help in time of need."
And in days when, if unity is in the air so also is controversy, it is well to remember that "The spirit of controversy is a dangerous thing to indulge; the power of invective, the mastery of phrases, may give a man control over others, but they are dangerous gifts to the man who possesses them, and their action upon his mind and character are always bad." (p. 110.)

TOLLE, LEGE. We have here one of those rare books of which it may be said that they are popularly written without being vapid, and that they are learned without ceasing to be human. B. G. W.

N.B.—The book is published by S.P.C.K. Price 3s. 6d.

Honorary Degrees.

During a recent discussion on the question of conferring honorary degrees, a distinguished member of the University proposed that the title Doctor of Letters (D. Lit.) be reserved for those whom the University wishes to honour without the usual requirements and functions. The degree is not conferred at Lennoxville in course and would thus have a distinctive flavour of its own when bestowed upon eminent personages whose achievements are not necessarily scholastic. At present, however, the Doctorate of Civil Law (D.C.L.) is retained for honorary purposes, the equivalent title of LL.D., being taken in course. Certainly there is no greater absurdity in the bestowal of a literary than of a legal title upon leading financiers, prominent statesmen, and gallant soldiers. The fact of the matter is that the University delights to honour conspicuous merit, and distinguished public service, but has only an academic means of recognition. Hence occasional, superficial incongruities.

Not so long ago the London Observer contained an interesting little note upon this subject:

"Will the day come when the honorary degree of D.D. will as little denote a clergyman as the honorary degree of LL.D. denotes a lawyer? The question is suggested by the announcement that the University of Edinburgh, which some years ago conferred the honorary degree of D.D. on Sir W. M. Ramsey, is now to confer it on Sir R. A. Falconer, K.C.M.G. In the United States and Canada the practice of conferring the honorary degree of D.D. on suitable laymen is well established."

We did not realize the practice of conferring theological degrees in honoris causa had extended so far. ANON.
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Editorial Notes and Comment.

There is a widespread impulse abroad at present to express in some permanent form the gratitude which the countryfeels to those who have sacrificed their lives for the freedom of the world. Probably there is no community, no institution throughout the length and breadth of Canada which is not considering the question of some adequate memorial to the heroes of 1914-18 who have "gone west." The theories and suggestions regarding the form which such memorials should take are as various and diverse as the individuals who make them. They range
from the religious to the secular, from the purely imaginative to the crudely material, from war shrines to "better roads." Yet all demand some kind of commemoration. There is complete unanimity upon that point.

That all views, or if not all views, those at least which are representative and typical, should gain a respectful hearing is very generally desired. Even so, it would be impossible to act upon every suggestion offered, however reasonable. Of necessity there must be a careful grouping and co-ordination of ideas, and a judicious economy of selection.

For example, in the case of our own University there has been a great deal of desultory discussion, and a number of practical suggestions made, as to the form which the memorial should take. That is the only matter of controversy; the obligation and necessity of some kind of memorial press upon the heart and conscience of us all. But the views expressed are as diverse as in the country at large.

One proposal, which is worthy of the most careful consideration, both from its intrinsic merits and its high authority, is that the endowment of the chair of Natural Science, as it is called, should be completed. At present this endowment is of small dimensions and the interest on the capital sum suffices to contribute a trifling share of the inadequate salary accorded to the Lecturer in Science. Long before the definite proposal was made it was felt that this sum should be augmented to a respectable figure, but the feeling was without form and void. Now that the vague feeling is reinforced by the powerful stimulus to commemorate the sacrifice of her noble sons, Science may receive in the Faculty of Arts of Bishop's College its due recognition as one of the chief elements in modern Higher Education.

In the hearts of many there is a strong conviction that the University Chapel should be enriched and beautified to the Glory of God and in memory of lives laid down so bravely and so cheerfully in a great cause—the cause and the manner of the sacrifice alike, having so much in them of religious inspiration and spiritual beauty.

Then again, there is the conception of a War Shrine, a consummate work of art with a deep religious significance, blending harmoniously with the beauty of Nature's environment. Some spot within the College precincts, hallowed, almost haunted, by the spiritual presence of the dear lads who have passed on—a spot secluded yet accessible to all those who love Alma Mater, its earthly setting, its spiritual tradition, and its further promise of distinguished service.

Another suggestive idea is that of a Memorial Gateway, beautiful both in architectural design and in execution, which would give added charm and dignity to a situation, lending itself as it does to graceful embellishment. In a conspicu-
ous position upon this gateway would be graven the names of our fallen men, and would worthily recall their noble sacrifice.

Such are some of these tentative proposals. Would it not be possible to effect a combination of several of them, at least the more representative ones? We wish this memorial to be in keeping with its object. We should ask the graduates, the friends of the University, and the public at large for unprecedented contributions. This is an unprecedented undertaking. Never again will the men and women of this generation have the privilege of contributing their material resources for the commemoration of so generous a sacrifice of life. Surely the appeal will not be weak, nor the response niggardly!

In order that they might take an honourable share in the commemoration of their comrades' sacrifice, the students of Bishop's College out of their slender resources have raised a considerable sum of money, which has been invested in War Bonds. From a material point of view this will naturally be an insignificant fraction of the total amount which will ultimately be raised for the memorial. It will, however, represent no small portion of the self-denial, loyalty to Alma Mater, and admiring affection for our glorious dead. In some way or other this typical effort, entirely spontaneous and so generous in spirit and in aim, should be jealously conserved, not swallowed up (so as to become indistinguishable) in the larger project of which, we suppose, it will form an integral part.

During the war, College athletic activities have suffered an eclipse. It is true our students under military age, or otherwise disqualified for war service, have done their best to "carry on," and in doing so have met with surprising success. The basket-ball and hockey teams have reflected credit on our war-diminished numbers. But Rugby foot-ball and cricket, two characteristic Lennoxville games, had to be relinquished in the face of the sterner call of war. Practically the whole of the Rugby Foot-ball team of 1914 volunteered for military service in the winter of 1915. Since then there has been a constant drain upon the thews and sinews of our small community. The heavier games have consequently "gone by the board." But now steps should be taken to revive the traditional sports of Bishop's College. Placing confident dependence upon the prospects of a large entry next Michaelmas Term let us reorganize our foot-ball club, and the other clubs in their season, and determine to do our best to maintain the high traditions of clean amateur sportsmanship which helped to train our students for the crisis of the war in which they took so noble a part, and which is equally serviceable in the development of the qualities which produce strong and efficient citizenship.
April 7th, 1919.

The Editor of the Mitre.

Dear Sir,—The summary of chaplains’ opinions as to what must be done to successfully cope with the work of the Church after the war is brought out in the Empire column of the Guardian of March 13th, and one cannot but feel that there lies a most severe indictment upon the Church both within and without the ministry.

The work of the University of Bishop’s College, then, is most intimately confronted with grave issues.

