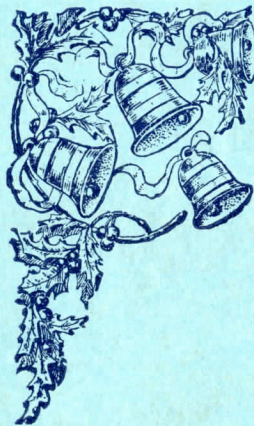
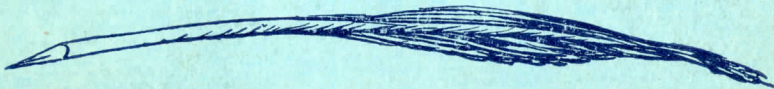


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*“Heap on more wood! the wind is chill;  
But let it whistle as it will,  
We’ll keep our Christmas merry still.”*

SCOTT: “MARMION.”





## A Christmas Carol.

*I hear along our street  
Pass the minstrel throngs;  
Hark! they play so sweet,  
On their hautboys, Christmas songs!  
Let us by the fire  
Ever higher  
Sing them till the night expire!*

*In December ring  
Every day the chimes;  
Loud the gleemen sing  
In the streets their merry rhymes.  
Let us by the fire  
Ever higher  
Sing them till the night expire!*

*Shepherds at the grange,  
Where the Babe was born,  
Sang, with many a change,  
Christmas carols until morn.  
Let us by the fire  
Ever higher  
Sing them till the night expire!*

—LONGFELLOW.

# Brandon College Quill

## CHRISTMAS IN THE FORTRESS.

PH. LOUYS, B.PH.

If the readers of the "Quill" would care to pass a Christmas Eve in France, it is very easy to do so. Through the imagination let us endeavor to live over again the Christmas Eve of 1911.

We are at Belfort, the sentinel fortress which defends the defile of that name. Between the Vosges and the Jura range there is a pass leading to the valley of the Rhine. Throughout the centuries, barbarian hordes, modern armies, tides of commerce have all surged through this famous gateway. Caesar and Ariovistus fought there, the allied armies passed that way in 1815, and in 1870 the city withstood gloriously the prolonged siege of the army of Germany. It is not difficult to understand why a great military nation should erect at this strategic point defences of the very first order. Such is Belfort, surrounded by several rings of fortifications and dominated by "the castle," an immense fortress crowning the perpendicular rock above the city.

On the 24th of December I was in command of the guard at the fortress. As corporal, I had under me twelve men, mostly young soldiers, "the blues," as we called them, who for the first time were occupying so responsible a position. To be sentry is, in fact, one of the most serious occupations of a soldier's life. It is a responsibility indeed to have, even for only one night, the absolute guardianship of all the cannons, mitrailleuses and stores within a modern fortress.

Although proud enough to shoulder this responsibility for the first time and taste the real seriousness of the soldier's life, my fellows were by no means exuberant in their enjoyment of it. They were thinking of the previous Christmas at home, whose tender memories were scarcely balanced by the novelty or the seriousness of mounting guard in a fortress on the confines of the country. I must confess that I shared their sentiments. But is it not one of the finest lessons of military discipline for a young man to learn that the whole of life, even its finest moments, should be subordinated to duty. Readily, then,

we relieved the outgoing guard; two sentinels were placed before the gate and before the magazine, while the rest of my men took their station in the guard room. Then, the orders and the password having been given, I went to while away the hours on the ramparts.

Although I had grown up from infancy in France, never before had I occasion to observe and study so well a Christmas celebration in my native land. Although perched high above the city I was yet very close to it; I occupied a magnificent "box" indeed from which to view and analyze the enactments on the vast stage before me.

It must be stated that in France, Catholic as it is, the real Christmas celebration is on Christmas Eve. The day itself resembles any other holiday and the increasing use of Christmas trees is only due to the Protestant influence. The midnight mass, the \*"Reveillon," the visit of Father Christmas to the children's stockings—these are the invariable numbers in the programme of Christmas Eve.

At nine o'clock the whole city was in a glitter; at times rain fell and for the moment changed the streets into enormous mirrors in which was reflected all the splendors of the city's illumination. The shops were still filled with a busy crowd, making tardy purchases for the morrow. From time to time strains of music issued from the open door of a cafe in the quarter of the city frequented by the soldiers—evidence of a ball in progress.

A little before eleven o'clock lights began to gleam from the windows of the old cathedral at my feet, the midnight mass was about to commence. Already the city's populace were crowding into its doors. Echoes of the great organ made their way into the very fortress and resounded mysteriously among the vaulted chambers. From time to time I left my point of observation and made my round of the fortifications to test the vigilance of my men by endeavoring to penetrate incognito into the forbidden areas. Everything was quiet and normal. In the guard room, seated about the fire, the men talked but little; Christmas was in their inner thought—one could discern it even in those who appeared the most indifferent. No doubt the religious element was lacking in the thought of many of my subordinates, most of them Catholics or indifferent to religion. But yet who knows? Less than any other is the joy of Christmas capable of analysis. Childhood memories, the tender remembrances of home, religious influences are commingled there in mysterious and infinite proportions.

A number of soldiers accompanied me again to the fortifi-

\* *Banquet following the midnight mass.*

cations. The midnight mass was almost ended and Adam's hymn was already resounding through the cathedral:

*"Midnight, Christians, it is the solemn hour  
When the God-man descended upon the earth."*

Involuntarily I glanced around me. In the dim light from the city I could distinguish in the obscurity of the night the outlines of the enormous cannons pointed toward Germany, the black depths of the trenches, the yawning doors of the underground passages of the fortress. I could not repress a sigh at the thought of the incongruity of my situation, for I could vaguely distinguish in the accents of the organ the sublime message of Christmas: "On earth peace, goodwill toward men."

— Then my thought fell again on the populace assembled in the cathedral. Are they conscious of the words they sing? How many of them really at this moment contemplate the cradle of Bethlehem. Many doubtless have visions very different. Perhaps they think of the coming feast of which in imagination they already sniff the odors, and its bright wines which induce visions indeed, but much more earthly than celestial.

A few moments later indeed all the hotels and restaurants in the city were again illuminated—the "reveillon" was begun. The city of Belfort, all France, rather, at this moment, was eating and drinking and making merry. Christmas without a "reveillon" would not be Christmas at all, and for multitudes the feast which follows the midnight mass is the most important event of all the celebration.

In the windows of the houses lights gleamed fitfully at times—Father Christmas was making his rounds filling the stockings and leaving in conspicuous places good things for the little ones. What shouts of joy there will be in a few hours—what disappointments, too, among those who have been forgotten! Like every other lad, I had believed in Father Christmas in the good old days that were gone. It had been very hard for me to give up that charming belief of childhood, and I still look back with deep regret on the unhappy night in which I discovered it was my mother herself who put the Christmas gifts in my stockings.

The sudden ringing of the electric bell indicating that a sentinel needed assistance interrupted my meditations. We rushed toward the magazine with our rifles. "What's the matter?" we whispered. Trembling like a leaf the unhappy sentinel explained to us that he saw shadows prowling about the trenches and that pebbles had been dislodged and rattled about his feet. We began at once a careful search of the whole area, but discovered nothing. Suddenly one of the men began to laugh so heartily that everyone rushed to him. He had dis-

covered an old door which, accidentally left unlatched, had swung to and fro in the wind and to the imagination of the sentinel had conjured up the vision of a dangerous spy—doubtless a German—trying to make his way into the fortress. You may believe the unhappy “blue” was not allowed to forget the episode. The corporal even suggested that the shadow was no other than Father Christmas making his round through the fortifications after having completed his benefactions in the city.

Before returnig to the guard house, I went to glance yet again at the city *en fete*. I recalled that just forty-one years before—during the night of Christmas 1870—shells were raining down upon Belfort and its heroic “chateau,” scattering ruin and desolation and irreparable loss. And then arose spontaneously from the depths of my heart this prayer toward the stars from which thick clouds were slowly drifting: “Give to us, O God, many returns of Christmas such as this one tonight. May these formidable engines of destruction by which I am surrounded be destined to an eternal silence.”



### “MY FAITH.”

DOUGLAS DURKIN

*This is to live: to see each new-born hour  
 A new ideal higher than before;  
 To let the whole man move and know the power  
 That comes from striving for life's jeweled store.*

*This is to pray: to see the hour's grave need,  
 And feel the pulse of animate desire  
 Thrill the whole being; then with timely deed  
 To fill the hour and lift some poor soul higher.*

## AN APPRECIATION

The casual visitor to Brandon College Chapel has, doubtless, looked with interest at a portrait hanging on the north wall. It is that of an elderly man, with silvery white hair and beard, a kindly face, and with eyes that are mild and quiet, yet with a certain twinkle—quite their own—that seems to brighten a countenance otherwise almost too philosophical. And yet, it is perhaps this twinkle with its strange revelation of the supremely human qualities of the man that is the lasting impression, the impression that we remember and recall. Whoever the artist was, I am not sure that I know, he must have known the subject of his portrait very well to have caught and recorded with such success the subtleties of the man's character. There may be technical flaws in the picture, or there may not, I am sure I cannot tell, but there is that one perfection, at least. That it is a perfection I have no doubt, for it was the first thing I noticed in the picture and the thing I have come to notice most of all in the man. For as I came to know the man himself and to feel the warmth of his friendship and the genuineness of his humanity, I felt more and more how truly the eye of an artist interprets and with what confidence he records his impressions.

The subject of the portrait is Doctor S. J. McKee, the oldest member of the teaching staff of Brandon College. In a happy moment it came to our editor that our readers might be interested in knowing more about one who has taken such a place in the life of the College.

