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### ADVERTISING INDEX

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Company / Organization</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Alumni Association</td>
<td>Inside Front Cover</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Allatt’s Bread</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ansell’s Drug Store</td>
<td>66</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Birks, Henry &amp; Son, Ltd.</td>
<td>48</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brown, Montgomery &amp; McMichael</td>
<td>74</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beaulieu, Taxi</td>
<td>54</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beck Press, Ltd.</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Barrett’s, Reg’d.</td>
<td>66</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bennett, M. J.</td>
<td>68</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bishop’s University</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bryant, J. H., Ltd.</td>
<td>42</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Burton, T. E., D. D. S.</td>
<td>70</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Canadian National Railways</td>
<td>44</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Canadian Pacific Railway</td>
<td>64 and 48</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Casavant, Freres, Ltd.</td>
<td>58</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Canadian Bank of Commerce</td>
<td>52</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Canadian Co-operative Wool Growers</td>
<td>70</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Canadian &amp; Scotch Woollen Co.</td>
<td>66</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chaddock, C. C.</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chateau Frontenac</td>
<td>64</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clarke &amp; Stewart</td>
<td>78</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Codere &amp; Fils.</td>
<td>78</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Conley, Ernest</td>
<td>66</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dion &amp; Rioux</td>
<td>60</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dr. Darche’s Hospital</td>
<td>78</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Echenberg Bros.</td>
<td>68</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fleet, Phelan &amp; Fleet</td>
<td>74</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Foster, Mann, etc.</td>
<td>74</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>F. L. Quick Lunch</td>
<td>64</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Garden City Press</td>
<td>Inside Back Cover</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grand Cafe</td>
<td>68</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gustafson’s Studio</td>
<td>60</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harecourt &amp; Son</td>
<td>76</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Horlick’s Malted Milk</td>
<td>42</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hebert, F. J.</td>
<td>76</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hindmarch, F. B.</td>
<td>46</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hunting, C. C.</td>
<td>70</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Imperial Tobacco Co.</td>
<td>40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Johnston, W. H.</td>
<td>78</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R. &amp; W. Kerr, Reg’d.</td>
<td>54</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Laberee, H. J. &amp; Mrs.</td>
<td>64</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LeMay, A. O.</td>
<td>54</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lynn, W. G.</td>
<td>80</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McCaw-Bissell Furniture Co.</td>
<td>56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McClung &amp; Craig</td>
<td>76</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McCrea-Baker</td>
<td>68</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McFadden, R. C.</td>
<td>76</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McKechnie’s Ltd.</td>
<td>54</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McKinsey, W. J. H.</td>
<td>68</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MacKinnon Steel Co.</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MacKinnon, Lt.-Col. D.A., D.S.O.</td>
<td>Back Cover</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McKinnon, Lt.-Col. D.A., D.S.O.</td>
<td>Back Cover</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McMurray &amp; Hall, Reg’d.</td>
<td>56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mathias Typewriter Exchange</td>
<td>70</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Milford, J. &amp; Sons</td>
<td>62</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mitcheil, J. S. &amp; Co.</td>
<td>62</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>National Breweries, Ltd.</td>
<td>72</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nakash Studios</td>
<td>52</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>New Sherbrooke Hotel</td>
<td>62</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Page Printing &amp; Binding Co.</td>
<td>46</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pennington, G.</td>
<td>76</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Panther Rubber Co.</td>
<td>80</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Quebec Central Railway</td>
<td>46</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rosemary Gift Shop</td>
<td>60</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rosenbloom, J. &amp; Co.</td>
<td>70</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Royal Bank of Canada</td>
<td>58</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Royal Candy Kitchen</td>
<td>64</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Southern Canada Power Co., Ltd.</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Skinner, A. C.</td>
<td>74</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Somers, J. C. &amp; Co.</td>
<td>60</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stanstead &amp; Sherbrooke Mutual</td>
<td>58</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Super-Heater Co.</td>
<td>62</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vilas, W. F.</td>
<td>76</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wilson, Harold A. &amp; Co.</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wippell, J. &amp; Co.</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wiggett, J. A. &amp; Co.</td>
<td>52</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wilson, H. C. &amp; Sons, Ltd.</td>
<td>52</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Woodard’s Inc.</td>
<td>58</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
# TABLE OF CONTENTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>The Staff</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dr. F. E. Meredith, K.C., M.A., LL.D.</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Editorial</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mary Stuart Rides</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>The Tyranny of Time</em></td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>University Notes</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Little Bedtime Story</td>
<td>27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rev. Prof. R. Rocksborough Smith, M.A., D.D.</td>
<td>29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Urge of Life</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>The Spirit Dancers</em></td>
<td>31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Few Great Artists</td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The E. T. and the War of 1812</td>
<td>34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Music</td>
<td>36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>On the Persistency of Some Men</td>
<td>37</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Choosing a Profession</td>
<td>41</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>“Neektar”</td>
<td>43</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Monroe Doctrine</td>
<td>47</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>Old Cloisters, etc.</em></td>
<td>49</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pet Superstitions</td>
<td>51</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The First Day</td>
<td>55</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Earliest Lennoxville Days</td>
<td>57</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Conventionalists</td>
<td>63</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Exchanges</td>
<td>69</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In Memoriam</td>
<td>71</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alumni and Alumnae</td>
<td>73</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
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1925 - 26.

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FREDERICK EDMUND MEREDITH, ESQ., K.C., M.A., LL.D.
At a special meeting of Convocation held in the council chambers of the University on January 12th, Frederick Edmund Meredith, Esq., K. C., M. A., LL. D., LL. B., LL. L., well known Montreal lawyer and business man, was elected to the Chancellorship of Bishop's. This position had been vacant since June 1925, when Dr. John Hamilton, who had held the office for twenty-five years, declined to stand for re-election.

In the choice of Mr. Meredith, Bishop's has secured a gentleman admirably fitted for such a position, and the feeling amongst graduates, officials and others in university circles is that no more worthy selection could have been made. A graduate of Bishop's and one whose interest in his Alma Mater has never faded, Mr. Meredith will be no new hand in the problems of the college.

Frederick Edmund Meredith, eighth Chancellor, was born in Quebec in 1862, a son of the late Chief Justice Sir William Colles Meredith. After receiving his school education in Quebec and in France, he came to Bishop's and graduated in Arts in 1883. From here he proceeded to Laval University, where he received the degrees of LL. B. and LL. L. in 1887, and LL. D. in 1904. He was called to the Bar in 1887 and was created a K. C. in 1899.

Mr. Meredith is very prominent in legal affairs in Montreal, where he is senior partner in the firm of Meredith, Holden, Heward and Holden. At one time he was a partner of the late Sir John Abbott, K. C. M. G., Prime Minister of Canada. In 1904-05 he was Syndic of the Montreal Bar and in 1907 was Batonnier. Besides being counsel for many large concerns, Mr. Meredith is well known in business circles, and is a director of the Bank of Montreal, the Canadian Pacific Steamships, Limited, and the National City Company, Limited.

The new Chancellor is the eighth to hold that office and continues a distinguished line of Canadians. When Bishop's received the status of a university in 1853, the Honourable W. Walker, M. L. C., was elected as first Chancellor. In 1856 he was succeeded by the Honourable Edward Bowen, D. C. L., who continued for two years. The Honourable J. S. McCord, D. C. L., came next and was succeeded in 1865 by the Honourable Edward Hale, D. C. L. Mr. Hale was Chancellor for ten years and carried out his duties with distinction. After three years of office by the Honourable George Irvine, D. C. L., the late R. W. Heneker, Esq., D. C. L., LL. D., was elected in 1878. Mr. Heneker, a prominent manufacturer, business man and churchman of Sherbrooke, was destined to hold the position for twenty-two years with great merit, and under him considerable advancement was made. In the first year of the new century, John Hamilton, Esq., M. A., D. C. L., of Quebec, took office, and remained without interruption for twenty-five years. After rendering unequalled services to Bishop's, Dr. Hamilton felt that his time for retirement had come, and last June he resigned amidst many expressions of regret from all who had the good of Lennoxville at heart.
The Question Outstanding among the questions in educational circles today is that of the classics: should Latin be studied in school and college, and are the curricula of these institutions too much taken up with classical subjects or, on the contrary, too much concerned with imbibing essentially practical learning in scholars? These matters are of the greatest importance since they concern the upbringing of future generations, and, therefore, affect the mentality and scholarship of the nation of years to come. Expressions of opinion on the subject have been forthcoming freely of late, and the matter has been brought up in the Protestant Committee of the Quebec Council of Public Instruction.

The upholders of the classical education and the upholders of the "practical" education will both doubtless admit that much is to be said on each side, and it must be decided which side outweighs the other. While agreeing that the universities had the right to demand what studies they desire from those school pupils preparing for entrance to the institutions of higher learning, some members of the Protestant Committee, at a recent meeting, expressed themselves as dissatisfied with the subjects being taught the great majority of pupils who do not intend to proceed farther with their education, this criticism taking the line of argument that the present advocates of a broader and more general course of study in school and college point to business and commercial men as being against the old classical education. What good did such an education give them? they are quoted as saying. Little or nothing, they answer to their own question, and in support of this reply they tell us that they have never used Latin or Greek, nor other of the old subjects such as algebra and geometry, since they left school or college. Therefore, they state, such an educational system is shown to be inadequate.

That the old system is inadequate to present needs to a degree will be generally readily admitted. The inclusion in school of more modern studies such as household science for girls and commercial geography, elementary economies and civics for boys, would doubtless be most desirable and a valuable acquisition for a student, whether about to proceed to the university or to commence his life's work immediately upon leaving school. But as to how far such new subjects should be introduced and how much of the old ones eliminated, is quite a different problem. The advisability of extending the school course into what would practically be a business college, by introducing such things as book-keeping, banking and typewriting, cannot be readily agreed upon. And much must be proved before one is convinced of the fact that Greek and Latin should be withdrawn from school, along with much of the algebra and geometry taught.

Opinion of The opinion of educationists on the Educationists matter has been expressed in no uncertain tones both in England and Canada. And after all, education is a science in itself and not a mere preparation to the making of money, and so the plea of the business man that his school studies did not teach him how to conduct his business must not be taken too seriously. Education is a preparation for life in its broadest aspect, and the man of business must remember that the boy can never learn in school enough about business to set him more than at its base, to work himself up from there rung by rung to the top of the ladder by his own ability and energy, and with his education as the basis upon which to start. Thus the school education must be to prepare him not especially for business, but rather for life in the wide sense. And, likewise, the general university course—that is, apart from the medical, dental, law and other specific courses leading to a profession—must lay the broadest base for the man's future life, and should be aimed at a high standard of culture and general learning, not at mere efficiency in after business.

Thus the opinions on the educational system necessary, expressed by educationists of the highest standing, are very strong in favour of the classics and other subjects which develop such a culture in the citizens of the future. One of England's greatest public school headmasters, Dr. Montague J. Rendall, late of Winchester College, speaking in Montreal last autumn as a schoolmaster of thirty-seven years' standing, deprecated the fact that in England, the children of the industrial districts were being taught too many utilitarian subjects and were being denied a classical education. While speaking in high terms of the progress made by the great English public schools in mathematical and scientific subjects, Dr. Rendall nevertheless stressed the importance played, and their necessity in the future, of the classics. "As I have grown older, I have grown stronger in my attachment to and belief in the Latin tongue," he declared. After telling of a naval instructor who had expressed himself as more satisfied with the work in gunnery done by the classical scholar of the public school than by the product of the naval school, Dr. Rendall asked, "Do you not see what it implies? If you wish to educate a boy for war, commerce or mathematics, dose him with Latin!"

Professor Stephen Leacock, of McGill University, made a somewhat similar plea for Latin in colleges, in a speech delivered in Ottawa recently. He thought that the American and Canadian universities were
making a great mistake in thinking that they must extend and widen their curriculum so that they may teach everything. He declared in favour of the old disciplinary curriculum, and said that the young man who struggled in vain to appreciate Latin literature was the one who had learned the key to that which was noblest in our own literature. The function of the university was to develop capacity and to give to the man his soul to bring out all that is intellectual in him, said Professor Leacock, but was not to hand out an acquired professional knowledge. He went so far as to say that most of the "so-called schools of commerce, administration, business and journalism" were shams. But he did compliment some of Canada's universities, such as McGill, on not being drawn towards such utilitarian ideas.

The Ideal
To avoid such "shams" of practicality as mentioned by Professor Leacock, has always been the ideal followed by Bishop's. Here the cultural education as set forth by the great universities of Oxford and Cambridge has been the standard, and Latin has played an important part—and Greek a lesser one—in its curriculum. As a result of this policy, Bishop's has maintained a high level in her courses, and many noted scholars have started their careers in her portals, as well as many professional and business men acquiring just such a classical education as declared necessary by Dr. Rendall and Professor Leacock. Bishop's has played no small part in education in Canada in the past, and her sphere is widening yearly. So long as she keeps to her present policy, the granting of a general classical course to the youth of the country, and especially of Quebec, she will not go far wrong.

The Reverend Principal McGreer, at the annual meeting of the Alumni Association in February, made a plea for a place for the classics in the schools of this province. His plea, we feel, was a just one: the place for the classics in the school should be recognized and maintained no less than in the university.

College
The winter season of college activities now concluded has been one of general success, not because it has contained numerous victories in various spheres, but because everything has progressed in a manner satisfactory and worthy of Bishop's. Canada's national winter sport, hockey, has not flourished here to such a degree before, the College making an extremely creditable showing in both the Eastern Townships League and in exhibition games. Basketball, while not as popular as it was before Christmas, has been carried out well and with success. In the realm of public speaking, the Debating Society had greater activity than for some time in the private debates, with many students taking part. The college failed to take any honours in the inter-university speeches, but did so only by a narrow margin in each case. The annual play of the Dramatic Society is to be produced in the near future, and promises to uphold the reputation gained by previous performances.

The past few weeks have been a time of activity in the election of student officers for the next academic year, 1926-1927. The Mitre congratulates all the new officers elected, especially Mr. R. H. Stevenson, President-elect of the Students' Association, in whom we feel that Bishop's has a worthy successor to Mr. C. T. Teakle, B. A., who graduates in June. May our new senior student make as fine a president as Mr. Teakle has!
Of all the great figures of the past that stand out from the pages of history and magnetically draw the reader's attention, none exerts a greater fascination than that of the ill-fated Queen of Scots. The fascination of Mary Stuart has been analysed by many pens. Her right to rank with Helen of Troy and Cleopatra among the great sirens has been noted, her vital importance in the sixteenth century struggle between Protestantism and Catholicism pointed out, the atmosphere of Dumasque romance that enveloped her whole career and the almost “Shakespearean” tragedy of her destiny have been dilated upon. Nor has the “detective interest” in her life been overlooked; the fascination of seeking to determine her precise share of responsibility for the death of Darnley or the authenticity of the famous “Casket Letters.” One source of the interest in Mary seems, however, to have escaped general notice. Not only was she one of the supreme “man-quelling sirens” of history, a heroine of romance, the centre alike of a religious revolution and a criminal mystery, and the victim of a tragic fate; she may also claim to rank not only among, but easily first among, a group of historic figures which have always exerted a charm upon the human imagination—the heroes and heroines of famous rides.

The fascination of the heroes of the saddle is fully proven by our literature. The Young Lochinvar’s flight with his stolen bride, and Dick Turpin’s ride to York have been celebrated in ballad; Paul Revere has been put into verse by Longfellow; and the unnamed gentlemen who “Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix” and rode “Through the Metidja to Aix” and rode “Through the Metidja to Aix” have been sung by Browning. Yet the feats of these great horsemen fade into insignificance when compared with the equestrian achievements of the Scottish Queen. They were men; she was a woman, handicapped by the “weakness of her sex;” each of these MEN rode on single famous ride; while Mary was the heroine of three courses as stirring, as desperate, as historically important as any of theirs. And yet only once does Mary Stuart ride in the pages of our literature, and then in prose. Nor, when she does appear, is it as the central figure of the work; for her flight from Lochleven and then south to England are only parts of the historical background of Sir Walter Scott’s Abbot. Here is a literary wrong to be righted, or rather an omission to be repaired; and Alfred Noyes, remembering his “‘Burial of a Queen,’ may yet gird himself to sing of ‘Mary’s Ride to Dunbar,’ or to pen the ballads of ‘The Flight From Lochleven’ and ‘South to Solway.’

These, of course, are the “three famous rides” — the midnight escape from Holyrood after the murder of Rizzio, the flight from the prison in Lochleven Castle to Hamilton, and the last wild gallop from the field of Langside, where her hopes had been dashed by the soldiership of Murray, and on “ninety-two miles of country without alighting from her horse,” (her own words to the Cardinal of Lorraine, “quatre-vingt douze milles a travers champs sans m’arreter sur descendre”) to Solway Water and the ultimate grim scene at Fotheringay. It seems strange that Browning should have let these subjects escape him, for he loved to set his heroes in the saddle, and to analyse emotions at such critical moments as these: nor did strong passions and the crimes they breed revolt him; witness Pippa Passes and the Ring and the Book. Perhaps it is Mary’s fate to escape the poets, as she slipped from the clutches of the Lady Douglas of Lochleven, only to be mangled by the moving-picture producer, as she fell into the grip of Elizabeth and met the executioner’s axe. For sooner or later, if she has not already suffered, it is her fate to be filmed.

This consideration raises the question as to which of the three rides would be selected; or to put the matter another way and forget the silver screen, of which, if two were to be razed from the page of history, one would prefer the memory to be preserved. For myself, there would be no difficulty in making the choice, I should vote at once and whole-heartedly for the ride from Holyrood to Dunbar. It is true that on this occasion Mary rode pillion behind Arthur Erskine, while on the other occasions she had her mount to herself; and that this was the shortest ride of the three, a mere twenty-mile or two hour dash. But the dramatic, or perhaps it would be more true to say the melodramatic, element of the Dunbar ride was infinitely the strongest of the three. Even the sober and antipathetic Froude senses the atmosphere and kindles as he relates the story from its origin in the little cabinet behind her bedroom at Holyrood where she sat at supper with David Rizzio and the “gay” Countess of Argyle, while Morton’s Douglasses silently surrounded the palace, and Darley, Ruthven, Faldonside, and George Douglass mounted the stair that led from the “petulant boy’s” suite below to the Queen’s bedroom. Macaulay’s schoolboys, and many less erudite persons, know well the details of the wild scene that followed Darnley’s entrance and seating himself on the sofa at her side, and the second lifting of the curtain to reveal against the dark background, alone, his cerslet glimmering through the folds of a crimson sash, a steel cap on his head, and his face pale as if he had risen from the grave,—the figure of Ruthven; and how Mary spent the night that followed Rizzio’s murder “locked alone in her room amidst the traces of the fray,” planning her revenge. The siren found it child’s play to win her boy-husband away from his associates; but Ruthven and Morton could not be cajoled; her friends were scattered; and flight was her only resource. The guards had ostensibly been withdrawn on the infatuated Darnley’s request to the lords, but not a doubt existed in Mary’s mind that the palace was well watched. And so at eight of the clock there took place the meeting, in the Queen’s apartment, of Stewart of Traquair, Captain of the Royal Guard,
Arthur Erskine, and the "young and gallant gentleman," Anthony Standen, to plan the escape. Then at midnight (the appropriate hour) Mary, with Darnley and a single servant, traversed the underground passage from the palace to the vaults of the ruined Holyrood Abbey, "crawled through the charnel-house among the bones and skulls of the ancient kings," and came forth into the cold March air to find the other three waiting with the horses, when, to quote Froude verbatim, "the Queen was mounted en croup behind Sir Arthur Erskine upon a beautiful English double gelding, the King on a courser of Naples," and then away—away—past Restalrig, past Arthur’s Seat, across the bridge and across the plain of Musselburgh, past Seton, past Prestonpans, fast as their horses could speed: "six in all—their majesties, Erskine, Traquair, and a chamberer of the Queen" (the sixth being Standen, from whose account of the flight Froude is quoting). In two hours the heavy gates of Dunbar had closed behind them, and Mary Stuart was safe." But, and here lies the dramatic interest, the clang of those bolts that told Mary of her safety rang out the death-knell of Darnley who had ridden with her. No other husband and wife have threaded an underground passage, crawled through a charnel-house, and ridden wildly through the night, the wife from danger to safety, the husband from safety to death. For the coldness of the March night-air that chilled Darnley as he rode was to be followed by the growing coldness of Mary, when she no longer needed him, until she changed her method and warmed him again, until she changed her method and warmed him again, and finally—with the explosion at Kirk o' Field. One wonders whether Arthur Erskine on the English double gelding, felt the encircling arm by which Mary kept her place on the pillion tighten around him as she thought of how her grip was tightening on Darnley to "give him as sorrowful a heart as I have at this present," as she had sworn to do on the night of Rizzio’s murder, and little knowing what was in his Queen’s heart, thrilled at the tightening. Yet after all Mary was not riding to safety, but making the first stage of that journey which was to carry her through Lochleven and Carlisle to Fotheringay and the scaffold. And so the dramatic interest deepens.

