

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.

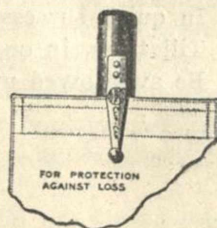
L. E. Waterman Co., of Canada, Ltd,

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



# "THE MITRE"

VOL. XVII.

LENNOXVILLE, P. Q.

No. 6.

MIDSUMMER, 1910.



Convocation weather has of late years become almost as proverbial as "King's weather", and certainly the Convocation of 1910 was no exception to the rule. The clerk of the weather, as far as in him lay, did his best to make it a success, a bright sunny day, the warmth of which was tempered by the gentlest of summer breezes, was the meteorological feature of the biggest day in the college year. The result was that every thing was a great success, everyone felt in the best of spirits and then a large attendance of ladies in ravishing creations of muslin and flounces and crowned with awe-inspiring specimens of the modiste's art.

The programme of former years was adhered to. An earley Celebration of Holy Communion in the chapel at 7.30, and at 11 A.M. a full choral celebration with an address by the Lord Bishop of Fredericton. The chapel at the latter service was well filled with visitors and the choir, which was supplemented by ladies, gave a finished rendering of the beautiful choral setting to the service and the anthem 'The heavens are telling' from "Creation"; the choirs performance reflecting great credit upon the efforts of Mr. R. Alcock M.A. its conductor. The sermon preached by the Bishop of Fredericton was an exceptionally fine one and his words will dwell long in the memories of those who were privileged to hear them; his text he took for the general epistle of Jude RV.3) "Beloved it was needful for me to write unto you, and exhort you that ye should earnestly contend for the faith which was once delivered unto the saints". The Lord Bishop of Montreal pronounced the absolution and blessing.

At one o'clock lunch was served to visitors in the dining hall and Convocation was held in Bishops Williams' Hall at three o'clock.



Proceedings went without a hitch ; the serious minded graduates and students of divinity, the light hearted sophomores, and awed freshies, making not more than a legitimate amount of noise, and refraining from those ingenious practical jokes which have been a not altogether welcome feature of former years. As for the graduating year — ten good men and true and two blushing members of the fair sex — they sat beneath the dais bashfully conscious of unaccustomed hood and looking as though butter would not melt in their mouths

The Chancellors opening speech was brief and to the point. The reports of the Arts and Divinity faculties read by the Principal and Vice-principal were entirely satisfactory, showing the University to be in a most flourishing condition and a like y-hood of increased numbers in both faculties in the coming year.

The presentation and conferring of degrees was the next business and occupied some little time as there were over thirty degrees to be conferred. That of D. C. L. (honoris causa) was presented to the Right Rev. The Lord Bishop of Fredericton D. D., the Hon. P. S. G. Mackenzie, Provincial Treasurer, and I. Ainslie Young Esq. M. A., We were also glad to welcome as alumni of our University such old friends as the Rev. H. C. Burt M.A., and Dr. E. Browning M.A. M.D. who had M. A. (ad eundem) conferred upon them.

Nine of last years freshmen were then presented to the chancellor and matriculated; after which prizes were distributed by Bishop Farthing. After a short and amusing speech from the Bishop of Fredericton followed by others equally brief for the Hon. P. S.-G. Mackenzie and Dr. I. Ainslie Young, the proceedings were brought to a close by the singing of the National anthem.

The Principal and Mrs Parrock invited everyone to tea and between the hours of 4.30 and 6 o'clock the terraces in front of the Lodge presented a gay and festive appearance. By 6.30 P. M. all was over, boxes and trunks began to make their appearance and every where were signs of departure. The long vac. had begun.





# 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.

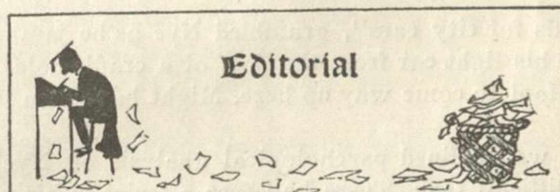
Contributors of Articles are entitled to receive three copies gratis of the number containing their articles.

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

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.



## Editorial

### EDITORIAL.

The retiring staff of the Mitre extend their best wishes to the new officers.

