

# Bishop's University

## Mitre Staff, 1909-10



J.S. BROWN	R. H. HAYDEN	M. B. JOHNSON	C. L. MORTIMER
Athletic Ed.	Business Manager	Arts Ed.	Divinity Ed.
C. G. HEPURN, B.A.	C. C. HINERTH	A. A. STURLEY, B.A.	C. H. SAVAGE
Alumni Ed.	Arts Ed.	Editor-in-Chief	Asst. Business Man.
			C. G. LAWRENCE, B.A.
			Exchange Ed.

# "THE MITRE"

VOL. XVII.

LENNOXVILLE, P. Q.

No. 5.

JUNE, 1910.

## KING EDWARD

(D. W. C. in "Cambridge Review")

Mourn the great dead ! An Empire mourns her King,  
Nor, in the amazement of a sudden grief,  
Can know that loss — can rightly mourn her chief ;  
Nor catch the message that deep knell would fling  
Far, far beyond these shores. Here dies a King ;  
But mark his greater worth, there dies a man  
Who framed his statescraft on a vaster plan  
Than petty spite and lust of conquering :  
No bars he knew of language or of race ;  
His weapons — sympathy and courtly grace.  
A people grieves — lamenting for a friend,  
The comrade of their worktime and their play ;  
Who sought not rest from harness till the end,  
But bore their burdean till the close of day.



# The Mitre,

A. AVERN STURLEY, B.A.	- - -	EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
R. H. HAYDEN, '10	- - -	BUSINESS MANAGER
C. G. Hepburn, B.A.	- - -	Alumni Editor
C. G. Lawrence, B.A.	- - -	Exchange Editor
J. S. Brown, '10	- - -	Athletic Editor
C. L. Mortimer, Div. '10	- - -	Associate Editor—Divinity
M. B. Johnson, '10	- - -	Associate Editor—Arts
C. C. Hinerth, '11	- - -	Associate Editor—Arts
C. H. Savage, '11	- - -	Assistant Business Manager

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

Terms \$1.00 per year in advance, single copy 15 cts.

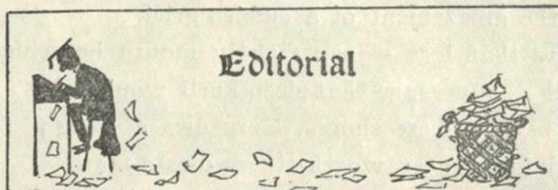
Contributors of Articles are entitled to receive three copies gratis of the number containing their articles.

Copyright will be secured on all articles sent to and accepted by the Editor-in-Chief accompanied by written request that they be copyrighted.

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

THE MITRE, Bishop's University, Lennoxville, Que.

Printed by THE COMMERCIAL PRINTING CO., 187 Wellington St., Sherbrooke, Que.



Suddenly have our heads been bowed down with a great grief. Like a flash of lightning came the sad news that for a time helped to make "the whole world kin".

Suddenly did the Angel of Death stretch forth its hand to take from us even the highest and the greatest of the sons of men.

The King is dead; and there is heard throughout the world "the noise of the mourning of a mighty nation".

His mortal remains have been laid to rest; but of him it can never be said that "the good" was "interred with his bones", for the name which he has won, and the good which he has done, and the peace which he has wrought can never be forgotten so long as stands that Empire over which he ruled so well.

How significant were his last words — "I think I have done my duty".

Truly



"Not once or twice in our fair island story  
The path of duty was the way to glory."

He will be counted one of the greatest of English Sovereigns, and his reign one of the most glorious.

To such names as Alfred the Great, Elizabeth, Victoria the Good, is added Edward the Peace-Maker.

With all the greatness and the power behing his throne, he ever strove for peace.

It was the Prince of Peace Himself who proclaimed His blessing to such, saying "Blessed are the peacemakers : for they shall be called the children of God".

To the widowed Queen and Royal Son goes out our sympathy, and to the King of Kings our prayers, that He who ruleth over all may guide them in the way of peace.

---

In laying down the Editorial pen, we wish to thank all those who have responded to our call so readily and given generously of matter and financial aid.

For financial help we are very grateful to the Corporation of the University and the College Dramatic Club for their grants of money.

The Editor-in-Chief feels a special debt of gratitude to the Associate Editors for the loyal way in which they have supported him, and to whom is due in the greater measure what credit or success may be claimed.

Last, but certainly not least, the Business Manager and his assistant deserve the highest praise for the energy and enthusiasm they have put into their work, and all credit for the splendid results attained. It is doubtful if the Mitre has ever had such an energetic and untiring Business Manager — he has always worked as though it were his whole work — and the exceptionally happy state of the finances of the Mitre is the best proof of the fact that we owe to him no small debt of gratitude.

