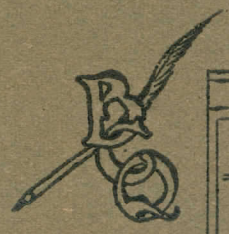


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# BRANDON COLLEGE QUILL. —



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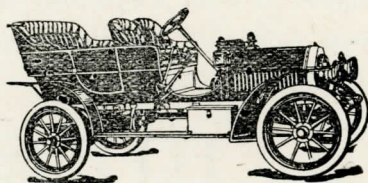
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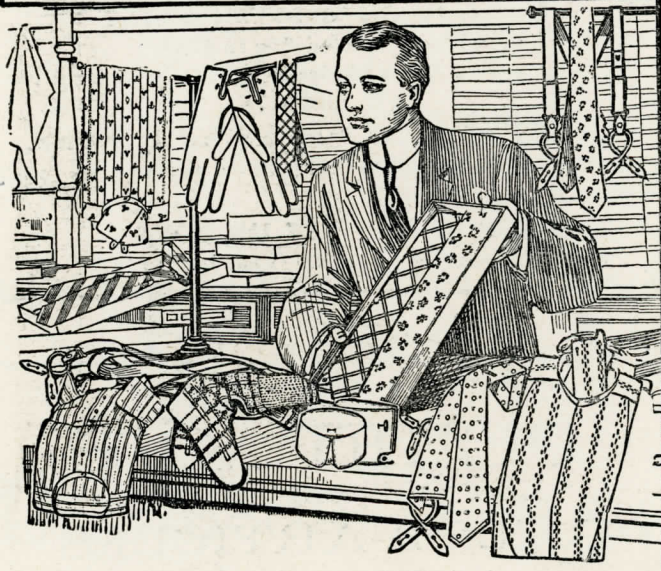
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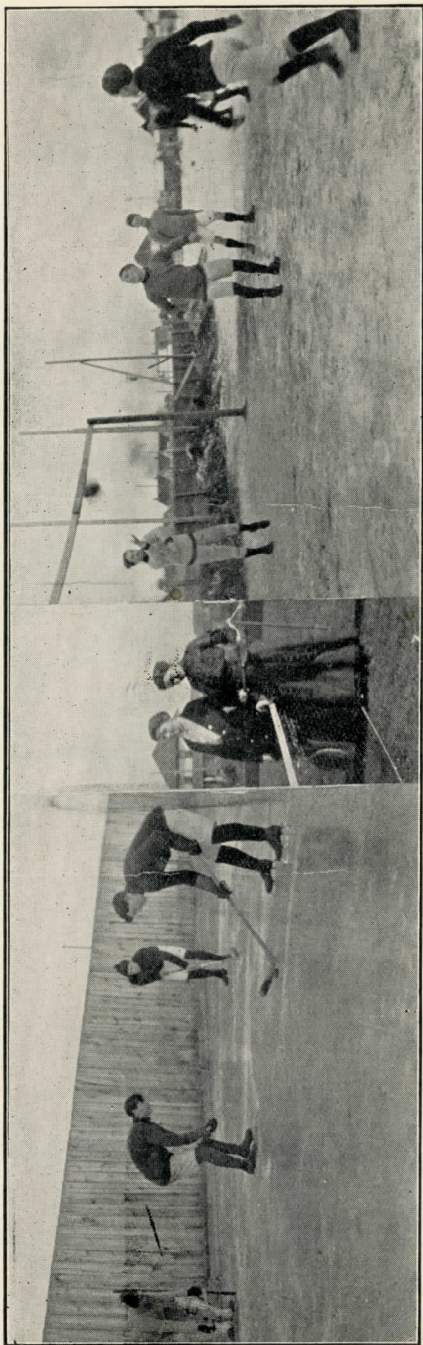


## The Chains of Office



“The King must guard,  
That which he rules and is but as the hind.  
Who may not wander before his work is done.”

J. R. EVANS '13.—PRESIDENT OF THE “LIT.”  
President of the Arts' Class, Etc. Etc. Etc.



The Changing Month of November : These Three Snap Shots Were Taken Within Three Weeks of Each Other.



# Brandon College Quill,

CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

VOL. II.

DECEMBER

No. 2

## PAOLO AND FRANCESCA—AN APPRECIATION.

DOUGLAS DURKIN, B.A.



IRVING once wrote, "In America, literature and the elegant arts must grow up side by side with the coarser plants of daily necessity," and there is some reason to think that his contemporaries agreed with him. If the shades of these men should leave their present abode with the purpose of finding out how far American literary history has coincided with this precept they would return to the nether regions haunted by horrors they had not before dreamed of. The "coarser plants" have attained to a lusty growth indeed! Good poetry and modern life as we in the West see it seem to make a contradiction in terms. Yet it is refreshing to know that in the old land so many of us have left behind, in the land where Tennyson and Wordsworth sang songs for the world, back there where we have always turned for the best in literature there is even at this moment a man who is singing with the same freshness and spontaneity as did those others whom we have come to reverence. That man is Stephen Phillips.

Precedent has made it next to impossible to ascribe greatness to a poet while he is still alive. But it were certainly within the mark to say that no more promising dramatic poet has appeared since Browning put down

his pen. PAOLO AND FRANCESCA, generally conceded to be his most brilliant accomplishment to date, has for its setting the old Italian town of Rimini. There lived Giovanni, the ruler of the place, and Paolo his brother, a young man of handsome and attractive parts. These two lived together in a gloomy castle with their cousin, Lucrezia, a childless old woman who had served them since their infancy. The affection that binds these brothers is pure beyond expression. Their very thoughts are one. And being warriors both, we cannot but be reminded of Arthur and Sir Lancelot and the great love that bound them. Furthermore, Giovanni commits the same fatal error as did the hero of British romance. Having fallen in love with one, Francesca, a beautiful daughter of the tyrant of a neighboring republic, he sends his younger and more attractive brother to bring her to Rimini. Francesca comes, beautiful beyond compare, but scarce more than a child in experience, "all dewy from the convent fetched," her mind still full of the gentle words and soft sounds of the quiet cloister. The gloom of the castle is ominous to her fresh young spirit; Giovanni, her husband, is lame and not of her age; her duties and her place are all too dull and grave. Paolo out of duty to his brother stays long enough to attend the marriage and then, on a trumped-up excuse and in spite of the entreaties of Francesca, spurs off at day-break with a troop for Florence. Lucrezia, the old servant, enters and reminds Giovanni that his wife is young and, in her own words, "youth goes toward youth." But Giovanni has fallen into a very trance before her young beauty and the purity of her face and he gives no place to Lucrezia's portentous words. Somewhat more disquieting, however, are the warnings of blind Angela, an old nurse who asks Giovanni, "what is this strange, soft thing which you have brought into your life?" The blind eyes seem to