We heartily congratulate Mr. A. V. Grant, B.A., on his election to the Editorial Chair, and wish him all the joys of office with as few as possible of the worries, which seem to be the common fate of every occupant of that honorable position.

M. C. H. Savage '11 who has so ably acted at assistant Business Manager during the past year has been elected Business Manager for the ensuing year with Mr. Ireland as Assistant.

Mr. H. H. Scott '11 was elected Athletic Editor, and at a meeting of the Alumni Association held on June 22nd Mr. W. H. Moorhead B. A. was elected Alumni Editor.

The Associate Editors in Arts and Divinity will be elected in the Michlemas term.

The new four years Arts Course will commence on the opening of



College in September and from the number of applicants an excellent entry is expected.

The Mitre heartily congratulates a former Editor-in-chief on his appointment.

Rev. F. G. Vial, M. A. B.D. who has for several years been a lecturer in Classics in our University and has during that time endeared himself to all, has been appointed to the position of Mountain Professor of Pastoral Theology and warden of the Divinity House.

We wish him every happiness and many years of devoted and faithful service in his Alma Mater.

### POUT'S CONQUEST

Bartlett had many a pleasant driveway wending in and out among the rolling New England hills. Here and there as one labored up sharp pitches or glided down into shady roads, stretching away in waning smoothness, small cataracts came stumbling down rugged hillsides to tarry under low lying bridges e'er they passed on into the rift of meadow land.

"Bad roads for city cars", grumbled Nye as he jammed on the emergency to save his light car from the jolt of a cradle-hole.

"I was a fool to come way up here. Might have been yachting at Marblehead".

To give a well defined psychological analysis of Nye's mind would have been a difficult task. There had been a twist in his mental vertebrae from the moment he slung his small trunk to the rear of the machine in Boston, up to the present, when he found himself plodding along carelessly as he neared the end of his journey. The workings of a man's mind are difficult to fathom. He could no more have told you why he was gliding along that country road than he could fly. Prompted by one of those sudden decisions which our mind arrives at without our knowledge of ever having thought over the matter, he had thrown a few necessities into his trunk and was off.

Oak Grove Farm had it is true, given him many a pleasant rest in past years. Usually he spent his vacations there with pipe, his dog Scrap, and the machine. Jack Nye was branded a recluse among the chaperones of the circle in which he moved and as such he intended to remain in so far as one might judge from his actions.

Scrap recognizing familiar ground protested against being held down to the seat by his leash. In due course he was set down to rumage about. This necessitated going slower as Scrap was to be indulged in anything he chose to do down to chasing the neighbors pet cats.

The road made a sharp rise for a few rods then as one dropped over



the pitch of the hill a fine panorama was afforded the traveller. It seemed much as though one were at the top of a high mountain enshrouded in mist and a sudden gust of wind had lifted the veil allowing one to view the rolling landscape far and near.

Letting the car glide down the hill at its own speed Nye's face assumed a free happy air. Three miles of good roads were before him e'er he reached Oak Grove.

A small stone may derail the mightiest engine. A good dog fight will draw a crowd even at a Camp Meeting. Making a sharp turn at a fair rate Jack was forced to apply the emergency with vigor. There in the middle of the road, with tail (such as he had) erect, stood Scrap. His hair stood erect along the ridge of his back like a razor edge facing him and apparently, equally wrought up stood another Boston Terrier.

"Pouts", cried an alarmed feminine voice.

The cry seemed sufficient for Pouts. With a vim he sailed into Scrap. There was a ball of snarling snapping dogs. There was also a rustle of skirts and a swish of a motor coat; a bump of two heads. Each emerged with his own property. Nye had jumped down from his car, Beatrice had run out from behind the rock where she sat reading a book unconscious of the approaching machine.

There was fire in her eyes as she looked up. "Your dog is a brute sir", she cried indignantly.

"I beg your pardon, Madam, for meeting you head on without sounding the whistle. I trust you have not sustained any injury."

"None thank you", replied Beatrice, "but you will please tie up that ugly dog of yours".

Nye had rehearsed his grip upon Scrap and had ordered him to go to his seat in the motor. "He does not need to be tied as you see, in fact I am quite surprised that he stayed long enough to take up cudgels with your dog."

