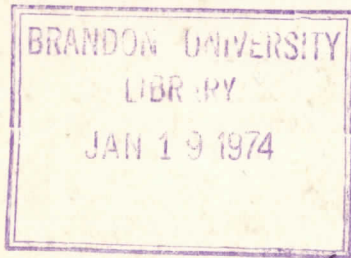


BRANDON COLLEGE QUILL. —



EASTER NUMBER
APRIL 1914

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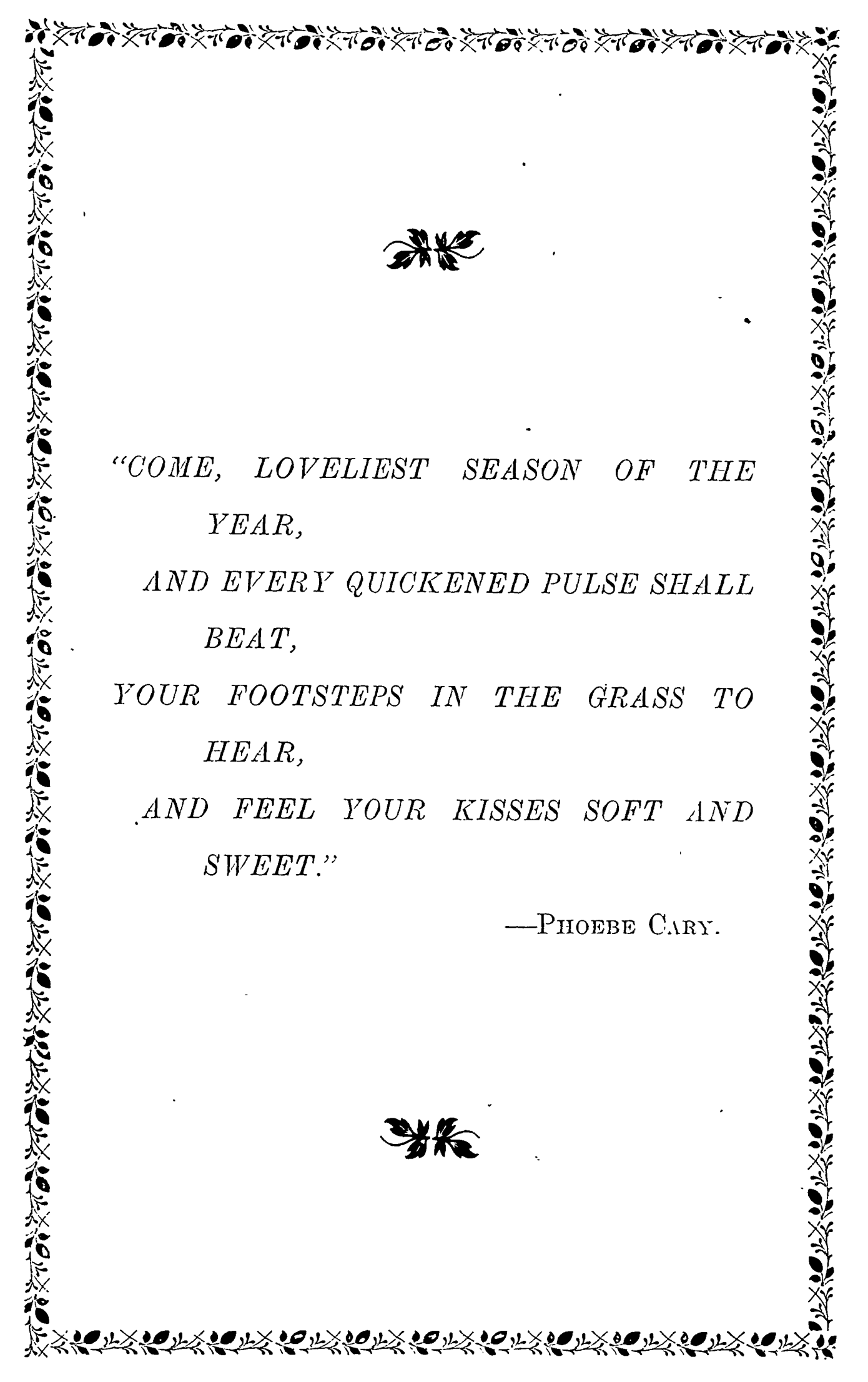
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YEAR,
AND EVERY QUICKENED PULSE SHALL
BEAT,
YOUR FOOTSTEPS IN THE GRASS TO
HEAR,
AND FEEL YOUR KISSES SOFT AND
SWEET.”*

—PHOEBE CARY.





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BRANDON COLLEGE QUILL STAFF
1913-14

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Brandon College Quill

MY CHANCE ACQUAINTANCE WITH LLOYD GEORGE

JOHN A. GORDON, M.A., D.D.

A few years ago it was my privilege to attend the Baptist World Congress, that was held in London, England, as a delegate from the City of Montreal. The congress was composed of over five thousand delegates representing Baptist churches from practically every quarter of the globe. I have been asked to write a few lines concerning my chance acquaintance with Lloyd George, who was one of the delegates. During the session of the congress it so happened that Lloyd George and myself were frequently associated on general and special committees. This coincidence became interesting to ourselves and helped to establish that kind of friendship so well understood by those associated with congenial spirits in the consideration of important questions. I did not at that time appreciate that I was in such close and friendly touch with a man who shortly afterwards was to be recognized as one of the great, daring, self-reliant, far-sighted statesmen of the world—a typical Christian socialist who has struck terror into the heart of all forms of tyranny and oppression that afflicted his country, and so become the best loved and most hated man in all England.

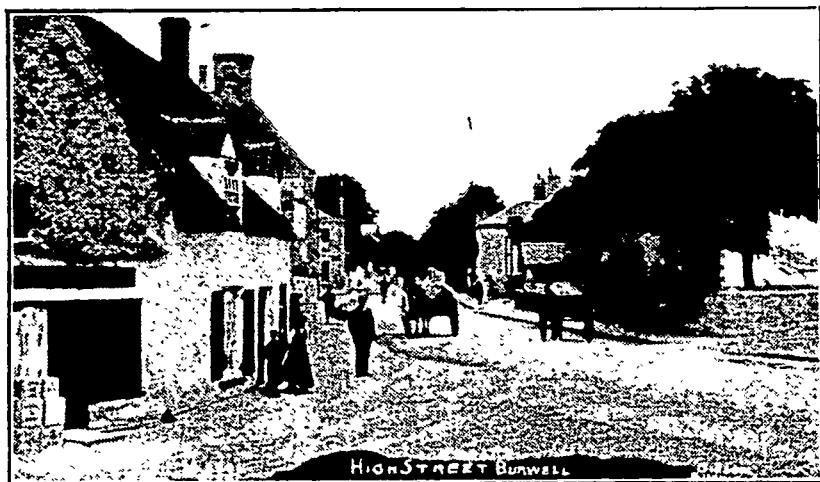
In all my experience of over thirty years as a member of various important committees and boards, it has not been my good fortune to work with any more amiable, considerate, judicial and thoroughgoing Christian gentleman than Lloyd George. He was a man who had at once the wide outlook and the mastery of detail. No element or factor in any given case seemed to escape his notice or fail to be provided for in his suggestions and recommendations.

The interest he manifested in Canada, as he plied me with questions concerning our climate, resources, educational systems and religious privileges, is more significant to me today than it was at the time. I suppose this is because I now better understand and more fully appreciate the master passion of Lloyd George's life.

I do not know of any man of modern times, the study of whose struggles against great odds, handicapped as he was, would repay the student who has to brave the rugged road, better than that of Lloyd George, once the poor Welsh orphan boy but now the world famed statesman, the Chancellor of Great Britain.

AN ENGLISH VILLAGE

O. U. CHAPMAN '15



Having been asked to write a short article upon some feature of a trip made to the Old Country, I thought I could do no better than try to describe the little village of Reach, Cambridge-shire, where it was my privilege to spend three weeks'

delightful holidays. In the 17th century this village was known as the city of Roche, famous as the rallying ground of Cromwell and his Roundheads. Today it is the quaint little village of Reach, living on the history of its past. The older people of the village delight to take visitors out for a walk on what is called "The Devil's Ditch." This is really a great mound of earth extending ten or twelve miles in length, and village legend has it that the mound was cast up in one night by Cromwell and his army. Standing on the highest vantage this ridge of earth affords, one is given a magnificent view of the country roundabout. Away to the south can be seen, faintly outlined against the sky, the church spires and college towers of the city of Cambridge. Looking off to the west one can see a great tall cathedral steeple. It seems to be only a few miles distant. It is the steeple of the world famed Ely Cathedral, and is, in reality, twelve miles away. Four miles to the east of Reach is the New-market racecourse, frequently patronized by the King and Queen.

