

# The Mitre.

VOL. VIII.

LENNOXVILLE, P. Q., MAY, 1901.

No. 85

## BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

E. S. KRANS, Arts '02  
G. E. WEAGANT B. A.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.  
BUSINESS MANAGER.

## ASSOCIATE EDITORS.

W. M. GORDON, (ARTS' 01)  
J. BOURNE, (Arts '02)  
J. F. CROWDY, (B. C. S.)  
C. GREENSHIELDS, (B. C. S.)

E. R. ROY, B. A. (Divinity)  
R. A. COWLING, B. A. (Divinity.)  
J. C. GILLESPIE, (Medicine '01)  
B. A. PLANCHE, (Dentistry)

G. W. FINDLAY, (Arts '02) ATHLETIC EDITOR.

## ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGERS.

J. G. WARD, B. A. (Divinity)  
W. W. ROBINSON, B. C. S.  
Not Elected (Music)

V. BONELLI, (Arts '01.)  
W. WEBBER KELLY (Medicine)  
Not Elected (Dentistry)

"THE MITRE", is published monthly during the College year by the Students of Bishop's College and the Boys of Bishop's College School.

Terms \$1.00 per year in advance: single copy 15 cents.

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 COLLEGE, LENNOXVILLE, QUE.

PRINTED BY GEO. GALE & SONS, WATERVILLE, QUE

## Gladstone Disraeli

### II

We now come to the Don Pacifico question which is at present almost forgotten, but which caused a great sensation at the time. Don Pacifico was a Jew, whose house had been attacked by the Athenian mob; but as he was born in Gibraltar he was a British subject, and he made a claim upon the Greek Government for compensation.

When he was refused he at once applied to the Foreign Office in London. He claimed thirty thousand pounds sterling, an English Historian tells us that he put in his bill one hundred and fifty pounds sterling for a bedstead, thirty pounds for the sheets of the bed, twenty-five pounds for two coverlets, and ten pounds for a pillow-case. Lord Palmerston and Mr. Gladstone divided

the honours of the debate between them, Mr. Gladstone made the best speech he had ever made up to that time. Lord Palmerston was in one of his bump-tious moods, and he sent to demand the money from Greece.

When it was refused he ordered out the fleet, which sailed and captured all the Greek fleet and some other vessels, This naturally angered France and Russia 'as the two of them and England had made a treaty to protect Greece. Eventually the matter was settled and Don Pacifico obtained about one thirtieth of his demand and no doubt was able to store his house with very nice bed-linen. The principal interest of the debate centered in the speeches of Lord Palmerston and Mr. Gladstone, Sir Robert Peel also made his last speech, it lasted five hours and he had no notes to assist him. His quotation "Civis Romanus Sum" took the House. Then Mr. Gladstone rose and answered him by a splendid speech, and now he was looked upon as one of the leading speakers. He showed how England out of respect ought to treat Greece properly, it being a weak state, and he persuaded the House of Commons to do a great many things for no other reason than that they were right. Mr. Gladstone's was the speech for history, it marked an era; it revealed a man; it foreshadowed a life's policy. On the very day that Mr. Gladstone made this speech, Sir Robert Peel was thrown from his horse and died: outside his family there was no one who was more sorrowful than Mr. Gladstone, and when making his speech in the House of Commons on the death of Sir Robert Peel he quoted the following lines from Scott's "Marmion"

Now is the stately column broke;  
The beacon light is quenched in smoke;  
The trumpet's silver voice is still;  
The warder silent on the hill.

Now that Peel was dead Gladstone could follow out his own ideas, and he was looked upon as a leader in the House of Commons, and very soon whether he was in or out of office he was recognized as the foremost man in the House.

Among other speakers who spoke at this debate was Mr. Disraeli. Mr. Disraeli was one of the most remarkable men of politics that the reign produced. He entered the House of Commons as a Conservative member for Maidstone in 1837 at about thirty-two years of age. Before this he had tried unsuccessfully to get a seat in Parliament. He started as an advanced Liberal and was supported by neither of the Aristocratic parties, after failing again and again, he began to think that he had better change parties and became a Tory. But before this he had showed decided literary skill in 'Vivian Gray' which was published when he was twenty-three years of age. It was suffused with extravagance, affectation and mere animal spirits; but it was

full of the evidences of a fresh and brilliant ability. The reputation he had made for himself before going into Parliament was of a nature rather calculated to retard than to advance a political career, he was looked upon as a dangerous adventurer, who was kept from being dangerous by the affectations and absurdities of his conduct. He dressed in the extremest style of foppery, he made most reckless statements, his boasting was almost outrageous, his abuse was even in that free-spoken time unrestrained. Even when he got into the House of Commons his first speech brought forth shouts of laughter and derision, his reputation had preceded him and no doubt added to by his personal appearance, was the cause of laughter, as when reading the speech now we can find nothing to laugh at in it. Thus his first speech was not only a failure, but a ludicrous, failure and at last says one who was present he lost his temper, which until now he had kept in a marvelous fashion. He paused in the middle of a sentence and looking the Liberals indignantly in the face, he raised his hands, and opening his mouth as widely as its dimensions would admit, said in a loud and almost terrific tone, "I have begun several times many things, and I have often succeeded at last; Ay, Sir, and though I sit down now, the time will come when you will hear me." He was not in the least discouraged by his failure, but a few days latter he spoke again and he spoke three or four times during the first session, but after his first they were not so long and ambitious. He had learnt a lesson in a rough way. And now for some time Mr. Disraeli seemed resolved to make himself remarkable and to be talked about and he succeeded admirably. He was talked about. All the journals both political and satirical had a great deal to say about him, but very little praise, and in fact he has very little praise to shower about him. But during his early career he was thought of only as a free lance, and it was only during the discussions on the abolition of the Corn Laws that he first rose to the fame of a great debater and orator, and practically leader of the Tories.

In 1850 Mr. Gladstone went to Naples for a rest and also because one of his children was in bad health; but he soon found something else to do for the Government of Naples was violating her laws and treating prisoners of war very cruelly. Mr. Gladstone went into the prisons and saw the captives, and he soon found that many good men were there who never ought to have been there and that they were treated very badly, Mr. Gladstone therefore accused the Government of deliberately violating its own constitution and trampling on its own laws. And so for the first time Mr. Gladstone had proved himself to be a leader of Liberal ideas, but at the same time he was far from being a professed Liberal in politics, and he would still have refused an offer in a Liberal administration. but his ideas were expanded beyond

the narrow limits of the old-fashioned Toryism. He never favoured republican sentiments, but his whole feelings and reasonings were for the Monarchical form of government and he wrote that same to Lord Aberdeen. After a short time the prison system and political trials of the Kingdom of Naples began to improve, but they were not allowed much time, for within ten years a revolution had swept the kingdom away; nor does there appear at the present time the remotest prospect of a return of the Spanish Bourbons to rule in any part of Italy.