Nor was the country through which the doomed pair rode unworthy to act as a setting to such dramatic scenes. Restalrig, Arthur’s Seat, Musselburgh, Seton, Prestonpans, Dunbar,—What historic memories cluster round the names! And many of these memories are directly connected with the fortunes of the House of Stuart; for a hundred years later Dunbar was to see Cromwell’s Ironsides ruin the fortunes of Charles the Second, and Prestonpans to give a cheering start to the chivalric enterprise of another Charles Stuart another century on.

Some day, no doubt, we shall have “the something Players” or the “Other Thing Studio” “featuring” some twentieth century “vamp” as Mary Queen of Scots in her famous ride to Dunbar; but I shall not go to see it, for I can watch Mary Stuart ride on the screen of my own imagination. And when I fill my pipe and, sitting by the fire, switch on the reel to see her (not in the flicker of the silver-screen, but in the flicker of the blue and crimson flame from the logs, it is not by night and from Holyrood to Dunbar that Mary rides; but under the sun and with hawk and hound and her courtiers round her, over the fields of France or her native Scottish moors. For I have inherited from Scottish forbears a liking for the "lass" whose coming broke her father’s heart (heart-breaker from her very birth was she) as he thought that "coming" of the "lass" foreshadowed the "going" of the Crown from his line to which it had "come with a lass." And so it is not in her dark and tragic moments, when her heart was filled with black passion, that I like to dream of the Queen o’ Scots; but in her joyous moods when she was no politician, no schemer, no intending murderer, but a young, beautiful girl, riding for the love of a good horse, a good gallop, and of God’s own open air, her laugh ringing out like the bridle of Chaucer’s Monk—

"---in a whistling wind as clear,
And eke as loud as doth the Chapel-bell."
That, for me, is how Mary Stuart rides.—"B."
The Tyranny of Time

I hear a ghostly passing bell
   In the thunder of the sea,
By day and night it tolls the knell
   Of all that is to be;
No hands have set it in its place
   Nor compassed it with bars,
It hangs beneath the dome of space
   And swings among the stars.

The silent ages come and go.
   They perish in the gloom,
But still the bell swings to and fro
   And sounds the note of doom.
The deep reverberations roll
   Far off from sea and shore,
But somewhere in man’s secret soul
   They sound for evermore.

—Frederick George Scott.
The Bishop's Formal Dance of '26 was one of the most successful dances ever held here. The decorations, the music, the refreshments—and the company—were all perfect, and left little to be desired. The dance was held on Thursday evening, January 28th, in Bishop Williams Hall. The hall was a masterpiece of decorative skill, being done in a summer garden effect, with a rainbow-colored sky or "dome," small trees, trellises and arches and with a genuine fountain playing merrily and shooting its sparkling streams high into the air. Flowers of various sizes and shapes, bird houses, balloons and goldfish lent the necessary finishing touches, and the merry dancers might almost believe themselves come out of the cold and frosty night into a veritable fairy land. The sitting-out rooms were very tastefully done in different color-schemes and diverse systems of arrangement. One room was devoted to our sister university of McGill and, of course, was all red and white. One of the favorite rooms was ingeniously done in a rather dusky effect, and attracted considerable numbers.

The music, furnished by the Midnight Serenaders, was of the best quality, and its seductive strains could not be resisted—even by the "stags." The refreshments, served in two sittings, certainly "touched the right spot," and appropriate favors were passed around at supper.

The Moonlight Dance, the thirteenth, was probably the most enjoyable of the whole evening, and those who "tripped the light fantastic" then underwent a regular shower of balloons, feathers (d---them!), streamers, etc.

It was certainly a night not soon to be forgotten. The patronesses were Mrs. A. H. McGreer and Mrs. Rocksborough Smith.

The guests included the Principal, members of the Faculty and their wives, and numerous residents of Lennoxville, Sherbrooke, Montreal, Cookshire, Bury, Magog, East Angus, Huntingville, Thetford Mines, and other places. The committee in charge was the Students' Council, consisting of Messrs. C. T. Teakle, B. A., B. T. Keith, H. J. McVety, D. M. Lunan, R. H. Stevenson, H. E. Grundy and W. S. Boullion.
Lenten Lectures

This year, as in former years, a very interesting series of lectures was arranged for the Lenten season. The lectures numbered five in all, and were held on each Wednesday evening of Lenten weeks.

On the first day Dr. A. E. Whitehead, organist at Christ Church Cathedral, Montreal, gave an entertaining illustrated talk on "Pepys' Diary," that work which has become so dear to the heart of all English-speaking readers, and added something unusual when he sang to his own accompaniment, Pepys' "Beauty Retired," a song. The eminent Canadian author, Charles G. D. Roberts, lectured on "Literature," upon the following Wednesday. He dwelt upon Canadian literature and the place it was destined to fill in our national development. The author also read several of his poems to the audience.

On Wednesday, March 10th, Prof. B. K. Sandwell, editor-in-chief of the Financial Times, Montreal, and former assistant Professor of Economics at McGill and Queen's Universities, taking as his subject "Democracy on Wheels," provided a very entertaining and instructive evening, well-supplied with wit and humour, and just the right amount of "the serious." His suggestions regarding changes in educational methods, to suit man's migratory instincts, might be worthy of consideration! The fourth lecture was by Mrs. Fenwick Williams, of Montreal, on "Shakespeare's Dark Lady." The last one was on "Solar Influence on Physical Law," by Mr. F. C. Henriot, D. Sc., of the Dominion Observatory, Ottawa.

The Dansant

On Saturday, January 16th, a very pleasant tea dance was held for the entertainment of the visiting hockey and basketball teams of the Swimming and Athletic Club of Quebec.

The dance and tea followed the basketball encounter in the afternoon, and was very acceptable to all.

Would The Heavens Fall If --

The girls' common room became quiet?
Gwen were ever on time for lectures?
Maggie stopped giggling?
Marion Morrill went to all her French lectures?
Mac did as the Seniors asked her?

What A Second Year Co-ed Would She'd Be If She Had--

Joey's style!
Margaret's pep!
Charlotte's complexion!
Dorothy's eyes!
Peggy's hair!

The Carnival

To celebrate the opening of the new University Rink, a fancy dress carnival took place early in February.

The events of the evening were ushered in by the playing-off of the annual renowned hockey match between the Co-eds and the Shed's "Divine team." Both teams were appropriately clad for the occasion, and the two captains, Mary Brewer and the Rt. Rev. Julian P. McManus (both playing centre for their respective teams) crossed sticks at the precise second of the scheduled time for starting. The game was fast and furious, with the Co-eds attacking the Divine Citadel frequently, and the worthy defenders of the Shrine doing their utmost to hold them off. Due to the speed of the game, and its roughness, "Lizzy," the referee, found it difficult to keep the game under control and began to hand out penalties right and left. As the game advanced, a rugby ball was substituted for the puck, and the game increased in interest and roughness, several of the Divinity men being carried off the ice by stretcher-bearers. Opinion was divided as to who won, but the Co-ed team claimed the victory. So what could the referee do?

After this skating was indulged in, accompanied by the syncopating C. O. T. C. band, and costumes were displayed and admired by all. Various games were played, and the evening proved quite enjoyable.
Bishop’s had less success in the inter-university debating series this winter than a year ago, but nevertheless the society has had just as active a year, and as much good work has been done towards promoting the art of public speaking as ever before. Four public debates were participated in up to the time of going to press, two being the inter-collegiate, and two the inter-faculty debates for the trophy for annual competition presented by Mr. A. C. Skinner, of Sherbrooke. Besides these, numerous private debates have been held by the society since September, and a gratifying fact in connection with these has been the large number of students participating—usually six regular speakers and a dozen or more speaking from the floor at the conclusion of discussion on each resolution. In this manner, subjects of public interest have been discussed, those speaking have become more used to public delivery, and selections for the faculty and university teams have been made easier. The officers of the society, Professor E. E. Boothroyd, honorary president, R. H. Stevenson, president, J. D. Jefferis, secretary, and L. I. Greene, deserve considerable credit for their management and the results obtained by their endeavours.

The Debating Teams

University teams:
Affirmative team:
C. T. Teakle, B. A., (McGill), Divinity ’26, leader.
L. I. Greene, Divinity ’28.

Negative team:
J. D. Jefferis, Arts ’27, leader.
E. L. Williams, Divinity ’27.

Inter-faculty teams:
Divinity team:

Arts team:
J. D. Jefferis, ’27, leader.
M. B. MacKinnon, ’27.
J. Rudner, ’28.

Inter-University Debates

Bishop’s lost both debates in the inter-university series, being defeated in Lennoxville by Loyola College, and in Ottawa by University of Ottawa. Loyola also beat Ottawa, and proceeded further to take the title against Queen’s, winners of the Queen’s-McGill-Toronto group, and against Ontario Agricultural College, winners of the O. A. C.-Western-McMaster section.

The resolution under discussion in each case was one favoring introduction in Canada of some system of proportional representation, each college advancing an affirmative team, speaking away from home, and a negative team, speaking at home. All of the first rounds took place on February 27th.

The defeats of Bishop’s were by unanimous decision of the three judges in Lennoxville, and by a two-to-one vote in Ottawa, but the margin in actual points was very close in both cases, being three in Ottawa and thirteen in Lennoxville, out of a total of some hundreds of points. C. T. Teakle and L. I. Greene upheld the “P. R.” system in Ottawa, and J. D. Jefferis and E. L. Williams opposed it in Lennoxville against Loyola. The subject was productive of very keen argument, carefully-prepared subject matter, and a good style of delivery.

Inter-Faculty Debates

The team representing the Faculty of Divinity is leading in the series for the Skinner Trophy for inter-faculty debating, with two victories over Arts. The third debate will be held later in the term, and the winner of the highest aggregate of points in the three will capture the cup. C. T. Teakle, L. I. Greene and J. W. R. Meakin comprised the Divinity trio in both cases, while the Arts team differed, J. D. Jefferis being supported in the first by C. M. Sherrell and J. Rudner, and in the second by M. B. MacKinnon and G. T. Brownlee.

The two resolutions chosen for discussion were concerning the liberty of the press and the educational system of Canada. In the initial debate, on February 1st, it was resolved that “the British North America Act should be amended so that education be placed under the Federal Government, to the end that a universal standard of education prevail throughout Canada.” In this case the judge decided that such drastic action was necessary, as claimed by the Divinity men.

On February 8th Arts again lost, this time upholding the affirmative of a resolution in favour of further restrictions on the liberty of the press in Canada than those already existing.

The gentlemen who kindly acted as judges in the public debates were the Reverend W. S. Lennon, D. D., pastor of Trinity United Church, Sherbrooke, Mr. S. P. Smith, M. A., headmaster of Bishop’s College School, the Reverend E. K. Moffatt, chaplain of Bishop’s College School, and Mr. E. P. McCabe, of Sherbrooke.
THE HOCKEY TEAM, 1925-26
Reading from left to right

Robertson
Sub
Hodgins
Manager

Smith
Wing
Dinan
Defence

Scott
Centre

Mac Kinnon (captain)
Defence

Johnston
Sub

W. Smaill
Coach

Beatty
Sub
Hockey, 1926

Intermediate Intercollegiate play-off games:
  Bishop's 1, Loyola College 2 (Game disallowed — Bishop's victory.)
  Bishop's 1, Royal Military College 2.

Eastern Townships League:
  Bishop's 3, Irish-Canadians 5.
  Bishop's 0, Irish-Canadians 5.
  Bishop's 2, Stanstead 4.
  Bishop's 0, Wanderers 6.
  Bishop's 2, Wanderers 3.
  Bishop's 3, Lennoxville 1.
  Bishop's 6, Lennoxville 2.

Exhibition games:
  Bishop's 6, Quebec S. A. C. 3.
  Bishop's 7, Cookshire 2.
  Bishop's 6, Quebec S. A. C. 3.
  Bishop's 7, Cookshire 2.
  Bishop's 0, Irish Canadians 5.
  Bishop's 1, Loyola College 2.
  Bishop's 0, Wanderers 6.
  Bishop's 1, Royal Military College 2.

THE TEAM

The first improvement over former years which forecast success was the building of the splendid new rink by the Corporation. For years the college had been forced to use the Minto Rink in Lennoxtown for both games and practices, and a great hindrance this proved to be. Realizing this fact and the necessity of giving Canada's national game a real chance at Bishop's, the authorities took the necessary steps, and with a collection of new players who had never previously been together, a serious handicap was faced—one with which the majority of teams they were opposed had not to contend. Yet despite this handicap, a universal one at colleges, the team rounded into shape and a smart aggregation was put on the ice.

The Eastern Townships League was entered and Bishop's advanced to first place in the province, being defeated by the Eastern Ontario winners. A number of exhibition games ended in considerable success for Bishop's.

THE TEAM

The first improvement over former years which forecast success was the building of the splendid new rink by the Corporation. For years the college had been forced to use the Minto Rink in Lennoxtown for both games and practices, and a great hindrance this proved to be. Realizing this fact and the necessity of giving Canada's national game a real chance at Bishop's, the authorities took the necessary steps, with the result of having one of the finest rinks in the Province of Quebec built. This rink has been in use for many years, being occasionally rented to outside teams.

Another feature in favor of a successful season was the enthusiasm of all college circles—officials, the faculty, and the student body—and the support given by them to the team throughout the season.

Far ahead of all other factors of success, however, was the acquisition of the new coach. The lack of such an official had long been felt at Bishop's, but this year was overcome. The coach who was engaged proved to be more than a mere coach and trainer; he proved to be a true friend of the players and a valuable man at the college in every way, and his return next season will be anxiously looked and hoped for. This man was Walter Smaill, of Montreal, one of the real "old-timers" of the national sport. Mr. Smaill in his day acquired a name for himself as a member of the old Montreal professional team, the Wanderers. At Bishop's he has truly done wonders for the team, moulding them into a machine-like squad from a collection of individuals. He has a place in the heart of all at Bishop's!

The team and positions of its members were:

M. B. MacKinnon, Charlottetown, P. E. I., captain.
J. A. O'Brien, Montreal, goal. At times Klein undoubtedly was the backbone of the team. He was perhaps the most valuable individual acquisition to the team, coming at a time when a goal-tender was urgently needed. He also is a freshman, a fact which is appreciated, since his spectacular stops in the nets will, we trust, be continued next year.

R. R. Scott, Scotstown, Que., centre. "Bobby" Scott was exceeded by none on the squad, his playing on the forward line being generally the speediest and surest of all. This was his second year at Bishop's, and his return next year will be welcomed. His lightness was overcome by his speed and knowledge of the game.

H. M. Rider, Pictou, left wing. "Ham" Rider played at Bishop's in the winter of 1923-24 but did not come back in 1924-25. Hence he is now in his second year and has another to come. He has done good work and made numerous scores.

F. G. Smith, Danville, Que., right wing. Another freshman hockeyist made his appearance in the season just past in the person of "Sauce" Smith. Smith came with a reputation for speed and hard playing, and he upheld this reputation. Great things are looked for in the future from all these newcomers.

T. A. Johnston, Cookshire, Que., spare forward.
R. R. Robertson, Sherbrooke, Que., spare forward.
L. Beatty, Huntingdon, Que., spare forward.
the third of the substitute advance men. He did some good fast work in relieving the regulars. He and Robertson are also freshmen.

R. S. Stevenson, Danville, Que., spare goal. Although not used as frequently as the other spares, "Steve" was useful in the nets when called upon, as he did last year as well. He gave a good account of himself in the Berlin match and the second league game with Stanstead.

D. F. Weegar, Morrisburg, Ont., spare defence. Fraser played his last year on the college squad and is the only one who graduates in June; his departure will be regretted.

R. N. LeBaron, North Hatley, Que., spare defence did some good work in relieving defence early in the season. He is looked to for better things still next season.

H. S. Hodgins, Shawville, Que., manager. "Sandy" was an extremely useful official, carrying out his important duties as manager in an efficient way.

As will be seen from this sketch, next season will find Bishop's in a fine position for hockey, as only one of this year's players, Weegar, leaves in June. MacKinnon, Rider, Johnston and Stevenson all have one more year here, and the rest two years more.

INTERCOLLEGIATE SERIES

Bishop's was granted the right to play the winners of the Montreal section of the Intermediate Intercollegiate league, which proved to be Loyola, victors over McGill and University of Montreal second teams. The game was played at the Loyola Stadium, Montreal, on Thursday, March 4, and proved to be a hard and strenuous one, with good hockey the order of the day. Loyola actually took the game by 2 goals to 1 in overtime play, MacKinnon being the scorer for Bishop's. However, soon after the game it was announced that the intercollegiate union had thrown out the game because of Loyola having played ineligible men, and Bishop's were declared the winners.

Bishop's were ordered to play the eastern Ontario winners, Royal Military College, Kingston, the winners of which game were to play the western Ontario champions, Western University, London. The game was played in the Forum in Montreal, and was one of the best, cleanest and fastest the purple and white has ever taken part in. The soldiers emerged the victors by 2 to 1. Tremaine opening for them, as only one of this year's players, Weegar, leaves in June. MacKinnon, Rider, Johnston and Stevenson all have one more year here, and the rest two years more.

E. T. LEAGUE

Final standing in the Eastern Townships League, Section "A," with the number of points for each team, was:

Sherbrooke Irish-Canadians 11.
Stanstead Olympics 10.
Bishop's University 8.
Sherbrooke Wanderers 5.
Lennoxville Cubs 4.

The Irish-Canadians afterwards lost to Richmond, section "B" winners, who took the league honours.

Most of the teams in the league were old organizations playing experienced men, and Bishop's were somewhat "up against it" on entering. However the collegians put up a good scrap in every game and surprised the local hockey fans with their playing, especially towards the close of the schedule.

The first game was against Stanstead, played on the college's home ice in the January thaw, with several inches of water covering the ice. The game consequently was slow and not very exciting and neither side was able to score in the three periods. Stanstead declined to play overtime, so Bishop's skated on and put in the puck to win by 1 to 0.

Next came a game with the fast Irishmen from Sherbrooke, the only team which the college failed to conquer in the league. Bishop's were off colour and the Irishmen, playing on their own ice, the Minto, had a fairly easy time, although the play was fast. The final score was 5 to 0.

This defeat was followed by another one, at the hands of the Wanderers, also playing at the Minto. This match was on the whole a poor exhibition of hockey, although in the second period the losers tightened up and Smith put in the only goal for Bishop's. Wanderers once more forged ahead, however, and brought the final count up to 6 to 1.

The month of February opened in a different manner, and the whole month was due to be a time of success. The fourth game of the season, played at the Minto, ended with a 6 to 2 victory for Bishop's over Lennoxville. The latter squad entered the favorites, due to their previous victory over Wanderers, but the university soon showed that they were out to win. In the first period Bishop's took a good lead, Scott putting in two and Beatty a third goal. Scott continued at top form throughout, putting in two more in the second. Lennoxville scored one in each of these periods, but failed to add any in the third, while Smith added a final count for the college.

On February 15 Lennoxville again were down before the purple and white by 3 to 1, although the town men were without the services of two of their regulars. Rider showed some of his best form of the season and scored twice, Smith being the other scorer. The game took place on the college rink.

Two days later came one of the best matches of the season, when Bishop's faced the Wanderers on the former's ice. The game was good and exciting throughout, and it was only by an overtime period that the college broke the 3-all tie to take the honors. Bishop's as usual started out fast and led by 2 to 1 in the first period, with Rider and Scott scoring. Johnston added another in the second, while in the fast final period the Wanderers played well and evened up with two counts. Smith broke the tie after less than a minute's overtime.

Hail Bishop's beaten the Irish-Canadians on February 15, they would have played with Stanstead for the honours of the section, but the Sherbrookers staged a sensational come-back in the final period and scored four goals to shoot ahead to a 5 to 3 victory. The game was a splendid one and unusual speed was displayed by both teams. MacKinnon opened for the college and later Scott sent the boys ahead to 2 to 1 at the end of the opening period. The second period was scoreless, but Scott added another in the third. Klein was playing one of his finest games of the season in goal and made many sensational stops. The third period was marked by a great rally of the visiting Irishmen, and four goals in succession
were shot past Klein, who was given little support by the wilting collegians.

On February 20 Bishop's visited Stanstead for the last game of the league and to decide second place. The border-town men won out by 4 to 2, Rider and Scott being the scorers for the losers.

**EXHIBITION GAMES**

A total of seven exhibition games was played intermittently during the season, which did much to keep the college in good trim for the more important fixtures. Two games with Cookshire resulted in a win for Bishop's and a draw, the victory —7 to 2—marking the opening of the college rink, soon after the Christmas holidays. A game with the Quebec Swimming Club, ancient rivals of the purple and white, ended in victory for the college. A trip was made to Berlin, N. H., where the team played the city line-up as part of a carnival being staged there, this resulting in a 6 to 3 defeat for the college. Stanstead College paid a visit to Lennoxville and were easily defeated, while the Sherbrooke C. N. R. team also was downed.