open upon a brief twilight that is not of this earth and in the uncertain light she sees a place of leaves, a still arbor in the night and two in an embrace of love. For a moment it is dark again but only for a moment. The strange light floods her brain again and she sees two lying dead upon a bier and in each other's arms. Giovanni, beside himself with jealousy, visits a chemist's in the hope that he may find some love-potion that will ensure the faith of his bride. He goes secretly in the night and procures the invaluable magic draught but as he is about to leave, Paolo, who has turned back from Florence in obedience to the promptings of the passion that has mastered him, enters the shop of the chemist. Giovanni, whose suspicions towards his brother have been awakened, conceals himself while Paolo buys, not a phial of love drops, but a deadly poison with which to end his own life and stop forever the pain he cannot endure. Giovanni, not without a feeling of remorse, however, allows his brother to pass out, presumably to seek peace in suicide. But the same mute voice that Paolo heard above the call of the trumpet as he marched to Florence speaks again and he returns to Francesca for one last sight of her face, one last word from her perfect mouth, one last touch from her white hand. He returns in the early twilight and waits for her in the arbor beside the castle. Giovanni, who has taken it for granted that Paolo is dead, learns that his brother has come back and in order that he may "suddenly take them in each other's arms" gives out that he must that very night ride off to put down an uprising some days distant from Rimini. He returns secretly to watch and "sieve upon the dark and lucky hour." Francesca and Paolo come together and after a brief interview filled with breathless passion they surrender themselves wholly to the flame they cannot quench. Francesca lying out upon Paolo's arms,

the two pass thro the curtains to the inner chamber. After an interval the curtains are parted again and there appears, not Paolo and not Francesca, but Giovanni—a drop of blood upon his hand. Blind Angela meets him with the exclamation, “Two lately dead rushed past me in the air!” The two are brought out on a litter and Giovanni is shaken as he bends above the bodies and kisses Francesca upon the forehead. “She takes my strength,” he exclaims, trembling. “I did not know the dead could have such hair.”

This is but one thread of the story. Minor complications are introduced but in every case they serve but to strengthen the dramatic force of the chief plot. It is not a pleasant story—it was not meant to be. For that matter, the same may be said of Tennyson’s “IDYLLS OF THE KING” where the theme is the same. No one, however, can escape the powerful dramatic appeal with which it presents itself to the imagination. Through out the drama one breathes the passionate air of the South. The bright blue of Italy’s sky, the flashing silver of her sea, the free glances and wanton smiles of her women, the devil-may-care spirit of her men, in short the very throb of her full pulse—these the reader is made to see and feel on every page. Everywhere life seems to rush to its consummation, be it bliss or woe.

But apart from the rare qualities of its setting the poet handles his theme with a nice delicacy. Indeed, we feel that his technique is rather a gift than an acquisition. He accomplishes passages with such unusual ease that we are often entranced by the subtlety of expression and forget the sense in the music of the words. When Giovanni is united to Francesca he promised to give up war and public life and asks,

“Henceforth a quiet breathing that this child  
Shall lead me gently down the slant of life.”



Paolo in whispered conversation with Francesca says,

“Ah, can you think it is not sweet to breathe  
That delicate air and flowery sigh of you  
The stealing May and mystery of your spirit.”

Francesca in her awakening asks.

“can any tell

How sorrow first doth come? Is there a step,  
A light step or a dreamy drip of oars?  
Is there a stirring of leaves or ruffle of wings?

In a description of dawn,

“Day in breathless passion kisses night  
And neither speaks.....

.....

And all the leaves once quivered and were still”

Or this, regardless of its connection,

“Thy armour glimmered in a gloom of green.”

What lightness of touch! What combining of harmonies!  
What blending of colors!

But the work is not all etched in such fine lines. There are the bolder strokes that stand out in clear relief. The old servant, Lucrezia, bowed in the agony of a childless life cries.

“That vain milk like acid in me eats.”

and we cannot but think of Lady Macbeth. She strikes the Celtic note again when she says,

“It is such souls as mine that go to swell  
The childless cavern cry of the barren sea,  
Or make the human ending to the night wind.”

Paolo, in the chemist’s shop asks for,

“some drug

That can fetch down on us the eternal sleep  
Anticipating the slow mind of God.”

These lines are chosen almost at random and yet they

are representative. Truth to tell, Stephen Phillips has, after all, red English blood in his veins and though he is handling a Southern theme he must needs strike a Northern note now and again. Is this a weakness?

A word might be added as to his philosophy. A poet's mind must be trained to discover order in the universe and to interpret it to man. And Stephen Phillips, while always conscious of the poetic wonder of this world never loses sight of the mystic unity of nature in man with nature in the trees, the towering cliffs, the changing tides. These are the strange, untaught truths that come unsought to our souls and these the artist holds before us. The unfathomable mystery of life, that which lends subtlety to all art, weighs heavily upon him and sometimes we feel that he is all but overcome as he stands before the great unanswered problems of human existence. He strikes what one must feel to be a fatalistic note when he makes Paolo say, as he holds Francesca in his arms,

“O God thou seest us Thy creatures bound  
 Together by that law which holds the stars  
 In palpitating cosmic passion bright;  
 By which the very sun enthrals the earth  
 And all the waves of the world faint to the moon.”

Is God then party to the wiles of Satan? Do the laws of the cosmos press men blindly and unwillingly into the Pit? Nor is his position made much clearer when he makes Francesca say to her little maid,

“O Nita when we women sin, 'Tis not  
 By art; it is not easy, it is not light.  
 It is an agony shot through with bliss,  
 We sway and rock and suffer ere we fall.”

In such artless sinning with all the sweetness of its agony, and under such enthralling laws where is con-



science and the Soul? Do they render no service but that which is hidden in the throes that incidentally accompany the inevitable workings of God's ruthless laws? Mr. Phillips, no doubt, has his answer but it is not to be found in PAOLO AND FRANCESCA.

It might be pointed out that his delineation of character is scarcely consistent, particularly in the case of Francesca. It is doubtful also whether the staging of a play which has been written in blank verse is just suited to the modern tastes. The prose plays of Shaw or of Pinnero or of Ibsen are perhaps more modern in form and more likely to meet with favor from an audience of today. But the proper limits of this article have been already overstept and further liberties must not be taken.

---

#### FOUR FEET ON THE FENDER.

[Written by N. H. for a fagot party, given on New Year's Eve, 1898 at a delightful home—Penhurst—near Woodstock, Ont.]



WE are renewing to-night the old and beautiful custom of telling stories and singing songs around the fireside. No wonder much of the poetry of life has vanished when so few of the fireplaces are left open to give forth their softening and enchanting influence.

What inspiration is there in sitting beside some hot water pipes (why they should be called radiators I don't know), or what poetry can you get out of a black grating in the floor? There is nothing like watching the "fagot's jolly blaze" or the slow flickering light of the dying embers. One must be dead indeed who can resist their poetic charm which finds its expression in loving deeds or loving rhymes. I don't think we should give our host

and hostess all the credit for their poetic and happy lives, the fireside and the fender must receive part of the praise. Their happiness began, no doubt, by four feet on the fender of which we hear so little in these matter-of-fact days ; these days demand "a bank account and a brown stone front and soup every day," as Belle Crawford says, before happiness comes; happiness nowadays has nothing to do with four feet on the fender. But I'm sure mine host will tell me that four feet on the fender began his happiness.