1850. We now come to the Ecclesiastical Titles. Pope Pius IX, had made up his mind to give local titles to the Roman Catholic Archbishops and Bishops in England. As a matter of fact there was nothing very much in this, but it came at an unlucky time, coming as it did in the wake of the Oxford Movement. The people thought that the Pope was trying to get supreme power and they attacked the Roman Catholics; mobs were seen fighting daily in the street and everything was in an uproar. Then Lord John Russell who was Prime Minister, brought in a bill prohibiting under penalty the use of a title taken by a Roman Catholic Bishop from any See in England. Mr. Gladstone opposed this bill saying that if the Catholic religion was allowed at all, it must be allowed to use what titles it thought fit, and most of the best men followed him. Mr. Disraeli scoffed at the bill, although he declared that he would not take the trouble to oppose its introduction. In spite of this the bill was passed, because the people were so savage that something had to be done and so, as Lord Palmerston said, they made it as gentle as possible and no steps were taken to stop the titles being used. Twenty years later Mr. Gladstone repealed the title bill. But we have no great concern with details of the struggle between the two parties; the one direct interest is, however, that it pushed to the front the two great men who were destined to be almost life long antagonists, I speak of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Disraeli. Lord John Russell's government was very weak and Lord Stanley was invited to form a New Administration, but could not. Then Lord Aberdeen tried but failed. So there was nothing for it but that Lord John Russell should come back to office; Lord Palmerston tried to make it a complete failure and was dismissed from Parliament. Nothing daunted however he soon returned and with the help of the Tories defeated Lord John Russell so that he had to retire and Lord Stanley succeeded him with Mr. Disraeli as Chancellor of the Exchequer and leader of the House of Commons. This was Mr. Disraeli's first appearance as a government man, and his first Budget was a success looking at it from all sides. Then there came a dissolution and Mr. Gladstone was again elected for Oxford. The result of election did not materially change the government and Lord Stanley afterwards Lord

Derby returned to office. Mr. Disraeli now had to attempt a real working Budget, and he did not succeed in the effort, for Mr. Gladstone stopped his way.

It was in the debate on Mr. Disraeli's Budget, that there began the long rivalry of these two great Parliamentary athletes. In every important debate the one man answered the other. Disraeli followed Gladstone, or Gladstone followed Disraeli: in rivalry of temperament and character as well as of public position and of political principle, the two men seemed born by nature to be antagonists. In character, in temper, in tastes, and in style of speaking the men were utterly unlike each other. One of Mr. Gladstone's defects was his tendency to take everything too seriously. One of Mr. Disraeli's defects was his tendency to take nothing seriously. Disraeli was strongest in reply when the reply had to consist only of sarcasm. He had a marvellous gift of phrase-making. He could impale a whole policy with an epithet. He could dazzle the house of Commons with a paradox. Disraeli was never happy in statement when he had to explain a policy financial or other, he might really be regarded as a very dull speaker. Gladstone was especially brilliant in statement. He could give to an exposition of figures the fascination of a romance or a poem. Disraeli had a deep, low, powerful voice, heard everywhere throughout the House, but having little variety or music in it. Gladstone's voice was turned to a higher note, was penetrating liquid, and full of an exquisite modulation and music. Gladstone was always eager for conversation. Disraeli even among his most intimate friends, was given to frequent fits of absolute and apparently gloomy silence. Gladstone after his first Parliamentary days became almost entirely indifferent to dress. Disraeli always turned out in the newest fashion. Gladstone changed his political opinions many times during his long Parliamentary career, but he changed only in deference to the force of growing conviction, and to the recognition of facts and conditions which he could no longer conscientiously dispute. Nobody probably ever knew what Mr. Disraeli's real opinions were upon any political question, or whether he had any real opinions at all. Gladstone began as a Tory, and gradually became changed into a Radical. Disraeli began as an extreme Radical, and changed into a Tory. Among other differences between the two were differences of education. Disraeli never had anything like the classical training of Gladstone, The mind of Gladstone was steeped in the glorious literature of Greece and of Rome, about which Disraeli knew little or nothing. Disraeli could not read Latin or Greek; nor could he speak French. But yet Disraeli had some things in his favour. Everything that care, culture and money could do had been done for Gladstone and his father had started him in public life with an ample fortune. Disraeli was the son of a very clever and distinguished literary man, but one who could not give his son much of a launch in life. Disraeli

therefore, got but a very scrambling education, and was for some time set to work in a lawyer's office so that he taught himself a great deal of what he knew and was quite worthy of being a rival of Gladstone.

We must now return to the duel between Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Disraeli and its immediate consequences upon English political life. Lord Palmerston after some trouble in France resigned his position, and as there was no one else Lord Derby was asked to form a ministry. The only two men worth anything were Mr. Disraeli and himself. As for Mr. Disraeli he entered upon leadership and office at the same moment; for the first time he became Chancellor of the Exchequer and leader of the House of Commons.

A new Parliament was called of which the best member was Mr. Lowe. Mr. Disraeli made a final statement and showed that he could make a good budget; but he attempted to take some duty off the country, people and it was a failure. The debate on this house taxation was one of intense rivalry on both sides, Mr. Disraeli was animated by all the power of desperation and was in no mood either to give or receive quarter. No sooner had Mr. Disraeli finished his speech, than at two o'clock in the morning Mr. Gladstone leaped to his feet to answer him.

This duel went on between these two men, until Mr. Disraeli left the House of Commons and took a seat in the House of Lords as Lord Beaconsfield in 1876. This debate all through was very brilliant and people who thought that no impression could be made on the House after Mr. Disraeli's magnificent speech were forced to acknowledge that Mr. Gladstone's unprepared reply had a greater effect. At four o'clock in the morning the House divided and the government were left in a minority of nineteen votes. The ministry then resigned and the Coalition ministry was formed, Lord Aberdeen being Prime Minister and Mr. Gladstone Chancellor of the Exchequer.

(to be continued.)

---

## AFRICAN LETTER.

---

"All men are liars." Perhaps they are, but I should like to add to the above "All black men are champion liars, to which there is no perhaps." You are no doubt wondering why I wrote the above and I will tell you. To begin with I am out after elephants. Yesterday at 6 a. m. I was starting for a certain village about four hours from (old Calabar) here, where I had reason to believe that the herds about here, had run to. Just as I was starting a man came in and said that I must come to *his* Town as seven elephants were de-

stroying his farms and amongst them was the celebrated large beast whom nobody could kill, and who stood as high as a house and whose ivories were as large round as a man's body. I did not question him but went, ordering all my carriers and boys to the town by road I went straight through the bush and circled round behind his farms, so as to cut them off, he said. After about two hours awful going through dense bush we came upon the tracks of certainly an enormous elephant who had passed, the night before, and was going in the direction of the farms referred to. One of his foot marks would have made a very fair path. I was for following them up but the hunter said No, but that if we circled round he would take us to the place he knew the animal was browsing in, for the day. That was the last we saw of his tracks and after an awful dusting, crawling and cutting our way through creepers and vines, we arrived at the village dead-beat. After some food I asked to be taken to the place where he had seen them feeding on his farm and by dint of nearly an hours talk in which he never would stick to the point, but harangued about his Mother and the diseases she suffered from, and how all the generations of his Forefathers had been troubled by elephants, I managed to elicit the fact, that his brother had told him, that a woman had told him, that she had been on the farm the morning before, and hearing a noise thought it must be elephants and that man was such an infernal liar that after persuading himself that five elephants were devastating one side of his plantations and two another side, he had taken the trouble to walk ten miles to tell me. I felt like murder and told him so, and would you believe it he felt hurt and mumbled something about white-men being ungrateful people. That evening some of the boys I had sent out, came in and assured me that from the tracks there was no doubt but that all the elephants had gone to the village I had originally intended to go to, before the Arch-liar had arrived on the scene. Disliking the Xmas festivities (so called in Calabar) and as there was no work during the few days on each side of the 25th; I decided to go away and spend my time in the bush, selecting a well knowu elephant path. I left Calabar by canoe at 7 a.m. on the 21st. and went up the river going at a good pace with ten paddlers, who except for twenty minutes in the middle of the day, when they stopped for food and a tot of rum each, never stopped until we arrived at the landing place at 6 p.m. from which we had to march to the Chief's farm where I was to put up. There was a tomtom player on board who kept three wooden kettledrums going as fast as possible, varying the tune and notes and encouraging the paddlers and altho' their performance was good the drummer's was better, as he never faltered or flagged, for nearly twelve hours. All the big canoes have these players, they are trained up from small boys and some become extremely expert. This is a tidal river and up to Ikon it was ebbing and made our progress slow as we had to thread our way in and

