University of Bishop’s College.

LENNOXVILLE, QUE.

THE COLLEGE OFFICERS

Principal and Dean of the Faculty of Arts—Rev. A. H. McGreer, M.A. (Toron), B.A. (Oxon), D.D. (Trinity, Toron), O.B.E., M.C.

Dean of Divinity, Harrold Professor and Vice-Principal—Rev. R. Rocksborough-Smith, M.A., Selwyn College Cambridge; B.A., (London) Late Bishop Selwyn Scholar of Selwyn College; Steel Student of Cambridge University; 1st Jeremie Septuagint Prize; Carus Greek Testament Prize; University Hebrew Prize; 1st Class Honours in Theological Tripos; 1st Class in Part II. (Old Testament). Formerly Vice-Principal, Salisbury Theological College; Principal of Wimbledon Clergy House; Principal of Diocesan College, Rangean; Vicar of Broadstone, Dorset.

Professor of History and English Literature—E. E. Boothroyd, Esq., M.A., Trinity College, Cambridge; M.A., Bishop’s Sizar and Prize-man of Trinity; Honours in Historical Tripos, Part I. and II. Formerly Assistant Anglais au Lycée de Sens; Lecturer in History, Bishop’s College.

Mountain Professor of Pastoral Theology and Warden of the Divinity House—The Rev F. G. Vial, M.A., B.D., 1st Class Honours in Classics, B.A. (Bishop’s) 1895; Silver Medallist, Quebec High School. 1892; Mackie Prizeman 1897; Haensel Prizeman 1897; M.A., 1901; B.D., 1905. Parochial appointments, 1897-1907. Lecturer in Classics, University of Bishop’s College, 1907-1910.

Professor of Philosophy and Economics—Rev. H. Chadwick Burt, M.A., Trinity College, Toronto; 1st Class Honours in History, Burnside Scholar, Prizeman in Patristics and Church History.

Professor of Modern Languages, University Librarian and Dean of Residence—F. O. Call, Esq., M.A., Trinity College, Cambridge; 1st Class standing; French and English Literature Prizes; Post-graduate work at McGill, Marburg (Germany), and Paris. Formerly Master of Mod. Lang. at Westmount High School and Bishop’s College School. Author: “In a Belgian Garden” (London), “Acanthus and Wild Grape” (Toronto).

Professor of Mathematics—A. V. Richardson, Esq., M.A., Queen’s College, Cambridge. Formerly Scholar of Queen’s College; Senior Optime, Mathematical Tripos; Natural Science Tripos; 1st Class Honours in Mathematics, Inter. B.Sc., London.

Professor of Classics and Sub-Dean of Residence—W. A. Rae, Esq., B.A., Toronto: Governor-General’s Gold Medal and McGill Gold Medal in Classics; M.A., Chicago. Formerly Fellow in Latin, Chicago: Instructor in Latin. Washington Univ., St. Louis; Associate Prof. of Latin and Greek, Penn College, Iowa.

Professor of Science—A. G. Hatcher, Esq., M.A., McGill; 1st Class Honours in Maths. and Physics; Anne Molson Medallist. Formerly Demonstrator in Physics and Lecturer in Maths., McGill; Prof. of Physics and Chemistry. Naval Professor. Royal Naval College of Canada.

Lecturer in charge of Education: W. O. Rothney, M.A., B.D., Ph.D.
Lecturer in charge of Matriculation Work: D. K. Trotter, F.E.I.S.
Bursar and Registrar: J. C. Stewart, Esq., M.C.

For Calendars and further information apply to the PRINCIPAL or the REGISTRAR.

Michaelmas Term, from Sept. 18 to Dec. 21, 1923.
Lent Term, from Jan. 16 to April 19, 1924.
Trinity Term, from April 20 to June 19, 1924.
Established 18th Century
Clerical Tailors & Robe Makers

"ALL WOOL"
OXFORD GREYS & BLACK
Lounge Suits
from $22.25
Made entirely to Measure.

STUDENTS' GOWNS - $5.88
Stout Russell Cord
PRIESTS' CASCOCKS from $10.58
Gathered
LINEN SURPLICES " $5.88
L.S.T. HOODS - $3.90 and $7.00
Complete
ORDINATION OUTFIT - $100

Patterns and Illustrated Catalogue on application.

$4.70 has been taken as being equivalent to £1. Should the value of the £ sterling rise beyond $4.70, prices must be adjusted accordingly.

Cash Discount of 5% on Orders over $4.70.

EXETER, also Duncannon Street
Charing Cross, W.C.,
ENGLAND.

LONDON
Compliments of

Brompton Pulp
and
Paper Company

EAST ANGUS
and
BROMPTONVILLE
Quebec

Giftwares from Gifted Hands.
Books from All Publishers.
Greeting Cards for all occasions.

Rosemary Gift Shop
2 Dufferin Ave., Sherbrooke.

JAS. PEARTON
Shoe repairing a Specialty.
All work done promptly.
Over 40 years experience.
Lennoxville.

Canada's Great Eastern Exhibition
SHERBROOKE, QUE.
Fortieth consecutive year, 1885 to 1924.

The greatest Educational, Agricultural, Industrial and Publicity Organization in the Eastern Townships.

August 23rd, to Aug. 30th, 1924.

THE ADVERTISERS HAVE HELPED US—PLEASE RECIPROCATE
GUSTAFSON’S STUDIO

HIGH GRADE PORTRAIT AND COMMERCIAL WORK.
DEVELOPING AND PRINTING FOR AMATEURS
COPYING AND ENLARGING

54a Wellington Street N., Sherbrooke.

1st Cannibal—What’s the matter with the chief?
2nd Cannibal—He has hay fever.
1st Cannibal—How is that? This isn’t harvest time.
2nd Cannibal—He ate a grass-widow yesterday.

Walter Blue & Co., Limited
The Finest of Clothing Ready to Wear
Art Kraft Clothes FOR MEN
Wear Better Suits FOR BOYS
Head Office and Factory SHERBROOKE,
Branches: Winnipeg, Man., Montreal, Que.
Owning and operating the Coaticook Woollen Mills, Coaticook, Que.

PLEASE PATRONIZE ADVERTISERS
THE MITRE

GRiffith’s Drug Store
Kodaks Drugs
48a Wellington St. North.
Sherbrooke, Que.
Toilet Articles.

Sangster’s Garage
Distributors
Reo Cars and Speedwagons
31 Wellington St. Phone 413

J. Milford & Son
“Say it with Flowers”
Orders Promptly Filled.
SHERBROOKE, Phone 174

N I: “Have you heard from home today”?
N II: “No, not a cent.”

C. C. ChadDock
Choice Fresh Groceries
Fruits in Season. Fancy Biscuits. Paints and Oils
Shelf Hardware.

The Square    ---    Lennoxville, Que.

PLEASE PATRONIZE ADVERTISERS
THE MITRE

Post Office Building Telephone 134
Main Street

C. J. LANE & SONS
Dealers in
GROCERIES, FRUITS, CROCERY, ETC.
LENNOXVILLE, P.Q.

FURNITURE OR FURNISHINGS
For home, office or study.

Echenberg Bros.
49 Wellington St. N. Sherbrooke

The Highest Form of Service is rendered by
Canada's Strongest Life Assurance Company

SUN LIFE
ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA

Head Office: Montreal
Eastern Townships Division
H. A. H. Baker, Manager. John W. Scott, Division Secretary

General Lumber & Mfg. Company Ltd.,
Manufacturers of
PINE AND B. C. FIR DOORS, SASH, SCREENS
AND INSIDE HOUSE FINISH.

92b Wellington St. North Telephone 584 Sherbrooke, Que.

Fleet, Phelan, Fleet & LeMesurier
BARRISTERS & SOLICITORS
C. J. Fleet, K.C.
M. A. Phelan, K.C.
Robert Fleet
C. S. LeMesurier
I. H. H. Robertson
D. C. Abbott
164 St. James Street Montreal

Lafeur, MacDougall, Macfarlane & Barclay
ADVOCATES, BARRISTERS, &c.
Eugene Lafleur, K.C.
Gordon W. MacDougall, K.C.
Lawrence Macfarlane, K.C.
Gregor Barclay
William B. Scott
Hon. Adrian K. Hugesien
Royal Trust Building Montreal

Foster, Mann, Place, Mackinnon, Hackett & Mulvena
ADVOCATES and BARRISTERS
Hon. Geo. G. Foster, K.C.
J. A. Mann, K.C.
E. G. Place
H. R. Mulvena
John T. Hackett, K.C.
G. B. Foster
F. Winfield Hackett
C. G. MacKinnon, K.C.
Royal Insurance Building
2 Place d'Armes. Montreal

Brown, Montgomery & McMichael
ADVOCATES, BARRISTERS, &c.
Albert J. Brown, K.C.
Robert C. McMichael, K.C.
Walter R. L. Shanks, K.C.
Eldridge Cate
Orville S. Tyndale
Geo. H. Montgomery, K.C.
Warwick F. Chipman, K.C.
Frank B. Common
Linton H. Ballantyne
F. Curzon Dobell
C. Russell McKenzie
Dominion Express Bldg. Montreal

THE ADVERTISERS HAVE HELPED US—PLEASE RECIPROCATE
THE MITRE

“New Duplex” Envelopes

Have revolutionized Church Finances wherever they have been used. Parish Purpose Funds have been largely increased and all Synodical and Mission Funds have been liberally supported. If not already using them. Begin now.

Write for particulars. Special Envelopes and Records of all kinds kept in stock.

The Church Envelope Company
(The largest manufacturers of Contribution Envelopes in Canada)

109 Jarvis Street, Toronto.

Heard before the Basket Ball game.
B.—“Oh that’s right. Bless their little hearts”.
J.—“But they sell tickets for us”
B.—“Oh! to hang with them”
J.—“The “Smith” girls are coming up to the game”

REMEMBER
When you want good Home-Made Candy, see that you get it at Royal Candy Kitchen.

Makers of high grade candy and ice cream for 16 years.

Royal Candy Kitchen
33 King St., Sherbrooke.

Harcourt & Son
Business Established 1842
Clerical Tailors and Robe Makers

Write for prices for Clerical Collars, Surplices, Stoles, Etc.

103 King St. West, Toronto.

MENTION THE "MITRE"—IT IDENTIFIES YOU.
Wiggett's Shoe Shop

HIGH GRADE FOOTWEAR

J. A. WIGGETT
OPP. COURT HOUSE, SHERBROOKE

Geo. A. McLean
MANUFACTURER CONFECTIONER

10 Dufferin Ave.
High Class Confectionery,
Bread, Cakes, Ice Cream, Etc.

SHERBROOKE, QUE.

Some men hold a good hand at Bridge while some—are more successful in the moonlight.

BARRETT'S
Formerly of Waterville,
Ice Cream, Confectionery,
High Grade Chocolates,
Cigars, Cigarettes, Tobacco

Tea, Coffee, Cocoa and Sandwiches Always Ready.

MAIN ST., LENNOXVILLE

The Rexall Store

Drugs, Patent Medicines,
Stationery, School Books, Etc.

Prescriptions a Specialty.

ANSELL'S DRUG STORE
SHERBROOKE, QUE.

McMurray & Hall, Reg’d.
Dry Goods, Men's Furnishings and Footwear.

AGENTS FOR
A. G. Spalding & Bros., Sporting Goods

Lennoxville -:- Quebec

Special Price on all Sporting Goods bought in quantities.

MENTION THE "MITRE"—IT IDENTIFIES YOU.
The New Birks Year Book

The twenty-ninth edition of the Birks Year Book is fresh from the press. It is a real encyclopedia of gift suggestions.

If you have not already received a copy, your name on a postcard will bring you one immediately.

The Ecclesiastical Department has a very complete stock of church furnishings in bronze and brass, Descriptions of these will be sent on request.

Diamond Merchants

Goldsmiths Silversmiths

MONTREAL

Some people have knowledge on their finger tips; others, on their finger nails and still others, on their cuffs.

R. C. McFadden & Co.

GENERAL HARDWARE

Lennoxville, Que.

M. J. BENNETT

Picture Framing. Skates Ground.
Hand Made Hockey Sticks
Gasoline and Motor Oil.

College St., LENNOXVILLE.

THE MOLSONS BANK

INCORPORATED 1855

HEAD OFFICE: MONTREAL

128 BRANCHES THROUGHOUT CANADA

F. W. MOLSON, President.

EDWARD C. PRATT, General Manager.

MENTION THE "MITRE"—IT IDENTIFIES YOU.
A series of

Public Lectures

A series of public lectures will be given during Lent as follows:


Wed. Mar. 26th: “Mussolini and the Fascisti”—Dr. C. U. Clark, F.R.H.S.

Wed. April 2nd: “The Valley of the Kings” (illustrated by lantern slides)—Rabbi M. J. Merritt.

## INDEX

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Section</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Editorial</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Visit of the Governor-General</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Hunchback of Notre Dame</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Divinity</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Arts</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Governor-General's Speech</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Co-eds' Corner</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ballade of the Truth Seekers</td>
<td>26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Athletics</td>
<td>27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Things are not what they seem</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pitfalls by the Wayside</td>
<td>31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Poem &quot;The Sugar-Maker&quot;</td>
<td>33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C. O. T. C.</td>
<td>34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Poem &quot;I was a stranger&quot;</td>
<td>35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Debating Society</td>
<td>36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chess Club</td>
<td>40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Poem &quot;Convent Garden&quot;</td>
<td>41</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Students' Executive Council</td>
<td>41</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>De Alumnis</td>
<td>42</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In Memoriam</td>
<td>44</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ordinations</td>
<td>45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Press Paragraphs</td>
<td>47</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Editorial

If the Michaelmas Term is occupied with one great sport—football, then the Lent Term in its beginning is full of a host of smaller activities. Hockey, the C.O.T.C., Dramatics, Basketball, Skating, Debating, and others crowd upon us after the Christmas Vacation and rare is the student who can feel that he does not know what to do with himself. In the midst of this whirl of affairs “The Mitre” has suffered a change in editorship. Mr. H. M. Doak tendered his resignation much to the regret of “The Mitre” staff and this number represents our humble effort to hold high the torch which he passed to us.