At the outset please remember that I write and give my opinion as one of the junior clergy, who is honestly looking for a strong lead from elder and vastly more experienced brothers. Hence I do not for a moment wish to be categorical. But it would appear that something ought to be done to overcome and finally refute the chaplains’ report. Done now and done quickly; i.e., a start made on new and modern lines that will bring the Church in a position to grasp the difficulties pressing upon her to-day and in the immediate future.

1. The Church has, on the whole, failed to win and hold the men (in the C.E.F.) because of the unreadiness of the men to accept her message and her terms. This I am not in the least competent to speak a word about, because I have not had the chance to see either any summary report on the question, nor have I had a chance to speak with chaplains themselves.

2. The faults within the Church herself. The equipment that the young cleric starts out with seems to me woefully inefficient. More than ever is it becoming a necessity that every candidate for Holy Orders should have his B. A. degree and Divinity diploma. The complaint in the chaplain’s report is there is an apathy towards industrial problems. Should there not, in days when the whole world is almost topsy-turvy with strikes and threats of strikes, an authority not only legal but moral and spiritual to which men can turn, and not only that, but
an authority which, by its spiritual power, can compel men to turn and listen. New wine must be put into new bottles. The new wine is here and here in abundance if only men will make use of it. As one point, then, in the training of men for the ministry, can it not be possible to give a really complete course in Sociology and Political Science?

Among other defects in ministerial training is, that the course is far too short. How well I realize this. One looks back on the days when one looked forward with such eagerness to begin one's holy calling, and one had not been three months—I had better say three weeks—before one saw pitfalls that one knew not how to circumvent, and many also that one fell headlong into. Some because of carelessness or pride, but some because of the lack of training. To suppose that a young man in the early twenties (as many do, enter the ministry) can be at all adequately equipped for such momentous work in the, after all, absurd time of three or say, with his degree, of five years, is encroaching perilously near to the ridiculous.

I am well aware of my ignorance in so many subjects—no doubt I betray myself in this paper—and therefore I cannot but feel that greater safeguards should be placed around the ministry, and a larger and wider curriculum be insisted upon for candidates for Holy Orders. Could we not have a very much closer array of subjects for reading for those taking B.A. who will immediately proceed to the L.S.T. course? In order to give a wider scope could not the complete college course be seven years instead of five, with a demand for a minimum of two years in the Diaconate? This means time and money, but I feel convinced that if the Church sets about this in the right way, by prayer as its bedrock; in colleges, in parish churches, in the intercessions of every priest, indeed of the great body of laymen, the money can be found. To hurry men out into the field sparsely equipped is wretched policy. We need the men, but we need them, young as they are, in some measure fitted for their gigantic and holy work. We need, I am very sure, men very much more deeply grounded in practical pastoral work than the average young cleric usually is. In Canada as a whole a young man is pitchforked into a great tract of country miles and miles from his senior, to whom he is responsible, and whom, if he is lucky, he sees once a month, and in his diaconate he is lucky if he is able to be present at the Eucharist once in three months, since he is exchanging duty with his incumbent priest at all Communion services. Not as in England or in the big city parishes of Canada is the average man able to have the inestimable benefit of taking orders from a wise, energetic and sympathetic rector, who criticizes each day's work, be it pastoral or homiletic or whatnot, with the judgment that it deserves, but he is unfortunately, either for himself or those to whom he ministers, only too often left without a restraining hand and he buys his experience, as I have most assuredly, with pain, aye and tears.
We each of us must walk our Via Dolorosa I fully believe; yet is it not possible to hark back to the apostolic method of being sent out two and two? Homiletics—just so. We younger clergy get our pulpit exordiums torn to pieces and the tattered shreds thrown to the four winds, often enough by even little country congregations. We not only know very little about preaching, but we know so little about the right way of using our voices. It seems to me that a no more useful memorial could be perpetuated at our University than that a chair of Homiletics should be founded. We need a fitting visible memorial of all those lovely lives which have been laid down that we might live; so surely may we not carry that on to something just as useful by a foundation upon which the training for Holy Orders may, in a great measure, rely? I do not intend to imply that I scorn the lectures on Homiletics at Bishop's—far from it. I betray my lack of absorbing into practical experience what I was taught to do, no doubt. Far be it from me to criticize the dear men who have forgotten more than I ever knew. No; but the burden put upon the Divinity Faculty would seem a burden too great to be reasonably borne.

Once again the aforesaid Report complains that there is a clerical lack of knowledge of common life and that religion is too much identified with gloom and asceticism.

Personally I must own that such an indictment hits in the solar plexus. Does this mean, as the complaint is made further on, that our great fault is professionalism? Well, if it means going about with a peaked and pinched look in our faces, with "let us pray" mournfully stamped upon them, by all means let us shed it. We are charged with being effeminate. If it means messing about in cassock and biretta and smelling of incense as a sign of church partizanship, the quicker all learn to shed these habits and the feelings they engender, the better.

Most of you who read this know Dr. Carey from his very useful handbooks and sermons. A word from him comes in the number of the Guardian referred to above. He feels very strongly that we need to be more intensive in our work and also more extensive. Intensive as regards our own people, extensive as regards those without the Church. He wants to see something of Salvation Army methods. Out-door services in a village, town, or cross-road. We are frightened, it is only too true, to start any innovations. Matins and Evensong are useful and necessary, but they are not enough. We need more extempore prayer and the more plain preaching of the Gospel. Not only must we preach from the pulpit, but the laity must be ready to speak and spread the Gospel by talking to their friends about it. What has to be done and done without delay, if the Church Catholic is to stem the tide of (some of them impious) sects, is that Christ crucified only must be preached, and that in Him alone can be found pardon and peace.
Doubtless many of you have read that startling book, "The Church in the Furnace." Essay X covers a great deal of the ground I have touched on. In looking for a longer period of training I am well aware that one cannot be trained for everything. For one thing, every one in one way or another must, to make a man of him, buy a certain amount of his experience. But I do claim with the author of Essay X that the average theological college "does not develop a capacity" in its candidates "for facing and for working a way through the questions and problems that experience will raise."

And indeed we are facing a new experience. The whole of Christendom is. The Church must, if she is to hold her own, be prepared to launch her Gospel among men in methods that make the old-fashioned High Anglican squirm. If we can face men with a real live message, bringing the Incarnation, not as a doctrine merely to be slavishly held because it is right to do so, but bringing it forth as the great basic fact of all spiritual experience and life, we shall never need to fear for our catholicity. But I do believe we have got to use new methods.

You say I am a Revivalist; well, perhaps I am, but I would see things brought to the old methods of the Primitive Church, when it was not always necessary to preach inside a church. People need conversion just as much as ever. To-day, seemingly, we are going, as a nation or as an empire, either to gain immensely in our understanding of the brotherhood of man and consequently in the Fatherhood and love of God, or all are going to misunderstand and fail.