Dr. McKee graduated from Toronto University in 1872. Do you realize that that is over forty years ago? It frequently takes about that length of time for the average college graduate to forget what made him so bumptious on the eve of graduation and to leave him a mellow, wholesome and, withal, useful member of the society he elects to move in. With Doctor McKee the case was different. In spite of the fact that he won the medal in philosophy—an event you would never have known had he realized I was going to publish it—he determined to become *useful* at once. His first position was that of teacher of mathematics in Woodstock College. His next position was that of English teacher in the same college, and then in 1881 he moved west and settled in Manitoba. These three events viewed in their chronological order are quite a remarkable revelation of his growing usefulness—Mathematics, English, Manitoba! This required but eight years and establishes, in my opinion, a record almost without parallel.

At Rapid City, where he settled, he opened a private

academy in conjunction with the Rev. G. B. Davis. He is still the ruling spirit of the academy at Brandon College, the present product of the work he began in '81 at Rapid City. Here, however, circumstances have nudged and jostled him about until he is now professor of philosophy in the Arts Department affiliated with MacMaster University.

Some of us have heard him hinting at a day in the future when his books will be left on the shelves and he will turn "gentleman." The doctor hints at such things only on dull days—and usually on Saturdays. The fact is, he enjoys his work when he is in the thick of it. Some believe the thicker it is the more he enjoys it. And so we smile when he hints at such a day dawning.

It is no reflection upon any member of the staff, past or present, to say that no one has ever surpassed Doctor McKee in the wholesome respect of the students. If to the mind of any unfortunate there ever should come the impulse to speak an unkind word concerning him, there are at least two barriers before such a purely imaginary possibility: he could find no reason for speaking such a word, and he could find no one to give him a hearing. Time and again I have heard applause break spontaneously from an audience at the mere mention of his name, and I have seen the color spread quickly over his quiet face.

The other day a farmer was riding on a wagon along Eighteenth street bound for the market with his wheat. Doctor McKee passed in front and stopped. The farmer drew rein and watched him as he went to the bags and sampled the wheat. What has a college professor to do with wheat? Well, that's the Doctor's way. The farmer watched him and in a moment slid across in his seat and held out his hand. "You don't remember me," he said. The Doctor shook his head. "I was a student of yours seventeen years ago. I never enjoyed poetry till one day I took a walk with you and you talked about the clouds and the flowers and the sunset. And poetry has done me a world of good since then."

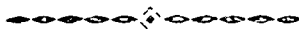
And so the Doctor has lived his life in the heart of many a student. Ask the disheartened ones where they received their stimulus for a fresh beginning. Ask the unfortunate delinquent who has been pronounced "totally indifferent" or "absolutely unmanageable" by the college council but who, for some reason or other, is allowed to remain and prove himself—ask him to whom he is responsible. . A gentle manner, a forgiving spirit, a wholesome magnanimity, a still rugged sense of fair play, a desire to be of service, a capacity for painstaking and a sense of his place as a citizen—these are some of the qualities of his character.



One cannot think of Doctor McKee without thinking of the little lady who has been his mate for almost forty years. Has the reader of this article ever felt discouraged or despondent and has he by accident caught the sound of someone singing or caught a glimpse of some quiet scene in the evening, or caught the fragrance of some flower growing by the roadway? And has he come home to find his despondency mysteriously gone? Personally, this is a confession. I have gone frequently with, perhaps, a little discouragement, perhaps a little vexation, to a certain home where there was the pleasing note of cheerful conversation, the face lighted up with smiles, the strange sensation of optimism that comes to one almost as a fragrance, and I have come away with a rare feeling of content. I would not be alone in this confession, if the others would tell the truth as I am doing. Indeed, some have told it and I have overheard. Well, that is the influence that rests with one after he has visited Mrs. McKee. It is enough to know that she has never been heard to speak ill of anyone. To her a man or woman may be eccentric, they may appear somewhat irregular—they are never *bad!* I have known a washer-woman to lie atrociously to her for six months and find her at the end of that time with a liberal bundle of clothing to supplement the already liberal Monday's pay. Thousands have thanked heaven daily for women of her kind.

May there still be left many years of health and many opportunities for service for Dr. and Mrs. McKee! This is our New Year's greeting.

D. L. D.



*Every mason in the quarry, every builder on the shore,  
Every woodman in the forest, every boatman at the oar,  
Hewing wood and drawing water, splitting stones and clearing  
sod,*

*All the dusky ranks of labor in the regiment of God  
March together toward His temple, do the task His hands  
prepare;*

*Honest toil is holy service, faithful work is praise and prayer.*

—SELECTED.

## WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

J. TURNBULL '15

“Progress” is, or should be, the motto and the watchword of every nation. In the conception of progress there is embodied not only mere advancement, but also the conditions that tend to further that advancement. Let us, then, consider briefly the question of woman’s suffrage and let us endeavor to point out that its establishment is one of the most essential conditions to real progress.

By woman suffrage we mean the right of the woman to have a voice in contests relative to the government of the city, province or country in which she lives, and whose laws she must obey; in other words, “Should women have a vote?”

Woman should, most decidedly, have a voice in administration, for in the world at large she stands side by side with man. In the sphere of labor woman is a co-laborer with man. A peep into thousands of factories, stores and offices would not only assure us of this fact, but would enlighten us as to the conditions under which she is often obliged to spend the greater part of her life. The long hours of toil in the dingy, poorly ventilated, dirty factory room cannot but have an ill effect, not only upon the physical but also upon the mental life of the worker, since environment always influences us. Now, if educated women had a voice in the matter, would they not strive for the betterment of such disgraceful conditions? Most certainly! Hours of labor would be shortened, higher remuneration given, and free schools established where children, who formerly dragged out their lives laboring in mines and factories, might receive an education which would enable them to follow some higher and more profitable vocation than day-labor. Men have the opportunity to make these improvements, but, unfortunately, it passes unheeded.

Since by the improvement of labor conditions woman could more easily become independent, in that she could more easily gain her own livelihood, it follows as an indirect result of this improvement that matrimony would become a thing of choice and not of necessity. The home life would be raised to a higher standard, and the nation as a whole would be benefited.

Woman’s nature is finer, more delicate than that of man, and she recoils before the evils which beset our national life; while man seems to object but does not exert himself particularly to overcome them. Take the temperance question, for instance. The “Banish the Bar” petition was a failure on account of the indifference of the body of men before whom it

appeared. Women, on the other hand, would vote away such national nuisances and provide instead more congenial places of pastime. These resorts, furnished and directed by a woman's hand, would have a better influence upon mankind in general. Many a home would be freed from the dreadful curse of liquor, and the nation composed of more solid men, physically and mentally.

We have only to turn to experience to gain full assurance of the wisdom of woman suffrage. In Wyoming and in one of our western cities, where this system has been established, we see marvellous improvement upon former conditions. Scheming, plotting, avaricious councillors have been replaced by men who work for their city or province and for the public good alone; temperance rules in the land, and jails have become conspicuous by the fact that they have but few occupants. What has been done in these cases would, without doubt, be carried on in larger spheres.

Of course there is a sort of militant suffragette, who is not a true woman: an unwise, unfeeling person, whose behavior tends to stain and to darken the subject of suffrage. But this term "woman suffrage" does not imply this unnecessary violence, because the tactics of the militant suffragette are wholly absurd.

On the whole it is easily seen that with the aid of women in guiding the wheel of the nation's fortune much benefit would be conferred upon the people and "Progress" would be written all over the land.



*"Blow, bugles of battle, the marches of peace;  
East, west, north, and south let the long quarrel cease:  
Sing the song of great joy that the angels began,  
Sing of glory to God and of goodwill to man!"*

*Hark! joining in chorus*

*The heavens bend o'er us!*

*The dark night is ending, and dawn has begun."*

—Whittier.

## AMOO'S CHRISTMAS POTLATCH

S. M. RATHWELL '16

Slowly the bell in the tower of Cannington church peals forth. Its sound is the only one to break the stillness of this peaceful Christmas Eve. Death itself is not more still than the deserted village of Cannington. The voices of the past are hushed. All that went to make up gay old Cannington is gone; all save the quaint and complete little church whose bell at this moment brings back memories of the Yule-tide in Mother Cannington far off in Merry England, and rings out the key note of the deeper strain whose vibrations make up the joyful sound of Christmas. The remnant of the proud English settlement hears the sound at a distance and the lonely English heart in the new land sickens.

But there is another listener, one who feels quite at home in this new land at all seasons. This listener is Shewauk, a Chippewa brave from the Crane River Reserve. As he stands a solitary figure on a peak of the Moose Mountain he hears the church bell and knows that another hour must find him in the winter dwelling of Amoo, the chief of the White Bear Reserve. He has only a few miles to go, but he urges his faithful shag onward till he reaches the highest peak of the Moose Mountain, the peak known as the Heart. In the ravine below Shewauk sees the lights of another village, not deserted, but one where revelry holds sway. Cautiously he guides his pony down the rugged path which leads to the narrow valley. As he approaches the log dwelling of Amoo he hears the sound of drums and pipes, wild songs and wilder dances, and he knows that they are now ready for him. Silently and stealthily he takes refuge behind a neighboring thicket in hope that he may be able to see what is going on within the house. But the ravine is enveloped in a heavy fog and he can only observe a numerous company winding around the blazing fire. Suddenly the song and motion cease together and there is absolute silence.

Wrapped as he is in the darkness, mist and silence of the night, Shewauk is carried back and he reviews the circumstances which bring him here. How well he remembers the July celebrations when the White Bear Reserve was thrown open for two weeks and Indians from other reserves were entertained. It was then he had seen and learned to love Whiteswan, the daughter of the chief Amoo and the pride of the White Bear Reserve. Again he lives through that secret meeting when she told him of her father's determination and her

tribe's wish that she should become the bride of Piguis, the pick of the Moose Mountain braves, whom she secretly disliked. Very vivid is Shewauk's recollection of the memorable night when in an unguarded moment Amoo promised the hand of his daughter as the potlatch or gift to the brave who should keep the floor the longest in the dance; thus showing his power of endurance. He sees in his imaginings Piguis and himself the only two on the floor, the others having fallen out long since. He experiences a pang even now when he thinks of that last moment in which he knew he could hold out no longer. Again he feels the shock he felt when he at last collapsed and thinks he hears, yes, is certain he hears, the like thud on the opposite side of the fire. Once more he wonders if the sound is only the echo of his own fall or the real fall of his-opponent. Now, as then, he hears Amoo's voice saying that a chief's promise must not be broken and that at the Christmas festival when he entertains his own tribe Shewauk will be welcomed as a visitor, once more the enduring powers of Piguis and Shewauk will be put to the test, and his great Christmas potlatch to the winner will be Whiteswan.

