



FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT.

# THE MITRE

VOL. X. LENNOXVILLE, P. Q. FEBRUARY, 1903. No: 4

## BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

W. T. WHEELER, B. A. EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

F. W. CARROLL, B. A. ALUMNI EDITOR

A. J. VIBERT, BUSINESS MANAGER

## ASSOCIATE EDITORS.

J. H. Nelms, (Divinity)

P. G. Rollit, (Divinity)

Birchall Marling, Esq., B. A.

F. Plaskett, (Arts' 03)

H. A. Collins, (Arts' 04)

P. Cummins, (B. C. S.)

G. W. Findlay, (Arts' 03) Athletic Editor

## ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGERS

G. E. Fletcher, For Divinity

A. Fraser-Campbell, B. C. S.

Not Elected, Music

B. Lemlein, Arts' 05

Not Elected, Medicine

Not Elected, Dentistry

"THE MITRE" is published monthly during the College year by the Students of Bishop's University 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 University; Lennoxville, Que. Printed by Geo. Gale & Sons, Waterville. Que.

## EDITORIALS.

It is with pleasure that we present to our readers, this month a picture of the Reverend Frederick George Scott, M. A., D. C. L., Rector of St. Matthews Church, Quebec City, and widely known throughout Canada as one of her foremost poets and most patriotic citizens.

Dr. Scott's poems, of which four volumes have appeared, have won for him an enviable position both in England and America. These and his prose volume have been reviewed in the Mitre. The following is the order of their publication:—The Souls Quest, 1888; My Lattice, 1894; The Unnamed Lake,

1897 Poems, Old and New, 1900; and the dramatic life-story, Elton Hazlewood, 1892. We mention here the entire list for we feel that some of our readers who may not be familiar with them cannot but profit by such an acquaintance.

Those who know Dr. Scott personally will understand how with the charm of his magnetic personality he is able to wield such a peculiarly powerful influence for good in the lives of young men. If the student of his writings has not been taught in this delightful way, he will soon learn that the writer is a man of liberal culture and wide sympathies, a patriot whose heart has thrilled with the truth of the larger life, political, social and religious, a man of strong courage born of reverent unquestioning faith.

---

Through the great kindness of Mr. G. M. Fairchild Jr. of Quebec City, we are able to present to our readers, an amusing article by this well known and clever author.

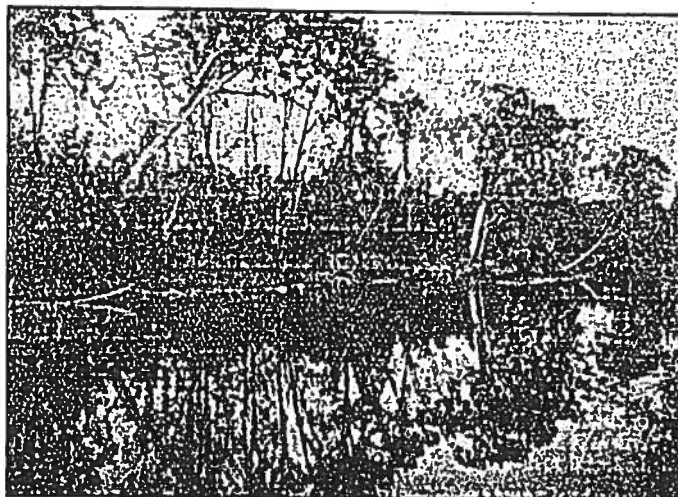
Mr. Fairchild is also a poet of no mean ability, and in subsequent numbers of the Mitre we shall publish, by special arrangement, two delightful sonnets which he has written for us.

---

From across the sea comes a contribution from an old and true friend of Bishop's and of us all, Professor B. G. Wilkinson, M. A. We need not say how much we appreciate it, nor how welcome it is, nor how glad his many friends will be to read it.

In an accompanying letter, Professor Wilkinson wishes to be remembered to all his friends, and we are quite sure that on their behalf we may return the compliment, and wish him every happiness and success.





### THE RIVER.

Why hurry, little river,  
 Why hurry to the sea?  
 There is nothing there to do  
 But to sink into the blue,  
 And all forgotten be.  
 There is nothing on that shore  
 But the tides for evermore,  
 And the faint and far-off line  
 Where the winds across the brine  
 For ever, ever roam  
 And never find a home.

Why hurry, little river,  
 From the mountains and the mead,  
 Where the graceful elms are sleeping  
 And the quiet cattle feed?

The loving shadows cool  
 The deep and restful pool,  
 And every tribute stream  
 Brings its own sweet woodland dream  
 Of the mighty woods that sleep,  
 Where the sighs of earth are deep,  
 And the silent skies look down  
 On the savage mountain's frown.

Oh linger, little river,  
 Your banks are all so fair,  
 Each morning is a hymn of praise,  
 Each evening is a prayer.  
 All day the sunbeams glitter  
 On your shallows and your bars,  
 And at night the dear God stills you  
 With the music of the stars.

FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT.

### SENATOR.

BY

G. M. FAIRCHILD, JR.

Author of "A Ridiculous Courting", "Canadian Leaves", "Rod and Canoe", etc.

Senator was a colored gentleman who gloried in his Southern ancestry and connexions. His profession was a varied one, that of porter, cook, waiter, and general advisor to Mr.

President of the greatest R. R. on earth. He had grown old in the service and his importance was in proportion to his years. He was short and thick set with a face that was capable of expressing a variety of emotions. His mimicry was unrivalled and his vocabulary was rich, varied as it was with a strange and wierd profanity. If his authority was questioned he fell back upon Mr. President as his fountain of wisdom; but it was no part of wisdom to run counter to Senator. He was more than a match for all the officials on the road, not excepting Mr. President even.