Of course I do not say that ANY four feet on the fender would bring happiness. It would depend altogether to whom the other two feet belonged. It would not do for them to be too big (of course we can't control the size of our feet, tho' some of us try) or there would not be room for the other two feet. Then it would not do for them to be set down too hard or too dogmatically without regard to the other two feet. Neither should the other two feet want the warmest place, throwing the other two into the cold shadows of unconsidered feet. And they should be ready to drop from the fender to go at the bidding of the other two feet. Now if you can tell me WHICH two feet are to do the bidding I shall be glad, but if you can't let me enlighten you, it is ALWAYS—the other two.



## SOME EXPERIENCES OF A TRIMMER ON BOARD A DEEP SEA STEAM TRAWLER.

E. J. VINCENT, '14



SUPPOSE you wonder who is meant by a trimmer. He gets his name from the fact that he has the care of all the lamps on board, such as the headlight, the forelights and the lamps that illumine the compass in the wheelhouse. But this by no means constitutes all his duties, he may be called upon to do anything from hanging on to the top of the wheelhouse cleaning the brasswork of the compass to being on the deck below cleaning "spuds" for the cook—a general handy man.

Like most things, going to sea as a deep-sea fisherman has its beginning. The first time I put out from Milford Haven in the Dorothy M.H. 326, will not be easily forgotten. For three days it had been blowing a gale, thus delaying the departure of the trawlers for their fishing grounds. These delays meant money and are odious to such old sea-salts as Skipper North. So on the tide of the third evening as the lock-gates opened, the Dorothy loosed her moorings and swung out into the haven. She was a sight worth seeing, for with her nose lifted to the gale, and the white sea horses leaping over her stern, she plunged her way through the foam like a proud sea bird.

It was a matter of a couple of hours hard steaming to reach St. Anne's head where we would meet the full blast of the gale. When we came in line with the lighthouse, the Dorothy bravely held to her course, but we had no sooner got beyond the shelter of the headland and met the Atlantic swells as they came rolling in than

it was seen to be quite impossible to weather the gale. Reluctantly the skipper swung her head around under the lee of the headland and we entered Dale Roads.

This all sounds very interesting, and so it was for those who were used to it, but I can tell you I failed to see where the interest came in. Of course my predicament was a source of merriment to the rest of the crew, into which fun the skipper also entered. He made sure that I ate a ship's biscuit or two and an apple or so, then sending me up into the wheelhouse stood by to watch the fun. It wasn't long in coming on, I can tell you. How I wished I were at the bottom of the sea and the whole business with me so wretched did I soon become. However the old skipper after he had his laugh sent me down to my bunk and came himself and doctored me, for these old sea captains are bits of doctors as well.

By tide time the next morning I was feeling fairly normal and as the gale had abated somewhat, we cast our moorings and made for the open sea once more. This time we were more fortunate, although the sea was still running high. In a few hours we were passing the Bishop's Lighthouse of Cape Clear and in twenty-four hours we were three hundred and sixty miles west of St. Anne's Head, right in the middle of the fishing grounds.

To one who has never seen them, the preparation for deep sea fishing, are full of interest. On either side the trawler are two trawl boards, one pair forehead and the other pair aft. They are about eight feet square, made of heavy timbers and bound with iron. This iron not only protects them but acts as a sinker. To the fore-head board is attached one end of the trawl, and the other end is attached to the aft board. Then a wire cable is connected in such a way that the trawl boards ride upright in the water. All being ready the two wires are paid out together so that the trawl will drag at right



angles to the direction in which the boat is going. When sufficient cable is paid out, the two are caught in a hook at the rear of the vessel. All is now in order and for the next six hours the trawler steams ahead at half speed, while the watch on duty make necessary preparations around the deck for the haul of fish, and the other watch take their rest below.

Although the life of a deep sea fisherman is full of hardships and imminent perils, it does not lack its humorous side. On one occasion the trawl had been swung alongside. The first mate clad in his oil-skins had slipped the knot, and there was let loose upon the deck, a regular shower of fish of every description, from herrings to sharks. The preparation of the fish for the ice boxes was all completed, and it only remained for the hose to be turned on so that they could be thoroughly rinsed. Accordingly the order was given to the engineer to "Start donkey." Among the crew we had as second mate a little wiry, black-eyed fellow, who was never so happy as when teasing some one; we also had an able-seaman an old man whom we called "Dad." Now it was the delight of the second mate to annoy "Dad" and to use his expression, "get him going." The second mate saw his opportunity and grabbed the hose, seeing Dad with his back turned to him and intent on cleaning a nice big fish the second mate turned the hose on him catching him squarely in the neck. Dad could not stand for such treatment and hurled the fish he had in his hand at the second mate, The latter anticipating this bobbed, with the result that the fish struck a fellow seaman full in the chest. Now this man was not expecting anything like that, being too intent upon work and the blow sent him head over heels off the stool he was sitting upon. All we could see was a pair of legs sticking out from among heaps of fish.

This sent the whole crew into roars of laughter. Such an indignity could not calmly be borne and scrambling to his feet he seized the first good sized fish he could lay his hands on, and sent it whizzing in the direction from which he thought the other had come. Unfortunately it hit the wrong man, whereat there was another burst of laughter, and in less time than it takes to tell fish were flying in every direction. Like so many school boys having a snowball fight, the crew entered into the fun, until one cried out, "Cave, the skipper!" In a moment all was calm and work quietly resumed, but not before the skipper had taken in the situation. The second mate, however, was the man for the occasion and knowing the religious sentiments of the skipper, shouted out, "I didn't say a swear word, skip." This so renewed the merriment that the affair passed off quietly.

This incident happened when the sky was blue and the sea as calm as it can be out on the ocean. But it is not always so. Well do I remember one Sunday evening, the sea was running high, the waves tossed above us as though they would swamp us, the hollows sucked us as though they would have liked to have swallowed us: our little vessel tumbled and tossed about like a toy in the hands of a giant. That night I went on watch at midnight. It was all I could do to keep her nose N.N.W. for the swells tugged at the helm so angrily that to loose the ropes from the wheel almost meant losing control of it. It was no easy matter to keep your footing at the wheel either, for the Dorothy tumbled around so, that one moment I seemed about to poke my head through the wheelhouse window to my right, the next moment through the one to my left.

