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Archbishop Thorneloe
The Mitré

Editorial

Dr. Thorneloe's Retirement On the Feast of the Epiphany last, the Most Rev'd. George Thorneloe, M.A., D.D., D.C.L., ceased to exercise the office of a diocesan bishop of the Church of England in Canada. Just thirty years previously he had knelt before Archbishop Bond in the historic Cathedral of Quebec to receive the divine commission which sent him forth as an apostle and evangelist to the great missionary diocese of Algoma.

And what of those thirty years? What of Algoma itself? Towns have grown to cities, villages to towns, and settlements of greater or less proportion lie scattered over areas which in the closing years of the last century knew no human habitation. Great industries of mining and lumbering have been developed to a state where their influence is felt throughout the Continent and in some cases over the whole world. Railways have been built and navigation has been developed. Of the whole province of Ontario the part which has grown and developed most rapidly in the last quarter-century is that lying within the Diocese of Algoma. With this industrial and commercial growth there has been a vast increase in population; and with this the work of the Church has had a corresponding expansion. New problems of administration and organization, new challenges to the effective witness of Christ in His Church, new tests of evangelical zeal — all these things have had to be faced. And to the solving of these problems, the meeting of these challenges and the passing of these tests Archbishop Thorneloe has given freely and fully of the best part of his life.

Of the fruits of that service, of the true value and extent of what has been done, no human being may adequately judge. The universal honour, reverence and affection which the name of Dr. Thorneloe inspires in the hearts not only of his fellow bishops, but in the whole body of Canadian churchmen, can certainly be adduced in demonstration of the effect which his own saintliness of personality and visible accomplishments as a leader of the Church have produced in the minds of those about him. But we may still believe that the hidden good, worked unknown to the world in the highways and byways of life — quiet talks, constant prayer for himself and others, moments of gentle encouragement, mediation or correction; the thousand and one kindnesses of heart that have made him beloved of all who know him — we may still believe that these things, which must remain incapable of measure, are in the first rank of his accomplishments and that for which he himself is most truly grateful.

Now is the evening of life. The claims of time and of increasing years, with the handicap of health that has not been of the best, are not to be ignored. It is time for another to take up the work and to continue it. We may well believe that the Church in Algoma has known no more solemn occasion, no time when human emotion was more acutely felt, than that on which Dr. Thorneloe sat for the last time on the episcopal throne of S. Luke's Pro-Cathedral, Sault Ste. Marie; and then vacated it to install his
The Mitre

successor therein, at the same time giving over to him his pastoral staff; and as a final act, solemnly blessing the new bishop in his office. There must have been a tremendous sense of loss and regret that it had to be; yet the ultimate feeling, in every parish and mission of Algoma; in every province and diocese of the Canadian Church; and in the mind of every alumnus of this university, of whom Dr. Thorneloe is one, must be a sense of profound pride and thankfulness for such a ministry as his has been. Now the time for rest has come; and it is rest well-earned.

On another page will be found a message which Archbishop Thorneloe has addressed to The Mitre in reply to one of congratulation sent him, expressing the sincere hope that every happiness and blessing might continue to be his, and with the assurance — which we feel confident will be echoed in every direction — that by those to whom he has come to mean so much he will never be forgotten.

* * * *

"In the Spring a young man's fancy
"Lightly turns — etc. — etc. — etc.

But why should it?

To an interminable sequence of mud, rain, snow, slush and bad poetry — to say nothing of colds in the head — the makers of our language have seen fit to attach the name of 'Spring'. Why, we have never been able to understand. No other normal connotation of the term even approximates the meaning of 'Spring', spelt with a capital letter. Bed-spring, water-spring, hand-spring — all of them mean something easily recognized and essentially useful. But 'Spring' as a climatic phenomenon has none of these virtues. In the first place one never knows when it has begun or when it has finished; and the only class of people who could possibly claim it as useful are the makers of cough drops and goloshes. On the other hand its evil consequences are notorious; and of these pernicious associations of Spring one far outranks all others in importance.

One may fall in Love!!

Now of all the irrational, unscientific, foolish, pig-headed things that a human being is capable of, Falling in Love is verily the worstest. One may fall into a river, or fall into debt, or fall into despondency — but the ultimate effect can not even approach the dangers of falling into Love. Of course no sensible person ever does it; but then no sensible person ever admits even the existence of 'Spring' as such. As soon as a man starts to talk about 'Spring' by name and gets himself worked up to a condition when he can be lulled into a mystic ecstasy by the discontented cackle of an undernourished crow, so soon does he cease to be a reasoning being. For let but a daughter of Eve appear within his vision — and Spring sits back

".......to leer and gloat upon her prey
"And look with malice forward to the day
"When he to her and she to him will say
"I do!"
Truly the beginning of April is the Feast of Fools! No wonder the March Hare was mad!

Let all who value freedom, peace and happiness beware! What fool indeed is he who falls in love in Spring! No sooner, peradventure, has he firmly set his thoughts upon an idle hope than June has come; his mind is otherwheres engaged. "What", asks Professor Boothroyd, "was the Model Parliament?" The Model Parliament" answers the love-struck swain, "was a gathering at Westminster to which all the M.P.'s brought their best girls and the Speaker granted recesses every moonlight night for committee meetings on the Thames Embankment". "What" demands Mr. Read, "was the Divine Comedy?" "The Divine Comedy" replies our hero, "was an Italian romance in which Romeo was jilted by Juliet for sending her a bouquet of flowers of sulphur." And so on, and so on.

Spring then, when it comes, makes not a visit but a visitation. By all it should be shunned with that same vehement energy with which one avoids mumps or a book-agent or a sarcastic professor. Let not even the word 'Spring' be found upon your lips, lest the sound of it lead to worse calamity. And when the weather is vilest and the roads are muddest and the rivers overflow their banks, say not to yourself "Spring has came!" but rather affect the sober utterance of an unromantic Editor and be satisfied to think that—

Winter has went.

* * * *

The Students' Federation

In the election of the representative of this university to the presidency of the recently formed National Federation of Canadian University Students, a singular honour has devolved upon Bishop's. More particularly, however, is the bestowal of that office upon the Senior Man elect a further and noteworthy tribute to Mr. Greene's reputation as an able executive, an excellent speaker and one of proven ability to attract and hold the confidence and esteem of all with whom his social, academic and political activities (pace Mr. William Lyon Mackenzie King!) bring him into contact. And from an impersonal point of view, the fact that the presidency and secretaryship of such an organization, extending as it does from coast to coast, should rest in Lennoxville cannot fail to assist in bringing the position of Bishop's University to a state of constantly enlarged publicity and repute.

The Students' Federation in itself bids well in commencing a life that may well be one of extraordinary usefulness. Its objects are such as cannot fail, in the measure of their attainment, to better the conditions under which student life now plays a large part in the development of Canada; and to bring to pass such facilities for inter-university fellowship and mutual co-operation as can only serve to the benefit of everyone concerned and to the consequent advantage of the country as a whole.
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Aurora

'Tis evening! One by one the stars peep out!
The crescent moon dips down towards the earth
And shines upon the pure white snow about.
The wind is still as is the family hearth
When left behind some pleasant Autumn eve.
But oh! The wintry cold, damp, frosty night!
The silent trees berefit of every leaf
Are stained with silv'ry frost, a gorgeous sight!

The quiet City's many lights reflect
Against the bright blue dome of peaceful Heaven;
When all at once, simple and unbedecked,
A pale blue cloud, before the north wind driven,
Appears to shine, a broken arc in form,
Far up above the great world's northern bound.
Wild colours flash as in a thunder-storm,
Scarlet and blue and green, but not a sound!

And now, at last, the golden cloud divides
To many sections. Then around in joy—
Like fairies dancing free with sprightly strides—
Around the fiery Sun, free from alloy,
Spin tiny clouds, and then with gentle motion
Form spiral columns thin with colours bright.
They fade away; like man upon Life's ocean
Are lost into the silence of the night!

E. Brakefield-Moore.

The Lenten Quiet Day was held this year on Lady Day with the Rev. W. H. Davison, M.A., Rector of S. John the Evangelist, Montreal, as conductor. Fr. Davison also preached in chapel on the following Sunday.

Bishop's again this year had the pleasure of a visit from Miss E. M. B. Warren, A.R.B.A., who maintained her reputation as a charming lecturer when she gave an illustrated talk on the highlands of Scotland in Convocation Hall on March the 22nd, under the auspices of the Alumnae Association.

The Lord Bishop of Fredericton visited the College in February and addressed the Divinity students in class, but the shortness of his stay prevented his preaching in chapel, which we all wished might have been possible.
The Mitre

GEORGE THORNELOE, Bp.

By the Ven. C. Wilfrid Balfour, M.A.
Archdeacon of Sault Ste. Marie

The writer never felt more the joy of the invitation "Let us now praise famous men" than with regard to the subject of this short sketch. But a restraint is laid upon his pen. He knows so well how this particular famous man dislikes the praise and commendation of men. And the writer has such love and loyalty for him that he bows submissively, and leaves the more than half untold.

The Rt. Rev. George Thorneloe is one of Bishop's most illustrious sons. For thirty years he was Bishop and Archbishop of the Diocese of Algoma, and for over ten years Metropolitan of the Ecclesiastical Province of Ontario. Both these positions he resigned but recently on account of ill health and advancing years.

Archbishop Thorneloe, as he will always by affection and courtesy be called, is the second son of the late Rev. James Thorneloe, and was born in Coventry, England, in 1848. Coming to Canada when but a lad he grew up in the City of Montreal where his father became Rector of St. Luke's Church. At first his inclination was to a business career, but he soon felt the call to the Sacred Ministry of the Church, and entered Bishop's College, Lennoxville, where, in due course, he graduated with high honours and much distinction. Ordained deacon by the late Bishop Williams in 1874, and raised to the priesthood a year later, his first parish was that of Stanstead, Que. In Stanstead the then Rev. Geo. Thorneloe ministered for eleven years, and so successful was his ministry that, when the large and important parish of Sherbrooke needed a Rector in 1885, he was called to this Capital of the Eastern Townships. Here Mr. Thorneloe built up a very strong parish, and raised a very large part of the fund which afterwards built the present beautiful St. Peter's Church. The writer has delightful memories of kind hospitality shown to him, and other Lennoxville students, by the Rector of Sherbrooke and the gracious and motherly lady of the Rectory, Mrs. Thorneloe. Also he still remembers Canon Thorneloe preaching in the College Chapel, and the inspiring services in the old St. Peter's Church which often attracted the College students. It was natural that the influence and ability of such an outstanding priest as Canon Thorneloe should go abroad and become known even beyond the limits of the Diocese. Consequently many recognitions were shown of the esteem and estimation in which he was held far and wide. He was made a Canon of Holy Trinity Cathedral, Quebec; became a University examiner for Lennoxville and also University Preacher; received from his Alma Mater the degree of D.C.L.; was elected Secretary of the Provincial Synod of Canada; was proposed for the See of New Westminster and also for the vacant Bishopric of his own Diocese in 1892.

There was no surprise then when, in 1896, upon the resignation of Bishop Sullivan, the Diocese of Algoma became vacant, Canon Thorneloe was elected to fill the vacancy. Having spent twenty-two years of his ministry in the Eastern Townships all will understand how many were the friends who rejoiced over his promotion to higher
office in the Church of God, but who grieved over the inevitable parting. The writer remembers well the excitement at Lennoxville and the holiday granted the College and School in honour of the preferment of a brilliant graduate, also the Convocation which followed at which the degree of D.D. was conferred upon the Bishop-elect.