The ministry then, as never before, needs fortifying, strengthening and training. One would wish to see not only more thorough training and longer probation, but far greater and intenser discrimination in the choice of candidates.

To hark back to the claim of the Chaplains' Report. If the foregoing explanation for training of the clergy is worth anything, then it seems to me we have to be professional without being sacerdotal and narrow, living in a rut that we refuse to budge out of.

I hope I am not being looked upon as a pessimist. There are many things to be set right in this world. We have much to take up our careful attention. But I think we must face it cheerfully. I have found—please forgive my reference to myself so often—that in facing the petty sins of daily parochial life, and which embitter others besides those who commit them, and which so often bring a pain into one's heart, there is one wonderful antidote. It is this. It is the fact, not that there is so much sin in every corner that one pries into, but that in every home one enters one finds evidence of the love of God, sometimes not one quarter realized yet still ever present, and that, despite all these petty aggravations of daily experience, Christ died for mankind. That is the marvel of it all. That is the reason and necessity to face life cheerfully. That is why we must outlive this crushing indictment in the Report.
This, I fear, has been a far too long and rambling, and perhaps incoherent expression of what is in my mind, and what I feel the men at Bishop's should consider in some way.

No doubt I am open to much criticism. That, however, I am glad receive, not only from students but from the Faculty.

I have taken up far too much of your valuable space already, and therefore must call a halt.

Yours very truly,

L. S. T. '12.

Note.—Probably the writer of this interesting letter does not know that an honest effort is being made in the Theological Department to meet the needs of students in regard to social problems. (See Coll. Cal. for last two years.)—Ed. Mitre.

THE CHURCH IN THE EMPIRE.

Future of the Church in Canada. Chaplains' Opinions.

The replies to a circular sent to the Anglican chaplains of the Overseas Military Forces of Canada have been summarised. Seven questions were put upon problems confronting the Church after the war. The answers are of great interest, since they represent the opinions of serious, high-minded men working with and among the troops. The summarised opinion upon the first question, "To what extent and in what ways, does the Church appear to you to have failed to win the men?" is that the Church has failed to win or hold them because of the unreadiness of the men to accept her message and her terms, and the faults within the Church herself. These faults are given as her apathy towards industrial problems, the clerical lack of knowledge of common life, and the identification of religion with gloom and asceticism. Three defects in the education of the Canadian clergy are said to be the shortness of the course of training, inadequate training in homiletics, and neglect of sociology and political science. While congregations are criticized as "worldly, socially exclusive, too 'respectable' and hypocritical," the great fault of the clergy is stated to be professionalism. "Many of them are effeminate, they lack ability to lead, and have not sufficient knowledge of men and affairs." These questions and the answers have been placed before the Canadian House of Bishops, which has replied through the Archbishop of Rupert's Land. Their letter answers some of the points raised by the chaplains; but it would seem that the greater definiteness lies on the side of the chaplains.
We welcome with pleasure the "Vox Wesleyana" as an addition to our Exchange list, not only because we are glad to be in touch with another college, but also on account of the intrinsic merits of the magazine. Among other articles in the February number, we strongly recommend to devotees of the classics an excellent one entitled "Virgil's Messianic Eclogue." In the darkest ages of history, we are told, there have always been found some optimists who look upon the millenium as being just a little way ahead. Isaiah was one of these. He gives a glowing description of the ideal time to be ushered in during the rule of the Messiah. And in an age as dark, if not darker, as that in which Isaiah lived, Virgil wrote what has come to be known as the "Messianic Eclogue." The inspired poet saw in the establishment of the empire the death of that "long, long night of universal dread," which had lasted from the assassination of Tiberius Gracchus down to the defeat of Antony at Actium. And this same ode prophesies still better blessings: the coming of a statesman, a superman, who should usher in the age of gold.

The "Gryphon," (Univ. of Leeds) being the only magazine we receive from an English university, is much sought after by frequenters of the Exchange Desk. The March number is chiefly taken up with College notes, but it contains an attractive review on "Provincial Literature," from which we take the liberty of reprinting the following whimsical verse:

"O seats of ancient learning, Philosophers and Sages!  
A child has put a question, which I cannot find in pages  
Of any tome in any land; and so the answer's missed.  
'Where do all the kisses go, after they are kissed?'

King's College, Windsor, is to be complimented on the January number of its magazine. In our estimation the chief distinction of the "Record" lies in the variety of articles on every-day topics which it contains. Of these we note especially "De Vita," and the essay on "Pilgrim's Progress." In the latter we are given a short criticism of Bunyan's immortal work. The "Pilgrim's Progress" was published in two parts; the first, and by far, the better half, in 1676; the second in 1684. In spite of its inferiority, the latter portion is remarkable as showing Bunyan's appreciation of woman's delicate spiritual insight, and his tender-
ness in touch in character sketching. The story is one of the best examples of pure allegory in all literature. It has been translated into about eighty different languages, and is popularly supposed to have a wider circulation than any other book except the Bible. The writer gives us several reasons for the great popularity of the work. Chief among these are:

(a) It satisfies a love of allegory inherent in every man.
(b) It is a living story, true to the experience of all at all times.
(c) In it humour and pathos are perfectly combined.
(d) Its simplicity, which appeals to scholar and labourer alike.

As usual, the McMaster University Monthly (February, 1919) has a large quota of good articles. From the point of view of style, however, the one entitled "England's Warrior Saint" stands easily first. It is an extremely well written account of the life of Charles George Gordon, the hero of the Soudan and defender of Khartoum. To the majority of individuals Gordon is merely a faithful soldier of the Empire, doing his duty nobly but not exhibiting any special military genius. To those that have read more deeply into his life, however, as the writer very justly points out, it is as a soldier of Christ that Gordon is most to be admired. His spiritual greatness far outshines any military skill with which his name is associated. Be it right or wrong, a perusal of this article leaves one with a greater love of his character than respect for his accomplishments.

We warn all those who take Spiritualism seriously to keep away from the article on the Ouija Board, which appears in the February number of the "Trinity University Review." The writer has developed quite a "Leacock-ian" strain, which, though by no means suited to the dignity of the subject, has nevertheless a certain charm of its own. We like his idea of dedicating a future work on "Spooks I have Met" to the shade of "Baron Munchausen."

Science students would do well to read "The Effects of a Rare Metal on Civilization" in the same issue. This article traces the development of chromium and chromium compounds, dwelling on the many uses to which that metal is put to-day.

The regular arrival of the "Gateway" gives us much pleasure. The University of Alberta is one of the few Canadian colleges ambitious enough to publish a weekly paper. This fact reflects great credit on the energy and interest of the students in literary matters.
The sight of the "MacDonald College Magazine" reminds us of the pleasant trip to Ste. Anne's which the Hockey and Basket-ball Teams were able to take last February. The last issue of that magazine is quite up to the usual standard, which is saying a good deal. The illustrations are exceptionally good.