All went well, however, until one-thirty when all hands came on deck for the next haul. It was inky black on the water, and there seemed to be no other ves-

sel in sight. All that I could see were the faces of the men on the deck, lit up by the flare of a torch, and the masts and rigging painted red by its ruddy glow. All at once I spied not far off to our starboard the head of a vessel that, to my horror, was bearing down upon us. To pass ahead of her was impossible for she would run foul of our trawl. So I sprang to the fog-horn cord and tugged whereat the Dorothy hooted out announcement of presence to the larger vessel. At the same time I recalled the little couplet :—

“Green to green, and red to red,  
Port your helm and go ahead.”

As the situation was the opposite of this, I swung the Dorothy's head to starboard and in a moment or two the great ship steamed majestically past on our port side. For a brief moment it had been an anxious situation as their lookout evidently had not seen us or they would have signalled ; nor yet had any of our crew seen her approach as all were intent upon their work sorting the fish. However, the moment of suspense soon passed, and when relieved by the knowledge that all was well, we could not refrain from contrasting our situation with that of the larger vessel. There we were tossed about like a cockle shell, while the great vessel which appeared in the darkness like so many rows of lights, sailed majestically by apparently as steady as an island set in the midst of the sea. It turned out to be the Oceanic on her maiden trip from Liverpool to New York, for on our N. N. W. course we had struck the track of these ocean monarchs.

One more experience and my story for this time is complete. It is always an exciting time racing to the fishing grounds, but it is invariably a matter of greater interest to see who shall reach port first. To get back to port early means getting a good berth and the first

market which almost always brings a better price. On this particular occasion we had been working towards home all day, and late in the afternoon we had made our last haul for the trip. Just as we had finished clearing the deck for the home run, the Tredegar Castle, another trawler sailing from Milford Haven, came steaming past on her run for port. This was too definite a challenge to let pass and although she had already got ahead of us some distance we gave her chase. The skipper signalled to the engine-room, "Full speed ahead," and called down the speaking tube :- Cram on all your steam, there's a race. That was all the engineer needed, for he knew that a substantial bonus awaited him if he was successful; besides there was the intense interest of the race.

The Dorothy fairly leapt ahead under the pressure of every available pound of steam. Every part of her throbbed and vibrated in sympathy with the stroke of her propeller. Mercilessly she cut asunder the waves from her prow and churned them into foam at her stern. For two solid hours the stokers did not have a breathing space, so busy were they kept running in coal. Excitement was growing intense, all the men on the two ships who were not on duty, were up on deck eagerly watching. For some time the race was even, the Tredegar Castle keeping her lead, but that could not last long, for the Dorothy was a newer and more modern boat.

Soon we began to gain upon the Tredegar Castle, gradually, little by little, we crept up to her. Our men began to get hilarious and jump around like school boys. But when we came within hailing distance of her, just a few eloquent epithets were hurled from one crew to the other, how many and of what nature, does not belong to this story. At last we came in line with her, then excitement seemed to reach its zenith. Our crew cheered



and yelled, and even the skipper blew the fog horn vigorously.

Just as we were triumphantly passing the Tredegar Castle, we came up with three smacks lying almost idle because of the calm. These hailed the Tredegar Castle, who gladly accepted this opportunity of gracefully dropping out of the race. So we left her behind snorting and blowing off as if she would loosen every rivet in her boiler plates.

When the last dim light was fading in the western sky, we were entering the harbor, but the Tredegar Castle could be only faintly discerned away in the distance towing in the three smacks.

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## RETROSPECTION.

R. LANG, MATRIC.

How often ere the heavy folds  
Of slumber's robe are round me cast,  
The hand of memory deftly holds  
Aside the curtains of the past.

I see fair Eden's lovely vale  
With fruits and joys forbidden stored,  
And glinting on its golden pale  
I see the flashes of the sword.

White-penciled on the drift of years  
I see the way that I have trod,  
And mark with gratitude and tears,  
It bears the finger-prints of God.

# Brandon College Quill,

FOUR NUMBERS A YEAR

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## CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

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No. 2

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## Editorial Notes

There is no better index of the state of culture in a college than the quality of its undergraduates' wit. There are almost as many degrees of wittiness in college jokes as there are in the duel as handled by Touchstone, and what an undergraduate group thinks witty is as much a judgment upon itself as upon the joker. Kipling, in his beautiful story, the Brushwood Boy, tells of a youth who came up from one of the great English public schools well filled with a sense of the things a "fellow couldn't do", the things a fellow cannot laugh at are just as significant in appraising character and taste.

Of course the infinite variety of the jester makes it quite impossible to lay down dogmatic rules as to what is and what is not admissible in the way of a joke. Still the Quill editor thinks most people will agree with him that there is a decided difference in the quality of a joke in which the humor hangs on the fact that some-

one has large feet and such a remark, made in a college class room, as "none of us are infallible, not even the youngest."

We wish to guard the general rule that genital peculiarities should not be touched upon by pointing out that in the case of other physical features, the subject may sometimes come within the purview of the joke writer. Not, however, should it be given the publicity of the printed page until that precise fact has so impressed itself on the minds of all that it has become already a subject of banter, accepted philosophically even by the victim. For instance, Falstaff, without his fatness, would scarcely appeal to us.

The majority of jokes written really do involve personal peculiarities. The question remains what rules limit the territory of the jester. We think that fads, foibles, worn out usages, mannerisms, posturings, inattentions, avoidable weaknesses, mock heroics and conceits are all fair and delectable material for him who has a sense of humor. Not that the joker should set out to generally lampoon him whom he delighteth to honor; but that he should analyse his victim critically and like a good swordsman pink him precisely in the vulnerable spot.

Finally, the fine flavor of a college joke is lost if it is tintured with malice. It was a great English newspaper editor who advised a bitter leader writer to never write of any man that which would prevent the two of them from meeting with mutual courtesy at table that evening. Good taste and urbanity are after all at the basis of good fooling.

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## College Gossip.

WM. C. SMALLEY, THEO., EDITOR.

"Approached this with cowardly anxiety and filled it with gabble, sir, gabble."—R. I. S.

Christmas and examination! How the season lends itself to cramming,

May your Christmas time be glad  
And your New Year ne'er be sad.  
May exams not drive you mad  
And results not be too bad.  
Is our wish.

We are glad to learn that H. E. Green has become an active member of the B. Y. P. U.

Under the leadership of R. Harvey, '13, the Y. M. C. A. not only has charge of the religious life of our College but has been reaching out to new spheres of useful activity. Educational work among the foreigners of the city has been undertaken. It was pleasing to see how readily our boys took hold of this opportunity.

Lost, strayed or stolen, a very "fresh" young lad of tender years; last seen entering a moving picture show. Answers to the name of Oliver. All information concerning his whereabouts should be left at the Resident Master's office.

### WAS THAT SOMEBODY YOU ?

Somebody 'phoned to Duncan from town,  
Asking if he would kindly come down  
And help to carry parcels, a score,  
Just up the street and to Clark Hall door.

Was that somebody you ?

Was that somebody you ?

Duncan refused, he thought it a hoax  
Somebody then began hard to coax  
Told him that they were teachers two  
Duncan replied, he'd much to do.

Was that somebody you ?