* * * *

“Activities”—the term for us connotes all sport or occupations incidental upon University life and yet not part of the first duty of a student, which is study—have given some of us furiously to think.

There can be no doubt that the existence beside the official curriculum of the University of a sort of unofficial and self-imposed curriculum of games for the testing of brawn or brain, of social affairs, of military endeavours, is a sign of wide-awakedness and healthiness in the student body. Yet a thing such as this “unofficial curriculum” must be watched and two tendencies which may develop in it must be guarded against.

Activities are to the University what spare time is to the busi-
ness man; they give relief from the serious work of life, supply mental and physical recreation, and tend to keep the student from becoming bookish, narrow and "shoppy" by widening the circle of his interests. This means that they must be treated in an unofficial way, as pastimes whose value lies, not in any future advantage which may accrue or be supposed to accrue to us from them, but only in the pleasure they afford us while we are actually taking part in them. To lay too much stress on an activity, to give it too weighty and self conscious a purpose and direction is to destroy the value of it by taking the joy out of it.

The other tendency to be guarded against is more obvious; activities are likely because of their attractiveness to push their way into a place of primary instead of secondary importance. We must remember that, while a University can be quite justly proud of producing good football or debating teams, its chief claim to distinction must be its ability to turn out men who are soundly trained in the various branches of scholarship which they have elected to study.

* * * *

We welcome this term Mr. D. K. Trotter, F.E.I.S. who has come to Bishop's as Lecturer in charge of Matriculation work.

* * * *

A mind that thinks no honest friendship is possible between man and woman is tainted with dishonour.

Rudyard Kipling.

* * * *

We walked about saying nothing—because we were friends, and talking spoils good tobacco.

Rudyard Kipling.

* * * *

In the closest of all relations—that of a love well founded and equally shared—speech is half discarded, like a round about infantile process or a ceremony of formal etiquettes; and the two communicate directly by their presences, and with few looks and fewer words contrive to share their good and evil and uphold each other's hearts in joy.

Robert Louis Stevenson.
The Visit of the Governor-General.

On the afternoon of December 12th, the University was honoured by a visit of Their Excellencies, the Governor-General of Canada and Lady Byng of Vimy. The vice-regal party arrived shortly after four o'clock and was greeted, on entering Convocation Hall by the playing of the first part of the National Anthem. The address of welcome was read by the Chancellor, who expressed Corporation's appreciation of the honour conferred upon the University by the visit of Their Excellencies.

The Principal, in his address, expressed the warmest welcome the University could offer—"The traditions of the College are deep-rooted in an abiding loyalty to the British Crown, and to be honoured by the presence of His Majesty's representative would of itself be sufficient to move us to a sincere enthusiasm; but on this occasion there are other considerations which make the welcome we offer one of genuine affection." The Principal went on to point out the development in the efficiency of the Canadian arms under Baron Byng, Bishop's had played its part in the war and is now playing its part in helping to make Canada worthy to take her place among the nations of the world.

The Governor-General was presented for the degree of D.C.L., honoris causa, by the Principal and, the degree having been conferred the Governor-General rose to speak. As the speech is reported elsewhere it will be sufficient to mention here that he dealt chiefly with the need of idealism in a materialistic age. The formal proceedings were ended by the singing of the National Anthem, followed by hearty cheers for the Governor-General and Lady Byng. Afterwards, all who were there, both students and visitors were presented to Their Excellencies and the Senior Lady-student, on behalf of the whole student body, handed to Lady Byng a bouquet of roses. Tea was served in the Council Chamber, and towards six o'clock the vice-regal party left the University amid the enthusiastic cheers of the students.

* * * *

1st Irishman—"Hello Mike"
2nd Irishman—"Hello, Pat"
1st Irishman—"Begorra, I made a mishtake. It isn't you at all"
2nd Irishman—"Bedad; that's thrue. I thought it was you and you thought it was me and begorra it was nayther of us."

1st Maiden Lady—"Why do you not get married"?
2nd Maiden Lady—Well! I have a parrot that swears, a cat that stays out all night and a dog that growls at everything that comes along so why should I get married?
The Hunchback of Notre Dame.

A Criticism.

There can be, I think, no doubt that the moving picture has developed to the point where its claim to be an art in itself, an art distinct from, although allied to, that of the stage, is fairly generally conceded. This being so it follows that, considered as a mode of artistic expression it has, on the one hand, certain very definite opportunities, and, on the other hand, certain equally definite limitations. It follows also that its continued successful development depends on the degree in which this fact is realized and advantage taken of it.

Let us, as amateurs and friendly lookers-on, consider for a moment what these limitations and opportunities are; or, to put it in another way, let us try to formulate some idea of what a "movie" can be and also of what it can't.

Now the first thing that strikes us is that owing to the admirable perfection of the technical part of the art, the producer of moving pictures is master of his background; he is a magician who can command for his stage a mountain range or a boundless desert, a forest or a torrent. He can set before you the temple or the forum, the church or the market place. His stage may be at will the broad sweep of the storm-tossed sea or a corner of a garret and he can fill that stage with one man or a thousand. He is, then, an absolute master of scenic effect, of "atmosphere," and of whatever atmosphere can do for dramatic presentation.

Over against this infinitude of scenic resource, however, must be set a completely inexorable limitation: the movie is silent, voiceless. It cannot call to its aid the infinite resources of speech; the sparkle of dialogue, the subtleties of the soliloquy, the grandeurs of cadent poetry, all these are denied to it. It is picture art, pure and simple, and not to recognize this is to court disaster. We all know the "problem" picture, prefaced by a neat little disquisition, on faith or morals, graven in letters of light upon the screen. And we all know how annoying these little sermons are, for, if on the stage the play's the thing, then surely on the screen the picture's the thing, and—if Hollywood will forgive me—the bright sunshine of that region seems to produce admirably clear pictures but exceedingly muddled philosophy.

Moreover the picture is not meant for subtleties, I don't say that it is too clumsy a medium, what I mean is that it is not the natural medium for their expression. St. Francis of Assisi knew that in words the "Incarnation" is a great mystery so he set up the first
Christmas crib to teach his people through their eyes simply and straight—forwardly, and nearly all great pictures have this quality of straightforwardness. I do not deny, of course, the mystery, the enigma that lies in the pictures of, say, a da Vinci, but even their mystery lies in their repose, in the fact that the artist has arrested, made permanent, the mood of a moment. One cannot imagine that the Gioconda's picture would retain its mysterious charm if it were to move, and it is about moving pictures that we are talking. No, a picture is meant to bring out the simplicities of life, and by that is meant, not the elementary things but the simpler and more patent aspects of all things.

Let us gather up our two principles in a few words. First, then, the moving picture can make use, and I think should make use, of practically unlimited resources in the matter of setting. If the story wants fairyland for its milieu it can have it.

On the other hand the choice of stories is strictly limited. The story must be a pictorial one, that is its ideas must be of such a sort as can adequately be expressed by the picture, the picture in motion. For us who live in the twentieth century the movie may replace the bard, it cannot replace the prophet or the philosopher.

I have been led to throw these ideas into more or less lucid form by a recent picture which has created something of a furore in motion picture circles, "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," to my mind is a failure because, while it is furnished with a setting which leaves nothing to be desired in the pictorial splendour or historical accuracy, the story, as Victor Hugo has told it, is one that cannot be retold by the art of the moving picture. For Hugo has not used the Cathedral merely as a suitable background for a mediaeval story; he has made it rather the body that houses and expresses a strange and evil soul, to wit the Archdeacon, and the Archdeacon is, to Hugo, a symbol of the Middle Ages. He is a crystallized expression of what the author meant by mediaevalism and ecclesiasticism. Personally I think that he was wrong but I am not at present concerned with discussing whether Victor was right or wrong, just or unfair, I am merely trying to estimate the intent of this book of his in its relation to our subject.

The Cathedral then is used to express the Archdeacon, and the Archdeacon is used to express mediaevalism. That is the author's purpose, to interpret the fifteenth century, and to that end he conceives a great sentient creature, a creature compacted of Cathedral as body and Archdeacon as soul. Quasimodo is a black shadow, a symbol of evil in its revolting and gross aspects, for the Archdeacon, sinister and terrible as he is, is painted in high lights because there is an evil that clothes itself in shining textures that look for all the world like the white robe of virtue.
Now this sort of thing can be done in a book, it can't be done by a picture. Persuasive words may turn a Gothic building into a creature of evil mien, but a photograph of howsoever accurate a replica of that building cannot be expected to produce the same result. Therefore "Notre Dame of Paris," is a book which as it stands could scarcely have been made into a successful moving picture.

But it has not been produced as the author wrote it. To avoid offending the church the Archdeacon has been turned into a saint and his wickedness transferred to his brother Jehan; and—evidently the public won't pay to see its heroines hung—Esmeralda does not suffer but is saved at the critical moment by Quasimodo and carried up into the towers of Notre Dame where she falls into the arms of Phoebus who arrives on the scene just in time to take his part in this essential ceremony (although indeed to a practical mind it seems that his place is down below among his soldiers who are dispersing the mob which has invaded the parvis). Meanwhile the "saintly Archdeacon of Notre Dame" blesses the happy couple with two fingers (thereby usurping an episcopal gesture), and Quasimodo, who has been mortally wounded in fight with Jehan before he pushes that worthy over the parapet, dies ringing a last peal on his beloved bells.

Now of these two changes in the author's work the second is inexcusable. Anyone who has read the closing chapters of the book cannot but be half disgusted, half amused with this scene that we have described. To be sure the end of "Notre Dame" is awful, but the end of "The Hunchback" is silly. The author's last scene may be wicked but it is masterly. To travesty it, to produce such pap and make Victor Hugo bear the blame of it is not right.

But the other change, namely the transference of the Archdeacon's villiany to his scapegrace brother Jehan, raises a different question. It was obviously done to avoid grieving religious people and that is a very laudable intention. None could take exception to a change made in an author's work for this reason, if such a change could be effected without damaging the plan and intention of the work. In this case the thing cannot be done. Claude Trollo's priesthood is an integral part of the author's plan and as a priest he is naturally a part of the Cathedral, thus he serves Hugo's purpose, of making the Cathedral express his, that is Hugo's, ideas. To transfer the Archdeacon's spiritual struggles from the priest to the layman his brother is to rob them of their meaning, and Jehan Frollo is not associated with the Cathedral even though he be made to wander, a malignant spy, about the triforium.

For these reasons it seems to me that this picture in spite of the almost incredible pains taken with its staging is doubly a failure. It is a failure because the psychologic narrative of Victor Hugo
cannot be expressed pictorially, and it is a failure because the modification of the story has turned it into a trite little romance that smacks, for all the mediæval glory of its setting, of the West—even of the Wild West. One can almost see the chaps of the cowboy beneath the greaves of these men-at-arms.

* * * *

Divinity

Theological Society

There were only two meetings of the above society last term, the first of which was devoted to a discussion, whilst at the second Mr. C. Sauerbrei read a paper on "Ecclesiastical Architecture and Ornaments."

This term a series of four papers is to be delivered before the society, the first of which is to be given by the Dean, on "Missions."

As Prof. Rocksborough Smith is an experienced conductor of parochial missions, his paper which will be reported in our next issue should prove both helpful and interesting.

Retreat.

A very helpful Retreat was conducted here last term. On this occasion the conductor was Rev. J. S. Brewer, Rector of Compton and Chaplain of King's Hall School.

Our meditations were based upon a series of questions, the first three of which our Blessed Lord seemed to be putting to us and the last two we put to Him.

Many of us are realizing that the more we accustom ourselves to these Retreats the more they mean to us.

New-Comer to Divinity House.

J. A. P. McMANN.

Born at Brookville, St. John Co., New Brunswick—public school education—served three years in the Canadian Militia during the war and has since pursued various occupations—entered Preparatory Year in Divinity in January, 1924.

* * * *

Betty—(coming to 1st lecture after Christmas holidays)

"Happy New Year Jim."

Jim—"All right".
Reception Room.

Through the kindness of Miss R. Henshaw of Montreal, the College has been enabled to decorate and furnish a room to be used by the students for the reception and entertainment of their friends. Great interest has been shown in the problems of decoration and arrangement, especially by Mrs. McGreer and Mrs. Rocksborough-Smith, and an attractive scheme of cream and blue has been carried out.

Our sincere thanks go out to Miss Henshaw for this generous gift which will do much towards making our social gatherings more enjoyable.

* * * *

Advertising the University.

Sooner or later to all University students comes the question of advertising their Alma Mater. To us, at this time it has come "sooner". How shall we do it? There are those who think of great athletic feats as good advertisements but one must think of the University as a place for mental as well as physical training. Some suggest large glaring posters like those used by the makers of the best beverages, or electric signs like the furniture people display. Perhaps an aeroplane could be hired to make daily in smoke the letters B-I-S-H-O-P-S in the sky over our prominent cities. These would all help yet there would seem to be something lacking. These are all external efforts, they are bold self-assertions which will attract attention, but that attention, once it has been attracted can only be held by something more real and earnest in proportion as it is quieter and less showy. You must prepare your dinner before you ring the dinner bell.