The Consecration of the new Bishop for the Missionary Diocese of Algoma took place in the Cathedral at Quebec on the Feast of the Epiphany, 1897. Six Bishops were present, the Chief Consecrator being the Lord Archbishop of Montreal, the late Dr. W. B. Bond. At the festal Evensong that night in the Cathedral, Bishop Thorneloe was the preacher and concluded a very earnest and eloquent sermon with the words: "Therefore, holy brethren, cease not, as you labour for Algoma, and give to Algoma, and pray for Algoma's Bishop that he may be found faithful." That the prayers of the Church have been wonderfully answered by Almighty God Archbishop Thorneloe's thirty years of unremitting and self-denying toil for Algoma leave no room for doubt. Both to the duties of his holy office and to his beloved See of Algoma he has indeed been found faithful, and to this his long and fruitful episcopate bears abundant testimony.

When Bishop Thorneloe came to Algoma he found 32 clergy in the Diocese, whereas there are now 58. In like manner under his able administration and oversight the growing work brought increased Churches, parsonages, halls, etc., Fifteen missions have become self-supporting parishes. And the funds of the Diocese have marvellously improved. The Bishop soon showed much success in raising greatly needed sums, and great care and wisdom in husbanding these resources for the important ends which they serve. Perhaps $75,000 would have covered the invested funds of the Diocese thirty years ago, but today the total sum stands at over $300,000.

In 1906 affairs in Algoma had progressed sufficiently far to justify the erection of a Synod. So in that year Algoma became by proper procedure a "free and self-governing diocese". It was a great day for Bishop Thorneloe, his clergy and laity, when in June 1906 the Synod of Algoma, fully incorporated, met for its first session; and the whole Diocese felt how greatly this important step forward was due to the arduous labours and capable supervision of its Bishop.

But Bishop Thorneloe was to bring further distinction to Algoma, for in 1915 he was elected Metropolitan of the Ecclesiastical Province of Ontario, and becoming an Archbishop, Algoma became an Archdiocese. The Archbishop referring to his election said in his charge to the Synod: "It was no slight proof of the consideration now accorded to the work of Missions, that the Bishops of the Province were willing to make the Missionary Diocese of Algoma for the time being the Archiepiscopal See". This explanation of his election is very characteristic of the man. It is here that the writer would like to say something about the wonderfully attractive personality of the Archbishop, his high conception of duty, his many qualities of mind and heart which have so endeared him to his clergy and people and the whole Canadian Church, but he feels the restraint laid upon him and forbears.

It is only writing history though to add as proof of the Archbishop's devotion to duty and faithfulness to Algoma that he refused several calls to other more inviting fields of labour. He was elected Bishop Co-adjutor of Ontario, and Bishop of Ottawa three times over, but these tempting offers he refused because he felt Algoma needed him
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most. Here is the true Missionary! When he visited England in 1920, and was ho­

noured by a D.D. degree from the University of Oxford, the Archbishop of Canterbury

and Primate of all England spoke publicly of Archbishop Thorneloe as “one of the

great missionaries of our time.”

The services at St. Luke’s Pro-Cathedral, Sault Ste. Marie, the See-City of

Algoma, on the Festival of the Epiphany last when the Archbishop celebrated the Holy

Communion on his 30th Anniversary of Consecration; and on the Sunday following when

he handed over to his successor the Rt. Rev. Rocksborough R. Smith, upon his install­

ation, the insignia of his office, will not soon be forgotten. They were most affecting

occasions; but mingled with the praise and thanksgiving for all God’s blessings to the

Diocese and His servant, were earnest petitions that God would still preserve and keep

him that Algoma for a long time to come may have the benediction of his presence and

the fruitfulness of his prayers.

To the Editor of the Mitre:­

I rejoice to have the assurance which your letter gives me that I am still kindly

remembered in the old College where I received so much of my training for Holy Orders;

and at your request I gladly send you the following brief message for the forthcoming

issue of The Mitre.

It is more than 52 years since I entered the Sacred Ministry. I was made Deacon

by the late Bishop Williams of Quebec in the Chapel of Bishop’s College on St. Peter’s

Day, 1874. And now as I retire from active service, after an Episcopate of 30 years

in the Diocese of Algoma, thus making way for your gifted Dean of Divinity, the Right

Reverend Dr. Rocksborough Smith to take up the duties of that position, it is both a

pleasure and a privilege to enclose the few words of advice and good will for which you

ask.

No one can reasonably expect in any walk of life, a career of uninterrupted

achievement and success. As for myself, looking back through the long line of inter­

vening years to the days of my residence in Lennoxville, my chief feeling is, not a sense of

satisfaction at any great things I have accomplished, but rather a sense of discomfort

at my frequent and serious failures. For indeed I am sadly conscious of being far

from worthy of the esteem and praise of my many too-generous friends. I cannot there­

fore bid you work for mere worldly success; but I advise you to seek what is far nobler

and better. I bid you prepare yourselves, and live, with a view to doing your duty and

benefiting others rather than yourselves. So at the end of your career you will be able

to say, without fear of disproof, — “Whatever may have been my success in the eyes

of the world, I have, throughout the years of my life, tried to fear rather the disapproval

of God than the censure of man; to think more of fidelity to truth than of allegiance to

party, — and to be more concerned about integrity of character than the winning of

gain or praise.”

Easter tells us that no one can finally fail who associates himself through life,
in spirit and in truth, with the crucified but triumphant Redeemer of mankind.

I am,

With warm greetings and best wishes,

Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

March 14th, 1927

George Thorneloe,

Bishop.
The Mitre

Spring Madness

The sun, and the cool freshness of the morning, and the hunger of Spring in the air! The woods and the fields freed from their prison of melting snow — all of them beckoning to the springing life within him! When will the morning pass? And will the sun be shining still? And then — oh, what a joy to be able to respond to the call of the Spring without, and to the vigour of its touch within! And to speed freely and easily across the open turf, and to penetrate the windings of the woods, jumping the windfalls, leaping the little springs, ever on and on, across the springing carpet of the clover and over the muffled bedding of the leaves, turning and returning where and how he wills; renewing his youth, blowing the cob-webs of the class-room from his head, thrusting the winter’s languor from his veins, drinking in the fresh clean air; and with boyhood re-born exploring old paths for new, paths mysterious and enticing, traversing dark swamps, threading weird, uncertain trails, discovering old old cabins, emerging suddenly upon a clearing, but fleeing on and across and up the further slopes between the stately aisles of maples that are all but bursting into leaf; and on through the rough pasture, on and over its rich green clover, between its scattered trees, down its water-courses, and round between its knolls, until a steep bank before him and on either hand would bar his way; but breasting it he bursts out upon the open cultivated lands beyond and is halted breathlessly by the glory of the view that breaks away before him — the broad river valley that fades into the mists beyond, the valley with the silver windings of the river in its midst, the rolling farm lands on its either side and the wooded slopes and hills above and beyond them in the distance. And if the vigour of life is halted for a moment in the man, it seems to pass as it were into the view that lies before him. No — not lies, for in the freshness of their verdure and the vigour of the air, the hills with their woods and clefts would seem to stir and move and the little valleys with their rivulets and hollows would seem to dance and sing! But only for a moment — for the urge of life is strong, the breathless chase must be resumed and so on he goes into the undulating lands before him.

A farmer ploughing in the fields is passed and another one is met. And once again a halt is called and regretfully the communion with the wild and lonely life of Nature is broken by the slow and measured converse of mankind. Broken? No, rather fulfilled, for the converse is of things natural of man and beast, of home and weather; and the sense of the life and freedom is deepened by the sense of social ties and persevering care.

And so, rested and refreshed, he continues his course with re-doubled vigour, fleeting by a saw-gang near the wood-side, merrily chasing a ground-hog from its feeding ground, startled a collie searching for the cows — merrily back through the woods and pastures, perhaps just a little wearily now yet all the better for the plunge and good rub down that awaits him at the College. And so to chapel and to supper and, alas, back once more to the grind of study for the final June exams! Such is life, and lectures — yet such also is the very Urge of Life.

J.W.
H. S. Hodgins, Mgr., D. S. Rattray, E. O'B. Gould, Asst. Mgr., W. S. Smaill, Coach,
R. B. Scott, R. T. Holman, E. P. Hall, J. W. Johnston, R. D. Robertson, W. D. Stewart, T. A. Johnston,
THE HOCKEY SEASON

This year's hockey season, when we consider the calibre of the team, was very poor. One of the best hockey teams Bishop's has had for years, and one which was second only to Irish-Canadians in this district, finished third in the Townships League and last in the Intercollegiate race.

There are many possible reasons for such a showing. The team may have been over-hockeyed, but to many it seemed that they needed spirit. They did not train as they should have, but this can be explained partially by the fact that there was no training table. Say what you will, a training-table at least makes a team feel that it is in training. This lack of condition is shown by the number of games lost in the dying moments. But condition was not all that was lacking. Even to the most rabid supporter it seemed that the team was not fighting with all it had.

So much for theories; let us get down to facts. The inimitable Klein in goal played stellar hockey throughout the season; fronted by a defence which faltered at times, he rose to great heights and saved Bishop's from being swamped on more than one occasion. The defence-men while playing well on the attack were at times very weak and seemed to be wide open. They might well have made more liberal use of their bodies behind the blue line. We had two speedy sets of forwards who gave evidence of Mr. Smaill's coaching with a speedy passing attack which, although pretty to watch often seemed badly in need of a directing mind on the ice. As for the coach, he is more in need of our sympathy than our blame for the mediocre showing. He worked hard but was greatly handicapped by the number of men on the team who thought they knew more hockey than he did. However, when the men played as they could, Bishop's was represented by a well balanced aggregation which certainly deserved a better placing in both leagues.

As the season was a long one we will not attempt to write up the games but will summarize as follows:-

McGill at Bishop's: Away to an early lead Bishop's wilted badly and lost out 6 to 3.

Canadiens at Bishop's: The college was leading 2-0, but faded to have the game tied and lost in overtime 4-2.

Bishop's at Dartmouth: Dartmouth won 2-0 in a burlesque game on water-covered ice.

Bishop's at University of Montreal: The team journeyed to Montreal, where they played much improved hockey being nosed out in the overtime 3-2.

Irish-Canadians at Bishop's: After tying the game in its dying moments the University six lagged in the overtime to lose 6-3.

Stanstead at Bishop's: Bishop's played at top form, defeated Stanstead 3-2.

Loyola at Bishop's: Bishop's were out-lucked, losing 5-3.
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Bishop's at Lennoxville: Lennoxville waded through spiritless opposition to win 5-0.

Bishop's at Stanstead: In the return game at Stanstead the team showed a complete reversal of form to win 4-3 after two overtime periods.

Bishop's at Loyola: A half-hearted attempt was not good enough to win at Loyola, Bishop's losing 4-0.

Bishop's at Canadiens: Bishop's, aided by an ironclad defence, beat the Canadiens 3-1 in one of the best games of the season.

Bishop's at Irish-Canadians: The college sextette were beaten 5-3 but went down fighting. The better team won.

Bishop's at McGill: The team won its final game of the intercollegiate series, defeating McGill 5-3.

Lennoxville at Bishop's: The college couldn't be beaten and gave Lennoxville a most artistic trimming 10-3.

S. D. McM.

Re-Birth

Crow's idly fly
Through the clear sky.
Snows fade away.
Longer each day.
Springtime is here.

The river's dull song
Is heard the day long.
The southern breeze
Tells to the trees —
Springtime is here.

