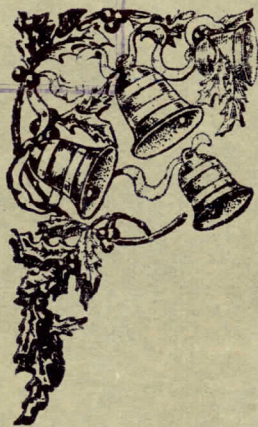


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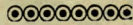
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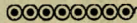


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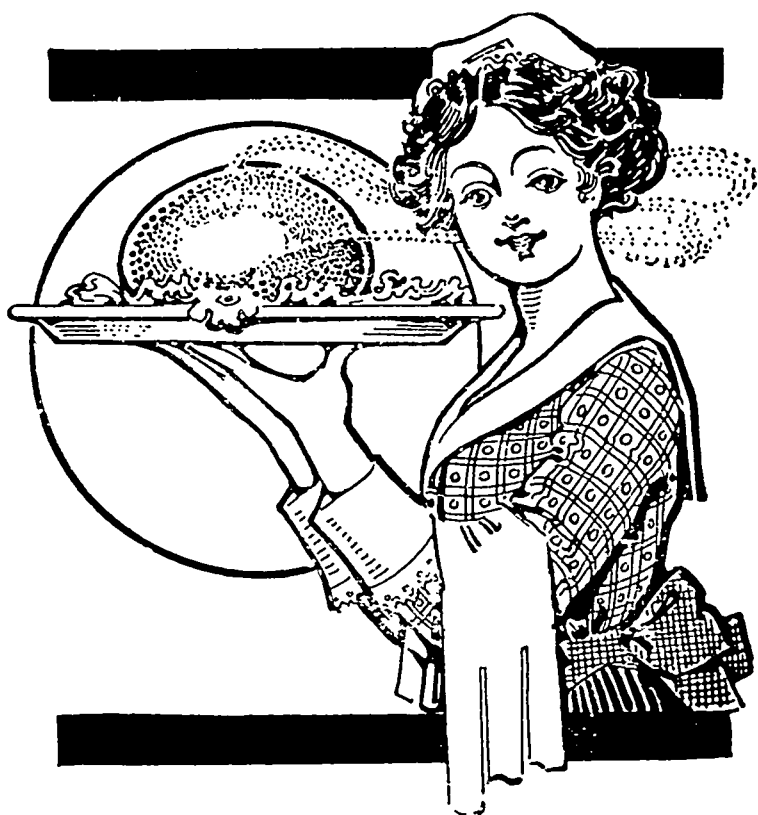
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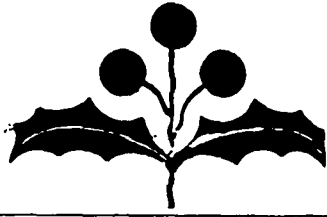
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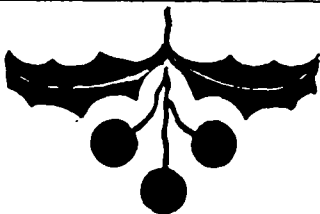
In the Women's Ready-to-Wear Department the new Coats, Waists, Dresses and Millinery await women's approval in broad selection.

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*“Lo! now is come our joyful’st feast!
Let every man be jolly;
Each room with yvie leaves is drest,
And every post with holly.
Now all our neighbors’ chimneys smoke,
And Christmas blocks are burning;
Their ovens they with bak’t meats choke,
And all their spits are turning.
Without the door let sorrow lie,
And if, for cold, it hap to die,
We’ll bury’t in a Christmas pye,
And evermore be merry.”*

—“OLD SONG.”





“God Rest You Merry,
Gentlemen!”



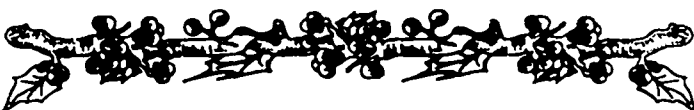

*God rest you merry, gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,
Remember Christ our Saviour
Was born on Christmas Day,
To save us all from Satan's pow'r
When we were gone astray.*

*In Bethlehem, in Jewry,
This blessed Babe was born,
And laid within a manger,
Upon this blessed morn;
The which His mother, Mary,
Did nothing take in scorn.*

*From God our Heavenly Father,
A blessed angel came;
And unto certain shepherds
Brought tidings of the same:
How that in Bethlehem was born
The Son of God by name.*

*Now to the Lord sing praises,
All you within this place,
And with true love and brotherhood
Each other now embrace;
This holy tide of Christmas
All other doth deface.*

—Traditional



THE WISE MAN WHO DOUBTED.

.. There were three men. Two of them were friends and lived together in one house, and their lives were full of sweetness. But the third dwelt apart, for long since his love for men had turned to hate and in his soul was bitterness. Yet were all three called Wise Men in the place.

But one night as they slept, a star arose and shone with a great light like the light of a new day. And the two awoke, for they heard a voice that called them and bade them go seek a King. And they arose and went into the street and came to the house of the other and found him asleep. And when they had called him he came out to them, and telling him what they had heard, they showed him the star. "See!" they cried. "It is the King! The Christ is born!" But he, the third Wise Man, smiled and said, "Wandering fools that break my sleep!"

Then the two were about to leave him, for they longed to follow whither the star would lead. Yet they turned once again and desired that the man should come with them. And when they had talked with him he said, "Well, and I will go, be it but to quiet your begging. But tell me not of the Christ—my eyes have not yet seen Him!"

And he went with them, but ever he followed them from afar, for all his soul was dark with doubt and his heart was often weary by the way. And ever as he went his doubt spoke out within him, "No Christ, no King! Show me no Christ! Fools that bear gifts—frankincense and myrrh! Star! What star? No star before me moves! Call these men wise?"

And when the night was almost spent they drew near a little village, but the third Wise Man waited without upon the hillside and would not pass in with the two, for he would not give himself to the jeers of the rabble when they awoke. But as he watched, a door swung open, a silver gleam shot through the darkness, and when the two had passed in the door was closed again and the gleam was gone.

Long time he sat alone where it was dark. "Fools," thought he, "what holds them yonder?" And by himself he stole down from the hillside, and entering the village while it was yet night, went to the door and knocked. When it was opened he passed in and there—a Babe! A light, a glory, a peace, a blessed love flooded his heart, and he knelt by the lowly cot in surrender and adoration. And even as he knelt his bitterness was turned to sweet, and no one ever knew, none save the two who saw him kneel, but they—they never told!

What Christmas Means to Me.

A season of gladness and gratitude; a spirit of sacrifice and service; a summons to share life's best, to re-incarnate the spirit of Christ in our lives for the gladdening and glory of God's world; a happy, holy time, when the joy of Heaven's richest Gift invades and infects our lives.

—Rev. R. S. Laidlaw.

The Festival of the Nativity of Our Blessed Lord (or Christmas) is one of the supreme moments of the world; Easter is the other. On this great day everyone should first of all attend Divine service, thanking God for "His unspeakable Gift," and then do all in his power to promote "Glory to God in the Highest, and on earth peace, good-will towards men."

—Rev. W. P. Reeve.

A glow on the horizon of the soul that is weary with the pleasures and sorrows, the toils and cessations of the year that is passing. An anticipation and a longing growing into a restlessness and yet having with it a peculiar peace. Then the glow and the anticipation bursting into a glory of joy, filling the soul with the realization that this is the birthday of the Son of Righteousness, God's gift to hungering humanity. And with that joy there comes the strength and courage for a happy outlook on the coming year.

—Rev. R. J. MacKenzie.

What if there were no Christmas? A world without Christmas would be a world without that which we count to be the richest content of modern civilization. A world without Christmas would be a world without its greatest book and the seed-plot of all that is best both in art and literature. No Christmas would mean no Christian home, no Christian character, no Christian spirit, no Christian manhood or womanhood, no Christian dignity or destiny. A world without Christmas would be a world without the Father's face revealed or the Father's house assured. It would be a world without Christ. And that is but a dream. The Christmas carol is our truest and sweetest song. Ever do we hear its music afar off—the singing of the angels, the pæan of peace, the good tidings of great joy. Its message makes life a great glad thing to all who live in its spirit, for Christmas is its message and spirit of love.

—Rev. W. E. Matthews.

Immanuel has come and he is a *man*. From mankind is to go forth the Ruler who is to be the Saviour of men. Our nature lays claim on all that is possible in Him. The throne can never deny the manger. Though He rise to become King of kings and Lord of lords, we shall glory in Him that He was one of us. We exult in this honor.

Hope's eyelids were heavy with watching. Faith's candle was flickering low in the heart. The people have sat long in darkness. The night has given no promise of eastering. The watchmen have looked often for the dawn, when, in a moment of slumber, there falls triumphant on the world the angelic anthem. God has visited His people. The Babe of Bethlehem brings righteousness and peace unto the sons of men. The joy of morning is everywhere. The Dayspring from on high is come.

—Dr. R. H. Mode.



INAUGURATION OF PRESIDENT WHIDDEN.

In the life of a college no event is of more vital importance than the choice of a President. Other officers may come and go and there will be no change in the workings of the institution as a whole, but the President holds the faculty in his hands and is the best interpreter in practical ways of the ideals of the Board of management.

Dr. Whidden had no need of formal ceremonies to add to his authority as President. From the opening day the student body recognized in him friend and adviser, as well as a man accustomed to obedience. His counsels had already thrown light on the knotty problems facing the executive and the faculty had found him the directing hand and inspiring force leading to efficient work. There is, however, in humanity that which craves a formal recognition of these meaningful changes. To pass by unnoticed such milestones in the life of institutions has come even in western circles to seem like sacrilege. The pomp and ceremony of ancient days must of necessity pass away in a democratic community, but such forms as lend fit expression and aesthetic environment to dignified action will ever be preserved by the right thinking.