The howl of a wolf breaks the stillness of the night and the chain of Shewauk's reveries is broken. He suddenly realizes that he stands on the threshold of success or failure, and a fearful presentiment agitates the bosom of Shewauk. A cool gust blows up the ravine and clears the fog. He raises his eyes and they are met with the wild and gloomy scenery of the Moose Mountain, with its deep ravines, rugged steeps and masses of thickly wooded hills. Then one by one the stars float into sight and Shewauk feels he is now ready to enter Amoo's dwelling. Quickly he sees to his pony and quietly he approaches the door which has been purposely left a little ajar. With light and silent step he enters the noiseless building and without a word takes his place on the mat which has been placed for the visitor. The Indians raise their eyes from the ground to gaze steadfastly upon the new comer, but no sound is heard. Presently Amoo rises from his place opposite the door, moves slowly around the fire and with more dignity than might be expected in his race, bids Shewauk welcome and resumes his place.

Then as one, the women rise and prepare the meal of fish and venison while the men remain speechless. The silence is not broken throughout the meal nor until the pipe of peace is smoked. Then follows a night of revelry. According to custom, the women dance the Maiden's Dance, which makes the visitor welcome. This night, however, Whiteswan does not dance, for everyone knows that to her Shewauk is a welcome visitor. She slips out of the room early in the evening, but

Shewauk sees her go. He sees also the shake of her head as she glances toward a certain corner of the dwelling. This glance and shake of the head mean much to the alert Indian mind. He pictures in his mind's eye the quantity of lemon and vanilla essence, and even worse the pain killer which the wise Manor grocer takes care to keep well stocked prior to such festivals. Shewauk secretly resolves to take the warning and resist for once the white man's temptation. The others have made no such resolution, and as the night wears on things become wilder and more barbarous, till even the stillness of Cannington village is broken by the wild noises of a night of revelry on an Indian reserve. Piguis is in the midst of it all, but Shewauk early seeks a sheltered spot near the foot of the Heart in hope that he may rest. Here, away from the crowd, an indescribable dread seizes him, a dread which very soon works itself into anguish, dull and hopeless. Then Shewauk tries to think of trifling things, counts the stars, and at last finds rest. In the first grey of the morning he awakes suddenly and sees below him the men and women already pouring into Amoo's long log dwelling to be feasted. He descends and enters also. The day passes quietly in feasting and gambling, then as evening draws her first shade over the Heart preparations are made for the potlatch contest and the wedding which will follow it.

The chief, Amoo, takes his place at that side of the fire opposite the door of the dwelling. The women sit on one side of the fire and the men on the other. Piguis and Shewauk sit side by side with Whiteswan directly opposite them. Then there is the interchange of presents. First Amoo and his wife, Salot, lay gifts before the suitors, who in their turn present offerings to the father of the bride, after which they take their places around the fire in readiness for the contest. The chief and his wife begin the chant and the others soon take up the strain, while the contestants keep time to the two great drums and the shaking of the rattles. They are both men in the prime of life, great figures and strong, and there is no emotion written on either face. Shewauk hears taunting laughter and cries of savage triumph and knows that Piguis has the sympathy of the onlookers. The dance becomes more and more swift, the notes of the plaintive song ring higher and higher till at last there is a deafening clamor. Shewauk looks and feels his best, while Piguis already begins to show signs of last night's dissipation. His tribe sees him growing unsteady and cheers him on, the women taunt while the men encourage, but before Shewauk begins to feel the strain Piguis goes down and out. The yelling and passionate cries cease abruptly making the stillness that follows like death itself. Shewauk returns to his

place among the men. The seat of Piguis is now empty. Amoo, with all the eloquence of his race, unflinchingly bids his daughter go around the fire and take her place beside Shewauk, thus pronouncing them man and wife. So Shewauk wins for himself and for his tribe Amoo's Christmas gift, and under the protection of this gallant brave, Whiteswan starts off on the following morning for her new home on Crane River Reserve.



## CHRISTMAS IN ITALY.

A. H. PULLEN, MATRIC.

Little did the baby, lying among the sweet-smelling straw in a Bethlehem stable, think of the eager activity his birthday anniversary would excite all the world over, through all time. Yet in all lands little faces, and big faces too, brighten at the mention of Christmas, or if they don't some of us are to blame.

And in no country does Christmas take on a brighter garb, or does the Christmas spirit enter with greater freedom into the Christmas season, than among the sunny people of sunny Italy.

Spend the holiday where you will and with whom you will, but if you have passed but one twenty-fifth of December beneath the red, white and green, you will always entertain a certain feeling of regret, more or less acute, that today you will not receive the "buon Natale" from any smiling Italian beggar, or attend Christmas mass in the Church of Santa Maria of the name-you-can-never-remember.

Come with me to Italy to a beautiful city by the sea.

It is almost surrounded by mountains, for the paternal Apennine throws out a projecting barrier on either side of its beautiful bay, and the city, nestling securely against its rocky heart, peeps coquettishly from among groves of palm, orange, and olives at the shimmering deep blue waters of the Mediterranean.

And the bells are beginning to ring. First the cathedral bells, deep, rich and resonant. But almost simultaneously around the gulf break out gladsome chimes from a score of church steeples, ringing in Christmas morning, some of them for the three hundredth time. "Peace on earth, goodwill to men," and especially working men; for the inhabitants of the city are mostly workers, and on any other day the hammers would already be clanging in the arsenal.

Today the factories are silent. No smoke rises to mar or

mingle with the purple mists which drift across the sunrise glow. But though today is a holiday, folks are up and astir earlier than usual. The Corso is already crowded with hurrying peasants and sauntering citizens.

From the wooden landing stage of many a fishing village across the bay, squat little boats have already left the misty shadows of the hills, and, with red sails mirrored in the blue, are slowly moving across the bay, whilst the people in them beguile the early hour with Neapolitan folk songs and mandolins.

The churches are full, but the greater crowd is in Santa Maria of the Snows. On the broad steps before that black and white marble pile, are scores of beggars, who gather in a great harvest of coppers as the light-hearted worshippers pass between the massive doors; for what would you? One must do charity if one would have joy today, so throw him a "palanca," no—stay, make it a franc.

"The Madonna bless you from heaven, signor!" says the beggar in a mournful drone. "I will pray for the souls of your friends in purgatory," which he does till you are out of ear-shot.

Light and gay as has been the conversation on the steps, it is hushed beyond the heavy red curtain. The huge marble pillars looming up in the dusky interior, the inevitable musty smell and the harshly echoing chant seem to have an awe-some effect on him who enters.

The church is gorgeously decorated with red and gold hangings. Ornaments have been brought by all classes, hence the tawdry paper rose decks the satin altar-cloth, and glass beads the golden cross. The Christmas service is long but full of interest to the stranger.

At length the censers swing and the fumes rise higher and higher encircling the pillars in slender wreaths and gathering in a blue mist in the dome. A bell tinkles sharply. As the host is elevated, all bow before it and many prostrate themselves. It is then carefully replaced in the gold box beneath the cross on the altar, and the first mass of the day is over.

The organ takes up the air which was dropped by the choir at the sound of the bell, plays with it, mingling variation with variation in bewildering succession till reaching a climax of melody it thunders out the strain transformed.

The poble crowd to the altar steps to fight for a chance to kiss the silver hem of the garment of the lifesize wax Madonna, who holds a hideous wax baby awkwardly in her arms.

Don't forget the holy water, and if you kiss that bronze plate in the wall, as you go out, your sojourn in purgatory will



be shortened by seven years, thanks to the blessing and merits of Pius X.

The afternoon is spent in visiting friends, for Christmas is not entirely a family festival and the Italians are very sociable. The children play with the trinkets they found, this morning, in their little shoes which were hung, in such faith, on the outside shutters of their bedroom windows, whilst their parents gossip as only southerners can.

Evening approaches. The little boats again spread their red canvas and breast the quiet sea. The Genoa excursion steamer screams its warning syren. The rifle cracks from the flagship at sundown, and all the colors flying in the gulf are lowered simultaneously and lights begin to twinkle. And in the deserted lounge of the Grand Hotel, an old lady, weary for home and Christmas evening by her own broad hearth, seats herself at the piano and with a far-away look in her grey eyes quietly sounds the first bars of the old English Christmas hymn:

“Whilst shepherds watched their flocks by night,  
All seated on the ground,  
The Angel of the Lord came down  
And glory shone around.”



*“Again at Christmas did we weave  
The holly round the Christmas hearth,  
The silent snow possess’d the earth,  
And calmly fell our Christmas-eve.”*

---Tennyson.

# Brandon College Quill

FOUR NUMBERS A YEAR.

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## GREETINGS

“The time draws near the birth of Christ,” and once again kindly greetings are in order. Gladly we conform to the time-honored custom and extend to all our heartiest wishes for a Merry Christmas. May every heart be filled with a joy in keeping with the season; may every hand find an opportunity of helping someone less fortunate; and may every life be richer as the result of the Christmas experience.

But our good wishes are not confined to the happy time of the holiday season. They extend to the New Year with all its new problems and perplexities. We sincerely hope that in the coming year you may plan wisely, succeed in whatever you attempt to do, and find in your success a permanent satisfaction and enjoyment greater even than you had dreamed.