**SECOND TEAM**

The university entered a second team for the first time in the Eastern Townships Junior Inter-Scholastic league, and this is still going on (March 10th). So far the college has won against Lennoxville High School by 3 to 2 and drawn with them, 0-0, and lost twice to Sherbrooke High, by 5 to 3 and 5 to 2. In both of the games with the latter school, however, the college was under a big handicap in the absence of three regulars. Two games have yet to be played with Bishop's College School.

The second team has done good work and advanced a number of men towards a better knowledge of hockey. Considerable interest has been taken in this aggregation, and the players showed promise of good work in the future. The team was composed of the following:

- **Goal**—Stevenson.
- **Defence**—Ames and Le Baron.
- **Wings**—Hodgins, White and Gould.
- **Spares**—Call, McHarg and Carson.

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**MAC**

**THE COACH**

**CROW** McCaw

**HOCKEY CAPTAIN**

**WALTER SMAIL**

**BASKETBALL CAPTAIN**
Basketball, 1925-26

Bishop's 31—Y. M. C. A. 23.
Bishop's 36—Stanstead 46.
Bishop's 23—Stanstead 18.
Bishop's 22—Quebec S. A. C. 22.
Bishop's 26—1st Presbyterian Church, Montreal. 24.
Bishop's 21—McGill 39.

Basketball is one of the major sports at Bishop's, and is supported quite as enthusiastically as are rugby and hockey. This year's team, with three of last year's regulars on the line-up and some very proficient newcomers, is making a fine showing.

A game has been played against McGill Intermediates in which the purple and white put up a splendid game, and it is hoped that a match may be arranged with one of the Ottawa city teams. The season has been a very successful one up to date, four games being won out of seven played, and none of the losses were bad ones.

The team, on the whole, is an improvement over former years, the forward line being one of the best the College has had for some time, and the defence being strong and hardworking. "Crow" McCaw and Bobby Robertson are recognized as two of the fastest players in the Eastern Townships, and "Hammy" Rider at centre is the right man for the position, being tall, powerful, and good on the "jumps." At Caulfeild and Karl Wade, the regular guardsmen, play well and consistently, and have improved their game since last year. Athol Kenny, as sub-defence, Charley White and Bey Maclear, spare forwards, have all shown up well throughout the season. And the man who has aided materially in the progress of the team, coach Walter Smaill, must not be forgotten. He has certainly done much for the College in both hockey and basketball.

May the 1926-27 season prove as favorable for basketball at Bishop's as has this one of '25-'26!

BISHOP'S vs. QUEBEC S. A. C.

The visiting team of the Quebec Swimming and Athletic Club went down to defeat at the hands of the Bishop's basket ball squad, on the afternoon of Saturday, January 18.

The final score was 29-22 against the visitors, and throughout, the game was close and exciting, and both teams played a good brand of basketball. During the first period Bishop's had rather the edge on the Swimmers, but in the second session the boys from Quebec came back strong and the College had all they could do to hold their own. At half time the score stood 19-5 for the home team, but then Quebec stepped out and ran up seventeen points. However, the College forwards were not to be stopped, and secured another ten points before the game ended.

The game was a clean one, with good feeling on both sides, and the visitors certainly took their defeat well, showing that they were worthy "foemen."

The line-ups were:
Quebec: forwards, Wright, Divine, O'Donnell; defence, Vezina, Braff; sub, Larocque.
U. P. C. forwards, McCaw, Rider, Robertson; defence, Wade, Caulfeild; subs, Maclear, White, Grady.

BISHOP'S vs. PRESBYTERIANS

Bishop's University again emerged victors in the second basketball game of the Lent term, when they defeated the men of the First Presbyterian Church of Montreal by the narrow margin of two points. The score tells the tale. The game throughout was fast and furious, with both sides battling to the best of their ability in endeavoring to elude the other's defence and find the basket. The home team finally came out at the long end of a 26-24 score. Not until the whistle blew could the winners be picked, for the teams were very evenly matched. Bishop's obtained a lead of one point in the first period, the half-time score being 16-15. This lead they maintained throughout the game. The visiting Montreal Presbyterians were a smart aggregation, all of their men playing a first class game, so that no star was to be chosen. Their combination play was good, but the purple and white team were "on their toes" and played just as good a game, keeping up a fast speed throughout. The defence men, Caulfeild and Wade, worked hard, and McCaw, Rider and Robertson, stellar freshman players, showed up to advantage when it came to finding their opponents' basket. Walter Smaill, the coach, refereed. The line-up for Bishop's was: McCaw, Rider, Robertson, Caulfeild, Wade, Maclear, White, Kenney.

McGILL vs. BISHOP'S

McGill Intermediates defeated Bishop's University in a good basketball exhibition match played at the Y. M. C. A. in Sherbrooke on Monday, February 8th.

The game was not nearly as one-sided as the score would seem to show, and the McGill chaps had to strut their best stuff to win. The red and white team had good combination, and it was in this that they excelled the Bishop's aggregation. The game was very keenly contested, and it was hard to tell who would
Girls’ Basketball, 1925-26

On the sixth of March the Co-eds closed a very active basketball season when they played a return game with Stanstead Wesleyan College, the score being 32-20 for Stanstead. Despite their many defeats, the Bishop’s girls have shown keen sportsmanship throughout the year, entering each game with an ever-increasing determination to win. But, though the Co-eds have given excellent support, the odds seem to have been against the team. However, the following write-up in the McGill Daily of March the 6th saw fast basketball, with McCaw playing a great game for Bishop’s in the matter of scoring, and the whole team backing him up well. In this period Silverman was the outstanding basket-finder of the McGill squad. At half time the score board read: McGill, 15, Bishop’s, 13, and expectations among the Collegians ran high. In the next period Bishop’s started off well, and kept within two points of McGill for some time, playing hard and fast. But, due to fouls, Robertson, speedy little wing man, and Rider, the stalwart centre of the College squad, were benched early in the period by the referees, who were very strict. With the loss of these two regulars the team was hard put to it, despite the valiant attempts of the subs, and McGill forged ahead. McCaw continued to play a great game, and managed to score several times more, so that the total score for the Lennoxville team was 21, against 39 for the Red and White. The Bishop’s defence were hard pressed throughout the game and rose to the occasion splendidly. But the “rover” formation of their opponents was hard to cope with. With the loss of the two regulars, Karl Wade moved up to play right wing, his place on defence, being taken by Athol Kenny, who remained on the floor to assist Caufeild for the remainder of the game.

The scores were made by the following:

McGill: Silverman 11, Statton 11, Weldon 8, Schwartzmann 3, McRoberts, Loomis and Ryder, each 2.


The teams:

Bishop’s: McCaw, Rider, Robertson, forwards; Kenny and Wade, defence; Caufeild, White, Maclear, subs.

McGill: Loomis, Silverman, Weldon, forwards; Schwartzman and McRoberts, defence; Ryder and Statton, subs.

The members of the Bishop’s team are very grateful to Mr. Arthur Caufeild for having devoted his time to coach them. “Art” deserves a gold medal for his support and helpful assistance. And the Captain deserves another. The Co-eds feel that they have had an unusually conscientious, inspiring and enthusiastic leader in Miss Eva Murch who, in addition to her duties as captain, performed those of a general manager. “Eva” and two other girls, the most experienced players on the team, will graduate this June. We hope that the sporting spirit which they have already displayed at Bishop’s will continue to appear in their Alumnae days. The girls will be missed, but there is a new contingent ready for action.

The second team has improved most remarkably since the beginning of the year and should provide material for a most successful squad in 1926-27, when Miss Peggy Fuller will take over the responsibilities of captainship. We hope that another year, with perhaps a little more student co-operation, the Co-eds will be able to fly the flag of victory.

THE TEAM

Forwards
Audrey Bennett
Peggy Fuller

Centres
Edith Barraclough
Eva Murch

Defence
Adelle Baldwin
Margaret McKindsey

Sares
Josephine Barnett
Alma Mahan
Catherine Martin

GAMES

Feb. 5, in Lennoxville: McGill School of Physical Education 56, Bishop’s 5.
Feb. 26, in Montreal: M. S. P. E. 55, Bishop’s 12.
March 6, in Stanstead: Stanstead College 32, Bishop’s 20.
A Little Bedtime Story

(Suggested for reading by the children of destitute station masters on the Hudson’s Bay Railway)

Eleven thousand, six hundred and thirty-nine persons, most of them human beings, but including twenty-two Americans and nine members of the People’s Party for the Propagation of Perverse Politics in Peru, had gathered one fine afternoon not long ago within the confines of that part of the City of Ottawa commonly called Major Hill Park.

In one group (the largest) were eleven thousand six hundred people. In the other (the smaller) were thirty-nine. The first group, like the Table of Prohibited Degrees of Consanguinity, was mainly positive in its purpose; the second, like the XXXIX Articles, mainly negative. Furthermore, the 11,600 had assembled for A Great Event whereas the 39 were purely accidental. One had slipped in from Wellington Street with the idea of restoring a near-silk, ultraviolet, cut-rate garter — presently dependent from his left ankle — to its conventional and utilitarian setting; the remaining thirty-eight had merely gathered to see what he was doing. When the unfortunate gentleman, greatly embarrassed by a momentarily inarticulate speech, had finally emended the lapsus and departed hastily with his countenance suggesting an admirable admixture of ancient ale and apoplexy, the remainder of the little coterie dispersed, leaving 11,600 citizens in undisputed possession of the field. Over all, an atmosphere of faith, bone and charity had at one time prevailed, but now Charity had gone home. Faith had phoned for a taxi, and Hope was barely holding her own.

It was a most cosmopolitan gathering. There were black people and white people, rich people and poor people, clever people and stupid people, High Churchpeople, Low Churchpeople, and No Churchpeople. Only one kind of people was not to be found — black people and white people, rich people and poor people, clever people and stupid people. High Churchpeople, Low Churchpeople, and No Churchpeople.


"In order there to edify —"
"Or at least to have a try —"
"With little statues of Diana —"
"The dusky natives of Guiana . . . . &c., &c."

They were waiting, one and all. The hearty old gentleman was waiting; the obese washerlady was waiting, and the incipient poet was waiting. So were 11,597 other people. For what were they waiting? They were waiting — and had already been waiting for a considerable space of time, for...

All at once there was a great stir. With a flare of crumpets, a gorgeous equipage, all in gold and pink and green, and with postillions fore and aft, swung grandly in through the great gates of solid cast iron and started up the drive. A great cheer went up, and from 11,594 throats (five present were asthmatic) fifty were heard at once, for the carriage was an Exceedingly Great Event had he missed two sniffs in succession and forgot to blow his nose, so great was the tension. The pale poet skipped three on the spot — or was it as he stood there — as he emerged from a bed, silence of fourteen years, to the present being an Exceedingly Great Event had he present being an Exceedingly Great Event had he...

"Benedictus Que Venit In Nomine Progressivorum !"

Onward and in a blaze of glory went the procession, as cheer after cheer, hat after hat, went skyward. Then, as the great main entrance was reached, it stopped, and with a flourish there descended — not He Who Got Slapped, but .

A Third Deputy Acting Assistant Under-Secretary of State for Minor Affairs!

A vast hush fell upon the throng. Overhead the sun was darkened. The Irish lady was heard to sob heavily into her bosom. The pseudo-anglicic gentleman missed two sniffs in succession and forgot to blow his nose, so great was the tension. The pale poet skipped a whole line and in consequence made "Ephesus" rhyme with "Demerara". Everywhere was silence — just plain, empty, quiet, noiseless silence.

Slowly and impressively, the T.D.A.A.U.S.S.M.A strode up to the main portal of the House, and unrolling an enormous parchment, all bespangled with seals and ribands in the sacred colors of gold and pink and green, he attached it to the door, and then solemnly saluted.

For thirty-seven seconds more, silence kept on prevailing. Then the poet — a rapt, other-worldly look in his eyes — shoved forward to read the message. Upon the parchment he found these words:

Made in U. S. A.

AVIS — NOTICE

"Owing to the fact of two Progressive members of Parliament changing their minds without notice, the Right Honourable the Prime Minister has suffered a relapse and will not be able to re-arrive today.

(Signed)

"ALOIN.
"BELLADONNA.
"STRYCHNINE.
"CASCARA."

"In order there to edify —"
"Or at least to have a try —"
"With little statues of Diana —"
"The dusky natives of Guiana . . . . &c., &c."


Sie transit gloria mundi!

T.A.J.
THE REVEREND PROFESSOR
REMINGTON ROCKSBOROUGH SMITH, M. A., D. D.
In the Reverend R. Rocksborough Smith, Dean of Divinity, Harrold Professor and Vice-Principal, Bishop's has a scholar of whom she may well be proud. He was born in the well known seaside resort, Brighton, on the Sussex coast, the largest of British watering-places, famous for the Palace of George IV, known as the Pavilion. He is the son of an architect and land-surveyor.

After being educated, both at school and privately in Brighton, Dr. R. Rocksborough Smith went to London. He attended St. Mark's College, Chelsea, to read for the B. A. of the University of London, which he obtained with honours in English language and Literature. He then went to teach in the Cathedral Choristers' School at Salisbury, and at the same time attended the Theological College which was only a short way off, both being in the Close. After obtaining a first class in the University's Preliminary Examination for Holy Orders, he went up to Cambridge and entered at Selwyn College, where he was the first to hold the Bishop John Selwyn Scholarship, which had been recently founded in memory of the first Bishop of Melanesia. At the end of his first year, he obtained the Jeremie Prize for the Septuagint, and the Carus Greek Testament Prize. The University also made him a Steel Student. He obtained First Class Honours in Theology and took the B. A. degree in 1899. The next year he took First Class Honours in Part II, specializing in Hebrew, and was awarded the University Hebrew prize.

At Trinity, 1900, in Manchester Cathedral, he was ordained deacon by the famous Bishop Moorhouse. Then for a year he acted as curate of a parish near the Ship-Canal Docks in the most "slummy" part of Manchester, after which he was offered the important post of Vice-Principal of Salisbury Theological College, by Bishop Wordsworth. He held this post for several years until the new vicar of the parish in which he himself lived for half the year, Broadstone, a few miles from Bournemouth. There he was a member of the Synod, a member of the Council of Education, and also Diocesan Secretary to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. Just before the death of the Bishop of Salisbury, the Bishop of Montreal, on behalf of Corporation, offered him the post of Dean of the Divinity Faculty at Bishop's, which he accepted, sailing from England in September, 1921. He was appointed Vice-Principal and a member of Corporation during the next month and was acting Principal during the interregnum in 1922.

The Dean's many accomplishments were soon noted by the Lord Bishop of Quebec, who made him his Examining Chaplain in 1924. The next year the University of King's College, Halifax, presented him with the Degree of D. D., honoris causa, "as a recognition of the scholarly attainments of the recipient, and also as a mark of honor bestowed upon the head of the Divinity Faculty of the sister University of Bishop's College."

During his four years at Bishop's, Dr. Rocksborough Smith has taken a keen and sympathetic interest in most of the students' activities, especially in dramatics and has become very popular both with the members of the Faculty and the student body.
The Urge of Life

A Spring Scene in Alberta

It was months since the first blizzard had swept across the plains, clothing all things in a curtain of impenetrable white, howling out its message of power and destruction, and sealing as it were for ever the doom of perpetual winter upon that vast forsaken country—a change not heralded by any blustering gale, but urged on silently from within. For there was a sense abroad of some mysterious movement challenging the iron grip of ice and frost, a sense of silent life, secretly stirring in the beast of the field, in the stunted trees, and even in the very fields themselves.

The badger was the first to feel it and he dug himself to light, and left his den and his digging a dark patch upon the dazzling whiteness of the snow about it. And soon, as if in obedience to that unseen power, grey-green patches of the prairie itself appeared and day by day increased. Then came the gophers, crawling up out of the darkness of their winter quarters to revel in the sunshine, sitting pertly upright by their holes or sporting with each other in this the first fresh vigour of returning life. Overhead flocks of geese and duck sailed swiftly and smoothly across the sky as they sped from their winter feeding grounds in the south to their nesting places round the lakes and marshes of the north. Nearer to the earth other birds had appeared as if from nowhere. And the cattle were no longer standing bleakly round the barns wondering when next they might be fed; but by some spark of madness, and waving his hat in the air and shouting aloud to the cayeuse, he went galloping madly over the hill, where or why for a moment he did not know! Why! Why should he?

And in the farm-yard, too, the new life was stirring. The crows were no longer standing bleakly round the barns wondering when next they might be fed; but they were up and away, the winter wilds forgotten, and were seeking out the first fresh shots that were springing from the prairie. Nor did they heed the strawpiles, those great lonesome patches of winter. For what need had they now of straw or of shelter? And the pigs, active little fellows with merry twinkling eyes, they too had left their winter lairs for the patches of last year’s stubble, where the uncleaned grain lay thickest; and there they would feed, grunting greedily at the gophers, and at last return full and happy to bask by the barn-side in the unwonted warmth of the sun—whilst the hens, silly empty-headed things, went crooning and scratching round them as they slept. No wonder then, the farmer forsaking his stowe-side, was out and about his business—rounding up his horses, looking over his implements, and ready, so soon as the land might be dry enough, to be out again behind his teams, going up and down, up and down, on his quarter or half-mile furrow in the seemingly endless task of ploughing, harrowing and seeding what, at first sight, would seem to be an endless stretch of land.

So Nature stirred in those empty spaces, until at last Man too could get to work. And then quickly the days passed by, morning, noon and evening time, man and team continually together, going out and coming in; and each time out, and each time in another mark was passed in the passage of those rolling plains from their barren, wintry, wastes to their far-flung fields of golden grain. Little by little the acres of yellow stubble were changed to the deep rich colour of fresh-dug earth; little by little the clouds were broken; little by little the soil was ploughed and set beneath the even strokes of the harrow; until at last the seed itself was sown and left to rest in the new warm earth. And what mattered the piercing icy winds that heralded the freshness of the Spring and froze the fingers of the man? What mattered it when the work, of which the outcome was his life, was so surely being accomplished?

What indeed mattered anything? For now the spring rains had come in their turn. And day by day the life in those tiny seeds—his life and our life—moved and worked and grew. Soon the tips of their shoots were sprouting from the earth; and from these in turn other shoots appeared; and they too grew and spread until at last the fields, that were once vacant, bare, and empty of life, were now fresh and green and full of great promise for the harvest that was yet to come. And in and out between the fields, and stretching away as far as the eye could see, lay the prairie wrapping the green fields around with its own fresh tints, so that prairie and fields together, mingling their varied hues, seemed like some living quilt that Nature had conjured from the ground.

Life and promise indeed on all sides! No wonder then that the man riding there of a morning—with the turf springing beneath the tread, with the bright sun rising rosily over the glistening sloughs and their attendant poplars, with the cattle munching contentedly in the hollows, and the colts frisking vigorously on the slopes, and all behind him the crops well in and watered—no wonder the man was fired suddenly by some spark of madness, and waving his hat in the air and shouting aloud to the cayeuse, he went galloping madly over the hill, where or why for a moment he did not know! Why! Why should he?

"For, lo, the winter is past; the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; And the flowers appear on the earth . . ."
A Legend of French Canada

Her father was a man of France,
Her mother was a Cree,
And when white and red are mingled thus
Strange things are sure to be,
As from this tale you'll see.

For when autumn dusk had fallen,
And dead leaves went drifting by,
She would watch the pale aurora
Flit across the northern sky,
Till the gleam of dawn drew nigh.

"'Tis the ancient spirit dancers,"
This was what her mother said,
"And the living soul that joins them
Always finds an early bed
Cold and silent with the dead."

But one night she heard strange music
Crashing with unearthly din,
Then it echoed down the valley,
Wailing, sobbing, weird and thin,
Like a muted violin.

And she followed through the darkness
Far beyond her mother's door,
Wondering where the mystic music
Blended with the sea-tide's roar
On a silver-sanded shore.

In the sky she saw the dancers
Slow retreat and slow advance,
Weaving magic webs of music
Through the mazes of the dance,
Like a minuet of France.

When the stately dance was shattered
And the dancers put to flight,
Drifting like fantastic spectres,
Hunted wraiths of pallid light,
Shed across the purple night.

And along the far horizon
Where the mountains meet the sea,
Ghostly shadows swiftly followed
Dancing in wild ecstasy
The weird death-dance of the Cree.

Wild and mad the unearthly music
Sent a shudder through her frame,
And she tore her garments from her,
Lithe limbs naked without shame,
Dancing, dancing like a flame.

And at dawn her mother found her
Stark and frozen on the shore;
But among the stars her spirit,
Wilder, madder than before,
Dances, dances evermore.

F. O. CALL
Interesting Facts About A Few Great Artists

In studying the lives of great artists, one becomes acquainted with numerous incidents, some humorous, some serious, and many with a tragic turn, all of which aid in bringing to light the character and personality of these famed masters. It would be easy to write at length on such a subject, rambling though it might be, but here it will only be possible to relate several of such, from the lives of a few who are known to all.