The inaugural date was fixed for November 15th at 8 o'clock in the First Baptist church. All the colleges from Winnipeg to Moose Jaw and north to Saskatoon were invited to send representatives to take part in the ceremonies. Each

college responded, the majority by representatives, a few in penned words of fraternal greeting. The representative of St. Boniface College, having missed his train, had to send a wire expressing regrets.

The church had been becomingly decorated in college and patriotic colors and presented a festive scene. A platform had been erected over the pulpit, capable of seating forty people. Sharply at 8 o'clock the student body filed into the church and occupied the centre seats. The young ladies of Clark Hall led the way, followed by the Arts Students clad in college gowns, while the Academic and Business Students brought up the rear. The songs prepared specially for the occasion by some of our growing talent, were first introduced while waiting for the procession of faculty and guests. At last the slow line of march appeared, led by the members of the faculty, followed by the members of the Board of Directors, guests from other institutions, civic representatives, etc., while last of all came the chairman, Dr. C. W. Clark, accompanied by the new President.

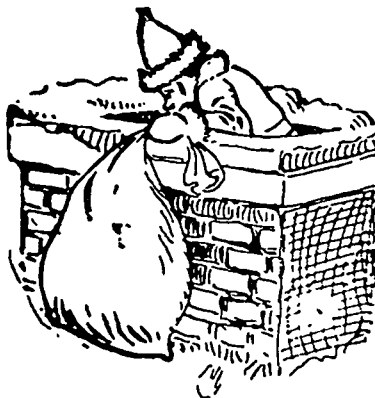
It was a joy to the college constituency to welcome Dr. Clark and to have him preside with his kindly grace at so auspicious an event in their history. The Invocation was offered by Rev. W. E. Matthews, pastor of the College church, and was immediately followed by the charge to the President from the Board. This charge was prepared by Mr. G. F. Stephens, so well qualified from long acquaintance with the aims of the institution to bear this particular duty. Mr. Stephens was, however, unable to be present, owing to illness, and was represented by Mr. J. F. McIntyre, General Secretary of the Baptist Union. The charge, in simple and chaste language set forth the high aims of Denominational Education and laid upon the new President the duty of their fulfilment. Dr. Whidden's reply indicated that there was no lack on his part of appreciation of these high aims and ideals. In setting forth some of the fundamentals of Education, he laid stress upon the value of personality and the need of making its development the supreme thing.

His address was followed by a stream of congratulations from sister institutions and local groups. But first of all was read a letter of congratulation from Dr. A. P. McDiarmid, which elicited the heartiest applause from students and public.

The speakers were: President W. C. Murray, L.L.D., Saskatchewan University; Professor Frank Allen, University of Manitoba; Principal Baird, D.D., Manitoba College;

Right Rev. Dean Coombes, St. John's College; Principal Graham, Saskatchewan College; J. A. M. Aikins, M.P.; Rev. R. Milliken, representing Regina College; Mayor Fleming, Brandon City; Mr. A. E. McKenzie, Brandon Board of Trade; Rev. R. S. Laidlaw, Brandon Ministerial Association; Principal McDougall, Brandon Collegiate; Principal Hales, Brandon Normal School; Principal Ferrier, Indian Industrial School; Rev. A. N. Marshall, McMaster University. Through this long list there was not the slightest slackening of interest. The variety of approach, the general wit and the occasional "hit" made by the student songs and yells had a cumulative effect which prevented weariness.

At the close, Dr. Whidden arose and after a few most happy general remarks called the attention of the audience to a veiled picture almost hidden in the draperies of decoration, which when unveiled revealed the genial countenance of the chairman, Dr. C. W. Clark. This picture, which is a most excellent likeness, was presented to the Board by Miss Hancock, former teacher in Art at Clark Hall. It is a valuable addition to the growing gallery of pictures. A fitting finish to the evening was given by a delightful informal reception tendered the faculty board and invited guests by Dr. and Mrs. Whidden at their residence.



THE PRINCE'S WISH.

JULIA MAY OVENS, MATRIC.

In a great stone castle, with stone floors, stone walls, stone staircases, and even surrounded by a stone wall, lived a little lame prince.

All day long he sat on the floor playing with whatever toys he could collect. He had small stones for knights, larger stones for castles, and hills made of many stones, thrown together. He was a lame prince and nobody paid him any attention.

One day as he sat marching his soldiers, a stray sunbeam came through the small window high up in the wall and fell on his curls, then moved across the grey stone floor. As the boy watched it, a strange new feeling took possession of him and he pushed aside his toys. Day after day he sat and watched the sunbeam, watched it move slowly across the floor, then become quite red and disappear.

During one whole afternoon his eyes followed it and when the time approached for its departure he laid his golden curls down close to the sunbeam and shed a few tears. "If I only knew more about you!" he sobbed.

Someone spoke to him. He raised his head and through his tears he saw a little golden man standing before him. His hair, his boots, his beard were all of gold.

"Oh," cried the prince, "are you my little friend? Did you hear me crying? Should princes cry?"

"My father, the Sun, sent me to you," replied the little man.

"The Sun—your father?"

"Yes, he is the giver of all good things."

"Oh, I want to know all about you!" cried the prince.

"Me?" ejaculated the little bearded man. "I am the Spirit of Christmas—I bear the gifts of my father to those he loves."

"And does he love me?"

The little man crossed his legs, then pulled his golden beard. "You shall know," he said in his abrupt way.

"I am only one of a large family. Our home is the whole world. Every morning we dance out over the glistening white fields. Here and there the top of a bare brown shrub appears, while the chirp of a snow bird alone breaks the

silence. We visit the forest and skip along the tinsled twigs of the trees while the drowsy owl blinks from his frost-rimmed hollow in the trunk of an old oak. The fir trees sparkle and glow as if touched by a goddess as we play hide and seek among the shadows. On my way I peeped in at your tiny window expecting to see black night, but I saw your curls as bright as I am myself. So I came back day after day. Now I have come with a message from my father for you. He wants to give you some of the good things that make men happy."

"Can I have them, then?"

"If you can ask for them in three wishes."

The prince thought for a long time.

"I want you to come back to-morrow," he said slowly.

"That is your first wish," said the little man—and vanished!

The next day he did not come until late. It was a long day for the prince as he sat and watched the floor constantly for the first sign of his friend. When he did come it was in his crimson glory.

"I cannot stay long—my father calls me to rest. What is your second wish?"

"I want to see the sun, the flowers, the woods and you all day long," said the prince.

The visitor became redder than ever, then said, "To-morrow you shall see," and disappeared again.

What a happy little prince went to bed that night! He wakened as the first sunbeam peeped over the horizon. All at once his lameness left him. He got from his bed and running across the floor, climbed to the window. Beside him all day long his little friend sat and when evening came and the little man prepared to go he turned a very red face to the little prince and demanded that he should tell him his third and last wish.

"To be like you," he cried, "to bring the world of sunshine and happiness to others!"

For a moment the face of the little man became radiant with the gold, purple and crimson of a glorious sunset, and that evening he lingered longer and talked more sweetly than ever he had done before.

And who will say the little prince wished unwisely? He did not wish for wealth. He did not ask for fame. He did not want a throne. But he received all and reigned in the same, grey, moody old stone castle, turning its grey to light, its moodiness to joy, and its old age to youth.

THE BEAUTIFUL, BEAUTIFUL CHRISTMAS.

GERTRUDE MAY REID, '14

It was Christmas Eve and the little village was astir with excitement. Gasoline launches were coming from north and south, bringing relatives and friends. Blinking candles shone from every window and lighted torches illuminated the street. The band was playing a selection from the "Bohemian Girl" in front of Angus Campbell's house and the dogs were singing their own Christmas carols in their own way at the other end of the village.

We were standing out under the verandah watching the Chinese lanterns, that were strung from post to post, wave gently in the breeze. In front of us Llama Inlet stretched its waters from our shore across to Jap Town, a distance of two miles. Behind us the tall pines sighed, as if burdened with their message from the Pacific.

Finally the last strains of the "Bohemian Girl" floated away on the evening breeze, and we could hear, in the silence that followed, a band out on the water playing "Glory to God in the Highest." It was the Skitigate Indians signalling their approach. Reverently we listened to that familiar hymn. How it brought to every one of us memories of our distant homes and of our own people! We looked towards the east, across the white sheet of shining water towards the mountains. How very far away we were after all, and it was Christmas Eve! The warm eastern breeze seemed to echo the longing we knew was in the hearts of all those at home, for a complete family circle at the Yuletide. Was it worth it after all? Our failures were so many and our victories so few. If only for this one night we could fly away to those from whom it was so hard to part!

"Oh, look at the candles!" gasped our little nurse, and we all burst into rather hysterical laughter. Every window boasted at least two dozen lighted candles and we had been looking at them for half an hour. But then, Jarrie was always a source of amusement, on account of her lack of observation.

"How could I see those candles, anyway," she said. "I am not crying, but the tears are just leaking out."

That evening there was a Christmas entertainment in the church. Every one helped. Fred Anderson could nei-

ther sing nor "say a piece," so he decided to take pictures, his cheery, fun-loving nature forcing him to do something. So Fred stood at the back of the church, with an imitation camera and had his unfortunate victims stand on the platform in whatever positions he ordered. Moody, the chief, was the first one called, but he was too unconcerned to afford any amusement for the audience.

"Now, Doctor," called Fred from the back, "I want you and your wife to go to the front. I want to take your pictures next." There was no help for it, they had to go. The Indians delighted in having a joke on the Doctor, he was so merry. But no position was satisfactory to Fred, and he had to come to the front himself and arrange them. Every time the Doctor moved he was greeted with a roar of applause. It was easy to get him settled, but the trouble was with his wife. Her position did not suit Fred. Finally, he took her face in both his hands and gently turned her head to the desired position. We looked on in amazement, for the Doctor's wife believed in working for the Indian, helping him always, but rarely touching him. But she took it all with charming grace, and Fred presented her with a monstrous face, a highly valued remnant of a totem pole. What a gay crowd we were after all! The Indians knew we would be lonely for our homes, especially at this time of the year, and did their best to make everyone gay.