It was once my good fortune to travel for a week with Mr. President and Senator, but it is of the latter that my account has to do with. I arrived at Mr. President's car somewhat early and found Senator in possession and making ready for our departure. To my salutation he responded:

"I'se glad to welcum yo' Sar. Any frien' uv Mr. President, Sar, is ma frien'. Senator, dats me, am a gentleman, Sar, an' knows anuder when he meets one. I'se tole Mr. President to be on han' early kase me an' him have sum important bizniss to transac' befo' we start. Yo' walk in Mr Scribe an' jes make yo' self comforable. I'll construc' de offishuls, Sar, to have yo' baggage put aboard."

I fell at once under the spell of Senator's authority and did as I was bade and patiently awaited Mr. President's arrival.

He was not long in coming, but I heard Senator say:

"I'se done thought Mr. President's yo neber a-goin to git yere on time."

I hurried all I could, Senator, but some of the men detained me at the office," replied Mr. President.

"I'll hab to guv sum of does fellers de berry debbil Mr. President if dey continues to constrain yo' in dat way. How dey expect' we a-goin to git to our biziness if dey keeps gabbin' roun dat way. Dere's Mr. Scribe been heah dis long time back an' he's clear los' pashunce," grumbled Senator.

"Oh! Scribe how-de-do! I've a few matters to settle with Senator and then I'll join," you said Mr. President.

Later in the evening when Mr. President and I had settled down for a quiet smoke and a chat, the door of the compartment opened and Senator, unannounced, entered. Seating himself on the arm of a lounge and resting his elbows on the table he addressed himself to Mr. President.

"Mr. President wat am a zebra?"

"A zebra Senator, why you've seen a zebra in the zoo gardens in Philadelphia, a little striped horse."

"Hump! dat's wat I supposed, Mr. President, dat's wat I supposed. Sum uv dem smart Alicks wats in yo' offus tink dey cyan fool Senator, but dey cyant. Yo' remember General Price wat made a trip wid us on dis yere cyar. Well one uv dose Alicks showed me a picture today uv General Price runnin' away from sum brack niggers ridin' on a camuel wid dere toothes a-gleamin' an' dere spears a-wavin' fur to run de general troo. De Alick tole me dat de general was a-runnin fur to git into a zebra. Now I like to know how he's agoin' to git into a zebra?"

"Oh! you mean a zerebra, that's what they call a fortified enclosure in Africa", replied Mr. President.

"Why didnt dat Alick say dat. I knowed General Price ain't a-going to git into no zebra. Does yo' tink Mr. President dose brack niggers air a-goin to catch de General an' spear him dead out dere on de desert!"

"Hard to say Senator."

"Jewillikens, Senator don't want no fitin uv dat kin', no how."

But Senator's imagination being quite aroused now he pictured to us all the horrors of being speared and filled with bullet holes by a ferocious enemy and then left to die in the wastes of sand. As he proceeded to describe these horrors his eyes rolled, his body swayed, and his face became ashen. At the very climax of his harangue the car gave a lurch, a window shade went up with a sharp report, and Senator, with a howl of terror, fell limp across the table.

Our shrieks of laughter brought him to himself, and with

crushed dignity he retired mumbling into the culinary department and we saw him no more that night.

I was awakened the following morning by strange sounds. Our car was stationary. About the region of Senator's stronghold there was a great splashing of water mixed with expostulation and profanity. Then a window went up with jerk and I heard Senator shout out to some-one: "Yo' jumped up, white livered fly-blown maggot-eatin' fool, wat fo' yo' put dat hose into de ventilator hole. Air yo' a-goin' To drown me in ma kitchen. Do yo' lieah. Ugh, owh, I'll murder yo if I git outen yere. Don't yo' know a ventilator from a tank hole yo' dashed ignorant greaser, yo' red moufed, flat faced dummy? I'll cut yo' in pieces."

Still the relentless swish of descending water.

"Oh! Jewillkens! how, but dat water am col!"

I heard the door of the kitchen fly open, and the next moment I saw a terrified looking Irishman flying up the platform and Senator, drenched to the skin and dripping, in hot pursuit with a big carving knife in his hand. He returned shortly and as there was no gore on the knife I concluded the Irishman had made good his escape. I dressed leisurely, and then proceeded to the front end of the car.

"Good morning, Senator. Was it you I heard talking a little while ago?"

It was jus' me, Mr. Scribe, and if I aint got no murder on ma conscience this mawnin' it aint ma fault. If this R. R. am a-goin to employ ignorant Irishmen to try to drown me I'm a-goin to quit rite now. I guess if yo' uns want any breakfas' dis mawnin yo' can git it at de hotel. Ma kitchin's flooded—Its a good thing I aint got no bishop travelin' wid me or I would have clean busted maself."

"How is that, Senator?"

"Well I aint got no time to tell yo' 'bout dat dis mawnin,—yo' jes scurry 'roun' for somethin' to eat."

In the afternoon, while the president was busy with his secretary, I sauntered back to Senator's end of the car. He was

smoking his pipe and reclining at ease, but graciously made a place for me.

"I trus', Mr. Scribe, yo' air enjoyin' the 'sperience of trablin' wid me and Mr. President?"

"Very much indeed, Senator. Never had a pleasanter time in my life."

"Dats wat dey all says, Mr. Scribe. Wen de Lady Lany and the Marquis of Lany trabelled with me I jes' hustled roun' to entertrain dem two and dey allow dat dere was no one like Senator. I use to call her Ladyship, Mrs. Lany, and she'd jes' laff as nateral as yo' do, and say, 'dats rite, Senator, always call me Mrs. Lany. Wen dey was agoin to leav fur de ole kentry, I tuk dem to New York. De mawnin' after we arrived I was a fussen' about de cyar when I sees de Marquis ridin' up on his hoss. He jumps off when he gits to de cyar and hitchin' de hoss to the hanle of de step he comes in an' shouts, 'Is Senator yere?' 'Yere I am Mr. Marquis,' says I, 'but I'm all in ma' wukin' clothes.'"

"Never min' dat Senator, I've cum to say good-by to yo' an' if yo've got any more of dat Scotch I'm a-goin to drink your health."