It was a beautiful evening in July when we alighted from the train and walked the two miles intervening between the station and the village. It was a night when all nature seemed to be in communion with its Maker. The air was soft and balmy and sweet with the odor of nameless flowers. We had never seen flowers like these before. They were growing in profusion on the sides of the road, and their perfume was wafted to us from over the fields. The larks trilled from the blue sky overhead. From a piece of low-lying land a mist was rising in the distance, looking like the smoke from a smouldering fire. The path on which we found ourselves was one over which my

parents had often walked in days long ago. The scenes so often described were now before me. A great deal has been written about the beauty of English scenery. Landscapes have been painted, picturing vast lawns extending like sheets of vivid green with here and there clumps of gigantic trees heaping up rich piles of foliage; the solemn pomp of groves and woodland glades with the hare bounding away to covert or the pheasant bursting on the wing; the little brook winding like a silver thread down the hill, or expanding into a glassy lake—these are some of the scenes so often presented to us by English poets and literary writers. The scenery through which we were passing could not be said to abound in great and sublime prospects. Its beauty lay rather in the little home scenes of rural repose and sheltered quiet. Every antique farm house and moss covered cottage was a picture and as the road was continually winding and the view was shut in by groves and hedges the eye was continually being delighted by a succession of small landscapes of captivating loveliness. Turning one of these bends we found ourselves on the main highway of the village and in a few moments were being warmly welcomed by our English relatives.

The home which we entered was a quaint, old-fashioned English dwelling. We found later that most of the village houses were alike. Nearly all had thatched roofs with great chimneys projecting high into the air. At first we were curious to know why there were four or five little smoke stacks to be seen on the top of every chimney. The reason for this became apparent, however, when we saw in the larger rooms of the house the great old English fireplaces, each one requiring a separate flue up the chimney. The fuel burned in these fireplaces was turf, dug from the low-lying lands, or "fen districts" as they are more familiarly called. The houses were lighted with candles. The floors, in many cases, were of brick. Antique pieces of furniture were to be found in every home: the great high bed curtained about with white; the grandfather's clock, solemnly ticking off the passing moments; the harmoniums and melodeons that help to while away many a long winter's evening. There were no streets and no sidewalks in the village; at least, not as we have them here. Evidently the houses were built wholly at the pleasure of the owners, with no thought of conforming to any specified town plan. And yet the village presented an appearance of singular beauty. The charms which, in this country, nature lavishes in wild solitudes, were there assembled around the haunts of domestic life. The villagers seem to have caught her coy and furtive graces and spread them like witchery about their rural abodes. The trim hedge, the grass plot before the door, the little bed of flowers

bordered with snug box, the woodbine trained up against the wall and hanging its blossoms against the lattice, the pot of flowers in the window—all these bespoke the influence of taste flowing down from high sources.

The great charm of the village, however, was in the moral feeling which seemed to pervade it. The scenery was beautiful because it was associated in the mind with ideas of order and quiet, of sober, well established principles, of hoary usage and reverend custom. Everything seemed to be the growth of ages of peaceful and regular existence. The old church of remote architecture, with its Gothic tower, its windows rich with tracery and painted glass; its tombstones recording successive generations of sturdy yeomanry, whose progeny still plow the same



fields and worship in the same church; the parsonage, perhaps the quaintest dwelling in the whole village, partly antiquated, but repaired and altered in the tastes of various ages and occupations; the stile and footpath leading from the churchyard, across pleasant fields and along shady hedgerows, according to an immemorial right of way: all these common features evinced a calm and settled security that spoke deeply for the moral character of the nation.

It seems to me it would not be right to close this article without writing a little about the domestic life of the villagers. It is exceedingly interesting to an American to see the English housewife preparing the meals. The hearth fire is got burning as brightly as possible with the aid of a small pair of bellows,

always near at hand. The pots and kettles are then hung upon the crane and brought close to the heat of the flame. In many of the homes the custom of roasting the joint of meat over the open fire is still retained. The piece of meat to be roasted is hung upon a slowly revolving spit and brought into close contact with the heat of the grate fire. It takes a long time to roast in this way, but it is so delicious when once cooked that one finds himself wishing that the custom might still generally prevail. The bread and cakes are usually baked in large brick ovens. A pile of turf is placed within the oven, set on fire, and left burning until the bricks become very hot. Then the burning coals are raked out and the pans of bread or cake are placed in the oven. The result of such a process is very gratifying indeed. English home cooking compares favorably with any it has been the writer's privilege to sample. The people in England eat more frequently than we do in Canada. Usually they have breakfast first thing in the morning, lunch midway between that and noon, dinner at midday, tea at about four or five o'clock in the afternoon, and finally supper at seven or eight o'clock at night. This was fine after one got used to it, but it was rather hard to regulate for the first few days. Most of the men of the village work on the surrounding lands. It was amusing to see the farmers drawing in their crop of hay with a one-horse cart. And some of them still retain the custom of cutting their wheat with a scythe, binding it into sheaves with bands of straw. Their life, however, is quiet, peaceful and well ordered. They are not in such a rush as we are in Western Canada, and one cannot but feel that they are getting more of real value out of living. The sweet home feeling, the settled repose of quiet affection is, after all, the parent of life's steadfast virtues and purest enjoyments.

“That western isle hath long been famed for scenes
Where bliss domestic finds a dwelling place;
Domestic bliss, that like a harmless dove,
(Honor and sweet endearment keeping guard)
Can centre in a quiet little nest,
All that desire would fly for through the earth;
That can, the world eluding, be itself
A world enjoyed; that wants no witnesses
But its own sharers, and approving heaven;
That, like a flower deep hid in rocky cleft,
Smiles, though 'tis only looking at the sky.”

THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE KINGDOM

VICTOR COEN '16

When from seven to eight thousand people assemble in a single vast hall to give serious consideration to a proposition, it is to be expected that something will happen. And when this vast assembly consists largely of young men and young women, whose wills are plastic and ready for the mould of biggest opportunity, and whose intellectual and physical vigor is eager for the greatest expression, it is likely that the world will hear about it. But when, at this assembly, men of big deeds succeed in transmitting over the bridge of their words, into the souls of these thousands of students, the dynamic of the living God, transforming or vitalizing their life plans, imbuing them with the spirit of prayer and sacrifice, sacrifice even to death, then the problem faced by this assembly is in a fair way of being solved. The proposition confronting the Kansas City Convention was worthy of the power there represented. Nothing less than the bringing in of better conditions over the face of the whole world at this time, that was the task deliberately faced and accepted. Kansas City Convention proclaimed as its purpose the establishment of the Kingdom of God over the earth, in this generation, through the instrumentality of the best of the young manhood and young womanhood of the world.

The task is not boastfully undertaken: that is shown by past achievement. Twenty-seven years ago the Student Volunteer Movement, which this Convention represented, consisted of five students possessed with an idea. Today between seven and eight hundred institutions are vitally connected with the movement; \$220,000 was subscribed last year by colleges alone, and 6,000 young men and young women have already sailed to foreign lands to proclaim to the millions sunk in ignorance, superstition, debauchery, disease and despair, the love of a God who cares, who will forgive, who will raise to the fullness of life that is found in being linked up with the eternal. These young men and women represent every variety of denomination, every phase of belief: but with magnanimous tolerance they feel a common impulse, and work shoulder to shoulder on common ground towards a common goal. Vast work has been accomplished: it can be but hinted at here. In Russia, where fifteen years ago there was no access to students, secret meetings being held in dead of night, under fear of discovery and imprisonment, now monster meetings are held, eager enquiries pour in, and every university has its Bible Study Circle.

The same applies to Turkey. In Japan recently vast crowds listened to Dr. Mott for four hours, every sentence being given through an interpreter. In India no less than four million people have been found willing to break loose from the bonds of the old idea, and accept the freedom and life of the new; and in Korea sixty thousand people last year yielded to the thirst of their souls for a higher conception of God, and decided to live the loftiest life.

The work accomplished is gigantic: but the work yet to be done is greater a thousandfold. The whole world is the field. It is this world that confronts us, as active men. Our immediate concern is no distant and different Kingdom, but the establishment of the Kingdom here. Every man and woman in the world is yearning for something: it is the absolute satisfaction of the Kingdom for which they long, and the voice that declares the truth and nearness of that Kingdom penetrates the sternest mask of evil with unquestioned authority.