On considering the question we find that successful men in any business are a very good advertisement. This gives us a clue which, when traced back is found to be the much-talked-of College spirit which seems to exist in any man in inverse ratio to the amount he talks about it. This spirit cannot be absorbed overnight but takes a long time to acquire as well as some self-denial. If we would, as students, do our work consistently; form proper habits of thought,
feeling and action; acquire knowledge of nature and society; form ideals which make for social well-being and learn in all this to act on the one hand independently and, on the other, in the society of which we are a part, this would be the best kind of advertising and there would be no need to worry over the future of Bishop's.

* * * * *

WE SHOULD LIKE TO SEE
Larivière on time for lectures.
Naylor I, teaching history.
Wireless installed in the University.
Macqueen on time for lectures.
Weegar on time for meals.
A grateful Editor.
The co-ed who would dare to exercise her Leap-Year privileges.
A student who would hand in his "Mitre" material on time.

* * * * *

Things we would like to know.

How Jerry expects Dr. Rothney to "co-operate" with Mr. Johnston's male students.

If the Hunchback of Notre Dame really "expired" on the Wednesday predicted by our President of dramatics.

Who says: "Gosh all hemlock."
"Theh."
"Who's going necking to-night."
"Hot dog."
"D———" (when she plays basket-ball).
"Goodness, gracious."

Why beauty does not count as a qualification for the Teacher's Diploma.

If the presence of a number of law students would indicate the establishment of a bar in the College in the near future.

Why Buck Titcomb never came to initiation.

* * * * *

According to the ancient Welsh standard, a perfect man had to be able to tame a horse and ride it; make a boat and sail it; write a poem and set it to music, and be a good man.
The Governor-General's Speech.

In another place an account is given of the visit of the Governor-General of Canada. The text of his speech made in Convocation on that occasion follows:

"You must have some reason for conferring this honour on me. I can only imagine it is because I was the fortunate person who commanded the Canadian Corps during part of the war. I wonder if you ever realize what the Canadian Corps meant to me? Its whole mainspring was its idealism. The World, I think, is now passing through a materialistic phase. People are thinking a little too individually about themselves. It was not so with that corps. Those men asked, 'Is this cause we are fighting for a just one?' and the answer came back, 'Yes'.

And so it was on the morning of the ninth of April, 1917, when the Canadians went over the top they were a line of idealists.

What is idealism? Is not our religion and our faith the greatest piece of idealism that we know? I know it is. And what is this League of Nations? Is not that a great mass, a great lump of idealism? But it may be pulled to pieces so easily, and many people say it is all nonsense. Yet I think we are all heart and soul trying to do our best, first for our faith, and secondly to make the League of Nations a going concern. I believe the fighting men were imbued with Canadian idealism. On their lips, when they thought of the time to come after the war had been always the question "What is going to happen to this Canada of ours? The answer lies with you young people. What are you going to make of this land. Are you going to make its people a hard body of people, each individual striving for more and more money, or will you make it an idealist Dominion? I am idealistic about Canada. I would like to see it grow, and all I ask is that I may have but a small hand in making it grow. I think myself that idealism is worth while." Paying a tribute to the endurance and the dogged courage of the Canadians at Vimy, Lord Byng concluded: "And they stayed there unconquerable and unconquered Canadians. They stuck there with idealism."

* * * *

Friendships should be formed with persons of all ages and conditions, and with both sexes. It is a great happiness to form a single sincere friendship with a woman; compatible with the most perfect innocence, and a source of the highest possible delight to those who are fortunate enough to form it.

Sydney Smith.
The Soul had just left the body and in fact felt so strangely that it hovered for a moment or two above its earthly abode. That is why the watchers anxiously bent over the dying girl. For a moment a smile flickered on her lips and they appeared to move, but, no, the Soul had received its freedom and decided to continue its passage.

Now the Soul was not very large; but from outward appearance it was pure white. It flapped its tiny wings and began the transmigration. It was growing tired when the Golden Portal loomed suddenly within sight. The Soul gathered all its strength for a final attempt, and dropped at last, exhausted, on to a beautiful couch draped with shimmering velvet. It lay there panting for hours before it could recover sufficiently to observe its surroundings.

All around it was space, and the only material thing which the Soul could espy was the Golden Gate. Timidly it left the couch and approached the door. What was its surprise when St. Peter, who had been looking through the grating, opened the Door and invited it to enter. The room within was inexpressibly vast; tall ivory columns supported the arched ceiling. The walls were hung with beautiful tapestries woven of gold and silver, shot with streaks of rose and blue. The room was furnished with couches and chairs all modelled from gold. Near the Door was St. Peter’s throne; while his bunch of keys hung on an ivory hook nearby.

The Soul took these things in with a glance and noticed that at the other end of the room was another door, the largest it had ever seen. It ventured towards one of the couches, and shyly looking at the mournful soul seated thereon, inquired where the door led.

"That," answered the gloomy one, "leads to the Great Throne; but before it can be passed Gabriel must give an examination."

The Soul shuddered. Oh, surely they did not give those infernal things here too! It had thought to escape examinations forever, when it left the earth below.

"This is only the first entrance," said the gloomy soul, "Heaven lies beyond...................."

Suddenly it ceased. The Inner Door opened and Gabriel came forth, posing his eyeglasses upon his shiny nose and observing the remarkable number of souls awaiting his test. He approached a bluish-grey one which appeared to be asleep. Gabriel took his keys,
opened the soul with a jerk and peered within. His face became sober, he closed the soul violently and looked away. "I am afraid you have several years of penance, before you can pass the Inner Door", He said, "I see here signs of years of drunkenness and also several marks which represent frequent anger. You must pass to the right and follow that passage, your duty will there be shown you."

The meticulous Soul listened trembling to these words. And it hastened after the doomed Soul. They passed over a warm pavement for some time, and then terrible heat began to oppress them. The white Soul turned back and fled to the room it had just left. It flew so rapidly that it went to the other side of the hall, struck against one of the ivory columns and fell to the floor. It managed to pull itself half beneath the tapestry, and lay there listening to Gabriel's denunciation.

All the bluish-grey ones were sent to the fiery regions for several years. The reddish ones were compelled to wander in a misty border land; the lighter coloured ones were merely given some little task for a time.

Gabriel had tested them all—not one had gone through the Inner Door. He was about to re-enter when something attracted his attention. A breeze had floated down one of the passages and uncovered the poor, quaking Soul. Gabriel came over to it. He was amazed at its appearance. It was the whitest soul he had ever seen. He picked it up to examine it and noticed a large bluish-grey spot on one side.

"Well, I declare, were you wont to indulge in that terrible liquor also?"

The words cut the soul to the core.

"Oh, please," it murmured, "that is only where I knocked myself when I entered just now. I flew violently against this column.

Gabriel looked relieved at this explanation. He took his key and gently opened the Soul. He gazed silently for a moment. It was indeed a curious soul. There was only one blemish within it, and that he could not understand.

"Did you ever smoke?"

"Oh! No," gasped the horrified Soul.

"Huh! Were you ever in love then?"

The Soul suddenly turned such a rosy hue all over, that Gabriel was on the point of sending it to the misty regions. Instead, however, a smile parted his lips.

"I see," he said kindly, "this blemish is a kiss." Hastily he closed the Soul and led it to the Inner Door. At the entrance he hung a golden cross glistening with sapphires and rubies, on the Soul. Then he opened the immense structure and still smiling ordered the Soul to pass beyond.
“SCHOOL MARMS”

Did you ever see them starting off
One at Sherbrooke, three from here?
You’d think that they were soldiers bold,
Such is their brave and fearless air.

There may be reason for it, though.
The task that is before them set,
Would try the patience and the ire
Of any full fledged suffragette.

The trials of Gwen are very few
And, presque toujours toute la même,
Les garçons rise and this repeat
“Chère Demoiselle, que je vous aime.”

And in the North Ward Cora reigns.
The pupils there are all so bright (?)
She’s sure their Matres Sanitae
Must scour and scrub them every night.

Harriet’s way leads to the High,
She delves in knowledge very deep;
The pupils wish she’d give them time
Occasionally to have a sleep.

Perhaps you’ve heard of Marjorie.
She asked her pupils, with a smile
If they would write a ‘comp’ for her
She knew it would be worth their while.

One little boy was asked to write
About a football match—and say
He thought a moment, seized his pen,
Wrote, “Rain, will be no match to-day.”

So there you have them, all the four.
Each with her views and ‘plexities.
We wish them all the best of luck
On teaching’s wild and stormy seas.

* * * *

“Some girls are born with big mouths; some acquire big mouths; while others have big mouths thrust upon them”.

The Value of a College Magazine.

Few people recognize the great value of a College magazine, such as “The Mitre”, to the student, to individuals not attending the College, and to the College itself. Very few opportunities are given to people to show what they are able to do in the literary line; and if a person would start to write at College, he might discover that he possesses great literary talent.

A person, when asked to write something for “The Mitre” usually has varied excuses, like the guests in the New Testament times who were asked to attend a feast. The student has not the time, or cannot think of a subject to write on, or he cannot possibly do it. All this is ridiculous. In the first place, every person is able to spend an hour or so to write a few lines. If one notices, it will be seen that very often it is the person who really has the most work to do, who has time to do something extra.

Then again, most people, if they have any imagination at all, are able to think of a subject, if they would take the trouble, and practically everyone is able to write on the subject he has chosen. It is only when one starts to work, that he finds out what he is able to do. Articles, which would shame some of us, are often seen in school magazines, written by boys and girls of about 15 years of age.

A College magazine may be a help to people who are not able to enjoy the privileges of College life, as, sometimes, it teaches them, and gives them a wider outlook, and may cheer up some downcast person.

A College magazine usually contains accounts of the various activities and interests of the College, and, what we all like, a few witticisms. This helps to advertise the College itself. If the magazine should happen to fall into the hands of a boy who is trying to choose his profession, it may be the turning point in his life, and make him decide to attend the University which produces an attractive magazine.

So now, students, one and all, do your bit to boost the magazine, our magazine, “The Mitre”.

* * * *

TRYING TO SKI.

Do you ski?—If you do don’t read any further, you know all this by experience; but if you don’t, and are thinking of doing so, be warned in time! Take heed to a poor deluded mortal who thought that skiing was a cross between snow-shoeing and tobogganing, and rather easier than either.

When I think of all the trouble I might have been saved had I stuck to snowshoes, I’m thoroughly disgusted with myself. I wonder why I ever thought I wanted those instruments of torture. Since
I got them I have learned that we don't always know what's best for us. If "pride goes before a fall" Lucifer had nothing on me the first time I tried. I hadn't taken two steps before I found myself, quite suddenly, sitting on the ground. I decided that I hadn't started rightly, and that this was just an accident. I soon discovered that it was an accident when I remained standing up, and the usual thing was for me to be about half a mile behind the rest of the party, lying in a snow bank.

Snow looks soft. But when it's good weather for skiing it isn't very soft, at least not to fall into. I would be quite as willing to stick my head through a glass window-pane as to fall face down in a nice crusty snow. The directions that people who have learned (lucky things) give one are simply maddening! As I start down hill, trying my best to keep my skiis from crossing, someone shouts "lean forward or you will go over backwards." I lean forward and when my scattered senses return I'm being pulled out from under the crust, and am a sort of tangled mixture of skiis and scarf. I have to hunt for my gloves, which, of course, are full of snow, and more snow is gently working in around my neck.

After this particular form of tumble has been repeated a few times, one feels as if packed in cracked ice — in fact one is! Another most complicated direction to my untrained ears is "Jam down your heel and swing your ski!" Of course I know perfectly well that the skiis are going in opposite ways but by the time I've realized what this command means it's too late to do anything, and so I sit down, none too gently on the back of at least one ski, and imagine for awhile that I've broken my ankles. I wouldn't mind very much breaking a bone or two, I'd have a perfectly good excuse for not going skiing, then.

To-night, as I write, I am wrapped in bandages and rubbed with liniment. I am so lame that I'll have to carry a cane to lectures tomorrow! My fingers are so swollen from frost bites that I can hardly hold my pen—so Mr. Editor, excuse the writing please. My face is covered with cuts, and looks a little worse than usual, and the wet snow took all the curl out of my hair. Needless to say I tried to ski again this afternoon. I'm glad its coming near spring. Perhaps someone will use my skiis for kindling before next winter. But if you know anyone who would like a pair of skiis send them to the most battered looking Co-ed in U.B.C. I'll sell them very cheaply or I'll even give them away if the recipient will let me watch her learn.

If one can judge by their laughter and amusement I've furnished for onlookers anyone trying to ski must be funnier than the best comedy ever acted. My parting word of advice to those about to take up skiing is, DON'T!
Miss Francis (after teaching class how to write the number 10)—“Johnnie, write 10 on the board for me.”

Johnnie writes the figure 5 very laboriously.

Miss F. (in a heart broken tone) “Oh Johnnie! after all my teaching. Why — — — —”

Johnnie—“Please Miss wait a minute” and he immediately placed another 5 under the first one.

* * * *

Wilting Weeds.

“Which weeds are the easiest to kill?” asked young Tompkins of Farmer Jones.

“Widows’ weeds,” replied the farmer. “You have only to say ‘Wilt thou?’ and they wilt.”

* * * *

She rejected him coldly, “I must have a strong silent man, full of grit,” she said.

“Try a deaf and dumb dust man” he growled.

* * * *

Howard Billings bought a cow, and is now supplying his neighbors with butter and fresh eggs.