Our thanks are due to Mr. A. V. Grant, '10 for his ready help in designing the new cover.

---

To the new Editorial staff we extend our best wishes for a happy and successful year of office.



## THE LIE CIRCUMSPECT

by A. V. GRANT '10

(Being the Prize Story in the Leroy Competition 1910)

"There are occasions", said Wallace, on which the Recording Angel looks the other way."

"Yes"? Being unable to lay claim to any expert opinion on the theological matters I did not feel called upon to commit myself on such a debatable subject. Wallace jerked his chair a little further from the fire and delicately deposited his legs upon the mantle-piece.

"Oh yes, there certainly are occasions" he repeated "What do you think of it?"

"Itû Oh this!" I had been standing before a large canvas which hung over the fire-place. It represented a crowd of London riff-raff waiting outside a Salvation army shelter; men and women of all ages and degrees of dilapidation were depicted, but one thing they all had in common — misery and starvation gleamed in each sunken eye. The picture was not a pleasing one and even to my inexperienced eye the handling seemed distinctly crude. "It is a strong subject" I hazarded. Wallace took the pipe out of his mouth. "It's a daub" he replied laconically.

We were in Wallace's studio situated in London. I had only arrived in town the day before and was paying my friend Wallace Drummond a call, not having seen him for five years. We had been chums at school but leaving the same term we drifted apart I, to the colonies, he to study painting in Paris. Wallace had made good and was now one of the most popular of the younger generation of portrait painters.

It was he who broke the silence. "Do you know," he said, "I told more lies in connection with that picture than the average electioneering agent tells in fourscore years and ten. But it don't trouble me" he added. "For shame" I murmured.

"Shall I tell you the yarn connected with that picture"? he asked. "I should like nothing better: Fire ahead".

Wallace wriggled a little farther down in his chair, replenished his pipe and having got it well alight, began—

"It was four years ago that I first settled in this studio. The one next to it, which is now empty, was occupied by a chap named Philip Bruce. He was a quiet chap and of a serious turn of mind. He had only two ambitions in life, but they were not what you would call excessively modest, one was to be the greatest painter the world has yet produced, compared with whom Angelo, Rubens, Velasquez, etc, would be mere pavement artists and poor ones at that, the other was to



regenerate the world, alleviate every form of human misery, and to bring about a sort of ante-millennium. He was a red-hot socialist and when he was not painting he was wandering around the slums getting data for a series of pictures which were to startle the world and unloose the purse-strings of the "plutocratic despots" as he termed the upper classes.

You see his plan was very simple, he would paint pictures showing the misery of the submerged tenth in its most glaring colours thus awakening the dormant sympathy which, according to him, lurked in every human breast, and the enormous prices which he confidently believed his pictures would fetch he was going to devote to philanthropic movements.

Unfortunately Providence decreed otherwise. She neglected to give him more than a very mediocre degree of artistic ability and also had endowed him with a pair of weak lungs which refusing to perform their functions one day, two years ago, precipitated him into the next world. That "—indicating the picture referred to—"was the first and last of the series. He spent two years over it and called it "Flotsam and jetsam". Poor chap; he and I had become great pals during the two years that we knew each other. Much of his spare time he would spend in here and whilst I worked he would tell me of his magnificent schemes. I fear I was not as enthusiastic as I might have been. "Drummond" he would say, you're a cold-blooded selfish bounder, I don't believe you care a brass button for your fellow men: "And then he would seize his hat and rush off to some philanthropic meeting, and work off steam on his great picture. As I said, it took two years to paint and long before it was finished his health gave way, it was only his pig-headed determination that enabled him to fight disease until the finishing touches had been put, then he broke down completely and took to his bed, which he never left alive. It was in the spring and he was desperately anxious to get "Flotsam and Jetsam" hung at the Academy. The picture, as you see, was hopelessly below par and there was not the slightest chance of its being accepted, but he fretted so when I tried to put him off that the doctor said his whim had better be indulged in. I then entered upon a course of deceit that would have qualified me for the chair of the most exclusive ananias club. I could not have done what I did had not the doctor told me that Bruce could not possibly live another ten months. Such being the case however I resolved to give the poor fellow at least "one crowded hour of glorious life", and laid my plans accordingly. Ye gods! but I had a time of it, I wouldn't re-live the six weeks that followed for untold wealth. Fibbing systematically was not so easy as I imagined, to stand up and glibly tell lie after lie to him while his great eyes, smoulder-