"Pouts never picks a fight", she replied haughtily.

At that moment both looked at each other steadily and a slow smile began to creep into both faces as they realized the incongruity of their situation.

For the first time Jack noted the soft delicate coloring of the dimpled cheek. The merry twinkle of the deep blue eyes under the fluffy golden hair called for a second glance at the trim athletic figure of the girl before him. Immediately he began to search for a method of lengthening the interview.

"That pup of mine has run from everything looking like trouble since the day he was born", retorted Nye.

"I will acknowledge Pouts is a little testy", laughed Beatrice.

"Let us be thankful the results were not more disastrous", retorted



Nye, still lingering.

Beatrice perceiving his tendency to lengthen the interview answered with an air of finality, "Oh, it has all turned out quite satisfactory thank you.

Jack perceiving her desire to end the conversation, stopped into the car, lifted his hat politely and was off. Ten minutes brought him to Oak Grove, as his machine guided up the long drive before the farm house, there were one or two guests outside upon the porch. A hearty greeting was extended to him by "The Old Colonel" one of his boon companions of years gone by.

"Jack old boy! Back again for a rest, eh? It's a nice one you will have too old fellow for there are just enough of us here to make a jolly party. Just run your machine under the old shed and after a tub and some supper we will be prepared for a good cigar".

Nye found himself comfortably ensconced upon the front porch of Oak Grove with a smooth cool smoking weed between his fingers. The Colonel at his side was dilating upon the weather. Scarce a wave of air stirred 'the shade like fear' of night while out over the misty meadow, twinkling here and there with a belated fire fly, the lonely call of a whip-poor-will rose and fell. Away in the distance some one whistled to a dog. Scrap became interested, sat up gazing sphinx like into the night. A few moments later by a low growl he called his master's attention to a moving object at the foot of the steps. Scrap raised the hair upon his back. Nye placed his hand upon his collar and at that moment a girlish voice laughed merrily.

"Not in bed yet uncle?"

"Bless my soul Bee, is that you? Do come up and let me introduce you to....."

The remainder of the sentence was not to be heard for at that moment a dark object darted into the dull glow of light shining through the dining room window and made a dash for Scrap's neck.

"Pouts", cried the feminine voice again. But Pouts was already, in the grasp of Nye. The old Colonel, too surprised to speak, stood looking. Miss Beatrice had reached Nye who was standing holding the two dogs apart and dragged Pouts away by the collar.

"Ho! Ho! Ho! Hah, Hah", wheezed the Old Colonel as each leaned over their warriors. "Hym, hah, — Ah, Jack, old fellow, Mr. Nye let me introduce you to my nice Miss Landewill and her dog Pouts. Hah ah — a — Hum, Beatrice, Jack Nye and his dog Scrap."

"How do you do Mr. Nye, replied Beatrice. We have I think, met before under somewhat similar difficulties. I trust you will excuse me from shaking hands, under the present conditions."

"Certainly replied Jack, but just hold your dog a moment until I put Scrap in the auto".



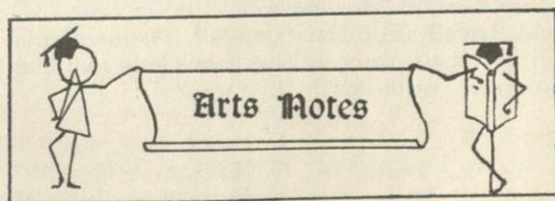
"Oh ! Don't trouble to do that Mr. Nye". No trouble at all I assure you", answered Jack as he sent Scrap ahead in the direction of the small shed which served for a garage.

"Stay there old man", he commanded as he fixed a comfortable place upon the seat of the auto. But Scrap had never been deserted this way before and as soon as his master's back was turned he was down and after him. Twice the operation of putting him back was repeated and at last Scrap got it firmly fixed in his mind that he was not the only thing of importance in the world.

June had passed hurriedly by and the soft balm of August night air was tinged with a breath of fall. Saturday night the small auto came panting heavily into Oak Grove for a week end.