Just as this world confronts us, so does this time. Without awaiting the supernatural, we must become conscious of the work and glory of God in ourselves. The mighty changes in China, the awakening in India, the impact of Western civilization in Africa, have rendered the flow of human activity plastic. At this time only have we the opportunity of seeing that it settles into the right mould.

The task itself is both an individual and a social task. Men must be brought into harmony with God's will, thus being made conscious of, and eager for, the beauty, the gladness and the peace of the Kingdom of which they are now, and always will be, a part. It is also a social task. The individual seems almost powerless in face of the mighty social forces and influences. Children are born into an environment that clogs any attempt at progress. Fresh ruins crash down faster than old ones can be rebuilt. The task is hard. It is big work calling for big men.

But no idea less than this must satisfy. No faith less than this must be held. God is not willing that one of His creatures should suffer. The Kingdom here and always is a living idea for Him. It must be for us; for "the incarnation of an idea causes a revolution." The Student Volunteer Movement was once but an idea: but the men had faith in God, and He never disappoints. They gave their money, their prayers, their lives, and their idea became fact. We have the same prerogative. Let us see to it that we have a part in the establishment of the Kingdom.

A LETTER FROM INDIA

Waltair, R.S., India,
1-2-14.

Dear "Quill" Editor:

On remembrance of your request for a letter from me after settling in the Orient, I shall now describe a few of the more important habits and customs of this great nation as they appeal to me at first sight.

Apart from the influence of Christianity, I do not know how to account for the fact that the women of our Christian countries are on so much higher a plane of life than their sisters in idolatrous India. Anyway, the condition of the masses of the women here is appalling. The women are considered as mere burden-bearers and in general are treated shamefully. Let me illustrate by what I have seen many times already. Recently there was some building work being done on our bungalow, and several natives (coolies they are called here) were employed to help the masons. The stones had to be carried some distance; so the masons sent a few of the coolies to attend to that part of the work. What do you think I saw them do? Two of the coolies were men and three were women, and the two big strong fellows calmly stood up at the stone pile, and picking out stones as heavy as they could lift, placed them on the heads of the women. Then they sat down to smoke and chat until the women returned for another load. On one occasion I saw the younger girl bearing a huge stone on her head, while every muscle was tense under the terrible strain. As she climbed a small incline, I saw her totter and almost lose the splendid balance which these women seem to acquire. I couldn't help boiling with rage at what seemed to me to be such an inhuman way of doing things, and although I knew only a few words of Telugu I went to those men and told them that they must give only chinna rallu (small stones) to the women and must themselves carry the big ones on a yoke. Whether or not they understood the combination of Telugu and Scottish wrathful expressions I cannot say, but at any rate I saw no more of the grievance. Of course I am aware that these and other similar actions have been the custom of the country for centuries; but I can assure you that it "jars" somewhat on one's feelings of fairness when the husband will walk along the road entirely burdenless, while his poor little fragile looking wife is lumbering along behind with a load that an ordinary Canadian man would never think of lifting.

Another peculiarly strange and disgusting feature of life

here is seen in connection with the water tanks. There is such a tank about half a mile from here. It is simply a hollow that gets filled with rain-water during the rainy season. The cart oxen go into this water quite freely and bathe themselves. The people from the native villages around, as also the nine hundred prisoners in the district jail here, do likewise. At the same time the people wash their clothes by beating them on the stones which jut out of the water. This is the customary method of washing clothes, and I can assure you that not even Canadian materials can stand such usage. Now the disgusting part of the business is this: this tank happens to be sacred to one of the Hindu gods, and the poor deluded people think that if they drink this water they will be cleansed of their sins. I have actually seen them bathe and wash their clothes and then sanctimoniously go back and take a drink of the filthy and polluted liquid. Can you wonder that disease is so prevalent?

Rose (probably I ought to say Mrs. Gordon—I do, you know, to ordinary people—and I are busy with the study of Telugu. We put in between seven and nine hours a day, and, according to reports, we are keeping up to the standard of Clark Hall and Brandon College students. There are certainly great difficulties attached to the acquirement of the proper accent. For instance, *guchdhu* means a blow, while *guddu* means an egg; so that in asking for an egg, one has to be careful that he doesn't get a blow. We are struggling along, however, using what words we can wherever we can. In fact, we practise a little on the Telugu Christians every meeting we attend by quoting a text, asking a question, or giving a sentence testimony, and in general our efforts are well appreciated and commended.

Among the missionaries out here there is a growing feeling that Sanscrit should be put on our university curriculums as an optional language, perhaps in place of Hebrew. To know something of this fundamental language of the Aryan tongues would be of incalculable value for intending missionaries to India—and I trust that of these there will be not a few. I think, Mr. Editor, that through the medium of your paper you might be able to introduce this matter to the attention of students in general. I understand that in some southern universities it is already in vogue.

Besides my study, I have to conduct the English services here. And last week I was asked to become a teacher of a Bible class in the High School. In all the classes which it has been my privilege to attend I have never met the equal of these twenty or thirty young fellows for asking questions and picking up a thread on which to found a discussion. It takes the

strictest discipline in the way of parliamentary ruling in order to prevent the meetings from becoming a confused babble. The teacher that preceded me was able to cover only the first four chapters of Genesis in six months. I want to briefly scan the rest of the Old Testament before the end of April. I want them to see just now the outline rather than the detail. Two of these classes are Christian, the others are Hindus. Without a thought of formalism or cant, let me ask every Christian reader to bear me up in this work before God, and to pray often for both of us in our various tasks in this great field of need and opportunity.

We wish all our fellow students at Brandon every possible success in the approaching exams.

Your very sincerely,

ROSE AND ARCHIE GORDON.



ENVIRONMENT

VICTOR COEN '16

*By day I roam through lanes once new, now old,
 With shade and sunshine scattered oe'r the ground;
 My heart leaps high when beauties thus unfold:
 Yet yearnings deep within cast gloom around.*

*By night, through latticed branches arched above,
 Stars gleam from out the velvet depths of sky;
 My heart o'erflows; my soul is strained by love,
 For thoughts go back to paths long lost, yet nigh.*

THE COMING CANADIAN

CORDAY B. MACKAY, MATRIC.

In Canada today the problem of the immigrant, the coming Canadian, is with us. It is reported that over 600,000 non-English speaking foreigners have entered Canada in the last fifteen years, and more and more are coming each year. These people are of every country and religion. Their tendency is to settle in small colonies, reproducing their homeland till some parts of Canada are a picturesque patchwork of European nationalities. But beneath the picturesqueness lurks a grave danger—the danger of Canada becoming a “house divided against itself,” a mixture of nationalities instead of one nation.

Along with the immigrant problem, then, is the still graver one of assimilation. It is not now: How is Canada to settle her lands? but, How is she to assimilate the people coming to her? In the past we have been interested only in obtaining these immigrants. The country needed settlers. But now the settlers need something more than land. They need to be remoulded and educated so that they will in the future be worthy citizens and voters.

Let us look first for the sources of danger to our national life among those coming into Canada today, with their prejudices and hatreds. From Russia are coming many classes. The Jews and the Doukhobors, for instance, both persecuted and oppressed because of their religions, till their hand is, in turn, against all other religions. They have taken Canada merely as a refuge, nothing more, and their attitude is one of sullen suspicion. We, in our turn, stand aloof from them; and so the social unrest of Europe is being transplanted into Canada. It remains with us, then, to make of them and their children what we could wish the future citizens of Canada to be.

These are some of the dangers they are bringing us, but we must not forget that they also bring some special national gifts which God has given them. In the past each nation has contributed something to civilization, to the working out of God's plan, and the same is true of the nations of today. Many of the people coming to us are greatly gifted. They are musical, poetical, imaginative, and intensely loyal to any cause they support. We should make the most of these national gifts to enrich Canadian national life.

Now let us turn for a time to our heritage and what we can give of it to our coming Canadians. First of all, I suppose, is this great, beautiful land in which we live—our Canada. Unless we have been so fortunate as to have travelled across it, it is hard to realize what a really immense country it is. A great

deal of it is now settled and prosperous, but there is still that land of great possibilities, the new north. Not a land of darkness and ice, but a land of mighty forests, plains and streams. Looking into the future we see that immense country filled with cities and prosperous people. This will be made possible by the rich, natural products of forest, mine and soil. This land is patiently awaiting occupants, guarding its treasures for their future use.