We also wish to acknowledge the New Brunswick University Monthly, the Dalhousie Gazette, and the McGill Daily.

**Notes and News.**

**Missionary Union Notes.**

A very interesting lecture on "Missionary Work along the Montana Line" was delivered on February 25th in the Council Chamber before a fair attendance of male students.

The meeting was opened by prayer by Rev. Prof. Vial, after which the President called upon the speaker of the evening, the Rev. E. C. Russell, to give his address.

The speaker, at the outset, explained that his talk would rather be in the nature of a collection of anecdotes than a stereotyped address, and he kept the attention of his hearers throughout in his usual racey style. His congregation, he said, was a mixed one, both as to nationality and occupation, embracing Galician labourers, cow-boys and farmers. Underlying these anecdotes, however, he made it clear to all that the great need and essential in a clergyman's work is for him to be as one of the people, to understand their trials and difficulties, and to lay to heart the words of his divine Master that "He came not to be ministered unto, but to minister."

At the conclusion of his address, a hearty vote of thanks to the Rev. E. C. Russell was moved by Mr. Lett, seconded by Mr. Heron, and carried enthusiastically. The meeting was closed with prayer by Rev. Prof. Vial.

W. W. S., Secretary.

**Bishop's University Amateur Dramatic Club.**

The Dramatic Committee wishes to announce that it has been compelled to cancel the performance of "The Arrival of Kitty," which was to have taken place during the first week of May, owing to the prolonged illness of Mr. Fish.
Had this unfortunate event occurred at an earlier date in the college year it would have been possible to have found and trained a substitute for the vacant part. But on account of the lateness of the season, the shortness of the Trinity term, and the difficulty of filling the very important role which Mr. Fish occupied in the play, such a course was considered impracticable.

The committee deeply regrets the necessity of making this decision, but feels that there was no other alternative under the circumstances. It is hoped that next year the Club will be more fortunate, and will stage a performance that will uphold the past reputation of the B.U.A.D.C.

To All Alumni.

The annual meeting of the Alumni Association of Bishop’s University will be held at the College on Wednesday, June 18th, at five p.m., to be followed by a dinner in the College dining-hall at 7-15 p.m.

It is hoped that all of the returned men will be present, and that they may be welcomed in a fitting manner it is essential that every Alumnus make it a point to attend this meeting. Also to make the Association a source of strength to the University, your committee appeals for your hearty co-operation. Your Alma Mater calls you.

Signed on behalf of the Committee.

C. G. Stevens, Sec.-Treas.

Accommodation in the College will be provided those who apply to the Secretary-Treasurer before June 14th.

Military Notes.

We are delighted to know that the Rev. Canon Scott, C.M.G., has returned safely to his home in Quebec. Canon Scott went overseas with the First Canadian Expeditionary Force in October, 1914, and since then has devoted his entire energies to his splendid work in France. We are also very glad to know that Canon Scott is recovering from his wounds in a satisfactory manner, and we hope we shall see his familiar figure once more at Convocation after his long absence.
In Memoriam.

J. S. Brown  J. H. Mitchell
W. H. Bernard  F. A. McCrum
F. Crawford  J. C. Porter
F. H. Dinning  C. A. Pope
C. Eustace  L. A. Robertson
E. H. Ireland  F. R. Robinson
M. H. Ladd  H. H. Scott
J. A. Lobban  G. E. Wilkinson
H. B. Miller  A. P. Williams
J. D. Williams  G. K. Murray
C. W. Mitchell  R. Lemieux
G. P. Belford  W. Ward

Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.
Decorations.

C. M. G.

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

Commander of the Order of the British Empire

Lt.-Col. H. W. Blaylock

D. S. O.

Rev. Canon F. G. Scott.

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. C. M.

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

Legion of Honour.

Lt.-Col. H. W. Blaylock

Croix de Guerre.

Capt. A. Joly de Lotbiniere
ROLL OF SERVICE.

Chaplains.

Rev. Canon Scott
" Canon Almond
" W. Barton
" E. B. Browne
" W. H. Cassop

Rev. H. S. Cheshire
" C. G. Hepburn
" R. Haydon
" C. G. Lawrence
" H. S. Laws
" L. Carson

Rev. W. H. Moorhead
" F. G. Sherring
" R. J. Shires
" W. R. Walker
" J. W. Wayman
" O. G. Lewis

C. A. M. C.

Dr. E. A. Robertson
Lt.-Col. H. W. Blaylock
Dr. W. L. M. Carter
Corpl. T. V. L'Estrange

Dr. Mc.D Ford
Nurse E. W. Odell
Pte. G. Roe
Pte. T. C. Travers
Nurse E. M. Fothergill

Prisoner of War.

Pte. R. J. Meekren.

Invalided Home.

Lt. D. I. Cameron
Rev. H. W. Ievers
Lt. F. R. Belford

Lt. W. H. Knapp
A. T. Brooke
H. P. Lovell

On Active Service.

Lt. Col. E. B. Worthington
Capt. A. Joly de Lotbliuere
Major N. C. Qua
Lt. S. L. Craft
Lt. J. Robinson, R.F.C.
Lt. R. H. Cleveland, R.F.C.
2nd Lt. W. F. Griffiths, R.F.C.
2nd Lt. J. Vokey, R.F.C.
Lt. (Adj.) H. P. Cocks, C.M.R.
Corpl. T. E. Burton, C.M.R.
Pte. K. W. Huntten, C.M.R.
Pte. N. D. McLeod, C.M.R.
Major J. F. Belford, on leave
Capt. C. F. Rothers, Forestry
Sapper J. A. Phillips, R.E.
Gunner P. F. McLean, Art
Cadet G. W. Holden, R.A.F.

Lt. E. Scott, Art.
Lt. M. H. Wells, Art.
Lt. R. Waterman, Art.
Driver J. K. Lowry, Art.
Driver J. H. Channonhouse, Art
Gunner D. B. Poos, Art.
Gunner W. E. Hume, Art
Cadet D. C. Abbott, R.A.F.
Gunner W. R. Baker, Art
Gunner A. F. Butler, Art
Signaller E. Doyle, Art
Lt. W. W. Alward, Art
E. Almond, Art.
C. Sowerbutts, Art.
Pte. C. V. Ward, Inf.
E. Miall
Cadet F. Fluhman, R.A.F.

Major J. S. Dohan, Inf
Capt. A. A. Sturley, Inf
Capt. A. C. M. Thomson, Inf
Capt. R. F. Gwyn, Inf
Capt. J. C. Stewart, Inf
Capt. J. MacGregor, Inf
Lt. W. G. Hamilton, Inf
Lt. V. E. Hobart, Inf
Lt. C. H. Savage, Inf
Pte. R. H. Baker, Inf
Cadet A. A. McKindsey, R.A.F.
Pte. C. Mortimer Payne, Inf
G. Hughes
A. G. E. Rankin
Pte. R. Heron, Inf
Pte. H. O. Hodder, Inf
Pte. J. A. Wilson, R.R.