Far out on "The Point" at Crystal Lake on the Oak Grove Farm there was a quaint little summer house looking out over the water. The sun had reluctantly tumbled down over the jagged horizon amid scattered dark clouds. Darkness had come on fast. A low mist began to rise out in the centre of the lake. All was so still that one could almost hear the flow of silence as it came stealing down upon the earth.

The moon breaking through a rift in the clouds showed a startled face as it threw its silver rays upon the rustic bench close by the summer house. A couple sat with heads very close together. A small white arm appeared very conspicuous over the shoulders of some one in a dark coat. Two dogs with noses between their front paws lay stretched out at their feet, sleeping. Out across the lake echoes a faint, faint call of a whip-poor-will.



I should like to mention in beginning these few brief notes that there is only one thing harder than to collect material for notes for the winter numbers of the Mitre, and that is to collect them for the summer. Imagine being fifty miles away in the woods camping, or rather roughing it with the mosquitoes and flies and the last thing one feels like doing is to cultivate the muse of literature, but I must obey commands and "write something".

At the time of writing M. Savage '11, is in the Sanitorium at Knowlton, undergoing an operation for appendicitis, we all wish him a speedy recovery, and trust that he will come back to College next fall in



the best of health and ready to do good work on the football field as in former times.

It is rumored that Mr. Patterson '12, is going to take the course in Divinity, we wish you all success "Pat", and hope you will be back with us again, even though you come back as an "artless" student.

Quite extensive improvements are being made in the College during the summer months. A new elevator is being placed in the Arts Building also extensive repairs are being made to the walls, which in some cases were very much needed.



### CRICKET.

The annual cricket match, Graduates vs Undergraduates came off on Wednesday afternoon, June 22nd. The weather was hot and sultry, and only a few spectators were present. The "Grads" went into bat first and soon knocked up a good score, Thomson batting carefully for 21 and Stevens making a hard hit 29. Scott with 14 not out also helped to raise the total until it rose to 87 for 7 wickets when the "Grads" declared.

The "Undergrads" then went in, but were only able to make 47, Savage and H. H. Scott with 9 and 13 respectively, being the top scorers. Savage did the best bowling for his side, taking four wickets. Hobart and Andrews fielded well. For the "Grads" Thomson and Mr. Burt did most of the bowling, the former taking 6 wickets and the latter 3.

Following are the teams with their scores: —

Graduates.		
Prof. Boothroyd	b. Scott	0
Thomson	b. Savage	21
Stevens	b. Savage	29
Dr. Bidwell	b. Scott	7
Mr. Burt	b. Savage	1
W. B. Scott	not out	14
Hepburn	run out	2
Whalley	b. Savage	4
Gregory	not out	
Roy	not out	
Ladd	not out	
Extras		9
TOTAL		87



## Undergraduates.

Brown	b. Burt	0
Andrewes	b. Thomson	2
Shires	b. Thomson	2
Chesshire	b. Burt	1
H. H. Scott	b. Thomson	13
Hobart	b. Thomson	2
Savage	1. b. w. b. Burt	9
Melrose	run out	4
Alward	c. Burt b. Thomson	0
Ireland	not out	7
Sherring	b. Thomson	1
Extras		6

TOTAL 47

The following have won their Cricket colours for the season 1910 :

Prof. Boothroyd.	Prof. Hamilton.
Mr. Burt.	R. Andrews.
J. S. Brown	H. H. Scott.
C. G. Stevens.	H. S. Chesshire.
A. A. Sturley	W. W. Alward.

## TENNIS.

The second annual Tennis Tournament was held this term and as Dr. and Mrs. Parrock had very kindly offered a silver cigarette box as a prize for the single championship keen interest was taken. It was well contested all through, and the finals were played off by C. G. Stevens and C.H. Savage. After two hard sets, during which a fast exhibition of tennis was given, Stevens won out by the score of 7-5, 6-3.