Then there is the heritage our ancestors have gained for us. The Anglo-Saxon worth of character combined with the gift of the nations in past history. The religion of the Hebrews; the Greek classical learning; the Roman law and discipline—these have all gone to make our western civilization what it is today. Out of these have grown our religious freedom and our advance in the industrial and political world. Can we not share some of this great heritage with our less fortunate brothers?

Ignorance is as great a danger to our Dominion as dissipation or idleness, and so the new comers should have the English language taught them as soon as possible after entering the country. The government, so far, has taken no steps along this line. The work has been left to churches and such religious institutions as have recognized the need.

In such cities as, for example, Toronto, Winnipeg and Calgary, schools for this purpose have been opened and very satisfactory work is being done. The foreigners are anxious and quick to learn. It should not be hard, if we are good teachers, to make of these adaptable aliens a future race of strong, intelligent people. It is only by being raised up and educated above the working class standard that they will do their best for Canada. By this means their children will some day be filling our schools and universities, coming out not only gifted but educated men and women. The gifts are there. They need only to be developed.

And we, if we wish to raise their social and moral standards, must look more closely into our own home and national life. We must eradicate all the evils for which we alone are responsible.

It is only by giving of our best that we can expect them to make any return; it is only by co-operation that the best result will be obtained, in this case the best Canadian citizen. Individual effort is, after all, the thing that counts, and all who are Canadian patriots, upholders of Canada in any way, will surely strive for the realization of this dream of the coming Canadian. At present it may be nothing more than a dream, but if these dangers are overcome and if we can preserve for future Canadians our heritage and theirs, then some day this dream will be realized.

"BEPPE" :**A STORY OF STORM AND SUN**

A. H. PULLEN, MATRIC.

Outside the sunbeams are fleeing rapidly over the prairie, pursued by the shadows of threatening clouds. In the farm-yard the hens are hastening to shelter under the wagon. Mrs. B. is hastily taking in the white garments that hang on the clothes line. Mr. B. is kicking the soil off his ploughshare and glancing anxiously from the coming storm clouds to his fast ripening crops. The crows rise clamorously from the summer-fallow he is working to seek the shelter of a neighboring thicket.

The earth is hushed. Large drops begin to fall. The rain quickens, pounds on the roof and then, settling down to a steady pour, washes away the spider-webs from the gutter-spouts.

How sweet the scent of moistened earth! How gentle the movement of the great burdock leaves as they bend under the falling raindrops and pass them down to the thirsty soil beneath!

To me the Spirit of Meditation dwells in the rain. Amid the subtle odors of a newly washed world, he comes in at my window, nothing daunted by the fly-screen. The spirit sits on my bed, opposite me, and though I can see the patchwork quilt through him, I do not notice it.

"My wings are strong," says he, "whither away?"

"Take me where you took me last Sunday morning in church," I answer, closing my eyes, for I am well acquainted with the Spirit of Meditation.

My request is granted and I find myself seated on the wall of an old bridge. It is the very bridge on which I often sat last summer when I spent my holiday in the Appennines. The same mountains tower on either side of the ravine. The same white marble quarries glisten in the sun. The same village sleeps serenely on the mountain side among the rivers and

olives, and—yes!—it is the same old man coming towards me, who talked with me for many an hour on that old stone bridge last summer.

He approaches slowly and sits down beside me. Neither of us speak for a few minutes. Then he says in a cracked voice:

“Ten years ago today she died.”

“Who?” I question.

“Beppa,” he replies.

“Beppa? Who was she? Tell me about her,” I ask, tempting him to tell the story he loves to narrate.

So he began:

“Per Bacco, Signore, if you are willing to listen to an old man’s story you shall hear it.

“Beppa was the first thing I remember. Her parents were carried off by the cholera in the early sixties, and then she came and lived with her aunt la Signora Cartei. We grew up together. I worked in the quarries from early boyhood. She used to come as far as this old bridge to meet me every evening when I returned from work. For twelve years we knew the happiness that dwells only where love and purity abide.

“Then he came. The doctors said he needed a rest and he must needs come all the way to Italy to get it. One day he was advised to get up among the Appennines and Fate sent him to Garruciuolo.

“We met him as we were returning home one evening. He was alighting from the diligence at Gian Cartei’s house. Gian and his wife were carrying his things indoors. He sat on the stone seat outside. ’Twas then as we passed by that he turned those sickening grey eyes of his upon her, concealing none of his admiration for her pretty face and neat figure. I saw the blood surge to her cheeks as we passed on. That glance was meant for her alone, but it pierced my heart.

“And then he spoke to her. She was drawing water at the fountain when he came by. He wanted to sketch her as she stood there with her pitcher. It seemed to flatter her, though God knows she was not easily flattered. He talked to her—talked of the cursed America whence he came; talked to her in his broken Italian of the great cities and all the glittering life within them, till she grew fascinated with him and seemed blind to the impertinence of his advances.

“That night I waited long at the bridge, but no Beppa came. ‘She is late,’ I said, ‘but she will come.’ But no. I was told after that they had sat together all the evening in the ‘aia’ beneath the ‘pergola,’ talking in gentle tones and every now and then singing soft snatches from ‘La Tosca.’

“But a ray of hope came to me one day when I heard that he was going away. Perhaps she would give back her heart to the

playmate of her childhood days. His trunks were gone. He himself would leave that evening. 'She will meet me once more at the bridge tonight,' I said, 'and all will be well.' But she did not come. I went to her home, but she would not speak to me. Curse his grey eyes! They had bewitched her.

"He went away, but at night when all was still he crept back and took her away. When in the morning they found her gone, they came straight to me. Ah! *they* know how much I loved her. I knelt before the holy picture in my room and swore by Mary's flaming heart to bring her back.

"They had gone to Livorno, but on reaching there I heard they had sailed for Genova. I followed, but in vain;—the day they arrived there they boarded a steamer for New York. So I lost her.

"Sick at heart I came back to Garruciuolo. Forget? How could I forget! Every night at this old bridge I strained my eyes down the mulepath towards the setting sun, but she never came. Then the 'feste' came round, but I would dance and sing with none but her.

" 'His heart will break,' they said.

"Could they not see my heart was broken at the first shock of her departure? Could they not see that naught but her return could make it whole again?

"Five long years passed slowly by and still no news of her. What news could I expect? Who would come from that great outside wilderness of a world to bring me word of her?

"But someone did come. Lorenzo Neri came. He had been away in London two years selling 'cipolle,' and he had seen her there. It was in a great theatre, he said, and she sang with the American in a blaze of light, and the vast crowd applauded till the building shook. It was rumored that she was very unhappy because he wanted her to marry him and retire from the stage.

"That was enough for me. Old Father Leone who had christened both her and me, put money in my hands and in three days I was there. What an awful place that London! The automobiles, the carriages, and the people—millions of them! It was raining when I arrived and myriad lights of all colors flashed and streaked the wet streets. Reaching Leicester Square (I think that was the name) I entered the theatre. The crowd were clapping in a deafening manner. She had just sung, and they wanted her to reappear. She again stepped from the wings, Beppa! My own little playmate! My beautiful sweetheart who once had loved me among the vines and cypresses of Garruciuolo, there, in that blaze of light, with arms and neck bared to the public. I cried out, but there was so much noise that no one heard me. She sang once more, was

applauded as before, and again reappeared. I could bear it no longer. I flew down the stairs from the gallery out of the great doors into the crowded square. Instinct seemed to guide me to the stage entrance.

"Presently she came out to take her seat in the huge automobile which throbbed at the curb. He followed her. Then I ran forward with but one word: 'Beppa!' She stopped like one dazed and dropped the large bouquet she was carrying. I caught her wrist. He tried to interfere. But I was quicker than he. 'Beppa!' I cried. 'do you not know me?' She seemed as if she would fall, but he caught her and supported her to the waiting car.

"She was about to step in and for one awful moment I thought I had lost her again. But she turned to him:

"'Mr. Monteagle, I wish that man to come with us to the hotel,' she said, very firmly and with her Italian accent.

"I clambered in among the cushions. On arriving at the hotel we went up to her private sitting room. So far she had not spoken a word to me.

"'What do you want?' she said in Italian as she faced me.

"I looked at him, in his fine clothes. I looked at the gorgeous room, at the gold-framed mirrors and the splendid carpets, and so smiled as I said:

"'Beppa, I want you to come back to Garruciuolo—with me.' And then, seeing that he was about to interrupt, I poured out my soul to her:

"'I want you, Beppa! He has had you for five years, and tell me, has he made you happy? What has he given you? Beppa, the vines around your home are whispering "Beppa—Beppa!" The stream beneath the bridge is calling you. Father Leone sits on the old marble seat under the cypresses murmuring your name. The sunlight longs to kiss your hair. The breezes long to play in it. Won't you come?"