## OUR ADVERTISERS

From the editorial page of one of our exchanges we quote the following: “The work of the business department this year has been hard. Advertisers who were only too ready to lend us this assistance last year, are this year not

quite so optimistic." We are pleased to be able to say that in the matter of securing advertising the "Quill" has always been particularly fortunate. The business men of our city have loyally supported our college magazine, and each year reveals a greater willingness on their part to have their names appear in our advertising columns.

We believe that this condition is due largely to our constant endeavor to increase the value of the "Quill" as an advertising medium. This, we believe, is being done in two ways: In the first place, not only the size but also the circulation of our paper is growing with every number; in the second place, we ever keep before our readers the fact of their obligation to repay our advertisers by giving them their patronage.

### THE CHRISTMAS FEELING

"Christmas isn't a season, it's a *feeling*. And thank God, I've got it!" So says Emma McChesney in Edna Ferber's late novel. And Emma McChesney is right. The season means little if we cannot have the feeling. It means even less if it does not leave the feeling with us for the greater part of the year that follows. Christmas does not mean merely the return home or the visits of friends. It is the spirit of friendship that is ever renewing itself, ever returning to its own. It is not the gathering at the festal board that constitutes Christmas. It is the feeling of good cheer and heartiness that should unite us in all seasons. Christmas is not the receiving of gifts nor yet the giving of them. It is the habit of kindness, the consciousness of gratitude that is of more than a day's standing, the impulse of giving oneself—and the best of oneself—to those who are most needy. Without this Christmas is full of worries. It is so easy for us to pity ourselves at Christmas, so easy to dwell with regret upon what we cannot enjoy. It becomes chronic if we give it the least place in our thoughts. Christmas is a feeling. Be able to thank God afterwards that you have had it!



## COLLEGE GOSSIP.

P. DUNCAN '15

*"This is the month and this the happy morn."*

Christmas! May it be the merriest you ever had! Academic and Business students are heaving a sigh of relief. For them mid-year examinations are over. It is absurd to worry about results, for the mail will bring them safely, so be merry. But with what a grudge against the University authorities do the Arts and Theological students leave for Christmas vacation! Why should they have their Christmas sky darkened with a cloud of approaching exams? And yet this year there is a reduction in the number of mid-year exams. For small mercies be thankful. But on Christmas Day and a few before and after lay down pen and put up your books, and show your respect for the pet turkey which just passed away for your special benefit.

When those who go home at this time are eagerly devouring the fat fowl, may they remember their less fortunate comrades at the College who have no home in this vicinity. Leave room in your grip for ——. Celebrations should not stop on Christmas night. There ought to be New Year reunions, but without "eats" such functions are "stale." So inform mother or sister of this, and we'll trust for the rest.

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### NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS—WHISPERED IN THE HALLS.

Resolved for 1914—

Underwood: "I'll put the screw on some of those monitor guys."

Miss Reid: "I'm only going out four nights a week."

Kippen: "I'll look before I leap."

Miss McDonald: "I'll be a suffragette when I grow."

Pullen: "To paint in my room and study at the table."

Harris McKee: "To have a distinct understanding."

Miss Currie: "To look pleasant."

T. B. McMillan: "To try again."

Miss Elliot: "That a stitch in time saves nine."

Adey: "Early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise."

Nordlund: "To get married next year."

Miss Richardson: "I'll skate with those who ask me first."

Clare Connor: "That she's resolved to be my 'daisy.'"

Miskiman: "To be a soldier if I can."

Julian: "I'll not be so bare faced."

Harvey: "To be sober and reserved."

Innes: "To quit dancing and try Tubby's 'Anti-Fat.'"

S. Young: "To respect my elders."

Dorothy: "To be more cheerful at the table."

McNulty: "To use Koko for the hair."

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Dr. Whidden informed the student body the other morning that there were more students enrolled this year than at this time last year. This certainly speaks well for Brandon College. In spite of financial stringency throughout the west our student body continues to grow. It is to be hoped, however, that many more will come in for the winter term. Be sure to give the Registrar, Dr. McKee, the name and address of any of your chums who might be interested in the courses which Brandon College has to offer. The more the merrier. Come all—we shall give you a hearty welcome.

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### ELECTIONS.

Yes, it is all over! Such small majorities! And wasn't it exciting? What? Don't you know? The fact is that on October 31st Brandon plunged once more into the whirl of excitement that the annual election of officers for the "Lit." always brings with it. Foremost in the fray stood the candidates for the presidency—O. U. Chapman '15 and W. G. Rathwell '15. On the eve of election day an assembly of the students was called and these two candidates showed us that they thoroughly understood the art of speech-making. Chapman was supported by Messrs. Stone, H. McKee and Kippen, while Rathwell's cause was upheld by Messrs. H. C. Harris, Coen and Radley. The college was evenly divided and party spirit was prominent everywhere. The Academic department is larger than ever this year, and at election time especially it was not at all backward in making its presence realized. The afternoon following the assembly, while the two candidates for the president's chair were clamly enjoying themselves in a quiet corner of Kennedy's tea room, the whole student body was in the heat and uproar of the real election. The following was the result of the votes polled on that memorable afternoon:

President, O. U. Chapman; 1st vice-president, Miss J. Turnbull; 2nd vice-president and convenor of Programme Committee, A. Carlson; secretary, Miss G. Whidden; treasurer, A. J. Nordlund; convenor of Reading Room Committee, H. Johnson; editor of the "Critic," H. Widen.

With Professor Durkin as our honorary president and our active, energetic president at the helm, we hail the year 1913-14 with full assurance that it will be the best ever.

## ELECTION LOUD WHISPERS.

McKee "Academics, listen! The Arts are carried away by the fashion of the day—for in them there is a split."

Rathwell (aside): "Well, you know, I've played hockey with you."

Chapman (in a corner): "Now, then, Harley, how often have we played basket ball together?"

McKay: "Fellows, we want a man who will spend himself."

Conner: "And we want a man who will spread himself."

Miss Turnbull: "Really, I think Helen would do better, but I'll do my best."

Chas. Whidden: "Two and two make five—eh?"

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On Wednesday, November 26th, a mysterious conclave was discovered in the chapel. The air was filled with weird sounds, that bore some slight resemblance to human speech, and over the assembly was spread the protecting wing of Mr. James Moffat. It was the Cercle Français, again asserting itself on the strength of its last year's popularity.

Mr. V. Coen was elected president for the ensuing year, and the "*secrétairerie*" was entrusted to Miss Kathleen Johnson.

These mundane affairs being disposed of, Miss Hall delighted the members with appropriate songs, and Dr. Vining expanded on the charms of his ever charming Paris. A proposed plan of procedure was placed by Mr. Louys, who is the man behind the gun this year, before the goodly assembly of would-be Frenchmen and aspiring demoiselles. The weird sounds then ceased, and the chapel resumed its wonted air of calm desertion.

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 Y. M. C. A.

At two Thursday evening meetings of recent date, Mr. E. H. Clark '12, National Student Secretary, was present and gave helpful addresses on phases of national and international Y. M. C. A. work. He made a strong appeal for representatives to the forthcoming Student Volunteer Convention to be held in Kansas City, Dec. 31st, 1913, to January 4th, 1914. Mr. John R. C. Evans, B.A., and Mr. V. Coen '16 have been duly appointed to represent the faculty and student body respectively at that convention.

The College Y. M. C. A. has a heavy budget this year. To raise sufficient money every man attending the institution was canvassed. The result has been most gratifying, for the sum of \$125 was given in a few days ago. This is an indication of the large place the Association has in the thoughts of the men

On the evening of Dec. 2nd the members of the Theological class and faculty gathered at the home of Rev. W. E. and Mrs. Matthews for social intercourse. Many weighty theological, matrimonial and other problems were discussed, and altogether a very enjoyable evening was spent.

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### A WORD OF THEOLOGY.

"We would not like to let this issue of the 'Quill' go to press without a word from the Theological classes, especially as those, and they are many, who are much concerned about our welfare, might be caused anxiety by our failure to report.

"We have been duly organized, with H. Knox as our president, F. A. McNulty as secretary, and hope to avail ourselves of your valuable columns from time to time."—Sec'y.

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Bill Robinson '15 has just got back. He has been teaching in a French settlement. We hope he has caught their accent.

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### WITH APOLOGIES TO BURNS

Initiation is like treacle spread,  
 You seize the Freshie by the head,  
 Or like a peanut on the floor,  
 One moment "nosed," then gone before.

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### DEBATE.

On Friday, Nov. 21st, an inter-class debate was held between Academy and Theology on the subject "Resolved that compulsory military training is beneficial to a nation." The affirmative was supported by Messrs. Kippen and Miskiman, and the negative by Messrs. McNulty and Julian. The judges decided in favor of the negative. The chairman of the judges pointed out the fact that "heckling" in favor of any particular party was never a benefit, but rather deducted marks. A word to the wise is sufficient!

At this meeting the retiring president, Mr. Rathwell, inducted the new president, Mr. A. Rutherford. The following officers compose the new executive: Vice-president, V. Coen '16; secretary, J. Smith; treasurer, S. Miskiman; student representatives, C. Whidden and L. Thompson; faculty representative, Prof. McGibbon.

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### ECHOES OF THE DEBATE.

Jerry: "Pity he hasn't better delivery."

Sarah: "What a perfectly lovely voice he has!"

Gwen.: "Look how he plays to the gallery."

Bob: "These ministers think they know it all."

McNeil: "Too bad he drew in the bible, but I suppose he meant well."

### FRESHMEN!

Remember thy seniors in the year of thy freshness, for in one night thou wert confirmed into the brotherhood, and for one night thou art privileged to entertain the elders, that is being interpreted, the Freshmen's bun feed should soon come to pass.

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### MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION.