The sun's gentle hand
Awakens the land;
And cold Winter dies
As all Nature cries —
Springtime is here.

And in my dull heart
I feel the quick start
Of longings, of pain.
For I'm born once again
In the Spring of the year.

S. E. R.
A year ago I loved my childish romps,
But give me now the splendours and the poms
   Of cultivated femininity —
Organic chemistry and Latin comps
And surds and logarithms and indice,
The peccadilloes of Mi tiades,
   Binomial theorem and La Rochefoucauld,
And any earthly highbrow thing you please.

And, filled with satisfaction unalloyed,
With themes abstruser have I also toyed;
   Tracking the Ego’s furtive pranks, I flit
From Freud to Jung, from Jung again to Freud.

At every lecture seated right in front,
As soon as the professor starts to grunt,
   I copy down verbatim all he says:
This is a very profitable stunt.

Once in a while, fired by a burning zest
For knowledge (and to give my hand a rest),
   I ask a question, but from every point
Of view to hold one’s peace is always best.

Discreet experimenting now and then
Has made me expert in the ways of men.
   Coeducation has unsealed my eyes,
Though I was only born in nineteen ten.

Compact and rouge and lipstick, mighty three,
   (Peroxide also incidentally)
Of such sublime ingredients is composed
My quite unconquerable panoply.

I have a little hat all made of felt;
It is so cute, the hardest heart would melt
   On seeing it perched upon my locks, had not
The deathblow to those locks long since been dealt.
Sweet are the sinful thrills of sitting out
In safe seclusion from the vulgar rout;
But you will naturally understand
This is no proper theme to prate about.

I am not now as I have been of yore;
The sentiments I rouse one can't ignore
And (though, of course, I turned the idiot down)
I've been proposed to by a sophomore.

I keep the works of Cabell by my bed,
Or sometimes Guy de Maupassant's instead,
And Rudolph Valentino's bust upon
The mantelpiece like every good coed.

I know not yet what I should like to be,
When I go forth adorned with a degree.
It doesn't really matter very much;
The single life was never meant for me.

Oft is my burgeoning fancy fain to dwell
On swarthy shieks whose chests with passion swell,
Or on the raptures of a caveman's bride
After the manner of Miss Ethel Dell.

Some day I'll keep a caveman of my own,
Hirsute and taciturn and fondly prone
To show his love by pulling out my hair
Wisp after wisp and chuckling as I moan.

This be my epitaph when all is o'er:
Many her faults, but stays she never wore;
She used no smelling salts nor ever shrank
From doing what had ne'er been done before.

The Mitre desires to offer its congratulations to Dr. F. H. Cosgrave, M.A., B.D.,
upon his installation as Provost of Trinity College, Toronto. Bishop's was represented
at the ceremony, which took place on January the 15th, by the Rev. E. Burgess Browne.
M.A.
The editor sat at his desk and chewed a fat cigar angrily. "I'm sick of it," he muttered "Nothing but flaming youth and murders and sex appeal and prohibition jokes. Why doesn't someone write about old fashioned things for a change?" And he took another manuscript.

Now once upon a time (for this is a real fairy story) there was a bad boy. And he wasn't a little boy, so there was no chance for him to grow out of his bad habits. He had grown already, to the height of about 6 feet, and on top a face like an angry elephant — big ears, big nose, big jaws and big forehead. He was a very bad boy; so bad that I dare not describe his failings, for no one would believe them. He had foolish ideas too, and the most foolish was that he thought that there were no pretty girls in the world.

It happened on a day that the fairies were holding a meeting, in the land of Tir-na-n'Og. All the little folk were assembled there, and the hosts of the Sidhe sat in silence while the fairies reported the results of their investigations. So it came to pass that one little leprechaun in a green coat told them all about the bad boy — told them the things that can't be written down here. The fairy queen smiled wearily, for she had been a fairy queen for thousands of years, and though the novelty of her position had worn off, the responsibilities still remained. But she promised to do what she could about it.

After these three totally unconnected introductory paragraphs, the story shall begin at last. It was a fine spring evening, and the bad boy decided that the evening's study might well be postponed for a while. So, muttering an oath, he started out for a walk. But as soon as he got outside, he was glad he had only muttered the oath, and that no one had heard him, for it was the loveliest spring evening he had ever seen. The grass looked very green, and the trees were sprouting, and the birds were twittering in the hedges, and a soft breeze was sweeping up the hill. So just for once the bad boy felt satisfied.

As he walked along he came to a grey house covered with creepers, a house he had seen a hundred times before. But this evening there was something quite new, something almost impossible which struck his eyes. There was a pretty girl. Yes, a really honest-to-goodness pretty girl sitting on the veranda. She had brown hair, brown eyes, a brown smile, a — but this seems to be getting personal. Then the bad boy did something he had never done before. He turned aside from the road, and jumped up the verandah steps, two at a time, and said "Will you come for a walk." Before he realized to the full what he had done, they were walking together up the hill. But not arm-in-arm, for he was a very shy boy as well as a very bad one.

Yet though he was shy with girls, for he disliked them and the feeling was quite mutual, yet just for once he found that he could talk to one of them. Not about important matters, but about those little, foolish things which are so delightful — about rabbits and school books and mumps and grandmothers. So they went on up the road, talking,
nor did they notice if the hill were steep, nor if the roads were rough nor if the wind was cold.

But suddenly there came a bend in the road, and as they turned it, he stopped in amazement. For there, spread before him, were the fields of the blessed, the groves of Elysium, the land of the happy, or whatever that place be called where all things are the best. The setting sun sent its red beams across that delectable corner of the world, showing him sights that cannot be described, for no one would believe him.

As he stood gazing at the glory, a voice spoke, and he turned to see the really honest-to-goodness pretty girl beside him. But he dared not look into her face as she spoke. "I am the beauty of all the world, I am the true dream of poets. There is but one song in the world, the song of the heart in love, and for me is it written. By many names have many men called me. Some called me Helen the fair, some called me Venus, some called me Blessed Mary. Yet by whatever name, all men have known me. For I am the true love. I am the depth of the World's Desire."

So quietly, like a little child, he knelt. He took her hand, and raised it to his forehead, and left it there for a second, flesh lightly touching flesh. But he did not look at her face, for he was a very shy boy, as well as a very bad one.

As the sun's last beam quivered faintly into darkness, the fairy queen smiled, satisfied. Even the busiest official likes a job well done. The little folk smiled too, knowingly, for they had already noticed by long experience that even the worst people may strive to reach one star.

"Damn silly stuff, these fairy stories" muttered the editor. "Thank heaven this is the twentieth century." And he took up another manuscript.

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**Durham -- Ypres.**

Full on the massive towers the gentle sunset lay And touched with living crimson the age long stones of grey Beside their rock foundations the ancient river ran, And the peace which brooded o'er them, was not the peace of man.

Full on the fated city the hideous dawn appeared And marked with its cold grey light the ancient Towers upreared, Beside the Towers foundations a ghastly struggle ran And the power which won the struggle was not the power of man.

Each of us see the sunset, all have their struggles born, But the light that we all must live by is more than the light of dawn And the power by which we conquer the pathways yet untrod Is not the power of the mighty, but the very power of God.

M.H.W.
The resignation of the Most Rev. George Thorneloe, M.A., D.D., D.C.L., having been effective on the Feast of the Epiphany, the Rt. Rev. Rocksborough Remington Smith, M.A., D.D., Bishop-Coadjutor since September, 1926, and previously Dean of Divinity and Vice-Principal of the University of Bishop's College, was solemnly enthroned in S. Luke's Pro-Cathedral on the Sunday in the Octave of the Epiphany. A congregation larger even than that present at the Bishop's consecration filled the church. Mattins being ended, the Letters of Consecration of Dr. Rocksborough Smith were read by A. C. Boyce, Esquire, D.C.L., Chancellor of the diocese. Archbishop Thorneloe then administered the oath of office to his successor, and vacating his throne, installed the new Bishop therein. The Archbishop then read a formal address declaring his resignation after thirty years tenure of office, and the succession of Dr. Rocksborough Smith to the see: He handed to the Bishop his crozier as the symbol of spiritual authority, and as the concluding act of the service solemnly blessed him in the following words: "God, whose grace hath called thee to this office, be thine aid, and grant thee thy heart's desire; endue thee with judgment, knowledge, bounty, purity, lowliness and patience; establish thee in righteousness and holiness; and evermore grant thee His peace; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

"The blessing of God Almighty, the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, descend upon thee, and abide upon thee now and for evermore. Amen."

Shortly after his enthronement, the Bishop of Algoma preached for the first time on American soil when he pontificated in cope and mitre at a Sung Eucharist in S. James Church, Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan. The Bishop subsequently conducted a Lenten mission from March the 5th to March the 12th in S. Luke's Pro-Cathedral.

* * * *

The Bishop of Algoma and Mrs. Rocksborough Smith are leaving at the end of April to spend the summer in England, and will return in time for the General Synod. Dr. Rocksborough Smith has been invited to preach at one of the services during the Anglo-Catholic Congress meeting in July, probably at S. Alban's, Holborn.

It was a very gracious and delightful hospitality which the members of The Mitre staff had the pleasure of enjoying on the evening of February the 3rd, when Dr. and Mrs. Vial entertained in their honour. Six tables of bridge finally resulted in Miss Fuller and Miss Margaret Brewer carrying away the honours (no pun intended) among the ladies, and Messrs Gould and Dinan among the gentlemen. Miss Montgomery had a most unfortunate tally—to put it nicely—while Mr. Grundy was the Booby of the men. And when we reflect on what came after for the "inner man", one can only look forward to the pious hope of being on next year's Mitre Board!
The Tale of a Teapot.

This day to Mrs. Pinkham-Chase's at five o'clock p.m., she being At Home for the first time since the unforeseen demise of Mr. Pinkham-Chase's maiden aunt Letitia, at the ripe age of ninety-four. A goodly company present — Mrs. Rufus Trefusis Peabody, own cousin to the 14th Viscount Trefusis of Hackney; Mrs. Cumberland FitzGeorge, Lady John Handsomebody, Mrs. Stephen Clay-Banks, Miss Milly Blanchard, the Rector's sister; the Hon. Mrs. Jersey de la Vache; Miss Ada Bliss, leader of the intellectual spinsterate, and Mrs. Higginbottom, who was nobody in particular but went everywhere.

Mrs. Pinkham-Chase was half in and half out; — not, lest the reader misinterpret, that she had attempted to enter the drawing room by the window and got stranded amidsthips, but that she was neither in mourning nor out of mourning. In other words the much lamented Miss Letitia being sub rosa but eight weeks, Mrs. Pinkham-Chase continued to give visible evidence of her grief by wearing thoroughly black satin — relieved only by considerable quantities of real Point-de-Venise lace (which hadn't been on exhibition since Henry's father's leaky valves collapsed three years before after an overdose of Jamaica rum.) On the whole, the ensemble looked quite well; and after all, it was eight weeks — and here with Norah Ann Banks parading around in a vermilion hat and flesh-colored stockings twenty-seven days after she had buried her own husband! However, fools were born and not made, and with that philosophy Mrs. Pinkham-Chase made the most of life!

Over near the cosy comer Mrs. FitzGeorge — whose blood was the color of the Mediterranean — and Miss Bliss were indulging in an animated autopsy on the virtues of the deceased Duchess of Banbury — whom neither of them had known except through the gossip column of the Daily Mirror. Her late Grace, however, had been president of the Association for the Advancement of the Rights of Women, from which Miss Bliss had been expelled for asserting with more truth than discretion, that ninety per cent of the members were empty-headed busybodies. Thus Miss Bliss had reason to feel in her own heart, though protesting "I wouldn't say it for worlds!", that fate had done a decidedly beneficient act in depleting the strawberry-leaf section of Debrett by one duchess.