"She came! He cursed and threatened, he fumed and swore; but what mattered it? Love wins and the Virgin is good.

"Quietly we stole back to Garruciuolo as it nestled in the morning sun among the vines and olives of the Carrara waiting to welcome back its wandering daughter. That was years ago now, and I pray the buon Dio that I may soon be laid to rest beside her among the peaceful olives on the hillside."

As the story fades the mountains fade too, and I look out on to the broad prairie. The rain has ceased as all rains must, and the sunlight first shining on a distant field of golden wheat, looking doubly bright against the retreating dark clouds, moves over the landscape till all is again clothed in golden

evening radiance. The hens come out from beneath the wagon. Mr. B's. bright ploughshare again turns up the damp sod behind the willing team. And it is such a beautiful evening and promises so fine a morrow that Mrs. B., as she reappears with her wash-basket, says she will leave her linen out all night.



THE VOICE OF GOD

CHAS. E. ADEY '17

*A soul o'erburdened with the cares of life,
A dusty traveller on life's thorny road,
Sees but the dust, feels but the stinging tares,
And passes onward toward Death's dark abode.*

*A lark up-springing to the sunlit sky,
Awakes earth's echoes with its blithesome lay
At once, lo, how the faint heart leaps anew,
How cool, how fresh, how gladsome is the way!*



No true and permanent fame can be founded, except in labors which promote the happiness of mankind.

—Charles Sumner.

Brandon College Quill

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EASTER

Easter time is here once more, and we wish to follow the good old custom of extending to all our readers our joyous Easter greetings. This is the season of the year when all nature is awakening to newness of life. Let us hope that while the world without is being clothed in living freshness and beauty there may be also a corresponding change in the world within. May we each feel in our hearts new impulses and new aspirations, and may we strive to retain the hopefulness and gladness and joy of the Easter spirit as a permanent experience in our lives.

THE PASSING OF A GREAT MAN

Since our last number, our Dominion, and indeed the Empire as a whole, has suffered a great loss in the death of one who has been characterized as "the greatest of Canadians." It is unnecessary to refer to the outstanding facts and events in the life of Lord Strathcona. His name has long been a household word with true Canadians. We feel, however, that it is only fitting that we pay a passing tribute to the memory of one who achieved real and lasting greatness, not by reason of any advantage of birth or station, but by the maintenance of high and noble ideals, and the doing of every duty willingly, conscientiously, and well. Lord Strathcona was indeed a grand old man, and his death has created a void in our national life that will be difficult to fill.

COLLEGE LOYALTY

In these days, when so much is said and written in praise of college loyalty, it may be interesting to consider the views recently expressed in the columns of *The Nation*: "The reasons why a man should have a feeling of gratitude, or even devotion, to his college are so plain that they do not need to be stated. To put it on the lowest ground, he is a beneficiary of the institution in which he was educated. What he got was furnished to him at less than cost. The opportunities which he enjoyed represented charity, and possibly sacrifice, on the part of those who endowed his college; or else a free gift from the State. To be insensible to all this would argue him an ingrate. It is no particular credit to a graduate to be what is called 'loyal' to his Alma Mater. The virtue, if it be a virtue at all, belongs to the negative class. To display it is no merit, though to be without it would be a disgrace.

"In a true and just sense, also, a college man should cherish grateful remembrance of his teachers. They did their best for him ungrudgingly, often, as he is compelled to admit on later reflection, having to work on most unpromising and refractory material. In opening his mind and enlightening his ignorance, they did him as great a service as seldom falls to one man to bestow upon another. Not to have a proper sentiment in return for all this would be most unworthy. Something of this must have been in Herder's mind when he said that the scholar who attacks his teacher 'bears Nemesis on his back and the sign of reprobation on his forehead.' All right-minded college men agree to that. And in this and many other significations of the word 'loyalty' that might be mentioned, they fully concede and act upon their duty to be loyal to their college."

EXIMUS

The preparation of the next number of "The Quill" will be in charge of the graduating classes in Arts and Theology. This means that the present number will be the last to come out under the management of the present staff. In laying aside the duties of the editorial position we would like to say something in regard to our experience in connection with "The Quill."

During the past two years it has been our aim to make "The Quill" stand as a representative college magazine, and especially as a true reflection of the life of our own college. We freely confess that in many ways we have failed to realize our ideals. We hope, however, that to a great extent at least our mistakes will be attributed to inexperience. On the other hand, whatever success has been achieved has been made possible by the ability and efficiency of our co-workers. While we gratefully acknowledge the aid and encouragement received from both the members of the faculty and the student body as a whole, we feel that special mention should be made of those who have been regular members of our staff. Their loyalty and willingness have done much towards making the editor's work a real pleasure, and we deeply appreciate the spirit of hearty co-operation which has been so much in evidence.

We wish also to express our confidence in the newly elected staff for 1914-15. We feel that the work is falling into worthy and capable hands, and that the prospects are indeed bright for the future of "The Quill."



COLLEGE GOSSIP

P. DUNCAN '15.

*"Pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, the bloom is shed.
Or like a snowflake on the river,
One moment white, then gone for ever."*

With a deep sigh "It's all over," the snowshoes are stowed away, the toboggans hung up, and the skates greased for the summer. But what are winter pastimes compared to the coming of Spring? To see the boys stroll along the campus and down the street for after-dinner walks, like valiant members of the anti-hat league, sends a thrill of joy through the most despondent. To see the baseball flying across the lawn instead of the snowball is a solid comfort to all non-resident students. The twitter of the birds in the trees or at the window-sill, the tinge of fresh green appearing in the lawn, with the crocuses peeping through, seems to make the most unemotional a Shelly, a Wordsworth, or even a Burns.

But is there no cloud in this Spring sky? Take a walk through the corridors about eleven-thirty p.m. Note that in nearly every Arts or Theological student's room a light is burning. If you could have seen the occupants about an hour before you would have seen a little tea or bovril party of two. Some have even resorted to bottled tonics, so determined are they to be nourished for approaching exams.

In a few weeks all the students will be scattered. Some will not return in the Fall. We wish our graduates the very best kind of success in whatever realm of activity they find themselves. To those who do not graduate we extend hearty wishes for a most restful summer, and a fresh return in the Fall.



A NEW ORGANIZATION.

In spite of the fact that the term is drawing to a close, organization still goes on among our students. The "Chewing Gum Club" has been formed with the following dignified officers: President, P. Underwood; Vice-President, H. Widen; Secretary-Treasurer, Fitzgerald; Convener of Social Committee, W. Robinson. The club meets for practice at no special time, but may gather in a cluster in the hall, or if this is inconvenient, individual practice may be proceeded with in class room. Combination is comparatively easy after acquiring the art. Any student dreading lockjaw should apply for membership.

DRAMATIC RECITAL.



As a rule the announcement of a dramatic recital is received with a great deal of kindly forbearance—and little else. The mention of a reader, or a “reciter,” as we used to say, connotes so much that is artificial and conventional, so little that is natural and genuine. But those who heard Miss Evelyn Vrooman in *The Master Builder* at the Collegiate Auditorium have something more to say than the nicely modulated words of encouragement that are always spoken when someone has made a public effort. This paragraph does not aim to be a report of that very successful appearance of Miss Vrooman. That has been

adequately covered by the daily papers of the city. But the readers of “The Quill” appreciate the important contribution which she has made to the literary life of the college this year in her interpretive reading of a modern masterpiece, and we wish to express that appreciation. Her sympathetic insight into the characters, the subtlety of her transitions, the effective use of a splendid voice that was never unnatural, and the poise and reserve with which she acted are features of her work that will never be unappreciated.

Miss Vrooman has plenty of native ability and a great deal of what critics sometimes call temperament. But with this she combines a careful training in voice and manner, and these are the elements which, we believe, are essentials in her art.



AN APPRECIATION.

The men of Brandon College beg to thank the ladies of Clark Hall for the excellent entertainment tendered to them at the “Girls’ Lit.” on Friday, March 13th. The boys, however, are not accustomed to finding their way in ladies’ gatherings, and ushers would be advisable on such special occasions. Messrs. Parkinson and McNeil, for example, looked quite out of place.

LITERARY SOCIETY.