Among the various student organizations the Student Ministerial Association, though somewhat exclusive, is nevertheless adding its contribution to the student life of Brandon College. An average of 35 pulpits are supplied per month by its membership. The Evangelistic Band is a part of the association. Already the band has held two successful campaigns, and they have a full programme for the college year. The regular meetings of the association are held fortnightly, when addresses on religious work problems are delivered by competent speakers, followed by discussions. Rev. J. A. Cormie, B.A., of Oak Lake, who came upon the request of the college president and the Ministerial Association, gave a very able address on Rural Church Problems.

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### SPECIAL NOTICE.

The students of Clark Hall receive on the first and last Thursday of every week from 4.30 to 6 p.m. Gentlemen, insert this in your diaries!

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'Twas in a restaurant they met  
 Pound, Innes and Doucette.  
 Here Pound and Innes fell in debt,  
 For these two paid for what Douc-ette.

—"Critic."

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On Wednesday evening, Nov. 26, Miss Bucke was at home and received Miss Reid and Mr. Radley, Miss E. McGregor and Mr. MacKay.

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Mr. Radley is at home on the fifth Monday of every month and gladly receives all but creditors.

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### POLITICS.

The first session of the Brandon College Mock Parliament was held last Friday afternoon at 4 o'clock. It was a "howling" success. The Socialists, Liberals and Conservatives crossed



swords at a wonderful speed. The Conservatives are the powerful party. Let's get agin' the government and change the educational system.

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#### LAW FRAT.

The Law Frat. met last Monday, F. Fisher '15 in the chair. Extemporaneous speaking was practised, and two challenges to debate were accepted, one from the Law students of the city and one from the College Debating Society. The Frat. is determined to make itself heard this year.

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Mr. Evans: "Miss Clark, where is your geometry book?"

Miss Clark: "In my room."

Mr. Evans: "And where is yours, Mr. Miskiman?"

Mr. Miskiman: "In the same place."

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#### WIND AND WAVE.

Catastrophe seldom makes itself felt with any keenness until it comes home to us. Last year the Dayton flood tragedy was keenly felt at Brandon College because of the fact that our President had so recently come from that city, where he had made so many friends. This year the storm cloud that hung for days and nights above Huron and Superior has thrown a shadow over the lives of some of our own students. Capt. Cameron, who went down with the Wexford (Collingwood) was a near relative and an esteemed friend of our editor-in-chief. In expressing our sympathy we give voice to the feelings of every student of the College.

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#### A DISTINGUISHED VISITOR

The student body of Brandon College had the great pleasure of hearing John S. Ewart, K.C., of Ottawa, the distinguished author of the Kingdom Papers, speak at the chapel hour on Tuesday morning, December 2nd. Mr. Ewart spoke on the subject of Canadian Naval Policy, and held the attention of every student for an hour, while he delighted all with a broad and scholarly discussion of the higher politics of the Empire. Not since John R. Mott gave an address here a couple of years ago has the college enjoyed a similar treat. At the close of Mr. Ewart's address Dr. Vining moved a vote of thanks, which was seconded by Mr. Percy Underwood. The very hearty applause which followed the motion indicated the pleasure of all who had listened to him. Mr. Ewart is making his way eastward to his home in Ottawa after a trip around the world. He has been speaking recently along similar lines in Australia and New Zealand. Brandon College was indeed fortunate in securing him for an address here.

## CLARK HALL.

GERTRUDE MAY REID '14

*“Strive not to say the whole!  
The young moon’s silver arc her perfect circle tells.”*

Christmas greetings to all!—to the girls at home who have pleasant memories of their sojourn with us; to the girl-graduates who are worthy representatives of their Alma Mater; to the members of the faculty, who are ever ready with their sympathy; to the boys who never fail in offices of tender courtesy, and to the friend who has made possible the existence of Clark Hall.

Etta Riter and Mary Gould are both busy practising the terms “Bon voyage” and “Auf wieder sehen.” We wish them a pleasant holiday at their homes in Kenton, Man.

### WHO’S WHO, AND WHY.

Lilian Bevan—Appointed Local Room Inspector by the Home Government Oct. 13th, 1913.

Libby Lyle Ross—Elected songstress in St. Paul’s church, by common consent—all in a winter’s day.

Laura Millar—Elected by acclamation as Justice of the Peace, Nov. 1st, 1913.

Rita Bambridge—Elected, unanimously, Surveyor of the Interior, Oct. 15th, 1913.

Evelyn Clark—Appointed Collector of Customs, Sept. 26th, 1913.

Unfortunately Fair Diana is not a prodigy, nor does she claim to embark in a series of winter sports such as snow-shoeing and hockey in the propinquity of summer. Although croquet on the trim front lawn may not appeal to masculine minds as an ideal game, yet it affords a pleasant recreation after more strenuous exercises. We should advise a little forethought in the succinct remarks of our critical friends to the south of us.

Miss Vera Clayton intends to find relaxation from her studies during the Christmas holidays at her home in Gladstone, Manitoba.

Half a hundred wild marauders formed the fighting part of the great army that followed the Park School leader, Tommy Bangs. The army which Rita Willmott had gathered to oppose the inroad was formed wholly of the Clark Hall line and

was stationed to the north of Lorne avenue. Rita held only a light snowball, but warding off her opponent's blows she felled him to the ground at a single effort. The enemy retreated only to appear, reinforced, at the corner of Lorne and Fifteenth. After five minutes of deadly battle the enemy's leader fell. The war was brought to a close by the Treaty of Vrooman.

—Breezes.

The past month has brought three new girls to us, Miss Cora Dempsey and Miss Tilly Steen from Carberry and Miss Meadie Wright from Pipestone. They already like Clark Hall and we are delighted to have them here.

Ever since Clark Hall has been in existence our cousins from beyond the iron door have visited us, making various demands. We always strive to gratify their wishes and, in so far as possible, accede to their many and divers requests. We do not mind giving up a night of study that we may bless with our company the wandering sons of Brandon College. We do not mind going out to the open air rink at the cost of freezing hands and feet, to please these gentlemen. We do not even mind skating with them. But, what we do object to is: to bless them with our company, run the risk of being frost-bitten, and then stand the financial strain. Frankly, we think their price is a little high and it gives us pain to place a damper on their zeal. We always admire candidness, but we dislike it when overdrawn. If the boys will allow us to make a request though—just one—we would propose that they invite us to a business meeting where the problems could be solved.

#### THE KLOOSH TUM-TUM OF THE TELLICUM; OR, SIGNS OF CHRISTMAS TIMES.

Belle Wright—Knitting gloves for Gordon Herbert.

Marie Cameron — Expecting a book-case from R. Macpherson.

Hazel Pearen—Rummaging bargain counters for an every-day toque for L. Watson.

Jerry Martin—Expecting compliments from A. J. Radley.

Helen Honeyman—Crocheting bedroom slippers for J. E. Moffat.

May Chapman—Painting a cover for T. B. McMillan's book of "New Jokes" which will soon be unloaded on the public.

Dorothy Mooney—Expecting a new red bow from Elliott Dutton.

Ella Rourke—Embroidering a laundry bag for Clarence Hurley.

Edith Kay—Expecting from O. U. Chapman “social evenings which shall be all-embracing.”

Agnes McMurchy, of Arden — Expecting tenth bands from Harris McKee.

Alice Mooney—Expecting a sup in Geometry from Prof. Evans.

Helena Kennedy—Collecting material for a new book entitled “The Development of Character,” by W. G. Rathwell.

Sarah Young—Stenciling a chiclet holder for W. P. Underwood.

Lilian Barber expects to spend Christmas with her parents at Forrester, Sask.

Pearl Wedin will spend her holidays at her home in Midale, Sask.

Annie Edgeworth returns to Westbourne, Man., for the vacation.

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For the benefit of some of the inmates of Brandon College we beg to remind them that Clark Hall Literary Society was organized by the ladies, for the ladies. We object to anyone playing the part of an eavesdropper behind folding doors. We do not know who the persons were—nor do we wish to know. But we do think an apology is due us. Will those interested kindly take notice?

(Signed) Secretary of C.H.L.S.

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To use a time honored phrase, Ruth Whelpton will be “in the bosom of her family” at Moosomin during Christmas vacation.

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The friends of Bertha Currie at Pilot Mound will be glad to welcome her when she returns home for Christmas.

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Many happy returns to Miss Evans. On the occasion of her birthday, Dec. 1st, she was the guest of honor at a fowl supper. Table decorations, carnations.

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A despairing wail rose from the depths of Clark Hall on the appearance of the last number of the “Quill”: for a superficial tirade, while only strengthening our own faith in the cause of the great suffrage movement, yet destroyed the last vestiges of our admiration for the body of gentlemen whose views are represented. We had hoped that, far from re-echoing the wishy-washy opposition of those whose comfort is disturbed by the contention that must accompany the righting of a wrong, our own boys would have led the eulogies of the future

and, being personally immune from present aggression, would view our modern heroism in true and clear perspective.

Miss Nettie Ross has returned to Brandon after spending a few months in a sanitorium in St. Paul. We are glad to know that she is better and will remain with us until after Christmas, when she expects to leave for the coast.

Visions of Christmas are already disturbing the dreams of Margaret Rodgers, Jeanette Grant and Laura Cole, who are counting the days until they will be returning to their homes in Forrest, Man. We wish them a very merry Christmas, with plenty of delicious edibles.

The domestic peace of several homes will be disturbed after Dec. 19th. Beulah Eastman leaves for Hartney, Elizabeth Steele goes to Estevan, and Frances Wilcox to Birtle.

#### CLARK HALL Y. W. C. A.

The Y. W. C. A. is progressing favorably. The leaders are very enthusiastic in their work and with the co-operation of all the girls hope to make their meetings a decided success this year.

Miss McGregor addressed a regular meeting on Thursday, Nov. 23rd. She very ably presented the budget and outlined work that it is possible for the Clark Hall association to undertake.

Miss Jessie Elliott and Miss May McLachlan were delegates to the Y. W. C. A. convention held in Winnipeg Nov. 13-15.