Across the room the shrill voice of Mrs. de la Vache reached them:
"Really I think .........."

"Remarkable!" marvelled Miss Bliss under her breath, in the tone of one suddenly confronted by evidence of the miraculous.

Mrs. de la Vache was both stupid and talkative. She was sixty and a little more. At the age of thirty-five she had started counting over again and attempted to live the part — with indifferent success. From behind, at a hundred yards, with a sport
coat and coquettish hat — she might have been what she tried to be, twenty-five. From in front, at close range, she looked like nothing on earth. Her hair was bobbed and scanty, of a color similar to that which a liberal admixture of wood-ashes, corn syrup and rain water would produce, and her voice was like the cackle of a discontented hen. Her skirts now came to about two inches above the ankles, but she had once tried having them several inches shorter — until a friend who collected old furniture and knew a spindle when she saw one, sent her a copy of "The Awful Disclosures of Maria Monk" with an 1890 fashion plate pasted on the cover. The skirts dropped forthwith. Everyone sympathized with the Hon. Jersey, who was quite a good sort, and all wondered how he had ever got himself wedded for life to such a woman. Miss Bliss decided he must once have been a freshman at college and never learnt better; while Lady John, whose spouse was High Church and harmless, decided he must have been like Lord John — "My deah husband, you know!" — and married out of sympathy. But then Lady John had an inferiority complex and was quite proud of it — Ada Bliss had helped her discover it.

At this juncture tea arrived in the arms of Viola. Viola was the maid; her full name was Viola di Gamba Smith, her father having intended her to be musical when she grew up. Instead something happened and she went into service, so the di Gamba was dropped and Viola became Goddess of the Dishpan for the Pinkham-Chase household. She was a little inclined to be absent-minded, and had once attempted to slam the milkman and give two tickets to the back door; but generally speaking was reasonably intelligent.

Mrs. Peabody and Mrs. FitzGeorge took lemon in their tea, not because they liked it, but because it was smart. Miss Bliss took sugar, not because she liked it, but because all the rest took either lemon or cream alone. Mrs. Pinkham-Chase went one better and took it straight — like her husband.

"I think Father Jones is a dear and I don't care what you say!" came in shrill tones from Milly Blanchard sitting near the window. Mrs. FitzGeorge, who had recently succeeded in getting her name on the committee of the Ladies' Branch of the Church Association in company with a Dowager Duchess, three Marchionesses and the wife of the Lord Privy Seal, had been airing what she thought ought to be her views on the churchmanship of the new curate. "He's a Papist in disguise" she averred with considerable heat, "and a Roman spy and a scarlet..........". Here Miss Blanchard's voice, having a range of two tones higher, won. "He is NOT!" she shrieked; "and what's more my brother says if the people who talk so much would shut up occasionally..."

Mrs. Clay-Banks at this juncture smirked so hard at the churchly row opposite her that she spilled her tea, and scalded her left knee so badly that she must needs repair to the pantry, there to apply baking soda, assisted by Viola — who helpfully suggested a Seidlitz powder.

Mrs. Pinkham-Chase thought it was about time to change the subject. "Where do you suppose I met that awful Mrs. McTavish the other day?" she began in her most intriguing tones. "Some dowdy place, I suppose!" interjected Miss Bliss, with conviction. She had a happy faculty of killing two birds with one stone. At this sally, Mrs. Peabody tittered, almost audibly. She loved these afternoon teas. "And she eats asparagus with a fork!" triumphantly added Mrs. Higginbottom, who had been kept more
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or less comatose up to this point by the frequent application of crumpets, lady fingers and more tea. This asparagus tip, concerning the relative values of fingers and forks, she had got out of the Book of Etiquette and was immensely pleased at being able to display her knowledge.

Out of the corner of her eye, Mrs. Pinkham-Chase saw Mrs. Peabody gently canting her empty cup on its side. She smiled. It was the only bit of Crown Derby she possessed, and the mark was quite plain. She only hoped Mrs. Peabody, having discovered the truth, would not keep it to herself!

From the hall a grandfather’s clock, made two years before and bought with a century-old pedigree, chimed six o’clock. Mrs. Peabody made the first move. She sighed resignedly. She said “I think its getting late!” in the approved manner, and then made a graceful exit. So likewise did they all, except Mrs. Higginbottom, who was so busy in swallowing the last macaroon on the plate that she missed her signals. However she finally departed too, reminding herself by way of consolation that tomorrow’s gathering of the Ladies’ Benevolent Society was the one meeting in the month on which refreshments were served.

T. A. J.

THE BASKETBALL SEASON

Basketball, thanks to the faithful who have turned out all season and to the work of Captain Bob Robertson, has been quite successful this season. The team was organized early in December and after Christmas got away to a good start and as yet they are improving steadily.

The squad at present is made up as follows:

Right Forward — Loomis, Read.
Left Forward — Robertson, Bouillon.
Centre — Rider, Kenney.
Right Guard — Wade, Sprigings.
Left Guard — McMorran, Caulfeild.

Bishop’s again entered the Sherbrooke City League this year and at present have played three games. The first game of the schedule was played in the College gym on March 3rd against the Rand Drill Team. This was a real combat and all that the word implies, except perhaps the presence of an ambulance, medical staff, etc.

After the forty minutes expired, however, the home team emerged winners by a score 24-16. It is interesting to note that a total of 32 personal fouls were awarded in the course of this game.

The second game, against Hi-Y, proved to be a more exciting one and also exhibited a better brand of basketball. Bishop’s entered the game with a line-up short of the regulars Loomis and McMorran, but in spite of the handicap played one of the best games of the season. Robertson, Read and Rider on the forward line gave an ex-
The Mitre

cellent exhibition of passing which led them under their opponents' basket time after time but all to no gain — for the long shooting of Hammond alone accounted for 18 of the High School's 31 points. Final score 26-31. The Hi-Y team are, with all due credit, a hard working five. Their passing, shooting and defense system are very effective and with Hammond at their head would go a long way in any interscholastic play-off.

On March 16th, the College aggregation closed in combat with the Y.M.C.A. team in the Sherbrooke Armoury and provided Bishop's seven supporters with an interesting game. The College had one of the strongest teams of the year on the floor and as a result the game developed into a serving competition. For the greater part of the game one team had equally as much chance of winning as the other but the Y. broke away in the last five minutes and gained a nine point lead over the College. The final score was 49-40 in favour of the Y.

The exhibition games this year have been quite numerous — in all numbering seven. Although we have won only one game of the seven in our own gymnasium, yet we have managed to collect four victories from the seven games. This would seem to indicate that the College play a better game of basketball away from home but in reality it means that their style of play is suited to a larger place — for at times the shooting of the forwards is not to be compared with the game in its other phases and consequently a team which can not shoot as well as their opponents are lost on a small floor.

The usual interchange of games was held with Macdonald College, the first one being played in Lennoxville and the second at Ste. Anne's. Macdonald emerged victorious in the first struggle after a ten minute overtime period had been played but Bishop's in the second game showed a greatly improved system stimulated by a spirit of greater determination and consequently led Macdonald all through to win by a small margin of three points.

We wish to proclaim here that we were entertained royally at Macdonald and received support in a maximum degree from a large gathering of spectators. As a matter of interest to the readers of this article one of our supporters, a M.A.C. student and a former Bishop's man, cheered so loudly for Bishop's that his fellow students deemed it necessary to give him an impromptu introduction to the swimming tank, clothes and all.

On March 12th, the team played in Ottawa against the Cathedrals, city intermediate champions, taking the game from them by a score of 31-24 and adding to the favourable impression made in Ottawa last year. A large share of the credit for this victory was due to "Crow" McCaw, who then played his first game of the season for the College. The following is an extract from the Ottawa Citizen illustrating the opinion held by Ottawa basketball fans of the College Squad.

"In the Bishop's College-Cathedral Boys, the visitors led by a magnificent display of shooting from the court on the part of McCaw, a big forward. He greeted the homesters with a shower of baskets in the first half, shooting from any position on the court with equal accuracy and before they came down to earth they were a defeated team, as Cathedral Boys could not catch up the big deficit although out-scoring the visitors in the second half of the game. It was a lightning fast exhibition and Bishop's who make an annual appearance here have always given such an exhibition and are one of the cleverest Intermediate teams in the East and in McCaw have a real great scorer."

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CITY LEAGUE GAMES.

Bishop's - 24 — Rand - 16.
Bishop's - 40 — Y.M.C.A. - 49.

EXHIBITION GAMES.

Bishop's - 35 — Stanstead College - 10
Bishop's - 19 — Sherbrooke H. S. - 32
Bishop's - 20 — Sherbrooke H. S. - 22
Bishop's - 15 — Macdonald College - 21
Bishop's - 19 — Macdonald College - 16
Bishop's - 31 — Cathedrals (Ottawa) - 24
Bishop's - 32 — 1st Presby. Church (Montreal) - 11

A. S. K.

CO-ED BASKETBALL

Despite the fact that we have been unable to obtain many outside games the Co-ed basket ball team has had a very successful season. With “Peg” Fuller as Captain and “Art” Caulfeild again acting as coach, for which service we are deeply indebted to him, every effort has been made to arouse enthusiasm among the girls. Basket ball is the only athletic activity that the Co-eds have and it is to be regretted that more do not take an interest in the game. There should be enough material among the girls to form a league in the College, and thus give the first team every opportunity for practice, and, at the same time, make the game more interesting and more profitable for the new players.

Unfortunately a series of accidents has kept Peg out of several of the games since Christmas. However we had Margaret McKindsey and “Joey” Barnett from last year’s first team, Phyllis Van Vliet, Thyra MacAulay, “Gwennie” Matthews, Mary Brewer and Gladys Hambleton, all of whom played last year. Among the freshettes who helped the cause along are Olga Jackson and Margaret Brewer — our star forwards, to whom much credit is due for our victories — Amy Belford, Eileen Montgomery and Geraldine Seale. The hard work and good sportsmanship of those who have turned out have resulted in a great improvement on the part of every player, which fact in itself testifies to “Art’s” splendid coaching.

The following is a list of the games played this year:

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<tr>
<th>S. H. S. at Bishop’s</th>
<th>Bishop’s</th>
<th>Opponent</th>
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<td>Bishop’s at S. H. S.</td>
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<td>Stanstead at Bishop’s</td>
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<td>12</td>
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<td>Lennoxville at Bishop’s</td>
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Arrangements have been made for a trip to Quebec on April 9th, when we will play the Y. W.C. A. there — so we are hoping for yet another victory.

C.M.M.
B. H. R. White, H. C. Vaughan, Miss C. M. Martin, R. Gustafson, Miss J. MacKinnon, E. E. Massey, H. H. Calder,
Miss M. Burt, A. T. Speid, Miss D. Arkley, Miss M. Fuller, J. D. Jefferis.
"The time has come," the Critic said,  
"To write of many things. 
Of plays, of plots, of counter-plots, 
Dramatic clubs with kings. * 
And if the students study hard 
Or dream behind the wings."

"But wait a bit," the actors cried, 
"Before you start to write. 
What know ye of dramatic clubs, 
The pain of opening night?"

"Oh, nothing," said the Scribbler. 
Their faces paled with fright.

[* 'Kings' should read 'presidents'. The latter word, however, did not rhyme well, and the former is much more British anyway.]