out of the sand banks where the water got low. Then all of a sudden it changed and a stream came up behind us which carried us on and rushed frothing through the narrow channels, the paddlers woke up, started a song and we slipped along at a good ten miles an hour. The wave which starts the flooding tide is extraordinary and comes up like a small wall, I have seen it a foot and a half high in some places. That night I put up in a small mud hut near the landing place and as the paddlers had stupidly (just like a native) not brought any food and I had none to give them, they sat and glared with hungry eyes and watering mouths round the fire while my cook prepared my dinner and then watched my boys finish the food and succulent carried previous (turned) which I had left. I quite pitied them, so gave them another tot of rum each on their empty stomachs which sent them to sleep happy to all appearance. Next-morning I marched about four hours along a fair bush path to Black Davies Farm where he has built himself a good house with a large Court Room in front, capable of holding about one hundred people. He is the Great Political Agent of this part and gets a subsidy, presiding over a Minor National Court which meets every eight days. His wives are large and numerous. The second day in his house I asked him to turn them all out as I wanted to photograph the lot and they begged leave to have time to do their hair and fit themselves up. The ladies themselves had their hair done in spikes all over their heads quite the most ugly form of head dress but admired by the local circle. The young girls and children had their bodies smeared all over with white paste done in different devices, all were very pleased but looked so fierce and solemn over it. The afternoon of our arrival all the elephant hunters collected and I decided to go off the next morning at five o'clock sharp, when they would all be here ready. One of them was a sturdy old man belonging to the Chief, and the other a Sierra Leone hunter who had a German army rifle with clips of five cartridges each. I was ready at five the next morning but no hunters, the old fellow turned up about five thirty and after waiting until six I started in despair and left the Sierra Leone man. I wish I had waited for him now. We went off by the same road I came by for about twenty minutes, and then struck off into the bush following (as far as I could see) no line, but the old fellow, who wore nothing but a black bag slung over his back and a long and very sharp knife in a wooden case at his side, seemed to know where he was going. After about an hour of hard going we came to a stream on the banks of which there were plenty of indications of elephants. After following up some trails a short distance he decided on a certain direction, and we struck off quietly through a more open bush consisting of high trees and open underbush in which in some places it was possible to see fifty yards. All of a sudden we heard crashes and heavy thuds in front and on listening it was evident that some elephants

were coming toward us. As soon as there was no doubt about it the hunter turned about and vanished and we (my Hausa Orderly and I) did not see him again for nearly half an hour. I tried from the noise to get the line of their advance and then stationed myself behind a large tree with my orderly about twenty yards behind and in the probable line of advance. He had his 303 carbine and was as keen as mustard. So we waited and in a moment or two I saw a huge grey mass slowly coming through the bush. There is something very wonderful and majestic in the way an elephant moves through the bush nothing puts him out or diverts him from the direction he has chosen. These I saw had finished feeding and were going to the water to drink and wash they moved through everything without exertion and at a uniform pace, only stopping now and then to listen. I had not chosen their exact line of advance or they had changed it and the first chance I had of a shot was when the leader stopped in a small open space about forty yards away to my right front. He was a fine male with good tusks but I did not fire hoping he would turn in my direction and come nearer. He listened for a second or two and then turned toward his left and continued his advance. I hoped that when the next one following him stopped to listen I would have better luck but he followed the leader and I determined to let the next one have it. He turned out to be smaller than the first two but still of fair size and on his appearance I aimed as well as I could judge, at the ear hole and fired and although I saw the bulk of the animal I could not make certain of the exact spot. I saw him throw his head up and then with a trumpet the herd made off through the bush receiving a broadside from my Orderly in passing which produced no apparent impression. We heard the crashes getting fainter and fainter in the distance until they ceased altogether. On going to the spot where the elephant had been I could find no trace of blood but a 303 bullet does not make much of a hole and I am afraid I only gave the poor brute a week's headache for nothing. I began to follow them up calling to the hunter whom we could not find anywhere, after some time he turned up looking shaken and washed out as if he'd been up all night and covered with earth and bark from the hollow tree he had taken refuge in. I followed up the carriage drive the elephants had made, but as their rush simmered down as they got back into single file and the bush becoming more open I could not follow the trail. It seems extraordinary perhaps but it takes a good tracker to follow even a newly made elephant trail on hard ground with dead leaves on it which spring back into their original position as soon as the weight is taken off them. I now called in the services of the hunter and only by threats succeeded in making him go in front but we soon had to give it up as he was so slow and had no heart in it. The elephants were probably going swinging along at four times our pace and would not stop under about six or eight

miles and then only for a moment to listen, so I went back in disgust. On nearing camp I met the Sierra Leone man who tore his hair in frenzy when I told him the days story, he cursed the hunter, and said if he had been with me we would have got one. I wish he had for he has shot a lot of them and certainly does not funk as I found out and he is as good a tracker as the old hunter. So much for that day, but that old hunter sat with a circle round him, describing from his fertile brain everything, even to the exact length of the tusks of each animal, the exact spot I had hit the wounded elephant, and he had been in the inside of a tree the whole time quite a quarter of a mile from any elephant. The next day was a blank day as we drew a large bit of bush and did not see a trace, as there were no indications in that part, they all decided that the elephants must be in a certain place near "a big water" and I decided to go there next day. Sunrise saw us on the road my Orderly and I and the two hunters; after two hours good going the old man said he smelt elephants and I tried but got a whiff of him which was sufficient. We were descending through a nice bit of bush and I heard the rush of a river at our feet. We went slowly and carefully down and when we could see light through the trees of the high and dark bush round us, we halted, to get ready in case there were elephants bathing in the river. Going slowly and carefully on we finally came in view and slightly overlooked a lovely bit of scenery. The river bed was about eighty yards wide and was partially dry, in the centre gleamed a stretch of beautiful white sand about a hundred yards long and on each side near the banks a narrow and deep little stream rushed down, the whole set off by deep dark trees and bush. The little scene was lonely but what held our gaze was the group in the centre, there were eleven elephants on the sand playing about washing and squirting the water over themselves. Three of the females had baby elephants which danced about like kids running away and coming back to their mothers who stroked them and purred over them. There were several tuskers of fair size but one was a fine brute and the head of the herd. I watched them entranced for a moment and then I crawled down as near the bank as I could under cover and waited for a shot. In a second or two the big tusker who was tail on at first moved and gave me a good side shot at about twenty yards and I took careful aim behind his ear and pulled the trigger, then occurred the most fearful uproar and rumpus the elephants did not know where to go and were bolting in all directions. The male was on his knees looking very sick and I gave him another in the same place, when he flopped over. Just as he did so, one of the males charged up the bank near me and on top of the old hunter who was lying paralyzed, he jumped up to run when the elephant caught him round the legs by its trunk and tossed him away over its head and he landed in the river behind a big rock. I never expected to see him again but it turned out

he was only stunned a bit and lay quietly where he had fallen in the water until the danger was over and then he came out looking rather green, luckily for him the elephant which caught him was too frightened to do anything but throw him on one side and rushed off into the bush. When the noise died away we ran to inspect the huge body lying on the sand and he was a splendid fellow. The Sierra Leone man sent off to the camp for carriers etc and the rest of the day was spent in cutting him up and carrying the meat in, which fed all the people in the surrounding villages and there was a big dance. The tusks were good measuring seventy one inches long each and so ended an easy and successful day. The next day the arch-liar appeared as I described above and I arrived back in Old Calabar three days afterwards to find the Xmas festivities over and three men down with fever as the result. I thanked my stars I had missed it all and had spent a good eight days in the bush.