At the last missionary meeting held this term Miss Adolph gave an interesting talk on the religions of India.

Molly McFadden and May Young entertained in the Gym. on Tuesday, Dec. 2nd, 9.30 p.m. Covers were laid for ten around a table prettily decorated with Alfreda McNicol's American Beauty roses. The guests of honor were: Daisy Fenwick, Joan Hockins and Gladys McClellan.

Jean Avery will spend the holidays at her home in Austin, Man.

*“The primal duties shine aloft like stars;  
The charities that soothe, and heal, and bless,  
Are scattered at the feet of man, like flowers.”*

—Wordsworth.

## A SONG OF THE STARS

Sick of the sounds of strife,  
 Earth's desolating wars,  
 The hatred that embitters life,  
 I view the steadfast stars,

And think of Him who reigns  
 Above these orbs of light,  
 Who all creation vast sustains,  
 With wisdom and with might.

O stars so fair and bright,  
 Mysterious and sublime,  
 That ever shed your peaceful light  
 Above the wrecks of time,—

Viewing, admiring thee,  
 My spirit hath grown calm;  
 Ye speak of peace and harmony,  
 Ye breathe a voiceless psalm.

One of your number led  
 The wise men on their way,  
 To where upon His lowly bed,  
 The little Christ-child lay.

By thee seamen direct  
 Their ships to ports afar;  
 Ye speak of the Great Architect,  
 Whose handiwork ye are.

Of that high Source from whence  
 Their beauty all things draw,  
 Of thought beyond man's highest sense,  
 Of order and of law.

—M. L. S.



## ATHLETICS.

A. J. RADLEY '14

*"They could hit harder, kick further, and jump higher than any ship's company in the fleet."*

In our last number we moaned because we had no football teams near, who were willing to play the game in the winter.

Feeling a little "down in the mouth" because of this, some bright mind proposed that we divide the school into different divisions and "play off" for the championship.

This is how the notion worked out. The Arts were separated into Juniors and Seniors, while the Senior Academic and Junior Academic, plus Theology and Business made up the four sections of the league.

Proceedings started, and after the first game Senior Academy ran out winners over the Junior Arts by a 6—2 score.

Senior Arts—strong in brains—now entered the fray and put the "can" almost, but not quite, on the Senior Academy. Here's the story. Kippen tried to stop Rathwell's kick with one of his eyes, and as a consequence had to leave the field. Ten minutes before full time darkness set in and the game was left unfinished—Arts leading 2—1.

The next game was between the Senior Academy and Hash. In the fray Stan. Miskiman foolishly collided with Jap. Wolverton, Jap. getting Stan's head in the region of his teeth. Poor Jap! And then, of course, Academy 3 won to the tune of 3—1.

Academy 2, or Hash, nettled by the turn affairs had taken, took it "out of the hide" of Junior Arts 6—0. But ran against a "snag" when they met Senior Arts who tied a 2—1 tally to their boots. To make a long story short, Junior Arts lost every game, Senior Arts won two and have 10 minutes to play with a lead of a goal over Senior Academy.

Senior Academy also won two games. Junior Academy, or Hash, lost two and won one.

But all our activities were not confined to the football field. The basket ball league opened on Nov. 4, with a game between the City Y. M. C. A. and our Seniors. The former has a fine team, such old internationals as Secretary Pryke who once played on a world's championship team at St. Louis, Mo; Rourke, a last year's Dormat star; Krug. Crawford, perhaps the most skillful player in town, and Bob Warren, local physical director, weight juggler, etc.

However, after looking 'em over, Harley Hughes decided we could win. At the end of the first half we were some seven points behind, but Bob Hosié found his throwing arm and soon

the score was slipping up on Messrs. Pryke and company. Chapman and Hughes also took the basket getting epidemic, so "ye gods and little fishes," 29—28 was the final score, and the old firm, Hughes, Durkin & Co., to the good.

Wolverton and Hosie, the two new men on our team, did especially well. Of course "Bob" is known as one of the best in town, having starred for the Y.M.C.A. Pirates last year. But Wolverton is absolutely new to the gym, the men and the crowd. But he's working into shape fine.

Nov. 11th saw us stacking up against the old Collegiate "5," newly christened Shamrocks.

Fred McGuinness, who held down centre for them last year, has gone east. But alas and alack, our own pet Joey Scott, undoubtedly the best of the younger basket getters of the city, has been pressed by this Irish flower crowd to play centre.

So up against the tricky, speedy, brainy "Rocks" we went, and believe us, we rebounded. In speed and shooting they had the edge on us. We were weighty and persistent in shooting, but basket ball requires that the ball be placed inside the hoop, not above, below, on the outside edge, but exactly within the ring. That's where our boys fell down. They shot more times than the Shamrocks, they played just as effective combination, they had the weight, the pluck, and the wind, but they couldn't induce the ball to slip to rest in the goal. It was bewitched, that's all. Hosie shot scores of times. Hughes and Chappie shot—nothing stirring. Our luck was out.

Half-time, we were leading by 12—10, and things looked rosy, for in the previous match we pulled the game out of the fire in the second half. But faith in the achievements of the past doesn't help in this lightning-like sport, and although we on the gallery yelled and howled our little heads off, the Robinson-Scott crowd was too much for us.

Wolverton worked into the play better than in the game against the Pirates. He caught, threw, passed with precision and judgment, but failed on shooting. Chapman played his position well and stayed with it in his characteristic way. But had no luck shooting.

Hughes played his hardest, sticker that he is, and Bob Hosie worked his head off, but if you never saw a real genuine "hoodoo" trailing a man you should have been at the ball game Nov. 11th in the year of grace 1913. Cheer up, Bob. Hoodoos only stick around once in a while, and a change in the weather will shift this one.

Prof. Durkin felt like two cents at the end of the game. He didn't believe in the existence of "good luck" before, but he's a firm believer now. Here's what he tells the boys, "it's shooting, boys, shooting, shooting! that gets us every time."



Oh, but if we had a "gym" we'd shoot if we had to work 54 hours per week.

Its kinder gratifying to know that if the Seniors are hoodooed, that imp, or company of imps hasn't much use for our Juniors. No, sir, he eschews their company, he don't like 'em. Why? Search us, we can't explain but we can hand you facts: Nov. 4th, Bankers v. College. We won 14—11.

Nov. 11, Collegiate v. College. 17—14 in our favor. Good business, gentlemen. Those young eels from the Collegiate used to eat us up last year right along, but since Gordon Cumming came into our ranks we've had the heavy end.

Tom McMillan holds down centre and is growing adept at scoring. Johnson and Doc. Fisher are growing proficient as guards, and Henderson on the left is making good. Win on, boys. Here's a looking at you.

"The hoodoo has gone to his nest.

Bad luck has lain down in his lair;  
The winning streak's with us at rest,  
As we toward victory repair."

That's the story, reader. On Dec. 2nd Bob Hosie propitiated the omens, received his shooting arm in return, and led us to victory against the hitherto invincible Shamrocks. Bob scored every foul throw given the side save one, and filled in the intervening spaces of the game putting in baskets that counted for twos, not ones.

It was the most exciting game we've ever seen. It was "hop to it" every second, and except for the beginning of the second half, when we ran the score up to 7 points ahead of the Rocks, the scores of the teams were within a point or two of each other all the way.

The boys went out to win. Prof. Durkin put on his lucky ring. Harley Hughes wore a lucky halfpenny round his neck. Wolverton wore a lock of his girl's hair on his wrist, while Chappie, who abhors lucky tokens of any description, went into the game having changed his chewing gum from O Pee Che to Spearmint. N.B.—The poor lad aimed at the net time and time again, but his luck was out. Moral—Have faith in omens, Chappie.

Krug. Crawford refereed the game and strictly penalised the fouls on both sides. He controlled the proceedings in fine shape. Wolverton gave his best exhibition up to date. He caught cleverly, velleyed accurately, played his place, and held the skilled Harry Robinson with the grip of a hungry alligator on a nigger baby. Jap. has an iron one arm hold that all the Collegiate—beg pardon, all the Shamrocks—couldn't break if they worked until doomsday.

Prof. Durkin was the coolest of the crowd. He'd make a great sea captain. He'd not get rattled if "all the boards did shrink." The way he dodged the brainy Shamrock opponents was an eye opener to the young lads. He played the game of his life. Harley Hughes had hard luck in his shooting, but he was the same old sure enough tackler, the same brainy "all to the good" leader that he always has been.

Chapman played a reliable centre game. Nine times out of ten he got the ball from Joey Scott at the throw up, and brought off some pretty and effective plays by oftentimes hanging on to the ball instead of tipping it out to another man.

The whole team fed Bob Hosie once and always and well he responded, which you'll acknowledge when you learn that he scored 3 baskets and 8 foul throws.

Chapman had poor luck, shooting but 2 baskets when he deserved lots more.

Hughes also scored 3 baskets. After this we think that "any guy with half an eye will know who we are" when we step into the gym. for the game.

Clark Hall turned out to a man and helped cheer the boys to victory.

Leary, the Connors, Judd Mumm, and Charley Whidden led the boys in songs and cheers, and at the conclusion Leary and Charley hoisted the winners on their shoulders and bore them off the field of combat.

Henceforth, we are a winning team. The Cornell trophy sees Clark Hall reception room this season, or we'll eat our hats.

A merry Xmas to you!

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## HOCKEY.

We have made the best arrangements for the looking after of our College rink that we have ever had. We've got the right men in charge; the chief of the city fire department has consented to help us flood the rink by supplying the city hose; the hockey men are all ready to go on the ice—they are just dying to work out their Automobile 16 dollar outfits; but King 20 below has been detained on urgent business at the North Pole and consequently there's no ice.

This mild weather is good for coal bins, but poor for hockey. Dave Winton is most fearfully anxious to try out the boys. He's thinking some of shifting our star left winger—Wellington Rathwell—to point, and Joey Scott, last year's brilliant centre, over to Wink's old place. But Wolverton has to be tried out, and some of the other new lads; so, until John 20 below returns from the north we don't know where we stand.