Perhaps the most domineering figure in the art of the Renaissance was that great but gentle genius, Michael Angelo. Known first as a sculptor of exceptional vigour and skill, he also possessed with a depth of feeling nearly equal to that of his cutting in stone. I have called him gentle, and so he was, always accepting criticism and unkind words with marvellous composure and control seldom shown in men of such standing and ability as his. When he was working on the colossal "David" which now stands in the Academy of Fine Arts, Florence, he was continually annoyed by a certain Gonfoliniere, who was absurdly critical. One day he attempted to justify his opinion that the nose of "David" was too large. After listening with great patience, Michael Angelo ascended the scaffolding beneath which stood the would-be critic. With chisel in one hand, some marble dust in the other, he seemingly worked on the nose for some time, now and then letting fall a little dust into the eyes of his victim beneath. He did not, however, alter the nose. "Look at it now," he cried to the nuisance below. "You have given it life," replied the critic rubbing the dust out of his eyes.

This artist never married, but he adored at least two women, one of whom is unknown, but who amused herself by enticing him into her toils and then, as we say now, "turned him flat." The other was a lady of wealth, and a daughter of the proudest house in Italy, Vittoria Colonna. Between these two there was a deep affection, and both penned much verse to each other, although he never allowed his affection to show itself in the form of love. As a poet he attained fame approaching his renown in painting and sculpture.

A figure closely allied with that of Michael Angelo is that of Leonardo da Vinc, born in 1452. His most famous work, and indeed the best known portrait in the world today, is the famous Mona Lisa. This painting is a mystery to all who study it, and many are the suggestions offered as to the secret of its irresistible fascination. Vasari says that the painter employed people to play and sing, and continually jested while working at the picture, in order to keep the sitter merry, and thus banish the air of melancholy which is so common in many portraits.

His crowning achievement was the famous "Last Supper," 1497, painted as a wall decoration in the monastery of Santa Maria Grazie, Milan. In painting this, Leonardo chose models for the apostles, "but not so that of Christ," says Vasari. For Him he did not wish to seek any earthly representation. When he consulted a friend he was advised to leave the head of Christ unfinished, since he could not surpass, even if he equalled the beauty and dignity which he had given to the heads of James and John. Leonardo was curious about all things, and besides sculpture and painting, he wrote on botany, on astronomy, on physiology, on physics, and on mathematics. Besides all this, he was constantly inventing engineering appliances, and many were the ingenious conceptions he brought forth.

It may be interesting to know that even in his time Leonardo invented and built models of flying machines and submarines. However, as he says in his notes, "How and wherefore do I not describe any method of remaining under water, and how long I can remain without eating? And I do not divulge them by reason of the evil nature of man, who would use them for assassination at the bottom of the sea, by destroying and sinking ships, together with the men in them."

That this accomplished gentleman had no misgivings as to his ability is proved by a letter written to Lorenzo de Medici, listing his accomplishments and qualifications. He sums up his letter with this sentence, "I can further execute sculpture in marble, bronze, or clay, also in painting I can do as much as anyone else, whoever he may be."

So much for these old masters. Three of the great Georgian painters were Reynolds, Gainsborough and Lawrence. Reynolds was the first President of the Royal Academy of Art, the first British painter to appreciate the beauty of childhood as the subject for serious Art—it must be remembered he was a bachelor—and he has hardly been equalled in his representation of child life. Sir Joshua was himself a child at heart, and the story is told that he made a companion of a bird which flew in at his studio window, and became so tame as to perch on his hand. He would walk around with it perched thus, talking as though it could understand perfectly all that he said. One particularly bright morning the temptation was too great, and the bird flew away never to return. Reynolds roamed unconsolably for hours about the square near which he lived, in a vain hope of reclaiming it—just as a child would do. As a portrait painter, he was regarded as the best in his days, and all he painted were done just as he saw them. For instance, he first saw Miss Diana Sackville running across a lawn, and it was on that very lawn on which he insisted upon painting her. He was fond of women's society, but remained a bachelor to the end. In such society he always bore himself with simple gallantry, and when painting a portrait of Lady Cockburn he said, "I cannot lose this opportunity of sending my name to posterity on the hem of your garment," and signed his name on the border of the dress.

Gainsborough and Reynolds were for long close friends, but at one time some feeling arose between them. On his deathbed Gainsborough repented of this,
and to his restored friend he said: "We are all going to heaven, and Van Dyck is of the party."

It was a technical controversy with Reynolds that led Gainsborough to paint the blue boy, in which he endeavored to prove that a picture might be painted with blue handled in a large mass. At one time the Prince of Wales (George IV) possessed the picture, and Beau Nesbitt admired it greatly. The Prince, who always enjoyed a joke, said to the Beau, "It shall be yours." He sent it to the Beau later—but with it a bill for three hundred pounds. In comparison to Reynolds' gallant remark to the Lady Cockburn, Gainsborough, while painting the Duchess of Devonshire, when he could not get the right expression risked her displeasure by drawing a brush across the mouth with the remark, "Her Grace is too hard for me!"

Sir Thomas Lawrence followed Reynolds and Gainsborough. He also was an excellent painter of children, but he depended much on what he had learned from the art of Reynolds. Lawrence was an extremely handsome and fascinating gentleman; indeed, much of his success depended on his ability to flatter his subjects, such as "Making His Majesty more majestic" and, "Her Grace more gracious." He was a hard worker and once worked at a canvas thirty-seven hours without a respite. Over women he had an irresistible charm, and this was the cause of a tragedy most pathetic. He was a constant visitor at the home of the famous actress, Mrs. Siddons, and became engaged to her eldest daughter. However he later discovered his mistake and wished instead to marry the younger. Mrs. Siddons accepted his explanation, and his affection was expressed to Maria, the younger, and accepted. She, however, died before her marriage and her sister followed her shortly afterwards to the grave.—L.
The Eastern Townships and the War of 1812

We are all familiar with the way in which the men of the Eastern Townships responded to the call to arms in 1914. They entered into the struggle ready to give all they had for their country and their flag. Through four long years their loyalty was tested to the utmost, and the love and devotion they felt for their mother country was proven upon the battlefield. The Eastern Townships can well be proud of its record in the World War. No section of the Empire was more loyal than that of Southern Quebec.

Another instance of patriotism occurred during the Fenian raids. The Eastern Townships men courageously did their share in suppressing the invaders, and were prepared to defend their homes and country until death, if need be.

The first, and perhaps most trying test of Eastern Townships loyalty came, however, when war was declared with the United States in 1812. At that time the settlers in this part of Quebec consisted chiefly of those who had been attracted to Canada from the New England settlements by the desirable farming land which lay on this side of the border. A few families near Missisquoi Bay were United Empire Loyalists, but for the most part the Eastern Townships was inhabited by men who had been citizens of the United States, and had probably fought against Britain during the Revolution. It would not have been strange, then, if, when war was declared in 1812, they had taken sides with America against the country of their adoption. However, there seems to have been no hesitation in their minds. They immediately took arms for the king, and distinguished themselves by their gallant conduct throughout the war.

It is to the letters of Major Jesse Pennoyer that we owe the information we have regarding this period of Eastern Townships history. These letters were only recently discovered and their context disclosed. As major of the Eastern Townships Militia, Jesse Pennoyer was in a position of military trust and responsibility, and his correspondence contains an accurate and interesting account of the actions of his battalion during the war. Besides being a soldier, Major Pennoyer was a Justice of the Peace, a surveyor and mill owner. He seems to have had a broader vision than the men with whom he associated, and to have felt that the time would come when the information contained in his letters would be of interest to the world. To this end he carefully copied into two notebooks the contents of his office correspondence, military, judicial and commercial. These notebooks are of real historical value to-day, as they contain the only contemporary record of the Eastern Townships during the 1812-1814 war period.

In 1805 Sir John Johnson, of Montreal, proposed that three battalions of militia be formed under him. The government granted this, and from then on dates the military history of Quebec. In these early days little was known of military matters, as the settlers had no occasion to fight, except with scattered bands of Indians whose advances they easily repelled. Their life was a continual struggle for existence; they had little time to worry about the wars abroad and what they might lead to. Nevertheless, they seem to have responded nobly to Sir John Johnson’s appeal for men to form a battalion for home defence. Writing in 1807, Jesse Pennoyer describes the men of the Eastern Townships Militia, as they appear drawn up for their annual inspection. “The men,” he writes, “have no uniforms and scarce a firearm, but they make a presentable and loyal appearance. They have come from long distances to attend this annual review; from lonely settlements established but a few years; through forests where wild animals abound; by ones and twos and threes from the new townships west of Lake Memphremagog.” These men were to answer the call in 1812; hardy pioneers to whom home and country were the personification of all their hopes and ambitions. It is hard for us to catch the spirit of the country during its early years of settlement. The land was covered with forests which were a constant danger because of wild animals; the settlements were scattered and isolated from each other; while log cabins provided the only means of shelter. But these pioneers were made of fine material, and we may well be proud of the founders of our townships.

When war was declared in 1812, we find six battalions of Eastern Militia, of which the fifth was that of the Eastern Townships and was commanded by Major Pennoyer. Owing to the proximity of the Eastern Townships to the border, the members of the battalion had to be always on the alert, for they did not know when the enemy might raid them. Thus the opening months of the war, though they brought no actual contact with the enemy, were ones of suspense and excitement for the settlers.

Among Jesse Pennoyer’s early letters, we come across passages which show how he felt regarding the events which immediately followed the outbreak of the war. We may regard them as expressing the sentiments of most Canadians at that time, and for this reason they deserve particular notice. In writing to a friend, Major Pennoyer refers to the surrender of General Hull in terms which plainly show his delight. “I most heartily rejoice with you,” he says, “on the most glorious event of the accomplishment of your prediction concerning the famous (or I should say infamous) General Hull.” Writing to Sir John Johnson in the fall of 1812, he states his readiness to serve the king to the best of his ability. “I will only add,” he concludes, “that His Majesty’s just cause will ever excite my greatest ambition to do my duty faithfully, and to the utmost of my abilities and circumstances in which it may please His Excellency to command me.” These extracts show, as do others, the patriotism of Jesse Pennoyer, which, we may feel sure, was a universal sentiment.

The first war-searce was on November 28, 1812. The information that the enemy had moved its forces towards the head of Lake Champlain caused Major Pennoyer to despatch a circular letter to the commanding officers of the various companies. This letter has been preserved among his collection, and the opening sentences are worth quoting. “The enemy,” he writes, “have come into our country. The battalions west of Lake Memphremagog have manfully and
voluntarily turned out to meet them, and whenever called up (which I expect every moment), I hope we shall follow their glorious example—I am both ready and willing. ' The rest of the letter concerns itself with detailed order to the officers, and men who are able to leave home are commanded to be ready to march at moment's notice. Less than a week later, another letter ordered the militia from each company to turn out, equipped with suitable clothing and provisions. They were to meet at Ascot on December 9th. Nearly every able-bodied man in the battalion prepared to march. They all desired to follow the admirable example of the battalions west of Lake Memphremagog, which had turned out so valiantly a few weeks before. But a surprise was in store for the Militia. December 7th saw horsemen hurrying over the country with an important message for the soldiers. The enemy had withdrawn! With mingled joy and disappointment the men returned to their farm work; but though there was no immediate danger from the enemy, they were ordered to hold themselves in readiness, as they might be called for unexpectedly. Though they had not actually been on the battlefield, the men of the Eastern Townships Militia had proved their readiness to fight, and their officers knew they could depend on them.

The battle of Queenston Heights aroused a feeling of firm determination on both sides, and with the opening of 1813 the antagonism between the two countries was at its height. The Canadian Government needed more men, and each battalion was ordered to furnish a certain quota. Thus it became Jesse Pennoyer's duty to call on his militia for twenty volunteers, who were to join the regular army and serve there. At this time there was considerable unrest prevalent among the troops owing to a misunderstanding of the Militia Law. They thought enlistment in the regular army would mean leaving their homes for an indefinite length. Sir John Provost, making his first test of loyalty, and from then on their patriotism was firmly established. If they had acted differently, if they had gone across the border in support of their former countrymen, it is hard to say what changes would have been wrought in Eastern Townships history.

In the fall of 1814 a number of cattle raids occurred in the border township of Hereford. One particular incident is recorded among Major Pennoyer's letters. This contains the only casualty occurring west of Lake Memphremagog during the war. On October 13th, 1814, four men were attacked by six armed Americans who, after killing one and wounding two others, escaped into the United States with thirteen head of cattle. The friends of the deceased were greatly incensed by these proceedings, and determined to bring justice to the man who was responsible for their friend's death. With this in view they entered Vermont on November 22, and having found Samuel Hugh, who had fired the fatal shot, they brought him to Stanstead to await orders from the proper authorities. The Americans had no intention of allowing their fellow countryman to remain a prisoner, and the following night a small armed force from Vermont crossed the border and plundered a number of houses in Hereford. They returned home with four captives who, they declared, should meet the same fate as Samuel Hugh: if he was hanged they should be hanged too. Luckily, however, due to the friendly interference of some less extreme Americans, the plunderers consented to free their prisoners on condition that they would find out the intentions of the Government concerning Samuel Hugh and report the same to them. If these were favorable, they promised to return what they had plundered. The released men reported to Jesse Pennoyer as Justice of the Peace and, after witnessing their statement, he sent them to the Governor of Lower Canada. We do not know the exact outcome of this affair, but as conditions along the border were less agitated after this, we may conclude that a satisfactory exchange of prisoners was made.

Shortly before the close of the war, Major Pennoyer received orders to send twenty men to Lacolle, where reinforcements were needed. This was more difficult than it seems, as the population of the Eastern Townships at that time was only two thousand, and approximately two hundred and forty men had already left home in response to calls for volunteers. There seems to have been considerable trouble in securing the required number of soldiers, but by sending a few at a time, Major Pennoyer managed to forward his quota. On March 30th General Wilkinson entered Lower Canada and attacked Lacolle. The Americans had a force of three thousand men, while the Canadians matched a paltry five hundred against them. In spite of superior numbers, the enemy was forced to withdraw. This marks the last invasion of Quebec during the war.

The Treaty of Ghent, signed on Christmas day, 1814, ended the hostilities between Canada and the United States. The termination of the war was welcomed on each side, as the energies of both countries were needed at home for the development of communities and the cultivation of the land.

The men of the Eastern Townships had passed their first test of loyalty, and from then on their patriotism was firmly established. If they had acted differently, if they had gone across the border in support of their former countrymen, it is hard to say what changes would have been wrought in Eastern Townships history.

MARION MORRILL
Music

The word "music" is derived from the Greek language, embracing all those arts over which the Nine Muses presided. It was connected in early Greek history with the development of the mind as opposed to the body. Philosophers have laid stress upon the value of music as a moulder of character. They tell us that the mind must be in peculiar state, in order that it can appreciate music to a high degree. The understanding of music is dependent, not on technical ability, but upon the listener's immediate experience of it, and it truly wields a mysterious power over the attentive listener and player.

Music, as an independent and mature art, has been known only to Western civilization. It is hardly surprising that music remained imperfect so long, even in the hands of classical Greece, when we realize the extreme difficulty of the principles by which the modern art of music has been established. In all times past we find traces of an effort, among the rudest tribes and nations, to make both the eye and the ear obey the inclinations of pleasurable or other feelings.

Art of all kinds is an evolution. The ancient and primitive idea of music is akin to speech. Music expresses itself in three chief elements, rhythm, melody and harmony. The first two of these are probably as ancient as human consciousness. Harmonic music was not known to classical Greece. It was the fate of music to remain a subject of uncertainty up till the end of the Middle Ages.

A celebrated musician once declared that no composer worth consideration lived before the time of Handel and Bach. Painting, sculpture, and architecture were long developed before the musical art. Go back even two hundred and fifty years in musical history, and we feel as if we were among things incomplete and crude. From 1685—the year of the birth of the great composers, Bach and Handel—musical art was gradually developed to the perfection we are acquainted with today. But we must not ignore altogether those men of the early days before Handel and Bach. Music was at that time mainly in the hands of the church. A study of the Middle Ages will show that this is true. It is thus that St. Ambrose and St. Gregory have come to be named and honoured in musical history. Ambrose took a keen interest in church music, and devised a general system of chanting. Two hundred years later, Pope Gregory in his reformation of church music gave us our system of Gregorian chanting, the taste for which music has to be cultivated. Two other men, Guido of Arezzo in Tuscany, and Francis of Cologne, who lived about the year 1200, laid the foundation of musical writing. Following these we hear of several eminent names connected with the Netherlands School of Music in 1400. But the real glory of those early times was Palestrino (1514-1594) who was destined to effect a complete revolution in musical composition. He was the forerunner of the greatest composers of the continent. Just before the advent of Bach and Handel, we must mention the one truly great name in English music, namely Henry Purcell. He has been called "Britain's last great musician." He was, nevertheless, one of the greatest of English musicians. The end of the nineteenth century brings us to the end of the period of the great composers. Music had by this time attained a high degree of perfection; it will remain, I believe, the most self-centered of all the arts. Men of true culture will measure the depth and the range of the musician's mind by the spontaneity and truthfulness of his musical expression.

—A. F. Dowdell

Soph: "Swell perfume your girl was wearing wasn't it?"
Frosh: "Yes."
Soph: "Djirkiss?"
Frosh: "None of your darn business."

"No, I don't wan't to buy that horse. He looks as though he had a mean disposition."
"Dat ain't nothin', boss. He jus' got dat look from runnin' in sulky races."

GOOD TOE DANCER
"She is a good toe-dancer."
"You're right, but she never uses her own toes."

Sweet Young Thing: You'd be a lovely dancer if it weren't for two things.
Partner: What are they?
S. Y. T.: Your feet.
On The Persistency of Some Men

Persistence seems to be the chief characteristic of some men—a most estimable characteristic, doubtless, in some cases, but a most annoying one in others. We have read a great deal in the daily newspapers lately concerning the persistency of one gentleman in this country in retaining the office of Prime Minister of Canada, and as to whether the said gentleman's persistency belongs to the class of "most estimable" or that of "most annoying" seems to be the all-important matter confronting the country today. Indeed, I read the other day that so important was this matter that in the House of Commons, in the early weeks of debate, 1,112,234 pages of words had been spoken (see Hansard, Feb. 29th, 1926, page 29 1-2) regarding it. Or was it only 1,112 pages? In any case, this is an article regarding the persistency of some men and not polities, so we will let the former figure stand.

Again we see the persistency of man when the crime column tells us that Mr. Justice J. L.om, in the Inferior Court, had come to the conclusion that Six-Shooter Jim, one-time Sunday-school superintendent but now hold-up expert and member of the Montreal City Council, was a hopeless case and must go to prison, since he (the said Jim) had appeared before the Court no less than 41 times in the past 81 days, on charges varying from murder to robbing the alms-boxes out of churches. But the again patient reader, this is not the kind of persistency with which we choose to deal here, since we are neither in the legal, police or newspaper business, and so are not interested in the melancholy case of Six-Shooter Jim.

What it is our purpose to discuss is the persistency not of politicians in keeping office nor of bad men in killing people, but of the persistency of certain men in living, despite the best which the Press can do to kill them off. And it is in view of these continued rumours of the death of these men that their persistency is annoying.

The Case of General Sen

Take for instance the case of the late lamented General Sun Yat Sen, leader of the South China republicans, North China republicans, North China monarchists, Manchurian All-China party (that is, against all China), and a number of other political and military parties in the great republic—at least it was a republic the day on which this article was written. How the newspapers have striven to kill off that illustrious old chief, Sen! And how the said Sen succeeded for months in fooling them! Here was a true case of persistency in living! Let us take a brief review of the case, and surely all will agree as to its annoying quality.

It was early in September of that year (what year was it? Let us say 1924) that the whole world read with astonishment and concern that General Sun Yat Sen, Ph. D., B. V. D., had been taken ill and was threatened with tonsillitis. After waiting for three whole days, the world was to learn that this first report was wrong, and that Sen, B. V. D., was suffering only from flea-bites contracted in the south China army operating in central China against the north China forces. What a relief that was!

In October came a report that the flea-bites had developed into pneumonia, and that the general was seriously ill, although the Sherbrooke Forum's Pekin correspondent could not learn for sure whether or no this Associated Press despatch was correct. Another anxious wait ended with the harrowing news that he (not the correspondent, but Sen) was dead. The Times' special correspondent declared the funeral to be one of the most magnificent ever staged in the Far East, although the Montreal Star's despatch said that this funeral was not that of the deceased leader, but rather that of a well known laundry man, Charlie Chin. Three days later General S. Y. S. was reported to have just won another victory over the northern monarchists. This, however, was thought by the Ottawa Chinese Consulate to be doubtful in view of the fact that the said S. Y. S. was, the consulate learned, seriously ill in the base camp, and had been put on a diet of rice and tea to take the place of the rice, tea and water to which he had been used.

Consternation now reigned, the reader will recall. Was Sen dead, dying, dieting or defeating his enemies? For fully a month nothing could be ascertained, except for two unconfirmed reports that he had died.