ing with excitement, were fixed upon me seeming to pierce right into my thoughts. I tell you, it was just inferno ! And yet I did n't regret it, for he died happy. But I go too fast. As I said, I undertook to send his picture in and the next day hired a man to help me carry it out of the studio, down the stairs—where we left it. The following day I took it up again to my own studio where it has been ever since. Well I sent a little thing of my own in and a week later got a printed notice saying that it was to be hung. I scratched my name out and wrote in it "Philip Bruce" and entered the little room off his studio where he lay, with a fat smile and simulated excitement. "A thousand congratulations my dear fellow, it has been accepted !" The look in his face stifled any qualms of conscience I may have had. But that was only the beginning. "Varnishing day" came round and that evening I spent in giving him a glowing account of how excellently his had been hung and what favourable comments it had received. Lord, but how pleased he was and was all for getting up then and there and driving to Burlington House. Luckily he was too weak to stir. The Academy was opened in due course and then I had the hardest time. It chanced that he had few friends and those who came to see him I put up to the trick and we would spend hours vying with one another in telling picturesque lies. I invented press notices by the score. I have one here".

He got up and rummaged in a drawer. "Here it is. Its headed "Remarkable picture by young and unknown artist ! It is not often that the annual exhibition at Burlington House introduces us to a young artist of such striking ability as Mr. Philip Bruce, whose powerful picture "Flotsam and Jetsam" has created such a stir in the world of Art. Mr. Bruce has never before exhibited..." well I wont give you all of it but that is enough to afford you an idea of the sort of stuff we made him swallow. Then came the selling of it. Oh yes, I did the thing in style, would-be purchasers I invented by the score. I was getting a bit nervous by this time for he seemed to the getting no worse and I would be in the devil of a fix if he recovered. However, one evening when I brought him in a letter — from an imaginary art collector — I saw at once that he had taken a change for the worse, his breath came in gasps and he could scarcely speak. "Drummond" he whispered as I bent over him, "its nearly over, and the world will after all have to rub along without being reformed" he smiled wanely, after a few seconds he went on — "Dont sell the picture Drummond, I give it to you as a memento, I put my best into it" A few minutes later and he was dead. Well — that is all."

There was silence for some time. When Wallace had finished speak-



ing. He knocked the ashes out of his pipe and getting up went over to the window where he stood looking out. It was growing dusk and the fire was getting low. The deepening shadows were kind to the picture which hung over the fire-place softening the crude colouring and ill drawn lines. It was the artist best work and therefore sacred.

At last I broke the silence.

"Yes, there are times". I said.

---

#### AN IDYLL OF THE KING (WILLOW)

Now when the year was in the flush of spring  
It chanced that Connors, princeling of Magog  
Gazed on his warriors, busied at the nets,  
And idly marked who bowled and batted best.  
One was there huge of frame, and stout of arm,  
Who, flashing from the distance to the stumps,  
Hurled in the ball like Jove's dread thunderbolt.  
And as he watched, the heart of Connors swelled,  
For in this champion he perceived a means  
Whereby the sad defeats which, in past years,  
He and his followers at the joust had met,  
When in full shock the men of Bishop's College  
Had scattered wide the sticks, and tumbled down  
Batter and wicket in a common fate,  
Might be avenged. For Walters was no more,  
Like Arthur he had passed away, and gone  
Down from the college, where for many years  
His fame had melted the stout hearts of foes.  
So Connors mused upon the longed revenge,  
And as he watched the play he thought he saw  
The Bishop's wickets tumbling down in wreck,  
And all their men makers of spectacles,  
So swift and straight that mighty warrior bowled.  
Then rousing from his dream he sought his pen,  
And sent to Bishop's greeting, and defiance  
To certain jousts th' ensuing Saturday.  
At Magog, in a field hard by the mill.  
And from the men of Bishop's came reply,  
"Right gladly will we come and joust with you."



At cricket, or at any game ye will."

.....  
 So, on the day appointed, in that field  
 Hard by the mill ; so close that all the noise,  
 And clang of looms came rattling to the ear,  
 Like clash of arms in battle; and the smell  
 Of that green scum which floats upon the pond  
 Came sweetly stealing down the gentle breeze,  
 The lists were set : the crease rolled smooth and true,  
 The matting stretched, and all the appurtenances  
 Of that most noble game were furnished forth.  
 Beside the river rose a fair pavilion  
 Made bright with maidens' dresses. And there shone  
 Clear, in the midst, the meed of victory.  
 For Connors had made known to all the realm  
 That he who, in the jousts, by his straight eye,  
 Strong wrists, and well timed smiting, should secure  
 The highest score, should have for his reward,  
 Not gold, or gems, — too common they and mean,  
 For such a hero — but that potent drug  
 For which his realm was famous ; and which could  
 E'en in a twinkling bend the stubborn knee  
 Of the most mighty warrior; lay him prone ;  
 And cause the earth to heave beneath him, like  
 The waves of the storm-tossed Atlantic.  
 There it shone, high in a crystal vase,  
 Of cunning workmanship, crowned with a straw,  
 An ice-cream soda, of a pinkish hue.