We wish some of these enterprising hockey club managers would stick to their knitting and leave ours alone. They seem to have a particular desire to get "Dave" away from us. A worthy gent came all the way from a distant northern town with an offer of a \$100 a month job, plus a \$10 fee for every game played. Another kind gentleman came down from the west and offered Dave a good thing to go with him.

Saff Deans was also approached by the northern representative, but we are proud to say that neither of these two good sports consented to leave their Alma Mater; so if we don't have a successful winter it won't be the fault of these men.

We're sorry to hear that Prof. Jack Evans won't be able to play in goal this year. Jack is working hard these days and finds little time for more than necessary recreation. But he may change his mind, and if he does, it will sure break the hearts of the opposition forward lines, and lift us, his admirers, into the seventh heaven.

To give the boys a really good work-out before the league games begin we have decided to arrange for a western tour at Christmas. Of course, our scheme may run astray, but as far as our efforts are concerned, we shall do our best.

We have asked the Moose Jaw Moose—last year's Allan Cup challengers, the Regina Victorias, and the strong Moosomin team to arrange games at home with us during the last days of this year and the beginning of next year.

We have also asked the Alberta University all-star team, at present touring the west, to give us a call on their way to Winnipeg. So if everybody else is willing, we expect a happy Christmas and New Year for our boys. We may not win all our games, but we can at least show that Brandon's premier educational institution is alive to the necessity of cultivating the athletic as well as the aesthetic amongst her children, and that we are willing to match steel against steel and hickory against hickory, anywhere, anyhow and on the shortest notice.

Operations are under way for the organization of the local city league. Our representative went to the advertised meeting last Tuesday, and although very little business was done a start was made—which after all is something, and we'd like to remind the officials of the city league that they still owe us championship medals for last year. Their jeweler having skipped out with the money for the medals, it's up to the league—we think—to do the square thing, which is in our opinion to "come through" with some more of some kind in a hurry.

## ALUMNI-ALUMNÆQUE

T. H. HARRIS, B.A., '13

*"Let a man contend to the uttermost  
For his life's set prize, be it what it will!"*

This is the season when our thoughts, if not our faces, turn homeward. Fortunate indeed are we if it is the latter and we are able once more, as we sit in the family circle around the blazing logs, recounting our experiences, to laughingly throw off the perplexing cares of life. When it cannot be, we look forward with great eagerness to some word of cheer or greeting from those we love, and the days ahead of us are more dreary, and their toil is harder to bear, if our longing is not satisfied.

With this thought in mind, and also the expectation that the sons and daughters of Brandon College, who have left her kindly walls to fight the stern battle of life in the open, will be looking for a message in this column, we send to all the Alumni and Alumnae the warmest greeting of their Alma Mater. Your Alma Mater has not forgotten you. She is always interested in hearing of the great things which her children are accomplishing. She is especially proud of you when she hears that

"the tested chain holds fast.

The well-forged link rings true."

To you all, her greeting is the hope that the Christmas bells may bring to your hearts in increased meaning the old refrain. "Peace on earth, goodwill to men."

Her greetings also extend to the coming year. She bids you to work out the principles which she has sought to implant in your breasts, and like Gareth of old, to have as your ideal to

"Live pure, speak true, right wrong, follow the King—  
Else, wherefore born?"

Miss W. Speers '13 intends to leave Brandon after Christmas for Regina, where she proposes to take a course at the Normal School. Our best wishes go with her, and we hope that, when the results of her examinations appear, her name will head the list.

She is not the only one of last year's graduates who is entering Normal early next year. Miss McCamis and Miss Gunn are also making a sacrifice by dragging themselves away from their scholars in order that, in the future, they may be able to do more efficient work as teachers. These ladies also have our best wishes, and if they do not charm the Normal boys as they did the boys here, those fellows must be a very slow bunch.

E. Clark '12 gave us a flying visit the other day. He came to interest the boys in sending representatives to the great Student Volunteer Convention to be held at Kansas City, Mo., at the end of the year.

Ernie is a busy man. He has not lost his old hustling spirit, and looks as if he were still in fit trim to come in second to Evans, in the five mile walk.

As a result of his visit the Y.M.C.A. decided to send Prof. J. R. C. Evans '13 as the faculty representative, and V. Coen '16 to represent the students.

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Some of our readers may not have known, or else may have forgotten Don Kennedy, but there are a few who still remember him, and are always glad to hear about his welfare.

Don has been for some time in the Peace River country, roughing it, and having a variety of experiences. We were very pleased to see the following mention of Don, in a recent copy of the "Western Outlook," and quote it:

Rev. C. C. McLaurin writes: "The mail was late at Dunvegan, and Don Kennedy, a Brandon College student, who was coming out, intending to do so walking, joined me in making a raft on which we floated to Peace River Crossing. This was a picnic. But here all wagons had gone, no prospect of man, and the 90 miles to Grouard we walked. This seemed a foolish undertaking. But I surprised myself. My friend kindly shared the heavier portion of our pack, for we had to carry our blankets and grub."

We can see from the above quotation that although his life has been set in rugged places, Don still remains the true Christian man whom we knew.

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We are sorry that Saskatoon held out sweeter attractions to Reg. Wood than did Brandon. Still, we wish you all success, Reg., and hope that your new Alma Mater will be as kind to you as your old.

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We are glad to learn that Rev. A. W. Mayse is doing good work at Gilolo, Man. We sometimes allow our missionaries abroad to crowd out of our minds those who are doing splendid work among the Indians at home. We hope that this work will continue to progress in the future as it has done in the past.

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It is some time since Henry Erlandson was amongst us, but we still remember his pleasing manner in the corridors, with the ladies, and even in pole vaulting.

We were very glad to hear of him again. Henry, who is now in Sweden, is spending part of his time in military training and part in business.

From what Henry says, this soldiering business is not very light. Part of the time the army was within the Arctic Circle, and Henry found it very cold sleeping on the bare ground with no covering save the clothes in which he marched all day. He could not sleep on the very cold nights but found some compensation in looking up through the trees overhead and watching the cold bright stars, as they looked down at him.

When he is not soldiering, he is handling the American goods for an elevator firm. He also has responsible office work to look after. We are glad to hear that he is getting along so well.

If he ever pays a visit to the College, we shall be pleased to see him, though I am afraid, judging from a recent photo taken in military uniform, he will steal all the hearts in Clark Hall.

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The church at Portage la Prairie is to be congratulated on having secured Rev. W. C. Smalley, Theo. '12, as its pastor. We have great faith in Billy, and hope that under his leadership the church at Portage may be richly blessed.

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In our last issue, this column had quite a distinct ministerial flavor; this time we have changed the flavor to law.

Bowley Hartie '10, who last year was forced to go to the coast on account of illness, has returned to Saskatoon healthier than ever. He now weighs 185 lbs.

He has written off his second year work in law, and expects to write off his third in the Spring, after which let the public beware.

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Sam Potter '12 is also at Saskatoon in the same office as Bowley. Sam is making a great impression. When he draws himself up to his full height, and with utmost pomposity dictates a letter to the stenographer, he fairly makes her wilt.

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Another of the budding Saskatoon lawyers is C. Kyle '10. He expects to be called to the Bar very soon, and without a doubt a call to the altar will soon follow. He is already making a great record for himself as a very clever lawyer, and an unregenerate Tory.

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We have to convey our heartiest congratulations to three of our old students, who successfully impressed the examiners at the recent Manitoba Law examinations. R. McQueen '11 passed his first part attorney, H. McFadyen his second year, and H. Kilfoyl '12 his first year.

J. Dempsey '12 is in a law office at Medicine Hat. After going to Alberta last spring Jim successfully passed his second year examination. He is showing early promise of being a successful lawyer.

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Charley Burns '13, who used to cut up the ice on the rink, and also at the College social functions, has departed from the pleasing, if narrow, ways in which he used to wander here. He is now engaged in "cutting up stiffs" and "revelling in gore" at the Medical College, Winnipeg. We are confident that after this crude initial stage is completed, Charley will be a credit to his worthy profession.

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All the friends of Reg. Edwards, Theo. '13—and he had many on both sides of the house—will be sorry to learn that the continued weakness of his eyes, makes it impossible for him, at present, to take charge of a church. Reg. is not wasting his time, however. He is helping his brother in the store at Ponoka, Alta., where, as he says, he is retailing calico and coal oil. He hopes, and we hope too, that in a year his eyes will be so far recovered as to enable him to engage once more in the work on which his heart is set.

Reg has a long head, though. When he found out that his eyes were going back on him, he very wisely secured another pair. We are confident that while he has Mrs. Edwards to read to him, he will not get behind in the theological and world thought of the day.

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And now to make the whole column balance, we put H. E. Green, Theo. '13, on the end. This genial soul is making a great record for himself at Lethbridge. Last summer he discovered that one of his Sunday school scholars could not swim. What did Green do? Why, he just started up a swimming class at the gymnasium and soon got hold of all the youngsters in town.

Surely it is not altogether a disaster when some corporations go into liquidation!



## LATITUDE AND LONGITUDE.

VICTOR COEN '16

*"Aut scissors, aut nullus."*

To all students whose united voice reaches us through the medium of these pages, we extend hale and hearty Christmas greetings. Could we decorate the margin of this page with sauce-capped puddings, whose broad honest smiles were seen through the rising steam, whose green arms of holly rose to meet your eager appetites, we might thus express our hospitable desires. Or sprigs of mistletoe would symbolize our affection toward the eyes that received them. A family circle illumined only by the ruddy glow of a cosy fire, with a glimpse, through the curtained windows, of a fur-coated wayfarer caressed by the falling snow, would express the warm comfort of being related and bound to you all.

But we have only a blank, white margin to circumscribe our words. Fill it, gentle reader, will the most delightful emblems of friendship that your imagination can conjure up, and call them our own, as they would be did we know them, and you.