Christmas morning dawned with all the glorious promise of a perfect day. The sun seemed to be brighter than ever before; the sky had never been such a clear blue, and surely the birds could not sing more sweetly. The water lay almost still, but at times it, too, seemed to tremble with ecstasy, and little ripples chased one another over its surface. Nature was singing, "Glory to God in the Highest" and peace was among men.

At two o'clock Paul and Agnes were to be married. Charlie Windsor, Paul's father, had planned everything for the wedding even before Agnes had returned from Chilliwack. He had sent to Vancouver for the trousseau, a white lawn dress, a bridal veil and orange blossoms. Neither Paul nor Agnes were consulted. It was the will of the parents, who knew best in all things.

When Agnes first returned from school she received a great deal of attention. We were curious to see how engaged couples acted. Often during church, prayer meeting or choir practice we would casually glance over at her, or at

Paul; but never once did we see them looking at one another. They did not appear together on the street, nor did they go out for launch rides. Perhaps it all happened, though, and we did not see them.

Two o'clock came and we followed the procession to the church. First came the groom and groomsman. Paul was attired in his neat black suit and patent leather shoes as usual. Behind him the visiting band followed, playing Lohengrin's Wedding March, and after them came the young men of the village. The bride, with the two bridesmaids, walked under a gaily colored canopy, held by four boys. The home band followed her, playing a wedding march also, and the remaining inhabitants brought up the rear. At the church door Moses Knight met his daughter and gently, and with dignity, escorted her to the altar while the Doctor's wife played Mendelssohn's beautiful Wedding March.

How different was that ceremony from the potlatch custom prevailing in that little village not so many years before! Marriage was now sacred, not a feast at which the groom bought his wife by giving a number of blankets to her father, to keep her until it suited his pleasure to cast her aside. It was now a Christian village and every one was proud of the fact. Even sailors, who had forgotten there was a Sabbath, sometimes, in passing heard the bell call the people to church and turned to the tourist with the remark, "There is a little village where God is given a chance, and He has done wonderful things for those same Indians over there."

And it all began with James Starr. Once in the long ago, when James was young and strong, he took a trip to Vancouver. There he heard about the Christ from a young man who had come from the East. James accepted with the simple faith of a child, for the man told of a Christ who loved all and would help all. The simple story of the Babe in the manger and hosts of angels singing, "Peace on earth," touched the Indian's heart. He wanted to give back the life he owed to the tiny Babe who had grown into such a strong, loving Man, and had bought him with His own life blood. For six hundred miles James paddled until he reached his people at Port Simpson. He told them the beautiful message he had heard. When winter came the Indians returned home, to their own village, the Beautiful Beautiful and they brought with them the young man from the east.

That was years ago and James was now an old man.

Only once had his faith shown signs of wavering. That was when his wife died. Susan had been his helper for many years, and James staggered under the blow. In vain the Doctor spoke of a reunion in the hereafter. In vain he spoke of the loving Christ who had taken the tired, suffering Susan home. All James would say was "I know," but he refused to be comforted.

His friends came to keep the death watch with him, and at first they were silent, in respect for his religion. But as night came on the old heathen death cry was raised and immediately everyone was wailing in a droning monotone. A fire was built outside and poor old Susan's belongings were given to the flames. Even a table she had bought in Victoria was not spared, and James did not say nay. In the hour of his bitterest grief he had gone back to the old custom. The strong hearted Doctor was discouraged, but he knew that this one custom was the hardest of all for the Indian to overcome. For months James refused to go to church, or to see any of his friends from the hospital. He always had the same answer when asked why he remained at home, "I must weep for Susan."

But Christmas was coming once again and James remembered the story of the little Child. Late one night he came over to the Doctor's home. "It is His birthday soon," he said. "the little Child, the good Man." Then with a sad smile he added, "I did not forget, I could never forget. He is still the Christ, my Christ always." Poor old faithful James! He had stood the test better than many of us would have done.

So he came to the church with the others. "Be good to Agnes," were his words as he took the hands of both bride and groom. "and God bless you." He, a Christian Indian, added his blessing on a Christian wedding, and it was in his own little village, the Beautiful Beautiful. Christ had indeed helped all, for He loved all. James was content.

The stars came out and another birthday of Christ drew to its close. We could hear the band, in the fire hall, play an air from "Martha." Then loud and triumphant, "Glory to God in the Highest" reached us once again. While we listened James came along. His step was firm and his eyes glistened. "The little Child," he murmured, "the little Child, the good Man." Then taking the Doctor's hand in his, he prayed, in his own musical tongue, the language of the west wind, "My Father, I thank Thee for the little Child. Oh, my Father, make strong our hearts to endure."

THE SACRED BUSH.

ROBERT HARVEY, '13

"The girls all kissed beneath the sacred bush."—Tennyson.

Chief among the customs that still cluster vigorously around an English Christmas is the one that sits forever immortal on the pendant bough of mistletoe. Again and again have we seen the dark green leaves and small waxen berries of the merry bush in the pages of Irving and Dickens, and always their atmosphere is one of mirth and jollity. The privilege of the mistletoe kiss is a good old-fashioned one that is well sanctioned by the Christmas spirit and ancient usage.

But the mistletoe is linked from remote ages with the tragic side of life, with sin and sacrifice, with hate, and death of gods and men. It is referred to by Pliny; it is interwoven with Norse mythology; it is found in Druid legend.

The mystical Druid priests of ancient Britain considered it as a direct gift from the gods. Growing as a parasitic bush on other trees, the tree on which it grew was held sacred by them, and hence their rites and worship were conducted under the majestic oak. In Cowper's *Boadicea* we have the picture finely drawn:

*"Sage beneath the spreading oak,
Sat the Druid, hoary chief."*

After the sacrifices had been prepared under the tree, two white bulls were led forward and their horns bound together. A priest, robed in white, then climbed into the tree and cut with a golden knife the sacred bush, which was lowered in a white mantle to the ground. The sacrifices were then made and the ceremonies concluded. Thus the dim dawn of British history breaks through clustering mistletoe in centurial oaks.

In ancient Norse poems we find the mistletoe playing a prominent part in the life of the immortal gods. The *Völuspá*, the oldest Eddaic poem, tells the tragic story of Baldur, the Sun god. Born to Odin and Frigg, Baldur was the purest and best of all the gods. His mother, Frigg, becoming anxious for his life, took an oath from all things in the mineral, vegetable and animal kingdoms not to slay him. But she overlooked the little mistletoe bush.

Loki, an evil god, finding this out, made an arrow from the mistletoe. The gods had set Baldur in their midst one day and were using him as a target, since he was immune from injury by their arrows. Loki came up and placing the mistletoe arrow in the hands of Höder, a blind god, directed his aim at Baldur and shot. Baldur fell dead. Thus was death first brought into the world. The story is probably symbolic of the truth, that the light of the summer sun, represented by Baldur, is only quenched by the mistletoe, the symbol of the dead, dark winter.

Perhaps our use of the mistletoe for Christmas decoration goes back to this ancient legend. The German word Yule means the shining wheel, or the sun, and in thought is thus identical with the Norse god Baldur. Furthermore, Yuletide, or Christmas, comes at the time of the winter solstice, when the sun is furthest from the equator and begins to retrace his steps. The mistletoe being inseparably linked with the legend of the sun-god, might well be in evidence at that particular season. In any case, the Christmas use of the mistletoe, with all its time-honored associations cannot be allowed to die. It tends to preserve the Christmas spirit; it adds gaiety and fun to peasant cottage and baronial hall.

*The mistletoe hung in the castle hall,
The holly branch shone on the old oak wall;
The baron's retainers were blithe and gay,
Keeping their Christmas holiday.*

That atmosphere is still found wherever a real, old English Christmas is loyally kept.

Since many from the old lands of Europe are seeking homes and fortunes in the West, it may yet be that the venerable bush, hoary with historic tradition and wealthy in ancestral lore, will come to its own on this side of the Atlantic. Freighted with the magic treasure of by-gone ages, it will enrich and quicken the imagination of the New World. Not the least part of a nation's wealth is its heritage of folk lore mingled with myth and religion. Such is the primeval legacy we have in the legends surrounding the mistletoe, the sacred bush.



AN AFRICAN CHRISTMAS.

E. H. J. VINCENT, '14.

Christmas Day of 1894 dawned clear and bright at Cape Town, with every promise of an exceedingly hot day. By six o'clock all were astir, the youngsters jubilant at what Santa Claus had brought them. Soon breakfast was over, and the children in their spotlessly white clothes were sent out to play, with the warning to stay in the shade as much as possible, for already the mercury was climbing up to the ninety mark. This injunction was useless, for some of the boys discovering that one of their number had as his Christmas gift a good sized rugby football, were soon hard at it. They played on the open space at the rear of the fort, alongside the terrace in which we lived, and although the perspiration poured down their faces, they persisted with boylike enthusiasm in the game of "collar and pass."

We had been invited to spend the day with some friends whose house stood some little distance up Signal Hill. On towards noon, with much mopping of faces, and panting for breath, we arrived to find our good host quite anxiously awaiting us at the garden gate. But his welcome was forestalled by Jack, the collie-dog, who leaped the hedge and came running down the hill to meet us, jumping around in great glee, as though he, too, had caught the gladness of the season.