.....  
 Forth from the pav unto the crease there passed  
 Two heralds, umpires of these mighty jousts,  
 "Clad in white samite, mystic, wonderful ;"  
 Anon the men of Magog took the field  
 As challengers ; then to the wickets came  
 Two knights of Bishop's, clad in silver arms,  
 And on their crest they bore the College colours,  
 Purple and white, and both their knees were clad  
 In greaves that glistened in the soft sunlight  
 Like Alpine snows ; while in their hands they bore  
 Great brands of willow, fashioned cunningly.  
 And one took guard, and dug himself a block



And braced him to withstand the direful blows  
 Of Heinz, the Magog bowler, And that knight  
 Moistened his hand, and gripped it on the ball,  
 And, moving backward to a distant place,  
 Turned, and all suddenly swooped down  
 Upon the wicket, as an eagle wiglet  
 Upon some choicest prey. So hurtled Heinz ;  
 And drave the ball with utmost violence  
 Against the opposed wicket. But the foe  
 Was wary, and returned the ball straight back  
 To Heinz. And thro' the pav, there ran a niss  
 As of a thousand serpents, for all men  
 Had held their breath whilas the two knights clashed.

.....  
 And so the jousts went on, and one by one  
 The Bishop's warriors heard that baleful click  
 Behind them, which the stricken wicket makes  
 when in the stumps the cunning ball is placed.  
 But not ingloriously they tell, for mightily  
 They smote such balls as were not of the best,  
 And still the score moved upward, till it reached  
 To fifty-eight, there stayed, for the whole team  
 Was out. And of the side Sir Stevo made  
 Top-score, for in that fair pavilion  
 There shone bright eyes, whose glance had pierced his heart  
 And fired his soul to do a mighty deed.  
 And so he smote right lustily, and drove  
 The ball full often to the boundary.  
 Till all the crowd shouted "Well smitten, sir !"  
 Then for a space the battle paused. At length  
 The Bishop's men moved to the field, and straight  
 The Magog batters followed hardily,  
 For in their hearts they said. "he is no more.  
 "Great Gipe is gone, and these be lesser men ;  
 Less fierce, less cunning ; them we well may smite  
 Full often, and run up a mighty score ;  
 Win victory, and avenge our past defeats."  
 But lo, the eggs they counted hatched not out  
 Each egg a chicken, as they hoped it would,  
 But that unwelcome bird the recreant duck.  
 True, Gipe was gone, but in his place there rose



New bowlers of the utmost hardihood,  
 Wary, and skilled in placing that red ball  
 In spots that would annoy the batter most.  
 And in the Magog ranks was bitterness  
 As, one by one, their knights were smitten down,  
 And back returned to the pavilion  
 With arms revesed, and their utmost score  
 Reached but to twenty-one. And so the jousts  
 Ended in triumph of the Bishop's knights  
 And Stevo won the prize of bravery ;  
 But as he gazed thereon he murmured low  
 "Nit rosy", and so passed to his reward,  
 A mighty banquet, served by fair young maids,  
 Where he was hailed the victor of the jousts.  
 But Heinz bit on his lip, and clenched his fist,  
 For he had ta'en no wickets, and had scored  
 No more than six, and all his mighty boasts  
 Were come, like curses, homee to him to roost.

### JOY IN A DOLLIVADY MAN'S HOUSE

"Taken from the writings of a Irishman"

DEAR SIRs :—

I take my pin in hand to inform you that I am in a state of great bliss, and trust that these lines will find you enjoying the same blissins. I'm reguvinated. I've found the immortal waters of yooth, so to spa-ke, and I am as limber and as frisky as a two-year-owld, and in the further, them boys which sez to me "Hallo me owld boy" will do so at the peril of their hazard individooally.

Well ! boys, I am very happy. My house is full of joy, and I have to git up nites and laugh ; some times I ax meself "is it not a dream ?" and suthing within me sez "it is Jim", but, bejorra, whin I look at thim sweet-little critters and hear 'em squawk, I know it is a reality — two realitys, I may say — and I feel very gay.

The other nite whin I was over in Dallyvady tostin my shins again the bar-room fire and amusin the krowd with some of my adventurs, who shood cum in bare-heded and holy exciēd but Jonny Dooley, who sez, sez he. "Jim there's grate fun in your house"

Sez I. "Jonny how so".

Sez he, "Bust me gizzard but there's grate fun", and then he laughed



as if hee'd kill hisself.