Was that somebody you ?

Somebody overcame evil with good,  
Sent up cream puffs and such dainty food,  
Dunc' was in bed and in a sweet dream,  
So Philly demolished the puffs of cream.

Was that somebody you ?

Was that somebody you ?

That the days of Woman Suffrage are near was evident on Friday, Nov. 24, when in the inter-class debate between Commercial, the banner holders, and Arts, the speakers on both sides were ladies. The subject was "Resolved that Western Canada offers better advantage than Eastern." The Commercial class was represented by Misses Hill and Haight who supported the affirmative, while the Arts class had Misses Bulloch and Little, both of '12, as its champions. All the speakers spoke with conviction. The affirmative made a strong case for the material advantages of the West. On



the other hand the negative dwelt upon the all-around advantages in the East. This, together with the fact that their speeches were not read, enabled them to gain the victory and the banner. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year. President, H. E. Green; Vice President, Rathwell; Secretary, Lang, Representative of Faculty, Prof. Beech; Representative of Outside Students, S. H. Potter; Representative of Resident Students, Nordlund.

There is a young Theolog' named Green,  
Who often of late has been seen.  
    With his head in a whirl;  
    Walking out with a girl,  
When at studies he ought to have been.

Brandon College took its annual plunge into elections the first week of November, when the offices of the Literary Society were filled for the year. As usual, the chief excitement centered round the contest for the presidency. The candidates were A. Gordon and J. R. Evans, both of year thirteen. The school did not divide as sharply into parties as in recent years, and though the election was keenly contested, it was not quite as spectacular as usual. At the joint meeting on November 2nd, the night before election, both candidates spoke. Evans had also lined up behind him Messrs. Edwards, Kilfoyl and Harvey, while "Scotty" had Messrs. Duncan, Larson and Brough on the firing line. On Friday evening, November 3rd, the poll was declared as follows: President, J. R. Evans; Vice President, Miss K. Johnson; 2nd Vice President and Convener of Program Committee, J. Robinson; Secretary, Miss Speers; Treasurer, H. Wilson; Convener of Reading Room Committee, W. E. Wilkin; Editor of Critic, F. Freer. The new executive committee is composed of the above, together with Miss Strang, President of Clark Hall Literary and H. E. Green, President of the Debating Society.

ELECTION ECHOES:—Green—"Mr. Widen need not always expect to get in on the ground floor." Brough—"Now if we take King Saul," Riggs, "Oh, chuck it, he's not running in this election." Rabbi Harris—"A Jew always knows how to look after money." Duncan—"Mr. Edwards in his address has blown off a stream of eloquence." Vincent—"If elected I will feel it my duty to back up the President. He will need some one to do it." Brough—"Mr. Evans is unable to execute the office." Miss Leech—"Well, I

wouldn't like to be snowed under too badly." Miss Johnson—"I think that Vera would make a very much better Secretary."

If the entertainment of Nov. 17th is a sample of what the new Literary Executive intend to give during their term of office they are in for a highly successful year. The programme was excellent from start to finish and to excellence was added variety. Miss McKenzie's piano solo was much appreciated. The duet by Miss Findlay and Mr. Durkin was deservedly encored while T. H. Harris excelled himself in the singing of "There's a Land." The Clark Hall Ladies' Quartette made a creditable first appearance. "His Honest Opinion," was the title of an amusing little sketch which was well acted by Misses McCamis and Hodges and Mr. Kilfoyl. F. Freer's first Critic was bright, breezy and well read and speaks well for the new editorial staff. We congratulate the new Executive and wish them all success in future Lits.

On Dec. 1st. the second Literary under the new regime was held. After an hour's programme in which instrumentals were rendered by Miss Bates and Mr. Moffat, selections by the College Orchestra and Male Chorus and the reading of the Critic by F. Freer, the company divided, some adjourning to the rink while the non-skaters were entertained in Clark Hall. Members of both parties feel that they had the better time. A pleasant evening was brought to a close by the serving of refreshments in the dining room.

There was a young student called John,  
 Who Hebrew forever did con.  
 Till the jots and the tittles,  
 He mixed with his vituals  
 And that was the end of poor John.

Inquisitive passenger to Edwards—"And where do you come from?" Edwards—"Ponoka." I. P.—"Oh! that's where the new Asylum is, is it not?" E.—"Yes." I. P.—"And where are you going to?" E—"Brandon." I. P.—"Oh!!! that's where the old asylum is, is it not?" E.—"Yes, what's the matter with you?" Inquisitive passenger quietly to person in next seat as he slowly backs away. "I thought there was something queer about that fellow. One never knows what kind of people they meet traveling now-a-days.

On Friday, the 10th of November the Arts Class met under the presidency of Evans, '13. when the question "Resolved that a lady friend is detrimental to the best interest of a gentleman student" was debated. Mr. Rathwell and Miss Holt of the '15 class upheld the affirmative, while E. H. J. Vincent and Miss Reid of the '14 class opposed.

All the speakers except Vincent claimed to be innocent of all practical experience. The way Rathwell spoke of phone calls, and time wasting engagements, of evening teas, and day dreams, of being found at the end of the term with little knowledge and less money, was ample evidence that he knew too well whereof he spoke. Vincent gave an impassioned reply in which he spoke of the inspiration, influence and help that comes from one's lady friend. As he soared higher and higher in his oratorical flight one could not help realizing how strongly he felt on the question and how ably he defended a position which he has occupied so long. Misses Holt and Reid ably supported their respective leaders. Much anxiety and suspense was experienced when the judges were absent. The class tried to transact a little business during the delay but none had any heart or the question was too momentous. Phillpotts was completely overcome and left the room. Kilfoyl, Clarke, Potter and Wilkin were visibly affected, while many of the ladies sat pale and agitated. "Must we give up our friends or must we not?" was a question on every mind. Even the piano solo by Miss Morris, the ladies quartette and the reciting of R. Harvey failed to allay the dread. At last the judges returned and many a sigh of relief was heard as Dr. Vining gave verdict for the negative. Miss Leach Miss Bulloch, Miss Zink and several others have been smiling ever since.

MONITOR CLASS—Ten academics feeling mighty fine, Deacon's mind becomes a blank, then there were nine.

Nine academics studying late, Oliver goes off to bed, then there were eight.

Eight academics waiting for eleven, Hugh gets excused, then there were seven.

Seven academics in the same fix, Hawkins packs his books, then there were six.

Six academics very much alive, Blackburn goes to see the prof., then there were five.

Five academics beginning to snore, Miller falls asleep, then there were four.

Four academics not yet free, Kemp stops work then there were three.

Three academics with little to do, Adams gets his sums done, then there were two.

Two academics studying alone, Gainer slips away and than there was one.

One academic thinks it no fun, Doc. Ovens gets let off then there are none.

NEW YELL FOR TOP FLAT

Elijah Pound, Elijah Pound,  
Pound, pound, pound  
Elijah Pound, Elijah Pound,  
Pound, pound, pound.