Trooper A. Freeman, Royal Canadian Dragoons.

Marconigraph Operators, R.C.N.

H. H. King.

G. M. Pender.

M. A. Norcross.
Military Notes.—Continued.

Lieut. Chas. Savage, of the "Fighting Fifth," paid us a visit recently. We understand that Lieut. Savage intends to return to his old profession of schoolmaster.

Capt. J. C. Stewart, M.C., of the 42nd Highlanders, has returned to resume his office of Bursar and Registrar after an absence of four years. We feel that the old days are coming back again in seeing those who have been so long absent return to us. We venture to hope that after seeing the devastation wrought by the Huns in France, Capt. Stewart will consider a broken widow or defaced wall as beneath his notice, and that bills for breakage may become only a memory.

Pte. K. Hunten visited us not long ago, and it was indeed pleasant to welcome him back after recovery from his serious wounds.

Among the returned men who have visited Lennoxville recently are Flight-Lieut. D. B. Foss, Sig. E. Doyle, Pte. N. D. MacLeod and Driver I. K. Lowry.

Capt. Harry Cocks, M.C., has gone to take up work as lay reader in Algoma Diocese after a short stay in Lennoxville.

The Hon. R. Lemieux has founded a prize of $50 for the encouragement of French literature in memory of his son, Capt. Rodolphe Lemieux, who was killed au champ d'honneur on August 29th, 1918. This generous gift is a very timely one, as it is only by understanding the language and literature of each other that the French and English of this province can realize each other's point of view in matters both political and religious. We are very grateful to Mr. Lemieux, and hope that this prize may stimulate the study of French in the University.

The Rev. A. W. Reeves, M.A., who had a varied military experience, is at present taking a special course in theology at Keble College, Oxford.

Messrs. George Roe and Edwin Baker are following special courses at Edinburgh University.

The Rev. Channell Hepburn, B.D., is one of the regular lecturers appointed in connection with the Khaki University work, and is employed in that capacity in the Military Camp at Ripon, England.
IN MEMORIAM.

THE REV. L. C. WURTELE, M.A.

On April 4th, at St. Mark's Parsonage, Actonvale, Que., there passed from the scene of a long and fruitful ministry to the peace and rest of Paradise, one of the oldest and most sincerely and widely beloved of the clergy of the Church of England in Canada, the Rev. Louis Campbell Wurtele, M.A. The late Mr. Wurtele had passed his eighty-seventh birthday, and for the past six months had been in a very feeble and at times critical condition. It was therefore not without warning that his relatives and friends learned that his earthly career had closed and that he had been called to the higher activities of the life of the world to come.

Louis Campbell Wurtele was born in Quebec city on Sept. 1st, 1831, son of the late Mr. Jonathan Wurtele, Seigneur of River David, County of Yamaska, Que. He began his education at River David, under a tutor with whom he studied seven years, during which time he read more Greek than he afterwards did in college. He entered Bishop's College, Lennoxvills, in 1853, and graduated B. A. in 1857, taking highest honours in Mathematics. He then spent a year in London, England, taking a course in science under the most distinguished professors of that time. On his return to Canada he was ordained Deacon, in Quebec Cathedral, in 1859, by the Rt. Rev. G. J. Mountain, D. D., Bishop of Quebec. For the session of 1859-60 he was French master in Bishop's College School, and in 1860 he took his M. A. at the University of Bishop's College. He then took up the duties of Travelling Missionary in the rapidly developing rural parts of the District of St. Francis and won the affectionate esteem of all with whom he came in contact. He was ordained Priest in 1861.

May 26th, 1862, was an eventful date in the career of the young and devoted Priest, for on that day he was inducted into his first and only charge, the parish of Actonvale, Que, by the Rev. S. Wood, M. A. Rural Dean of Three Rivers and St. Francis Districts. Thus began the long and faithful ministry that has made Mr. Wurtele's name a household word throughout the Church, a name that stands for simple faith in God, implicit confidence in man, absolute devotion to duty, selfless service, unbounded kindness and generosity, and unswerving allegiance to the truth as God gave it to him to see the truth.

It was only natural that his funeral, which was held at Actonvale last Monday, should be attended by friends from far and near and by representatives of all classes and creeds in his parish. The Rt. Rev. the Lord Bishop of Quebec came to honour the beloved Priest, and the Revs. Rural Dean Watson, W. T. Wheeler, J. F. Belford, J. S. B. Dickson and Geo. Pye were also present. The
Holy Communion was celebrated at 10.30 a.m. in St. Mark's Church. The Burial Service was at half past two. The Bishop of Quebec gave an address, in which he said that while deep sorrow pervaded the service the dominant note must be one of devout thankfulness to God, and there was every reason for a definite undertone of joy. Such a life as that of the departed Priest was a gift from God. His long ministry had closed and the rest of Paradise had received him. His fruitful service had enriched many lives, his faith had remained as strong as the everlasting hills, and his sweet and gentle influence would last as long as those who had been privileged to know him were in the Church militant here on earth.

The late Mr. Wurtele was married in 1860 to Miss Emily Towle, of Lennoxville, who died in 1872, leaving one daughter, Mrs. A. H. Moore, wife of the rector of St. James' Church, St. John's, Que. In 1874 he married Miss Isabelle T. Hunter, of Richmond, Maine, who survives him, and their two sons, the Rev. A. H. Wurtele, Rector of Rochester, Minn., U.S.A., and Mr. J. S. H. Wurtele of St. Lambert also mourn a loving and devoted father. The late Mr. Wurtele was a younger brother of the late Hon. Mr. Justice Wurtele, of Montreal, and Mr. C. J. Wurtele, advocate, of Sorel, and Mrs. J. Rankin, of Montreal, are his surviving brother and sister.

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Mrs. John Robinson.

On February 22nd a truly noble woman entered the higher life in the person of Mrs. John Robinson (Annie Margaret Mitchell).

Mrs. Robinson was born at "Maple Braes," Lennoxville, on August 21st, 1889, and received her early education at Lennoxville High School. Graduating with distinction in 1907 she passed into the University of Bishop's College, and in 1910 received the degree of B.A. Both in school and in college her devotion to and interest in her work was noteworthy; and these qualities added to her natural ability procured for her a marked degree of success.

In the summer of 1910 she married Mr. John Lancelot Robinson, and "Ochil Braes," Lennoxville, became her home. In this home, where her sons were born, she assumed the duties of wife and mother, and here perhaps more than ever before, the true dignity and sweetness of her character were made manifest.