"Well, Mr. Scribe, I brot out de Scotch an' de Marquis he spent an hour wid me in de mos' familius way, an when he shook my han he sed: 'Senator, her Ladyship would lak to say good-by to yo' at the Cindual Hotel.'"

Yo' see, Mr. Scribe, a reques' from a Lady am a command, so I puts on ma store clothes an I walks up to the Cindual Hotel, an' de porter, bringin he's han' to his hat, says mos respectful—"Where to Sar?"

"To de Lady Lany" says I, "and I walks on."

At de door of the elevator another boy says, "Where to?"

"De Lady Lany" says I.

"Den a big flunky in scarlet and gold, says: "where to?"

"De Lady Lany," says I.

"Hab yo' a cyard?" says he, grinnin like a baboon."

"I haint no cyard, and wats mo' ma friend, I dont want one."



Yo' say to de Lady dat Senator is here by her command."

"Oh!" says he, "Mr. Senator jes' take a seat" and he hurries away. He comes back very soon mos respectful, and says:

"Mr. Senator, her Ladyship will see yo' in the saloon."

"Dere was Mrs. Lany waitin to receive me: an she held out her han" and says, "Senator I'm glad you've come. I couldnt bear de thought of goin away widout tellin you dat me an' de Marquis will never forgit yo', and de entertainment yo've given us. Fare-yo'-well ma ole friend." Dere want a scrap of pride in dat Lady, she was jes' de same as common folks."

"Golly, it time I was wukin' on de dinner.—"

When Senator had served the coffee after dinner and had been duly complimented upon the excellence of the chicken a la Maryland, and the pudding, Mr. President said to him, giving me a slight wink, "Senator, what was the misunderstanding between you and Mr. Blank that the boys are talking about in the office?"

"Dere want no mistanding," replied Senator. Yo' see; Mr. Scribe, it were jes' dis way. Las' June Mr. Presidentsed to me. "Senator, you'll hav the cyar ready to-morrow to go West fur to brung back de Ambrassador, and I'm a-goin to sen' out a gentleman wid you, young Mr. Blank from Bosting," says he.

"Mr Scribe, yo've heard me say dat dis cyar done gone carry only de gentry, but dis time it carried de meanes' cussin de Kentry, but I only foun' dis out later."

"When he arribe on de cyar in de evenin' he says to me: "Senator, I'm glad to know yo', I've often heard ma father speak uv yo'."

"Yo' pop Mr. Blank was ma friend," "jes' so Senator, jes' so: By the by Senator if yo' have any Scotch yo' might bring in a bottle an' a bottle of Apollonaris water, an' yo' leab it here," says he with a high and mighty air as he throws hisself down on a lounge."

About 'leben o'clock I see him pass ma door pretty on-steady, an' when I went back to de room dere was only half dat Scotch lef' in de bottle. Lawdy, says I, if dats de way its a-goin to be, I'll hab to git in mo' Scotch for sartin."

"De nex mawnin 'bout ten, he says to me, hawlin' a little book out his pocket, "Senator do yo own a bicycle?"

"No Sar" says I, "I dont."

"Jes so, jes so," says he, "I thought not, but I'm goin to sen' yo' one, Senator, de day I git bac' to Bosting." "An' Senator yo' might bring in that half bottle Scotch and some Appollonaris."

"Yes Sar," an' I'm mos' proud for to git a bicycle," says I, grinnin' lak a fool."

"In de ebenin' he calls me agin. "Senator," says he, hawlin' out de little book, "how shall I address dat bicycle, in whose care?"

"Care of Mr. President," says I mos' perlite. "Bery good, bery good," says he, puttin' it down in de book, "an, I say Senator, ah, awh, if you've any mo' uv dat Scotch jes' bring it in, an' some Appollonaris."

"Yes Sar!" but I tinks to maself, yo' can drink mo' Scotch dan any man I eber trabled wid beto', howsum-eber as I'm a-goin to git a bicycle I do'nt care."

"The nex mawnin, he says to me, hawlin' out de book agin, "Senator, wat color would yo' lak dat bicycle?"

"Wall Sar, if yo' please I'd lak it crimson."

"Crimson, bery good Senator, crimson it shall be, an' ah, awh! I say Senator, jes' bring me in Scotch will yo' an' a little Appollonaris."

"Dat ebenin' which was he's las' on de cyar, he says to me: "Senator, I've neber had so good a time. I'm so much pleased dat I'm a-goin to pay all de charges on dat bicycle.—Don't forgit dat Senator, an' ah, awh! jus' bring in a full bottle of dat Scotch an' after fillin' dat flask of mine, yo' can leab de res' on de table," says he."

"De nex mawnin, Mr. Scribe, he lef dis cyar, an I aint neber see him agin, an' de bicycle neber cum. Dat's wat I call low down Yankee humbug. But if dem fellers in de offus keep on a-askin' me ebery day if I receive dat bicycle, dere's a-goin to be trubble fur some of dem,—shore. I guess I kin do widout a bicycle. Wat is it dat Shakepere says:"

"Suffring am de badge uv all our tribe."

"I say, Mr. President, cyan't yo' spit in dat spittoon, I've moved it three or four times now, an' ebery time yo' spit ober it. How am I a-goin to keep dis cyar clean, kin you answer dat?"

The afternoon we left Chicago there was violent altercation in Senator's end of the car, which was finally transferred to the platform. Looking out the window I could see a considerable crowd gathered in the aisle, which same crowd seemed to hugely enjoy the row whatever it was about; but as Mr. President appeared quite oblivious to the proceedings, I wisely refrained from any comment, and waited the course of events.

Just before dusk Senator came along to light the lamps and when he had finished, he looked in the direction of the President, and remarked:

"Mr. President did yo' heah any disputin' in the cyar a while back?"

"I heard a disgraceful row and some pretty tall swearing if that is what you mean," answered Mr. President.