The above letter was received by Mrs. Heneker from her son.

---

## Chapel Attendance.

---

The question whether attendance at Chapel should or should not be made a matter of College discipline—whether a man should or should not be obliged to attend so many Chapels in order to keep his Term—has not the merit of newness about it which we could desire. It is a question which is continually cropping up and yet one which is never settled. And even if it should be settled to the satisfaction of all concerned we suspect that a sense of deprivation would be felt. For the Average Student loves to grumble and so long as his grumbling is done within the College walls and only to the ears of College men little harm is done and doubtless the A. S. feels better! Outside the College *esprit de corps* requires that he shall say nothing except good of his Alma Mater. So this subject needs careful treatment, since what we write is for outsiders as well as members of the College. The writer of the delightful article entitled "Worms," which appeared in the *Mitre* some time ago, has no such fears. He blurts out a great deal that had been better left unsaid, thereby laying himself open to receive the rebuke administered by "B" in a later issue of the *Mitre*. Yet both these writers consider the subject in a partisan spirit and consequently each exaggerates the mistakes of his opponent and magnifies the importance of his own opinions. The truth of the matter lies somewhere between the two extremes of thought which these writers represent and probably a great deal nearer to B's opinions than those of the unknown author of "Worms." Let us then so far as in us lies, try to avoid pitfalls by considering the subject impartially. We make no attempt

at argument. "Convince a man against his will" and he remains the same obstinate blockhead you all along suspected him to be, that is unless he agrees with you in what *you* believe to be true. We merely submit a few points for consideration.

It is for him who would do away with the system of compulsory chapel to tell us what we are to have in its place. We suppose that very few would desire us to sink into a state of godlessness. But we have before us the condition of affairs in some of the American Universities. With many of these the absence of compulsory Chapel attendance means no Chapel at all for very many students. We believe that there are but few among us who consider that such a state of affairs can be for a moment justified. Truly we could not justly claim that our instruction is founded on religion and yet have students who never attend Chapel. In this consideration we lay out of the case those whose Arts course is merely preparatory for one in Divinity. Such men would go to Chapel whether it was compulsory or not. We are rather considering those who are preparing for walks of life other than the Ministry and we trust that the number of such men will shortly be very much increased. Our College is not merely a Divinity School, and the more men we have in residence who are not Theological students, the better can we make our claim good that we are members of a University. For this reason it is right that the great development in the Science, Mathematical and English Courses which has been going on should continue. For this reason it is right that a similar development should be made in the most important matter of the regulations concerning Chapel Attendance. The day of small things, we hope, is passing away never to return. Our methods are to be those of the new century, "up to date" in the best sense of the term. In all changes we must be true to the best traditions of our Past. Changes must not be made hastily, for what we now have is good. Let change only be made for something better. While we believe that of men who are not Theological students a much smaller number of Chapels should be required yet we must not forget that the knowledge which they gather should none the less be founded upon religion. Thus only can we be true to our Charter, and true to our best traditions. These two must be our guides in all development. On the other hand to remain just as we are—to change nothing—means stagnation. To stand still is to fall behind. We must move, but let us be careful in what direction we are moving—there must be no retrograde movement. In all reformations great or small there is danger of going too far. This we must avoid.

We are indeed fortunate that the direction of all the affairs of the College is in the hands of one so eminently fitted for the task. Let us uphold his hands. It is our duty to do our best to support all efforts which are made for the true development of the University.

There is nothing which binds us together more firmly than our common worship in Chapel. Here Arts man and Divinity man unite in the glorious Liturgy of our Church. Here is to be found the link which binds College and School together. There are those who would separate the interests of College and School entirely, but here at least is a bond which can hold us together; a common ground where interests do not conflict. Here all can join in the highest occupation in which man can engage—the worship and praise of God. In our Chapel services we may find a unity of purpose which will hold us together and keep us above all party strife and bitterness.

“Among all the fond memories which we shall carry away with us, none will be more highly esteemed than those of our common worship here.”

*F. W. Carroll.*

---

## EDITORIALS.

---

In turning over the leaves of some old *Mitres*, we paused over an address by a former Principal, and a series of historical notes. Reading these, we were impressed by two points:—the lowly beginning of the University, and its success despite increasing hostility. Bishop's was originally situated where the College House now stands. The building was old and rambling, the rooms poor and scantily furnished, the teaching staff limited to two men, Dr. Nicolls and Dr. Miles—the latter confining himself mostly to the School. From its very foundation, the College had active opposers, while many of those who ought to have supported it, remained cold and listless. The whole history of the University has been a continuous surmounting of obstacles; few institutions have had so many misfortunes and losses; few have ever

been through such apparently ruinous depths of disorder and enfeeblement; and few have overcome all assaults with such repeated outputs of supreme effort. Verily to such a life of hardship Bishop's owes her strength and wiriness; and to the men who stood by her at such times, she owes her life. A series of active, determined, restless leaders brought the College through hosts of trouble, and such men must still stand by her. To-day we are in a stronger, healthier condition than ever before. We have inherited the result of past victories over misfortune, and we also have inherited a history—brief it is true but eloquent in its teaching. Why were we thus suffered to withstand the shocks of hard fortune, and the schemes of bitter enemies? Must there not surely be some great future in store for this University? Yes, there

surely is, if the spirit that kept her up in the past shall still abide with her in the future. The great danger is standing aloof from the life about us. This is a young country, and this is a young college—and our need is to keep pace with national life. A University cannot remain isolated; it must reflect the whole busy mind of the world without. It is young—this country, and young life is active, it must move.

The concensus of opinion concerning education seems to be that it ought not to make encyclopedias, but rather efficient men. Efficiency must be developed by the professors and lecturers, while the man is made by himself and his associates. This part of education rests on the students chiefly, and on the teachers in so far as they join in undergraduate life. The larger the college, the less is direct social influence of the professors. An ideal condition can only exist in a residential College. Here both instructors and students have opportunity to freely employ their powers. Aside from mental efficiency there is strength in a sound, well developed moral character; and while the University that aims only at mental training has a great end in view, yet there is the greater object of combining mental and moral culture. This is the high function of a residential college.

If we are taught a lesson by the fable of the tortoise and the hare, it is that of being cautious and sure in our progress—of making haste slowly. The great fault of the man

who thinks he is busy, is to fly off at a tangent. Such men are truly pathetic. We meet them every day and we pity them because they are so rushed and hurried by the work of life; yet we also feel contempt for them at the thought of how much more they could do by keeping cool. The busy person of to-day is the victim of a disease called hustle; and hustle, alas! is usually accompanied by its rhyming symptom *bustle*; while *bustle* is a form of activity that is too often unproductive. As a matter of fact very few are so busy that they cannot do more—the only ones that we can recall are ourselves during examinations; yet people are always bemoaning a lack of time and this is especially true of our contributors. Of course we do not infer that our friends are of the hustling bustling kind; yet we must say that if they do not wish to appear before the world as members of that class they must at once let their names be seen in the *Mitre* at the end of an article. He is indeed miserable who is not borne down with much work; and the object of the *Mitre* is to afford a new field of labour for busy men. However we have not the slightest idea of hinting at anything, for our object in writing is altogether philanthropic and impersonal but we cannot help thinking what might have been and still may be. Everybody knows what a sin is laziness. Even busy people are lazy, and this is all the sadder and more wicked because

before them is an opportunity for no more—for the present.  
truly pleasant toil. We shall say

---

## DIVINITY NOTES.

---

St Patrick's Day passed almost without incident. One of the Arts men was evidently under the impression that we were all late risers, so, at what was plainly a much earlier hour than his usual time for rising, he came over to rouse us from slumber. *Of course* he did not catch any of our hard-worked little band asleep so he wreaked his vengeance on our learned classical visitor, snatching him from the arms of Morpheus, in a manner worthy of the spasmodic alarm clock owned by the former inhabitant of the room. (Incidentally, although we miss its owner, we are not very sorry that the said clock has taken its departure.)