The regular meetings of the "Lit." have been highly successful this year, not only from the standpoint of entertainment but from that of instruction. A most interesting paper on "Sculpture," given by Miss Evans at the first meeting held under the new regime, deserves special mention.

One of the most pleasing features of the programmes has been the re-appearance of our college orchestra. We all greatly appreciate the work of the leader and of the individual members, and hope that they will consent to favor us at many future meetings.

A most successful skating party was held Jan. 14 at the Caledonian Rink, and although Jack Frost was abroad with a vengeance, a large representation of the members of the society attended. After skating ten bands the company returned to the college where, together with the non-skaters, for whom other entertainment had been provided, a merry half-hour was spent enjoying refreshments. The National Anthem and the usual yells brought the evening to a close.



"IF THE HAT FITS, WEAR IT."

I don't want to persecute Art,
But I think if some girls did their part
They'd get busy and close
Half their ambitious young beaus,
And forbid any more to start.



A MUSICAL TREAT.

Clara Butt's concert was certainly appreciated by our boys. It is a long time since students were heard to express so many complimentary remarks concerning a musician of any kind. Many of our unmovables were moved. Even Radley confessed that he was not bored. Underwood said it was a "hum dinger." Vincent thought it sounded glorious from the back. Widen was lifted even higher than himself; while Robinson chuckled and said, "And all for a dollar!"

By the way, we hope the next concert that comes along will announce their special rate to students before the day of the event. This would prevent considerable remorse now being experienced by bankrupt students.



COMPARISON.

Here is a little food for the Law Frat. now being passed around the halls: A really progressive lawyer should get *on*, *honor*, *honest*!

Y. M. C. A.

The Universal Day of Prayer for Students was observed on Sunday, Feb. 22nd. In the morning, the Y.M.C.A. and the Y.W.C.A. held a union prayer meeting in the chapel, which was well attended. At 3 p.m., a mass meeting of the students of the city and their friends was held in St. Paul's Presbyterian church, when the Rev. W. A. Cameron, Toronto, delivered a powerful address on "The Conquest of the World Within and the World Without." Miss Nellie Harkness and the College Quartette rendered special music and a large choir composed of students led the singing.

Following the day of prayer, the Rev. Mr. Cameron, who had come to Brandon at the request of the executive of the Y.M.C.A., conducted a series of chapel services for students. To these services the students turned out in goodly numbers, attracted by the messages, which were beautiful, lofty, appealing and inspiring. Mr. Cameron's visit has been very highly appreciated. His words and his earnestness have left a deep impression on the whole student body, and to some there has come a new outlook upon life, to which has been added a new life-purpose.



BANQUET TO OUR GRADUATES.

"The best graduation banquet we ever had!" "Weren't the speeches fine?" "Mr. Knox spoke only three minutes, and you know he is Scotch." "Wasn't Peggy sweet?" These and many similar remarks were heard as a happy crowd of students, teachers and friends dispersed at the close of the tenth annual graduation banquet on Friday, March 6th.

About one hundred guests were present in the college dining room, which was tastefully decorated in silver and blue, the class '14 colors. The dinner began at seven-thirty and was preceded by a reception in Clark Hall. President Whidden and Miss Whiteside received on behalf of the faculty, and Miss Kathleen Johnson and Mr. H. C. Harris on behalf of the graduating classes. Miss Johnson wore a dainty white dress, as did also our other lady graduates, Miss Reid and Miss Bucke, and each carried lovely bouquets of American Beauty roses.

We are more than pleased with the work of the banquet committee this year; we could not have done better ourselves. We especially commend them for their excellent organization.

We cannot begin to describe the speeches! Surely such eloquence, such clever sallies and bright retorts were never before heard within our halls. Philip Duncan of Class '15 proposed the toast to the graduates, and showed that he was not unaware of both the strength and weaknesses of our guests. He

particularly commended our friend Mr. Underwood for the advances he has lately made along musical lines. Miss Bucke, Mr. Knox and Mr. Moffat responded to the toast. Peggy's speech was——well, it was just like Peggy. Mr. Knox's speech was undoubtedly the wittiest of the evening, and yet it had its serious side. He expressed the hope that the graduates would take the college faculty as their pattern and do the work which lay before them cheerfully, earnestly and sincerely. Mr. Moffat referred to the influence of an Arts education in changing a man's outlook on life. Jim feels there are still a few things he may learn and that he would have been unwise had he limited himself to his one-time highest ambitions of getting through matriculation.

The other speeches were all short, pithy, humorous and enjoyable. It was an especial pleasure to have our mayor with us, and we thank Mr. Hughes for his encouraging address and kind wishes. We, too, have every confidence both in our city and in our college.

The musical selections were highly appreciated. Miss Esther Moore gave an excellent rendering of Fred Cowan's "Snowflakes," and Professor Durkin was heard to advantage in Guiseppe Giordani's "Dear One, Thy Smile."

From first to last the affair went with a swing, and the monotony and dullness which pervade almost all banquets were conspicuous by their absence.



Prof. New: "The Americans are the reformers of the world. Now can you name any Englishman who endeavored to raise legislation to a higher plane?"

Leary: "Yes, sir: Guy Fawkes."



HEALTH!

An eminent physician has said that the secret of health is in eating green onions. But Kahlo, Radley, Pōund, Rutherford, Deans, H. McKee and Rathwell are blest if they can see how it can be kept secret.



A NIGHT WITH BURNS.

It was indeed fortunate that Rev. W. A. Cameron did not return to the East until he gave his famous lecture on Burns. The students who were privileged to be present on Saturday evening, March 1st, were delighted, and since have a new conception of the character of Burns and his power as a poet and ballad writer. A great number of the Englishmen present that night never realized before that the songs of Burns had won many a Waterloo, by inspiring true patriotism into the hearts of

the descendants of the victors at Bannockburn. Even the Irishmen now believe that it might be more becoming for them and beneficial to the world in general if they would turn their eyes heavenward instead of dropping a greasy copper into the collection plate.

A few more such lectures during the winter might prove quite edifying.



A DISSOLUTION!

On Wednesday, 11th of March, the mock parliament of Brandon College met for the last time for this year. Since the Liberal government took office there has been little business done. There must be something wrong with the party or parties when they have handed over to them an organization "buzzing" with enthusiasm, then in a week or two to let it dissolve in a lukewarm solvent. Yet many have benefited from the meetings of the parliament, and it is hoped that next fall it will be reorganized with competent leaders of parties as a committee who will be willing to assume the responsibility of seeing the work carried through.



SKATING PARTY.

On January 24th Mr. Gordon Herbert entertained the Arts classes at a very enjoyable skating party at the Caledonian rink. After the tenth band the party repaired to the home of Mr. and Mrs. D. Herbert, 208 Princess avenue, where a dainty buffet luncheon was served. After this a pleasant hour was spent in song and conversation. The evening was brought to a close by the singing of "Auld Lang Syne" and the giving of the Arts and College yells.



COLLEGE PERSONALS.

Bill Deans was arrested at midnight one Monday and immersed in a vessel of icy cold water for breach of contract.

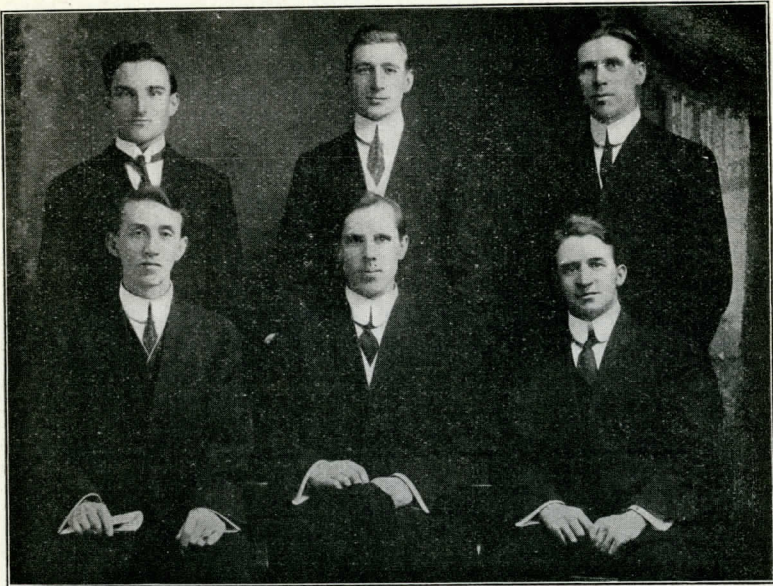
Dave Winton in attempting to rescue Clare Connor found himself violently thrust into the bath tub.