Sez I. (rising and puttin on an auster look) "Jonny I wood not be a fool if I had common-sense". But he kept on laughin till he was block in the face, and in a still small voice sed "Twins".

I ashure you gints that the grass did'nt grow under my feet on my way home, and I was followed by an enthoosiastic throng of my fellow sitters, who hurrard at the top of their voices.

I found the house chock full of people. There was Miss Square Baxter, Micky Killoolley, Perkinses wife, Taberthy Pipeley, yound Ellen Persuns and her pet cat, school Teachers, doctors, etsetter, etsetter. I never seed such a humbug in all my life.

I rushed in and seased my doubbel-barried gun. "What on eorth ales the man?" sez Miss Baxter.

"Sakes alive, what are you doing" and she grabbed me be the coat-tales. "What's the matter with you?" she continued.

"Twins maam" sez I "Twins" "I know it" sez she.

"Well", sez I, "that's the matter with me"!

"Put down your gun you ignoramus you" sez she.

"No maam", sez I, "this is a Nashunal day, and", sez I, (drawing meself up to me full hite) "on yonder ditch I'll fire me nashunal salute!" and sayin which I rusht out, taring meself away from her grasp, and I blazed away at Drumard Hill till a big police-man chap pulled me away by mane force:

"What are you doin there?" sez he

"What I like" sez I.

"Your braking the peace" sez he

"I'll brake your face" sez I

"I'll have to arrest you" sez he

"Ah go away and scrape clay on yourself", sez I.

"Get into your house" sez he.

"Ah go away you ommathan" sez I, or, I'll drive you down your own neck till I lave nothin sticking out but the entreme ends of your shirt-collar sticking out on your two eyes".

So with that, the police-man chap left me.

On entering the house I found quite a lot of people thare talking the event over. We sot there till the bewitching hours of the mornin, when the grave-yards yearn and gosts troops 4th as owld Billy' Shakespire obsaves in his dramy of John Neppord esq.

Now I wish to say that muther and childer are doin well and I heartly thank the nebers for their many acts of kindness, on that auspishus nite.



## REFLECTION

Can you tell me gentle reader  
 Why it is that roses bring  
 To the soul of every leader  
 With their beauty, oft a sting ?

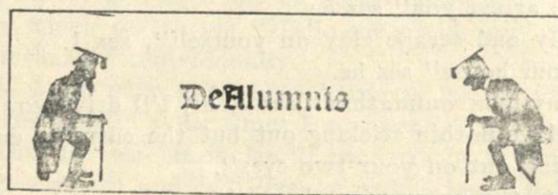
Why it is that neath their brightness  
 Soft and smooth and newly born  
 There is oft' a touch of sadness  
 Deep inlaid, a hidden thorn ?

Will you say 'tis an allusion  
 To our journey here below,  
 That our pleasure and confusion  
 Mingles with a touch of woe ?

Yet the rose, a fragrant flower  
 Adds its sweetness to the air  
 Why not we, — tis in our power —  
 Bring to sorrowing ones a share

Of that fragrance, of that sweetness  
 Which Our Lord in us instill'd  
 That we might in joy and calmness  
 See his message, Love, fulfilld ...

C. C. HINERTH.



We note with pleasure the high standing three of our Alumni attained in the final examinations of McGill University W. B. Scott B. A. led the 1st year class in the Law Faculty and also won a scholarship. P. S. Gregory B. A. obtained 2nd rank in a large class in 3rd year applied Science. G. K. Boright B. A. also did excellent work in his graduating year in electrical engineering.



Our heartiest congratulations are offered.

---

Rev. F. W. Carroll B. A. who has been in Silver City, New Mexico for his health, is much better and expects to take up active parish work again shortly.

---

The marriage of Rev. W. Balfour M. A. to Miss Katharine Thornloe takes place in June.

---

The engagement is announced of S. R. Walters L. S. T. to Miss M. Valpy of Gaspé Basin. We heartily congratulate him.

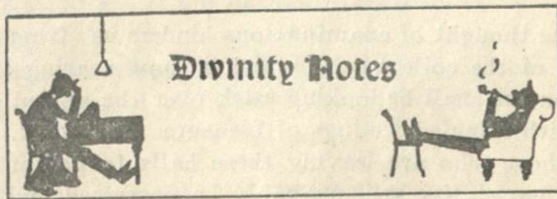
---

We were sorry to hear that Rev. H. H. Corey B. A. had the misfortune while travelling over a lake to go through the ice. The only discomfort experienced however was that of "having to drive 7 miles in his wet clothes".

---

C. Stridsberg B. A. who, during the past year has been at the Theological Seminary New York spent a few days with us a short time ago

---



It is with genuine regret that we hear that the Revd. H. F. Hamilton has resigned his position as Professor of Pastoral Theology, and Warden of the Divinity House.