"Dat's jest it. Yo' see, Mr. Scribe, I'se trabbled so many years wid Mr. President dat I'se naterally cochted his ways an' I was a-givin a white nigger de benefit of dem dis afternoon."

This retort of Senator's quite restored Mr. President to good humor, and Senator was told to go on with his story.

"De las' time I cum to Chicago I guv a plumber a contrac' to do some work in a house wat I own. It was to cos' \$ 50. an' I guv him \$35. on de count an de balauce I was to pay him when I cum again to Chicago."

"Well dis mawnin' de health authorities serves me wid a notus dat de hous was in an insanity condituan. Golly, I was mad clear throo, an, I hustled up to see dat plumber. Uv course he aint ter hum so I lef a message wid he's wife dat Senator wanted partickler to see him at de cyar at a quarter to three, dat dere was a balance wat I owed him. I knowed dat would fetch him, shore. "When he arribe he wanted ter be mos' soshable, but I jes' kep' him off an' I says to him:"

"You air, says I, a dirty lead eatin plumber. Yo' work am only a filthy, dirty sewer to lose good money in. Yo' soul is sodored wid sin an' yo've got mo' brass in yo' composition dan in all de wurk yo've ever did. Dere's mo' steal in yo' dan in a engine. De gas uv hell am yo' bref, but de fires of hell will melt yo' all down sun day, an' de debbil will make a pitchfork of yo', I'll employ dat \$ 15 I owe yo' to print yo' obituary as a warnin' to folks to have no dealins wid plumbers. An' I calls after him from the platform, Call yo'self a plumber, why yo' aint fit to clean out a sewer ditch— Mr. President yo' ought to have seen dat plumber sneakin' throo dat crowd."

When I bade Senator good—bye, he grinned and said:

"Mr. Scribe I aint eber a—goin to forgit yo'. Yo' air a genleman Sar, an' Senator's mos' proud fer to know yo'. De fustest time I go to New York I'm a—goin to make yo' a visit. Fare—yo' —well."

---

### Random Remarks.

Let the writer disarm criticism by the admission that his title is not absolutely original—as however it describes his jottings, let it stand. Criticize if you like the kindly Editor, who inserts these truthful remarks, but please lay to heart first that he means well and is doing his best to encourage budding talent.

The writer has just received a copy of the Mitre dressed in Christmas garb, and he is glad to read that preparations are already being made fittingly to celebrate the Jubilee of the University. He wishes he could be present, but unless some one sends him a free ticket he fears he must not even think of such a thing. Neveththeless he will rejoice with all the jubilant sons of Bishop's and hopes with all his heart that the Jubilee Celebrations will inaugurate a fresh period of prosperity for his Alma Mater. He also echoes the pious suggestions that State aid should be extended to the Mitre, for he wishes to hear of everything that is done next June, and where can this be so feelingly

and fitly chronicled as in a well-nourished Mitre? *Vivat Mitra.*

---

The old year is past. A new year has begun. A certain person named "Old Moore" calls it "the year of fate 1903" it is only a catchpenny title, but after all there is something in it. For particular institutions and indeed for England it will be a critical year. The Church of England has begun it without her chief Archbishop—long ere this is in print a new one will have been appointed and upon his prudence and wise guidance much will depend, for he will have to give the lead in regard to the way in which the New Education bill is to be carried into effect; he will have again the more difficult talk of removing or at least allaying the bitterness and jealousies and alarms which have been aroused during the passage of the bill. And in the writer's humble opinion he will have to introduce reforms in various directions in the Church. May God give us a holy and wise man.

England herself begins this year with the great problem of South Africa still unsolved though we may hope that the solution is proceeding favourably. And of course, within her borders she has as a State to face the same problems that confront the Church especially those of Education and Temperance.

---

But to the writer's mind the little threatening cloud both for England and the world is still in the far East and if not this year, at any rate in not far distant future the Chinese problem, evaded last time it appeared, will come to the front again. And here is the opportunity if she can only seize it for the Church of Christ—if she can Christianize China she will do Mankind a Service.

---

And now to humbler things. O invaluable weather! The readers of the Mitre, if this rigmarole gives them a headache, can soon get rid of it in their cold, crisp, dry outer air. If it seem heavy to them the cheerful sight of the gaily painted sleigh with its fur-wrapped freight and many sweetly sounding bells will soon charm away their heaviness. But what of the poor writer—all goodly and pleasant winter weather is far removed from him.

His winter consists of a little frost, a flake or two of snow, a thaw, plenty of rain, a viscous ocean of mud, and even when there is no rain an all-pervading penetrating dampness. Dead leaves all sodden with rain lie thick on any unswept place. Carriages are splashed with mud, and their wheels, reaching the macadam even through leaves and mire, rattle all the winter, except the rubber, tired brougham of the rich which glides quietly along with no other noise than the sound of the horses' hoofs and the solitary tinkling of a little silver bell.

It is said that comparisons are odorous. But perhaps the readers of the Mitre will make allowances.

And then the taxes——! But the Mitre's page is too refined for any adequate reference to this subject.

From taxes to "Toby" is but a short stride, seeing that the noble animal has to contribute Seven Shillings and Sixpence annually to the Exchequer. He seems, however, to have taken a new lease of life since his arrival in England, and ventures to send his good wishes across the ocean to the peerless "Pippy."