We of the "Shed" (as our palatial abode is termed by the jealous Arts men) are proud of our "string band", which occupied such a prominent position in the St. Patrick's Day procession. Owing to a pressing engagement the "curiosity," who, by the way, is not an Irishman, was unable to take his part in the programme. However the man with the green whiskers caused such a sensation that his absence was hardly noticed.

During his little daughter's illness with scarlet fever, Mr. F. W.

Frith, has been rooming in this building.

For some time E. R. Roy, B. A., has been suffering from a severe cold and from congestion. He went home on Mar. 23rd. without waiting to take the Easter examinations. We sympathize with Mr. Roy in his illness, and no doubt he feels for us in our examinations. We can imagine him, as he grows convalescent at home, singing with a happy expression "The *whirl* I left behind me."

Considerable discussion has taken place lately regarding the correct use of the words "shall" and "will". Get those to whom these auxiliary verbs prove a stumbling-block to remember the following instance of their correct use. A young Frenchman employed in driving logs down a river, was in imminent danger of being carried over a water-fall. When there appeared no hope of a rescue, he exclaimed "I *will* drown, and no one *shall* save me". Now this seems quite excusable in case of one speaking a language not his own, but for an educated man, whose natural tongue is English, to employ such a phrase as "shall you want...?" grates on the ears of even the hardened Divinity Editor.

Those members of the Brotherhood who wish to take work next summer are already on the lookout for missions. Some time ago a member was offered a most desirable mission in Ontario, but was unable to accept it. Instead of giving some other member a chance to apply for it as any man with the most ordinary College spirit would have done, he wrote to a man attending another college about it, with the result that the latter secured the position. Such actions are certainly not praiseworthy and those who do such things do not gain in popularity by being so unpatriotic.

It is a long time since we grave seniors did any Euclid, and we have forgotten a good deal of what we once knew about it; but still it made us smile when a verdant freshman, questioned as to how far he had progressed in geometry, replied that he had got as far as the proposition which proves that the sum of the interior angles of a triangle is equal to the sum of the exterior angles.

Our attention has been drawn to the fact that one of the responses in our Compline is most inappropriate. At Compline a short lesson is read, and the response we make is "Thanks be to thee O God". Now it seems quite right and fitting that we should return thanks for such a blessing as God's word, but we think this is the exception which proves the rule, seeing that the lesson usually chosen is the following:—Be sober, be vigilant; *because your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion walketh about seeking whom he may devour; whom resist, stedfast in the faith.*"

During Lent the Brotherhood was in charge of the Rev. Dr. Allnatt who was its first Warden and drew up the rules which still govern it. Dr. Allnatt gave a series of most interesting lectures on Christ's charge to His Apostles, as contained in St. Matt. ix 35ff.

His Lordship the Bishop of Quebec was here on March 25th. to attend a meeting of the Council, and to administer the rite of Confirmation to twenty-two candidates.

## ATHLETICS.

In our last issue of the "Mitre" we stated that the hockey season had closed, but fate decreed otherwise, as we succeeded in defeating the Coaticook team on March 15th; after a very interesting and exciting match.

Our men went on the ice with a feeling of determination, and with a desire to make a break in their long list of defeats.

The match throughout was fairly contested, but the College was al-

ways on the puck, and showed up better at critical moments than in any of their previous matches. We were minus the services of Roy who was indisposed, but his place was ably filled by Kennedy. From the outset play was fast, and it was not long before Cowling netted the first goal for the College. Four others followed during the first half, during which time Coaticook failed to score. The second half was more even, but the College by dint of hard work succeeded in scoring three more, thus winning by 8—0.

A very pleasant evening was then passed at Cote's Hotel, after which we bade farewell to our guests, being proud of having defeated such worthy opponents. The teams lined up as follows.

|                     |                 |
|---------------------|-----------------|
| College.            | Coaticook.      |
| Read                | Christie        |
| Kennedy             | Andrews         |
| Ward                | McCutchen(capt) |
| Shewen              | Austin          |
| Cowling(capt)       | Flanders        |
| Weagant             | Fraser          |
| Findlay             | Garceau         |
| Referee A. J. Hall. |                 |

Now that the snow is beginning to disappear, we turn our minds to cricket. We have no doubt, but that Mr. Bourne will work hard to develop a good team this year. We have a lot of good material which only needs working up and training, to make it efficient. A meeting of the committee has been held and steps have been taken to provide every necessity, in order that we may get to work without delay, when we return after the Easter vacation.

## ARTS NOTES.

Everything can be carried too far, even economy. We found a student not long ago economizing in tobacco. He had to smoke but he was unable to buy tobacco, having no money on hand; but seeing on his table a paper bag of tea, he thought that he might try the leaf which when dissolved in water gives off such delicious fumes. To his surprise tea smoking was more tasteful than tobacco. But we would heartily advise this student to quit tea and return to tobacco, if he values a

long and painless life.

Some nights ago a fearful uproar was caused in the hall of the upper flat. One of the students accidentally (on purpose) set fire to a waste paper basket. Immediate steps were taken to extinguish the flames which might have led to the utter destruction of our Alma Mater. The fire buckets were at once seized and with haste were thrown upon the burning mass, which with superhuman effort was finally extinguish-

ed. We are thankful that our well-beloved college walls yet remain and no serious damage was done although the amount of water used leaked through to the ceiling below to the anxiety of the students in the lower regions.

Some people do very peculiar things at times, and we often set those people down in our memorandums as "eccentrics". Now among us is a very eccentric individual whom we often, we regret to say, have to make note of. Not many days ago he was discovered lying in bed with half of his clothes on, and an old felt hat on his head. We have ascertained from the "straw-capped man" that this is a regular proceeding of his. We wonder what it means. Perhaps he is afraid that the awful stock of learning may escape his well oiled wheels.

## IN HONOUR OF ST. PATRICK.

### PROGRAMME.

Those who are to take part in the procession will please gather in the Quad before 10 A. M. Their places will be assigned to them their.

All are requested to bring a supply of green paint, ribbon and bunting with them, in case the supply on hand should give out.

The procession will leave the Quad at 10.30 sharp.

### ORDER OF THE DAY.

1—The procession shall be led by the string band from the "Shed". The band shall wear a green frock coat and knee pants. On a given signal the band shall strike up—"Erin Forever".

2—Immediately following the band, shall be the High Church Party painted "green".

3—Pippy and Toby in knee pants made of green stuff, and a necklace of sleigh bells tied around their tails.

4—At a safe distance the string band from the "Second Flat" will proceed. The band shall play to the tune of "The Long looked-for Butter Tub" or "If I could only find that Liquid Chewing Gum".

5—Then shall proceed the Secretary with the great chest expansion. His uniform shall consist of a dunce cap, a green blouse and green and white pants.

6—The curiosity from the "shed" shall be next, The man with the rubber neck.

7—The Hunter shall be next in line He shall sing "*Dina de moon am shining*".

8—The representative of Underwood and Underwood shall come next. He shall distribute views at every corner and shall shout "It is a fact gentlemen, it is a fact". He shall be accompanied by Weary

Willy with a green moustache,

9—The Braying ass shall be led by the Faerie Queen. He shall carry a banner with the following words.—

“Two of a kind”.