And so it is true, that one who knows little about a subject, can write easily upon it, while one who is well versed in the same matter, will approach it with timidity. I, then, find it a simple task to write briefly upon "Green Stocking," a comedy presented by the Bishop’s University Dramatic Society at His Majesty's Theatre, Sherbrooke, on February 24th, 1927. The editor has requested it; may the punishment be upon his head.

"The play's the thing 
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king."
said Hamlet. And I, in turn, say that the play is the thing upon which I can vent my spleen; for any criticism must have a little vitriol in it (see Mencken, Nathan, Benchley, et cie,) if it is to be read with interest. "Green Stockings," (A. E. W. Mason), in the final analysis, does not deserve a place even among those plays whose qualities are average. The story is simple. It is that of an unhappy girl who tries to find happiness by creating an imaginary lover. The wheel of Fate spins; the lover materializes. Complications. Happy ending. But it is not a good play. To begin with, it is based on improbabilities, and its development depends upon improbabilities.

The letter incident is an extreme co-incidence, even granting that Smith is a well known name. And further would any sensible Colonel do what the gallant Smith did after the fortunate arrival of the 'slush' epistle from the emancipated Celia? I think not. Add these facts also: the general structure of the plot is mediocre; its unravelling is spasmodic, with gaps as dead as the Dead Sea; and its dénouement is as weak as a day old puppy. And add again: the comic element is most uncertain and some of the lines are far worse than the romantic babblings of a first year Arts student. "I would blush, and blush, and blush, until my cheeks would drop off," says Celia (or words to
The Mitre

that effect), while later, that man of action, Colonel Smith, softly says, with a catch in his voice, "Yes, he has waited twenty minutes, but I (extra heart beat here) — I have waited twenty years." Twaddle, I say, and I'll say it again if needs be. Twaddle.

But there are times when medicority is elevated by good presentation and clever interpretation. That is what happened to "Green Stockings". As presented by the Dramatic Society it really was quite a digestible morsel that left a feeling of comparative satisfaction after taking. Thanks are due to the actors. They were clever, for they greatly amused with the little they had. And this is especially noteworthy, as the Society was as lost when it first found itself deprived of the invaluable services of the beloved "Rocks." With the aid of Mr. A. T. Speid and with the whole hearted co-operation of all members, however, the Society took a firm grasp upon things, and by the night of the play it was not only presentably equipped, but excellently equipped for a public appearance.

Who could wish for a better Celia than Miss Dorothy Arkley — among the amateur ranks that is? The beaten and subdued daughter of the first act, she became the radiant, joyous, independent soul around whom pivoted the second act. True, she sank to despair in the third act, only to rise again, and her portrayal of moods (they were many) was so convincing, that I could have easily believed that the Dorothy of third year Arts had been metamorphosed into the Celia of English society.

Celia's bosom companion and helper, Aunt Ida, as interpreted by Miss Margaret Fuller, was a most charming and kindly lady, though a bit prudish, of, let us say, the middle forties. And she really was sympathetic and helpful — that is, until, by an unhappy trick of Fortune, she became ever so slightly inebriated. After that she was not only useless, but a burden upon the hands of the distracted Celia. How the honest Pepys would have enjoyed this side of the play, had he been there! He surely would have written in his beloved diary: "After dinner to His Majesty's house to see 'Green Stockings', a comedy given by the student actors. And surely there was a comic part in it where pretty Peg Fuller, who did play the part of Ida, gets somewhat befuddled from the over-taking of brandy. I laughed right heartily at her unsteady gestures and manner, even after the play and until I had passed Paul's on the way home. Her cleverness, I confess, doth attract me mightily to her. So to bed."

The bombastic father, William Farraday, who rolled unsteadily through stormy seas to the intermittent booming of "God bless my soul!", found an able and clever interpreter in the person of J. D. Jefferis, president of the Society and a tried veteran of the stage. "Jeff's" constitution fitted the part as smoothly as a hand fits into the right sized glove. The majestic depth of his voice, the magnificence of his carriage, the reality of his moods, either at bridge or at mourning the dear departed, clothed the dramatic skeleton of Farraday in such a striking garb of reality that William Farraday Jefferis will live long before he quietly sinks into the tomb of a forgotten one.

Mr. Speid, actor-producer, played opposite Miss Arkley in the two-act role of Colonel Smith, veteran of the South African role. He carried his part easily and naturally. He laid siege upon the heart of Celia in the most approved of manner. He came, and he conquered. He did it most pleasingly.

The feverish political role of Robert Tarver was, for Hambly White, like milk to a starved kitten. He lapped it up. He was perfectly at home on the stage. He
talked over the chances in the Lumely division as easily as he recites statistics from the Canada Year Book. And he courted Miss Phyllis with a suavity and rapidity that belied his youth. But then, this is not the age of Victoria. The effervescent Miss Phyllis, ever gurgling sweet bits of emptiness about her 'darling Bobby' was played by Miss Marion Burt. It would not be quite right to say that her part came to her naturally, for personally I have no love for the young things of the Phyllis family. Let me say, rather that Miss Burt left a definitely favorable impression, which certainly justified the choice of the casting committee. The roles of Lady Trenchard and Mrs. Rockingham were taken by Miss J. MacKinnon and Miss C. Martin. The tasks assigned were not heavy, but a certain amount of good acting had to be done. The results were not disappointing.

H. C. Vaughan played the grizzly sea-dog, Admiral Grice, and he carried the part in a manner which augurs some excellent things in the future. Raleigh and Steele, represented by E. E. Massey and Ralph Gustafson, were the deadly rivals, who introduced some really good comedy, and some of milder vintage. And H. H. Calder handled the cups and saucers, saw visitors in and out, bought army lists, performed various household duties, all with such solemn and efficient precision, that he should never lack employment in the years to come. "What a frightfully jolly idea," will say Sir Topper, "to have a bachelor of Arts for a butler. Fearfully posh, what!"

So much for the play proper. But what of the mechanical part of the proceedings — the scenery, the lights, the tickets, the publicity, the programmes, the costumes, the what-nots and the this-thats? Well done, well done. And many thanks are due to those who did it, including the entire executive and their assistants.

Yes, the 1927 play was a success, and if the future never brings forth less, there are bright days ahead for the Dramatic Society of Bishop's University.

The editor's command has been fulfilled. May you who read be lenient unto us both. For I started to do something of which I knew nothing, and I have finished I know not where.

S. E. R.

A Sonnet to Lucrezia

There is a lady whom I love and know
Better than all who grace my yester-year.
White is her brow as is the driven snow,
Her dark eyes smile as if they know no fear,
And gaze steadfast at me, though I draw near
To search the deepest centres of her thought.
Her lips — ah well, they're kindly lips, and dear
To me, her form, a gem of beauty, master-wrought.

And so, Lucrezia, sweet Cupid's fatal dart
Has pierc'd me so that I his victim fall.
To thee, divinest, then I give my heart,
My goods, my chattels, and my very all.
And in this world, may Fate us never part —
Though you are but a picture on my wall!

— Titus L,
The Bishop of Calgary

On the Feast of S. Matthias last, the Very Rev. Louis Ralph Sherman, M.A., D.D., lately Dean of Quebec, was solemnly consecrated Bishop of Calgary in the Pro-Cathedral of the Redeemer, Calgary, in the presence of a large and distinguished gathering of bishops, clergy and laity.

The Most Rev. S. P. Matheson, M.A., D.D., D.C.L., Lord Archbishop of Rupert's Land and Primate of All Canada, was the consecrator. Present in the sanctuary were the venerable Bishop Pinkham, whom Dr. Sherman succeeds; and the Lords Bishops of Edmonton, Kootenay, Qu'Appelle, Brandon and Cariboo. The Bishop of Kootenay preached the sermon, in the opening part of which he paid a notable tribute to the years of service which Dr. Pinkham had rendered as a diocesan bishop of the Church in Western Canada. Dr. Doull then spoke of the early life and training of the Bishop-elect, as one who, "nutured in a church from which the indelible stamp of a strong, sane, well-balanced Catholicism, implanted by John Medley, can never be effaced", had gone through Bishop's College, Lennoxville, and finally taken an honours degree as a Rhodes Scholar at Oxford. In his work as a priest in London, Dr. Sherman had learned to love God's poor and to witness the Gospel in action amid sordid surroundings, and so to know the power of the Catholic Faith to bring joy and strength into the lives of those who lacked all that ordinarily made for the physical and mental well-being of mankind. Later he had exercised the cure of souls in three Canadian cities. Now the time was come, the Bishop said, when Dr. Sherman was to continue his Apostolic ministry of laying up treasures for Christ in the great country of the west. He stood now on the borders of the promised land, with the way prepared for him by a beloved predecessor.

Dr. Sherman wore for the first time the pectoral cross given him by the Cathedral parish, Quebec, and his episcopal ring which was the gift of his former parishioners at Holy Trinity, Toronto.

* * * *

On January the 27th the Bishop-Elect of Calgary came to Lennoxville from Quebec to receive from his Alma Mater the honorary degree of a Doctor of Divinity. In the unavoidable absence of Mr. Chancellor Meredith, the Principal presided as Vice-Chancellor. The Bishop of Quebec presented Dr. Sherman for his degree, and spoke in glowing terms of his service to the church in the Diocese of Quebec during his comparatively brief tenure of office at the Cathedral. The Mountain Professor spoke for the University in declaring the affectionate regard in which Dr. Sherman has been and will continue to be held at Bishop's, and it was especially fitting that this tribute should have come from one who as Warden of the Divinity House had Louis Ralph Sherman for one of his "lambs" in The Shed — almost twenty years ago. Dr. Sherman, in his reply, expressed the profound sense of indebtedness which he would always feel in look-
ing back to his university life and to the men who had guided his life during that period. He paid a particular tribute to the influence of two priests, since dead, whose names will long be remembered in the history of Lennoxville — Dr. Alnatt and Dr. John Hamilton.

Thus it is that in the Bishops of Algoma and Calgary, Lennoxville has given two members to the Episcopate of the Canadian Church within the space of six months — one a Dean of Divinity, and the other an alumnus and member of the Board of Governors.

On Indolence

It is pleasant to speak sometimes without superlatives. It is pleasant to advocate a cause when one seeks to mitigate too harsh a sentence. It is pleasant to defend what all men attack, especially when such championship is safe; and all these things make it pleasant to speak of Indolence.

Purpose, Energy and Industry have their own apotheoses. With every rising sun the world sacrifices at their shrines. The busy hum of toil is an endless song of praise to them. Through them the surface of the globe has been carved by the labour of countless generations into a mighty bas-relief, which, like Achilles' shield, tells the story of their deeds.

And yet men pronounce their petty eulogia, build their little monuments to these principles in themselves all honored, and cast the leavings of their prose and verse, their holy horror, and trenchant wit, and crushing irony at poor peaceful Indolence, whose very nature makes her an unresisting foe.

Is it wrong to seek the bright spots on a tarnished escutcheon, to parry a few blows where so many fall, to think that Satan finds some mischief for other hands than idle ones, or to think that inertia is not the most destructive of forces?

Sloth has certainly been a very great impediment in the path of material prosperity. From her realm progress is banished. Her subjects live an endless dream. Each generation slides into the cast-off garments of its predecessor, too indolent even to change their pattern. Their history is an unvaried record of idle peace and lazy war, and they make it as coral insects do their islands, only by their death.

But while Indolence has thus checked the advance of those nations in which her rule has been paramount, her influence on the race has not been all for evil. It is, perhaps, providential that the basest national characters are most slothful—a connection not usually that of effect and cause, except that men of high and lofty aims are less often subdued by Indolence.