---

Here this medley may end unless the Editor cares to insert the following from the *London Magazine* for 1759:—"As the English army was passing towards Quebec, along a soft savannah, between a mountain and a lake, one of the petty chiefs of the inland regions stood upon a rock, surrounded by his clan and from behind the shelter of the bushes contemplated the art and regularity of European war . . . . . then turning to his followers, "My Children (said he) I have often heard that there was a time when our ancestors were absolute lords of the woods . . . . . A new race of men entered our country from the great ocean . . . . Those invaders ranged over the continent, slaughtering in their rage those that resisted, and those that submitted in their mirth . . . they drive us from every tract of ground where fertility and pleasantness invite them to settle . . . . . But the time perhaps is now approaching when the pride of usurpation shall be crushed, and the cruelties of invasion shall be revenged. The sons of rapacity have now drawn their swords upon each other, and

referred their claims to the decision of war. Let us look unconcernedly upon the slaughter and remember that the death of every European delivers the country from a tyrant and a robber; for what is the claim of either nation but the claim of the vulture to the leveret, and the tyger (sic) to the faun? Let them then continue to dispute their title to regions which they cannot people, and to purchase by danger and blood the empty dignity of dominion over mountains which they will never climb, and rivers which they will never pass. Let us endeavour in the meantime, to learn their discipline and to forge their weapons; and when they shall be weakened with mutual slaughter, let us rush down upon them, force their remains to take shelter in their ships, and reign once more in our native country."

It almost sounds as if a little Englander of the time had put his sentiments and predictions in the Indian's mouth. In Eastern Canada, of course the prediction that Europeans could not people the country has been entirely falsified. And if, as the writer hopes, we may believe a recent speaker. "The tide of population (in the West) is only beginning to rise. We see only what the American poet so well described in speaking of his own country as 'the first low wash of waves where soon shall roll a human sea' . . . . . I should not be at all surprised if by the first day of July, 1905, there were about 750,000 people in Manitoba and the North-West Territories, and perhaps a million."

*Vivat Canada.* May she prosper and with her the University of Bishop's College, Lennoxville, to all the members of which all good wishes for the New Year are sent by

B. G. W.





### Alumni Notes.

It is our sad duty to record the death of the Rev. Thomas Adams, M. A., D. C. L., for fourteen years Principal of Bishop's University. His health and strength he freely and nobly spent in the interest of our Alma Mater and even through a long and trying illness when health and strength were gone the welfare of the institution was ever the subject dearest to his heart. It falls to the lot of few institutions to have as loyal and true a friend as Bishop's University had in Dr. Adams. But he was more than this. He was the personal friend of every student here whose good fortune it was to know him.

Dr. Adams entered into rest on Christmas Day 1902. We hereby offer to Mrs. Adams and to the other members of his family our heartfelt sympathy.

Principal Adams was born at Parramatta, N. S. W., on Sept. 14, 1847, while his father, the late Rev. Thomas Adams, was on his way as a missionary to the Friendly Islands. He studied under Professors De Morgan and Seeley, at University College, London from 1864 to 1867, and in 1869 entered St. John's College, Cambridge. He graduated with first class mathematical honours (wrangler), B. A., 1873; M. A., 1876. For five years he was Senior Mathematical Master in St. Peter's School, York. In 1882 he became headmaster of Gateshead School and in 1885 he was appointed Principal of Bishop's University.

### Divinity Notes.

On Sunday morning, December 14th at St. George's Church Lennoxville, Mr. J. Henning Nelms, of Bishop's College, was



ordained a deacon by the Lord Bishop of Quebec. The candidate was presented by Rev. F. J. B. Allnatt, D. D., D. C. L., and was invested with the stole by the Rector of the Parish, Canon A. C. Scarth, D. C. L.

The ordination sermon was preached by Rev. C. Ernest Smith, D. D., D. C. L., Rector of St. Thomas's Church Washington D. C., who came up especially for the purpose. The text was from Isaiah vi-8 "Also I heard the voice of the Lord saying, Whom shall I send, and who will go for us? Then, said I, here am I, send me."

The sermon was a masterpiece of eloquence—clearly outlining the history, the duty, and the privileges of deacons. We hope to be able to give an epitome of the sermon in our next issue.

The Rev. Mr. Nelms, will not yet begin work as a deacon, but will continue a student of Divinity at Bishop's College until June of 1904.

The Rev. J. Henning Nelms, with his wife and child, spent the vacation in the South, visiting their old home in Virginia. He returned Monday, January 19th, in time to be on-hand for the opening lectures on Tuesday.

While away he preached in Virginia at St. Paul's, Newport News, and also at Old St. Luke's, near Smithfield, the oldest church in America in which Services are held, having been built in 1632. He also preached at St. Thomas's, Washington D. C., of which the Rev. Dr. C. Ernest Smith is Rector, and at St. Mathew's, Philadelphia.

---

Mr. F. W. Carroll, B. A. spent the Xmas holidays in New York with his brother R. Ward Carroll Esq. Vice-President of the Marcus Ward Company of that city.

---

Mr. W. T. Wheeler, B. A. was sent by the Lord Bishop to take charge of the Missions of Hereford, Que., Canaan, Vt., and Riverside and Colebrook, N. H.

We know Mr. Wheeler well enough to feel sure that his work there was acceptable and appreciated.

Mr. A. J. Vibert had charge of his regular Mission at Brompton Falls, continuing his good and faithful work there.

Mr. P. G. Rollit spent the Xmas vacation with friends at Compton.

The Rev. Mansel Shewen had charge of the Mission at Fort Fairfield, Me.

On Sunday, January 18th, Rev. J. Henning Nelms, of the Divinity class of Bishop's University was the preacher, at St. James the Apostle's, Montreal, at both Morning and Evening Service. The Montreal Witness says: "Mr. Nelms preached two powerful sermons. His language was beautiful and his style graphic and logical."

Rev. Mr. Nelms has been invited to preach at the Cathedral in Quebec, and at St. Matthew's in that city on February 8th

---

### Medical Notes.

---

The Professors, past and present, of the Medical Faculty met together in the club-room of the Windsor Hotel, Montreal, on the evening of Monday, December 22, for the purpose of entertaining one of the most distinguished of the graduates of the College, Dr. Casey A. Wood, who is now a leading oculist in Chicago and has the reputation of being the leading specialist in that line of work in the West. He was a graduate of Bishop's in 1877 and was afterwards for many years a member of the professorial staff first as Professor of Chemistry, then of Pathology. Mean-while he had built up a very large practice in Point St. Charles, Montreal, and was the leading general practitioner of that populous district. He then studied for a couple of years in Germany and returning to this continent, removed to Chicago and quickly established his reputation as a first-rate specialist

there. He has moreover been of much service to medical science by his labours as a translator of medical works of value, and Bishop's owes him an especial debt of gratitude as the founder of the Wood gold medal given annually for the highest aggregate in all the subjects of professional examination in both final and primary branches.