Though devoted to her home and family, Mrs. Robinson did not lose sight of outside affairs. She was always prompt to identify herself in an active way with all causes which had for their object the common good and the uplift of humanity. Of a retiring and quiet disposition, she yet made her influence for good felt wherever she went, and by her example rather than by precept, she shewed to all who knew her the true meaning of a life lived in faithful service. Her
memory is the cherished possession of her many friends, to whom it will be an inspiration always to follow the highest and best.

To her husband and to the other members of her family our sincere and heartfelt sympathy is extended.

We have been advised of the passing away of the Rev. H. H. Irwin, a veteran missionary priest and one of the older generation of graduates of Bishop's University. It is also our sad duty to record the death of the Rev. G. F. C. Caffin, B.A., who passed away in the prime of life. For many years he has been a busy and successful parish priest in the city of Vancouver. We regret to say that no further details are available. R.I.P.

De Alumnis.

A. H. Mackie, M.P. for N. Edmonton, Alta., Can., a prominent member of the House of Commons, Ottawa, who received his Bachelor of Arts at Bishop's College some fifteen years ago, has recently been visiting his native town, Cookshire, Que., where he addressed a large assembly of old friends and well-wishers upon the duties of Canadian citizenship.

The Rev. J. S. Rowe, B.A., B.D., was recently appointed rector of St. Mark, Rio Bueno, a large and important parish in the Diocese of Jamaica. His many friends congratulate the reverend gentleman upon his entry into a field of labour which has always held attractions for him. The Mitre trusts that soon it will have further cause to congratulate Mr. Rowe, but we must not anticipate.

The Rev. Canon Gustin has felt compelled to resign the rectorship of S.S. Michael and All Angels, Berwyn, Illinois, for climatic reasons, and is for the present residing at Howe, Indiana. We hope that a change of scene and a much needed rest will fully restore him to health.

The following recently appeared in the Hartford Courier: The Rev. William T. Hooper, rector of St. John's Church, has been tendered an offer of an election to the position of rector in charge of the Hoosac School, Hoosac, N.Y. He is considering the change and will make known his decision in a few days.
Hoosac School is one of the best known boys' institutions of its kind in the East, and has an enrollment of about 120 boys. The school is an Episcopalian institution and has always enjoyed a high standing in scholastic circles.

Rev. Mr. Hooper came to St. John's Church on July 1st, 1917, as assistant rector, and several months ago he became rector when Rev. James W. Bradin became rector emeritus. He is a graduate of Bishop's College in Canada and of the General Theological Seminary in New York. He was for four years on the faculty of St. Paul's School at Concord, N.H.

We understand that the Rev. W. T. Hooper '08 finally decided to remain at St. John's, Hartford.

The Rev. W. C. Dunn, L.S.T., was ordained to the priesthood at Easter-tide by the Archbishop of Algoma, and the Rev. C. E. S. Bown, B.A., is expected to be advanced to the same office on Rogation Sunday at St. George's Church, Lennoxville, by the Bishop of Quebec.

Arts Notes.

We understand that George Holden, B.A. '18, is now in Montreal, in which city he has a position as teacher to several high schools. We feel sure that George's splendid temperament and humourous disposition will stand him in good stead.

Mr. Sam Leibling, one of our former students, is now taking up a course of medicine at Laval University. We wish him all success in his work.

We are very much pleased to welcome to our midst as a new student Samuel Echenberg, who has entered the first year course in Arts. Mr. Echenberg had been studying previously at McGill, but enlisted early during the war and has now returned to resume his studies at Bishop's.

We regret to announce that Mr. Nathan Fish, our business manager, is confined to the Protestant Hospital with a slight attack of rheumatism. His case is reported as progressing very favourably and we sincerely hope that he will be able to join us again soon.
It was with great pleasure that we heard of the return of Mr. Dick Doyle, who has been overseas for the past two years in the 4th Trench Mortars. Dick was recently at the college visiting his friends and was accorded a very hearty welcome.

Day-light saving has been adopted by the University Faculty in order to conform with the general trend of opinion throughout Canada. The advantages which accrue to all those participating are obvious. The more we enjoy of sunlight the closer do we approach the laws of nature, which have at all times given us such bountiful rewards.

The annual posing of the Mitre Staff recently took place at one of Sherbrooke's best known photographers. Every member of this hard-working staff was present for the event, and attired in their best Sunday garb formed a very picturesque group. We feel assured that the photographer will take advantage of the various facial expressions of which it was his honour to view, and trust he will have sufficient material from which to develop a highly interesting photo. We at least know that the Divinity students posed divinely, and that one of them brushed his hair back at least five times; as for the lady students, their sweet, unassuming air and pleasant smiles of rapture were a distinct asset, and will no doubt add greatly to the charm of the photograph.

A series of highly entertaining lectures have recently been given in the Library of our University. These were all well attended and everyone present was very much interested in the subjects so ably discussed.

The first lecture was given by our Principal, the Rev. Dr. Parrock, on March 19th, the subject being "The Palestine Campaign."

Many splendid views of this historical country were exhibited including the entrance of General Allenby into Jerusalem. The topic was a most engrossing one and dealt with the military campaigns recently carried on in that country, the details being displayed with remarkable clearness. This same lecture was again delivered in the Art Hall in Sherbrooke for the benefit of the "Destitute Jewry of Palestine." The proceeds were very gratifying, amounting to about $50.

The subject of the next lecture was "Rambles in London," by Prof. A. V. Richardson, M.A., given on March 27th. Prof. Richardson gave his address in the form of a trip through London and guided his listeners through a maze of historical buildings and monuments, with which he is thoroughly acquainted. The life and customs of the Londoners were very clearly brought out, as well as the work of Sir Christopher Wren, the great architect, who was mainly responsible for the restoration of London after the great fire.
We also had the pleasure of having a lecture on "Jane Austen" by Prof Boothroyd, M.A., on April 4th. A sketch of her life was given, in which her splendid character and wonderful ability was portrayed. Several extracts were quoted from some of her well known novels, which showed her aptness and resourcefulness in describing the domestic life of her time. At the conclusion a very hearty vote of thanks was accorded to Prof. Boothroyd for his entertaining and instructive address.

The last of these series of lectures was given by Dr. Saunders, of Ottawa, the subject being "English Folk Songs." The object of this lecture was to encourage and foster interest in English music to replace some of the various popular songs so much in vogue at the present time. He made his hearers feel that the great characteristic of the English race (love of music) had been really neglected by many, and dwelt on the history of music and the marvellous memories of the uneducated people who have retained their songs from generations past.

A very pleasant "sugaring-off" party was given on March 31st by Miss Marjorie Ashe, Arts '19, on behalf of the students of Bishop's. A very enjoyable time was spent, and many thanks are due to Miss Ashe for her untiring efforts to make the party such a success.

A recreation in the form of a skating party was recently given by the students of Bishop's. Skating was indulged in at the Minto Rink, Lennoxville, and a very exhilarating time was spent in this favorite exercise. Later, the enthusiastic participants adjourned to the College where refreshments were served in Prof. Vial's common room. Dancing and games followed, all having a most enjoyable time.