* * * *

Professor Boothroyd—Define the word “deficit”, please.

L. M. S.—A deficit is what you’ve got when you haven’t as much as if you had nothing.

* * * *

Advice to Freshettes.

We advise people who are of nervous temperament to drop certain classes in first year Arts if they wish to keep their heads (both back and front) intact. The missiles range from sticks and wads of paper to Longman’s French Course Composition, which is quite weighty and when sent at the rate of a mile a minute leaves its mark. Of course much to our delight there are many poor shots, and the floor resembles a wood shed of wrongly directed arrows.

We wish to help these poor deluded people to become more accurate, and so we recommend a base-ball which would hit the mark and probably render a knock-out if they so desire.
Our Advertisers.

Wanted! — Someone to sew on buttons on the 3rd floor.

* * * *

Advertisement of a Laundry.
Don't kill the wife! Let us do your dirty work.

* * * *

C.S.—"What would Neptune say if the sea dried up?"
M.W.M.—"I haven't an ocean."

* * * *

Quotation from a Novel.
"He tore his eyes from hers causing intense pain to them both"—No wonder!

* * * *

Traveller—"Oh! My dear Madam, there are some spectacles that one never forgets."
Old Lady—"Then I wish you would tell me where to buy them, sir, I'm always mislaying mine."

* * * *

Barber to little boy—"Well, my little man, how would like me to cut your hair?"
Small boy—"Please, cut it with a hole in the top, like Dad's."

* * * *

How would he know?

Prof. Hatcher—(to Mr. Ritchie) "Show Mr. Pickford where the alcohol is."

* * * *

Desperado—"Halt! If you move you're dead."
Student of U.B.C.—"My man, you should be more careful of your English. If I should move it would be a positive sign that I was alive."

* * * *

Do you suppose that Hazel has learned a Latin apology yet?

* * * *

Little Blanche had never tasted a soda water before, so knew nothing about the after effects of the foamy drink. Uncle Frank took her to the corner drug store and treated her to a glass. She gulped it down, then in a moment put her hand to her face saying, "Oh Uncle my nose feels like my foot is asleep."
POPULAR SONGS

Gwen Read — “Homes, Sweet Homes.”
Cora Sim — “Bebe.”
Harriet Philbrick — “Annabelle.”
Marjorie Francis — “Margie.”
Marian Matthews — “Dear Old Pal of Mine.”
Dot Hall — “I want my mammy.”
H. Griffith — “When June comes.”
Lois Skinner — “Bamboo baby.”
Betty Whyte — “That frivolous girl.”
Tot Nichol — “Why go wild over Harry.”
Lyla Brown — “If no one ever marries me.”
Leila Waterman — “Lanky leany, stringy beany.”
Blanche Roe — “I ain’t nobody’s darling.”
Bertha Cox — “How ye goin’ to keep ’em down on the farm?”
Maude MacRitchie — “Oh, how I hate to get up in the morning”
Audrey Bennett — “Wonderful One.”
Ivy Berwick — “Ivy cling to me.”
Edith Barraclough — “I’m forever blowing bubbles”
Eleanor Aitkin — “Resignation.”
Evelyn Bennett — “Shufflin’ along.”
Margaret McKindsey — “Oh Gee, O Gosh, O Golly, I’m in love”
Evelyn Mayhew — “If I knew you then as I know you now.”
Margaret Coffin — “Ain’t we got fun.”
Eva Murch — “Waiting for the Evenin’ mail.”
Rita Butler — “Little red schoolhouse.”
Dorothy Joachim — “And the little old Ford rambled right along.”
Dorothy Lipsey — “My sweetie went away.”
Sylvia Burton — “Who is Sylvia.”
Irene Aldrich — “Irene.”

* * * *

W. H.—“Did you ever kiss a girl when she wasn’t expecting it?”
G. A.—“I doubt it.”

* * * *

He’s not the only one!

The speaker waxed eloquent and after his peroration on women’s rights, he said— “When they take our girls, as they threaten, away from the co-educational colleges what will follow? What will follow, I repeat.”

Larry—“I will.”
She gave him away.

Xmas shopper—"I'd like to look at some cheap skates."
Saleslady—"Wait a minute, I'll call the boss."

* * * *

O. W.—"What is the Psychological analysis of a giggle?"
M.C.—"Oh! Say—dry up."

* * * *

M. C.—"What is the future of dire."
C. S.—"Dearest!"

* * * *

CONSCIENCE.

Shakespeare was the greatest of English poets, but he was also the most truthful. If anyone doubt that statement let her, or him, go to her books, whether spread in confusion on a busy student's floor, or arranged in a neat array on a spinster's shelf, and from among them pull down "Hamlet" and turn to Act III, Scene i, and in that ill-fated prince's soliloquy read. "Thus conscience doth make cowards of us all."

Some intellectual giants say that the possession of a conscience is the great dividing line between man and beast—perhaps a cynic might almost say between man and man. For is the hard-hearted landlord—chiefly of fiction, I grant you, yet often of everyday life—possessed of a conscience when he refuses to fix the drain or repair the rickety staircases of his slum tenements; or in his more select apartment houses, when he refuses admittance to children, especially babies, who by their noise might upset the supersensitive nerves of some cranky man or woman of means and perhaps of even less conscience than himself? It is worth a few minutes meditation daily.

It is this hard-hearted landlord type who makes the most unscrupulous politician. One cannot graft with a conscience that will say "No" at a singularly inconvenient moment, or that has a most upsetting way of giving one nightmares, and cold shivers up the spinal column at the sight of a policeman or the wronged ones. Worse still, this conscience brings the breath of suspicion right to one's door when it makes one go over and over the accounts to see if by any possibility, proof can be found of the evil practiced. Are these politicians any better than the gaunt repulsive hyenas who prowl round the wastes at night uttering weird and blood-curdling cries and driving smaller animals from their food—probably found and
killed with difficulty? I wonder! The hyena prowls in the darkness because he is afraid: the grafters, heartless tramplers on the rights of the people, defraud and cheat in order to grow rich and live at ease, and thus they start the fires of distrust and hatred—fires which cannot always be controlled; and keep on doing so because they are afraid to desist. Afraid because their consciences, lulled to sleep by excuses in the earlier stages, are being awakened by the protests of the sufferers; in the fear of discovery they plainly show that something is wrong somewhere. [Turn again to Shakespeare and read “Macbeth” to see how Lady Macbeth acts after the murder of Duncan]. They deserve sympathy, poor souls, as it must be rather hard to have a dead part of one’s innermost self return to life and cause untold suffering. A conscience is like the Indian’s snow, so many bags of feathers must come down and it matters not when: little pricks of self-contempt once or twice daily are surely more easily borne than the continual stabs all the time during the last few years of life.

In contrast to these one sees those of the other type who don’t put their consciences to sleep but keep them working over-time. Quite frequently the comment is “Poor dear, she is so frightfully conscientious, the Doctor says she’ll have a breakdown soon”, or “He’s so conscientious that already from overwork he has to wear glasses continually, partly because he never gets any exercise. They are so because they are afraid of the pricks their active consciences will give if they rest before their labors are done twice over. Think of a world where every one was “too conscientious”! Every female nervous and irritable because she did all that was required of her; and all the males bespectacled till forty and then blind. The race would soon die out from physical weakness caused by an over developed conscience which is as much a deformity as an extremely large proboscis or a club foot.

But fortunately for the average individual there is a happy medium. A healthy conscience working on the “eight hours a day” plan with sense enough to weigh the good and evil intentions of the possessor will keep her—or him—in the straight and narrow path. Then our consciences would not make cowards of us for our evil thoughts would be nipped in the bud so to speak, and we would be preparing for that state which we will experience in paradise.

* * * *

G.H.—Say, that tooth couldn’t ache now that the nerve’s out of it, could it?
C.S.—I don’t think so, maybe it’s the tooth next to it.
G.H.—The tooth next to it is out.
Personnel of the
Co-eds' Basket-ball Team
1924

M. Matthews
(Spare)
C. H. Roach
(Coach)
Eva Murch
(Centre)

G. Read
(Spare)
R. Nichol
(Defence)
M. Francis (Capt.)
(Forward)

C. Sim
(Spare)

L. Waterman
(Defence)
E. Barraclough
(Wing)

M. Francis
(Forward)
M. McKindsey
(Forward)
Basket-ball Report.

The 1923-1924 basketball season is now over, and the next thing to be done is to give a report of the year's happenings to those sufficiently interested to read it.

Although the year may not have brought many victories to the Co-eds team, both the practises and the games have been thoroughly enjoyed. The team played two games before Christmas and two in the New Year. To continue basket-ball after the Michaelmas term is contrary to the usual custom of the Co-eds, but the enthusiastic vote of all concerned decided against custom.

The first of the 1923-24 games was played in the home Gymnasium against the Girls of Stanstead Wesleyan College, at 4 o'clock Saturday afternoon, November 9th. The game was good and the players evenly matched, but despite the much appreciated support from the gallery, the Co-eds lost by one point, 11-12; Mr. Roach kindly refereed the game. Owing to the great kindness of Mrs. McGreer, who opened her home for the occasion, the visiting team was able to be entertained more comfortably than would have been possible.

The return game was played in the Stanstead Gym. on Saturday afternoon, November 17th, and was refereed by Mr. McFadyen. The team proceeded to Stanstead in automobiles kindly lent by Mr. McKindsey and The Rev. Ellery Read. Whether it was the exhilarating effects of the Stanstead air, coupled with the rainstorm, which was experienced on the journey, will never be known, but the Co-eds retrieved their fallen fortunes in a very fast game. The two teams were so evenly balanced that an overtime period was necessary to decide the issue. The final score being 15-12 for the Bishop's team, making the Co-eds two points ahead in the series.

After a most enjoyable supper in the College, the Bishop's girls returned home carrying with them the remembrance of a delightful day, and looking forward to another contest next year.

The line-up for the game was as follows.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Position</th>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Position</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>D. Darrah</td>
<td>Forward</td>
<td>M. McKindsey</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R. Ward</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>M. Francis</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>D. Haselton</td>
<td>Defence</td>
<td>L. Waterman</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>M. Rider</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>R. Nichol</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>V. Sissons</td>
<td>Centre</td>
<td>E. Murch</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>G. Sullivan</td>
<td>Wing</td>
<td>F. Barraclough</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R. Watson</td>
<td>Spare</td>
<td>C. Sim</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>V. Doyle</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>M. Matthews</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

These were the only two games played before the Christmas holidays, as the expected match with the Old Girls could not be arranged.
On January 26th, the Sherbrooke High School Girls defeated the Co-eds in the College Gym, 26-25. The return game was played on February 1st, also in the College Gym, owing to the difficulty of procuring a floor in Sherbrooke on the date agreed upon for the match. This game was played in three twenty minute periods and was decidedly the better game of the two; the combination of both teams was good, and the play was fast throughout, especially during the last two periods. The weakness of the Bishop's team lay in their forwards where Sherbrooke starred conspicuously.

The line-up was as follows:

F. Waddlesworth Forward G. Read
O. Jackson " M. Francis
P. Forrest Defense L. Waterman
H. Cohen " R. Nichol
B. Reid Centre E. Murch
L. Reid Wing E. Barraclough
M. Hall Spare M. McKindsey
M. Blue " M. Matthews

The game ended with a score of 33-29 in favor of the visitors, and decided definitely which was the better team; after this game the team broke up for the season.

At a meeting held the same evening, Miss Leila Waterman was the unanimous choice as Captain for the following year.

Too much cannot be said in appreciation of the untiring efforts of Mr. Cecil Roach, who devoted much time to the training of the team, filling a somewhat difficult position as coach, with ability, courtesy, and tact (which latter gift was frequently needed).

An innovation was introduced this year which added some distinction to the regular members of the team, who have earned the right to wear a capital "B", Old English type, on their sweaters.

The Captain takes this opportunity of thanking each member of the team for the support given to her during the year. The team has worthily upheld the traditional sportsmanship for which Bishop's College is so well known.

**BASKET-BALL ACCOUNTS**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Amount</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Awarded from S. E. C.</td>
<td>15.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Basket-ball</td>
<td>5.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stanstead Expenses</td>
<td>1.85</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sherbrooke Expenses</td>
<td>2.75</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Balance**: $50.40
We Wonder If

The "back" porch in the song must necessarily be "black".

* * * *

Nifty missed anything on the basket-ball snowshoe tramp.

* * * *

Chappie has given up smoking for economic reasons.

* * * *

Why the ladies are so overwhelmed with magazines this year.

* * * *

Buddy's slow progress along erotic lines is due to lack of courage or encouragement.

* * * *

The thought of the return of the Old Girls and Boys at the dance is causing a flutter in any of the hearts here?

* * * *

We bought white ink; the new tables could not be improved.

* * * *

The safety pin on the back of Len's gown is meant for personal adornment or to a pessimistic nature.

* * * *

Why the mention of the History Plays of Shakespeare causes such excitement to Tottie.

* * * *

The co-eds exercised Leap Year privileges, would the men reciprocate.

* * * *

The new arrangement of the common room has been appreciated — Not so drawfy, what?
BALLADE OF THE TRUTH-SEEKERS

"The Altitudes meet at the Orthodox centre"
(Extracts from a recent examination paper in Geometry)

Seekers of truth in the days of old
Gifts with which for advice to pay,
Journeying far through the heat and cold
Gathered at Delphi in bright array.
Wondering, what would the oracle say?
Would it still their suspense prolong?
Cryptic answer and fresh delay—
Surely the road to the truth seemed long!