10—Oh-Goll shall lead the twin sailors who shall sing “I’m a-roving”.

The procession shall proceed to the village square where several speeches shall be given and all shall sing “Erin Forever” accompanied by the joint string band.

Miss P. Johnson who gave an entertainment in the village some time ago, seemed well acquainted with, Dear George.” There is no doubt that Dear George was much flattered, but we would like to tell him that when a man selects bones without skin and blood to take a drive with he ought to be ashamed of himself. But we must not blame *Georgie* as everydody feels that there is not the least doubt that he has many times been driving with real flesh and blood. Miss Johnston also hit the Scotchman with some force and he is now fully convinced that he is not a Christian, neither is he a heathen, but he is a Scotchman simply and he hopes he will be allowed to remain so for the present.

Everybody no doubt will be surprised to hear that we have an artist

in the Arts Building. His chief hobby is to draw clerical sketches, anybody seeing them would at once say the artist who produced the picture is a high Churchman, as his prelates are always decked in vestments, and the candles are innumerable. This gentlemen, however, although he is tall, is not as high as he looks—that is High Church. We only wish we could procure his services to illustrate the Mitre with original pen sketches, but we fear it would be encroaching on his good nature too much to ask him to put an illustration in each number that is sent out.

We were very pleased to hear that we were so well represented at the final meeting of the Lennoxville whist club, for one of our representatives won a prize, in the shape of a very nice pipe, which if he wishes to get rid of he will have no trouble doing it.

Let us all agree to have the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes on a level in the College, and let not foolish quarrels arise about such matters, as they are two of the greatest nations in the world, so let their representatives show themselves broad-minded men, who will help on their country, but not argue foolishly, for narrow minded persons are as a rule useless individuals.

## PERSONALS.

The Rev H. Kitson has been chosen by Bishop Hamilton to be Dean of the Cathedral at Ottawa. By this appointment another honor is gained for our University since Dean Kitson graduated from Bishops in 1871.

The Rev J. Almond informs us that while he was engaged in hospital work in South Africa, he met, entirely by accident, Dr A. McD. Ford who had gone to the front as a Surgeon Major. Dr Ford took his B. A. degree at Bishops in 1894 and then entered on the study of Medicine in the Medical Faculty, Montreal.

Mr. Paul Caron who was a student at the College during the session

of 1894—5 has been elected a member of the Quebec Legislature.

E. Clare Avery B. A. '94 is at present engaged in literary work in Boston.

The Rev W. Barton, incumbent of the S. Maurice Mission has recently moved from Grand' Me're to Shawenegan Falls.

Cecil F. Mundy B. A. '95 is taking a theological course at Cambridge, England.

W. W. Wadleigh B. A. '00 spent a short time at Lennoxville quite recently. Mr. Wadleigh had just returned from an extensive tour through the United States.

## The Village Cure'.

When the camping party accepted the Father's invitation to visit him on the following Monday; it was without any great enthusiasm. To begin with they had been only about a week in camp where they were extremely happy: their tents were extremely comfortable: their dispositions extremely lazy; their clothes extremely disreputable, and their appetites extremely enormous; and there was a marked disinclination among them to return even for an afternoon to the restraining influences of civilized conventionality which a visit to the parish priest of the neighbouring town would exact.

It is true that among the gentler element of the party a certain spirit was manifested which I will not be so ungallant as to call curiosity—for in our camp we were all above such mere human weaknesses:—it was rather as they themselves affirmed—thirst after knowledge of their fellowman as an individual.

The Father was a man who was well spoken of: there were wonders—so said Dame Rumour—in his den that raised in the mind visions of the Arabian Nights Alnaschar dreams of probable impossibilities. Moreover the Father was far from ill-looking, he was a very Launcelot in elaborate courtesy, and the ascetic air he bore was by no means a deterrent to the interest he had aroused amongst the inquisitive fair.

Finally he was a bachelor: and every one knows what an interest is evoked in the feminine mind by this stupendous miracle. It matters not that his celibacy is enforced and perpetual: that he is an irreclaimable wanderer from the flock of the eligible, the interest still remains. How can a mere man, alone unaided manage to keep a single room, much less a house, in order and neatness without the presence and softening influence of the eternal feminine.

Consequently it was with feelings of some enthusiasm—for of course the gentler sex had worked up the more initiative minds of their sterner comrades to a due appreciation of their own feelings—that the party set off on Monday afternoon.

What anxiety and heart burning had there been displayed among the Ladies; what lamentation over toilets which to the masculine eye "*tout ce qu'il y avait de plus charmant et plus gentil*", but which to the exacting feminine eye seemed lacking in perfection. What polishing of boots, what shaving, what frantic searches after white collars, presentable ties, among the men: For it was a bachelor—irreclaimable it is true but still a bachelor—that they were going to visit in his own house, and they did not wish to appear to too great a disadvantage in the eyes of their "*belles amies*." Poor fellows, they might just as well have spared their pains, once in that cave of enchantments they might have ceased to exist for all the attention they received, or—to do them justice—desired.

Now it had never seemed a very large party, during the day there was the customary assortment of couples, who pursued their famous flirtatious occupations, watched with sardonic amusement and contemplative indulgence by the would-be cynical old bachelor of the party. It was true that at meals in the big dining tent we sometimes seemed a little crowded, but at meal times we were all so absorbed in the one occupation of gratifying enormous appetites, that we never gave a thought to our neighbours or their numbers. But when the whole eighteen of us trooped into the study of our host we began to be more and more ashamed of inflicting such a visitation upon him. He however, even if he was a little aghast at the invasion admirably disguised his feelings under the mask of a courteous and hearty welcome.

Let me first attempt to describe the room in which we found ourselves. Fairly large, rather ill-lighted, with staircase running up at the end of it—it seemed half hall, half study. Near one of the windows, a low writing table with a book of theological reference on a reading desk beside it, and text-book of practical mechanics lying upon it, near the desk an astronomical telescope. Round the walls a heterogeneous collection of stuffed birds,—here a crow, here an eagle, now a heron, now an owl,—stag's heads, moose,—skins, guns, fishing rods, cameras, and electrical apparatus; in truth a most unclerical assortment. Not even the telephone had been allowed to retain its pristine clumsy simplicity, but seemed more elaborate and withal less useless than its poor imitator in the great cities. In one corner of the room, an arm-chair with glass insulators for castors and overhanging it a complicated arrangement of electric looking like a miniature shower-bath, seemed to give a promise of the surprises we had been led to expect. While an engine like a small sewing-machine with a large tin trumpet attachment, standing by the foot of the stairs, warned us that perhaps some of our words were to be recorded phonographically. Finally three brass-mounted lenses staring at us from a door opening into another room, gave us some slight inkling of the great treat in store for us.

After a few moments that the ladies retire to take off their hats, and the men at the suggestion of their host, follow him to the dining-room, where we get our first surprise. While our host is courteously offering us refreshments suddenly for no apparent reason, we hear music proceeding from a corner of the room. Now there is nothing very extraordinary about a musical box, but there is something distinctly uncanny about a box which grinds out tunes apparently on the mere wish of its owner. However we soon recovered from our surprise, to roar with laughter at the look of horrified amazement on the face of the patriarch of our party.

Back to the sitting-room again, where the entertainment begins. First the Phonograph is brought into play and gives us its impressions of the songs of a certain worthy doctor; then the telescope shows us our far-distant camping ground. Next an adjournment is made to the *de'pendance* to see the tame deer of which the Father makes such pets. A wonderful menagerie it is, four of the wildest, shyest animals in nature, so tame that they will eat out of the hands, even of strangers and two little fawns, only a few days old, over which the girls gushed with that enthusiasm which is only redeemed from absurdity by the womanly tenderness of which it gives proof. The study again, and now the phonograph is brought into use to record the voice of the songster of our party: clever as our host is, and ingenious as are the improvements he has added to Edison's great invention to en-

able it to record even the highest voice, his machine is not yet capable of doing justice to one of the sweetest clearest voices it has ever been my good fortune to hear.