Early in December Sun Yat Sen's persistency in living was definitely shown in the fact that he and his army had just killed off 37,999 northern republicans and 13 southern monarchists, while he and his followers had suffered only 2 slight casualties. Manchuria was being rapidly approached, when on Christmas Day, the Sherbrooke Record announced officially the following despatch:

Pekin, December 24.—Sun Yat Sen died today at 11 o'clock noon from a bad cold.

That settled the matter—the grand old man was dead!

But, no! The correspondent of the Gazette made a great scoop late in January by discovering that Sen was still going strong, and was only slightly indisposed. Well, I shall not weary you with a minute diary of the case; the above has shown how persistent the old general was. For months the matter kept up in this wise. Sometimes old Sen was dead, sometimes in the best of health; now improving, then sinking rapidly; once buried, twice married. Almost ad infinitum, in fact, until finally, on April 1st, 1925, came official news of his demise. And, apart from a few hints that it was thought to be only the Chinese-restaurant-king who had been buried, there were few denials that the great funeral of April 3rd was really that of the general. And since now, nearly a year after that burial, there has been no more news of him, and even the journalists are willing to let him lie, and devote their debating genius to whether Marshal Yu Flung Py was a bandit or a national hero in the act of saving his country; considering this, I say, I am willing to admit that he is dead.

Truly, General Sun Yat Sen is a representative fig-

(Continued on page 79)
In order to understand an individual of any species of animals, it is important to know not only the circumstances under which it lives, but its past history; and the further and more completely this can be traced the better, inasmuch as the particular animal under consideration may be regarded as the outcome of a vast number of forces extending back in fact to the origin of life itself.

To illustrate, if one finds that a certain greyhound for a successive number of years wins in the old established courses, one inquires why this dog has won. He may not seem superior in form of body to others that he surpasses in speed, but it is perhaps found that in his ancestry there is a long line of speedy dogs. This goes a long way to establish the preeminence of this dog. Then one may take up the general superiority in fleetness of this breed and this leads to his origin and history.

For ages the best and swiftest have been chosen to breed from, and in all probability, from the earliest times that man possessed the dog, this process of selection of the best was going on consciously or unconsciously.

There was an ancient race of hounds not very unlike the present greyhound in all essential particulars. The characteristics of the greyhound, then, cannot be understood apart from his history, nor his origin. But regarding him simply as a dog, one of the large family of "dogdom," what has been considered does not explain much. Hence the necessity, if we would understand this greyhound as a dog, to inquire into the origin of the family group to which he belongs. In other words, we must seek for a more distant ancestry and learn its history. The origin of the dog has been referred to the following sources: "All the various breeds of dogs are believed by some to have descended from some single wild species of animal, while others hold that the evidence of descent from several is stronger. Some think the dog has been derived from several species, extinct and recent, more or less mingled. Some would refer the dog to the wolf, the jackal, or some remote, unknown, extinct species" (Darwin).

No view of the origin of the dog can be considered proved; nevertheless, some are more probable than others. Very few would now hold to a theory that all the principal varieties of dogs were derived from a distinct wild ancestral species. In favor of the view that the dogs of the present and past historical period were derived from more than one wild species, may be mentioned the following:

1. The great difference, especially in form, of the different breeds of dogs.

2. At the most anciently-known historical period, several breeds existed resembling wild breeds then living.

Breeds of dogs allied to the greyhound are figured on Egyptian monuments between 3400 B. C. and 2100 B. C., though there is evidence that besides these breeds there were, thousands of years before our time, pariah-dogs, hounds, house dogs, mastiffs, lap-dogs, etc., which bear no small resemblance to the breeds of the present day; but there is not evidence to prove that these sub-varieties are identical with those of the present time. But long before the historical period in Europe, there is evidence that man possessed the dog. The resemblance of dogs, in different parts of the world, to wild species of animals, is suggestive of a multiple origin—i.e., an origin from several wild stocks. Those species are more readily tamed which hunt in packs, and the attempt to tame the young of such species can be readily understood. The success of this attempt would be followed by fresh attempts as soon as it was perceived how useful they might be in the chase, which was the chief occupation of primitive man.

(Compiled and inserted by A. Neil Tracy)
Letter to the Editor

To the Editor,
The Mitre,
Sir,

What are chattels? Are they not moveable property that can be conveniently exchanged? What else, then, are we girls, who on arriving at the ball-room find our programmes already made out for us, everything privately pre-arranged, cut and dried, and we ourselves utterly unable to exercise any privilege of choice, but must submit to being passed in blind exchange from hand to hand—for the sake of convenience? Why should we, for the sake of convenience, be deprived of dances and partners whom we like (and who would have asked us in the ordinary way), simply because our evening partners were not astute enough in their pre-ball-room pacts, or because, for the sake of convenience, they did not relish dancing with the other fellow's girl? And why should our names—for the sake of convenience—be bandied about for a week before a dance, or kept hidden away, half-breathed only in mysterious fashion, so that the corridors of the College resemble the Parliamentary lobbies at Ottawa? What is the good of banning the secret diplomacy of convenience from the heart of the nations at Geneva if it is to rear its ugly head against the heart of the maiden at home? Why shout about our liberties when we are becoming mere convenient chattels of amusement? Our grandmothers, inconveniently tied to their chaperons as they were, had ten times the deference paid to them and ten times the liberty of choice that we have in this so-called unfettered and convenient age!

I am, therefore, Sir, on dance nights especially,

A MORE AND MORE UNWILLING RUTH

P. S. How unlike the fresh bloom of Eden is this modern "canned" system, whereby we are tipped into the ball-room like a lot of dried apples cooked and ready for the eating—for convenience! Where are the days of chivalry and armour bright, however inconvenient? A man to be courteous in these "convenient" days must possess a pair of rubber arms—extensible (and who could connect chivalry with rubber arms?) Yes, extensible rubber arms, so that with one he may escort his late partner back to light, and with the other at the same time rummage "in profundis" for his next—convenience!

A. M. A. M. U. R.

1st Stude—"'And he wouldn't even lend you ten? I thought he was your closest friend."
2nd stude—"'I'll say he is."

Modernists say, "'There ain't no hell.'"
Fundamentalists say, "'The hell there ain't.'"

A FLIGHT OF FRIGHT

No sooner had I stepped across the threshold into the room than I felt myself hurled into the air like a projectile. Everything began to swim before my eyes. The walls seemed to converge on me like a veritable Poe's Pit! The floor receded from me with a sweeping speed that made all the objects on it dance like living imps, diminishing all the while! The ceiling seemed to be dropping upon me with increasing rapidity, and a horrible, sickening nausea overcame me as I saw it crush me like a Juggernaut! One brief instant—and I was plunged into the water with a resounding splash!

Who the hell left the soap on the bathroom floor?

We will now sing a song entitled, "Rebecca swallowed a spoon, and now she cannot stir."

APPRECIATION

The editor stood at the pearly gate,
His face looked worn and old;
He meekly asked the man of fate
For admission to the fold.

"What have you done?" asked Peter
"To ask admission here?"

"Oh, I used to run a college paper
On earth for many a year."

The gate swung open sharply,
As Peter touched a bell—-
"'Come in, my lad and take your harp,
You've had enough of hell.'"

—The Micrometer

They were looking at the kangaroo at the zoo when the Irishman said:
"Beg pardon, sor, phwat kind of creature is that?"
"Oh," said the gentleman, "that is a native of Australia."
"Good hivins!" exclaimed Pat, "an' me sister married wan o' thim."

The apple caused Adam to slip, but nowadays it's more apt to be a peach.
Famous Guinea Gold
CIGARETTES
MILD and EXTRA FINE

The new white-and-gold tin of 50 cigarettes is particularly handy for the home

12 for 15¢
20 for 25¢
in tins of 50 for 60¢
Choosing A Profession

No step in life, unless it be the choice of a husband or wife, is more important than the choice of a vocation. The future happiness of every individual rests largely on the decision. The wise selection of a business, trade, profession, or occupation to which one's life is to be devoted, and the development of full efficiency in that chosen field, are matters of the deepest concern to young men. These vital problems should be solved in a careful way with due regard to each person's aptitudes, abilities, ambitions, resources and limitations. If a young man chooses his vocation so that his abilities and enthusiasms will be united to his daily work, he has laid the foundation of success and happiness. But, if they are separated from his daily work, and do not find in it fair scope and opportunity for exercise and development, if his occupation is merely a means of making a living, and the work he loves to do side-tracked into the evening hours, or pushed out of his life altogether, he will be only a fraction of the man he ought to be. An occupation out of harmony with the individual means inefficiency, low pay and unenthusiastic, or perhaps distasteful, labor; while on the other hand, an occupation in harmony with the nature of man means enthusiasm, love of work, superior production, efficient service and good pay. No one would think of building a dwelling or business structure, without first selecting carefully an advantageous site and drawing a well thought out plan. So, in building a career it is equally important to mark a wise location, lay the foundation properly and build up a well considered, scientific structure.

Each human being has been born into this world for a purpose. It remains with the individual to find what it is and seek to carry it out in his life. He may do this by making careful inquiry of the nature of different professions. As opportunity offers, he will become acquainted with the requirements, the nature of the work, the scope, and the compensation of the various callings. The obtaining of this knowledge is the preliminary step in the matter of deciding one's future profession. If there is to be a real choice, carefully chosen in regard to the individual's abilities and aptitudes, he must be well informed on this subject. He should aim to gain real insight into questions and problems affecting different professions, realizing that in one of these his future work lies; the difficulties of modern farming, the future of medical research, should a parish priest engage in politics or business, the amount of capital required to start in the grocery business, the scope offered in teaching in colleges, whether social standing is necessary for success in law or not, the question of marriage as a hindrance or help in any profession, the number of years at college it takes to become a dentist. These and other questions would be considered by one who is sincere in his desire to find his vocation. But, until the individual has estimated himself as he really is, his character, mental and physical powers, appearance, talents, ideals and so forth, he will not be in a position to make a choice. Every element of his character will be judged. The worth of each talent, characteristic, or trait, will be carefully analyzed. He will know his good qualities and seek to develop them, but he will also have a clear conception of faults. Nothing will be too small to escape his notice. The advice and criticisms of his friends he will gladly accept and, though it may often come in stray sentences and perhaps jokes, he will endeavour to discover the element of truth that lies beneath. Self-knowledge is power. He will be on guard against flattery and conceit, his weak points and failures ever being a reminder to spur him on to greater action. In this way by the opinions and judgments of others, and by the knowledge gained by introspection, he will see the image of himself as he really is. He will now set about to choose a profession. Because he feels an attraction to a certain calling, it does not follow that it is his vocation. Very often it is far from it. He will visualize himself in different professions until he finds the one that, as far as he is able to judge, suits his individuality. Suppose he were thinking of the theatrical profession. He would picture himself on the stage. Does his voice have that clear ring that would reach the back of a large theatre? Does he possess musical talent, the power of acting a part, a good memory, attractive appearance, that ease and charm of manner that is so attractive on the stage? What experience has he already had in acting, and with what success? Is his present education sufficient? Where can he make a start? How much financial resource does he possess to tide him over his novitiate and times of unemployment? Has he shown signs of will power, and persistent endurance that would not give up until the ideal had been reached? If he can answer these questions satisfactorily, and feels a real love for the work, and ambition to become an actor, this, as far as it is humanly possible to say, is his vocation.

There is certainly joy and happiness in arriving at a definite decision in regard to one's life work. Who has not painted a rosy picture in his day dreams about his future? There will be wealth, the joy of work, and success will cast a glow over everything he does. That ideal for the future now will color the whole life of the individual. All his energies will be bent to make his dreams come true. When he enters college, his course will be carefully chosen so that he will derive the greatest benefit from his education. Those little opportunities that occur every day he will use to the utmost. If he has decided on the profession of law, he will endeavour to become accustomed to speaking in public. His speeches will be accurate, expressed in good diction and show a knowledge of psychology. His arguments will be forceful and to the point. Perhaps he has decided on teaching. He will use the opportunity of explaining a problem to another student, on Sunday he will be teaching a Sunday School class, and so on. During the few years at college, his life will be one of preparation for his future work. His friends, studies and recreations will all be chosen with this one aim—will this help him to be a better priest, doctor, teacher, or

(Continued on page 79)
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was held on Mount Olympus on — he! he! he! — phit! phit! Cupid in opening — gug—gug—GEE! ... had had a great time at the War; but added that in common with many others had had his eyes opened. Indeed, brought face to face with the realities of life and death, with the bandeage torn from his eyes, and shuddering beneath an awful presence, he had vowed, if ever he returned in safety, to be a better boy in future. He well remembered the day when he had skipped back past the skirts of Liberty, hailing the dawn of an enlightened era, and intent upon pursuing his vocation of the Bow and Arrow in a more earnest and less flippant mood. He had been determined, moreover, upon invoking the aid of the much-hailed name of Scientia, then as now all the rage, and of utterly renouncing his former haphazard following of Fate. But, alas, he had suffered a horrid disillusionment, Fate, so summarily dismissed, had turned the tables upon him; and he who of old had indeed even laughed at.

with self-esteem, drank in the eye-play with such fulsome conceit as to make his very how-strings to twang and frequently to snap! He could not recount, with anger, and pointing his bow direct at Ashtoreth, upheld Neptune, adding that if he would bob a bit of his hair, and Daddy Neptune would deduct some of his sea-weedlike garments it would be more sanitary for everyone.

Indeed, brought face to face with the realities of life and death, with the bandeage torn from his eyes, and shuddering beneath an awful presence, he had vowed, if ever he returned in safety, to be a better boy in future. He well remembered the day when he had skipped back past the skirts of Liberty, hailing the dawn of an enlightened era, and intent upon pursuing his vocation of the Bow and Arrow in a more earnest and less flippant mood. He had been determined, moreover, upon invoking the aid of the much-hailed name of Scientia, then as now all the rage, and of utterly renouncing his former haphazard following of Fate. But, alas, he had suffered a horrid disillusionment, Fate, so summarily dismissed, had turned the tables upon him; and he who of old had indeed even laughed at.

But Ashtoreth, who, anticipating trouble; had deposited her gum for clearer speaking and cooler keeping on the tip of Dagon's tail, curled up close by, here jumped up and retorted that she was as old as Time himself, and added that if he would bob a bit of his hair, and Daddy Neptune would deduct some of his sea-weedlike garments it would be more sanitary for everyone.

Baal guffawed, and Nolech cried "Atta boy!" Jupiter struck all the speakers dumb and called on Baeclus to continue the discussion.

Baeclus, looking palely pinched and drawn, complained of the dryness in the land. On being reminded by Jupiter that the necktar being discussed had a "k" in it, he bowed, drew his hand across his mouth, and said he was coming to his point, only give him time. Calling attention to the fifth Amendment of Man's Constitution, whereby Woman had been made a help meet for Man, he contrasted it with the Eighteenth Amendment of a more recent enactment, whereby she had proved herself a needlessly aggressive partner. For had it not been her vote that had turned the scale! Let woman, he cried, wield the frying pan in the home, using it there if necessary on her man, but let her not jump from there into the fires of public polities. It was from bad to worse, he insisted. Indeed he blamed the ubiquity of the present Necktar on the feminine vote. Such acts of pseudo-freedom, he contended, lowered rather than raised the standard of womanhood. For while loudly chattering forth her emancipation, she had at the same time sold her birth-right, her own peculiar genius, for a mess of mammish mimicry. The theory of the fellow Darwin had never received such startling confirmation. Because we and the apes had common ancestors, was it necessary for us to be common ourselves, and for the sexes to be interchangeable to boot?

Such an unexpected burst of oratory took the assembly by surprise; immediately a great burst of applause broke out, but ere the shouts had died away, Diana the Huntress was seen to be upon her feet. Quivering with anger she referred to the last speaker as a paunchful of reactionary hyprocrisies. It had never been her lot, she declared, to wield a frying-pan or to be troubled with a man, but if Baeclus would make her an offer, she would be delighted to try her hand at both. The idea that woman's lot was a sort of domestic co-existence with frying-pans and babies was long ago old-fashioned. Besides, what of the millions of surplus "feminines" in England? The idea, if logically carried out, would mean Turkish harems, Musecovite conventions, or American divorce courts — all of them shocking. No! Women must

The gum elixir awoke Neptune who started up with a snort, and who, to cover his confusion, rose to a point of order. Glowering at the unabashed Ashtoreth, he pointed out that if, as was usually the custom, the age of a girl was to be computed by the length of her dress, then Ashtoreth was not merely a minor but a 'minissima' and so had no right even to interrupt.

Ashtoreth nonchalantly lit a cigarette and crossed her legs.

Father Time, from across the hall, blinking a little, upheld Neptune, adding that it was not merely the seantiness of the skirt but the lack of lingerie that
## TRAVEL

### SHERBROOKE - MONTREAL

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Lv. Sherbrooke</th>
<th>* 1.27 a.m.</th>
<th>x 7.50 a.m.</th>
<th>x 3.30 p.m.</th>
<th>s 4.40 p.m.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Ar. Montreal</td>
<td>7.15 a.m.</td>
<td>11.59 a.m.</td>
<td>6.20 p.m.</td>
<td>8.35 p.m.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Drawing Room sleeping car on 1.27 a.m. train ready for occupancy 9.00 p.m. previous evening.
Café parlor cars on other trains.

### SHERBROOKE - QUEBEC

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Lv. Sherbrooke</th>
<th>* 1.27 a.m.</th>
<th>x 7.50 a.m.</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Ar. Quebec</td>
<td>7.10 a.m.</td>
<td>12.20 p.m.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Lv. Montreal</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>(Bonaventure Stn.) * 8.25 a.m.</td>
<td>* 4.00 p.m.</td>
<td>* 6.40 p.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ar. Ottawa</td>
<td>11.55 a.m.</td>
<td>7.30 p.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lv. Montreal</td>
<td>(Tunnel Terminal) x 8.20 a.m.</td>
<td>x 1.00 p.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ar. Ottawa</td>
<td>12.20 p.m.</td>
<td>4.30 p.m.</td>
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### MONTREAL - OTTAWA

| Lv. Montreal (Bonaventure Stn.) | * 8.25 a.m. | * 4.00 p.m. | * 6.40 p.m. | * 10.15 p.m. |
| Ar. Ottawa | 11.55 a.m.  | 7.30 p.m.   | 9.40 p.m.   | 1.13 a.m.   |
| Lv. Montreal (Tunnel Terminal) | x 8.20 a.m. | x 1.00 p.m. |
| Ar. Ottawa | 12.20 p.m.  | 4.30 p.m.   |

### MONTREAL - TORONTO

| Lv. Montreal | * 10.00 a.m. | * 7.30 p.m. | a 10.00 p.m. | * 11.00 p.m. |
| Ar. Toronto  | 5.40 p.m.    | 6.00 a.m.   | 6.40 a.m.   | 7.30 a.m.   |

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| Ar. Detroit  | 12.30 a.m.   | 2.45 p.m.    |
| Ar. Chicago  | 7.50 a.m.    | 9.00 p.m.    |

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mix. Nor was it true that in mixing they lost their
genius of womanhood. For with regard to Necktar,
well, the froth on top was always apt to attract more
attention than it deserved; and if modern youth al-
lowed itself to be taken in by such frothy foam and
left the real good stuff to go cold, then it was a
blessing it had not got all the voting to itself. She
instanced a recent case where there was connected to
a ball-room a sort of dimly lit rabbit-warren, into
which the dancers scurried at intervals only to emerge
later, like satiated ferrets, to continue their
gadding. She liked sport, but . . . .

But Juno, rising from beside Jupiter, interposed
with wondrous graciousness that she was well aware
of the instance referred to, but, well, "Honi soit—"
Here, however, she was cut short by a sudden com-
motion. Bacchus, in mauldoin mood, had been loudly
applauding Diana and, thinking to take her at her
word, had endeavoured to slip his arm around her
waist, murmuring that he knew a good thing when
he saw one. He now found himself suddenly flat upon
his back, whilst his nose, always a glorious purple to
his neighbours, had become to him a still more glor-
ious galaxy of stars, through which he imperfectly
perceived the supple form of the goddess of the chasse
as she stood, quivering with right anger, her right hand
upraised threateningly to whip him. But the blow
never fell, for in a moment Apollo had leapt to Di-
ana's side, and restrained her uplifted hand, kicking
Bacchus to his feet, bade him remember that Necktar
was not such an all-embracing subject as he had
imagined.

Order having been resumed, Jupiter called on Ven-
us to continue the discussion. Rising at his bidding,
the great goddess of Love and Beauty enthralled all
by her grace and splendors and quickly dispelled all
thought of the disgraceful scene that had just oc-
curred. In low tones she addressed the assembly, be-
speaking her sympathy with the unhappy lad Cupid,
and entirely disassociating herself from her "abom-
inal compeer Ashtoreth." But here she seemed to
hesitate. She knew, she faltered, it would come as a
surprise . . . . then suddenly she blanched, her
graceful form swayed, her hands clasped and un-
clasped, her low tones died away; yet she struggled
to continue, then, utterly overcome by emotion, she
sank sobbing to her seat. Immediately from beside
her Diana of Ephesus rose up with the womanly vig-
our becoming to her station; but ere a word had pass-
ively controlled by the licence of Ashtoreth

and of Pluto, but also laughed to scorn by them as
but a little child. As a survivor from the Golden Age
of Purity and Plenty, the speaker added that perhaps
he alone could sympathize with the bitterness of her
soul. He paused and the deathly hush continued on
the vast assembly.