In the house it was hardly any cooler than outside, and as Old Sol reached his zenith, the thermometer on the verandah registered one hundred and twenty degrees—that was in the shade. After a cold luncheon, the programme for the afternoon was discussed. Should we go to the annual Cape Town Races, or visit the noted residence of Cecil Rhodes? We finally decided that the latter would be more pleasant. So about two o'clock we all boarded an electric car, and made for the front seats on the top, where we could catch the breeze—the cars there are double-deckers. It was a lovely ride, with the common stretching away on one side, and the beautiful residences nestled among the trees on the other. For four miles this extended into the city; then we went another eight miles beyond the city to Rosemarket.

One thing that continually attracted our attention was

the gay attire of many of the natives. The Malay ladies with their veiled faces, two eyes alone peering out at us, seemed to have adorned themselves with every brilliant color of the spectrum. One would appear in bright yellow, another with equally as flashing red, while another, trying to outdo her fellows in radiancy, wore a brilliant green, and yet another a gorgeous pink or purple. This maze of color was interspersed by Kaffirs wearing odds and ends of European dress, or some strange combination of cast-off military uniforms. One especially attracted our attention. He was beaming with delight and pride, and was wearing a nice white laundered shirt, but thinking its beauty should not be lost to view, was wearing it much as an English farmer would wear a smock. But his appearance was not the only curious sight, for we passed one Kaffir attired in silk hat and Prince Albert, with about three inches of white cuff extending beyond his coat-sleeves: but the patent leather boots that had cramped his broad feet until he could endure it no longer, were slung over his shoulder, and he was blissfully striding along, evidently much more at his ease.

Thus we travelled on, remarking at the various sights of interest that we passed on our way, now out on an open level stretch from where we could see the mountains and the bay in the distance; now passing along beautiful avenues of tall stately trees. At last we came to our journey's end, and descending from the car, we walked on some little distance along the shady road until we came to the gateway into the park surrounding the home of Cecil Rhodes. We strolled up the driveway lined on each side by huge trees, until we came in sight of the house. It is a good example of the Elizabethan style of architecture, built very solidly, with its gables peering out from among the trees. Like most houses in that country, it is painted white and showed a very cool and inviting appearance. We did not go into the house, but visited what was of most interest to the children. A little distance in the rear of the house Cecil Rhodes had a number of enclosures stocked with almost all the animals common to South Africa. He also had a large aviary in which were gathered many curious and many beautiful birds, those that interested the children most being the black swan. We lingered here for some time, throwing bread and biscuits to the birds: giving nuts to the monkeys, which amused us with their queer antics; or prodding the lions until they lazily got to their feet and sulked around their cage.

After the curiosity of the children was satisfied, we made a tour of part of the extensive park. A good deal of it seems to remain in its natural state. To one accustomed to the prairies, or the grandeur of the mountain fastnesses, here was a new magnificence. Everything told of a tropical clime, the eucalyptus trees towered to the sky with the majesty of kings, and their limbs were draped with a multitude of entwining vines, decked out with many colored berries. From one point of vantage we had an excellent view of the rear of Table Mountain and Devil's Peak, and away in the distance, losing themselves in the haze where sky and sea meet, we could count the Twelve Apostles. As we were viewing Table Mountain, a curious thing occurred. The devil began to lay the table-cloth, so the inhabitants describe the covering of Table Mountain by a white cloud. Upon seeing this we decided that we would lose no time in making for home. Do you ask why? Well, as sure as that white cloud covers the top of Table Mountain, so surely do you get a south-westerly gale, which carries the dust in great clouds, and will even lift pebbles as large as your fist. We were not deceived; hardly had we gained the roadway below than we felt the first puff, a forerunner of what was to follow. Reaching the terminus of the car-line, with many other holiday-seekers, we crowded inside the car, for we would suffer the heat rather than the dust. But we could not escape it entirely, for we had some distance to go after descending from the car. How glad we were to reach the house, for in the short climb up the hill our faces were tingling where the dust had thrashed them; our teeth set on edge by the grit we could not help but chew. However, once indoors we lost no time in applying cool fresh water and were soon prepared to forget the wind and dust in our merry making.

In our absence Snowball, the negro cook, had been busy, and soon the gong sounded that called us to the Christmas feast. We sat down to a board arranged after the traditions of Christmas in the Old Land, for somehow the colonials in that country hold very affectionately to the customs of Old England; and in spite of the oppressive heat, of which the starched collars and white suits of the gentlemen gave the first evidence, a steady flow of conversation and comic raillery pervaded the whole meal. The crowning point came when, all steaming, and with a precious piece of *real* holly stuck in the top, the Christmas pudding was brought in. At the sight of that pudding, how the young-

sters shouted with glee, and every face seemed to reflect memories of other days in other climes.

The dinner over, the ladies retired to the verandah and in the shade made by the Virginia creeper, sat and chatted. But what of the wind and dust? It had all but ceased; for one good thing about those wind storms, they often are very brief, although severe while they last. The men had been left in the parlor to cogitate over their pipes and I suppose it is hard to say how long they would have talked, had not Uncle Fred gone to the organ. It so happened that all of them had been members of the Parson's Hill Male Voice Choir, London. What could be more natural, then, that soon the strains of old carols, so well known and carrying such happy memories, should come floating to me from the house, and mingle their strains with my meditation, as I lay on a green terrace of the lawn, looking out over the ocean, watching the sunset "turn the ocean's blue to gold," then almost immediately the gold giving place to deep purple, and the purple to a dark grey; for in that tropical clime there is no twilight.

The wind had entirely ceased, the atmosphere seemed fresher and very much cooler, so for a long while the ladies continued their chatting, the men their singing, and the children their romping with the dog. The evening seemed so refreshing after the heat of the day, that I continued to lie on my back watching first the twinkling of the many lights along the shore, away in the distance, or the flash of Robin Island lighthouse, some eight miles out to sea; whilst above me the stars peered out like flashing diamonds from a mantle of deepest blue.

My thoughts—wind and waves are no barriers to them—wandered back to the Old Land and once again I was living the Christmas of other years. I was a boy again, and with my cousins was crowding around our old blind grandfather, a veteran of the Hussars, listening with wonder to his tales of the Crimean War, its hardships, its cold, its sorrows, its angel of mercy Florence Nightingale, and with him becoming stirred as he told us of the wonderful way in which the Noble Six Hundred cut their way through the batteries of the Russians, and with reckless courage hewed a passage back, returning all bloody and depleted. Again, in thought I danced around the great sparkling Christmas tree, and again joined in the singing of a Christmas carol, when the sound of an old-time melody came to me from the parlor.

What was it? Just what in memory I heard that Christmas party singing as we gathered around the great log fire:

*It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old;
From angels bending near the earth,
To touch their harps of gold—
"Peace on earth, good will to men,"
From Heaven's all-gracious King.
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.*

Thoughts of that first Christmas stole into my mind, with all it has meant to the ages that have passed, and all it brings of hope and gladness to our needy day.

My reverie was suddenly broken into by the flash from Green Point lighthouse, just two miles away, and by voices calling me to the house, that they were going to have some games and singing. So we were all soon in the excitement of our games, or carried to the pitch of merriment by some funny story, perhaps one of Uncle Fred's queer experiences among the Kaffirs in the interior. But the clock on the mantel all too soon chimed out a warning that Christmas Day was almost over, and little heads began to nod, and baby eyes grow weary, so as a final strand to bind us to the Christ-masses of the past, we all joined together in singing a refrain that has often been repeated:

*Where is now the merry party
I remember long ago,
Laughing by the Christmas fireside,
Brightened by its ruddy glow?
Some are gone to far-off regions,
To the wintry land of snow,
They have all dispersed and wandered,
Far away, far away.*

The song complete, we gathered our belongings together, and with many good wishes, we strode off down the hill to our house beside the sea. Morning had dawned before I found the quiet of my room, and as I lay upon my bed I could not sleep, for somehow the booming of the breakers upon the rocks a little distance beyond our garden fence, seemed to add the deep note of a mighty organ as accompaniment to the melody of thought that played unrestrained in my wakeful brain.

When I did fall asleep it was to dream of a great chorus of music heralding the coming of the King of kings.

THE CHRISTMAS SNOWS.

J. E. MOFFAT, '14

*From the upper air an angel fair
Looked down on the waiting earth,
Ere he bore to the Jews the wonderful news
Of a Saviour's wonderful birth.*

*From her home above came the Spirit of Love
To the angel and cried, "Away!
Why tarry here, when from year to year
Men look for Messiah's day?"*

*Said the Angel, "Know that I may not go,
Till earth's gloom be turned to light;
And her sorrow and sin be folded in
'Neath a garment of stainless white."*

*In the silent night Love took her flight
To the waiting earth below,
And over the land, from her magic hand,
Fell the beautiful, spotless snow.*

*When the world was bright in its robe of white
To the angel back she sped;
And spoke again, "Lo, the hearts of men
Cry out for the Living Bread!"*

*Down the Angel flew through the boundless blue
On that happy Christmas morn,
And the shepherds heard and believed the word
And rejoiced in a Saviour born.*

*While the Wise Men there, cast their gifts so rare,
And the angels sang, "Amen!"
The Heaven-born Child looked up and smiled,
And peace filled the hearts of men.*

*Many years have gone since that gracious dawn,
When the Star of Hope arose;
But still in the times of Christmas chimes,
We look for the Christmas Snows.*

Brandon Colleye Quill

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GIFTS

Man is ever seeking to embody his ideas in visible form; ever striving to express his inner feelings by means of outward signs. He is also, by nature, given to the habit of imitation. Thus we have the custom of giving Christmas gifts, which is simply a result of man's desire to express, by material tokens, his recognition and appreciation of God's great Gift to men.

But in this modern age is there not a possibility of the symbol usurping the place of the reality? Are we not in some danger of losing sight of the true significance of the gift by reason of our interest in the gift itself? Let us not forget that after all, Christmas gifts are simply the passing suggestions of that one great eternal fact, the knowledge of which should fill our hearts with gratitude and joy, not only at Christmas time, but throughout the entire year.