Then the lantern comes into play and we are shown various views, ending with a picture of our host enjoying a draught of the cup that cheers but does not inebriate, a welcome hint that presages a hearty meal.

And what a meal it was. You may talk of the comforts of a married life, that legendary all-prevading sweetness and skill of woman that makes house-keeping seem so easy to the uninitiated, but show me the house-keeper, however skillful, who could have surpassed, or even equalled that bachelor supper. From the steak, fried a' la francaise, to the cake. "ab ovo usque ad malum", it was perfection. The tea made on the table over an electric heater of our host's own invention, was excellent, and the pale, dry sherry, had a flavour and bouquet that completely turned the head of one member of our party.

The drawing-room next claimed our attention, where our host performed, with the sympathetic skill of a highly trained musician, piece after piece on his magnificent Aeolian organ, Mendlesohn, Wagner, Sullivan, Gounoe, Sousa, all had their turn, and one quite forgot to think of the mechanical part of the performance, in admiring the artistic skill of the performer.

Then the sense of hearing being, in our host's estimation, if not in our own, thoroughly gratified the lantern is again requisitioned, and we start on a tour round the world. Starting from our camp, we are first taken through the country in our immediate neighbourhood, among the silver lakes, the templed hills and smiling valleys of Megantic; and then across the "herring pond we go, right into the heart of gay Paris", a change from nature in her simplest and most alluring garb, to civilization in its busiest and highest form.

Every few minutes we have a pause, that our sight may not be wearied, and instantaneously, as obeying the will of a magician, the orchestration strikes up in some far-distant room. Back again, through Paris, through the great Cathedrals of England and France, and then back to Camp. Our host tells us he has nearly five thousand lantern slides that he has made himself from his own photographs.

But the time is flying and we can no longer trespass on his hospitality, so lavishly extended to us, and after a farewell cup of coffee, the teams are brought to the door, and we bid our host a most reluctant good-bye, thanking him as heartily as we know how for a unique evening, but utterly failing to do justice to our real feelings on the subject.

What an entertainment it had been; music of the best, science, art, creative, and imitative, good cooking, good appetites, and above all good fellowship. Guests, appreciative and enthusiastic, and a host who is priest, artist, musician, scientist but above *bon-vixeur*, *bon-camarade*, and in every sense of the word *bon-homme*.

(— — — —)

## SCHOOL NOTES.

The term now beginning is the pleasantest of the year, and there is every indication in the school that it will at least come up to other summer terms. About the cricket prospects it is a little hard to speak with any certainty at present. There are three regular members of the old team of last year still with us, Robinson II, who is Captain, Fraser-Campbell I, and Walters, while Pope, Molson and Pillow are also available, so there is at any rate the nucleus for a very fair team. We believe that there is quite a chance of getting a professional this year, and if he should turn out to be a satisfactory man, it will be an invaluable help. Last year we had on the whole a successful season—but the loss of Hainsworth was felt very severely, and several really promising cricketers failed to do themselves justice owing to the lack of proper coaching. Bad habits are proverbially easy of acquirement and difficult to eradicate, and in no pursuit is this more true than in cricket, and it is to be sincerely hoped that we shall have a competent man this year who can give the much needed

coaching; and put down with a strong hand the tendency to careless play, reckless hitting across the wicket, and the various slack methods that prevailed last summer. Only given a little knowledge and energy properly directed in this way and we can look forward to a successful season.

Why, we would ask, has there been such a falling off in the band practises. The Sergeant tells us that several boys who were really getting on very well with the flute have almost dropped it. This is much to be regretted. The Corps last year was a great credit to the school, and it seems a pity that any opportunity should be missed of still further improving what is already one of the smartest school corps in existence. A competent band would be undoubtedly a great acquisition.

Two prizes have been offered to the School for knowledge of Shakespeare. The examination which will take place at the end of May, or early in June, will be in two selected plays "Julius Cæsar," and "Twelfth Night," with a short paper on general knowledge of Shakespeare's

works. This prize was offered last year but no one went in for it. This seems a pity for several reasons. A knowledge of Shakespeare is certainly, if not a necessity, at any rate extremely desirable in a man's education; but there is a still more important reason. Life in a school—outside the regular school work—should not be made up entirely of games; there is, or should be an intellectual side to it, which gives not only great pleasure at the time, but helps to lay the foundation of pursuits and studies in after life when the actual work of school is over, and the real education, for which school is only the elementary training begins.

In another place will be found the results of the Gymnastic Competition for the prizes so generously offered by Mr Ross. The greatest interest has been taken in this competition and on the whole the boys gave a very good display. Of course being the first year all were a little weak in some points, one of the most noticeable defects being lack of finish, and want of neatness in leg work. Practise will however soon correct this, and we may confidently look forward to having a fine set of gymnasts in the School before long. The very greatest praise is due to the Sergeant for the work he has done, both in coaching the boys and stimulating their interest, and in making the gymnasium into the really fine place it now is, in every way worthy of our School.

Already spring is upon us and as usual our thoughts revert once more to cricket. The prospects for a good team this year are very promising, as nearly half of last year's team are back and the chances for a professional this year are very good so we may hope to turn out an eleven this year that will even rival the honours won during previous seasons.

Although no matches have as yet been arranged we hope that Mc. Gill will pay us their usual visit on the 24th of May and matches will be, if possible, arranged with Montreal and Magog.

Last year we did very well against these teams considering the difficulties we had to overcome. With those difficulties removed and a proper interest taken by the players this year's team ought to make a record that will be hard to beat.

Master, (to boy rushing in late for dinner,) "Did you brush your hair to-day?"

Boy, "Yes Sir"

Master "What with?"

Boy (without hesitation) "With a comb sir"

Master "Then go and comb your hair with a brush."

The gymnastic Competitions resulted as follows;

|                      |           |           |
|----------------------|-----------|-----------|
| <i>Upper School.</i> | 1st. team | 1273 pts. |
|                      | 3rd. team | 1128 "    |
|                      | 2nd. team | 1108 "    |
| <i>Lower School.</i> | 3rd. team | 1367 "    |

1st. team 1362 "  
2nd. team 1358 "

1ST. TEAM UPPER SCHOOL. 3RD. TEAM LOWER SCHOOL

|                |                 |
|----------------|-----------------|
| Adams          | Stetham         |
| F. Campbell 11 | Richards        |
| Tessier 1      | Peck 11         |
| Simpson        | LeRay           |
| F. Campbell 1  | F. Campbell 111 |
| Gardner 1      | Dawson 11       |
|                | Bray 1.         |

The best scores made by individual boys are as under.

|                   |                 |
|-------------------|-----------------|
| Tessier 11 236    | Peck 11 223     |
| F. Campbell 1 225 | Day 1 222       |
| Tessier 1 222     | McArthur 11 217 |
| Simpson 221       | Nelson 217      |
| Adams 218         | McNaughton 216  |
| Davison 217       | Lowrey 214      |

"Botanical facts from our young agriculturalist."

#### *The Date.*

There are several varieties. Annual, Monthly, Weekly and Daily. Common in this neighbourhood particularly the third and fourth varieties during the months of Feb. and March. In some cases people have been known to travel miles to get one. Frequently found arrayed with a peach. The last variety is the most popular perhaps because it is hard to cultivate under some circumstances.