Douglas Campbell was home on a visit to Portage, but only for a week-end. He is finding more attraction in Brandon.

Elijah Pound was visiting for a few days. Turn about is fair play. Any supply work in the vicinity of Oak Lake affectionately accepted by Mr. Pound.

A member of the class '15 has been promoted to the professorial staff. Axel Carlson has been teaching Swedish. Carey McKee '14 and V. Coen of '16 are also professorial aspirants.

Henry Widen has been stretching his full length these days, but the ice is nearly all gone now.



C. G. STONE
E. H. J. VINCENT

J. MITCHELL
O. U. CHAPMAN

A. CARLSON
F. A. McNULTY

EVANGELISTIC BAND.

The Brandon College Evangelistic Band is an organization of students banded together for the purpose of conducting services in the churches of the surrounding community. Since its organization last October, week-end campaigns have been held in Austin, Broadview, Gladstone, Strathclair, Moosomin, Brandon (Emmanuel), and Dauphin. These services have been very successful, and the members of the band have met and talked with about one hundred and fifty seekers after the higher life. The male quartette and the tenor soloist, Mr. Chas. Stone, have proved to be strong attractions in the work of the Band.



H. C. Harris: "Do you believe in long engagements, Pound?"

Pound: "Why, of course! The longer a man is engaged the less time he has to be married."



Messrs. Rathwell and MacKay are contemplating partnership in a "greens" store. One is said to be specializing in olives the other in violets.

A WARNING.

The Resident Master one evening last week threatened the men in residence with regular after dinner lectures (as of yore) if there was not a change in the general behavior of the men. It is surprising to note the change!

OUR TEAMS.

Three teams from Brandon College left here for Winnipeg on March 13th: Debating team, basket-ball team, and tandem team of matrimonial aspirants. What an applause there was in chapel the other morning when the President announced that our teams had returned covered with glory, and one with dust!

DEBATING NEWS.

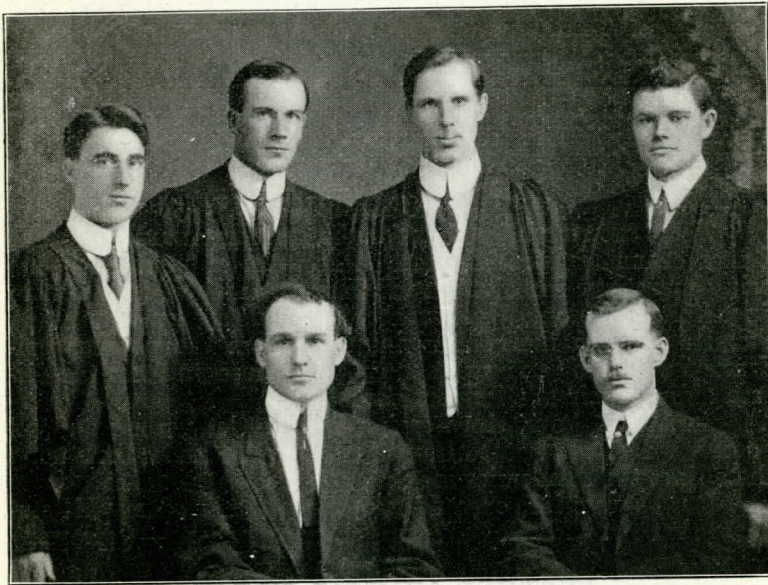
One comic and two scheduled debates have been held under the regime of the new executive. "Resolved that matrimonial entanglements are detrimental to college students" was debated by P. Duncan '15 and V. Coen '16 affirmative and A. J. Radley '14 and W. Rathwell '15 negative. In spite of the fact that the affirmative painted some very vivid pictures of entanglements, yet they failed to convince the judges (who were bachelors) that matrimonial entanglements were detrimental to the student. Much to the comfort of various entangled students the negative won. The first debate for the banner was between Senior Arts and Academics on the subject, "Resolved that Canadian railways should be nationalized." H. Hughes '15 and W. Robinson '15 supported the affirmative, while A. H. Pullen and S. H. Rowell, Matric., upheld the negative. The decision was given in favor of the affirmative. The second debate took place between Junior Arts and Theology on "Resolved that the Separate Schools are in the best interests of Manitoba." Affirmative was supported by T. B. McMillan '16 and C. M. McIntyre '17, the negative by T. H. Harris, B.A., and T. J. Noble of Theology. The judges decided in favor of Junior Arts. The third and final debate for the year will take place between Senior and Junior Arts for the championship of the college.

INTERCOLLEGIATE DEBATES.

Among the really pleasant developments in the life of Brandon College this season has been the new departure taken by the progressive president of our debating society. To Mr. Rutherford credit is due for having established what promises to be one of the very big features of college life here in the future—intercollegiate debates.

Two debates were held this year between the United Colleges of Winnipeg and Brandon College in which the two insti-

tutions were equal sharers in the honors. The first debate was held in Brandon on Friday evening, February 13th. The city hall was well filled and the keenest interest was evinced throughout. Messrs. Bompas and MacPherson of United College supported the affirmative of the subject: "Resolved that the Trust form of organization is detrimental to social progress." Messrs. Rathwell and Duncan took the negative. The debate was well fought from start to finish, and the audience was very much in doubt as to where the decision should go. After a long session the judges declared that the affirmative had won. Though we



Brandon College Intercollegiate Debating Team

P. DUNCAN '15 J. R. MACKAY '14 O. U. CHAPMAN '15 W. G. RATHWELL '15
A. RUTHERFORD '15, PRES. PROF. D. A. MACGIBBON, M.A., COACH

lost, we felt that both of our men had been worthily beaten. Their work was gratifying. Rathwell's improvement has been particularly rapid. Duncan's was a fighting speech from start to finish, and altogether an excellent presentation of the negative. After the debate, Miss Kathleen Johnson of Class '14 entertained the debaters, visitors and a number of college students at her home, 446 Seventh street. Here a dainty luncheon was served, and a pleasant hour spent in the enjoyment of music and songs.

One month later Messrs. Chapman and MacKay went to Winnipeg to meet Mr. Bowman and Miss Bere. Our boys chose to support the negative again, this time debating the question of American annexation of Mexico. They were returned winners by a comfortable margin. Both MacKay and Chapman betrayed evidences of the difficulties they were under in debating against a team one of the members of which was an attractive co-ed. But their work was capital. Chapman's opening speech would take a lot of beating. The applause which he received from the audience was little short of an ovation. MacKay was especially effectual in the rebuttal. Altogether this team was about as well balanced as a debating team could easily be. The debaters and their friends were entertained at an informal reception in the library of Wesley College.

We believe the debates have done much towards bringing the colleges together, and our hope is that nothing may stand in the way of the relationships so auspiciously begun.



THE ACADEMICS.

These are strenuous days for the Academy students. The Easter exams. approach apace. The lures of "Starland" are being more and more withstood, but this may also be due to financial depression. Unencumbered youths are congratulating themselves upon their being immune from the popular epidemic leading to "entanglements," their freedom from the disease aiding their studies considerably.

And now, boys, since spring is here, let us one and all boost the football, baseball and Rugby. We know that along these lines the Academics are "stars."

By the way, it is current opinion among Academy III students that Arts I. will be "some" class next year—"praps.")



ANOTHER MUSICAL TREAT.

On Thursday, March 19th, Mrs. Abbie Helmer Vining gave a piano recital under the auspices of the Brandon Art Club. She was assisted by Mrs. Kenneth Campbell in the double number. The concert, though brief, was much enjoyed by the students present. Mrs. Vining showed particular brilliance, clearness of tone, and comprehensive study in her Chopin selections. In her Venice and Naples selections by Liszt the various moods, tempo and contrasted passages were exceedingly clever and pleasing, while the unity of the piece was maintained throughout.



OUR ORATORS.

An interesting oratorical contest took place on Friday, March 20th, in the Baptist church. The four departments of

the college were represented as follows: Senior Arts, Harris McKee '14; Junior Arts, Victor Coen '16; Theology, Fred Julian; and Hash (Academic and Business Depts.), A. H. Pullen, Matric. McKee's speech was well thrown off considering its weight. Julian has a good voice, but his gestures were somewhat stiff. Pullen was unfortunate in being the last to speak, the audience was just a little weary, but not the judges. Coen might have raised his voice a little, but he did splendidly, and deserved the medal which he was awarded. With a few more such contests, a number of Demosthenes might arise in our midst.