We had hoped that the happy relations now existing between the Warden and members of the Divinity House, would long continue; and we were looking forward to a further enjoyment of friendly intercourse, in succeeding years.



But it is to be otherwise ; and we lose Professor Hamilton after this term.

We can only say that we are truly sorry that he should have decided to leave us. We feel that his presence in our midst has always stood for that which is good and true. His personal example in spiritual matters has always set a high ideal before us. His devotion to duty, at all times, and his able scholarship, have always commanded our respect. His readiness to assist any who have sought his help, has earned the gratitude of many of us. We were the losers, — if we did not avail ourselves, to the full extent, of that sympathy and willingness to help us — which was always there.

We can only trust that Mr. Hamilton's departure may be for his own welfare ; and that someday we may see him back again in our midst.

Meanwhile, all members of the Divinity Faculty join in wishing him every success and happiness in his future career, which we shall follow with affectionate interest.

---

The end of the Academic year is in sight. By the time these notes are in the readers' hands, we shall be, in the midst of the storm and stress of the University Examinations. Then stout hearts and cool heads will be needed, if we are to weather the storm safely. May the Fates be propitious, and send us fair breezes, and good success in our labours !

Just now, the thought of examinations hinders us from taking a retrospective view of the college year which is now nearing its close. But after Convocation we shall be looking back over the varied events of the year 1909-10., with mingled feelings of pleasure or regret. Which will predominate ? Those who are leaving these halls to go forth into the stern struggle of parish life will probably be possessed with a sense of sadness at the thought that college days here are ended. But, a part from this feeling, what memories has the past year for us all ? Much depends on the way in which we have used our time, talents, and opportunities. A college year is a miniature of our life on Earth, with its round of joys and sorrows, duties and pleasures, helps and temptations, opportunities and responsibilities. Upon how we meet the trials and difficulties of our daily life depends the strengthening or weakening of our character.



In the year which is now past we have had many opportunities of doing good, of exhibiting unselfishness, integrity and industry ; have we made best use of these ? We are all conscious, more or less, of duties neglected or but slovenly performed ; of things done which had been better left undone ; of kind words which we might have spoken — but which we did not ; in short we are all conscious of many the failings and imperfections in our lives. Now whilst it is wholesome to occasionally reflect on these things, (particularly at the close of a college year), we must not dwell too much on them. We have so much to do in this life that we have no time for *var*), we must not dwell too much on in regrets. Here after let us learn by our mistakes and resolve to do better next time.

The following lines from a some what obscure poetess, may serve to express our sentiments as we look forward with hope and steadfast resolve to a new college year, in which we shall have further opportunities for striving after the "white flower of a blameless life".

---

"True worth is in being, not seeming ;  
In doing each day that goes by  
Some little good thing — not in dreaming  
Of great things to do bye and bye.

For whatever men say in their blindness,  
And spite of the fancies of youth,  
There is nothing so Kingly as Kindness,  
And nothing so royal as Truth".

---

#### GUILD OF THE VENERABLE BEDE.

At a meeting of the Guild on Feb. 23rd a letter was read from Mr. L. R. Sherman.

Mr. Sherman described his life at Oxford, and also spoke of his experience as a member of the Christ Church Mission to the East London dock-hands.

---

Mr. Joss Hinchliffe who has just gone out to Gull Lake, Sask., has sent back a letter describing his journey out and prospects for missionary work.

The letter will be read at a meeting of the Guild in the near future.

R. ANDREWS,  
Secretary.



## BISHOP'S COLLEGE MISSIONARY UNION

The annual business meeting of Bishop's College Missionary Union was held in the Council Chamber of the College on Thursday evening May 19th.

A. A. Sturley Esq. B. A. presided.

There was a fair attendance of members.

The following were elected officers for ensuing year.

President : — Mr. C. L. Mortimer.

Vice-President : — Mr. Norman Snow B. A.

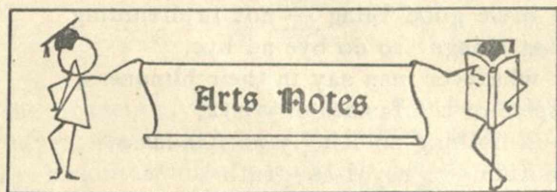
Sec.-Tres : ... W. H. Moorhead B. A.

Committee : — Messrs : A. V. Grant, H. F. Edge, R. J. Shires.

The Treasurer's report showed a considerable balance on hand.

W. H. MOORHEAD

Sect'y.



Since the last issue of the Mitre, everything has been very quiet, nothing has happened to break the routine of College life. All the students who are desirous of winning honors next June are under the "spell" of studying, (when there is nothing more attractive to entice them away).