THE FRESHIES

We are Mother's little darlings,  
Of the class fifteen,  
The Shamrocks pale besides us,  
'Cause we're green, green, green.

The Ministerial Association is in a flourishing condition. Work has been opened up to the west of the College where Messrs. Wood and Doucette have charge of a Sunday School. An evening service is also to be opened. R. Harvey is the President, H. Widen and C. Tingley, the secretary and treasurer respectively.

The Fraternity of Prospective Law students is also a "live wire" in the institution. S. H. Potter '12 is the president and G. Herbert '14 secretary. J. A. M. Aikens, K. C., M. P. has accepted the position of honorary president and signified his intention of visiting the frat. on his next visit to Brandon.

Mr. R. Harvey '13 has been added to the staff of the Quill.

Clark Hall

MARGARET BULLOCH, '12, EDITOR.

"The most prodigious and most frontless piece of solid impudence."

The Clark Hall Literary Society is at last coming into its own. In the past there has been perhaps just a suggestion of the lack of interest on the part of the members but this is now a thing of the

dark prehistoric ages. The excellent programme committee is chiefly responsible for this change of attitude on account of the splendid programmes which have been offered this year.

On Friday, October 27th, Miss Evans took us for a trip through the Rockies (illustrated by microscope) which proved most interesting. On November 24th, the society had the first debate in its history—although one would never guess from the experienced air with which all of the debaters dealt with their subject. The mooted question was: "Resolved that travelling by train is better than travelling by water." The resolution was supported by Icel Hodges and Pearl Davidson and questioned by Frances Irvine and Bessie Yeoward. After due consideration the judges were forced to disagree with the resolution and give the victory to the negative.

The speeches made in this debate count as orations in the oratorical contest which has been started. If the high standard of excellence set up by these four debaters, be maintained by succeeding entrants, the judges will have a difficult task before them.

There was a young girl named Dunnett,  
And to her I wrote a sonnett.  
I sang of her nose, her eyes and her pose,  
And how sweetly she wore her bonnett.

—*Archibald*

Clark Hall has been somewhat quiet during the term but lately a number of social functions have taken place among which we record the following:—

On Tuesday, November 21st, a reception was given by Miss Trotter, Miss Patton, Miss Masse and Miss Forrester, in the honor of Miss Jackson and Miss Hatch.

Miss Anderson and Miss Evans entertained at a delightful tea, Saturday, November 25th. Miss Hatch was the guest of honor.

Willa Speers entertained at a most enjoyable thimble-tea Saturday, November 18th, at which all the Arts girls were guests.

Grace Little;—"Well, girls, I don't believe that the lower regions are going to be hot at all. I think they will be freezing- regular Manitoba climate, you know."

Vera Leech;—"Well that will suit me much better, for I don't mind the cold but I can't stand the heat."



Miss Hatch, missionary to lepers in India is the guest of her sister, Mrs H. MacNeill.

Vera Long who has been in Clark Hall for two years, has moved out of residence and is making her home in the City, her parents having come in from Hartney.

At the beginning of the new year Vera Zink will join the ranks of Clark Hall university girls. We look forward with delight to her coming and assure her a hearty welcome. So far only one dissenting voice has been heard, that of our "ad" man.

The Y. W. C. A. has been enjoying many treats during the past month. Mrs. McRae of Guelph, Ont., who is visiting in Brandon with her daughter, Mrs. Kilgour, addressed the society. Miss Reid, '14, gave an account of her work among the Bellabella Indians. The society has twice been privileged in hearing Miss Hatch of Ramachundrapuram, India, and Miss Robinson is expected to take charge of at least one meeting. The missionary study classes have been regularly held and although not all that are to be desired yet are doing good work and are, on the whole, quite encouraging. A joint meeting of the Y. W. C. A. and the Y. M. C. A. was held on Thursday, November 30th when the students had the exceptional privilege of hearing Miss Hatch give an address of the work among the lepers of Ramachundrapuram India. Miss Hatch is a pioneer worker among the lepers of India and success has so crowned her efforts that last year she was mentioned in the King's birthday honor list receiving the Kaiser-in-Hind medal for service in India.

On the evening of Friday, December 8th, one of the finest literary treats of this school year was the programme given by the Clark Hall faculty. It proved to be a most interesting and enjoyable entertainment. Each number was excellent both in its superior quality and skilful rendition. The programme was as follows :

1. Chairman's Address ..... Miss Evans
2. Vocal Solo....."Barcarolle,"..... Tales of Hoffmann  
Miss Findlay.
3. Translation of the 150th Psalm.....Luca della Robbia  
Miss Whiteside.
4. Pantomime....."The Lotus Eaters."  
Misses Davison, Forrester and Findlay.

5. Reading..... "A Dream of Fair Women" ..... Tennyson  
Miss Trotter
6. Piano Solo ..... "The Maiden's Wish," ..... Liszt  
Miss Forrester.
- 7 Dramatic Incident..... "The Burglar"..... Margaret Cameron  
Scene—Mrs. John Burton's Summer Cottage.

CHARACTERS :

- Mrs. John Burton, hostess ..... Miss Patton  
 Mrs. Valerie Armisby, a young widow..... Miss Forrester  
 Mrs Charles Dover, a bride..... Miss Findlay  
 Miss Freda Dixon ..... Miss Trotter  
 Miss Edith Brent ..... Miss Masse'

The unique feature of the programme was the nature of the encores which were :—(to 4) Pantomime as it is mined,—illustrations of action culled from experience in the class-room. (5) Dialogue in Numerals—French and English—Misses Trotter and Masse (6) Duet—Misses Forrester and Masse'.

THE DOWNFALL OF SINCLAIR

(When in the vicinity of a fair maid who haileth from Calgary.)

This is the place! Oh, look, my eyes!

Let me review the scene  
 And summon from the vivid past  
 The fall that once hath been,

The English class did here unite  
 And I, with my Scotch pride,  
 My chair and book a part I took,  
 Nor at the back did hide.

But when the Prof. some questions down  
 Upon the board would write  
 I moved my chair, those words to see,  
 Close to a maiden bright.

Well, maybe I misjudged her then,  
 Wilkin MAY be to blame.  
 Whoe'er it was who pulled that chair,  
 It really was a shame.

It seemed amusing to the rest  
 That I the floor did seek,  
 But if I fail to see the point  
 Blame it on that Scotch streak.

## Athletics.

R FERRIER, '12, EDITOR.

No game was ever yet worth a rap  
 For a rational man to play,  
 Into which no accident, no mishap  
 Could possibly find its way.—*A. L. Gordon.*

FOOTBALL—Again this year the college football team is having trouble in hunting up worthy opponents. Even at the outset of the season it was seen that the intercollegiate league was out of the question. The Wheat City Business College, the Collegiate and the Ruthenians, all old-time foes, refuse to put a team on the field. The Indian boys from the Industrial School have twice come across the valley and twice suffered defeat at the hands of our boys. The first match, played on Saturday, Nov. 11, resulted in a 2-1 score but the effect of the training which the College team had then commenced was made manifest on the following Saturday, when they secured eight goals as against one lonely tally of the Redskins. Fr. er, at outside right, played in fine form, while the appearance of Kilfoyl and McQueen in the back division was heralded with delight by the supporters of the team. In the second game, two of the Indians received injuries, but are now well on the road to recovery.