Dr. F. W. Campbell, Dean of the Medical Faculty presided at the dinner, and Dr. Roddick, M. P., dean of McGill, and Dr. H. S. Birkett, president of the Medico-Chirurgical Society, and a large number of their confreres were present while Sir William Hingston had also expressed his intention to attend.

Dr. Campbell, in proposing the health of the guest of the evening, referred to Dr. Wood's work in Point St. Charles, and the way he had time and again burnt the midnight oil for the good of his patients. He trusted before long he would return to the city and pointed out how he had worked his way from small beginnings to his present position as an oculist. He only regretted the way so many of the best Canadian doctors were attracted to the United States.

Dr. Casey A. Wood is responding, expressed his great pleasure at meeting his old friend and his debt to Drs. Roddick and Birkett, who were not on the Bishop's staff, for instruction in various departments. There were 4,000 Canadians in Chicago and it was sometimes thought they got more than their share of success. They did not; their position was due to the teaching and preparation that were necessary to secure a Canadian diploma. The Americans were trying to secure the same object as Dr. Roddick's act had in view. The American Medical Association would never set up a central examining body, but it hoped to attain the same result by acting through the local bodies as its branches.

Canada was doing much for America by keeping always a little ahead and he urged her to keep up her standard of medical qualification and to aim at quality not quantity.

Dr. Campbell proposed the health of Dr. Roddick as his old friend, grown grey in the service of his profession.

Dr. Roddick replied, reciprocating his sentiments, and stated his policy as dean of McGill was to stand shoulder to shoulder with Bishop's against the great force from the south in the endeavor to keep up the qualifications necessary for the medical profession.

Referring to his act, he stated he had great hopes that the provincial Legislature would accept it; but if they refused, he still hoped the Dominion Parliament would amend it, so that if five provinces accepted it, it would become operative.

Those present were Dr. F. W. Campbell, in the chair; Dr. Roddick, dean of the McGill Medical Faculty; Dr. H. S. Birkett, president of the Medico-Chirurgical Society; Drs. Perrigo, Armstrong, McConnell, Hutchison, Lockhart, Wilkins, J. C. Cameron, Reddy, G. T. Ross, W. H. Drummond, England, Springle, Stewart, Tatley, Craig, Reilly, Deeks, Gilday, Gurd, Jack, Warren, Lightstone, Smillie, Rorke, L. Laberge, Mathewson, Hackett, Benny, Hall, Sharp, Burnett, Geo. Fisk, D. A. Hart, Rollo Campbell, Bemrose, R. Wilson and L. R. Holme, Esq. M. A.

#### AN AWFUL ACROSTIC.

Bring up your stein.  
I have a good line.  
Say whether you're willing to join me.  
Have you got lush,  
Or other strong mush?  
Perhaps the Faculty'll fine me  
Sure I'll take my chance and say "BISHOP'S."  
G. S.

#### Arts Notes.

Nearly all the students have now returned from their Christmas Vacation, strengthened by the good things they have been feasting upon for the past four weeks, strengthened to tackle again their studies and the other lighter pursuits that go to make

up College life. Especially noticeable are the extra chins that are returning with some, with others it is a dark shading on their upper lips, while some have come back with heightened colour, but all we are sure are filled with stern determination to make their mark at the June Examinations. May we here express the hope that all student functions will be carried through as successfully as in the past. We have good prospects before us and every one should endeavor to act up to his part, and not to shirk any duty that may be allotted to him for the furthering of the interests of the student body, and the College as a whole. There is a good spirit manifest among the men. The success of outdoor sports seems assured. The men appear to be settling down to their studies more quickly and more steadily than in former years. This is a Jubilee year for the University. Let it be also a marked year in all student activities.

And here we should like to speak of the need there is of doing something in the direction of bringing out a special Jubilee Number of the Mitre. There is a great opening for such a number, and something creditable to the Students and to the College could be produced if our energies were bent to the task, and the beginnings laid at once. Such a number would be a great advertisement to the College, and would bring it before people of Canada, as perhaps no other effort could. To prove this it will only be necessary to point to the success of the Jubilee Number of our sister University, Trinity. Our College has not the position in the Dominion to which it is entitled, and this is largely owing to the College not being known to the people. The Mitre, I venture to affirm, has done more than any other agency to advertise the College to the outside world, and for this it deserves the support of the authorities, and all friends of the College. We trust that this matter will be taken up vigorously by the Students, and if this be done we are convinced that Corporation will do its due share.

During the Christmas Vacation, the Common Room and Reading Room were placed in the hands of the painter, and as the result a great improvement is noticeable in the appearance of these

rooms. The walls and ceiling have been tinted a pale green, the woodwork painted a darker shade, and the pictures have been relieved of the accumulation of ages of dust. The eye of every returning student has been delighted with the transformation, and praises have been liberally bestowed upon the Committee. It is to be hoped that every one will now take some pride in the appearance of these two rooms in which so much of the time of each student is spent, and that every one will do his utmost to keep the rooms up to their present pitch of tidiness and cleanliness.

Another improvement that is pleasing everyone is the placing of a number of very fine carbon reproductions in the Dining Room. These we owe to the kind generosity of Miss I. Hamilton of Quebec and Rev. H. F. Hamilton, M.A., our resident Lecturer and our thanks are due to them. These pictures add very much to the appearance of the room relieving the former bare monotony of the walls. Among them are copies of a celebrated Gainsborough, the Man with the Carnation, the Laughing Cavalier, the Sistine Madonna the Ducal Madonna, and other famous pictures. The pictures are all beautiful indeed, and reflect great credit on Mr. Hamilton's good taste. It would perhaps be not out of place here to suggest to the authorities, that now would be a good time to complete the wiring, in connection with the lights in the Dining Hall. The present unsightly lights suspended from the ceiling are very suggestive of some kind of plant with its roots upward, and if such lights as are now in the Council Chamber were placed in the Dining Hall, there would be a decided improvement.