THANKS

In regard to this our Christmas number, we would like to strike a note of appreciation of the splendid spirit shown by our contributors and also by the different members of our staff. The time at our disposal for preparing this number was ex-

tremely short; the work done it is not our place to discuss. But if we have met with any measure of success in this respect, we feel that it has been made possible only by the hearty response which has met, on every hand, our requests for help, whether in the way of contributions, criticism, or good practical advice.

WATCH US GROW

With this number THE QUILL rejects its former regulation size and appears in an enlarged form. This departure is entirely in accordance with our working policy. Growth is a natural condition of life. We feel that a growing college in a growing country should have a growing college journal.

The benefits accruing will, we trust, be many. Larger size means more scope and opportunity in the work from the editor's point of view, more space available for contributors, more reading matter for subscribers, and, last but not by any means least, increased value for those who use our magazine as an advertising medium.

MERRY CHRISTMAS

As we write these words the time draws near for the anniversary of the greatest event in the history of the ages. December snows are falling; the Christmas feeling is already in the air; and our pen would fain keep time to the joyous song of peace and goodwill which at this time of year finds expression in every heart. Hence we do not find it a duty, but rather a joyous necessity, to extend our heartiest wishes for a Merry Christmas to all our exchanges, co-workers, contributors, subscribers, friends, and fellow-citizens of the world at large.

May something of the season's brightness find a permanent place in every life, and may there come to each one the privilege of increasing the joy or lightening the burden of those less fortunate. In a word, may true Christmas happiness be yours and may the joys and experiences of this happy season prove a source of encouragement and uplift amid the duties and perplexities of the New Year.



COLLEGE GOSSIP.

R. G. EDWARDS, THEO.

"Things new and old, co-twisted."

If you expect to agree with everything in these pages, to find a pious thrill on every page, to always laugh at the joke on your neighbor, but see only malice in the joke on yourself, you are suffering from dislocated poise. If you find no cure in the Clark Hall news, try more mingling with men, less book-worm gymnastics; more football and fewer promenades on Rosser avenue.

If you notice a sag in the sky-line of the Gossip Tent, come in and put us wise. One man can't can sufficient dope for this department, unless the various little birds loosen up with the twitter.

There's one for you, one for me, and now one for the QUILL.

If you like the rakish set of the tout ensemble of the QUILL, call the editor-in-chief out of French Class some day and tell him about it. We presume you have already mailed the latest copy to your folks. Sure!

THOUGHTS.

A freshman lay in his bed and he thought,
And he made up his mind that he wouldn't be caught,
And yet he wanted to do what he ought,
So he thought, and he thought, and he thought.

A sophomore stood at the head of the stair and he thought,
And he made up his mind that all freshies be caught,
For he also wanted to do what he ought,
So he thought, and he thought, and he thought.

A senior appeared with the clippers he'd brought,
A freshman was roused from the bed where he thought,
His curly locks soon in the clippers were caught,
So he thought, and he thought, and he thought.

DEBATING SOCIETY.

The Debating Society has been progressing very favorably under the able leadership of Mr. H. E. Green.

The third debate of this term was held on Friday, Nov. 29th. The subject was, "Resolved that Chinese and Japanese laborers should be excluded from Canada."

Messrs. R. G. Edwards and H. E. Green supported the resolution, on behalf of Theology, while Messrs. A. J. Nordlund and R. Wood opposed, representing Junior Arts. The debating of all the speakers was very creditable, but the forceful presentation of the theologians won the decision, and the banner still remains with Theology.

At the close of this debate the new officers for the year were installed. They are as follows:

Pres., W. G. Rathwell; vice-pres., R. Lang; sec., W. E. Bolton; treas., C. J. Stone; committee, Prof. Guild, A. Carlson, G. Herbert.

On Nov. 15th the annual freshmen's banquet was held. Dr. Whidden and Mr. Harvey gave addresses of welcome. Mr. Cummings replied; Mr. Kilfoyl limbered up his famous mouse story; Messrs. Hollies and Kippen gave delightful readings; Messrs. Philpotts and Gordon gave some very fine preserved music.

LIT. ECHOES (NOT REPORTS).

Men and angels move among us with majestic mien these days. Surely these are not the humble ones of a week or two ago. Remember how nice they were to you when you wanted a Kennedy tea or sandwich? Why, yes! Dig up? That's just what we're here for, boys. We don't want the offices. we just want to help you lads out.

And now, thank your lucky stars if you get a smile from the mighty ones, as you pass 'em on the stairs.

There's Duncan, for instance. The man we howled and moaned for, and gave office, our best office, too. President of the Lit. Oh, well, he isn't so bad, he says "Howdy" sometimes—generally always to the girls though.

Then there's Miss Connie Gunn, vice-president. She speaks, doesn't she? Sure thing! Most generally always, yes.

How about E. H. J. Vincent, alias Winks? We made him 2nd vice-president, and what's he do now? Yes, he's nice to the girls, and the Y.M.C.A.'s., but what about ——— Oh, well, take away the anvil!

Who said, Miss Ovens lengthened the minutes? We want e'm lengthened anyway. We like to hear minutes read on Lit. night; in fact, it adds to the dignity of the affair, when in silks our Julia goes midst admiration of her beaux.

Oh, yes. Mac holds the bag. We mean MacFadyen, of basement fame. We've decided to circle with Oscar, or rather Oscaar.

It's always a Bill for news vendor. Bill Wilkin has been superannuated, and Bill Bolton has fallen in love with the Reading Room. Good head, Bill! Got the Telegram and the Etude added to the list already.

Here, toddling in the rear, is the new Critic editor. You noticed his strenuous efforts during the six-week race, and now that that strain is over, he has taken on a fine line of English comics to re-hash for Fridays. Showed some class when he poked his head through the constitution to pick his own committee. Let's see, who are they? Julia Ovens, Icel Hodges, Henry Widen, J. W. Sleight and Co'y. Wow!

Mr. Phillip Duncan was elected Lit. president, after the fiercest fight since the Strang-Jordan mill. He had a majority of one. The new president has had a couple of work-outs, and his constitution seems to be in good shape. He is backed by a good executive, and the rival election camps have peacefully merged to make this year the best ever in the history of the society.

Rev. Mr. Matthews (visiting the sick at the General Hospital)—“Why, Mr. Harvey, what are you doing here?” (Turning to the nurse)—“What's the matter with him?” Nurse—“He's all right.”

On Nov. 25th a select consignment of students arrived at Little Souris church to demolish a fowl supper and incidentally to give a concert. The natives were astonished at the lusty way in which the ladies joined in the “Musintouchit” yell and songs. Miss Johnson rendered with great effect, “See Them Keep in Step, by Heck,” while Vinco's plaintive voice piped, “Lady in the Rear, Bedad.”

Kelly Stone's songs and readings won the hearty applause of all, while all the maidens cast admiring glances at his cute mustache.

It is said that Miss Reid and Bob Harvey have been enjoying sweet pickles every day since the concert, while Miss Gunn sees things coming her way since she cracked the wish-bone.

Scotty startled the suffragettes with his song-sermon. “Happy Land,” and Bob Harvey had his “Revenge” on the whole house. The evening was brought to a close by a Dutch concert in front of Clark Hall.

Y. M. C. A.

Our College Y. M. C. A. is having a feast of good things.

During the Prayer Week Dr. Whidden spoke at the Thursday meeting, and Rev. R. S. Laidlaw spoke at the students' mass meet on Sunday afternoon.

On Nov. 20th the Y.M., as guests of the Clark Hall Y.W., listened to an inspiring address by Mrs. Stott of the China Inland Mission.

On Nov. 28th Dr. R. H. Mode gave an up-to-the-minute talk on the Balkan War and its issues.

The rumor that our College has a real live Alumni Association is quite true. It is still a spring chicken, of the 1912 hatch, but it is feathering out nicely and is sure to be a prize bird.

THE LAW FRAT.

The Fraternity of Prospective Law Students has again settled down in earnest to its year's work. The officers for this college year are:—

Hon. Pres., S. H. McKay, barrister-at-law.

Pres., J. E. Moffat '14.

Sec., H. M. Hughes '15.

Treas., W. G. Rathwell '15.

During the Fall term other College activities interfered somewhat with the work of the society, but prospects are brightening, and all the members are enthusiastically looking forward to an interesting and profitable series of meetings during the new year.

The Theology classes have elected the following officers for the year: Pres., C. J. Tingley; sec.-treas., H. C. Harris.

Prof. Millar (spieling Roman History at three hundred words a minute)—“Women had always been esteemed with high regard and managed their households with dignity and self-respect.”

— Oh, we can't write that fast!”

Prof. Millar—“Oh, well, it's a good subject to dwell on.”

Mr. W. Kahlo returned in November after seven months teaching. This is how he feels after his summer's experience: “I used to think how much I knew, but now the more I know I know I know I know I know I know the less.”

SIX-WEEK RACE.

Most colleges now discourage six-day races and other

strenuous endurance tests, but Brandon College has witnessed a remarkable test of nerve and endurance during the past six weeks.

Twenty-five men entered the race, but prizes were given to only the leading eight.

Kemp took a feminine kink and quit. A cold compress restored him to consciousness.

Some spectators interfered with MacFadyen, Mumm and Stone, causing them to lose three laps. Mumm and Stone continued, but MacFadyen dropped out.

It was the greatest race the College had seen since the days of the Pink Whisker Pioneers, and the winners trooped in in the following order: Radley, Evans, Connor, Robinson, Badgley, Monroe, Moffat, Underwood.

Green was disqualified as a professional; Cummings and Tingley were set back over a small matter of goatees; Nordine and Widen were disqualified for using too much wax.