The team having trimmed the local footballers to its satisfaction, the athletic association proceeded to arrange for a game or games with the winners of the intercollegiate league in Winnipeg. To this end, Wesley College was written, explaining the situation, and asked for a friendly game or two. They have won the league in the 'Peg with a comfortable margin and should be pretty strong. Our boys, however, were quite eager and expected to put up a strong fight. Barely a day after the invitation was sent off, a couple of accidents happened which put a crimp in our chances. Kilfoyl, '12, who was making good as left-half had the misfortune to break a small bone just below the knee and Evans '13, our crack centre-half, caught cold in a sore on his knee-pan and the doctor ordered him to remain indoors for a couple of weeks. In an other day or two one of the forwards [Captain Ferrier—Quill Editor], had an old sore opened and our chances to put up a team that could acquit themselves as a Brandon College team should, were slim. When matters in the football world as has been recorded, a reply from Wesley

College was received, asking for a game in Brandon on the next Saturday, December 2nd. On account of the disability of three of our players this could not be entertained and we were keenly disappointed. The Athletic executive thought that December 16th was the earliest we could line up and thus informed Wesley; offering to go to Winnipeg on that date. The boys in Winnipeg however felt that they could not keep in shape so long after their league was over and as they wished to put all their energy into hockey, our offer was turned down. Well, in spite of this disappointment, we hope that next year Brandon College measures her strength on the football field with Wesley in a friendly game.

Much interest has been evinced over the interclass matches that have been in progress. The football committee divided the College into four:—Arts II, III and IV; Arts I and the Professors; Academic, and lastly what is commonly known as the "Hash," composed of Theology, Business and Preparatory. Academic and Hash played to a 2-2 tie on the 22nd while Senior Arts went down to defeat before the Freshmen on the following Friday, by a 4-0 score. Wednesday, the 29th, witnessed a hot battle between Academic and the Freshmen. In the second half, the University team pressed matters but were unable to beat the Academic backs and the game remained a tie, 1-1.

The interclass teams line up as follows:—ACADEMIC—Goal, Kemp; backs, Durkin and Story; halves, Bolton, Stone and McFadyen; forwards, Lang, Wilson, Harrison, Wood and Ruttan. HASH—goal, Blackburn; backs, MacNeill and McDonald; halves, Brough, Aikins, and Tingley; forwards, Smalley, Miskimmon, Winton, Busby and Edwards. FRESHMEN—goal, Moffat; backs, Vining and Rathwell; halves, MacGibbon, Freer and Duncan; forwards, Riggs, Robinson, Rutherford, Hughes and Underwood. SENIORS—goal, Evans; backs, Ferrier and McKay; halves, Clarke, Robinson and Sleight; forwards, Harvey, Vincent, Dempsey, Harris and Herbert.

HOCKEY—The prospects for a good hockey team this year are bright. The boys have secured a few practices on the town rink and with such old stars as Winton, Riggs, Evans, Rathwell and Deans on the line-up, something good may be expected.

VOLLEY BALL—Those students attending the gym. class of the City Y.M.C.A., are in the midst of a volley ball league. Four teams have been selected; The "Stars"—Herbert, Moffatt, Aikins, Larson.

Adey, Sinclair; the "Hyksos"—Tingley, Smalley, Harris, MacGibbon, Doucette and Ross; the "Midgets" Johnson, Widen, McFadyen, Monson and Nichols; and the "Hittites"—Robinson, Brough, Knox, Moffat, Dunning and Innis. At the time of going to press only one round had been played, the "Stars" and "Hittites" being successful but many keenly contested games will be sure to follow. Go it boys! Spencer said that the first requisite in life was to be a good animal.

SKATING—After some delay in getting the city hose, our College rink was made ready and skating got away to a good start on Friday, Dec. 1. After a short literary meeting the students all sought the ice and a most enjoyable evening was spent. Fine weather has permitted many afternoons of skating, this term.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION—Friday, November 10th, saw a change in the personnel of the executive of our Athletic Association. On account of the proximity of the Literary Society elections not much interest was shown but notwithstanding this fact the present executive is composed of men who will ably look after the Athletic element of the College. The new executive is as follows:—Hon - Pres., Prof. G. H. Ruttan; Pres., W. Smalley; 1st Vice, R. Lang; 2nd Vice, O. McFadyen; Sec., A. Rutherford; Treas., O. Larson; Convener of Tennis Committee, Dr. H. L. MacNeill; Convener of Football Committee, R. Winton; Convener of Sports Committee, P. Underwood; Football Captain, R. Ferrier.

TENNIS.—Quite a good tennis tournament took place on Thanksgiving, among the students who did not go home for the holiday. Teams were chosen by Professors MacNeill and MacGibbon and series of singles and doubles were played. Professor MacNeill's team won on the total points by 6 to 4. Following are the scores, the winners being given first. Doubles, Professor MacNeill and Miss Lind vs Professor MacGibbon and Miss Gunn, 6-4, 7-9, 6-2; Green and Miss Anderson vs Evans and Miss Ward, 8-6, 9-7; Freer and Miss McDermid vs McQueen and Miss Ovens 6-3, 6-4; Singles: MacNeill vs MacGibbon, 6-1, 6-1; Green vs Evans, 9-6, 0-6, 6-4; Freer vs McQueen, 6-1, 4-6, 6-0; Robinson vs Bolton, 6-2, 2-6, 6-3; Miss Gunn vs Miss Lind, 6-4, 6-2; Miss Ward vs Miss Anderson, (one game), 6-4, Miss Ovens, vs Miss McDiarmid, 6-0, 6-1. Tennis should flourish here in the spring as the new courts should then all be available.



## Alumni-Alumnæque.

S H POTTER, '12, EDITOR

"Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter."

T. B. McMillan, Matric. '11, was a visitor at the college recently. Mr. McMillan is spending the winter at his home near Alexander, Man.

The Rev. H. S. Sneyd, who for some time past, has had charge of Syndicate Ave. Baptist church, Edmonton, has resigned his pastorate to become secretary of the local Y. M. C. A. of that city.

Fred Lawson and George Allen are attending Royal Dental College at Toronto this winter.

Frank Watson is engaged with Gordon, Ironside & Co. of Winnipeg.

Russell Boyle, after a year of the simple life spent on his homestead near Togo, Sask., has entered upon the more complex and hallowed existence of the Medical at Winnipeg. Russell is reported to have displayed somewhat original ideas as to the way a fellow should be handled during initiations. He distinguished not only himself but another fellow by prowess as a fistic artist. He still reads Byron and writes poetry.. We wish him success. Geometry did it.