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Many students with commercial or professional activity in view for their life's work are troubled by doubts as to the utility of an Arts course. Some decide that its advantages are not sufficient to offset the sacrifice of time and money; some pursue the course with half-hearted and dubious zeal. A writer in the "Dalhousie Gazette" shows clearly the balance of values in the following words:

"When a youth of seventeen asked the writer should he take an Arts course, ere he entered on the study of Law, the answer was given—'It depends on your standpoint. If you wish but money and success, and rapid advancement, go and study Law now; if you wish development of the powers of appreciation . . . if you seek wealth of mind, if you desire to understand the history of your own times, to look into the meaning of existence, and much more . . . the awesome mystery of life, of God, the world and man, go to your Arts classes, study your classics, your philosophy. . . .'"

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Ladies! Ladies! Give me your ears, and the largest measure of credibility that you can summon. What do you suppose the ladies of Saskatchewan are proposing? Nothing less than a visiting athletic team to participate in the Field Day sports of Alberta.



We would not dream of detracting from the exhilaration of nail-driving contests, croquet and two-by-two parades. But, we confess it with hanging head, we should welcome a breath of the bold progressive, aggressive, yet by no means turbulent breezes that play upon the campus of our sister institution.

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The Brandon "Daily Sun" handed "The Brandon College Quill" a dainty bouquet on November 27th, in the shape of an editorial written with pleasing grace, freshness and lucidity. The "Sun" praises the brightness and raciness of our columns, is abashed by our editorial wisdom, reverences our deeply religious tenor, and casts longing eyes at our fat advertising section.

We take off our hat and accept the bouquet with a deep bow and a broad smile of gratification. We are glad to be worthy of notice in the wide and busy world of professional journalism, and shall not fail to add the "Sun" to our Exchanges, nor to glance with critical eye into its pages.

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A half-stifled burst of righteous indignation under the heading of Student Sentiment, reveals a turbulent under-current of wrath on the part of Mount Allison men and women. The cause of it all is compulsory religion. It appears that regular attendance at chapel exercises results in marks being added to those gained by the student in examinations; while a certain number of absences, detected by ten eagle eyes lodged in the noble heads of the five scrutineers that form a student picket, compels the examiners to deduct marks, on the grounds, presumably, of an irreligious kink that defies the corrective rack of the powers that be.

We are glad that no pall of a kindergarten punitive system overshadows the genuine pleasure and wholesome influence of our own popular morning services, and that no religious stuffing machine rams food for the soul down the unwilling gullets of the few boys in our midst for whom, as yet, these services have no charm.

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"At this time of the year every student is interested in athletics."—McMaster University Monthly.

That is a bold, bad statement. Writers on athletics should control a soaring imagination. Why, even one or two of our own Brandon College men are not concerned: admittedly, one can easily pick them out.

Substitute a "should be" for your "is," Mac., and our lungs are behind you to the length of unspeakable hoarseness.

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"The Mitre" suggests to us a feature that is lacking in our own deservedly popular Literary Society. We refer to the read-

ing of papers by students. Some short time ago Miss A. K. Evans read a paper on the sculptor's art. Few will have forgotten its freshness; it gave an insight into unknown realms, and woke within us a richer appreciation of vivid expression in stone.

Do not let it be supposed that we advocate a predominance of this feature; nor would we urge, for instance, an exposition of "The Graces of My Lady Nicotine" by L. O. Walton; nor yet a declamation on "The Refinements of Initiation" by H. F. Widen. But an occasional paper of a fitting nature on the part of a student would embody the very objects of our "Lit," the instruction, interest and amusement of the student body, and the development of individual talent.

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In the magazine of Bishop's College, a long drawn-out account of initiations, remarkable chiefly for its strained humor, concludes as follows: "The very pleasant evening's entertainment was brought to a close by the singing of the National Anthem. . . ."

We do protest. Will some world-old-conventionality-soaked mortal be so kind as to enlighten us as to the connection between physical discomfiture on the one hand, and God and the King on the other.

Throughout the length and breadth of our fair land, at the close of every picture-show, debate, and doubtless, were the truth known, of any atheistic-anarchistic conclave, there is a section so swayed by influence and habit as to forget in the threadbare chant their respect for the third commandment, perhaps also disrespect for the royal crimson of a figurehead. Will not some enthusiastic and loyal propagandist inaugurate the practice of marking the close of each lecture, meal and day of toil by praying for the salvation and longevity of our noble and gracious monarch?

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Brandon College is not the only institution that boasts a live Academic department. Academy Notes thunder forth from a special column in the "Argosy." It is a delightful mush of athletics, jokes, padding, puns and personalities, impetuous life expressing itself in terms of hash.

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We are constantly jerked up, in turning over our Exchanges, by spirited statements on the part of students as to the demerits, as well as merits, of the methods of their various institutions.

Seldom at Brandon College does a dismal wail of complaint offend our ears. Yet there are circumstances, such as the deplorable examination muddle of last year, that call for student

comment. And we are sure that genuine affection towards our Alma Mater is better shown by a calm, thoughtful and lucid statement of opinion, than by secretly expressed bitterness, or the silence of mushy concession.

Among the Robert Browning manuscripts disposed of by sale last May, was the rough draft of an unpublished poem entitled, "A Soliloquy of Aeschylus." In the October number of "The Independent" this poem is printed from the manuscript, the poet's own queries and alternative words being reproduced. We are glad of the opportunity of reviewing briefly this magnificent work.

The opening words of the soliloquy reveal the aged exile on a Sicilian plain. The sweet sounds and beautiful shapes of life are drawing away from his dimmed senses. His heart is strained by melancholy. Estranged from the loved harmonies that delighted his days of vigor, he cleaves now to the rocks and sky of inorganic nature, into whose new unity he feels himself sinking for eternity:

"The buzzing fly and mouthing of the grass  
Cropped slowly near me by some straying sheep  
Are strange to me with life—and separate from me  
The outside of my being. I myself  
Grow to the silence, fasten to the calm  
Of inorganic nature, sky and rocks.  
I will pass on into their unity  
When dying down into impersonal dusk."

The solitary man, clinging yet to life, recalls with bitterness the hissing of the Athenian people, for whom his deep-souled Greek was unpleasantly true. Indignation wells up at the thought of the evil of the world, but he invites the holy light of the sun to fill his soul in place of human wrongs.

Now, in memory, he sees himself as a little tunicked child upon a hill:

"The city lay  
Beneath me like an eaglet in an egg,  
The beak and claws shut whitely up in calm—  
And calm were the great waters—and the hills  
Holding at arm's length their unmolten snows  
Plunged in the light of heaven which trickled back  
On all sides, a libation to the world."

In vision he sees the light of heaven, exposing the secret of, and promising to remove, the world's darkness. Amidst all, the music of his destiny reaches his ears:

"And then it was revealed, it was revealed  
That I should be a priest of the Unseen

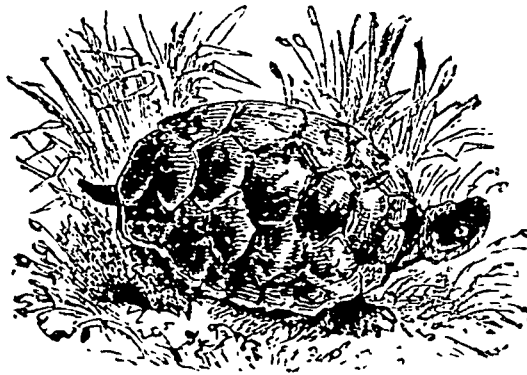
And build a bridge of sounds across the strait  
 From heaven to earth whence all the gods might walk,  
 Nor bend it with their soles (?)  
 And then I saw the gods tread past me slow  
 From out the portals of the hungry dark,  
 And each one, as he past, breathed in my face  
 And made me greater——"

We live in an atmosphere of color, throbbing life, reverential awe and holiness at once. Only the note of a sad immortality disturbs us, and we long to reassure, not with the vulgar comfort, but with the warm and beautiful eternity of our own sound faith.

O, Browning! Like the grand harmony of an organ is your crashing emotion poured forth for those that have a soul to hear.

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We are pleased to acknowledge the various exchanges received, and further wish to announce that we shall be glad to exchange magazines with any other colleges. Editors interested will receive, on request, a copy of the "Brandon College Quill" by return mail.



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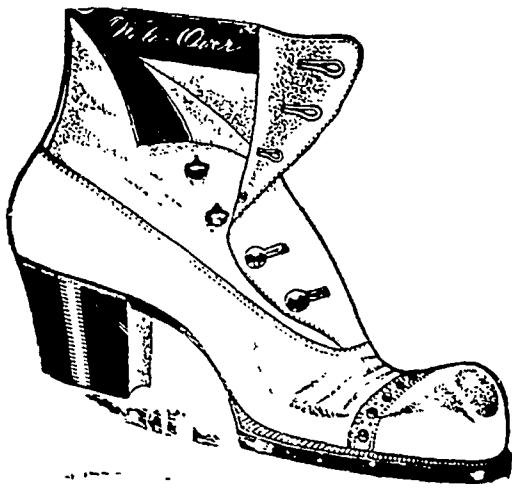
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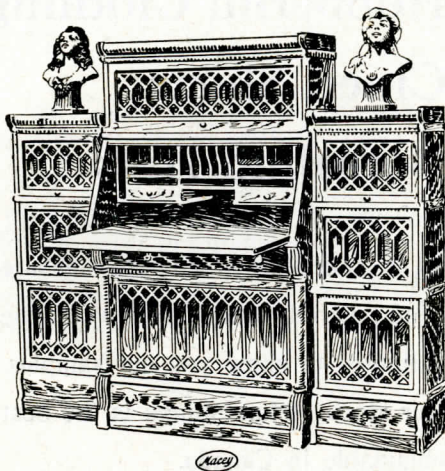
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