It is rumoured that a Volunteer Fire Brigade is to be organized, and that we are to indulge in practices occasionally. A prominent Divinity man has been appointed chief, and under his efficient direction, there is small hope of any fire ever having a chance around Bishops.

It has been decided to hold a Concert, some time before Lent. The following Committee were appointed, Rev. H. F. Hamilton, Messrs. Carroll, Findlay, Iveson, Collins and Speid.

With this strong Committee to organize and develop the latent talent in the College a successful Concert is assured. The proceeds are to be devoted to the Mitre, and to other College Clubs.

On the suggestion of the Lord Bishop of Quebec, a Committee has been appointed to approach the Council, to see whether an Instructor in Elocution cannot be appointed. Many have felt for a long time the great need there is for such a department in the University. The lack of such instruction makes itself manifest, and it was the unanimous wish of the students that steps should be taken to fill the want.

Apropos of the note above on the Jubilee Number of the Mitre, we are glad to be able to record that a good friend of our Institution, Rev. B. G. Wilkinson M. A. has with his usual kindness sent in a generous contribution to the Business Manager, to go towards the expenses of this special Number. Our former Professor has rightly made his gift contingent on such a number being produced, as he fully appreciates the importance of such a venture for his Alma Mater.

**Note**—An Obituary Notice of the late Dr. Adams, more complete than in this number of the Mitre, is being prepared for our next issue.

## Athletics.

Wednesday Dec. 8th 1902, saw the opening of the season's hockey proceedings when the Eastern Townships Association met at the College House, Lennoxville. Some very important matters were brought up and discussed, in fact the business of the association was entered overhauled and improved; among which improvements might be mentioned the appointment of a board of referees, the revisal of the constitution and bylaws, and a few other minor details. Stanstead was admitted to the Senior Series and Angus dropped from the Junior.

The following officers were then elected for the ensuing year:

President. G. W. Findlay, Bishop's College  
 Vice President J. E. Johnson.  
 Secy. Treas. A. M. Taylor, Lennoxville,  
 Executive Committee  
 D. Parsons. D. P. Flannery. A. Flanders.

The prospects of a successful hockey season for the College is not altogether of the brightest, but nevertheless Mr. E. S. Read, our popular Captain aided by the officers of the club is doing his best to develop men who will fill the gaps left vacant by those who left us last year, and to place a team on the ice which, if it does not gain victories, will, at least, reflect honour upon the institution to which it belongs.

The attendance at practices so far, has been rather small, but this, no doubt, is partly due to the fact that quite a number of the most enthusiastic have not yet returned. However, we have succeeded in defeating B. C. School, in the first match of the Junior Series and this ought to act as stimulus to further energy and cause our juniors to aim high and see if it be not possible to land the Junior championship.

The teams lined up as follows:

College		B. C. School
A. Bonelli	Goal	G. Robinson
D. G. Bray	Point	J. Williams
H. A. Collins	Cover Point	G. Peck
A. Allan	Forwards	L. Nelson
R. Hepburn	.. ..	H. Strachan
H. Harding	.. ..	A. Campbell
J. Allan	.. ..	W. Irving

Referee— F. Taylor.

The match, from the start, was fast and well contested, and until the gong sounded announcing the call of time, the result was in doubt. For the College, Hepburn, A. Allan and Collins played nice games, while, H. Strachan was particularly brilliant for B. C. S. The first half resulted in a score of 3 to 1 for B. C. and in the second half each side added one, leaving College a winner with a score of four to three.



## M. Lebrun Wounded

Le Duc de Piedmontaine Draws Blood in Their Duel.

The Mothersaid—"If they must fight  
They'll fight a fierce-fought fray!"—G. S.

Paris, Nov. 10.—*Le Petit Journal Pour Rire* printed the following yesterday:

"There was well enacted one of those affairs of honor this morning near Neuilly, at eleven hours—the Duke of Pedalmountain (Le Duc de Piedmontaine) and Mr. The Brown (M. Lebrun) competing. Mr. The Brown, after some hours of the game, was touched on the wrist of his arm. After this thrilling climax a charming reconciliation took place. In spite of all precautions, there were present at the field of battle some hundreds of journalists and photographers and those making to go the kinetoscope.

At ten hours the Duke of Pedalmountain, arriving in his carriage, descended on the field of honor with a mauve flower at the coat and a shining of moustaches.

(For the shining of moustaches use the Brilliantine of the Small John, fabricator.—*Adv.*)

Immediately Mr. The Brown appeared and the seconds made to chatter together. Mr. The Brown wore his customary beard and one of those manilla cigars. Also a delicately chosen attire, black.

At these times already that crowd put itself on the scene, eager for to see the affair. The excitement was strong, especially of that animal of a journalist from our contemporary the Little Indiscreet Journal, who had forgotten his films of the camera. While he was pushing a cry (*poussant un cri*) for the neighborhood of a shop of photographs, the combat of honor suddenly lanced itself. The Duke of Pedalmountain and Mr. The Brown engaged themselves with a bound (*avec élan*), the one with the other clashing his sword and making vicious lunges at the stomache of each. (Drink the very Red Cordial of the Red Mill (*Moulin Rouge*) for the ills of the stomache.—*Adv.*)

Then Mr. The Brown made a cry: "I have touched you!" he proclaimed with joy, designating the Duke of Pedalmountain with the finger of his hand. "Not if I well know myself," replied that unfatigued one, feeling for his purse, and making an unusual face at the accusing antagonist. The combat reopened amid the blows of the hand from the spectators, Mr. The Brown muttering: "It must finish, by Blue! for I have well a meeting of tea with a lady of Berger's Foolishness (*Folies Bergeres*) at four hours."