According to all appearances we will soon be the proud possessors of a new boat-house, it is being built close to the bridge which crosses Massawippi River, the new building will be welcomed by all, for hitherto our canoes when not in use have been left stranded on the bank of the river, exposed to all kinds of weather, and to anyone outside of the College, who felt inclined to appropriate them.

Mr. Turner, B. A., who was a former lecturer in Mathematics at the



College, is spending a few days here among his many friends, it is needless to say that we all welcome him back, and hope that he will extend his visit as long as possible.

---

On Tuesday evening, May 3rd, The Churchwarden Club held their annual banquet at the Chateau Frontenac, according to reports a most delightful evening was spent, characterized by brilliant wit interspersed with toasts by different members. Business was also combined with pleasure for the following officers were elected for the coming year.

N. H. Snow, Esq., B. A. President.

A. V. Grant, Esq., '10, Secretary.

H. H. Dinning Esq., '10 Treasurer,

W. H. Moorhead Esq., B. A., Bell ringer.

The majority returned the same evening, thoroughly convinced that it had been an unqualified success.

---

The June exams. are approaching all too soon. No longer are the common rooms teeming with life. Text and note books are having "hard times". There is much discussion among the members of the graduating class, as to hoods and pictures, and frequent trips to Sherbrooke to get that "degree look".

We are pleased to welcome back Mr. F. O. Call our lecturer in Modern languages who has been ill at his home. During his absence his "first year" lectures were ably and successfully carried on by Mr. Brown '10.

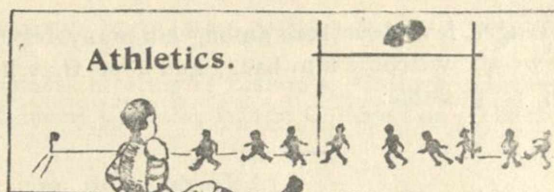
The fifth and sixth of May being free days several of the students seized the opportunity of making a short visit to their respective homes.

Mr. R. Dubreuille '11, Faculty of Law "Laval" called recently at the College and renewed the acquaintance made last year when "Bishop's" entertained a delegation from "Laval". He expressed his appreciation of the neat appearance of the College and grounds which is entirely due to the efforts of our Reverend Principal.

We are all pleased to hear that Mr. Wintle, who was with us last year, is gaining in health. He leaves the Sanitorium in the Fall, and will live out in the "open" for a year. He intends to re-enter "Bishop's" in 1911.

---





The first cricket match of the season was played in Magog, on May 14th against the Magog Cricket Club and resulted in a win for the College by 58 runs to 21. The college batted first and did some heavy hitting, Stevens making top score with 18. Mr. Burt and Scott did the bowling for the College and they were both in fine form each taking four wickets. For Magog, Wilson bowled well being responsible for six wickets.

## B. U. C. C.

## M. C. C.

Mr Hamilton b Riley	0	Meacock b Scott	0
Mr. Boothroyd b Connor	8	Riley b Burt	0
Stevens b Wilson	18	Wilson c Hamilton b Burt	0
Sturley b Wilson	11	Hodgson run out	6
Andrewes c Hodgeon b Connor	5	Connor b Scott	1
Scott b Wilson	0	Williamson b Burt	0
Mr. Burt l. b. w. Wilson	0	Williams b Burt	4
Brown run out	7	McMiller run out	3
Cheshire b Wilson	2	Bottome c Brown b Scott	0
Shires c Riley b Wilson	1	Rees not out	2
Alward not out	1	Nowell c Boothroyd b Scott	1
Extras	5		4
Total	58		21

## Magog C. C. vs B. U. C. C.

The return game with Magog was played on the College grounds on Saturday May 21. The College batted first and knocked up 59 runs before the last wicket fell. Andrews batted splendidly for 20 runs, knocking the ball to the bounding several times. Savage also battled well, carrying his bat for 10 runs. Magog went to bat and could only make 26 off the College bowling. M. Burt again distinguished himself taking 5 wickets for ten runs. M. Boothroyd also did some good bowling taking three wickets for seven runs.



B. U. C. C.		M. C. C.	
Mr. Boothroyd c Connor b		Meacock b Burt	1
Bottomé	3		
Andrews b Wilson	20	Ratcliffe b Burt	2
Stevens b Wilson	0	Melling run out	3
Mr. Hamilton b Wilson	2	Williams b Boothroyd	7
Sturley c Connor b Bottomé	1	Wilson b Burt	5
Brown run out	1	Connor b Boothroyd	6
Cheshire b Wilson	8	Williamson c Brown b Burt	0
Mr. Burt b Wilson	2	Riley run out	2
Scott c Connor b Wilson	2	Lees c Brown b Burt	1
Savage not out	10	Bothome L. B. W. b Boothroyd	0
Alward b Wilson	3	Spinks not out	0
Extras	7		2
	<hr/>		<hr/>
Total	59		26

### EXCHANGES

"If Mr. Roosevelt were requested to add an article to the Decalogue, he would not shrink. He has added it already. He knows very well what a deadly menace to all the world's best hopes is the sedentary habit encouraged by city life, and his Eleventh Commandment is, "Keep fit". His example in that respect is at least as useful to modern Europe as any other of his precepts."