## FOOT BALL.

It is still rather early to speak of the football of the coming season, but there are a few things for those players who are coming back to remember. First of all they must make up their minds that Bishop's is going to turn out a good team next fall — good, not so much in individual as in team work. For a team, which depends upon a few brilliant plays of one or two of its men to win its matches, is bound to be beaten in the long run. Team play, in rugby as in other games, is what we must strive for ; and to attain this, every body must be prepared to do his share, attending every practice when possible, and training faithfully throughout the season. Perhaps the most important thing is a full and regular practice. Unless twenty-eight men turn out regularly, it is almost impossible to do anything with a team. Let those who play, and those



who don't play and don't care particularly about the game, but have an ordinary amount of brain and muscle turn out and help the team to practice. For by well attended practices only, and by seeing real interest taken in them, players will gain that confidence in themselves and their fellow players that will often spur them on to victory when defeat seems almost certain.

Therefore, let those men who have hitherto stayed in the college buildings, or spent their afternoons in loafing or strolling around, feel that it is their duty to come down to the campus and play — or at least to cheer on and encourage those who are playing.

Matches have already been arranged for next fall — two with the Quebec and two with the Sherbrooke Rugby Clubs, so that our team will have the advantage of having played together before they go up against the most important games of the season — those with McGill in the Intermediate Intercollegiate series.

---

Mr. Chancellor,

My Lord Bishops,

Mr. Principal,

Ladies and Gentlemen : —

It is with mingled feelings of pleasure and sorrow that I in behalf of the year 1910 address you this afternoon, pleasure in the thought that we have been counted worthy to receive the coveted parchment which signifies that we are graduates of this noble University, and that we are in a position to go out into the world fully equipped from an educational point of view to cope with the many difficulties which beset all paths in life ; sorrow at the thought that the three happiest years of our life are at an end, years, which if it were not for semiannual disturbances of peace of mind, would be one continuation of pleasure, but after all it is though there same events that we as graduates are able to greet you.

Let us glance back for a few moments to the time when the class of 1910 entered the College. Since that period a new lodge has been erected, also a separate library has been added to the College, and we notice from every point of view a most marked progress, this certainly augurs well for the future of our University, and for the zealous and untiring efforts of our Principal to make it the most successful University in Canada, let us take this opportunity, Mr. Principal, of assuring you of our sincerest friendship and admiration. We are proud that we are graduates of the University of Bishop's College under your sympathetic regime, and as we go out from its protection we feel sure that our course in the outside world will be watched by you with sympathy as well as interest, and for us it is to remember that we have the honor of our University at



stake — that our successes or failures will reflect credit or discredit on the fair name of our Alma Mater.

And now a word to those students who will shortly be entering upon their final years work, and also to those who are sophomores, while enjoying the Athletics, and also giving there attention to the intellectual side of College life, it is good to bear in mind that these are not the only requirements of your University career, it will also fall upon you to instruct and lead in the way they should go, those verdant and unsophisticated specimens of humanity which annually enter these scholastic precincts, in order that they may be able to fill the onerous and dignified position of seniors with credit.

And now fellowgraduates when we leave our University and enter upon our life's work, there will be many disappointments and doubtless many failures, let us not be discouraged but take as our motto that inspired saying of Heraclitus : "Out of discord proceeds the fairest harmony", and then again, while we should always be trying to improve ourselves in every way, let us ever be ready to help anyone less fortunate than ourselves, as Cowper has so beautifully expressed it.

Small service is true service while it lasts,  
Of humblest friends, bright creatures scorn not one ;  
The daisy by the shadow that it casts  
Protects the lingering dewdrops from the sun.

If we keep this thought before us and try to follow it, failure will be impossible, and after many years of useful life may each one of us be able to say my life has not been lived in vain, for there is no greater praise which can be given a man than that he has lived a life of usefulness, let us all make this the goal at which we aim, that we may utter with as much truth, those words which our late beloved and lamented King breathed on his deathbed : "I believe I have done my duty".

And now as that mysterious and eternal phenomenon time is speeding forward so rapidly, entirely regardless of mundane affairs, I must bring this to a close.

We, the graduating class of 1910, bid you our friends and wellwishers, Farewell.

M. B. JOHNSON.

---



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

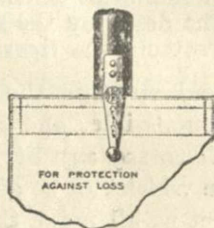
The oldest, newest and best. Call and inspect our large assortment and be properly fitted with a satisfactory pen nib to suit your writing.

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