We extend to Mr. E. Frith our hearty congratulations on his excellent achievements at the recent law examinations. The fact that Mr. Frith should receive honors in his law examination, is quite in accord with the record he bore as a student of Brandon College. He has since been called to the bar. We wish Mr. Frith all success.

The Rev. Geo. Reynolds, who has been preaching at Pilot Mound Manitoba during the past year has moved to Emerson and takes charge of the Baptist church there.

Mr. J. B. Neild, who has been working near Broadview, Sask. during the past summer was a visitor at the college a few weeks ago, Jack was in route for South Port, England, where his mother is reported to be very ill, we extend to him our good wishes for a pleasant visit and hope that we will see him back in Brandon College next year.

Rev. R. H. Standerwick is superintendent of the Chinese Mission at Calgary.

Another College yell : To Mr. and Mrs. Frank McKenzie of Brandon a boy.

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## Latitude and Longitude,

J. W. DEMPSEY, '12, EDITOR.

Christmas greetings to all our readers and exchanges ! Here's to hoping you a glad and Happy New Year !

As heretofore, in this column we shall endeavor to present to our readers what we consider to be of interest and profit from our various exchanges, mixed with a due amount of levity, which we hope will give that variety that is the spice of life. We will be glad to receive Exchanges, and acknowledge with thanks the following :—Vox Wesleyana, Manitoba College Journal, The Argosy, The Dalhousie Gazette, The Acadia Athenaeum, St. John's College Magazine, McMaster University Monthly and The Gateway.

Pulpit press and platform have been unanimous in their commendation of the sterling character and achievements of our late Principal. Dr. Patrick was a man of mould vitally essential to the best development of a young country such as Western Canada. Of profound scholarship, he was more than merely a student. He carried his convictions, as every honorable man should, into the arena of public discussion; absolutely sincere, keeping interested in anything pertaining to the well-being of the community, emphatic in his characteristics and unwavering in his convictions; to his honor be it said, he never had an enemy. We mourn for his death, but we rejoice in the man and his achievement —Manitoba College Journal

Of recent days we have seen in the Old Country a return to the older and truer conception of the cathedral as a centre of diocesan activity and of office in the cathedral as carrying with it the obligation of work ; a return evidenced by the fact that on the staff of almost every English cathedral there is now a canon missionary, who is the servant of the diocese in spiritual things, and that it is becoming common for other members of the staff to take up, each, one branch of diocesan work, educational, charitable, social or administrative —J. O. MURRAY; St. John's College Magazine.

Without minimizing in any degree the supernatural elements of the Christian revelation, it seems to me that immeasurable advantage will accrue if the young minister will realize the perfectly natural way in which the New Testament documents originated. The Letters of Paul for example, did not fall like bolts from the blue. They are not cryptic, they are not talismanic. They were produced by the master mind of Apostolic Christianity, engaged as he was in the heroic task of mediating the message of his Divine Leader to the Graeco-Roman world, in order to meet pressing needs, in order to silence factious opposition, and in order to check aberrations that were supremely natural on the part either of Jewish fanatics or of neophytes lately wrested from paganism. In other words, these documents are not unrelated to their time, but part and parcel of it.—PROF. OSBORNE, *Vox Wesleyana*.

“The room was tastefully decorated in the College colors of crushed strawberry and dark brown. It might be noted that these colors were chosen as a delicate compliment to the new Chancellor, the crushed strawberry representing his nose, and the dark brown being symbolical of the taste which he usually has in his mouth.”

The above is a fair extract from an article in “The Gateway,” published by the Alma Mater Society of the University of Alberta on Calgary university now in process of organization. It smacks more of the Eyeopener than of college halls.

In the whole Province of Quebec there are not more than one hundred and forty practicing English lawyers. They practically all read French and the greater number speak French sufficiently well to conduct business, or examine a witness in court. Lawyers from the other provinces seldom seek admission to the Quebec bar, unless they are prepared to specialize in some branch of law in which they have gained a national reputation; or in order to enter some well established firm.—S. H. Ross, *Acadia Athenaeum*.

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There was a young girl in a “frat”  
Who did her hair up in a rat,  
But it would show through  
Spite of all she could do,  
So she gave the old thing to the cat.

---

“Say! What course are you going to graduate in?”  
“In the course of time.”

"Tell me the old, old story, Jack."

The love lorn maiden said,  
As on his manly breast she laid  
Her coiffed and ratted head.

"Well, this is how it was," said Jack,  
With all a player's glee :

"We were winning up to half, and then  
Ferrier hurt his knee."

And the old man came down the stairs in a great passion, "Is that young man gone, Matilda?" cried he.

"Oh! Awfully! returned Matilda.

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"A wise man once said to his son,  
Whenever you think of a pun,  
Go out in the yard  
And kick yourself hard,  
And let me begin when you're done "

---

Some men talk and talk, and never seem to get relief.

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Freshie.—Is it ever possible to take the greater from the less?

Math. Professor.—"Yes, there seems to be a rather close approach to it when the conceit is taken from a freshman.

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"There was an old maid of Peru,  
Who thirty-two languages knew,  
With one pair of lungs  
She worked thirty-two tongues;  
I don,t wonder she's single! Do you?"

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When the month seems kinder gloomy,  
And the chances kinder slim,  
And the situation puzzling,  
And the prospects awful grim,  
And perplexities keep pressing;  
Till all hope's nearly gone,  
Just bristle up and grit your teeth  
And keep on keeping on,—THE ARGOSY,

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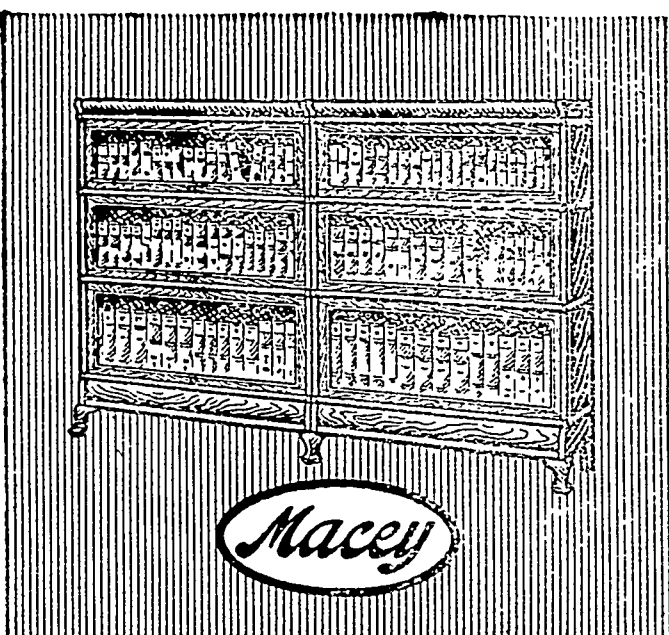
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