And all this was over some twenty-five callow moustaches. The men and boys behind the moustaches had the nerve, the student body had the endurance, and on Dec. 17th, the Musintouch Club had a clean shave.

Miss Ross—Why, there is a lady in the Theology class this year!

Mr. Tingley—Oh, more than one, but the others are taking extra-mural courses.

Miss Whiteside (boosting the conversation at her table)—What proofs would you give that the world is round, Mr. Rutherford?

Andy—The books say so, Miskiman says so, and I think so.

Have you noticed the Christmas music in this department? As you pause on this page, does your heart swell with goodwill to men? Don't pause too long—it's too thin a page, and it's time to turn it anyway.

Well, it's not exactly as——just so! Merry Christmas!



CLARK HALL.

*"But peaceful was the night
Wherein the Prince of Light
His reign of peace upon the earth began."*

The spirit of Christmas is always one of joy and excitement. It is the time for gift giving and gift receiving, as it is the season of festivities and rollicking fun. But, very often, the peace of the Christmas-tide is lacking, the real deep meaning of the holi-day is forgotten. Let us be gay and happy, but let us consider to what event we owe this commemoration, and bear in our hearts the true feeling of love and fellowship toward God and our fellow-men.

Since the last issue of our paper, the weather man has shown himself in a severer form, and as a result Lake Percy has been the scene of many festivities. Several delightful moonlight skating parties have been enjoyed by an exclusive few. One Saturday the "line" found its way to the lake, where the girls spent a very pleasant afternoon, becoming re-acquainted with the sport so dear to the hearts of Manitobans.

It might be suitable, just here, to mention our prospects for hockey this year, since the season for our other games, including that of the "paper chase," is almost over. There are many of our number who, with a little practice, promise to become splendid additions to the Clark Hall team. Although Adelaide Anderson, '15, now attending 'Toba, is not back, yet several who proved themselves efficient players in the teams of previous years, are still with us. We sincerely hope that skating operations will soon be a little nearer home.

We are always glad to welcome back any of our "old girls." Miss Vera Leech, '12, found time to come down from her home in Regina to attend the inauguration ceremony. On the afternoon of the following Thursday, Miss Leech was the *raison d'être* of a tea given by the Senior Arts girls. About twenty-five of Vera's old friends spent a pleasant hour in renewing old acquaintanceships and recalling reminiscences.

Since beginning the afternoon meetings of our Y.W. C.A., we have had some splendid prayer meetings. Dr. Mode brought before us the seriousness and importance of the Eastern situation in a most realistic fashion. Miss May

Reid, '14, ably introduced and explained the budget for the year '12-'13. Mrs. Stott, who has been connected for forty-three years with the China Inland Mission, was with us for a few days, and imparted to us some of her enthusiasm and interest in the great work yet to be done in China. Since we are studying that very question in our mission study class under the leadership of Miss Lines, Miss Anderson, Miss Evans and Miss Whiteside, we found Mrs. Stott's visit especially helpful.

Clark Hall has already received two Christmas presents, both of which are to reside in the reception room, where they may be seen upon request. The one is a handsome oil painting of our noble benefactor, Dr. Clark, painted and presented by Miss Hancock, who for several years was the Art teacher of the college, and whose absence since has been much regretted. The other gift is a beautiful bronze jardiniere sent by Miss Kate McDonald and Miss Hazel Bucknam, former Clark Hall girls. These are gifts of which we may be proud, and we are full of gratitude to their donors.

Miss Cora Battell, one of the "charter members" of Clark Hall, visited us on her way home from a trip abroad. Miss Battell, doubtless, felt that many changes had taken place since her sojourn here, since not a single girl is yet in residence whom she knew then.

Miss Eleanor Frame, of the third year of Clark Hall, visited in Manitoba in the early fall, but was obliged to hurry home to Vancouver without coming to Brandon. We all hope that the next time Penny comes east, she will not slight us again.

Christmas and home-going are synonymous with most of us. Almost all of the girls are now thinking of the warm welcome awaiting them in various homes to which they return for the holiday season. Were it possible we would note where each girl is to spend her vacation, but space permits us to speak only of those taking somewhat extended journeys.

Miss Massé intends to make several visits on her way west. Salvador, Sask

Libby Ross expects to go to her home far in the north to Vancouver, stopping at Regina to see Miss Leech '12 and Miss Bullock, '12; at Moose Jaw to see Miss Patton, and in Alberta, to call on her Calgary friends.

Leslie Ward, '13, will spend Christmas at home in Calgary, for the first time in three years.

Eva Blackburn, having finished her course in the Business department, is leaving to take a position at Hamiota. We regret that Eva will not be with us next term. Her fun and fluent speech have made her a valuable asset to our Hall.

We were pleased to receive a call from Miss Jean Guthrie, of Reston. Come again and stay awhile, Jean.

We are glad to be able to state that Mrs. MacNeill has now almost recovered from her illness and has returned to her place among us. We expected to have her back much sooner, but, although directly under the care of a doctor, since she passed the convalescent stage at the home of Dr. Condell, yet she did not regain strength quite as rapidly as we hoped. We share in Dr. MacNeill's thankfulness and joy now that she has been able to return.

On Friday, November the 29th, a splendid debate was held in Clark Hall Literary Society, the resolution being that travel is more beneficial as an education than a college course. Miss Julia Owens and Miss Bertha Park upheld the affirmative. Miss Gladys Chapman and Miss Leta Cody supported the negative side of the argument. The judges, Miss Whiteside, Muriel McCamis and Dr. MacNeill, decided in favor of the affirmative, and Miss Whiteside gave a few helpful remarks in giving the decision. The meeting then closed with the reading of the "Breezes" and the Clark Hall yell.

Another visit from an "old girl," which we have the pleasure of recording is that of Miss Evelyn Gunn. She is one of those who rejoiced in the frolics of the year of Lorne Lodge, and her colleagues of that year received her back with "open arms." We wish you had gone on to complete your Arts course, Evelyn.

Again the wedding bells have rung, and Miss Esther Forke has become Mrs. Chas. Cornwall.



ATHLETICS.

W. P. UNDERWOOD.

*"All shod with steel,
We hissed along the polished ice, in games
Confederate, imitative of the chase
And woodland pleasures—the resounding horn,
The pack loud-chiming, and the hunted hare."*
—Wordsworth.

Who would have thought it! Our friend the poet a skater, a mixer in the ordinary crowd, a lover of the simple village sports, boating and fishing, interspersed with long rambles over the hills. Surely there must be something amiss here. What! Poetry and skating! We would suggest here that there may be poetry *in* skating, although the rhythm and unity of action are often lacking in the beginner. As witness what our poet says on the selfsame point:

*"Till I tired out
With cutting eights that day upon the pond,
Where, three times slipping from the outer edge,
I bump'd the ice into three several stars."*

Is this your experience? The remainder of the poem suggests that the boy, being tired with these sinful activities, went to sleep, when the parson started a long discourse on everything in general and nothing in particular. Can you blame him?

You need not conclude from this, even though we know some of you have taken prizes in logic that the conclusion is that we shall have a good crop of poets next spring. You are wrong, my friend; though something in the matrimonial line is—well, barely probable. But where are we coming out at, anyway? My impatient reader, you have been to the lake, no doubt. Ahem, did you go alone? We thought not. Well, what fools we mortals be! But say, did you see McMillan, Moffat, MacKay or McKee—good jingle, isn't it?—over there? And those horrid, oh, pardon, those divine, ravishing, you know the rest of the tune—*girls*, at the selfsame place.

Now, why do you suppose Academic, Arts II. and III., and, going up, our sweet girl graduates, could be wandering toward the Experimental Farm, and so, by chance stop off to see how the skating was? But, higher, and yet higher, as the poet hath it, we at last come to the vocal staff. We ask the

opinion of the student body, individually and collectively, professors and bachelors not excluded. What note would be breathed, that's the term we hope, given a stretch of shell ice, and Harris, who is a man of substance, hence may possess chivalrous instincts? A throaty, bell-like tone (see Edwards for fine technical points) is a likely resultant, our mathematical friend Evans says. Here's a yell in favor of skating.

Vincent is a zealous and persevering person, who fasts regularly and believes in the virtues of water properly applied, and last, but not least, is head of the Rink Committee. Your support required. Rooms in 35, which is open day and night, Knox having swiped the Kelly key, which alone will admit you. Our long-haired graduate Clarke says we have a reserve in the bank, to be used for a covered rink, when the college board think conditions are favorable.

We have an old friend with us again. With him came a person who is called Deans, who hopes to be back permanently for the theory of hockey at no distant date. You just leave it to Dave to fix up an intermediate hockey schedule, or any other old schedule. Why, the way he neglects his studies in your interests is simply scandalous. Now, with some new material, along with old J. R. to cover the net, which he can't help doing, he is of so giant a stature, our hockey should go, eh?

The next point, as Scotty says when speaking of co-education, is in regard to those interclass matches. Rathwell, Duncan, Rutherford, Plunger, etc., you know, boys, we can't put all your names in, and the best have hardly been mentioned at all. Do you know the league divisions? Don't all speak at once. They are: Arts I. and IV., Arts II. and III., Academic I. and III., Ac. II. *et al* or Hash, please go to the resident master: no, not for the Hash, you dummy, but in regard to that crib you ordered a short time ago. Let's say A. B. C. D. for short—that sounds like music, surely.

Well, then, A met B, and following the above figure, came out top score, so a gentleman who was on the sidelines, informed us.

You see, the seniors got inspiration from a certain class-meeting, where they were looking after the female of the species. This enthusiasm transferred to Arts I., resulted in

B being stung. With McKay's pedal extremities, Chapman's long hair and Duncan's moustache, Arts II. and III. should have won. Rutherford and a host of lesser lights were there, but it was no use. The combination did not pull well together, and was weak on shooting. Now, if Radley, Sleight and Moffat had conferred judicially on the matter, a strategic move, as in the case of the pink whiskers, would have resulted. This finale having been executed, Evans, Harvey & Co., would simply have been wiped off the map, or rather field.