We sincerely hope that social entertainments will continue, as nothing adds more to the interest and enjoyment of college life than such pleasant recreations. In fact social training is an important factor in the life of all students, and many universities have already recognized the fact by having a series of "social entertainments," in which efforts are made and opportunities given for both the students and members of the Faculty to understand each other. Thus a common spirit of a decidedly wholesome nature is developed, which has a favorable reaction on the college itself.
On Friday, Feb. 11th, the University Basket-ball Five and the Hockey Sextette journeyed to MacDonald College, where, on Friday evening, a very interesting game of basket-ball was staged, followed by a somewhat one-sided hockey match on Saturday afternoon.

Basket-ball practise had been dropped early in December, owing to the approach of the Christmas examinations, and when some one proposed a game with MacDonald it was looked upon by others as an utter impossibility, owing to the fact that the University men possessed practise in this strenuous sport in a negative degree. However, it was decided to resume practise, and accordingly two fairly good ones took place in due order, and in this condition the upholders of the honour of the Purple and White went down to defeat in a very close and exciting game to the tune of 34-23.

During the first period MacDonald was on the offensive throughout registering 19 points to the University's lone basket.

In the next session the tables were turned, and the Lennoxville representatives managed to hold their opponents to scoring six points, while, as ten points were registered by the Purple and White, the period thus ended in favour of MacDonald.

The third period proved to be the most exciting of the game, as the Bishop's men had struck their stride and were "going strong," completely out-playing their opponents, both in tallying and manoeuvering about the floor with the ball.

The work of Kelly, of U.B.C., who scored three baskets within the same number of minutes in the last period, deserves particular mention, as well as that of Morris, who held Pesner, MacDonald's star man, who scored all but five of their points, to a lone tally. Thus ended a fast and exciting game of basket-ball with MacDonald still eleven points in the lead.

The following afternoon the hockey match, which was the main reason for the journey to Ste. Anne, was played and ended in favour of Bishop's aggregation, their victory being won in an excellent manner, and one worthy of praise and comment.

At no time during the game was the MacDonald squad dangerous, being outplayed at every stage by their smaller but faster opponents. In fact it might be said that the entire MacDonald team, with the exception of the goal tender and Harrison, had made an aerial ascension the second period, only regaining their stride near the end of the third session, in time to realize that they had been de-
feated by a smaller team, but of fast skaters and excellent stick handlers from goal tender down.

The excellent work of the MacDonald goaler deserves praise, and it was remarked by a few spectators after the game, that but for his brilliant work the score would have ended slightly in advance of 3-0.

The Minto Rink in Lennoxville was the scene of an interesting hockey match on Saturday, Feb. 22nd, when the Bishop’s College sextette defeated the Black Watch team, champions of the Granby City League, by a score of 8-4. After approximately five minutes of play, Smith, of Bishop’s, registered the first counter on a pass from Parker, to be followed closely by Kennedy of the U.B.C. defence, who made a brilliant end to end rush and scored, with the result that the puck chasers of the Purple and White eased up a bit, the remainder of this period being somewhat slow. The period ended 2-0 in favor of U.B.C.

In the second stage of the contest the Black Watch players shewed good individual work both on the offensive and defensive. However the finished combination plays on the part of the College team proved more successful than the individual work resulting in the College team chalking up three counters to their credit, while as the Granby champions succeeded in getting two past Moore of Bishop’s.

In the last period the play was exceptionally fast and some good hockey was witnessed by the small crowd which had paid admittance, the Granby champions again scoring two, while the University team duplicated their score of the second period.

The game was clean throughout, the winners playing a great combination game, and would have scored a higher total had it not been for Hawke, the former Bishop’s star, the goal tender, who did excellent work between the poles for the visitors.

The spectators at the Stadium Rink in Sherbrooke on Feb. 29th witnessed two exciting hockey matches, when the St. Pats furnished a big surprise by taking a fall out of the St. Regis aggregation, while Bishop’s College lowered the colours of the “Flying Frenchmen” to the tune of 13-3.

By defeating the St. Regis organization by the score of 3-1, the Irishmen come into first place in the City Hockey League race, thus necessitating one and probably two games before the championship will be finally decided.

In the second game of the evening the Bishop’s College sextette won easily from the Dollard aggregation, establishing an early lead and maintaining it throughout, the winning team being in excellent shape, and their victory was easily and worthily won.
St. Regis remains in the running for Sherbrooke City League championship, by taking a fall out of the Bishop's College team on Feb. 28th, to the tune of 4-1, thus necessitating one more game for the title.

During the first period the St. Regis team scored three times, all on shots from outside our defence; in fact, during this period, as well as the last one, the Lennoxville squad had the puck the greater share of the time, and although several goals were attempted by the College team, only one proved successful, that one taking place in the third period, when a four-man combination play starting from our defence was worked down the ice and successfully lodged in the St. Regis net by the Bishop's star, Bartlette.

Thus ended our last game in the Sherbrooke City Hockey League for the season 1918-19, the College team obtaining third position in the race for the title of "City Championship."

The final game of the season was played in the Olympic Rink, Stanstead, March 8th, when the University team met the Stanstead College aggregation, which resulted in a draw of 4-4, after twenty minutes overtime play. The Lennoxville squad had slightly the better of the play, but the brilliant work of Kersley, the Stanstead goal-tender, saved the day. The game was fast and thrilling, a few sensational end-to-end rushes being in order.

The teams lined up as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>S.W.C.</th>
<th>U.B.C.</th>
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<tr>
<td>Kersley</td>
<td>Moore</td>
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<td>Martin</td>
<td>O'Donnell</td>
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<td>Layhew</td>
<td>Kennedy</td>
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<td>Pitman</td>
<td>Parker</td>
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<td>Douglas</td>
<td>Bartlette</td>
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<td>Guy</td>
<td>Smith</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Kelly</td>
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On looking over the records of the Bishop's College Hockey team for the season of 1918-19 it is found that the University team has played in twelve games, and if judged alone on the number of games won, this year's work is not as much of a success as that of last year; yet it may be stated that the College team of this year compares favorably with any which has ever upheld the honour of the University in the six-man game of hockey. This year's team being comprised of an exceptionally fast forward line, as well as a strong defence, and these working with our star goalie, appear—on paper—to be a team which should have won a larger percentage of the games played, which is quite so. The main reason of our not winning more games was the inability of the forward line, as well as our defence, to shoot effectively when most needed.
The course of lectures on the Art of Teaching, which began on Feb. 7th, was completed on April 7th, and the examinations were held on the 11th and 12th.

The lady students took up hockey this winter and considerable enthusiasm was shown, but as all who composed the team were novices very few games were played. They met the Divines twice, both games being ties. A game with the Four Square Class resulted in victory for the boys. All the men were very attentive and offered many suggestions and much advice, which will probably prove extremely helpful to our hockey team to be.