The case of Venus, he at last continued, was still
more tragic. No longer was she one of them, owning
allegiance to Jupiter. For as he, Saturn, had himself
had to give place to Jupiter, so too must Jupiter in-
evitably give place to Another greater than them
all. It was this Other whom Venus now served to
witness her surpassing loveliness and grace. He alone
knew the story; how a star had appeared brighter
by far than Venus' own bright glory, its light a royal
light, and the law that it governed the Royal Law of
Love; how Venus, captivated by its wondrous glory,
had begged to become a bearer of its beams; and how
well and truly she had fulfilled her task; yet finally
she, the bearer of those wondrous beams, now in
these modern days found herself cast silently from
out the hearts of men, saw Ashtoreth preferred before
her or worse still was compelled to watch while men
made contorted images of herself, fashioning them
after their own liking, and invoking them as a mat-
ter of an hour, but thrusting from them as distaste-
ful the beams she bore that were of origin eternal.

But from the moment of the open mention of
Venus' sedition, murmurings had arisen from all
sides, and now at this imputation against the Syrian
deities Baal jumped up and demanded the instant
seizure of Venus as a traitress and Saturn as abettor.
Saturn guessed the inevitable result of such action,
and grand old man as he was, his eyes flashing fire
and fury, he leapt into the concourse and challenged
heaven and hell and all Olympus to lay a hand on him
or his protegee. Swords rattled at the challenge,
Pluto belched forth smoke, shouts arose on all sides—
gods rushed into the arena, goddesses shrieked hy-
sterically. Jupiter was powerless.

Then in a moment Diana the Huntress leapt into
the fray. Seizing a sword from the hand of some pusi-
hilious, drowsy god, she cleared a space about her with
the flat of the weapon alone, and mocking at the yellow
powder of her purple coiffees, won her way to
Saturn's side, and together they laid about them and
for a moment held their own. But it would have
gone hard with them had not Odin, Thor and Woden,
won over by such a valiant display of spirit, leapt
also to their side and thrown in their lot with them.
Thor, swinging his hammer, felled Pluto with a blow;
Odin cut down Baal; and Woden spitted Bacchus.
Dagon was split, whilst Ashtoreth, spitting like a
wild cat, was whipped back by Diana. Such direct
action, however, soon cowed the remainder. One by
one they slunk back to their seats.

But when order was restored it was Juno, not Jupi-
ter, who called the assembly to order. Jupiter had
abdicated, she declared, vanished in the fray. There
was none fit to take his place. The gods themselves
were disconsolate; force was futile. Diana and the northern band
had shown their worth, but they were too impetuous.
Saturn was too old. Venus, she declared, alone had
preserved her integrity; alone was fit to govern the
hearts and minds and ways of men. To Venus would
she offer the throne of Jove. Would Venus . . . .†
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From time to time our daily papers are referring to the "Monroe Doctrine" as the authority for the present attitude of the United States of America in this or that part of its foreign policy. It might be well for us to study something about this wonderful doctrine that we may read the more intelligently our daily press—yellow or otherwise.

The history of it is most interesting. Upon the final fall of Napoleon in 1815, Russia, Austria and Prussia joined together in support of the monarchical principle and the maintenance of the existing dynasties then recognized as legitimate. The league was called the Holy Alliance, because it proposed to rule according to Christian principles; and doubtless in view of the awful lessons taught both rulers and peoples by the Revolution in France and the career of Napoleon, the kings and statesmen who entered into it were sincere enough in their purpose at the first. Soon, however, owing partly to the excesses of people like the Russians when first tasting liberty, and partly to the love of power of the rulers, the alliance became as reactionary as the democratic government had been revolutionary, and under a pretence of establishing piety, justice and brotherly love, strengthened existing despoticisms and restored others. Among the rulers thus restored was the worst and wickedest of Bourbon kings, Ferdinand VII of Spain.

During the Napoleonic wars Spain had lost possession of her South American colonies, which had taken advantage of her preoccupation to release themselves from her impoverishing tyranny and proclaim themselves independent. In trying to recover them, Ferdinand had exhausted his means, or rather his credit, and in order to get money sold Florida, still a Spanish possession, to the United States in 1819. It would appear, therefore, that in recognizing the right of a despotic king to sell the possessions of his country and in purchasing it, and thus supplying the despot with means of attempting to bring again the American colonies under the tyranny of Spain, the United States was hardly acting in a manner consistent with a deep regard for the rights of peoples against kings, or of American democracies against European tyrants. Very shortly after this sale, the army, raised probably with the money supplied by the United States, revolted against Ferdinand, overthrew him and established a republic.

The Holy Alliance, now composed of France in addition to Austria, Russia and Prussia, invited all Europe to interfere in Spain for the restoration of Ferdinand. At that time one of the ablest and most enlightened statesmen the world ever saw was powerful in England in the person of George Canning. Canning, who was a real lover of the people, who laid the foundations in England of free trade by establishing a system of commercially reciprocal treaties working to that end, and who struggled hard against the reactionary policy of the European rulers, on behalf of England protested strongly against the intervention of the Holy Alliance in Spain for the restoration of Ferdinand. In spite of her protests, the Alliance intervened and Madrid was besieged and bombarded by a French Army, the revolution ended, and Ferdinand was restored, whereupon every tyrannical Spanish institution was restored, with the exception of the "Holy Inquisition."

The Holy Alliance, elated at its success in Spain, proposed to aid Ferdinand to recover the Spanish-American colonies which had won and proclaimed their independence ten or fifteen years before.

Again Canning protested, and to give greater force to his protest, he, then Prime Minister, acknowledged on behalf of England the independence of the Spanish-American States. Then it was that he called upon the United States of America to join Great Britain in withstanding the attempt of the Holy Alliance and of despotic kings of that period to enforce the paralyzing tyranny of Spain upon the South and Central American States which were under democratic American peoples, European rule, or forms of government. Then it was that the day had gone by for the establishing of colonies in America by European powers, America being all under civilized government. James Monroe was President at that time, and received Canning's proposition. He made no reply to it at the time, but a few months later he embodied Canning's suggestions in his Annual Message to Congress in 1823. I have succeeded in finding the President's exact words:

"We owe it to candor, and to the amicable relations existing between the United States and these powers" (European powers, France, Austria, Russia, Prussia and Spain) "to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere, as dangerous to our peace and safety. With the existing colonies or dependencies we have not interfered, and shall not interfere; but with the governments who have declared their independence and maintained it, and whose independence we have on great consideration and on just principles acknowledged, we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them or curtail in any other manner their destiny, by any European power, in any other light than as a manifestation of an unfriendly disposition towards the U. S. A."

This is the Monroe doctrine, and these were the circumstances under which it was propounded and the object it was promulgated to secure. Spain had already abandoned for the time attempts to re-establish her tyranny over the states which had gained their independence, but the Monroe doctrine was regarded as a corollary to the doctrine of Washington, that the United States should not for her own sake interfere in the disputes of European powers over European affairs.

The people of the United States have ever since regarded the doctrine as thus enunciated as the settled policy of the country, but there has been little or no attempt to enforce it. When the Emperor Napoleon III established the Emperor Maximilian an monarch in Mexico by force of arms, a clear infringement of the doctrine which has always been respected by England, though not as an international law, the Uni-

(Continued on page 79)
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Shutting my eyes
To keep everything out
And to keep my few thoughts in,
Thinking . . . .
I try to remember what I thought
When first I saw the face of my mother,
The beauties of Nature,
The dawns,
The summers,
The flowers,
The quiet trees in the moon-clear night,
And I cannot remember
Distinctly;
But somehow I believe
I saw it as God saw it,
“That it was good.”
But now since I am older in years
I look out on the same
Beautiful things,
The clear blue sky,
The golden noon-tide,
The moon,
The glittering leaves
— All things,
And yet I cannot now
Always see things as I did then,
Or as God saw,
And truly say
“That it is good.”
Not that God’s ways have changed
Or that Creation’s effects
Are less beautiful,
But I have seen Man!

Old Cloisters

The rain drips musically
In Old Cloister walks
And the walls are soft in the night.
— White misty moonlight
Slips into the chancel
Fantastically cut by carvers long ago.
The mid-night hour rings
And the Holy Fathers
Chant the closing hymn.
The words float vaguely to me
But the music is sweet and melodious,
Like soft winds blowing over sweet grasses
And flowers of hyacinth:
For the hymn is the hymn of death.

— C. Ritchie Bell.
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Pet Superstitions

There are very few persons, even among the most educated, who do not have their pet superstitions. They may be perfectly harmless in themselves, but they all can be traced back to savagery and paganism. It seems incredible that men of keen intellect should be slaves to superstition, yet we find many great men who were exactly that. Napoleon was supposed to have a horror of black cats, and Peter the Great avoided crossing bridges whenever it was possible.

But what are these things known as superstitions? The dictionary definition is: Belief in, or reverence for, the super-natural. But originally superstitions grew out of fear. Men in the primitive ages were, to a great extent, unable to understand the phenomena around about them. The thunder was awe-inspiring! Storms and lightning were terrifying! So because he could not understand, fear of them was awakened in his heart. Out of this age-old fear came most of our common superstitions. Man was unconscious seeking after understanding, and by the superstitions he could, in some measure, explain to himself why certain things happened. But as man grew in intellect and understanding, and learned little by little about the happenings of the universe, he still clung to some of his old beliefs. To this day, men believe some of the old remedies against sickness and danger. Civilization has advanced greatly since superstitious fear first crept into the hearts of men, but in this day of advanced thoughts and ideas, some men and women are very primitive, in that they really believe some of the old superstitions. How many of us like to go to a dinner party consisting of thirteen? Who does not throw a pinch of salt over his shoulder to avoid a quarrel? And where do all these customs originate? They may all be traced to a desire of man to ward off evil, or to bring forth good.

For instance, there are many good luck omens. Chief among them is the lucky horseshoe. It is not exactly known where the belief in its good luck originated. The Irish believe that a horse was in the stable when Christ was born, and that ever since then the horseshoe has possessed magical power. Different countries have different legends concerning it. Bohemia stands alone in the belief that the horse shoe is an omen of bad luck. Many country folk still hang a horseshoe at the outer entrance of their homes. They hang them over the outside, because in the past days, people believed that witches could not work their charms in the open air. Only on the inside could they do any harm. So the horse shoe was hung over the outside to keep the witches from entering their homes.

The luck of the four-leaved clover is as well known as that of the horseshoe. This superstition is one of the very oldest. The legend is that when Adam and Eve were taken from the Garden of Eden, Eve took with her a four-leaved clover. Since it is a bit of green from Paradise, it is considered very lucky to find one in your own garden. This superstition is not one in which the definite aim is to ward off evil. The horseshoe is used to ward off any harmful happening, but the clover is supposed to bring good luck, not to keep away evil. This is probably due to the fact that Eve was supposed to have taken the clover, not to ward off the evil of being ejected from the garden, but in order to have some pleasure for herself by looking at something which came from the place where she would never go again.

The bad luck omens are more numerous than those of good luck. These can very easily be traced back to fear. A mind which breeds fear, will also breed ideas which are more or less morbid. That is to say, a mind which is easily afraid would naturally see the things which might tend towards evil, rather than those which tend towards good.

The best known bad luck omen is the number thirteen. H. G. Wells says, "And Neolithic man was counting and falling under the spell of numbers. He was beginning to use tallies, and was wondering at the triangularity of three, and the squareness of four and why some quantities like twelve were easy to divide in all sorts of way, and others, like thirteen, impossible. Twelve became a noble, generous and familiar number to him, and thirteen rather an outcast and a disreputable one." Ever since then has thirteen been an outcast. So much afraid of it are people, that some hotels do not have a number thirteen room. Just exactly where the superstition arose is not known. The Scandinavian myths give us to believe they originally had twelve gods, and suddenly a new one appeared who was cruel and tyrannical, so since then thirteen has been held in disrepute. The most popular explanation is that there were thirteen men at the Last Supper—Judas being considered the odd one. Many believe this to be the real origin of the fear of thirteen, but in all probability the superstition goes back farther than that. It is a universal superstition. In France, the "pisue assiette," corresponding to the "trencher friend" in England, and the "stop-gap" in America, is also called the "quatorzieme," as he is usually invited to fill the fourteenth place at the table.

The belief in lucky and unlucky days is very ancient. It seems to have been taught first by the magicians of Chaldea, and some historians say that similar beliefs affected greatly the details of primitive life in Babylonia. If a child were born on an unlucky day, the parents and friends sincerely believed that the infant was in some way cursed.

One of the unlucky days is "Blue Monday." In early times, those whose business demanded work on Sunday, deemed themselves entitled to a rest on Monday. On Monday then, while most men were industriously working, the Sunday workers had their holiday. Instead of seeking pleasure though, they usually spent the day in idleness. At this time, all the churches throughout Europe were decorated with blue on the Monday before Lent. As this was a holiday for everyone, the holiday monday for the Sunday workers became known as "Blue Monday." The term is still employed but with a slight shade of meaning. We use it now when we mean to convey the idea...
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that we are lazy, tired, melancholy, in need of, rather than enjoying a holiday.

The fear of Friday is almost as old as that of thirteen. An old proverb says "Friday’s moon come when it will, it comes too soon.”

The origin of the superstition is most likely the fact that Christ was crucified on Friday. Others believe, however, that it can be traced farther back than that, in fact as far back as Adam and Eve, for some believe that it was on a Friday that they were put out of the Garden. The Americans probably believe this superstition as much as any other nation. But it is interesting to note that many events, favorable to the Americans, have taken place on Fridays. On Friday, August thirteenth, fourteen hundred and ninety-two, Columbus set sail from Calos, Spain, on a journey which was to end in the discovery of the new world. Friday, December twentieth, sixteen hundred and twenty, the Plymouth men landed on the much famed Plymouth rock. A century later, Friday, February twenty-second, seventeen hundred and thirty-two, George Washington was born.

The origins of the belief concerning salt are very interesting. Just when salt was first used as a food is not known. Wells, in his “Outline of History” indicated that it was traded during Neolithic times. He says—"on a meat dietary man can live without salt, but grain consuming people need it just as herbivorous animals need it.” Homer called salt divine, and Plato describes it as a substance valued by the gods. At one time salt was considered more valuable than gold or silver. Men were paid for their labor with salt. This pay was termed “salarium,” from whence comes our modern term “salary.” Thus, since salt was so valuable, to drop a bit seemed an omen of ill luck. The quarrel issue came in the fact that in Oriental lands salt is offered to guests as a sign of hospitality. If, while it was being presented, any particle fell to the ground, it was considered ill luck—the belief being that a quarrel or dispute would follow. Some people believe that the superstition arose from the fact that Judas overturned a salt-cellar at the Paschal Supper. Whatever may have been the origin, the belief remains, and to this day men throw a pinch of salt over their shoulders in order to prevent unpleasant results.

There are thousands more superstitions which many believe and their origins are most of them known. It is interesting to note how many people believe in them, and yet how few know where and how the beliefs originated. And there are also a great many people who do not really believe in them but who, nevertheless, throw salt over their shoulder, or avoid number thirteen, just as if they really did believe that by so doing the evil results would be taken away.

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The First Day

There is always a beginning to everything in life, but one of the most tragic of the beginnings is that first time you teach school.

Many days before the fatal hour you’ve been dreading your debut, and have been “mugging up” all kinds of information. At length the time draws nigh, and you hurry home at noon to gulp down a mouthful of lunch which feels like a pound of lead, and rush out of the house frantically pulling on your gloves. Of course you reach school about half an hour too soon, so that there is plenty of time to listen to the teachers discussing how badly 8A behaves and how Bobby R. was sent to the office three times to the teachers discussing how badly 8A behaves and how Bobby R. was sent to the office three times to the office three times. Now and then they make the casual remark that their nerves are giving out and that they’d never advise anybody to be a teacher. You waltz into a chair, and very unhappily try to read over your lesson plan for one last time before the ordeal. The minutes tick by; your face is hot, your hands are cold and clammy, and chills run up and down your trembling spine. Every moment you forget something else, and like a drowning man you clutch at a straw (the substantial form of a high school teacher) but the only support you get is the soothing advice to leave everything till you’re in class.

At last, after a prolonged agony of apprehension, the bell rings and very unsteadily you fumble your way down the corridor, forget where to go, and have to be guided to the classroom door by a grinning boy. And there (with astonishing suddenness) you are, standing before a sea of faces, all of them grinning at you. You give yourself a mental shaking, try to glare at everyone “once over.” Finally, having collected what remains of your thoughts, you test your voice—“Please take out your exercise books and leave them closed on your desks.” Follows a banging of desk lids, and confusion fills the air. Then, the noise having subsided, you say, “Who can tell me where to find Kal-hur-zoo?”

“I can!” shouts the mob.

“No! No! I only want hands!” pointing at a boy who seems in danger of losing his.

The class exercise has started with a swing, and you’re beginning to feel that perhaps you will be able to emerge alive, when the door opens, and in walks the inspector! Your fever mounts higher, and your handkerchief becomes a soggy ball in your twisting fingers. But you finally revive and continue questioning—“Don’t you think X was a bad man?” and “Would you like to be like Y? Then it happens! What were you going to say next?” (Swallow, swallow) “Well, you’re no worse than lots of others.” Very encouraging. And now comes the torrent. “Just what was your aim? Why did you have So and So do this? Your questions were poorly worded. Your discipline was weak, etc., etc., etc., etc.” And you feel so weak under the flood of criticism that you can only smile a wan smile, blink back those brimming tears, and rush away to grope your way into a clothes cupboard and curse yourself for being such a fool.

After many unsuccessful attempts the flow ceases, your breathing becomes more regular, and you emerge from the swimming mass of pupils, and to give them a steely “once over.” Finally, having collected what remains of your thoughts, you test your voice—“Please take out your exercise books and leave them closed on your desks.”ergus a banging of desk lids, and confusion fills the air. Then, the noise having subsided, you say, “Who can tell me where to find Kal-hur-zoo?”

“I can!” shouts the mob.

HONESTY ILLUSTRATED

Ikey asked his father for a definition of honesty.

“I vill explain to you, mine son,” said the parent.

“Suppose you vas in business and vent to the bank to cash a check for $40 and der cashier gave you $50. Vell, mine son, if you gave seven of dot extra ten to your partner, dot would be honesty.”

“Jock, will ye sup wi’ me tae-morrow nicht?”

“Aye. Sandy, that I will, wi’ pleasure.”

“Guid. Then eight o’clock at your hoose.”

A man named Dubose met a girl.

Who lisped through her teeth of pure pearl.

“I’ll hug you or kiss you,” he swore with an oath.

She cried with surprise, “Oh, Mr. DuBoth.”

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Reminiscences of the Earliest Lennoxville Days

By the late Venerable Archdeacon Roe

(The following article appeared in The Mitre of November, 1893, and was written by the late Venerable Archdeacon Roe, one of the original students of Bishop’s College. It reveals much of the early history of the institution and of this district.)

It must have been on the last day of September, 1845, that I saw Lennoxville for the first time, as the date of my matriculation is the 1st October of that year. I had then been for two years an undergraduate of McGill College, and was affectionately attached to my Alma Mater. On the opening of Bishop’s College, however, loyalty to Bishop Mountain prevailed with my friends (for I was but a boy of sixteen and had no say in the matter) to remove me from Sherbrooke, declared his intention of walking to Lennoxville. I joined him, and spent my first night in Lennoxville.

Travelling was a very different thing in those days to what it is now. We left Montreal for Sherbrooke in an old lumbering stage-coach on a Monday morning via Longueuil and Chambly, and late that evening reached Granby, where we slept. I, failing a bed, on the floor of the little stuffy parlour of the inn with the back of a chair for my pillow. Our rest was short, for we were off again next morning long before the break of day. I remember well all the beauties and glories of that morning, and the curious sweet, low twittering of the birds, awaking from their night’s sleep, which literally filled the air as the day began to dawn. It was sunset when we arrived at Sherbrooke, after sixteen hours of jolting over the most execrable roads. One young man on his way to the College, the late Rev. F. Robinson of Abbotsford, joined us at Waterloo, and on reaching Sherbrooke, declared his intention of walking to Lennoxville. I joined him, and spent my first night in Lennoxville in Warren’s Hotel, which then stood where Abbott’s store now stands. Immediately across the road, on the site of the present College House, was a room where we usually sat and studied together. Room where we usually sat and studied together.

As we arrived at Sherbrooke, one of the professors pointed out to me the buildings in which the new College, the child of so many hopes and prayers, had taken up its temporary abode.