Seekers of truth in the prophet's fold,
Striving Mahomet's command to obey,
Gazed where round them the desert rolled
Scorched by the pitiless noon-tide ray.
What they have suffered their looks betray,
Travellers here must be stout and strong.
While Mecca beyond the horizon lay
Surely the road to the truth seemed long!

Seekers of truth in the days of old
Setting out on the Pilgrims' Way,
Such as those of whom Chaucer told.
Went to St. Thomas' shrine to pray.
Wearily riding through mire and clay.
Even though cheered by story and song
With Canterbury still far away
Surely the road to the truth seemed long!

ENVOI

Seekers of knowledge still blunder to-day
Dimly confusing the right with the wrong.
Far from the orthodox proofs they stray.
Surely the road to the truth seems long!
The interest which the students thus took in basket-ball, led to a meeting in which a manager was appointed with the view of getting a team together, which would be capable of entering a league at once.

When the Lenten term opened, manager Pickford, selected three teams, with the object of creating a first team to represent the College.

Fortunately we have been able to enter the Sherbrooke City League, where we will play such teams as Tuxis, Q.C.R., and Sherbrooke High. Those who are fortunate enough to make the team, are confident that Bishop's promises to put into the League, one of the best team they have had.

* * * *

Three teams are at present, playing games in the College gymnasium. These teams are operating under the illustrious names of "The All-Stars", "The No-Stars", and the "Moonshiners"; unfortunately we have been unable to find out the real reason for these names or what they signify, but we feel sure that much pleasure is being taken from the games. The "Moonshiners", so far, are leading the league, with the "No-Stars" a close second.

* * * *

Jerry (as usual talking philosophy at the dinner table) "Taking this philosophical point of view I've opened up a new channel for thought."

Legge "That channel's pretty muddy, Jerry."

* * * *

OFFICERS IN TRAINING.

Cuckoo—(Having his bed-clothes smartly pulled off by numbers at 7.30 a.m.) "What's the time, Sir?"

Nifty—"7.30 Sir."

Cuckoo—"I gave orders, Sir, to be called at 7.55."

Nifty—(in cautionary tone) "Oh, I beg your pardon."

(in commanding tone) "AS YOU WERE!"
THE MITRE

HOCKEY 1924.

The characteristic enthusiasm over College Hockey became apparent at the opening of the Lenten term, and the first practice practically every member of last year's team in uniform.

We are unable to enter any league this year, but nevertheless Jimmie Walsh who is capably filling the position of manager is busy arranging games with various surrounding clubs. No definite schedule has been drawn up as yet but we feel sure that the hockey club is quite confident of putting on the ice a well-balanced team which will, no doubt, complete a successful season.

From last year's graduating class the team lost one man only, and this year's forward line and defence is the same as last. Besides regulars there is promising new material. Rider, of the freshman class, has been showing good hockey and, without a doubt, become a very efficient forward.

No games with outside clubs have been played. However, an inter-house match was played on Friday, February 1st, in which the School Building and the Divinity House combined against the Old Arts Building. The game was keenly contested and the Old Arts Building finally managed to break a tie just at the final whistle.
game was interesting for the spectators, if not for some of the players or the referee.

However, it is hoped that the student body will give their whole-hearted support to the team, as this support is what the team really wants, and without which little success is possible. Therefore the hockey club is making this appeal to the students to back up the team as much as they are able, and relying on this support, the team should carry the purple and white to victory.

* * * *

The Road Race.

The annual cross-country road race for the shield donated by Mrs. McGreer was held on Nov. 9th, 1923. Mrs. McGreer acted as starter. The contestants left the College Quad by way of the golf links. Passing the brick-yards and Huntingville, they returned making a total distance of five miles. Those who entered the event were: Messrs G. F. Watts, C. E. Daykin, H. M. Doak, M. Hambleton, O. Wheeler, and A. E. Irwin. Of these G. F. Watts finished first covering the distance in 31 min. 38 sec. Messrs Doak and Daykin finished second and third respectively with approximately five seconds behind Mr. Watts' time. The next in line were Wheeler, Irwin, and Hambleton.

"Something we need at Bishop's."
Things are not what they seem.

John Smith won the Cross-Country Race—a remarkable feat in itself but it had a host of after effects. John, who was a quiet, retiring young man did not care to advertise himself but he had no need to. His younger brother strutted proudly through the town informing everybody that “his big brother won the race.”

His father congratulated him and reminded him that he had come from a race of runners and that the boys’ race today was almost as good as the one he himself had won thirty years before. His mother looked pleased but inwardly hoped that his violent exercise would stop with the present victory. Strange to say, his sister was cross and for no other reason than that she was not a boy and had no chance to show how she could run. Her younger brother strutted proudly through the town informing everybody that “his big brother won the race.”

His father congratulated him and reminded him that he had come from a race of runners and that the boys’ race today was almost as good as the one he himself had won thirty years before. His mother looked pleased but inwardly hoped that his violent exercise would stop with the present victory. His, strange to say, his sister was cross and for no other reason than that she was not a boy and had no chance to show how she could run. When the newspapers praised John for winning, they gave most of the credit to the work of the trainer. Next Sunday, the local newspaper ran upon the benefits of a clean healthy life as shown in John Smith’s victory. Had the advertising ended there, things would not have been too bad but the opportunity was too good for alert business men to let go by. Next Monday morning the local shoe-dealer ran an advertisement in his window to the effect that John Smith and all great runners used his running-shoes and he tried to convince the townsmen that it was due to the running-shoes that John Smith had won. Across the street, the “Wearproof Hosiery” people set up as certain that without their ware John Smith had not won that race. Joe Pluck, dealer in Sporting Goods, followed with an advertisement in another section of the town, John Smith’s picture was seen in connection with an advertisement put up by the “Wearproof Hosiery” people, who maintained that the best athletes used their nerves to build their bodies. Just around the corner was an advertisement by the makers of “Beefo”, showing what John Smith’s hair was cut in connection with the advertisement. A still more curious sight was displayed by the local barber stations where John Smith’s hair for years and that it was due to the fact that John had won. Last of all, John knew that her John had won because she had received her training in escape, chased by the angry owners.

Cohen—Try some of my candy when I was six years old and have been eating ever since.
Because the hand that rocks the cradle does rule the world, it becomes almost a fatuous thing to iterate that the female of the human race exercises an influence upon the male members of Bishop's College.

Puppy love grabs so many college freshmen by the seat of the pants before they are intellectually self-supporting that Fraser Weegar and the Security League of Lennoxville ought to investigate at once. Instead of leaving an emotional scar on the frosh's heart it usually inflicts hydrophobia on his ambitions and puts to rout an otherwise even chance to make good as a first-rate parson or even as a well-educated Economics professor. The S.P.C.A. would do well to send out a special ambulance every fortnight to gather in all the victims along the Massawippi or the St. Francis.

I must confess I've had a bit of experience with co-eds. To the adolescent love-stricken youth overcome by the senseless passion to "goo-goo" nightly with some member of the "other" sex, I offer pen-pictures of Eskimos I have known. May the innocent and unsophisticated freshy benefit thereby!

The "Live and Ten Jane."

First and worst is Frances. She has the most kittenish ways and the dearest baby stare. She knows a college man with a moustache who is just the "most darling thing you ever laid eyes on, my dear". Her joy in life is to have dates and dates. She lisps perfectly and giggles incessantly. "Am I oo ittle baby?" she asks her male escort as she clings frantically to the strength of his right arm and his bankroll. She loves to run her fingers through the fellow's curly hair. She can't possibly talk to him without holding his coat lapels and readjusting his necktie. Kiss her and she'd die of fourteen kinds of shocks.

Secret Sue.

Then comes Luciile. She always gets sleepy during a petting party and yawns most inconsiderately. She might almost be chewing gum or reading a newspaper or even making hair nets in Sanyisi, China, as far as her interests in the surroundings of the necking activities are concerned. Yet she persists in leading one into the dark hallways and she knows all the byways in the parks. During the summer, mysterious boat rides are her specialty. It bores her tremendously to be loved, yet she is always dropping her handker-
chief when Don Juan approaches. Her temperature never rises above the proverbial 68. Lucille drove me to re-reading Sartor Resartus for the forty-third time.

The Harelip Jane.

Elsie is the athlete! She handles you like a rag-doll at a puppy convention. Her idea of a love-scene is a replica of a Zbysko-Stecher wrestling match. Her name might as well be Kattrinka and folks say she broke a fellow's back giving him a gentle hug. She never kisses—she bites. She is always your pal and insists upon paying her own car fare and explaining the wonderful theory of platonic friendship she has conceived. She plays basketball and is ever going on hikes all dressed up in ill-fitting khaki breeches. You have to keep in perfect condition to be able to love her. You might as well play on the rugby team and get public recognition for your athletic achievements as court athletic Elsie. She ought to go to Germany to engage in the feminine sport of boxing. She simply made me take up the saxophone.

The belief of this writer is that the female influence on the students of the "mother-I-can-take-care-of-myself" age is an injurious one. But there is a method for alleviating this evil. Naturally, whenever the students (so-called) are seriously engaged upon scholastic pursuits the thought of women is relegated to some dim background. If this engagement could be extended ad infinitum, there would then be no thought of women at all, and consequently no reason for this article.

But the fact remains that we can't help noticing the sisters of the first Lady of the Land—at least during lectures. I propose we wear smoked glasses.

* * * *

1st Maiden Lady—"Would a pair of stockings hold all you wanted for Christmas"?

2nd Maiden Lady—"No, but a pair of socks would"
The Sugar-Maker.

Peasant in form and face old Philippe stood
Beneath tall maples in the softening snow,
That spread its whiteness through the sugar-wood;
Above him cawed the first returning crow;
A blue haze lay upon the hilltop's rim,
Where April wrought the magic of her spells,
And from tin buckets filling fast to brim,
The dropping sap rang out like sanctus bells.

And as old Philippe heard the echoes pealing
Among the maple trees and silver birch,
That rose above him like the vaulted ceiling
And painted pillars of the village church,
He looked towards the blue mysterious sky,—
Then bowed as though the Host were passing by.

F. O. Call.

Reprinted from Poetry, Chicago.

* * * *

Proper Standards.

In these days, when the movie and the popular novel are setting the standards for social conduct, one has to be careful that one's own standards of propriety are not lowered or at least warped. Where is the line to be drawn? For answer, we would refer to the Bible which lays down the only safe and proper guide for social relationships.

Read novels and attend movies if you wish but, at the same time, have enough stability of character not to take all their ideals as the right ones even though they may be the popular ones.

* * * *

If Mrs. Sissppi could wear Miss Ouri's New Jersey what would Dela ware?
Uncle Sam's Panama.
Bishop's College C.O.T.C.

One of the brightest sides of this term has been the remarkable enthusiasm shown by all ranks concerned in the Officers' Training Corps. We have been through some very critical days, so much so, in fact, that it was thought at the end of last term, and indeed, at the beginning of this, that it was doubtful whether we carry on with it. For this enthusiasm, we are chiefly indebted to the encouragement afforded those, who turned out on Parade, by the Principal in his introductory speech at the beginning of term, and secondly to the untiring efforts of S. M. 1 Brown, Royal Canadian Regiment, who has been sent down from Military H.Q. in Montreal, to give instruction. He has made himself extremely popular, and we could not wish for a more efficient instructor, and look forward now, with optimistic feelings, to a really good turn-out at the General Inspection by Brig-Gen. Armstrong, C.M.G., D.S.O., G.O.C. Military District No. 4, Montreal, in March.

This term, the C.O.T.C. is particularly active, for we have twelve candidates for "A" certificate, which, in the event of their being successful, will make them Lieutenants in the Canadian Militia, and Lieut. N. B. Macdonald is trying for a "B" certificate. A tremendous lot of training, both practical and theoretical, is required to make efficient officers, so it is deeply to the credit of these men that they are throwing themselves so whole-hearted into the work, many of them at no small inconvenience to themselves. The Parade, for the whole contingent, takes place every Thursday from 2 till 4 p.m. Then there are lectures, on subjects of military importance, for those intending to take commissions from 5 till 5.45 p.m. and 6.45 till 7.30 p.m. every Thursday, given by such experts on Military subjects as Lt.-Col. R. O. Alexander, D.S.O., Lt. Col. E.W. Pope, C.M.G., and S. M. 1 Brown. In addition S. M. 1 Brown is up here every Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday from 4 till 6 p.m. to provide extra instruction for the Commission candidates.

The practical examination takes place, with Lt. Col. R. O. Alexander as examiner, on Thursday afternoon, Feb. 21st, 1924, and the written exams on March 11th, and two following days. We would wish those entering all good luck and success, and assure them that they will benefit greatly by the bit they have already done for their Dominion and Empire.

* * *

Banker—"How much liquid assets have you?"
Customer (cautiously)—"About a case and a half."

—Manufacturers Bulletin.
I WAS A STRANGER.

Extract from an Album "Souvenir of Captivity in Germany" the work of prisoners at Rennbahn Camp, Münster.

I had read an account in the works of Bret Harte
(That comical joker
And poet), of Poker,
'Tis a game played with cards, and I longed to essay it,
So yesterday evening I sat down to play it.
Quel malheur, mon Dieu, as our French allies say,
They broke me, and laughed as I tottered away!
(Conductor! please render, by special request,
THE DEAD MARCH in Saul, while I tell you the rest.)