We regretted to hear of Mrs. Parrock's recent illness, but hope that she will soon be enjoying good health again.

We were delighted to have Gordy honour us with her presence at the teaching lectures.

Several of the Co-eds complained that the teaching lectures had been imposed on them as "fines." Why such heavy penalties?

On the evening of March 31st Miss Ashe was hostess at a sugar party at her home at Sandhill. Three teams left the college about half-past seven and reached Sandhill about nine. The camp presented a festive appearance when all the guests in sports clothes of varied colours were assembled, and everyone greatly enjoyed the delicious sugar. Someone was very thoughtful and took along a few lemons, which were very much in demand, everyone desiring to do his duty to the sugar. Shortly after ten the crowd left, thanking Mr. Ashe for his warm welcome and kindness. The journey home was made in a remarkably short time, for everyone reported next day that he or she was in the land of dreams by midnight.

What's the matter with Marjorie? She's all right!
Please tell us:  
Why Alice W. never fills her pen? Sherbrooke isn't dry yet, is it?  
What Co-ed said: "You know Bartlett has such dreamy eyes with a sparkle of flirtation in them."  
What Co-ed prefers afternoon lectures to morning ones, and why?  
Why Harry is so popular with the Philosopherettes?  
Who went down on all fours on King Hill to bow to the 5th Mounted Rifles?  
If the snow-shoeing was good on the night of the skating party?  
If the radiator at the end of the hall will be so popular in the warm weather?  
What Co-ed is always dashing into "Ancient chaos?"  
What two Co-eds are each willing to give $1 to the person who can show them a boy who is NOT conceited?  
Why the Freshettes are all down on Nathan?  
Who was the attraction the day Miss Perry wore the curls?  
Why Ruby M. likes dogs, especially JACK?  
Why Kelly doesn't comb his hair pompadour?  
If Hazel was looking for (a) smoke behind the sugar-camp?  
What Hodder tried to nip in the bud when he tipped his load after the sugar party?  
Who got the more smacks, Marjorie or Max?  
And who carried the pail of wax, Marjorie or Max?  
Hi, you! F-n-s may dance now.  
Why didn't the men hire Mr. McCurdy's mail wagon to take Bobbie to the sugaring-off?  
Why does Marjorie look so Stearn(s) these days?  
What made Ruby "Neill" so much at the sugar party?  
Why wasn't Cameron at lectures next day? Did he eat too much sugar?  
Where did Ruby M. leave her spectacles the day the 5th C.M.R. came home?  
If Laura sees any joke in Kelly?  
If Miss Buckland could live without "Ayer."  
Why Cassie looks so glum at times? Buck up, old boy! Don't let the spring play tricks with your fancy!  

N-ss-e (translating French)—"What's dame?"  
Did the Co-eds enjoy the skating party? Well, ra-arther!
CHARACTERISTIC EXPRESSIONS.

"If I may say so."
"I can best explain it by an illustration."
"Oh! It's a glorious thing—read it for yourself."
"The lecture has just begun, will you please hurry!"
"By the by!"
"It is grammatically correct, but I don't like it."
"Where is your friend to-day, Mr. Smith—Mr. WALLACE Smith?"

There was a young lady called B—
Who, freshies, is said to disdain.
But one freshie we know
Has proved it not so
Of this changeable lady called B—-

The Poet's Corner.

Our Illustrious First Year.

Marion Goodhue—
There's something in her midnight eyes
That may cause multitudes of sighs.

Hazel Bennett—
For her I fear, there'd be few joys,
If in the world there were no boys.

Flora Dinning—
And still we gaze, and still its our despair,
How one small head can carry all that hair.

Rex Moore—
He's always blushing, I wonder why.
WE KNOW he is not really shy.

Archibald Carson—
His smile you never could forget.
Why is it that it haunts me yet?

Eleanor Sangster—
If she is going to teach some day,
To wear a pair of stilts would pay.
Ruby Hopkins—
  You may say you don’t like girls,
  But there’s witchery in her curls.

Dorothy Wright—
  A preacher’s daughter, I do know,
  Who acts just so, (a wink) just so.

Hugh O’Dounell—
  “Irish” is not half as green
  As he looks, when he’s first seen.

Iris Nichol—
  She’s quite a determined little miss.
  Just look at her chin if you don’t believe this.

Frances Perry—
  She’s most decidedly keen on balls,
  And on chats with the boys around the halls.

Laura Macdonald—
  She plays hockey, she can skate:
  She is the (ev)eightiest of the “eight.”

Ruby McAllister—
  When she goes to visit her friends,
  Stanstead will be where her journey ends.

Leslie Waite—
  Oh, why should we trouble with useless knowledge
  That’s not the reason we come to college.

Sam Echenberg—
  A student new in our First Year,
  Fresh from the Front, he knows no fear.

Osborne Kelly—
  One quick glance from some pretty girl
  Might put his hair quite out of curl.

Clara Buckland—
  Oh, why don’t we flirt like other girls do?
  Oh, how can we flirt, when to us it’s so new.

Gertrude Matchell—
  I saw a diamond flash one day,
  What have we here, First Year, I say?

Clifton Hall—
  “A little knowledge is a dangerous thing.”
  I think I’ll drink up the whole spring.
Oswald Hodder, so they say,
Tried to drive a one horse shay.
To watch behind, his neck he'd twitch,
And drove the horse right in the ditch.

Lenten Sacrifices.

I was walking down the corridor and past the Co-ed's door,
When I thought I heard a murmur, like the distant ocean's roar.
I stopped, and then I listened—'twas a nasty thing to do,
But temptation was too great for me, so it would have been for you.
Well, the Co-eds talked of Lent, and the pleasures given up.
Just sit with me at tea to-night and I'll tell you while we sup
What I heard them saying, about both the Co-eds and the men.
This knowledge seemed extensive—I don't know how it comes about
That everything the men do seems to every time leak out.
However, as I told you, from that brief conversation
Which they carried on that morning, I gained THIS information.

That Iris gave up candy
Nessie gave up cake,
Flora gave up early rising,
And came to college late.
Miss Dutton gave up pickles,
Miss Parker picture shows,
Miss Mackenzie German comp,
And Frances Perry beaux.
That Cameron gave up smoking
And Hodder English Lit.
While Arthur gave up smiling
The result—he had a fit.
Cassie gave up dancing,
Wallace gave up sighs,
Alice gave up using ink.
Lillian gave up pies.
Winnie gave up powder,
I thought that was too bad.
While Julia gave up nothing,
She needed all she had.
What! You think all this is silly?
Well, so do I, old boy;
But to hear these Co-eds talking
Is something I enjoy.
The Royal Bank of Canada
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Reserve and undivided profits .... 15,000,000
Total assets .................. 393,000,000

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E. L. Pease, Vice-President and Managing Director
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