It was a curious rambling old place, covering, I think, most of the ground the College House now covers. The College, however, had not the use of the whole, a large slice being taken out of the house by Mr. Cushing’s country store which occupied the ground floor of the corner. Immediately to the right of the shop portion, facing the road to Sherbrooke, a door admitted you to the College apartments, opening into a room (whether with or without a hall, I cannot remember) which served as our Common Room where we usually sat and studied together. Behind this room, and looking out on what is now Mr. McDougall’s garden, was our Dining Hall, sufficiently large, which served also as our Chapel. Out of this room, at the south end, you passed by a step or two—whether up or down I cannot recall—into Mr. Nicoll’s room—bed-room, sitting room and study all in one—a room looked upon by us as sacred, into which no one of us, I think, was ever admitted. Out of the north end of the Dining Hall you passed into the kitchen. The bed-rooms of the students were upstairs, all of them small, the two or three which were larger being cut into two cubicles each by a temporary board partition running up some six or seven feet, with a piece of hanging drugget for a door. One such cubicle was, I remember, assigned to me, reasonably enough, as I was a mere boy in age, size and appearance, and all the rest of the students were grown men. This was our home for the first year of our College life.

On the morning after my arrival, I presented myself to Mr. Nicolls, the Principal, with my letters of introduction, and after some slight examination was duly matriculated.

The Principal, the Rev. Mr. Jasper Hume Nicolls, M. A., Michel Fellow of Queen’s College, Oxford, for that first year comprised the entire College staff in his own person. Mr. (afterwards Dr.) Miles was nominally Professor of Mathematics; I do not think, however, that we received any lectures from him during that first year, his whole time being given to the School. Later on in the year we received some lectures in Hebrew from Mr. Hellmuth, then one of the students, a converted Jew, who afterwards became the second Bishop of Huron. These lectures, however, were a very slight matter.

I must now try to reproduce for the readers of the MITRE, our Principal, Mr. Nicolls, as we students saw him that first year.

What struck me first, with some surprise was his fresh complexion, rosy cheeks, and general youthful appearance. Added to this was an air of shyness, almost amounting to bashfulness, contrasting strangely with the cold overbearing manner of my McGill professors. There was also a certain air of dignified reserve about him. This air of reserve, which we soon discovered had its foundation in a very deep spirit of religious reverence, formed a sort of fence round our young Principal, which no one of us ever ventured or indeed desired to break through. With this air of quiet reserve was combined an unspeakable gentleness and sweet considerateness towards each one of us, and also a brightness and playfulness of manner which was of the greatest value in maintaining an unbroken spirit of cheerfulness and good nature throughout our family life. Indeed, there never was I think a happier family than we were during that first year of our College life, and never a year in the life of the College in which better work was done.

We soon found out two things about our Principal; one was, that as a teacher he was a man of uncommon ability and entirely devoted to his work; and that the one thing he lived for was to help us forward in everything. The other discovery was, that, with all his reserve about personal religious experience he was a deeply religious man. We learned, some of us at least, what real religion was from seeing it in him. The result of our living in these close and intimate relations with him for that year was that we came to love him very deeply; but whether we loved or revered him most, I do not know.

The first party of students arrived in Lennoxville a few days before I did. They were Charles Middle-
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ton, Charles Forest, Thomas Ainslie Young, James Fulton, John Kemp and Henry George Burrage. Who were they, and what has become of them!

1. CHARLES MIDDLETON was a young English gentleman who had come out with Mr. Nicolls to cast in his lot with the Canadian Church. He was lying ill when I arrived. His sickness proved to be a very malignant case of typhoid fever to which he succumbed in a few days. This inauspicious beginning was a great grief to our young Principal. A window erected to the memory of Charles Middleton by his brokenhearted parents may still be seen in the village Church.

2. CHARLES FOREST, a man of considerable ability and attainments, had studied under Archdeacon Bethune (afterwards Bishop of Toronto) in Coburg and also under the Rev. S. S. Wood, in Three Rivers, and only came to Lennoxville to complete his course. He was ordained at the close of our first year; and after filling the incumbrancy of Bury for a few months, he removed to Ontario, where he served a long and valued ministry. He died at Morrisburgh, Ont., in 1883.

3 and 4. THOMAS AINSLIE YOUNG and JAMES FULTON, both Quebec men, were ordained together after a three years' course and both served in the Diocese of Montreal, the latter 45 years. Mr. Fulton was made a Canon of Christ Church Cathedral, Montreal, in 1886. Mr. Young deceased in 1891; Canon Fulton was called away very suddenly a few months back. Mr. Fulton was following the profession of a chemist and druggist in Quebec when he felt called to devote himself to the ministry of the gospel. He was gifted with a magnificent voice and was one of the members of the Quebec Cathedral surpliced choir at the time it was broken up, in, I think, the year the College opened. Bishop's College will always retain in affectionate and grateful remembrance the name of Thomas Ainslie Young—good, faithful, guileless soul! He was the father of a large family of sons, all of whom, I think, but one, passed through Bishop's College School and two of them entered the elements of Hebrew. I remember very well in the early summer of 1846, committing the Hebrew verb to memory walking up into the St. Francis of which scarcely anything remains.

In June 1846 we bade farewell to our temporary home in the village, not sorry to leave it, though we had been happy there, and in October of that year we took joyful possession of the new building.—H. R. St. George's Parsonage, Windsor Mills.

26th October, 1895.

P. S.—I submitted the above notes to the Rev. John Kemp, B. D., and he makes the following corrections:—

(1) "There was a very small hall, as you entered by the front door, with a stairway to the sleeping quarters, and a door into the Common Rooms.

(2) Two steps up to Dr. Nicoll's private sanctum.

(3) I think you and Cottrell did attend lectures with Mr. Miles in the school building during our residence in the old house. (4) I served nearly forty-two years and still take part in the services every Sunday. 'I think your account of the early days admirable.'

—J. K.
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Some Philosophy

"Man comes into the world without his consent and leaves it against his will. During his stay on earth his time is spent in one continuous round of contraries and misunderstandings; in his infancy he is an angel; in his boyhood he is a devil; in his manhood he is anything from a lizard up; in his dotage he is a fool. If he raises a family he is a chump; if he raises a check he is a thief, and then the law raises with him. If he is a poor man he is a poor manager and has no sense; if he is rich he is dishonest, but is considered smart. If he is in politics he is a grafter and a crook; if he is out of politics you can't place him, as he is an "undesirable citizen." If he goes to church he is a hypocrite; if he stays away he is a sinner. If he donates to foreign missions he does it for show; if he doesn't he is stingy and a "tight wad." When he first comes into the world everybody wants to kiss him; before he goes out they all want to kick him. If he dies young there was a great future before him; if he lives to a ripe old age he is in the way, only living to save funeral expense. Life is a very funny proposition after all." —Ottawa Journal.

More Nonsense

Different conceptions of different popular songs:
The cry of the Babes in the wood: "Show Me the Way to Go Home."
The oculist's dilemma: "Brown Eyes, Why are you Blue?"
The third-class boxer's anthem: "Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star."
The villain's special: "Ah-Ha!"
The dissected victim's wail: "I Miss my Wrist."
The fisherman's motto: "All for the Love of Pike."
Mareconi's entreaty: "Mr. Radio Fan."
The barber's surprise: "So That's the Kind of a Curl you are."
The jail-breaker's explanation: "You Gotta Know How."
Jiggs' favorite ditty: "The Prisoner's Song."

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A lasting pleasure—The last dance.
Known the world over—Dinty.
Always the same—Meals at Bishop's.
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Conventionalists
Being a Short Story With a Moral

"I suppose I am young and foolish, but who on earth would look for same, sage, or reasonable actions in one such a I, my dear Harold? It's pointless, all this bosh of 'convention' that, for the last half hour, you have been drumming into my ears; you have no hope of a convert to your prudish principles in Buek Prudhomme."

"I'm not after converts of any kind, I am just talking to you in a way that I think I have every right to, as an old school pal and now as a friend in this world, which is full to the brim with people who are only too pleased to gloat and gossip over the least little thing; and it is generally men such as yourself who are free from anything really wrong that fall as victims to these conventionalists. I do say, Buek, old man, be careful."

These two young men had been discussing Buek's last plan of a visit to the country. They had had dinner in that delightful part of London just off Oxford Street, and in the heart of London's cosmopolitan district, the restaurant was of the usual type in Compton Street, and the other diners were of the usual type. Here in one corner was the young man in spotless evening attire flicking his cigarette ash with extraordinary vigour, to show off the new diamond ring that he had recently bought off a pawnbroker in Shoreditch. The ring was new to him and it pleased him. He didn't think of the old-fashioned misshapened claws which held the flawed diamond, he was out with this companion for the third, and probably the last time, he had no money, but to show the blonde "how wealthy" he was, he professed a sincere passion for the Greek restaurant, and privately its cheap bill of fare. There were also the two old gentlemen who wanted an 'evening off' from home; so they selected the Greek restaurant to have a change from the monotony of the usual supper, and secretly they didn't want to be seen. There were the two chorus girls from the Adelphi who were out for something "out of the ordinary," and finally the usual chair warmers who sat drinking Russian coffee night after night. Russian coffee gave them an air of propriety, it didn't cost much, and the taste, when made by a Greek, forbade them to hurry. So they spent the evening drinking two cups each. But Harold and Buek had gone there for a different reason than these others, and they drank cafe au lait because they wanted cafe au lait, they smoked cigarettes because they wanted cigarettes, and they had reserved the corner table because they wanted to be where they could talk and be interested in all things around them, the assiduous way in which the Greek polished his show fruit, the way in which the green and red lamp shades cast their reflection in the many mirrors which hung on the wall, and to be interested in the people who came in and out while they chatted with low voices.

Buek had telephoned Harold earlier in the day and told him that as he was off for a week-end party at Maidenhead, he could not keep the engagement for a Sunday's tennis at Wimbledon; and disappointedly Harold accepted his fate for an uneventful week-end but had asked for that Thursday night to give him a chance to warn his friend of the pure but rather dangerous way that he was living.

II

Harold Featherstone had been brought up under the strict eye of Mr. Henry Prudhomme, uncle of Buck. Buek Prudhomme and his wife had adopted Buek when he was quite a child, and so that their much spoiled nephew should have a companion, they had also adopted Harold Featherstone, a nephew of Mrs. Prudhomme. The boys had played in the merchant's house at Hampstead, they went to kindergarten together, and they went to school together, and two closer friends one could never find.

Mrs. Prudhomme had recently died and her husband had retired to a smaller house a little further out of London, Finchley. The two boys, now out of their teens, had good positions in the City, Harold in the Bank of Hong Kong and Buek in his uncle's wine business. They had taken apartments in the vicinity of their old home in Hampstead, but Buek soon tired of the same scenes, the same folk, and these people who would persist in thinking he had only grown into a big boy and, what was far worse in Buek's eyes, treated him as one, and had gone off to a flat in Church Street. Here in Kensington he got what he was really after, the Life of London. He was near the theatres, and everything, as he said, was "nice and central." But Harold, who had followed closely to the reserved nature of his uncle, "the Guv'nor" as he was called, was content with the quiet evenings spent of the golf course, the more lively week-ends always with Buek, and the same surroundings of his boyhood. The week-ends gave Buek the chance — which he never missed, by the way, to pour his woes and joys into the sympathetic ear of Harold, and it gave Harold the opportunity to keep a track on his greatest friend, who was really what his Hampstead friends called him, "A grown-up boy."

A few weeks ago Buek had introduced Harold to a rather nice couple down on the Courts, these two had recently become the proud owners of a cottage at Maidenhead, and the Bakers of Wimbledon were giving a week-end party in honor of the newly-married couple. Harold had noticed, in his quiet way, the friendliness and ease that was shown when Buek and Mrs. Newlywed were together, but was used to the simple yet charming way of Buck, and would not have taken any notice whatever had not Mrs. Newlywed been so gushing. Harold just mentioned this to Buek once, but was immediately pronounced as a "narrow-minded Hampsteader." Harold was perturbed, but said no more. So you can imagine that he was so very much surprised when Buek telephoned him to say that he was off to "The Nest" at Maidenhead.

"Jack has rung me up," he said over the telephone, "and asked me to spend the week-end with him. You don't mind, do you, Harold?"

"Not at all." was Harold's answer. "Who else is going?"

"Oh, a friend of Jill's."

"Who is Jill?"
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"Oh! That's the pet name I've given to Jack's wife."

That was all that passed between them over the telephone except the arrangements for their evening in Soho, and Buck dismissed the conversation from his mind and went off with a customer for lunch, did some business, and went about his work. With Harold it was different. He sat and mused over the week-end at Wimbledon, first thinking all manner of evils that might befall Buck and then dismissing them, with a murmured, "Fool, Buck was true, I'm narrow, as narrow as the Hampsteaders."

Harold reached Kensington first that evening and let himself in Buck's flat, as was his usual custom. A surprise was waiting for him on the other side of the door. On Buck's desk stood a photograph of "Jill." This at once set Harold's brain working again, and this was increased when he saw letters on the table addressed by the firm hand of a stubborn woman, bearing the postmark of Maidenhead. Harold picked up a novel that was on the table and flung himself in an easy chair. It was one of the usual type of novels, and bore the name of an author who was holding all fiction-reading London in a passion with his startling Eastern love stories. Harold was not sorry when Buck arrived, and they slipped into an omnibus which took them to Piccadilly Circus. Thence they wended their way through the motley crowd to Compton Street. They had turned down Shaftesbury Avenue and the lights of Theatreland danced before them. The first theatre, the Lyric, was producing "Lilac Time," and at Globe was "The Cinderella Man."

"Have you seen that?" asked Buck.

"No, have you?"

"Yes, I saw it on Tuesday . . . . Jack had booked two seats and then couldn't go, so he asked me if I would take her. Of course I didn't mind, and so we went. We had a great time . . . . Met Jack after the show and the two of them came along to the flat and stayed for the night."

Harold said nothing, but pushed his way through the crowds to Compton Street, where they went into the Greek cafe. After their coffee and while they were smoking, Harold said,

"You're very friendly with the Newlyweds for such a short acquaintance, aren't you?"

"S'pose I am more than usually friendly, but they are so delightful. Jack often comes along to the office, and when Jill is in town she meets him there."

"But, Buck, you surely must have a good reason to be so friendly."

"Yes, certainly, they are, as I have said, a jolly nice couple."

"But is that all?"

"What else do you want?"

"Well," said Harold, "but Buck, old man, do be careful."

"Careful of what?"

"People talking."

"Oh, Harold! You are scared of people's tongues. What do I care what people say? Not a rap! that's what you'd expect in Hampstead, but in Kensington nobody talks. Besides, my conscience is clear, as clear as the crystal, so what have I to worry about?"

"Seemingly nothing, old man, but you know full well when you first went to Baker's how people spread all manner of yarns about you because you were often seen with Madge Baker. There was nothing in it at all, but gracious me, judging by the gossip on the counts, you were everything but married. And that was to be expected every time you went for a walk together."

Buck sat quietly and listened. "Then again, when you took Deck Champion home after his night out, the Guv'nor heard that you were seen drunk with another man; and, again, how many scrapes did you have to explain yourself out of because you did not think of the consequence that might arise from wrong interpretation of your actions of good will?"

"Oh Harold, you make me sick. I can't see what is wrong in my friendship with the Newlyweds. Besides, it is a friendship between the three of us. You have jumped to the conclusion of an illicit friendship between Jill and me. But man alive! I don't think anything more of Jill than I do of Madge Baker."

"No you may not, but does she think anything of you?"

This made Buck a little bit impatient, and he could not restrain from a little hasty. "Oh, Harold!" he said, "you make me tired with such little talk. You are everlasting thinking of the impossible."

"I don't think this is an 'impossible thing,' as you term it" said Harold. "When I see two or three pictures signed 'Affectionately Yours,' 'Always—Jill,' etc., etc. It seems to me a strange thing that a married woman should do such things."

"Gracious! Your mind is as narrow as PanYer Alley, and for goodness sake stop, or I will think you distrust me."

"No, no, my friend! I trust you implicitly, but I do keep in mind what is right and conventional."

"Oh 'convention!" gruffed Buck. "There is nothing to worry over, so be at ease. I wish that you were coming too, but they only have a small house, and Jack explained that he and I were using one room, and Jill and her friend the other."

"Buck! These Bohemian ideas of yours must stop or you'll land in a ditch. Do, for heaven's sake, be careful!"

"Be careful of what?"

"My dear Buck, do be reasonable; I have tried to point out that, as far as I can tell, by what you say, that you're taking Mrs.—er—Thing—to the Theatre—"

Several days later, Harold received another telephone call from Buck.
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"Harold," he said, in a troubled voice. "Are you free tonight?"

"Yes."

"Well — I'm — er, sort of fed up with things; could you come along to-night?"

"Why, certainly!" was Harold's ready reply. "I'll go straight along from the office."

"Oh no! Don't do that. I'll meet you at four-thirty outside Sweeter's in Newgate."

And so this sudden and again not surprising call set Harold meditating on what was to be the ultimate end of Buck's recklessness. Harold thought that it might be that Buck had tired of his friends of 'The Nest, Maidenhead,' as quickly as he had taken them into his bosom. He also thought, — Well, his last thought was confirmed with a message from Finchley later on in the day, asking him to visit his uncle as soon as possible. "I'm sorry," said old Mr. Prudhomme, 'to ask you to come right out here, but young Buck has got into mischief and I must see you at once."

As Harold put down the ear piece, two words only passed his lips. They eased his mind, and expressed his sorrow and his readiness to uphold Buck—'The Devil!' That afternoon the two friends met at Sweeter's, and after having tea in the City, they mounted the top of an omnibus which took them to Charing Cross. Here they walked down the Mall, across Green Park and Kensington Gardens to Church Street. All the way Harold was conscious of a weighty matter which was upon the mind of his companion, and yet he contented himself with answering the remarks of Buck's about things which, under ordinary conditions, would be passed unnoticed.

At last, when they were closeted in Buck's rooms, Buck opened up his burdened mind.

"Harold," he said, "you're right in your opinion of this world. Brim full of conventionalists, and I am up against them at last."

"What's wrong, then?" asked Harold.

"Just briefly this——"

Here he was interrupted by the slamming of a door, and like a hurricane the old uncle of the two was thrown in. Neither had seen him in such a temper before, and neither had time to speak before the enraged man threw charge upon charge at the face of Buck, his "ungrateful nephew," who had deliberately entered into the lives of a young married couple, had pictures of the woman all over his flat, mer, "and all this, sir, must have been encouraged."

"Just briefly this——"

Here Buck was riled and said that it was all lies. Neither had the sense to stop before his business was affected. His customers had to tell him of this world, Brim full of conventionalists, and yet he contented himself with answering the remarks of Buck's about things which, under ordinary conditions, would be passed unnoticed.

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"Harold," he said, "you're right in your opinion of this world. Brim full of conventionalists, and I am up against them at last."

"What's wrong, then?" asked Harold.

"Just briefly this——"
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Exchanges

**McMaster Monthly**: The articles in your January number are exceptionally good. We enjoyed them, especially the one on "Contemporary Literature." "Leaves from a Kashmir Diary" was also interesting.

**King's College Record**: Your Alumni Number is well worthy of King's. It is hard to single out any particular article or poem for praise, since all seem equally deserving and distinctive. "The land of the troubadours" is very attractively written and is of special interest to the student of history. "In Memoriam" is also well worth a perusal.

**The Brunswickan**: Up to its uniform high standard. Yours is a very interesting magazine, and though small in size well arranged.

**Trinity Review**: We can only repeat what we have often said before—your magazine is one of our best exchanges, and is always interesting to the outside reader.

**Windsorian**: Welcome to our exchange shelf! Hope to renew acquaintance in the future.

**Vox Collegii**: A newcomer, and a good one. Your cuts, headings, ads and general arrangement are splendid.

**B. C. S. Magazine**: Very attractive number indeed, as your magazine always is.

We acknowledge the following exchanges: McMaster University Monthly, King's College Record, Brunswickan, The Trinity Review, Western Gazette, The Sheaf, The Argosy, The Odyssey, The Dalhousie Gazette, The Strathcona Oracle, The Windsorian, B. C. S. Magazine, the Vox Collegii, Trinity College School Record, the Shield.

Judge: What's your name?

Swede: Tom Olson.

Judge: Married?

Swede: Yes, I bane married.

Judge: Who'd you marry?

Swede: Oh, I marry a woman.

Judge: Well, did you ever hear of anyone who didn't marry a woman?