Thus those races, which have retarded and might have crushed growing civilisation, have been overcome by its more energetic champions. Had imperial Rome possessed the energy of the barbarians who crushed her decaying power, Europe might yet wallow in the foul vices of the Caesars. Had the Oriental hordes who bore westward the banner
of the Prophet displayed the determination of the Europeans who fought for the Cross, the Koran might be the Bible of the world today. Did heathendom possess the pluck and purpose of civilization, the progress of religion might be stopped. God advances Right as much by weakening its assailants as by strengthening its adherents.

Energy works evil as well as good. Today it covers a land with happy homes, adorns it with the glories of art, binds it together with railroad and telegraph, lights it up with church and school-house. Tomorrow it will go forth with torch and sword, and leave behind a desolate waste. The harm that Indolence does is at least negative. It retards the machinery of progress, but never reverses it. If it does not know the sound of loom and anvil, it is also ignorant of the dissonant clash of arms.

But even if we admit that slothfulness is harmful to temporal prosperity, it is not therefore regarded as a foe to aesthetic development. In the mist before the drowsy eye of Indolence there may flit the phantoms of superstition, but there float also some of the loveliest shapes in all the realm of fancy. The efforts that exorcise the dark spirits banish the bright ones also. From the idle brains of artists and poets have sprung creations of beauty which all our toiling world can never equal. Poetry is rarely the product of a laboring brain, often the outgrowth of a quiet heart.

But if all will still vilify the ease for which most battle all their lives, if these thoughts cannot save the reputation of Indolence, we must remember that if an enchantress, she is the fairest of them all. Avarice, Anger, Ambition, cast their victims into an earthly hell. The pleasures they present are only pains disguised. Memory and Imagination cease to be the fountains of joy, and become the poisoned sources of agony. Remorse perpetually plies the scourge and rack. Indolence leads her slaves by golden chains through scenes lovelier than the fabled isle of Circe — a land seemingly always rosy-pink with the dying afternoon, yet never dying; a land of drowsy dreaming, where castles and gay gardens flushed with a summer sky, pass in vague mistiness before the half-shut eye.

The votary is deaf to the call of Passion and Ambition. He endures no defeat, for he struggles for no victory. He has no suffering, for he lives beyond the reach of present trouble in the misty hereafter. The future to him is not a contingency to be fought for, but a certainty to be enjoyed. The airy palaces his imagination rears defy all assault. In Indolence does the soul recognize its features and read its destiny, for —

"The dark enigmas which perplex the sense
Fade in the wisdom born of Indolence."

C. H. S.

The following have been elected to the Students' Council for the academic year 1927-28: President, L. I. Greene, Clarenceville; vice president, A. S. Kenney, Kazubazua (acclamation); secretary-treasurer, S. Martin Banfill, East Angus (acclamation); president of the Dramatic Society, G. T. Brownlee, Ottawa; president of the Literary and Debating Society, C. Howard Church, North Hatley; manager of football, F. Donald Wallace, Magog (acclamation); manager of Hockey, E. O'Brien Gould, Bedford (acclamation); manager of basketball, A. E. L. Caulfeild, Ottawa.
This is not a review of Anita Loos' amazingly clever diary of a "gold-digger", because I feel sure that almost everyone has formed his or her own opinion of that brilliant production and in so doing has chuckled aloud at least once over some part of it. This is no more than a comment on the much debated assertion that "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" — the truth of which has been critically tested by statistics in every magazine and paper published during the past year!

If it is true its hard on the brunettes! However if one stops to think about it, one will realize that the particular "blonde" they (the gentlemen) happen to prefer is probably the one among six or seven brunettes. Herein lies the secret of the much truer statement — "Gentlemen prefer ....... something different!

If one has ever noticed half-a-dozen girls get into a street car — or anything else that half-a-dozen girls get into — wearing the same hair-cuts, the same felt hats, the same "wrap" to their similar coats, the same colored stockings and the same pumps— they will probably realize just why this is so. Unless, perhaps they happen to be one of the six — and then, of course, they won't have noticed.

"Lorelie Lee" has shown us all how to "put it over" on the gentlemen who show such preferences — so the idea is if you are not a blonde — make them think you are! This should not be done by the use of peroxide or other "short-cut-to-popularity" methods, but by so displaying your own virtues of individuality that they will have labelled you "preferred" before they even notice the colour of your hair — then of course it is too late!

If you have a blonde rival don't remark that her hair looks faded, and so call the attention of the man in question to the fact that it is blonde — but try to make them realize that in a diving cap she'd look just like every other girl except yourself.

Eve was probably a brunette — but whatever the colour of her hair it was undoubtedly her own peculiar individuality that caused the downfall of the first male!

Figures show that several million blondes are taken out to dinner every night — but think of the brunettes that are having dinner in their very own homes! Being a blonde isn't everything — Madame Pompadour was more or less of a success, but from the ears up her powdered tresses probably looked very much like everyone else's.

The Sphinx of Egypt has been the fascination of all ages — but it is not the colour of her "bob" that has intrigued generations of the Sons of Adam!

So Cheer-up, Brunettes. Biologists tell us that in a few thousand years there will be no more blondes anyway — so why want to dye?

And if you are a blonde — don't bank too much on this one accident — you're quite likely to wake up some morning a brunette — atmospheric vagaries have been known before now to produce such disasters!

C.M.M.
Obituary

The death occurred on March the 14th, after a week's illness, of Ella Boothroyd, widow of the late Francis Boothroyd, of Bradford, Yorks, England, and mother of E. E. Boothroyd, Professor of History in the University of Bishop's College. Mrs. Boothroyd had lived here for several years with her son, and had gained the affectionate regard of all who knew her, both in college circles and without. The funeral was held in the College Chapel of S. Mark on the afternoon of March the 16th, and was very largely attended. The office was taken by the Principal, except for the Lesson, which was read by the Rev. G. Ellery Read, D.D., minister of Plymouth United Church, Sherbrooke, and the final prayers, which were taken by Professor the Rev. H. C. Burt, M.A., Professor the Rev. F. G. Vial, M.A., B.D., D.C.L., and the Ven, R. W. E. Wright, M.A. Rector of Lennoxville, were also present in choir habit, and the Rev. E. K. Moffatt, B.D. was amongst the congregation. The chief mourners were Professor and Mrs. Boothroyd, and the pallbearers Messrs Teakle, Stevenson, Hoyt, MacKinnon, Rider and Greene. Two hymns were sung, "Love Divine all Love Excelling" and "For All the Saints", as well as the ninetyeth Psalm, and practically the whole student body followed the remains to Malvern Cemetery, where the Principal officiated at the committal.

To Professor Boothroyd and his family The Mitre offers its sincere sympathy.

The death occurred in Montreal on the eve of S. Matthias of the Rev. Gustavus George Nicolls, M.A., who was a son of the first principal of this University. Mr. Nicolls, who had been attached to the staff of the Church of the Advent for more than twenty years, was seventy-five years old. A Master of Arts of Oxford, he had been at Oriel College and later at Wells for his theology. He was licensed to the curacy of Warminster in 1879; came to S. Matthew's, Quebec, as curate in 1882; was appointed Rector of Jamestown, R. I. in 1884; was at Lexington, Mass., 1888-89; Rector of Holy Trinity, Levis, 1889-91; S.P.G. Missioner at Shigawake, Que. 1892-93; Rector of Riviere-du-Loup 1893-93, Rector of Fitch Bay 1898-1901; Rector of Mulgrave 1901-03 and priest-assistant at the Church of the Advent, Montreal, since then. The funeral was held on February the 25th, the Requiem being said by Fr. Little early in the day, and the Bishop of Montreal assisting at the Burial Office later. The Bishop of Quebec was also present. The Mitre offers its sympathy to Mr. Jasper Nicolls in his bereavement.

The University Library is to receive a number of books as a bequest from Mr. Nicolls.

We regret to record the death, which took place in Montreal on March the 23rd, of Dr. Lansing Lewis, a member of the Corporation of this University and one of the
leading laymen of the Church in this province. Dr. Lansing Lewis, who was in his 74th year, was for many years a prominent figure in the financial world, living for many years in Winnipeg before returning to Montreal, his birthplace. He was an active member of the synod of the Diocese of Montreal and sometime warden of S. George's Church. He received the degree of D.C.L., *honoris causa*, from Bishop's in 1913. He was also a Governor of the Montreal Diocesan College and of the United Theological College of McGill. The funeral was held in Montreal on Lady Day, and Bishop's was represented by the Principal and Dr. Vial. To Mrs. Lewis and her family The Mitre offers its sincere sympathy.

The Mitre desires to offer its sympathy to Mr. Justice C. D. White, a member of Corporation, upon the death of his sister, Miss Eva White, who for many years had taken an active interest in all that concerned the welfare of Bishop's. At one time Miss White was a leading member of the college Dramatic Society. Several members of the faculty and a number of students attended the funeral, which was held from S. Peter's, Sherbrooke, on February the 16th, the Rev. W. H. Cheverton, the Rev. W. H. Moorhead, the Ven. R. W. E. Wright and the Rev. O. G. Lewis officiating.

The Lake in Winter

As I stood by the lake in the cold winter wind,
Gazing over its broad expanse,
I could not but think with a tender mind,
How cruel is the pierce of winter's lance.

Instead of the glimmering, rippling waves,
Bounding and leaping towards the shore,
All is now a white field of caves —
A silent, sullen, and icy moor.

The cold breeze swept o'er the lake with a blow.
The gaunt trees their shadows dimly cast,
The dark night closed on this field of snow,
Held firmly in its frigid clasp.

All that was radiant is sombre and black,
No vessels clothe the lake this night,
It stretches far to the sky and back,
A victim of the winter's might.

That which is sad and once was gay,
And now is but a gloomy sight,
That which is sad and once was gay,
Recalls to me the lake that night!

Dennis B. Ames.
Although, to-day, the Charleston is all the rage, although it has millions of disciples the world over, yet the tale of its origin, and the story of Chin Gon, the enterprising celestial, are, sad to relate, not publicly known.

About the year 4000 B.C., in that great empire of the East, China, lived two citizens of Hang Cow, Chin Gon and Chop Suey. These two were the closest of friends, and were known by their neighbors as Day Vid and Jonah Thin. One night, when they were at the semi-ripe age of twenty-one, they were visited by a strange and terrible dream. They were told that the Third Baptist Church of Hang Cow had wandered from the true faith. So they conspired together how they might wipe out this nest of heresy, and one midnight, they set it on fire. Now arson, in Hang Cow, is punishable by death. The two friends were captured and tried by String Upp, the Lord High Executioner, who was also Minister of Railroads, Attorney-General, Censor of the Movies and Morality Inspector.

It was the custom of the land that when two crooks were found guilty of a capital crime, one was sentenced to be hung by the neck until dead and the other was given free board and lodgings in a government institute. So they drew lots and Chin Gon got the free board and lodgings. Chop Suey, however, was to be imprisoned with him until the next public execution, which was to be held in three years’ time. It was, by the way, during this interval that Chop Suey invented that delight of epicures which bears his name. The patent lawyers found it difficult to grasp at first, but soon they became expert, and it was chosen as China’s national dish.