Competent judges say that Hash is a strong combination. They (Hash) have, of course, the prayers of Edwards and Poole, which no doubt rise as incense on the breeze. Then, of course, Green is a good reserve in time of need. So it is no wonder that persistent and consistent checking on the part of Ac. I. and III. availed them nothing. Even the immortal Stone, who had a faculty of being in unexpected places, at inopportune times, gave up the ghost—when the game was over, of course. Now, Arts II. and III. liked Hash, and tried *hccm* on Nov. 27th. They found this division scarcely to their taste. At 4.58 p.m. Sleight skilfully abstracted the ball from Neild's toe, when that worthy would fain have scored. You see, he believes in Plato and ideas, of which family this was one. Rathwell played skilfully and well, while Plunger was at 'em all the time. The forwards, however, found Mitchell always in the road, and Hash's combination of Winton, Kippen, Poole and Neild was hard to beat. Dr. MacNeill played for the Arts and handed out "a great line of rough stuff" to Hash. See Critic for '10, when the Indians were scalped. Result, one measley tally, when Sleight was in deep thought on the advisability of putting a prime mover in line with a certain apple barrel.

A team is not made up yet, though several are of a mind to be on it. You know, Winton, being a retiring youth, hates to get on the housetops, simply to say that if possible we go to Winnipeg or she (put in right person) comes to us. You know, up Saskatoon way they go in for exams, so they cannot come. Well, McMillan, being of an athletic temperament and head of our athletic association, aided and abetted and upheld maybe, by a corps of efficient assistants, labors early and late in our interests. Now, you see the combination. Some results will follow, or we lose faith in athletics forever. So, our quiet friend, calling around who knows the business from A to Z, even if your cognomen appear on

B line-up, help out if you can. A captaincy—ask Evans—is not all beer and skittles. Many of our interclass, however, show promise of getting on A or B. Neild and Poole on left wing will in time get combination and centering down pat. Kippen on right has the idea pretty well already. Winton in centre is good, and will improve when the team is finally selected. For halfbacks Poole, Evans, Robinson, Mitchell and Stone are some there and some comers. Miskiman is very energetic, and will improve with experience. The backs and goal, we leave out. Watch the practices and interclass matches, and you will see them.

P.S.—St. John's have got the exam. bug and they cannot come.

SHORT NOTES.

McQueen and Green played a set of tennis on Nov. 30th, 1912.

Prof. Guild donated a specially good racket to a passing lumber waggon.

Scotty expects to get around (skating, of course) before the winter is over.

Prof. Lundkvist thinks vocal is fairly good at cutting eights.

Prof. Armstrong can get round, running, walking and by many other ways.

Radley might command a big salary as a rooster.

A new departure in college athletics has been started this term. This is a game that is very popular, if one may judge by the crowds that go two by two down the pike on Saturday nights. Harley Hughes is the gentleman who apparently leads the team. McMillan leaves his books on these nights, and Prof. Durkin takes his teammate with him, and to her appreciative attention probably owes some of the fine passes and combination plays which he brings to pass on these occasions. Is it any wonder, then, that when you add to this young Scott, who has a mania for scoring, and Davis, who is always effective, that we have steadily improved. The first game was an easy win for us, as the Dormats were not formidable. We then lost two games to the Collegiate and Pirates respectively. That looks bad, you say. Consider this, both were lost in the second half, and the scores were not a whitewash, either. Crawford and McGuinness, as you know, or now know, have lived in the shadow of the gym, for quite a while now, and can toss the

ball into the basket with either hand. Besides, each for their respective teams, the Pirates and Collegiates, are adepts at passing. So it is beaten, but not disgraced. Don't stop here, reader, for Hughes, Durkin, Davis, McMillan and Ferrier had not been sitting in a corner in dejection, as you might think. Why, no; they just naturally desired to slip a few into the basket, too. Then behold, by mutual co-operation, that is you help, he helps, the whole bunch follows, and there you have it. So many points, we couldn't count them. That finishes the Dormat tale. Ditto for the Collegiate. We had started and so followed the same line, as the spectators thought it was the best policy. Lest some of the pluggers should imagine it dull, well, the audience put Kennedy's tearoom quite in the shade by the variety of their hats, and members of the sterner sex who were present almost tore the gym. track up, they were so enthusiastic.

Say, sonny, why weren't you out to the game on Nov. 30th. Why, of course, take the girl along—everybody's doing it. You might have to climb over McQueen or Kilfoyl to get her a seat, but well, stepping stones to higher things. The game's the thing. Right. Imagine a clawing, scrambling, heterogeneous mass, now stumbling, anon swiftly passing and casting in graceful curves: once trembling on the ring's edge, then to be caught quickly away. Panting breath, groans, a scramble, a motionless body, a rush of feet, a skilful pass, a blocked try, the sharp whistle, the howling above. This was our game, our men, our supporters.

Now, patient reader, you have followed our rambling and disjointed narrative to this point, for which we thank you. The holidays loom near at hand, with skating, Christmas trees, presents and all the good things that make it a joy to live. May your taste of these pleasures not cause you to think only of self, but to be united in spirit at least to the great, big, bustling world about you. We lay down the pen reluctantly, but on the other hand gladly, when visions of the season's good things pass before the mind's eye. So the tale is told, and to meet you all again when old 1912 shall have run his course, and new '13 comes bustling in, is our sincere wish.



ALUMNI-ALUMNÆQUE.

ROBERT HARVEY, '13

"Absence makes the heart grow fonder."

Christmas is the glad season of remembrance. The feet that have wandered far return to the old home. Or, where that is impossible, the thoughts of the home folk fly swiftly to the loved ones far away. And in the larger home circle of college life the same is true. Thoughts of old-time Christmas festivities spent with college chums come crowding back our memories are mellowed and hallowed by thoughts of those who have now left college halls for ever. To all old students of Brandon College, whether your stay was long or short, whether a son of the college or a daughter of Clark Hall, the editor of this department would extend the heartiest Christmas greetings and best wishes for a prosperous New Year. Our Alma Mater will continue to rejoice in the triumphs and successes of her children.

Elgin Brough, Theol. '12, has been called to the Baptist church at Vernon, B.C. Elgie has been ministering to the Heath Baptist church, Calgary, where he was ordained this summer. As a pyrotechnic orator he is excelled by none. We hope the humid air of British Columbia will not dampen his squibs. Should rumor be true, Elgie will not be running in single harness much longer.

Hugh Winton, '08, who has been taking a theological course at Rochester Theological Seminary, has been called to the pastorate of the Genessee Baptist church, Rochester. Hugh was a good man on the field or platform when at Brandon. It is rumored that he may be again called back home—to the West.

J. L. Jordan, Theol. '12, has charge of the new Baptist church in the Grand Trunk sub-division of Calgary. Prospects are good for building up a strong cause. All success to you in your work, Jim.

Miss Elise Simonson, '10, is at home nursing a sick mother. Our sympathies go out to Miss Simonson in her

labor of love. Wetaskiwin has had no fairer representative at Brandon.

Rich. Harkness, who with his two brothers, Ira and Reuben, held down room 43 in the old pre-Clark Hall days, has passed away recently at Summerland, B.C. Rich. was a general favorite with his quiet, unassuming and gentlemanly ways. All his old friends deplore the cutting off of a life so full of promise. The disease under which he gradually sank was contracted while serving as a western missionary. In their affliction his family will have the sympathy of a host of friends. We believe that this is the first break in a big family of brothers. "His life was gentle and the elements so mixed in him that nature might stand up and say to all the world, this was a man."

Rev. H. J. Bowering, '02, one of the earliest of Brandon's graduates, is farming north of Stettler, Alta. The last church he held was at Wetaskiwin, Alta., but his health completely breaking down, he left some three years ago and went homesteading to recuperate. When seen this summer he looked much improved and was contemplating a removal to a British Columbia fruit farm—a peach of an idea..

Don Kennedy, who spent a year or two in Theology at Brandon, is up in the Peace River country. Don is farming at Dunvegan and helping also to establish in that new country church centres for the community. As a canny Scot of the finest type, Don will command success.

Margaret Bullock, '12' has been taking her 1st class Normal at Regina. Margaret will make a strong and efficient addition to the teaching force of Saskatchewan.

Cantelon Kyle, '10, is in a law office at Saskatoon. He is making things hum some in the little western burg, and is proving a Napoleon of finance in the real estate market.

Rev. Chas. Elsey, Theol. '08, sustained a severe loss this summer in the death of his wife. His bright prospects in the Baptist church at Swift Current were clouded for a time by his terrible bereavement. In his future movements he will have the sympathetic interest of a wide circle of friends.

BRANDON COLLEGE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

Last spring, on the invitation of the Arts Class of '12, the Theological graduates and also the Ad Eundem graduates met, together with old graduates who were in the city, for the Convocation exercises. There it was decided to form an Alumni Association of Brandon College open to all Arts and Theological graduates, past, present and to come, and also to those admitted Ad Eundem. An executive was elected, Rev. J. C. Bowen of Winnipeg being appointed president, and J. Dempsey, '12, secretary. The matter of drawing up a constitution was left to the executive.

On Thursday, Nov. 21st, part of the executive met, and, on invitation, representatives of the year '13, Mr. C. W. Jackson, and Dr. Whidden. A discussion arose as to the conditions of membership for entrance into the association, but after much discussing of the question and after Mr. Jackson and Dr. Whidden had given their experiences with several Alumni associations, a resolution was passed by the meeting approving the basis laid down in the spring, viz., all Arts, Theological and Ad. Eundem graduates should be eligible for membership. The executive hope to submit a proposed constitution to all Alumni at an early date.