The cuts redoubled themselves and a thousand photographs were made thrillingly, also the kinetoscope.

(Which will exhibit itself in the dark—special inducement—at the Little Theatre of The Three Mice—*Adv.*)

The Duke of Pedalmountain in some half hours of time, cried forth: "Now I have touched him!" The seconds, though did not allow it to be, having asked the alleged touched if he had received it and he replying not. It continued, the Duke saying: "But sacred Blue! I must finish for I have a meeting of tea with a lady of Berger's Foolishness (*Folies Bergeres*) at three hours."

At these, Mr. The Brown made an astonishing cry.

"Not with Miss The Shellfish," (*Mlle La Crevette*) he exclaimed himself.

"With her, perhaps," replied the Duke with savagry, touching Mr. The Brown with his steel on the wrist of the arm from which three drops of blood flowed piteously all to do (*tout a fait*).

"Touch!" cried all the world, and the affair of honor was finished. Whereas, the principals embraced themselves together, saying: "A bad deed to fight, not? When we have the same taste in acquaintances!" It was a jolly denouement of the occasion. The spectators dispersed, having sung the *Marseillaise* affectingly, and having pushed the cry, "Long live that army!" and "Long live those affairs of honor."

The causes of the duel were an encounter in the corridors of the Whiskey Palace (*Palais Bourbon*), both principals being

deputies. The Duke of Pedalmountain made for Mr. The Brown a blow of the face, for a speech which pleased him but ill, perhaps. Mr. The Brown said that in some minutes he would retaliate. The Duke, crying out, "Begin," Mr. The Brown made a kick in his shins. Both were dragged back, crying: "You know what!" by their dear friends.

(Miss The Shellfish (Mlle. La Crevette) is playing at Berger's Foolishness (Folies Bergeres) all the week.—*Adv.*

---

### School Notes.

The School opened on Friday January 16th. Full work began on the Monday following.

---

Five boys—Wilson, Gilmour, Bowen and the two Johnsons have left us. Two new boys the Kitchings have joined the school. LeMarcquand has returned after a term's absence, also Hale and Spafford.

---

Much activity has been shown this term in the way of plans for different amusements. The Prefects are to have a Common Room in the vacant dormitory on the top flat. A Ping-Pong table is to be put up there we hear. It is also proposed to have tables in the play-room for the different forms. A Chess and Checker Club has been formed with a membership of 42 boys, meetings to be held twice a week.

---

The school Hockey Club has entered the Junior Series of the E. T. League. An account of our first game with the College will be found among the Sports.

---

The room opposite the Williams' Hall is to be turned into a Geography room and fitted up with maps etc.

---

The Headmaster has begun the record of past years' Sports. Pictures of teams which were missing are being collected and we hope to see them soon hung and arranged in order of years.

**PERSONALS.**

Mr. F. L. Ball, '00-'01, who is in business in Boston paid a short visit to the School lately.

Mr. H. W. Molson, '98-'01, and Mr. W. W. Robinson, '98-'01, came out from Montreal during the Xmas holidays and paid a visit to the School, unfortunately very few were here to welcome them.

M. E. Merritt Norris, '98-'01, who was popularly known in his time as "Long John" is now a Sophomore at Columbia, and is doing well being, as might be expected very popular with his class-mates. Mr. Norris, who is by the way a nephew of President Roosevelt now stands 6 feet 5 inches in his stockings.

Mr. Evan Fraser Campbell '97-'02 is a Freshman at Harvard where he greatly enjoys his life, and is meeting with deserved success.

Mr. H. Bruce Fletcher, '96-'01, who is at present at the Phillip's Academy Andover N. H., will probably return to B. C. S. at Easter in order to finish his preparation for McGill.

Mr. M. McGill Tait, '95-'99, has developed a very fine voice, and is in much request in Musical circles in Montreal.

Capt. Alain Joly de Lotbiniere R. E., has been the recipient of special honours at the late Imperial Durbar at Delhi.

---

**JOHN O. DUNCAN,**

**Merchant Tailor**

**Outfitter to men**

Wellington St.

Sherbrooke, Que.

133

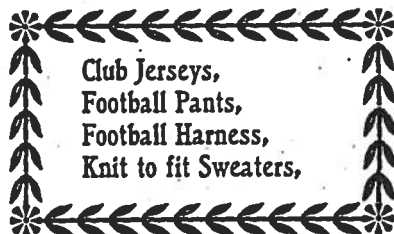
THE MITRE

**R. & W. KERR,**

Sporting and Athletic Goods.



2226-2230 St. Catherine Street, MONTREAL, QUE.



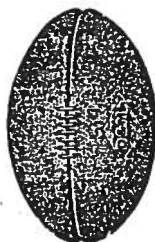
Club Jerseys,  
Football Pants,  
Football Harness,  
Knit to fit Sweaters,

Distributing agents for

A. G. Spalding & Bros.

Athletic Goods  
and Games.

Our Catalogue of Winter Sports will be mailed  
early in November, and request will bring it.



Rugby and Association  
**FOOT BALLS**

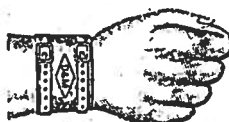
—and accessories of all kinds—

**Gymnasium Goods**



Indian Clubs,  
Boxing Gloves,

We are quoting low prices.



Dumb Bells,  
Striking Bags, etc.  
Whitley Exerciser

Write us.

**J. S. Mitchell & Co.**

**Sherbrooke Steam Laundry**

48 FACTORY ST.

SHERBROOKE, QUE.

**SPECIAL RATE**

Per dozen given to all Professors and Students at the College.  
Our driver will call every Monday morning and return on Thursday p. m. of each week.  
**WORK HANDLED CAREFULLY.**

SMITH & TERRY, PROPRIETORS.