But to return to Chin Gon. There was in his cell but a single window, two inches square. Through this, Chin Gon could see but one thing. That was the Muck-Doo’s imperial sign-manual, which was emblazoned on the roof of the government power-house. This greatly resembled a headless imp with legs straight to the knees, then pointing outwards at right-angles. This Chin Gon had often seen, but when it became the only thing of the outer world which he could look upon, he attached peculiar significance to it. For the next two years he regarded it as if it bore a relation to his own fate, but he could not think how to turn it to good account. One night, however, he dreamt that the figure took human shape, the two limbs becoming a man’s legs. He immediately jumped out of bed, pulled on his pyjamas and posed exactly as the device which he could see through the window. He then completed the step, took another with the opposite foot, and, la! the Charleston was invented!!!!

During the next six months he perfected it and at last showed it to his warden, who was much impressed. That functionary took Chin Gon before the Governor of the gaol, Sing Sing by name, who was thoroughly astounded. He referred it to String Upp, the Lord High Executioner, who in turn referred it to Won Bum Lung, the Minister of Public Works, who took Chin Gon to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Chin Gon was
The Mitre

finally exhibited to the Muck-Doo himself. He was immediately granted a pardon and the special privilege of having rice pudding given to him by the State on the second Tuesday in every rainy week.

Soon every one in China was doing the Charleston. This turn in public sentiment resulted in three thousand, one hundred and ninety-six Baptist churches being burnt. So delighted was the Muck-Doo that he granted Chop Suey not only a release, but conferred upon him the exalted position of Chief Cook of the Kingdom, with precedence immediately after the Prime Minister, and Court Barber.

As this accounts for the origin of this popular dance, it may interest some to know that the "Black Bottom" was the offspring of the Charleston. It happened thus. Several centuries after Chin Gon's time, a few negroes were captured and brought to China for execution. The reigning Muck-Doo, however, was noted for his clemency, and ordered that if the leader of the negroes could do the Charleston, their sentence would be reduced to imprisonment for life. The leader, on the appointed day, stood on the scaffold and made his Terpsichorean debut. The result was so ludicrous that the multitude were filled with but a single thought. They rose and shouted "Look Like Lice", which is the Chinese for "Black Bottom". From that day forward the Charleston and Black Bottom, by the Muck-Doo's most gracious command were "By Royal Appointment" throughout the Empire.

R.P.D.

Exchanges

The Mitre desires to acknowledge with thanks the following exchanges:
The Gateway, University of Alberta; The Sheaf, University of Saskatchewan; The Black and Gold, S. John's College School, Winnipeg; McMaster University Monthly; the Oakwood Oracle; the Trinity College School Record; Officers Training Corps Gazette; the Windsonian, King's College School; the Trinity University Review; The Lampadion; the King's College Record; the Grove Chronicle, Lakefield Preparatory School; the Quebec Diocesan Gazette; The Argosy Weekly, Mount Alison; The Brunswickan, University of New Brunswick; the Dalhousie Gazette; the Stonyhurst Magazine, Stonyhurst, England; the Shield, Haddonfield High School; the Johnian, S. John's College, Winnipeg, and the Algoma Missionary News.

The Mitre desires to acknowledge contributions in the present issue from Mr. S. E. Read, Mr. J. D. Jefferis, Mr. J. W. R. Meakin, Mr. Morley Headlam Wells, the Ven. C. Wilfrid Balfour, the Most Rev. George Thorneloe, Mrs. F. G. Vial, Miss Dorothy Dutton, Miss Catherine M. Martin, Mr. E. Brakefield-Moore, Mr. Dennis B. Ames, Mr. R. P. Dawson, the Rev. T. V. L'Estrange, Mr. G. F. Savage, Mr. C. H. Shaw, Mr. A. S. Kenney, Mr. S. D. McMorran, Mr. L. I. Greene and others.
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ODDS AND ENDS

The interpolation of a bit of advertising 'filler' in the report of a sermon produced the following enormity in the columns of the Sault Ste. Marie Star on the Monday after Christmas:

"The girls are now wearing silk stockings made from spruce bark.
"Glory to God in the Highest, and on Earth Peace to men of Goodwill!"

According to the Canadian Churchman, the Ven. H. A. Cody has been appointed Archbishop of S. John. Is this another example of Maritime rights?

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Great sayings of famous men: Adams — "T'aint up yet!"

---

The age of miracles is not past. In the report of the installation of the Provost of Trinity, the Toronto Mail and Empire writes enthusiastically: "The reading of the Latin prayers, concluding with the "Pater Noster", the college song with its Greek phrase in the singing of which graduates of the 60's joined with undergradutes of 1927, ...were all indisputable evidence that throughout the invasion of time and modern progress, things remain unchangeably." In our opinion only a Kyrie Eleison, sung in Hebrew at a Unitarian Convention could equal the spectacle!

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According to a notice displayed in the town early in March, recitals would be held in Convocation Hall on "the four first Saturdays of Lent". In retrospect, we consider the third half of the programme on the second first Saturday to have been the best music of the series.

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The Mail and Empire reports the Dean of Windsor, in a lecture on Church Music, as declaring: "The Confessional, for example, should not have as a background a brilliant musical setting." We are inclined to agree with Dr. Baillie — even in Toronto.

* * * *

You don't have to be crazy to dance the Charleston — but it helps.

* * * *

A silly young woman of Ryde,
Ate apples all day till she died;
The apples fermented
And she was tormented
With cider inside her inside.
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Probably one of the greatest steps towards mutual co-operation and the bringing about of intimate relationships between various groups of students in Canada is seen in the formation of the National Federation of Canadian University Students, which held its first session in Montreal during the Christmas holidays. Representatives from practically all the universities in Canada were present, and questions of large importance to all present and future students in our educational institutions were discussed. Mr. L. I. Greene of Bishop's was elected President, Mr. Jean LeSage of the University of Montreal, Vice-President; and Mr. Percy Davies of the University of Alberta, Secretary-Treasurer.

The Federation aims at bringing about a better understanding and exchange of ideas between eastern, central and western universities; to secure privileges in reduced railway fares for students travelling between universities; for better arrangements for debates and athletic events; for an interchange of under-graduates; and to the formation of a 'clearing house' of ideas between the various universities on matters of student government, publications and student activities generally.

A hasty view of the objects of the Federation makes one realize the immense possibilities of such a movement. The need of more agencies to bring about something approximating a unity of ideals in the Dominion is becoming more apparent and perhaps a better start could not be made in this direction than by bringing the students of today, who are to be the citizens and leaders of tomorrow, together so that they may come to a clearer comprehension of the problems facing the different sections of the Dominion and be therefore better equipped to aid in their solution when the duties of mature citizenship devolve upon them.

Today in the Dominion probably the most formidable obstacle to progress is sectionalism. One sees this in economic, political and social life. We seem to fail adequately to recognize the wholeness of things, to envisage our social and economic development in its entirety.

With courage and endurance we are ready to undertake the huge task before us. That task can be accomplished if we all realize its nature and significance. Its solution can be brought about only by mutual confidence, mutual exchange of ideas and mutual trust. And this is precisely the motive underlying the establishment of the National Federation of Canadian University Students.

---

Mr. Philip J. Turner, F.R.I.B.A. gave an exceedingly interesting lecture on Liverpool Cathedral, illustrated with lantern slides, in Bishop Williams Hall on the evening of S. Patrick's Day.
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THE MOCK PARLIAMENT

On March the 30th, the State Opening and formal session of the second Mock Parliament was held as a public function in the City Hall, Sherbrooke. A large number of Sherbrooke and Lennoxville people were present, and the debates were marked by much vigour on either side, interspersed with a good measure of wit and humour. Mr. S. M. Read, M.A. acted as speaker, while the State Opening was performed by the Principal, who acted as Governor-General and wore his scarlet robes as a Doctor of Divinity, with orders and decorations.

The Conservative Government was led by the Rt. Hon. L. I. Greene; the official Liberal opposition by the Rt. Hon. J. D. Jefferis, and the Radical bloc by the Rt. Hon. T. A. Jarvis. The two main government bills were in connection with sending troops to China, introduced by the Minister of Trade, the Hon. C. T. Teakle, B.A.; and for reform of the Senate, introduced by the Minister of Labor, the Hon. C. H. Roach, M.A. On the latter of these the Government fell, and the House was dissolved.

Among the Private Members' Bills was one by the Radical Leader, revealing fraud and corruption on the part of the Prime Minister in promising to subsidize a brewery in consideration of a handsome contribution to party funds and an unlimited supply of free beer for himself and the Cabinet ministers. The Bill demanded the appointment of a Royal Commission. Despite support by the whole Liberal party, however, the measure was lost.

A. E. L. Caulfeild acted as Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod; F. G. Smith as Sergeant-at-Arms; R. B. Scott as Aide-de-Camp; and C. Gagnon and H. H. Calder as pages. Miss M. Fuller and Miss C. M. Martin occupied seats on the Government side and both made maiden speeches in support of the Government policy.

THE FORMAL DANCE

The Students Council may well be congratulated on the success of the Annual Formal Dance, held this year on February the 10th. The dance is one of the big events of the College year and is looked forward to for many weeks with eager anticipation. Nothing is spared to make it enjoyable, and the efforts this year were certainly as successful as ever. The decorations were extremely attractive, the colour scheme being red and white in honour of Saint Valentine, and everything possible was done to attain perfection. By means of much thought and labour a striking effect was attained in the artificial ceiling composed entirely of streamers of red and white crêpe paper, whilst from the edges of the domed roof multitudes of shorter streamers and red hearts depended.
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Several sitting-out rooms proved a great attraction between the dances. These were artistically decorated, one being done in purple and white, in which were displayed a number of college trophies, another in red and white in honour of our sister university, McGill, and a third in orange and black. A fourth caused much amusement being adorned with many signs and placards and the like collected about town for the purpose.

The red and white colour scheme was carried out in the supper room also, and during supper silver compacts were distributed as favours to the ladies present.

Woodard's orchestra provided the music for the thirteen dances which included an extremely popular "Moonlight Waltz".

The many guests were received by the Principal and Mrs. McGreer, Mr. R. H. Stevenson, president of the Students Association and Miss Margaret McKindsey, the senior lady student.

The guests included the members of the Faculty and their wives and numerous residents of Sherbrooke, Montreal and many places in the Eastern Townships. Mr. Frank Scott of Montreal was present and represented McGill University.


Alumnae Notes

The annual meeting was held at Dr. Vial's on December the 30th, with the following graduates present:— the Misses Vaudry, D. Seivright, M. Hume, H. Bennett, D. Dickson, H. Boyce, I. Nichol, M. Francis, M. Martin, R. Nichol, A. Bennett, E. Aitken, S. Burton and D. Dutton. The date of the annual meeting was changed and it will now be held at the annual Luncheon during the Easter vacation.

An Executive meeting was held on March the 15th, to make arrangements for the lecture on March the 22nd, and the Luncheon on April the 19th.

A Montreal Branch of the Alumnae has been formed. The officers are as follows:— Pres. Mrs. Campbell, (Florence Harvey); Vice Pres. Mrs. Graham (Maude Boyce); Secretary, R. Hopkins; Treas., Mrs. Lowry (Clara Buckland).

Mrs. Byrne (Marion Cox) has moved to Woodsville, N. H.

Lipsey - Parker. At 73 Brook Street, Sherbrooke, Nov. the 22nd, — Miss Persis Parker was married to Mr. Robt. Lipsey of Thetford Mines. Miss Ina Cobleigh was bridesmaid, and only relatives were present.

Miss Caroline Blampin is teaching in St. Mary's School in Garden City, Long Island.
The New Birks Year Book

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

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The following officers were elected at the annual meeting of the Alumni Association: President, G. F. Savage; Vice-President, A. M. West; Secretary-Treasurer, L. F. Martin; Executive committee, H. A. Mitchell, the Rev. E. Scott, H. R. Cleveland, Dr. I. Lowry, A. Woods and Dr. George Hall.