The gang smiled a crocodile welcome at me —
(Fool, fool that I was, but I never suspected)
I won the first pot, and I chuckled with glee,
For nobody bid, and the opener "checked it";
But the very next hand was the last that I played —
Two "bullets" had I ('tis a pet name for aces),
And with 'em three queens: "We are off to the races",
I bet you a pfennig — the tenth of a penny!"
(Conductor! the tale is a sad one to tell:
Give an air that is fitting: Yes — Tosti's Farewell).

One man — may his shadow grow shorter each day —
"Saw" my bet, and then raised me, I raised him in turn.

He raised me, I raised him:
We both raised each other.........
The word flashed around, "They have pfennigs to burn,
For over a mark has been frittered away."
I "called him" at length — Oh, most pestilent thing:
His hand held the joker, three jacks and a king!
(Yes, KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN, Conductor; don't fail
To give plenty of scope for the fiddles to wail.)
Oh, where is the motor I promised my wife?
And where are the rubies my child should have worn?
Lost, lost, and for ever. Oh, bitter is life.
And heavy the burden by me to be borne!
   For the hand that I lost
   To that guy from Quebec
One mark, sixty cost:
   It has left me a wreck.
I got it where blue-eyed Priscilla
Wears beads — to be brief, in the neck!
(Conductor, pray give me, as onward I go,
MY ROSARY, playing it gentle and slow!)

MABEL LEAF.

* * * *

Debating Society

This society continues to do excellent work, due to the interest and co-operation that is shown on all sides.

About the middle of last term Mr. Eric Almond felt it necessary to resign the Presidency of the Society owing to ill health. This resignation was accepted by the members of the Society with much regret and the Secretary carried on as Acting President for the rest of the term. Constitution demanding a President from second year Mr. R. K. Earls was elected at the beginning of this term.

By the time this goes to press, two of the three Inter-Faculty Debates for the Skinner Trophy will have been held and there now remains a third Inter-Faculty debate and the annual Inter-University debate. The latter takes place on Feb. 28th, and the former on March 31st.

As will be seen elsewhere in this number, owing to the continued generosity of Mr. A.C. Skinner individual prizes are offered this year for the three best Debating averages made in the Inter-Faculty debates. Thus a further stimulus has been given to the Society's work.

In conclusion, the Committee cannot but be grateful for the sustained interest and support which is manifested both within and without the University. It is this that is making the Debating Society a greater success than even the most optimistic of its founders could have expected.
The first of the series of three Public Inter-Faculty Debates for the Skinner Trophy took place in the Library on Monday, Nov. 26th, 1923.

Promptly at 8 p.m. the Debaters entered the Library with Mr. Percy Smith, who very kindly consented to be the Judge on this occasion, and Prof. E. E. Boothroyd, who presided as Chairman.

Prof. E. E. Boothroyd, in his opening remarks informed the audience of Mr. Skinner's very generous offer of three individual prizes for three best debating averages made in the year 1923-4.

The Debaters were:


Negative, Divinity: D. D. MacQueen (leader), C. Sauerbrei and F. Douglas.

The motion was, "Resolved that this house approves of the imposition of a protective tariff in England at the present time."

The audience settled down in the expectation of hearing a well fought fight between these well known debaters and was not disappointed. The speeches, as usual, showed much thought and careful preparation, and the interest of the listeners never flagged for a moment. Each point was keenly contested; so much so that the audience was left in doubt as to the outcome till the very last and thoroughly enjoyed and appreciated each speech in this resolution, which is one or particular interest at this time.

Mr. Percy Smith, in his summing up, most heartily congratulated the Debaters on each side and announced that the Negative had won by three points.

A vote of thanks to Mr. Percy Smith, for his kindness in acting as Judge, was then moved by Mr. R. K. Earls, seconded by Mr. D. D. Macqueen, carried with applause.

* * * *

The second inter-faculty debate for the "Skinner Trophy" was held on the night of Monday, Feb. 4th, in the College Library. The teams were as follows:

Divinity: Macqueen, Douglas, Sauerbrei.
Arts: Legge, Roach, Earls.

The motion before the House was: "Resolved that those who use radio for pleasure are benefited by its use."

The Divinity House took the affirmative. Mr. Macqueen, leading the latter, made his first point the necessity of recreation as a stimulus to carry on the various tasks of life. All work and no play eventually wear down even your man of so-called "iron" constitution. Granted that recreation was a physical necessity to man's well-being,
what more delightful, and at the same time restful, form of enjoyment could he desire than to spend the evening in the quiet of his own home "listening in"?

The speaker went on to show the possibilities of the radio in broadening the mind of the average man of to-day. Spending a lifetime in a small town a man was apt to become narrow and to regard his own little world as the centre of the Universe. With the advent of the radio, however, all such ideas were dispelled. He realized the vastness of the great world around him and became conscious of his own insignificance; which was good for him.

After a few further remarks, in which he pointed out that this new invention was strong proof of man's increasing control over his environment the leader of the affirmative concluded with the assertion that radio was not only a pleasure but a beneficial pleasure to its users.

In leading the negative, Mr. Legge defined the verb "to benefit" as meaning "to improve" or "to do good to" and maintained that his opponents had so far not succeeded in establishing the fact that radio did improve its users. In developing his speech he invited the affirmative to examine the nature of the radio programme. His most telling argument lay in the question of radio sermons and services. The good effects of the latter, he upheld, were far outweighed by the bad. Admitting that such services were of great value to permanent invalids and "shut ins" he went on to show how they nevertheless created a vast number of "shut ins", who, though in perfect bodily health, now found it more convenient to gain spiritual nourishment from the depths of their arm chairs than to sacrifice themselves to the extent of going to church. Radio services were not the same as church services, they lacked the atmosphere and sanctity of a sacred edifice and the corporate life of the church was altogether wanting.

This speaker backed his first point with a series of attacks on the evil effects of the unspeakable jazz and the choice language of the prize-ring as heard over the radio and the introduction of bed-time stories, which, he maintained, removed the responsibility of educating and entertaining the children from the shoulders of the parents to those of some radio "Uncle Jim".

Mr. Douglas, the second speaker for the affirmative, lamented the tendency of the modern young man to forsake the hardships of the farm for the pleasures of the city and could only find consolation in the thought that at any rate the radio, installed in the farm house, could do—nay actually does much towards keeping the young man at home. After describing the benefits conferred by radio upon lumber camps and hospitals Mr. Douglas concluded by calling attention to
the fact that radio can alleviate to no small extent the affliction of deafness.

Mr. Roach, the second speaker for the negative, astutely seized upon the slogan of the so-called radio "fans" and turned it metaphorically speaking, on the enemy. He agreed with the latter that the air was full of sweet sounds but complained that this very circumstance proved a constant source of irritation to the "listener-in", as so many stations were transmitting now-a-days that it was impossible to prevent some of them broadcasting on practically the same wave-length, to the impotent chagrin of the radio-audience.

This speaker concluded by asserting that radio was threatening the libraries of the country by abolishing the necessity of books for amusement; a fact which no thinking man could face with complacency.

The third speaker for the affirmative, Mr. Sauerbrei, laid great stress on the value of radio as a hobby. A man must have something to which he can turn his thoughts during his leisure hours. He must not be allowed to worry about his business affairs. Let him interest himself in radio and he need never be idle.

His second point was the value of real music to the human race. Music was an international language understood by all and exercising a very real influence on the moral well-being of humanity. True bad music was heard over the radio, but so was good; and the taste for the latter gradually grew on one to the exclusion of jazz and other abominations of a similar nature.

Mr. Earls, the third speaker for the negative emphasized the fact that plays and operas cannot be fully appreciated over the radio. One must actually be in the play-house to gain the proper atmosphere for entertainments of this sort.

In closing, he cited the case of the under-graduates of Princeton University whose studies appear to be suffering from the introduction of radio.

After the leader of each side had summed up, Rev. E. K. Moffat, B.A., B.D., who was good enough to act as judge, gave the decision in favour of the negative and the debate concluded with the singing of the National Anthem.

After the debate the Principal, Mr. McGreer very kindly entertained the Debaters and others with refreshments at The Lodge.

* * * *

An editor was dying, but when the doctor bent over, placed his ear or his breast, and said: "Poor man! Circulation almost gone!" the dying editor shouted: "You're a liar! We have the largest circulation in the country!"—Automobilist.
The Chess Club.

The opening of the academic year, 1923-24, saw many alterations and additions to our good old ‘Alma Mater’, additions in point of structure, numbers and activities, and not least amongst these shall be reckoned the re-organization of the time-honoured U.B.C. Chess Club, which space in our last number of “The Mitre” forbade us more than to mention.

On Sept. 27th, 1923, then, a meeting of chess enthusiasts got together and unanimously decided that steps should be taken to re-instate, into the prominent position it held aforetime, the U.B.C. Chess Club, which had now been extinct some ten years. Officers were elected, for the ensuing year, as follows:

President — The Rev. Prof. H. C. Burt.
Vice-Pres. — Mr. W. H. Chapman.
Secretary — Mr. E. F. L. Thompson.

During the Xmas term, it was decided that, owing to the pressing claims of Rugby Football, and the necessary concentration on a certain amount of work in view of examinations at the end of the term, the U. B. C. Chess Club shall not meet more than once fortnightly, every alternate Friday in the Old Lodge Common Room at 7.45 p.m., but in the Easter term the meetings shall be held once weekly. This curriculum has been strictly adhered to throughout, and the club seems to be losing none of its former popularity.

Owing to the kindness of Prof. E. E. Boothroyd, we have been able to put in circulation again the cup of the old chess club, which was won by him some twelve years ago. This time it was decided that the cup shall be competed for between representative teams of Faculty, Arts and Divinity. Each team shall consist of not less than four members, the cup to go to the winning team, and to be competed for every year.

The official opening of the club took place on Friday, Oct. 12th, 1923, when the President duly declared the club open and wished it as successful a career in the future, as it had had in the past, and called upon all its members to give it their earnest support. The Principal was also present, and spoke of the great pleasure it gave him to see the Chess Club revived.

This term, owing to the great amount of work entailed upon him in running the Bishop’s College C. O. T.C. and other activities, Mr. E. F. L. Thompson felt obliged, with deep regret, to resign the Secretarieship of the Chess Club. His resignation was accepted, and Mr. C. E. Daykin was elected to fill his place. The Chess Club is
certainly worthy of our very warmest support, and while our meet­
ings are, for the most part, well-attended, I would remind all those 
that Chess, if not the most exciting, is certainly the cleverest game 
we play at Bishop’s. I would, therefore, call upon all those who take 
pride in their brain capacity (and there must be many of them at 
Bishop’s) to come to the Old Lodge Common Room at 7.45 p.m. 
every Friday evening, and show us what stuff their brains are made 
of!

* * * * *

The Convent Garden.

Here lies a garden with gray walls of stone,  
Washed by the green Saint Lawrence as it surges 
And eddies into foam. Low pine-trees dirges 
From northern forests by the winds are blown 
Across the water, and with drowsy drone, 
The muttered prayers and bells and chanted masses 
Send forth soft echoes on each breeze that passes 
Around a black cross, standing gaunt and lone.

And in the evening by the garden walls  
Walk silent black-robed nuns with flowing veils,  
Watching the crows and swallows in their flight;  
But when from the black cross a shadow falls 
Across their pathway, and the sunlight pales,  
They turn white faces to the convent light.

F. O. Call.

* * * * *

STUDENTS’ EXECUTIVE COUNCIL
1923 - 1924.

D. F. Weegar — President.
C. Sauerbrei — Vice-President.
O. T. Pickford — Sec.-Treas.
D. F. Ritchie — B. U. A. A. A.
R. K. Earls — Literary and Debating.
G. Almond — Dramatics
THE INTRODUCTORY DANCE

Once again, shortly after the halls of Our College had been thrown open for session 1923-24, the thoughts of all drifted along the usual lines, namely that of music and dance. With all minds taking this course of thought it was not long before the ball was set rolling; and within the next week in the early part of November plans and preparations were made for the Annual Introductory dance.

On the appointed evening at the usual hour the dance took place; and for the brief (so it seemed) four hours the University dance hall was the scene of joy and merriment. The Freshmen adorned with large green ribbons in the place of neck ties, added greatly to both the looks and the merriment of the scene; the Freshettes, gazing strangely around the hall at first, soon became familiar with the surroundings and determined to enjoy themselves in spite of all these obstacles. An hour before midnight refreshments were served, after which all resorted to the dance hall, where the fun continued till one o’clock in the morning.

* * * *

De Alumnis

The Rev. Elton Scott, B.A. (Bishop’s) ’16, B.A. (Oxon) ’22, was ordered Deacon by the Bishop of London, in St. Paul’s Cathedral in October last and is now curate in St. Mary’s Parish, Summerstown, London.

Frank R. Scott, B.A. (Bishop’s) ’19, B.A. (Oxon) ’22, B.Litt. (Oxon) ’23, returned to Canada in November last after spending three years at Oxford and is now a Master at Lower Canada College. Between the time of completing the work for his B.Litt. and the time of the conferring of the degree Mr. Scott spent several weeks in Southern France and Spain, his tour including a brief visit to the ancient Republic of Andora.
Ramsey—Lane.

St. James' Church, Dundas, Ont., was the scene of a quiet and pretty wedding on October 23rd, 1923, when Mary Augusta, daughter of Mrs. M. H. Lane of Dundas, was united in marriage to the Rev. Frederick Arthur Ramsey, L.S.T., son of Mr. and Mrs. David A. Ramsey of New Toronto.

The ceremony was performed at 10.30 a.m. by the Venerable Archdeacon Mackintosh, rector of Dundas, who was also the celebrant at the nuptial mass. The bride was given away by Mr. E. Carroll of Toronto, and was attended by her sister, Miss Eva H. Lane, while the groom was attended by Mr. William Brewer of Hamilton. After the ceremony the wedding breakfast was served at the home of the bride’s mother.