The aim of a true and healthy Alumni Association should be to promote and sustain the spirit of loyalty to its Alma Mater, and to assist in all possible ways in exalting her ideals and forwarding her progress. This aim we believe all true sons and daughters of Brandon will heartily endorse. Incidentally the bonds of fellowship between the different members of the body graduate are drawn closer and sustained. To foster this sentiment an annual Alumni banquet is being discussed, to begin next spring.

Already we have a goodly number of able men and women who are filling important places in the life of this new land. In ten or twenty years we should have an Alumni Association a thousand strong, helping to shape the policy of the college through representation on its senate, and using the wealth and influence of its members to achieve the great destiny of Brandon University. "Knuckle to it, you can do it. You, you, you!"

LATITUDE AND LONGITUDE.

W. G. RATHWELL, '15

"And things provided came without the sweet sense of providing."

To all our exchanges far and near we extend our Christmas greeting. No matter where you read this periodical we meet you with the same glad cry. That true Christmas happiness may be yours is our earnest wish.

We are pleased to acknowledge the following exchanges: McMaster University Monthly, The Dalhousie Gazette, Vox Wesleyana, The Gateway, St. John's College Magazine, Manitoba College Journal, The Okanagan Lyceum, The Mitre, The Argosy, The Acadia Athenæum, and The Sheaf.

Vox Wesleyana has dedicated the first pages of its November number to an appreciation of the late Principal Sparling. These pages briefly reveal his great life work. Wesley College stands today a monument to his memory. There is also an expression of the immeasurable esteem in which he was held by both faculty and students. We extend to Wesley College our sympathies in the loss of their beloved Principal, Dr. Sparling.

For the consolation of the freshmen of Brandon College we quote the following from "The Gateway": "Now comes the most pathetic and heart-rending account of mama's little curly headed boy. Having been accused of nearly every crime that is possible to imagine, he was sentenced to the first degree: then, refusing to take the oath he paid the penalty of being gently submerged in aqua. His hair also was an object of worry to his captors, and as someone came forward with the horse clippers he was promptly shorn of his locks. It is said that he has provided himself with a wig, but this statement is unreliable."

It's the tangle of good and badness
 It's the mingling of tears and gladness,
 It's the lunacy mixed with sanity
 That makes and mocks humanity.

—Selected.

From the Dalhousie Gazette: "Speaking of by-gone days, we need a rejuvenation of the dramatic club. Theatre night this year should be arranged for before Christmas and our amateur actors should stage their own performance."

We would call the attention of the students of Brandon College to this article. Think it over.

Oh, this world's a curious compound,
 With its honey and its gall,
 With its cares and bitter crosses,
 But a good world after all.

—CYNICUS.

Woman is a creature of mood; generally the imperative mood. "London Opinion."

"That the members of the race should ever be at war with one another in the various departments of life is surely not God's plan and purpose. Often it has been said 'Competition is life,' but this is false: in reality competition is death. Too much is lost in competition and too little gained. In co-operation nothing is lost, but much is gained. Unity and strength are inseparable. When this new banner shall have been completely unfurled by the winds of progress a new and nobler era will have dawned."

—"The Okanagan Lyceum."

"The thing that goes the farthest
 Toward making life worth while,
 That costs the least and does the most,
 Is just a pleasant smile.
 'Tis full of worth and gladness, too,
 With manly frankness bent;
 'Tis worth a million dollars and
 It doesn't cost a cent."

—Selected

The November number of the Manitoba College Journal records the death of Rev. Professor Hart, who was for many years intimately connected with Manitoba College. But his work extended beyond the college. He was also one of the founders of Manitoba University. By

his death Manitoba College lost a sincere friend, and education in Western Canada lost one of its leaders.

Break, break, break,
 On thy cold gray stones, oh sea,
 While the things I want but never can get
 Speak out in thy plaint to me.

Oh well for the country lass
 That she shoots the chutes with a yell,
 And well for the dry goods clerk
 That he bathes in the heaving swell;
 And the stately millionaire
 Walks down the sands with a smile.
 But show, oh, show me a railway car
 With shade on both sides of the aisle!

There's wind and the shining sun
 And the beautiful bright blue bay,
 While hand in hand on the shining sand
 Contiguous lovers stray.
 I search in vain for the founts of joy,
 That fount as they bill and coo,
 For I'm looking today for a fountain pen
 That will fount when I want it to.

Oh well that the fisherman mourns
 For the lobsters that are no more:
 He should set lobster pots on the proper spots,
 For there's lobsters enough on shore:
 Yet the things we want but never can get
 Make all the prospect bleak,
 And I'm yearning in vain for a lost golf ball,
 That will answer, "Here, sir," when I speak.

—"Current Literature."

In the November number of the Manitoba College Journal there is an article on Co-operation, from which we quote the following: "Take the question of the College Journal. In previous years the editors have always been forced

to complain of the appalling lack of interest shown by the student body in their own periodical, because we must remember that it belongs to all the students, and not to a select few who have been appointed to supervise the various departments. This is a fact which has too frequently escaped the individual student. The journal is ours; we are responsible for its success, and if it does not prove a success, we ourselves ought to incur the blame and not merely the editor. Every student ought to make this a personal question—'Am I really interested in the journal? Do I endeavor to contribute in any way to its success? Do I feel that I am under a certain obligation regarding it?' How often we hear such remarks as these passed: 'Isn't the journal out yet? Surely the editors are asleep! A pretty poor number—something must be done very soon.' What is required is a clear recognition that union is strength, that co-operation is life, and it is for every student to see that these truths are made thoroughly practical right through his college life." Might not this in some little measure at least be applied to the students of Brandon College? We think so.

[Dr. Arthur Holmes has been advocating the exchange of love letters between students as a means of acquiring the art of composition.]

I write you this letter, dear Phoebe,
 (The tenth from my pen in a week);
 But do not suppose that I'm going to propose,
 For it's fame, not a wife, that I seek.
 All the praise I expend on your beauty,
 The odes which I write on your nose:
 Are only just practice, for really the fact is,
 I want to write elegant prose.

Although I sit up till the morning,
 And write on your beauty divine,
 Don't judge me too poorly; I envy Lord Morley—
 I'm tired of a penny a line.

So, sweetheart, be kind and consider,
 That under this method absurd,
 Howe'er your heart's yearning, I soon may be earning
 A glorious shilling a word.

—"London Opinion."

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PATRONIZE THOSE WHO PATRONIZE US

A few years ago a young man well known to the writer completed a college course with more than ordinary distinction. He had taken an M.A. degree at both McGill and Harvard, and later a Ph.D. degree at Harvard, and was gold medallist on at least one occasion. He had just completed his education, when appendicitis overtook him with fatal results. The father had expended several thousand dollars on this son's education. The son had no insurance. Was this good business on their part? Think it over.

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Look over our Stock before purchasing.

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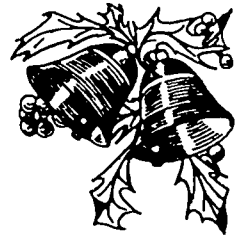
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Phone 292

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Christmas



Gift

Suggestions

Most people prefer such articles as are useful as well as ornamental. Well selected Furniture makes an ideal gift and is sure to please.

Our Range is varied and most complete.

Our Designs are expressions of refinement.

Our Prices are consistent with good quality.

Make an Early Choice

FROM THE FOLLOWING SUGGESTIONS:

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Satisfaction Guaranteed.



We have a splendid assortment of Skating Shoes for you to select from.

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VEGETABLE PLANTS

Cut Flowers and a
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Buy a Man's Gift at a Man's Store

Make your Gifts practical and useful by selecting them here. Our Store is filled with Gifts of a practical, useful character of genuine worth—Gifts the happy recipient will remember through a long period of service.

It's a Fine Way to Show

your appreciation of your men friends' good taste by coming to a man's store for his presents.

A FEW HINTS OF WHAT A MAN LIKES BEST
FOR A CHRISTMAS GIFT—

LOUNGING ROBE
SMOKING JACKET
FANCY VEST
SWEATER COAT
SWELL SUIT
FUR COAT
FUR CAP
HANDKERCHIEFS
MUFFLER

GLOVES
UMBRELLA
COMBINATION SETS
CHRISTMAS NECKWEAR
NEGLIGEE SHIRTS
SOCKS
NOBBY OVERCOAT
FUR-LINED COAT
FUR COLLAR, ETC., ETC.

COME TO THE MEN'S CHRISTMAS STORE FOR
MEN'S GIFTS

H. W. Ball & Co.

712 ROSSER AVENUE

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An Xmas Message

TO THE COLLEGE MAN OR GIRL

"Never a Christmas morning,
Never an Old Year ends,
But "somebody" thinks of "someone,"
Old days, old joys, old friends."

If there be no other season of the whole year when one tarries to think of OTHERS—if only for a brief space—surely it is Christmas that brings out the latent spirit of goodwill and good fellowship, that oft-times lies buried beneath selfishness and indifference.

THE IDEAL CHRISTMAS is, of course, a gift-giving one—

"It blesses him that gives and him that takes," and the IDEAL CHRISTMAS GIFTS for your male acquaintances will be found in our big Store. YOU know your friend's personal tastes; the following list should be helpful:

**DRESSING AND LOUNGING ROBES,
SMOKING JACKETS,
SUSPENDER, ARM BANDS AND GARTER SETS
(Fancy Boxes)
NECKWEAR, KNITTED SILK MUFFLERS, HAND-
KERCHIEFS, IN FANCY BOXES
SILK HOSE, FANCY CASHMERE HOSE,
FANCY VESTS.**

Mr. College Man, Miss College Girl, make a special point of visiting the big Fit-Rite Store, and take advantage of the many gift-suggestions, and the unfailing courteous service, for which we are celebrated.

W. Thompson

The Home of Fit-Rite Clothing

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