The Alumni Association announce the gift of a competitive scholarship of the value of $200 a year for three years, open to intending matriculants under conditions similar to those governing the Rhodes Foundation.

The Rev. W. H. Moorhead, M.A., has resigned the rectory of S. Stephen’s, Grand’ Mere, in order to accept the parish of S. Paul’s, S. John, N.B., vacant by the appointment of the Ven. A. H. Crowfoot, M.A. as Dean of Quebec. A graduate of Bishop’s, Mr. Moorhead served overseas as chaplain of the 117th Battalion, and subsequently held curacies at S. Peter’s, Sherbrooke, and the Ascension, Montreal.


The Rev. Alan Gardner, M.A. has been licensed by the Lord Bishop of Ottawa to the curacy of S. Matthew’s, Ottawa.

The Rev. Frank Taylor has been granted two years leave of absence from the Diocese of Ottawa, which will be spent in research work in England.

The Rev. Eric Irwin, L.S.T. and Rev. Harry Denton, L.S.T. have accepted curacies in the parish churches of Harrow and Eland, respectively, after spending several months at the College of the Resurrection, Mirfield, Yorks, England.

The Rev. C. G. Stevens, B.A. and L.S.T. (Bishop’s), M.A. (Columbia), Rector of Coaticook, has been appointed by the Lord Bishop of Quebec to the rectory of S. Stephen’s, Grand’ Mere, vice the Rev. W. H. Moorhead, resigned.

The Alumni Association are planning for a smoker to be held in Montreal towards the end of April, for a dance to be given by the combined Alumni and Alumnae Associations, and for a meeting of alumni at Lennoxville in the autumn.
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With fifty-seven paid-up subscriptions, the Alumni Association has the largest membership recorded for over fifteen years.

Frank Scott, B.A. (Bishop’s), B.Litt. (Oxon.), now in his final year in Law at McGill, has been chosen as one of a team of three debaters to represent that University in a trip to England this year.

The Rev. J. W. Hawkes has been licensed to the curacy of the Church of S. Columba, Montreal.

The Rev. R. H. Waterman has been appointed by the Lord Bishop of Ottawa to the rectory of Pembroke.

The Rev. G. H. Sadler, B.A., L.S.T., Rector of Combermere, has been appointed by the Lord Bishop of Ottawa to the rectory of Cobden.

The Rev. Charles Glover, B.A., L.S.T., who has been on the staff of the Church of S. John the Evangelist, Montreal, for the past two years, has resigned his curacy to accept a parish in the Diocese of Algoma.

Meeting Halfway.

(With Apologies to A. A. Milne)

Halfway down the stairs
Is a stair
Where I sit,
When I’ve a boy
Who appreciates
It.
We’re not at the bottom,
We’re not at the top.
We can hear
Anybody
In time to
Stop.

—Fairfax Downey in the Alberta Gateway.

* * * * *

Irwin B. Klein has been elected Captain of the hockey team for the season of 1927-28. Klein, as goal-keeper, has been an outstanding player for the past two years.

* * * *

Mr. Burrows has been seen in the dining room before nine o’clock twice during the past term. We trust the indiscretion will not be repeated as Mr. Dewhurst has a weak heart and is susceptible to shock.
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Bishop's College W. A.

During the past year, the fourth since the founding of this branch, there has been the usual number of meetings, preceded every month with a service of Intercession held in the Chapel.

In September the Dean and Mrs. Rockborough Smith left for Algoma. “Mrs. Rocks” was one of our most regular members and always ready to help to the utmost. We wish them both every blessing and success in Algoma, where the Bishop’s many gifts and great activity will have a wide field and where Mrs. Rocks has already won all hearts. Before they left a reception was held at The Lodge, when the members of the W.A. presented Mrs. Rocks with a silver entree dish.

Letters have been received from the Rev. Hollis Corey with interesting accounts of his work and also from the Revs. A. R. Lett, Cyril Goodier and Donald Macqueen.

Early in November Dr. Call gave a most interesting lecture on French Canada in aid of our fund for Mr. Corey.

On the 29th of November we held our annual sale of work.

In January a concert was given in Convocation Hall, under the auspices of the W.A., which was greatly appreciated by a large audience. The W.A. are most grateful to Mme. L. E. Codere for her kindness in arranging the programme.

In September a much loved member of our Society, Mrs. Jefferis, entered into rest, after a lingering illness.

In addition to paying our dues to the parent society, we have purchased four government bonds ($100.00) for our fund for Mr. Corey’s church in Japan. We also sent cheques to the Rev’ds N. R. Lett, Cyril Goodier and Donald Macqueen amounting to $40.00. The sum of $98.00 for social service has also passed through our hands.

We would like to take this opportunity of thanking the students for their help on many occasions and the readiness with which it has been given.

ISABEL VIAL, Secretary B.C.W.A.

Divinity House, Mar. 19th.

The following preached in the college chapel of S. Mark on the Sundays in Lent: March the 6th, the Lord Bishop of Ottawa; March the 13th, the Rev. H. C. Burt; March the 20th, the Rev. H. S. Laws; March the 27th, the Rev. W. H. Davison; April the 3rd, the Rev. R. A. Hiltz. On the Wednesday evenings in Lent, a hymn, the Bidding Prayer, and an address by the Principal took the place of Evensong, and these services were very well attended.

Mary: “I like the Dean better than I do the Bishop."
Mother: “Why, Mary, do you like the Dean better?”
Mary: “Well, the Dean says, ‘Finally’ and stops; but the Bishop says, ‘Lastly’ and he lasts.”

— Quebec Diocesan Gazette.
The Mock Parliament

The Speech from the Throne.
STUDENTS’ ACTIVITIES

THE C. O. T. C.

That we are not all bully beef and dry biscuits was amply proven when the Contingent concluded its first annual snow-shoe and skating party on Shrove Tuesday. Somewhat of a surprise move, even to the members themselves, the event developed later in the evening (so we are told) into the nature of a “flank attack”, for peace has its victories no less than war and there are other contours to be reckoned with and other things to make the heart flutter than are contained in paper tactics in “A” and “B” Examinations! This together with the enlivening tones of the orchestra combined to make the evening a great success and as we have hinted added spice to the drier rations of Gymnasium drill and Monday afternoons.

And further, that we are not all “Form Fours” and “As-you-were’s” was shown when 17 out of the 47 members of the Contingent assembled on Mar. 8th and 9th to write for the Certificate “A” and “B” examinations set by the War Office in England. Those who passed are:-


They are heartily to be congratulated on their perseverance. For these are they who emerged from a very trying practical examination in Infantry Drill and Tactics held on Feb. 16th. We think that few of them realized until then what it was to dare to be a Daniel and stand alone — alone under the critical eyes of the examining officer, with a squad before them which would not do anything, not even stop, without being told, and with a mind within them unutterably blank as to the magic words which would make them go, or come, or turn, or stand or whatever “the beastly fellow” wanted (“the beastly fellow” in question being Major Landon, R.C.R., to whom we are greatly indebted for conducting the examination).

We emerged however with a casualty of only one (and he by an unhappy chance) and are now hopefully awaiting the results of the written examinations. We say hopefully with some justice, for the amount of work devoted to and given by the candidates this year has been greatly increased — and this even with the pressing claims upon them of other student activities.

Ask them about the daily half hour lectures given by the O.C.; and ask some of the professors about them and the Wednesday lectures too. Ask Mr. Billings about the maps and books, but don’t ask the Adjutant anything. He is taking out papers as a Master Shepherd.

In closing we would add that a Certificate “B”, if obtained, entitles the holder amongst other things to the rank of Captain in the Canadian Militia. Similarly a
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Certificate "A" entitles the holder to the rank of Lieutenant. Since the Canadian Militia arrangements are based on a small nucleus of professional soldiers together with a number of partially trained militia, the whole forming the frame-work for a volunteer army in time of need, it will be seen that the work done in training candidates to qualify for proficiency in these ranks is most important and indeed is the real reason for the organization of the C.O.T.C. We therefore heartily congratulate those who have gone through with it this year and hope to see an even greater number following on in the years to come.

J. W. R. MEAKIN,
Lieut. and Adjutant.

The Literary and Debating Society.

No regular debates were held during the term, but the second session of the first Mock Parliament was held on January the 26th. On February the 18th the inter-university debates were held. Mr. Jefferis and Mr. Williams were defeated at Loyola, but Mr. Greene and Mr. Roach won at home against the University of Ottawa, the motion being "That the dictatorship of Mussolini is detrimental to the best interests of Italy"; the home team upholding the affirmative. On March the 4th, the Faculty of Arts won the first of the inter-faculty debates for the Skinner Trophy, successfully upholding the motion "That the Duncan Report should be adopted by the Federal Government." It was the intention of the Society, at the time of writing, to hold a public meeting of the Mock Parliament in Sherbrooke this term, as well as having the second—and this year the last—inter-faculty debate before the vacation starts.

During the term Mr. Jarvis, on account of other work, found it necessary to resign the secretaryship. In the annual elections to the Students' Council, held on March the 15th, Mr. C. Howard M. Church was elected President of the Society, succeeding Mr. L. I. Greene, who has been elected President of the Students' Association. The following are the officers of the Society for next year: Honorary President, Professor Boothroyd; President, C. H. M. Church; Secretary-Treasurer, D. N. Argue; Councillor, J. N. Wood.

D. N. ARGUE, Sec.-Treas.

Maths and Science Club.

Three meetings were scheduled for this term, two of which have taken place at the time of writing. At the opening meeting, Mr. Roach read a paper on "Personality in its relation to human needs" and at the second meeting Mr. Kuehner spoke on "Colloids". After both meetings refreshments were served. Professor Richardson has promised the Club a paper for its third meeting, but has not announced his subject. We hope to obtain two lecturers for next term.

S. M. BANFILL, Sec.-Treas.
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Concerning Co-eds

In the same issue with the account of the Co-ed basket ball season special mention must be made of the spirit exhibited by the girls in our game at Stanstead.

Generally speaking there has been a lack of genuine "College Spirit" among the Co-eds, — there has not been enough "pep" to put things over just as thoroughly as might be desired. This is unfortunate and is probably due to the fact that the girls are not in residence and consequently find it difficult to get together more. Each year the tendency is growing stronger to overcome this defect and to make the Co-ed body a more vital element in the life of the College. Evidence of this feeling has been shown in the formation of a Co-ed Amusement Club which is worthy of support from every Co-ed in the College, and which needs this support to make it a real success and to strengthen the bonds of comradeship among the girls of the University.

This year it has proved especially difficult to get enough girls out for basket ball to make our practices worth while — and this lack of interest seemed likely to encourage a spirit of pessimism among the members of the team. A lesson may be learned from our trip to Stanstead — handicapped by the absence of our two sturdiest defence players we felt that we were doomed to lose. By an unfortunate accident our third regular defence was kept out of the game for the first quarter, at the end of which the score was 10-3 for Stanstead.

With all the odds against them our team — every single co-ed's team — snapped into it and made up their minds that they were going to win. It is unfortunate that every student in the College could not have seen the splendid game those girls put up. We won by ten points and it was "team-work" that gave us our victory. When we can win a game that way we can do almost anything we undertake — every co-ed for every other co-ed and altogether for Bishop's — and thus we can come to be just as proud of the "team-work" of the Co-ed body as a whole as we were of the work of the basket ball team after that game.

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