Swede: Yes, my sister—she bane marry a man.—Ex.
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IN MEMORIAM

J. Ramsey Montizambert—Eastern Canada lost an outstanding educationist of the old school, and Bishop's one of her oldest graduates, when the death occurred in Toronto early in February of Mr. J. Ramsey Montizambert. Mr. Montizambert was a member of an old Quebec family and was educated at Lennoxville, entering the University from Bishop's College School. After graduating from the university at a very early age, he held many important positions in various schools, including Trinity College School, Port Hope, Ont., Ashbury College, Ottawa, and also in New York. In 1910 Mr. Montizambert came to Bishop's College School, the scenes of his own boyhood days, as a master, and this position he held with honour and success for twelve years. Leaving Lennoxville in 1922, he went to Montreal and continued his teaching duties there. As a schoolmaster, Mr. Montizambert was known as a very successful teacher and a stern disciplinarian, but those who knew him most intimately recognized that behind his sternness there was hidden a true sympathy with boys, and all admired his strict sense of justice, while out of school his buoyant spirit won him a large circle of friends. Mr. Montizambert married Miss Maud Ashe, daughter of Commander Ashe, R. N., of Quebec, whose sister is Mrs. J. P. Wells, wife of Mr. J. P. Wells, K. C., of Sherbrooke, a member of the Board of Governors of Bishop's. The Mitre extends its sympathy to Mrs. Montizambert and her children in their bereavement.

Nathan Fish, B. A.—The memory of the late Nathan Fish, B. A. (Bishop's 1919), whose death was recorded in The Mitre at Christmas, was preserved by the Pharmaceutical Society of McGill University on February 18th, when his portrait was unveiled in the assembly hall of the new Medical building. After graduating in Arts at Bishop's, Mr. Fish entered the department of pharmacy at McGill, where he proved to be a brilliant scholar, especially in research, in which work he was engaged when he died. He was the founder and first president of the McGill Pharmaceutical Society and was a charter member of several fraternities, and the gathering of members of the society and fraternities, as well as friends and relatives, was a large one. Amongst those who paid tribute to the deceased student were Dr. A. R. M. MacLean of the Department of Pharmacy, Lionel Sperber and Rubin Ginsberg, on behalf of his old frats, L. Sherwin, president of the Pharmaceutical Society, and Dr. H. Abramovitz, of the Shaar Hashomayim synagogue, Montreal.

H. J. H. Petry.—It is with deep regret that the Mitre records the death of Dr. H. J. H. Petry, who was for a full decade Headmaster of Bishop's College School. Graduating with Honours from the University of Bishop's College in 1883, he received his M. A. (in course) in '86. Later on he received the honorary degree of Doctor of Civil Law from his Alma Mater in recognition of his eminent services to education.

Dr. Petry was a man of varied gifts and wide culture. He was greatly loved and appreciated by a large circle of friends for his genuine and ever-present kindliness and courtesy. Of the subject of this all-too-brief notice, it may be said that he was distinguished by what is known, for want of a better word, as tact. This gift was used by him to oil the wheels of social intercourse and was part of his human and lovable personality. Had he been more worldly-minded and aggressive he might have secured for himself the highest prize of life, but he could not be more loved than he was for being what he was, just—"Harry" Petry. The secret of his charm is to be found in the maxim of Terence, "Homo sum; humani nihil a me alienum puto."

Many will recall him best as Organist of The College Chapel and Precentor of the combined College and School choirs. The delicacy and discrimination of his interpretation of the great musical masterpieces, his taste in choice of music, the stimulus of his quiet but genuine enthusiasm, his patience in drilling what was sometimes very unpromising material, will long be remembered by those who were privileged to assist in the chapel services of years gone by.

The Mitre also should always cherish the memory of Dr. Petry because for many years he was an occasional and valued contributor to its columns.

To the members of Dr. Petry's family The Mitre extends its sincere sympathy.—R. I. P.
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Graduate Notes

Alumni

GRANT HALL, ESQ., M. A., Vice-president of the C. P. R., and Chairman of the Executive Committee of Corporation, left in January for South America, where he will spend an extended holiday. Mr. Hall has kept in touch with all the activities at Bishop’s during the autumn and his frequent telegrams offering congratulations on the successes of the rugby team were greatly appreciated. The Mitre extends to him his best wishes for a good holiday and a safe return.

THE REVEREND W. T. HOOPER, B. A., ’08, B. D., preached in the Chapel on Sunday morning, Feb. 28th. Mr. Hooper is Rector of St. John’s Church, Hartford, Conn. He has recently held a very successful campaign which resulted in the raising of $160,000.00. With this sum he and his parishioners propose to carry out a building programme which will complete the plans made by the late B. G. Goodhue, one of America’s most distinguished architects. When the work is completed, Mr. Hooper’s parish will be equipped with a Church, Parish House, etc., which will be one of the finest group of buildings in the American Church.

THE REVEREND W. H. MOORHEAD, M. A., and his congregation of St. Mark’s Church, Grand ’Mere have recently built a very fine church which has cost $70,000.00. The church was consecrated in the early part of last summer. The members of Mr. Moorhead’s advisory committee hope to secure the services of Mr. Kram, one of America’s foremost architects, for designing the Reredos and preparing the decorative scheme for the interior of the Church.

THE REVEREND A. H. MOORE, M. A., ’93, D. C. L., President of King’s College, Halifax, has embarked upon a financial campaign for his College. In order to claim the $500,000.00 offered by the Carnegie Foundation to King’s, the college must raise $400,000.00. The Mitre and everyone identified with Dr. Moore’s Alma Mater wish him abundant success in his undertaking.

THE REVEREND CANON ALMOND, M. A., ’94, D. C. L., Rector of Trinity Parish Church, is engaged in building his new memorial Church in Westmount. He expects to have it completed in May.

THE REVEREND P. CALLIS, M. A., ’97, has been appointed to the parish of Stanstead, where he entered upon his duties on Advent Sunday.

THE REVEREND R. J. SHIRES, M. A., ’20, resigned the Mission of LaTuque last autumn and is now rector of Bowmanville, Ont.

THE REVEREND A. R. WARREN, L. S. T., is in charge of the Mission of Melbourne.

The REVEREND W. W. SMITH, M. A., L. S. T., ’22, is in the mission of the Magdalen Islands.

F. D. DOUGLAS, ESQ., L. S. T., ’24, was ordered deacon by the Bishop of Ontario on Sunday, February 28th, 1926.

MR. CLIFTON HALL, B. A., is assistant Principal and French specialist in the High School of Huntingdon.

FRANK SCOTT, B. A., ’21, B. A. (Oxon) ’23, B. Litt, is reading Law at McGill University and is one of the editors of the McGill Fortnightly Review.

L. H. SMITH, B. A., ’25, is engaged in the work of editing the letters of Sir John A. Macdonald and Sir Charles Tupper at the Dominion Archives, Ottawa.


P. J. USHER, B. A., ’25, is in his final year of Law at McGill.

C. C. SAVAGE, B. A., ’23, is in his final year of Law at Osgood Hall.

MISS H. BOYCE, B. A., ’23, is a member of the staff of the Laurentide School, Grand ’Mere, and R. F. CALLAN, B. A., ’25, is assistant to G. H. Savage, M. A., the Principal of the School.

MISS D. DICKSON, B. A., ’23, is a member of the staff of the High School in Three Rivers. She will join the staff of the Laurentide School in Grand ’Mere next autumn as teacher of mathematics.

O. T. PICKFORD, B. A., ’25, is Principal of the Model School at Brookbury. Miss M. MacRITCHIE B. A., ’25, is a member of his staff.

The many friends of Eric Almond, ’25, will be pleased to know that he is making good progress towards recovery from his serious illness.

The Principal, with the Hon. Vincent Massey and G. S. Stairs, Esq., acted as judge of the debate between McGill University and the Imperial Debating Team, on February 3rd.

The names of the following Bishop’s graduates are to be found in the official list of the Principals of the High Schools of the Province:

Mrs. H. C. Ashe, M. A., Lennoxville.
Mrs. B. M. Daintrey, M. A., Ayer’s Cliff.
Miss L. B. Waterman, ’25, Bedford.
Mr. E. W. Johnston, B. A., ’24, Cookshire.
Mrs. H. M. Avery, B. A., Danville.
Mr. R. E. Bartlett, B. A., ’23, East Angus.
Miss G. W. Penney, B. A., ’24, Knowlton.
Miss D. Seiveright, M. A., LaTuque.
Mr. H. D. Hunting, M. A., Lennoxville.
Mrs. H. M. Haig, M. A., Lake Megantic.
Mr. C. H. V. Naylor, B. A., ’24, New Carlisle.
Mr. L. E. Jenne, B. A., ’24, Sutton.
Mr. T. F. Jenne, B. A., ’25, Thetford Mines.
Mr. A. E. Bartlett, B. A., Waterville.
Mr. R. E. Hove, M. A., Westmount.
Mr. W. W. Gibson, B. A., ’25, Windsor Mills.

A conference of Principals of High Schools and Model Schools was held in Bishop’s College on Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 21st and 22nd, 1925. Thirty-five Principals attended the Conference and an interesting list of subjects bearing on the work of the High Schools was considered. An account of the proceedings appeared in the January number of the Teachers’ Magazine. The discussions were felt to be of such profit to the principals that they unanimously ex.
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pressed the hope that they might be allowed to hold another here a year hence.

HUGH O’DONNELL, M. A., (1922), has been elected president of the McGill Canadian Club in succession to the late Alymer Morris B. A. (1922), who was also an old Bishop’s graduate. Hugh O’Donnell is in his third year Law at McGill.

GORDON M. PENDER B. A. (1917), who has been practising law in Sherbrooke, has joined the law firm of Brown, Montgomery and McMichael, Montreal.

The Principal has been pleased to hear from and receive donations to the college from the following old medical grads: J. J. Edwards, M. D., Russell Hall, Gayle Post Office, Jamaica, B. W. I.; W. E. Wilson, M. D.; Brown’s Town, Jamaica; J. B. Robinson, Race Course, May Pen, Jamaica; C. H. Armstrong, M. D., Kingston, Jamaica; and A. Harry, M. D., Kingston, Jamaica.

His old friends at Bishop’s were glad to receive a visit in February from Rev. Charles Glover, B. A., L. S. T. (Bishop’s, 1925) who is now curate at the Church of St. John the Evangelist, Montreal.

F. E. MEREDITH, ESQ., K. C., LL. D., Chancellor-elect of Bishop’s, returned from a short holiday in Europe early in January. He spent Christmas and New Year with his son, who is doing a year’s reading in France after completing his law course in Cambridge.

Alumnae

AMONG THE GRADS

The marriage was recently solemnized of Clara Buckland, ’21, Barnston, and Ira Lowrie, ’21, Lennoxville. Dr. Lowrie is now a dentist in Montreal, doing very well indeed, we are told.

Last August the wedding took place of Marjorie Ashe, ’18, of Lennoxville, and Asborne Kelly, ’18, of Megantic. Mr. and Mrs. Kelly now reside at 15 College Avenue, Ottawa.

Hilda Moore, ’19, is now Mrs. Errol Theoret, of Ottawa. She is a member of the University Women’s Club of Ottawa, to which belong graduates of McGill, Queen’s, Toronto, Acadia and Bishop’s.

Mrs. Ernest Roy (Mabel Mitchell, ’14) lives in Levis, P. Q. Mrs. Roy is very much interested in the W. A. Mr. Roy, also a graduate, has lately been made a Canon.

Mrs. R. H. Waterman (Frances Bayne, ’15) is now in Ontario, where Mr. Waterman, (“String,”) ’14, is Rector of Vars, Bearbrook, and Canaan. In these three parishes are to be found every known form of Church activity, including Auxiliaries, Guilds, A. Y. P. A., Singing Classes, etc., etc.

Muriel Wood, ’15, has given up teaching for the present, and during the last two years has been the Director of the Young People’s Social Activities in the church of her brother, Rev. Hubert Wood, Watertown, N. Y.

Mrs. Moorhead (Mable Wilson, ’16,) is living at Grand Mere, where her husband, the Rev. Mr. Moorhead, is Rector.

Bernice Hunten, ’16, lives with her father in Johnville.

Mrs. Percy Bryne (Marion Cox, ’19) resides in Sherbrooke.

Mrs. Usher (Bessie Echenberg, ’19) lived for a short time after her marriage in Philadelphia, but has recently come to Montreal.

Marjorie Hume, ’19, is at present taking a library course in Philadelphia.

Mrs. Lynn Otto (Doris Wilson, ’20) is living at Ste. Agathe, where Mr. Otto is in the C. P. R.

Evangelie Hall, ’21, when last heard from, was taking a course in Hospital Direction at Yale.

Dorothy Dutton, ’21, and Dorothy Wright, ’21, are both in Lennoxville.

Muriel Fish, ’20, is now Mrs. Mara of Northfield, Vt., where her husband is on the faculty of Norwich University. She writes that Norwich is both a Military College and an Engineering University with 300 students.

Florence Dinning, ’21, is not teaching at present, owing to the illness of her mother.


In the different schools of Sherbrooke we find Florence Drummond, ’08, Catharine Seiveright, ’12, Persis Parker, Lilian Bayne, ’20, Muriel Martin, ’21, Muriel McHarg, ’22, and Marjorie Francis, ’24.

Mary Olive Vaudry, M. A., ’04, is teaching this year at Pointe aux Trembles.

Dorothy Seiveright, ’10, is Principal of the La Tuque High School, with Iris Nichol, ’21, as one of her assistants.

Esther Farmsworth, ’21, is teaching in Richmond, where she expects to be Assistant next year.

Eleanor Sangster, ’21, is on the staff at King’s Hall, Compton.

Marion MacKenzie, ’20, is Principal of the Girls’ High, Stanstead College, and enjoys her position very much.
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Last year's graduates include Leila Waterman, who is ably filling the position of Principal of Bedford High School; Roberta Nichol at Shawinigan; Maude MacRitchie at Brookbury; Lois Skinner as Principal at Kinnear's Mills; Bertha Cox at Scotstown; and Dorothy Hall as Principal at Drummondville.

Frances Wilson, '22, and Dorothy Tanner, '23, are both teaching under the Montreal School Board, Frances in the Berthelet Street and Dorothy in the Fairmount, Schools.

ANNUAL ALUMNI DINNER

DR. W. D. WOODHEAD on PESSIMISM

The annual meeting and dinner of the Alumni Association was held in the Windsor Hotel in Montreal on Wednesday, February 10th, with a good attendance, and one of the most successful functions in the history of the association was recorded. The president of the association, the Reverend H. S. Laws, M. A., of Montreal, presided.

The chief speaker was Mr. Dudley Woodhead, B. A. (Oxen), M. A. (Alta.), Ph. D. (Chicago), professor of classics and chairman of that department at McGill University, who admitted that he was "something of a pessimist" and that he had "crept back into the university because he did not like it outside." Dr. Woodhead submitted that the pessimist could make a good case for himself today. "Music has given way to jazz; literature has given way to magazines; the drama has given way to movies, and in some parts of this great continent our wine has actually been turned into water," said Dr. Woodhead. "It is a complex age. Acceleration and efficiency are the watchwords. If we should try to get a motive for this age, I should say: 'Step on the gas.' The great trouble is—which way are we going? We are going at such a pace, we must be going downhill. Efficiency is perhaps one of the worst words to characterize an age. Many nice words can be said about labor-saving devices, but unfortunately these tempt us to think that we can save ourselves the trouble of thinking. We cannot do that. It is for that reason that universities exist. We have to try to substitute something, confront this solution, and settle ourselves; it is our task to stem the tide of materialism and efficiency, and try to put the brakes on that extraordinarily accelerated pace at which we are travelling."

"The backbone of the curriculum in any university should be the humanities. Science has a strong hold in this country, and I am the last person in the world to say anything against it, but it seems to me that what we lack particularly in this continent is the humanities. We are not developing strong music, literature or drama."

"Science does not teach us to avoid the most disastrous standard now in use on this continent, the quantitative, as opposed to the qualitative."

"One of the troubles of our age also is the way we approach it from the point of view of humor. Few writers possess a sense of humor. There are plenty of the cynical and neurotic type. The development of a proper sense of humor, with a sense of proportion, and education, is wanted."

New Chancellor was Greeted

F. E. Meredith, M. A., K. C., LL. D., the new chancellor, was given a cordial reception, it being his first appearance before the members of the Alumni Association since his recent appointment as chancellor. At the outset, he commended Prof. Woodhead's statements, and went on to speak with appreciation of the qualities of Dr. John Hamilton, the former chancellor, and his personal friend. Dr. Meredith referred to the progress of the college, and said that the Government had just been approached at Quebec for assistance in augmenting the residential accommodation at the college. Cheers greeted the announcement by Dr. Meredith that he believed a grant would be forthcoming, enabling the increased residential space to be provided.

The Principal on The Classics

Principal McGreer followed Dr. Meredith, and stated that unless additional residential accommodation was built this coming summer, scores of students would have to be turned away in the autumn. Principal McGreer also added another indictment against this age, following up Dr. Woodhead's remarks. He condemned "the appalling lack of thoroughness," and specifically mentioned trying to get an education without working. He closed his talk with a serious note about the attitude of some members of the Protestant Board of Public Instruction on the classics, and said that the matter of having Latin removed from the curriculum was very serious in southern Quebec.

Other speakers included James MacKinnon, D. C. L., chairman of the board of governors, and Roland Geoffrion, the latter speaking on behalf of the University of Montreal.

Entertainment was provided by the Baron Byng High School choir, I. Cooper and D. M. Herbert. The undergraduates of the university were represented by R. S. Stevenson, member of the Students' Council.

ALUMNAE MEETINGS

The Annual Meeting of the Alumnae Society of the University of Bishop's College was held on December 30th, 1925, at the home of the President, Miss Dorothy Dutton, Lennoxville. The officers for the present year are as follows: President, Miss Dutton; Vice-President, Miss I. Nichol; Secretary, Mrs. Bryne; Treasurer, Miss Francis; Corresponding Secretary to Mitre, Miss Bayne.

It was decided at this meeting to ask Miss Laird, Dean of Women of Queen's University, Kingston, to give a lecture to the Alumnae Society on or about February 17th, 1926.
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At this meeting it was suggested that all news concerning graduates be submitted to the Corresponding Secretary, in order to fill an Alumnae Column in the Mitre.

At the close of the meeting tea was served by Miss Dutton.

An Executive Meeting of the Alumnae Society was held on January 26, 1926, at the home of Mrs. Percy Bryne, Sherbrooke, to discuss business matters in connection with the Association.

On February 19, the Alumnae Society and its friends had the great pleasure of listening to a lecture in Bishop Williams Hall by Miss Laird, Dean of Women of Queen’s University.

Miss Laird described in her most charming way the new hostel for women students lately opened at Queen’s. The graduates present at the lecture were very much interested in the fact that $108,000 was contributed for the hostel by the Alumnae of Queen’s, and that with no single large amounts.

Dr. McGreer thanked Miss Laird heartily for her address. Refreshments were then served in the Reception Room by the Alumnae.

**THE MONROE DOCTRINE**

(Continued from page 47)

The United States was in the throes of a civil war. When the Emperor withdrew his troops, the Mexicans rose against Maximilian, overthrew him and put him to death. Before that, the United States waged an utterly unjustifiable war upon Mexico and took a great piece of territory from her, and so it comes that today there are no two peoples so hated by the Mexicans as the French and the Americans—"robbers both," as the Mexicans say.

To enter upon a discussion of the present significance commercially and politically of the Monroe Doctrine would be to exceed the limit of space to which this article is necessarily confined.

—L. I. Greene.

**CHOOSING A PROFESSION**

(Continued from page 41)

whatever it may be! The attainment of those marks of a gentleman and a man of culture and refinement will not escape his notice. The practical value of good clothes, manners, and breeding are matters of too much importance in the life of every individual not to be carefully studied. The fact that one is suitably dressed gives added ease and confidence. But good manners and breeding can not be taken off and put on like clothes. They are acquired after careful concentration and application. To know just what to do, to be able to say the right thing at the right moment, to be capable in opening and continuing conversation with different individuals, a winning smile, a cordial way of shaking hands, a pleasant voice, and engaging manners, are great aids to success wherever one's life is spent.

A well-chosen profession, business or occupation is of practical value, not only to the individual, but to the state. Who has not felt touched by the condition of the misfit? Working day by day, he toils at ungenial labour. Its very nature is distasteful to him, and yet there seems to be no alternative but to remain where he has been placed. Very often death comes as a welcome release. It may be said he had no choice. Perhaps not, but it must be remembered that circumstances alone will not keep down a man who strives to fulfil his ideals. It is the ideal that matters. If we form a high ideal, set a high standard for ourselves, and then keep it daily before our eyes as a goal to be reached, we will win the race. A man without ideals is a failure.—Keble H. Jones.

**ON THE PERSISTENCY OF SOME MEN**

(Continued from page 37)

ure of the class of men who, I have said, are most persistent to live.

I could quote the great Lenin of Russia, who was continually dying, recovering, retiring from and re-entering politics, etc., for well over a year—though why he ever wanted to live, in his time, in Russia, I am sure I cannot puzzle out. However, as he does not want to be bombed by a Bolshevik propagandist for being an insulter of the great ex-statesmen, the writer had probably better cease his rambling conjectures here. In any case, with the citing of these two cases, Messrs. Sen and Lenin, further proof need not be advanced to show that it is a fact that the human race possesses some most persistent men!

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