Fortnightly.

"Why is it that year after year on the foot ball field Dalhousie wins over her strongest opponents ? Simply because we have a method which is handed down from team to team. Every year the same old wail is raised, "we will lose 'next' year ; all the old men are leaving". But the surprising thing is that every year men who were only mediocre before develop into star players. It has been found that no one man is essential. It is the whole team that wins, and it wins by its method and its training."

Dalhousie Gazette.



"The steady, quiet, unhurried labour of the cloister ; this is what our age needs. We are living in a time when books are made while you wait, and are forgotten in a week ; when philosophy even, that once was at least learned, has no time to do more than write magazine articles ; and when toil that hardens a man's muscles and clears his thought is regarded as menial and undignified. God calls us back from artificial existence to that life which alone has unity of plan and purpose ; the life wherein all our powers find their exercise, and the body itself is blessed with a health which the world knows not of."

Holy Cross.

---

Life has two sovereign moments ;  
 One when we settle down  
 To some life-worthy purpose, —  
 One when we grasp the crown.

O. A. C. Review.

---

We regret we have not space to reproduce the very excellent editorial in the May number of "Acadia Athenaeum". "The ever-present problem in College Journalism is to produce a magazine of acknowledged merit, to faithfully reflect the spirit of the institution and to stimulate original literary effort. The question at once arises : — How can we use our paper to develop the latent literary ability in the student body and at the same time maintain an average standard of excellence ? We have tried to meet the difficulty in two ways. By giving our readers in each issue a standard article and through solicitation and competition enlisting the participation of as many students as possible."

These are ideas worth noting by those who are interested in THE MITRE. Get ready a "standard article" and encourage your fellow-students to do the same.

---

'Tis wrong for any maid to be  
 Abroad at night alone.  
 A chaperon she needs till she  
 Can call some chap her own.

The Idea.

---



"No man has a thorough command of his subject unless in addition to knowing and thinking about it he can express himself; and for that reason the theses now extensively used are among the most valuable part of our undergraduate education."

President Lowell in Harvard Report.

When waitresses spill tea adown one's spine,  
To swear is human, to forgive divine.

Be not the first by whom the stew is tried :  
The martyr was a hero, but he died.

Seek not the talking to monopolize ;  
The germ of wisdom is in looking wise. — Ex.

A college is like a little world —  
Aye, thus it is — one generation comes,  
Another goes, and mingles with the dust :  
And there we come and go, and come and go,  
Each for a little moment, filling up  
Some little plan : and thus we disappear  
In quick succession ; and it shall be so  
Till time, in one vast perpetuity,  
Be swallowed up. — Ex.





THE MITRE



## The Student's Pen

now sold by us is equipped with Clip Cap for men and chatelaine attachment for women, both of which afford protection against loss, and yet are easily detached for use. Our Ideal flows steadily, never floods or blots, is easily filled and cleaned.

LENNOXVILLE  
DRUG STORE.

W. J. H. McKINDSEY,

PRESCRIPTION  
DRUGGIST.

LENNOXVILLE, P. Q.



## The Student's Pen

now sold by us is equipped with Clip Cap for men and chatelaine attachment for women, both of which afford protection against loss, and yet are easily detached for use. Our Ideal flows steadily, never floods or blots, is easily filled and cleaned.

## Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

The oldest, newest and best. Call and inspect our large assortment and be properly fitted with a satisfactory pen nib to suit your writing.

Caution: Beware of imitations of the Waterman Pen.

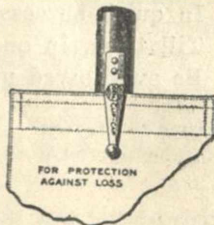
L. E. Waterman Co., of Canada, Ltd,

136-138 ST. JAMES STREET

MONTREAL.

### EXCHANGES

Any dealer handling WATERMAN'S IDEAL FOUNTAIN PENS will exchange your cap for a clip-cap making charge only for the clip if your cap is in good condition.



Holds the Pen  
rigidly and  
securely—  
never drops  
out.

FOR SALE  
EVERYWHERE.

SUBSCRIBERS PLEASE PATRONISE ADVERTISERS