#### *The Peach*

An insidious and attractive fruit generally somewhat downy, with a fine bloom on its cheek. N. B. Amateur cultivator ought to make cer-

tain that all fruit of this tribe which they are cultivating with a view to acquisition should have a genuine bloom, as it is somewhat commonly imitated. Competent authorities recommend certain infallible tests; of which the best is to rub the peach with tu—lips. There are several varieties one of these is deciduous, i. e. liable to fall off if cultivated too much.

#### *"Those In Authority."*

H. W. P.

Born on———in the rising town of Montreal, H. W. P. and gave early evidence of the precocity which has caused him to be dubbed "the Downy Bird", a *sobriquet* he endeavours to live up to. After trying various seats of scholastic learning, he at length at the tender age of———determined to leave home and grace our walls with his presence. By this last sentence it must not be understood that he is given to playing the part of a *wall-flower*: far from it, let him but put in his welcome appearance at a dance, and partners flock around him, crying for his favours, while disconsolate rivals gnash their teeth in futile anger over broken engagements. His genial manner, quiet laugh, and irreproachable demeanour soon gained him a prominent place in the affection of his fellows. He rose to the place of head prefect, and captain of the Hockey Team, and al-

though he does not play football himself, his genial presence and quiet criticism (so audible in the remotest corner of the field) make him a valuable tutor to the budding enthusiast. He has the rare virtue of never over doing anything—not even his work, enjoys a joke at all times, even at his own expense, is a leader in all reform movements and has recently taken to parting his hair on the left side, instead of in the middle, rightly considering it to be more affective, and by so doing has set an example which has been followed by the whole of the sixth form. He has also been heard to express approval of “Proctors”, and to declare that “The Royal” is *all right*. His love for the neighbourhood is so great that he cannot keep away from it even in the holidays. He is an ardent admirer of the fair sex, and has been known to drive twenty miles on a cold night, over a bad road, rather than miss an opportunity of seeing some of them: from which it must be understood that he is catholic in his attentions. A fair admirer has even been heard to declare that,—but to reveal this would be a breach of confidence. The name of “Mouse” which his quiet conduct at first earned for him has now been changed to that of “De Blonde”. He hopes to get to McGill sometime soon.

Our Interviewer.

The hockey team this year has had considerable success winning 6

out of 8 matches. Scoring 66 goals against 33. The only weak point in the team being their shooting which was very poor.

STEVENSON in goal played his old time game and showed up well in all matches.

ROBINSON at point was good, he checked well but was a little weak in lifting.

MOLSON at coverpoint played a hard game: his weight for that position being against him. His weak point also was lifting.

HALE filled his position at defense with a great deal of credit being very fast, and steady on his skates he makes an excellent forward.

GREENSHIELDS played a hard game all the year, and improved a great deal towards the end. His weak point was his skating.

BALL one of our fastest forwards showed great improvement towards the end of the year and proved a great acquisition to the team.

TELFER as sub. was fast but inclined to be a little selfish. His playing in Sherbrooke was excellent.

HIMSWORTH, Sub for the back division, deserves a lot of credit for his fine work in Montreal. Although he is very light, he made up for it by his lifting.

H. W. PILLOW.(Capt)

“What the *folks* are saying”.

THAT we had a very pleasant

match with the Mets.

THAT A—h—e did not like keep-  
ing time.

THAT S—th—m's memory has  
now returned.

THAT we like the new photo of  
the old boy.

THAT the fur coat is especially fine.

THAT the holidays are quite de-  
lightful, but

THAT they were very short.

THAT "the Belle of New York"  
was a great attraction, but

THAT there are others.

THAT this is the summer term and  
that we shall soon be bathing.

THAT the river at the present  
offers an ice prospect.

THAT the prohibition "Do not walk  
on the grass," is a little previous, for

THAT the ground is still guiltless  
of any green appearance.

THAT there are new and striking  
features about this month's School  
Notes.

THAT we are quite well thank you.

"Our time gossip."

---

## JNO. O. DUNCAN.

---

SHERBROOKE.

Begs to announce the arrival  
of the Autumn Hat made by Tress  
& Co., London. We show them in  
two colors—Black and Virginia  
Brown.

Our Tailoring Department is  
at all times prepared to quote prices  
for any style of garment made in  
first class goods.

**Jno. O. Duncan**

SHERBROOKE -- QUE.

There was a young man from the South,  
Who never would open his mouth,  
Excepting to rage at the Negro suffrage,  
That funny young man from the South.

S

There was a young person of Brunswick,  
Who thought one day he was some sick:  
But Celery Compound and cough drops of  
hore-hound  
Nigh killed that young person of Brunswick.

S

## THE LAUREATE.

E'en from the age of England's Virgin Queen,  
Sweet Spenser warbles in his verse serene;  
And other bards their melody diffuse,  
Till A—at—n cometh with his plaintive mew.

S.

## HERE AND THERE.

Never was a sincere word utterly lost, never a magnanimity fell to the ground; there is some heart always to greet and accept it unexpectedly.

"Let every man," said Sidney Smith, "be occupied, and occupied in the highest employment of which his nature is capable, and die with the consciousness that he has done his best." If the highest employment is not to be found in our avocations, let us seek it in our leisure.

The so-called science of the day is tainted with materialism and the philosophy of the day with pantheism, and both with fatalism. But that materialism which denies spirituality, and that fatalism which denies human freedom, and that pantheism which denies personality is a trinity too much like the world, the flesh, and the devil to be mistaken for the good, the beautiful and the true.

Banish all malignant and revengeful thoughts. A spirit of revenge is a spirit of the devil, than which nothing makes a man more like him, and nothing can be more opposite to the temper which Christianity designs to promote. If your revenge be not satisfied, it will give you torment now; if it be it will give

you greater hereafter. None is a greater self-tormenter than a malicious and a revengeful man, who turns the poison of his own temper in upon himself.

The sweetest and most signal revenge to inflict upon enemies who seek to belittle our labours or underestimate our abilities is to do everything well, to lead irreproachable lives, to earn popular confidence and respect, to eschew all but laudable undertakings, to succeed in every act and labour. Success is the most effectual reproach to envy, malice and unfriendliness.

There are some who effect a want of affection, and flatter themselves that they are above flattery; they are proud of being thought extremely humble, and would go round the world to punish those who thought them capable of revenge; they are so satisfied about the suavity of their own temper that they quarrel with their dearest benefactor only for doubting it. And yet so very blind are all their acquaintances to these numerous qualifications and merits that the possessors of them invariably discover, when it is too late that they have lived in the world without a single friend, and are about to leave it without a mourner.

THROUGH AN ERROR IN THE PAGING OF THE "MITRE"  
THE GRAND TRUNK AND H. C. WILSON'S ADVERTISEMENT  
WAS MISPLACED.

THE MITRE



## HOCKEY SUPPLIES

Skates, Sweaters, Sticks,  
Shin Pads etc.

*Snow Shoes and Moccasins,  
Boxing Gloves, Punching Bags,*

FENCING FOILS, AND ALL SPORTING GOODS

## Mountain City Cycle Co.,

DEALERS IN ALL KNOWN SPORTING GOODS.

2341 ST. CATHERINE ST.

MONTREAL

Write for Catalogue

## G. A. LE BARON

141 Wellington street



SHERBROOKE, QUE.

### Musical Instruments,

of every Description direct from  
Canadian, American and European  
Makers. Sold Wholesale and Retail  
Prices moderate. Terms Easy.

Established 1878

21 years dealer in NEW WILL-  
IAMS Sewing Machines, Up-to-Date  
in every detail and unsurpassed for  
family use. Ask for prices and terms

G. A. LeBaron Sherbrooke