It is unnecessary for “The Mitre” to comment further on this event, or to explain why it is of special interest to our readers; for Mr. Ramsey was one of our most prominent students, and his record here still speaks for itself. An account of his ordination to the priesthood appears elsewhere in this issue. Mr. and Mrs. Ramsey are now established in their new home at Nakusp, B.C., where Mr. Ramsey has been appointed vicar, and they have with them the best wishes of “The Mitre” and Bishop’s University.

The annual meeting of the Alumnae was held at the home of the President, Miss Marjorie Hume, M.A., on Dec. 31st, 1923 at 11a.m. Election of officers for the coming year resulted as follows: President, Miss Marjorie Hume, M.A., re-elected; Vice-president, Miss Irene Hutchinson, B.A.; Secretary, Miss Hazel Bennett, B.A.; Assistant Secretary, Miss M. O. Mackenzie, B.A.; Treasurer, Miss Dorothy Wright, B.A., re-elected; Alumnae Editor of the Mitre, Miss X. Findlay, B.A.; Assistant, Miss Bernice Hunten, B.A.

Various matters then came up for discussion. Among them were methods of welcoming the new graduates into the Society, and of bringing the members into closer touch with each other and with the Society. An annual dinner was suggested. It was also decided to send a letter to each woman graduate informing her of the activities of the Society and asking her to reply with news of herself. Thus there would also be material to use in the Alumnae Corner of “The Mitre” so making this department more interesting.

The evening of Easter Monday was selected as the time of the annual lecture. Several prominent women were suggested as possible lecturers—first choice finally falling on Dr. Helen McMurphy of Ottawa, but with the other names held in reserve as alternatives if it should not be possible to obtain Dr. McMurphy.

The Secretary was directed to send a letter of condolence from the members of the Alumnae Society to Miss M. O. Vaudry, M.A., on the death of her mother.
IN MEMORIAM

Mrs. A. H. Moore, wife of the Rev. A. H. Moore, M.A., Rector of St. John's, Que., and Editor of the Montreal Churchman, passed away on the 9th of February, 1924.

She was the daughter of the Rev. Louis C. Wurtele, fifty years parish priest of Actonvale, Que., and of Emily (Towle) his wife. On her father's side she was the direct descendant of a Hanoverian Officer of good family who, after the Revolutionary War was granted a Seigneur in the Richelieu District of the Province. Since then the Wurtele family has been closely and honorably associated with the history of Canada in general and Quebec in particular.

The subject of the Memorial notice was in several ways connected with the University and Town of Lennoxville. Her father was one of the earliest graduates of Bishop's College; she, herself, was born in the Village (as it then was) of Lennoxville; she married a graduate of the University, who is now an influential member of its Corporation; her two brothers received their education within its halls, and her son, Mr. R. C. Moore, at present on the staff of Bishop's College School, is one of the ablest and most popular of recent graduates of the University.

On the death of her mother, Miss Minnie Wurtele, as she then was, assumed the oversight of her father's household, and assisted him in all his parochial activities with sympathy and judgment. Her father's second marriage made no change in the loving relations of this exemplary family, a fact which speaks volumes for the character of all concerned.

In the late nineties' occurred the marriage of the Rev. A. H. Moore to this daughter of the Rectory. The happy fate of this gentleman is of permanent interest to "The Mitre" for it was to his initiative and driving power that we owe our College Magazine whose first issue saw the light in the Lent term of 1894.

Mr. Moore's first charge was the mission of Sawyerville in the Diocese of Quebec. Here he spent several useful years where his efforts were ably seconded by his young wife. He was then transferred to the more important parish of Stanstead, where Mrs. Moore is still remembered as a gentle and loving personality. The garrison town of St. John's, Que., was her next home and there she spent the later years of her earthly life, exhibiting herself (quite unconsciously) as the model wife and mother, bringing up her fine boys, attending to her household duties, dispensing gracious hospitality, and yet discovering opportunity to forward her husband's manifold activities. She even displayed her great versatility and scrupulous care in reading the proofs of much which passed through her hus-
band’s hands for publication. This quiet unobtrusive service was typical of her beautiful, self-forgetful life in which she sought no praise and no reward—only the consciousness of helping those whom she loved.

The obsequies took place on February 13th, and consisted of two parts. First of all a Memorial Eucharist was held in the parish Church of St. John’s at which the Bishop of Montreal was celebrant and also spoke words of comfort and encouragement to the bereaved. The funeral cortège then proceeded to Actonvale and the body of this gentle and loving spirit was laid to rest amidst the scenes of her early years, and in the presence of those who knew her best, and therefore loved her most.

R. I. P.

* * * *

ORDINATIONS.

Albert Whiteman Freeman, B.A., L.S.T.

The Church of the Ascension, Ottawa, was the scene of a very interesting ordination service on St. Thomas’ Day, December 21st, 1923, when the Reverend Albert Whiteman Freeman was advanced to the holy priesthood by the Lord Bishop of Ottawa. Mr. Freeman is a graduate of both Arts and Divinity of Bishop’s University, and so the event merits record as of special interest to Bishop’s students.

A very interesting and appropriate sermon was delivered by the Rev. Robert Jefferson, B.A., B.D., rector of the Church of the Ascension and examining chaplain to the Bishop of Ottawa. The litany was read by the Rev. G. G. Wright, rector of Wales, Ont., and the candidate was presented to the Bishop by the Rev. Canon A. H. Whalley, rector of the Church of St. Alban the Martyr, and also examining chaplain. Rev. W. H. Stiles, clerical secretary of the synod, was epistoler, and the gospel was read by Canon Whalley. Rev. W. E. Ryder acted as chaplain to the Bishop. Clergy present in choir included also Rev. Canon W. A. Read and Rev’s. S. D. Hague, E. A. Johnston, R. Turley, W. H. Prior, and E. F. Salmon; and in the congregation were Rev’s. J. J. Bannell and G. H. Sadler.

Rev. A. W. Freeman is an Englishman by birth, having been born in Brixton, London, and educated at Lancaster College and Dulwich Hamlet School. In 1910 he emigrated to Canada, and entered the Arts Faculty of Bishop’s University in 1915. Two years later he enlisted in the Royal Canadian Dragoons, and served in Canada in the Canadian Garrison Battalion and the Medical Corps. In 1919 Mr. Freeman returned to the University, and graduated in an historical course the following year; after which he proceeded to the “shed” to train for the ministry of the Church. In 1922 his
second hood and parchment arrived with the accompaniment of the title of L.S.T. He was ordained to the diaconate at Hawkesbury, Ont., on June 18th, 1922.

During his career at the University Mr. Freeman manifested himself to be a student of exceptional calibre, and also accorded most hearty support to all student organizations. He was never prominent in athletics, but he was a “fan” of no mediocre quality, and supported all the teams in spirit if not in body. His interest was however along the lines of his chosen profession, and he held offices in the various religious societies of the University — the Guild of the Venerable Bede, the Theological Society, and the Brotherhood of St. Andrew.

Since his ordination to the diaconate Mr. Freeman has been in charge of the mission of Mattawa, where his sterling character and energetic work have earned for him universal respect. He will continue in charge for the present time, and with him will always remain the continual respect and good wishes of all his host of friends.

* * * *

Frederick Arthur Ramsey, L.S.T.

On Sunday, December 16th, 1923, the Reverend Frederick Arthur Ramsey was ordained priest in St. Saviour’s Church, Nelson, B.C., by the Lord Bishop of Kootenay. Mr. Ramsey is one of the most prominent graduates of the year 1923 in Divinity.

The service was most impressive. Mr. Ramsey was the only candidate presented, and an interesting sermon was preached by the Venerable Archdeacon Graham, who dwelt on the high priesthood of Christ, drawing from that lessons for the priesthood of the Catholic Church.

Rev. F. A. Ramsey needs very little introduction to the students of Bishop’s University — most of those who were here in his time still endure, and his work lives after him to bear witness for the newcomers. He was born in Plumstead, Kent, Eng., and remained for several years after that momentous event in the land of his nativity; but the land of abundant promise soon attracted him and he came to our fair Canada in 1903. He received his elementary education in several different localities, not the least of which was the three years he spent in the service of his King and Country with the C.E.F. and R.A.F. from 1916 to 1919. Finally he considered himself sufficiently sophisticated to battle against the world, the flesh, and the devil, and he entered Bishop’s for Divinity in 1920.

While here Mr. Ramsey took a most active part in almost every University activity, and held office in a great number of societies.
Mention of only a few of these will show the extent of his interests. He was Director of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew, secretary of the reading room, advertising manager of "The Mitre"; and during his last year of residence he was elected senior Divinity student and vice-president of the students' association. But his many university activities did not affect his studies, and he distinguished himself by winning the Mackie prize in 1922 and the Long prize in 1923. He was also an effective inter-faculty debater in the latter year.

Mr. Ramsey was made a deacon by the Bishop of Niagara, acting for the Bishop of Kootenay, at Dundas, Ont., on June 24th, 1922, spending his final year at College in Holy Orders. He graduated with the title of L.S.T., in June, 1923, and spent the summer of last year giving occasional assistance to the Bishop of Niagara. In the autumn of last year he was married to Miss M. A. Lane of Dundas, and then proceeded westward to take up work in Kootenay diocese.

He will do his work well — of that we are certain; so that our good wishes will not affect him. Nevertheless we offer them — the very best that we can give, all success and pleasure now and throughout his whole ministry.

* * * *

Press Paragraphs.

Paddler very small or bottle very large.

"During a voyage to England the first week in June the Rev. F. A. Robinson, Canadian secretary of the Pocket Testament League, put his card into an empty bottle which a friend was throwing over board. The vessel was about 100 miles from the Irish coast. Yesterday a letter arrived at the Confederation Life Building postmarked Belfast. The original is in The Globe's possession. It reads as follows:

"Sir,—This card has been picked up on the Strand at Portstewart by my little son when paddling in a malted milk bottle."

—Toronto "Globe."

* * * *

A. B. Barker, curator, tonight declined to comment on the forecastpend how andetaoion shrldlu enf cast of his report published Saturday in the Toronto Telegram.—Daily paper.

The above despatch bears out the Ottawa Journal's contention that the Home Bank failure was a "mighty bad mess".
Press Paragraphs. (Continued)

From a list of officers given in the annual report of the Ottawa Auxiliary Bible Society: "Honorary Governors: Very Right Rev. J. C. Roper, Bishop of Ottawa."

Reminiscences of last year's Literary and Debating Society lead us to believe that Mr. C. E. Daykin has been again at work.

* * * *

From the same source: "Perth Road: Honorable President, W. Guthrie; President, Miss S. Darling."

Another impending apology.

* * * *

"Counting the Summer School and Extra Rural registrations the total Queen’s registration will be around 3000."—News despatch from Kingston.

A further argument for the farmer movement.

* * * *

"Many eminent critics consider this to be the most magnificent sentence in the English language.

BK.Sgaveh? ?.“b. rtsyt k.2t-bin.” —Ottawa Journal.

We invariably use this sentence when we lose our golf ball.

* * * *

Aunt Nettie—"I do wish the good Lord had made me a man."

Little Dorothy—"Perhaps He did, auntie, and you haven’t been able to find him yet."

* * * *

WE THANK YOU.

The Editor and Staff of "The Mitre" desire to express their thanks to all who have helped them by contributions and especially to the Co-eds whose distinctly feminine writing gives to "The Mitre" a character similar to that which their presence among us gives to the College.
A Book of Charming Gifts
PUBLISHED FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE

The Mappin & Webb new Book of Gifts is now ready for distribution.

Published in the interests of those who reside outside of Montreal, it brings the store and its wealth of lovely articles into close touch with all who cannot come to the store in person.

Every department is represented, and you will find your every want in its pages — from the veriest trifle to exquisite diamond and other jewellery.

A copy of this book will be mailed to you at once, upon request. Your name and address to “Department P.” are all that is required.

MAPPIN & WEBB
CANADA. LIMITED
353 ST. CATHERINE STREET WEST,
MONTREAL.

JEWELLERS  -  GOLDSMITHS  -  SILVERSMITHS

MENTION THE “MITRE”—IT IDENTIFIES YOU.
THE MITRE

J. C. SOMERS & Co'y
Insurance Brokers

Douglass A. Stalker
Wholesale Lumber

SHERBROOKE, QUE.

Phones 1377-586  4 Marquette St.
SHERBROOKE, Que.

The
Place
Viger
Hotel,
Montreal,
QUE.

A charming hotel in Canada's largest city immediately opposite Viger Square at Place Viger Station—1 1/2 miles from Windsor Station and at a convenient distance from ocean line docks. Most tastefully furnished—European plan—114 rooms. Operated by the Canadian Pacific Railway whose service is world famous.

CANADIAN PACIFIC HOTELS.

PLEASE PATRONIZE ADVERTISERS
MAGOG HOUSE
HENRY H. INGRAM, Prop.
SHERBROOKE, QUE.

More than 100 rooms with hot and cold running water.
50 rooms connected with Private Bath-rooms.

Two Dining Rooms. All Modern Conveniences.
Best Location.

All Cars pass the Hotel. Free Bus Meets All Trains.
Lennoxville Cars run direct to the Hotel.

RESTAURANT
LUNCHES
MEALS AT ALL HOURS

Minto Skating Rink
E. BOOTH, Proprietor,
LENNOXVILLE, QUE.

G. PENNINGTON
BOOTS AND
SHOE REPAIRING
SPORTS EQUIPMENT
OF ALL KINDS REPAIRED

COLLEGE ST., LENNOXVILLE.

Drummond Road, Phone 632-J. & 632-W.

W. G. LYNN
HOME MADE BREAD

SHERBROOKE, QUE.

THE ADVERTISERS HAVE HELPED US—PLEASE RECIPROCATE
COMPLIMENTS

of

Brompton Lumber
and
Manufacturing Company

Bromptonville, Que.
Excellent Train Service
Available in All Directions.

SHERBROOKE - MONTREAL.
Lv. Sherbrooke................. *3.25 a.m. x 8.00 a.m. *3.00 p.m.
Ar. Montreal (Bona. Stn.) 7.45 a.m. 12.20 noon 6.50 p.m.
Drawing Room Sleeping Car on 3.25 a.m. train ready for occupancy
9.30 p.m. previous evening.
Parlor Cafe Car on 3.00 p.m. train.

Connection at Montreal with "The Continental Limited" for Ottawa
North Bay, Cochrane, Winnipeg and all points in Western Canada; and
with "The International Limited" for Toronto, Hamilton, Niagara Falls,
Detroit and Chicago.

SHERBROOKE - QUEBEC. (Palais Stn.)
Lv. Sherbrooke.................... *3.25 a.m. 8.00 a.m. 6.34 p.m.
Ar. Quebec (Palais Stn.)...... 8.30 a.m. 3.30 p.m. 11.05 p.m.

SHERBROOKE - PORTLAND.
Lv. Sherbrooke...................... *12.10 a.m. *12.30 p.m.
Ar. Portland........................ 11.40 a.m. 7.30 p.m.
Drawing Room Sleeping Car on 12.10 a.m. train.
Parlor Cafe Car on 12.30 p.m. train.

MONTREAL - OTTAWA.
Lv. Montreal, (Bonaventure Stn.)....*8.15 a.m. *4.00 p.m. *7.05 p.m. *10.00 p.m.
Ar. Ottawa.....................11.45 a.m. 7.30 p.m. 10.05 p.m. 12.50 p.m.
Lv. Montreal, (Tunnel Terminal) . x7.50 a.m. x1.15 p.m.
Ar. Ottawa.....................11.50 a.m. 4.45 p.m.

Observation Parlor Buffet Cars on all trains from Bonaventure Station

Montreal - Toronto - Niagara Falls - Detroit - Chicago.

The International Limited
Night Express
Lv. Montreal (Bona. Stn.) *10.00 a.m. *11.00 p.m.
Ar. Toronto........................ 5.40 p.m. 7.30 p.m.
Ar. Niagara Falls.............. 8.45 p.m. 11.00 a.m.
Ar. Detroit........................ 12.30 a.m. 3.15 p.m.
Ar. Chicago (Dearborn Stn.) 8.00 a.m. 9.45 p.m.

Observation—Library Sleeping Car—Compartment Drawing Room
Sleeping Car—Dining and Parlor Cars on The International Limited.
Club-Compartment Drawing Room Sleeping Car—Standard Drawing
Room Sleeping Cars—Dining Cars serving all meals—on the Night
Express.

*Daily. xDaily ex. Sun. Modern Coaches on all trains.

For all information, tickets and reservations apply to Agent, C.N.Rys.
Lennoxville, Que.

A. M. Stevens,
C.P. & T.A.,
1 Marquette St.,
Sherbrooke, Que.

THE ADVERTISERS HAVE HELPED US—PLEASE RECIPROCATE
WE ARE THE EXCLUSIVE AGENTS FOR

Society Brand Clothes
FOR YOUNG MEN AND MEN WHO STAY YOUNG

—ALSO—

Stetson Hats and Invictus Shoes
Where the new things are shown first.

J. ROSENBLOOM & CO.
THE STORE THAT SETS THE PACE.

We love our mothers otherwise than we love our fathers; a sister is not as a brother to us; and friendship between man and woman, be it never so unalloyed and innocent is not the same as friendship between man and man.

Stevenson.

C. O. SAINT-JEAN Limited

DRY GOODS, SPECIALTIES
AND READY-TO-WEAR
21-23 WELLINGTON STREET NORTH

Telephone 1236 SHERBROOKE, QUE.

J. S. MITCHELL & CO.

Wholesale and Retail
Hardware and Sporting Goods
SHERBROOKE, QUE.

MENTION THE “MITRE”—IT IDENTIFIES YOU.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>The W. F. Vilas Co., Limited</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Manufacturers of</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SCHOOL FURNITURE,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LAWN and GARDEN SEATS,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>OPERA CHAIRS, Etc.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Desks and Book Cases for Office and College Use.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Improvement in Design, Perfection in Workmanship, Symmetrical in Style.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cowansville, Que.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>A. E. KINKEAD &amp; CO.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Wholesale and Retail Tobacconists</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sign of the Indian.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>54 Wellington St., North, Sherbrooke, Que.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

A pal is the meat in the sandwich of life, and, if you are lucky enough to have a girl for a pal, both meat and mustard. Ernest L. Valentine.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Miss Poole, Incorporated</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>45 McGill College Avenue MONTREAL.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>School and University Text Books, Prayer Books, Devotional and General Literature.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Copies of &quot;The Mitre&quot; on sale here.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>GO TO JAMES THOMPSON’S</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>FOR</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CROCKERY, GLASS and CHINA WARE, TINWARE, KITCHEN UTENSILS, PYREX, &amp;c.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>FANCY GOODS, TOYS, &amp;c.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

SHERBROOKE, QUE.
THE MITRE

THE REXAL DRUG STORE
The Best in Drug Store Service

Waterman's Fountain Pens.
Kodaks and Photo Supplies.
Liggetts' Chocolates, Boston's Best.
Fine Note Paper in all forms.
All Toilet Requisites.

W. J. H. McKINDSEY, Druggist and Stationer,
LENNOXVILLE, QUE.

Friend that sticketh closer than a brother—eight years.
Dashed slip of a girl—eight weeks! and—where's your friend?
Ernest L. Valentine.

McMANAMY & WALSH
STOCK BROKERS.
Direct private wire connections with all markets.

Suite 10-11 Whiting Block, Sherbrooke, Que.

H. C. WILSON & SONS, LIMITED
Established 1863

STEINWAY, HEINTZMAN & CO., WILSON, and WEBER
Pianos, Grands, Uprights and Player Pianos.
AUTOPIANO Electric Reproducing Instrument.
Best quality Reed Organs for Churches.
Headquarters for


THE ADVERTISERS HAVE HELPED US—PLEASE RECIPROCATE.
W. S. DRESSER & CO.,
INSURANCE AGENTS AND BROKERS
Absolute Security at Reasonable Rates. Prompt Settlements.
Eastern Townships Managers: North American Life.
129 Wellington Street North, Sherbrooke, Que.

WOODARD’S LIMITED
HIGH GRADE CHOCOLATES AND HOME MADE CANDY
Noted for Hot Coffee, Tea and Hot Chocolate with Whipped Cream.
BUTTERED TOAST A SPECIALTY.
Give Us a Trial and be Convinced.

TWO STORES

Always Good Service
—AND—
Reasonable Prices
—AT—
McKECHNIE’S
SHERBROOKE.

SHERBROOKE, Que.

Sherbrooke Harmony Band
The Foremost Organization of its kind in the Eastern Townships.
Music for all occasions
Phone 1550 Leo. Laliberte, Sec.

W. H. JOHNSTON

CHOICE GROCERIES
MODERN SANITARY EQUIPMENT

AUTOMOBILE
ACCESSORIES,
GASOLINE, OIL, &c.

MAIN STREET,

LENNOXVILLE, Que.

THE ADVERTISERS HAVE HELPED US—PLEASE RECIPROcate
The New Sherbrooke

The only Fire Proof Hotel in Sherbrooke.

Newly built and equipped throughout with the most modern improvements.
First class sample rooms. Garage connection. Free Bus to and from all trains.

Wm. Wright, Proprietor

The Best Way

DON'T risk loss by enclosing cash in your letters. You will find the Money Orders issued by this Bank a safe and convenient way of paying your out-of-town accounts. Our Teller can issue them without delay at the same cost as Post Office or Express Orders.

We Welcome Your Business.

The Canadian Bank of Commerce

PAID-UP CAPITAL $15,000,000
RESERVE FUND $15,000,000
LENNOXVILLE, QUE.

FURNITURE

MEDIUM AND HIGH GRADE.

Guaranteed Beds, Springs, and Mattresses

RUGS
Gold Seal Congoleum Rugs, all sizes.
For every Room in the House.

WINDOW SHADES
Any size or color. No Window too large or too small.

THE MITCHELL CLEANER
An all Canadian Product and one of the very best.

CASH OR CREDIT.

The McCaw-Bissell Furniture Co.

Opposite Court House.

SHERBROOKE, QUE.

MENTION THE "MITRE"—IT IDENTIFIES YOU.
A. C. SKINNER
JEWELLER & OPTICIAN
Watches, Waterman Pens, Eversharp Pencils, Safety Razors, Prize Cups.
Gifts that last.
Glasses fitted, made and repaired. Fine Watch and Jewelry Repairing.
Come and see our New Store at 44 Wellington Street,
Sherbrooke, Que.

Chateau Frontenac
SHERBROOKE, Quebec, Canada.
First Hotel in Sherbrooke, on Derby Line Highway.
You can't miss it.
Shower Baths, Hot and Cold Water in Rooms;
Also Rooms with Baths.
Excellent Cuisine.
Prompt and efficient service. Special attention to Automobile Parties. Your patronage solicited.
A. E. WAITE, Proprietor.

Quebec Central Railway
The Direct Route Between
SHERBROOKE AND QUEBEC
(Via the Quebec Bridge)
Direct connection at Charny and Levis with Canadian National Rys. and at Quebec with Canadian Pacific Ry., Canadian National Rys. and Quebec Ry., Light and Power Company.
THROUGH PULLMAN SERVICE BETWEEN
QUEBEC AND NEW YORK AND BOSTON
Via Sherbrooke
Dining and Parlor Cars on all trains.
For time tables, tickets and further information apply to Station Agents; J. A. Metivier, City Pass. Agent, 91 Wellington St. North, Sherbrooke, or to General Passenger Department, Sherbrooke, phone 1422.
J. H. WALSH,
General Manager.
G. D. WADSWORTH,
Gen'l Freight & Passenger Agent.
THE ADVERTISERS HAVE HELPED US—PLEASE RECIPROCATE
THE MITRE

BALFOUR & BECK

PRINTERS AND BOOKBINDERS

PHONE 133

LENNOXVILLE, QUE.

Box 274 Phone 78

Clark's Store

MAIN ST.,

Agent for the

WORLD'S PREMIER PIPE

Sasieni Bruyère

One price only

$6.00

LENNOXVILLE, QUE.

JOHN NICHOL

Choice Meats on hand at all times.

HAMS, BACON SAUSAGES

FISH and OYSTERS

LENNOXVILLE COLD STORAGE

MAIN STREET Phone 103 LENNOXVILLE, Que.

SECURITY

The hard won dollars of the man who toils and consistently saves his earnings, need protection. In The Royal Bank of Canada you have the security of sound business management, the mature experience and financial strength of an institution, local in its interests but world-wide in its influence.

The Royal Bank of Canada

LENNOXVILLE, QUE.

H. A. McCrea

N.D.S., L.N.S.

ART BUILDING

SHERBROOKE, -- QUE.

MENTION THE "MITRE"—IT IDENTIFIES YOU.
THE MITRE

Bull's Head Ginger Ale

“Always the same.”

Manufactured by

J. H. Bryant, Ltd.
SHERBROOKE.

Bayley’s Limited

DEALERS IN DRY GOODS

Ladies’ Ready to Wear
Home Furnishings, Etc.
SHERBROOKE.

TONGUE TWISTERS

Mixed biscuits
Six slender saplings
A growing gleam glowing green
The bleak breeze blighted the bright broom blossoms
Six thick thistle sticks
A noisy noise annoys an oyster
Give Grimes Jim’s great gilt gig whip
The sea ceaseth but it sufficeth us
Flesh of freshly fried flying fish
Strict strong Stephen Stringer snared slickly six sickly silky snakes.

MEMORIAL TABLETS

IN BRASS AND BRONZE

In Memory of
Staff Sergt. T. J. Beneom
Many Years Connected with the
Ottawa Garrison
Who Lost His Life While Saving Five Others
In the Webster Hotel Fire Montreal Oct. 30th 1899

This Tablet is Erected by
The Officers
Of the Ottawa Brigade
In Remembrance of a Brave Soldier

CHURCH BRASS WORK. EAGLE LECTERNS, ALMS DISHES,
COMMUNION RAILS. ALTAR LIGHTS, ETC.
Send for Catalogue.
PRITCHARD-ANDREWS CO., 264 SPARKS ST., OTTAWA.
ESTABLISHED 38 YEARS.
MENTION THE “MITRE”—IT IDENTIFIES YOU.
The Alumni Association

of the

University of Bishop's College

Hon. President, Grant Hall, Esq., B.A.

President, A. Joly de Lotbinière, B.A.

Vice-Presidents,
Rev. Canon Scott, M.A., D.C.L., C.M.G., D.S.O.
Mr. F. J. Bacon, B.A.

Secretary-Treasurer, Hector H. King, B.A., B.C.L.

The Secretary will be glad to receive communications from any graduate or other friends of the University, and suggestions for the advancement of the work of the Association will receive the careful consideration of the Executive.

Address: Hector H. King,
Secretary-Treasurer Alumni Association,
61 St. Gabriel St., Montreal.