PIANO RECITAL

On Tuesday evening, March 24, the students of the Piano Department were heard in a recital in the college chapel. A general invitation had been extended through the city papers with the result that the seating capacity of the chapel was quite inadequate to accommodate the visitors from the city. The programme consisted of twelve numbers and was, by all means, the most pretentious thing of the kind yet attempted by the Music Department of our college. Two heavy numbers from Liszt, four from Chopin and an eight hand arrangement of the overture to the opera Tannhauser—surely a high standard to set for the work of one evening! And yet it must be affirmed that the work was done with an excellence that fully justified the many warm congratulations that were showered upon both teachers and pupils. The work throughout bore evidence of the most careful training.

While even the most exacting critic would not look for finished technique among young students, it was remarked by many that the young artists of the evening displayed a grace and fineness of execution that was decidedly above the average. One can usually trust the remarks which lovers of music pass when they are no longer within hearing of anyone directly concerned with the work of the evening. Very few audiences have left the chapel of Brandon College in the same spirit of commendation as was expressed on every side when the recital was over.

The requirements of this notice make it impossible to mention individually the players and their work. And yet some special mention is due Miss Esther Moore, the only graduate student appearing on the programme. She plays with a confidence and firmness that is unusually good and her interpretation is sufficiently individual to be at all times interesting.

Her best performance was in the Twelfth Rhapsodie of Liszt, and the friends of Brandon College feel great satisfaction in the knowledge that Miss Moore has taken practically all her work under the Director of our department of music.

Three of the pupils who performed during the evening were from the classes of Miss Norma Bates and Miss Lulla Glimme and they well merited their share of the good things that were said of the recital.

Brandon College needs no better advertisement than the work that is being done by the young artists who are developing under the capable supervision of Mr. Wright and the teachers of his department. The following is a copy of the recital programme:

1. Duo (a) Le Soir (Evening)
(b) Le Matin (Morning)..... Chaminade
Miss Gwendolyn McGregor and Miss Florence Speers.
2. IdilioLack
Miss Beatrice Clendenning.
3. Song of the Sea ShellKrogmann
Master Ralph Matthews
4. Etude in A Flat Wollenhaupt
Miss Myrtle Bolger.
5. Chantique d'AmourLiszt
Miss Ruth Morgan.
6. The Witches' DanceMacDowell
Miss Geraldine Martin.
7. Overture to the Opera TannhauserWagner
(Arranged for Two Pianos, Eight Hands by Burchard)
Miss Esther Moore, Miss Ruth Morgan,
Miss Geraldine Martin and Mr. Charles Koester
8. Polonaise op. 40, No. 1 Chopin
Miss Helen Hall.
9. Scherzo B Flat Minor Chopin
Mr. Charles Koester.
10. Ballade F Major Chopin
Miss Lina Smith.
11. (a) Impromptu op. 142, No. 4Schubert
(b) Ballade A Flat.....Chopin
Miss Edith Gerrand
12. (a) Shadow Dance MacDowell
(b) La Fileuse..... Raff
(c) Rhapsodie No. 12Liszt
Miss Esther Moore.

"THE QUILL" PRIZE.

In "The Quill" essay and short story contest, open to Academy students only, the results are as follows:

First Prize for Essay—Corday B. Mackay.

First Prize for Short Story—A. H. Pullen.

Both of the prize-winning contributions appear in this number of "The Quill."



THE FIFTEENS!

The members of Class '15 met for organization the other day, and their first meeting proved a huge success. The following officers were elected: Honorary President, Dr. Vining; President, Miss J. Turnbull; Vice-President, P. Duncan; Secretary, Miss G. Morris; Treasurer, H. Johnson; Convener Social Committee, W. Rathwell. Listen for their yell, look for their motto, and watch their "smoke" next year!



A little New in the life of the college: Born on March 26th to Dr. and Mrs. New, a son (Gordon Chester).



Awake! The spring-time sun is here,
 The leaves are laughing on the boughs,
 The brooks, released from bondage drear,
 Are wooing violets with vows.
 Awake! The flood of life is full;
 The robin and the blue-bird know!
 Last year's dead leaves the fairies pull
 Aside, so flowery wands can grow.



*"Winter is past: the heart of Nature warms
 Beneath the wrecks of unresisted storms;
 Doubtful at first, suspected more than seen,
 The southern slopes are fringed with tender green."*

—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

CLARK HALL

MAY REID '14

*"Diving and finding no pearl in the sea,
Blame not the ocean, the fault is in thee."*



"At this time of the year the wind changes in quality, though it is still cool. Hints of warmth and fragrance come indefinitely blended with the cold and we feel the mysterious hour when the weaver of the seasons changes the pattern upon the loom.

"The soul, too, has its own hours of winter and spring. Trouble and discouragement may come to us in the time of roses or Easter rise upon us in a December night; but today—

"The year's at the spring;
And day's at the morn;

God's in His heaven;
All's well with the world."



Since our last issue the elections for the Clark Hall Literary Society have taken place. On account of the president receiving the position by acclamation the elections were by no means as exciting as previously. The following are the officers:

Hon. Pres.—Mrs. Whidden.

President—Esther Moore.

1st Vice-Pres.—Hazel Richardson.

2nd Vice-President—May McLachlan.

Secretary—Gerry Martin.

Treasurer—Alfreda McNicol.

Editor of "Breezes"—Jean Avery.

Convener of Athletics—Maynard Rathwell.

The first regular meeting under the new executive was held Friday, March 13th. A very enjoyable program was rendered:

Reading—Miss Adolph.

Vocal Solo—Miss Baker.

Violin Solo—Miss Paterson.

Reading—Miss Libby Ross.

Vocal Solo—Miss Cody.

Reading of "Breezes"—Miss Jean Avery.

We prophesy a successful year for our society under the efficient leadership of Miss Moore.

Miss Barbour entertained in honor of her sister, Miss Clara Barbour, of Winnipeg. Dainty refreshments were served and a very enjoyable time reported.



Vocal activities in and around Clark Hall express a divergence of ambitions given out in two dimensions—quality and quantity. The reward of quantity is “reports”; the reward for quality—monthly marks of more or less minus purport.

Vocal music “en masse” is to be heard at chapel and at vespers, daily.

All the livelong day tortured wails of a would-be “Kundry” and squeals of pleasure from future Tetrizzinis are heard from the music corridor and Miss Hall’s studio.

As a refining influence for the voices of all the girls in college, a girl’s glee club has been formed, which meets with Miss Hall every Friday afternoon. Libby Lyle Ross was elected secretary-treasurer at the first meeting, and with membership fee and fines for absence or late arrival at rehearsals, has on hand a considerable sum of money.



Miss Ednah Hall has organized the Brandon Ladies Quartette, which will accept concert engagements in the vicinity. The personnel is:

Ednah Hall—First Soprano.

Jean Sproule—Second Soprano.

Gladys Gibson—First Alto.

Esther Moore—Second Alto.

All are pupils of Miss Hall. Misses Sproule and Gibson are soloists in the First Methodist church, and Miss Hall soprano soloist at St. Paul’s Presbyterian church.



Miss Alice Mooney and Miss Sarah Young expect to spend the summer teaching school in Saskatchewan.



Miss Vera Leech ’12 was a very welcome visitor to Clark Hall recently.



The following qualifications have been noticed in the letters of applicants for summer schools:

“I have passed my intermediate exam. in music. For references as to character, ability, etc., apply to Prof. D. A. MacGibbon, Brandon College.”—Kathleen Johnson.

“I am an Anglican and a Christian,”—Sylvia Evelyn.

“Accomplished in Greek and Latin and would be willing to start prospective students in these subjects.”—Hazel Richardson.

“Inexperienced but intelligent.”—Evelyn Clark.

“I would be willing to teach in Sunday school, play the church organ, lead the choir, and inspire the minister.”—May McLachlan.

“Would be willing to accept the position provided there is a moving picture show within a radius of twenty miles.”—Belle Wright.



Since the last issue of “The Quill” we have lost from Clark Hall our very dear friend Miss Anderson. About a year ago the old trouble, rheumatoid arthritis, made itself so troublesome that Miss Anderson felt it impossible to continue her duties. The long rest and careful treatment under medical care during the summer, however, restored her health, so that with the beginning of the Fall term she again resumed her work with us. At Christmas the enemy showed itself in a more unmistakable form and our kind, courageous “house-mother” was forced to give up her duties. After spending weeks in the Brandon Hospital, she left for Buffalo, N.Y., to visit relatives and see what a long rest can do towards supplementing the cure.

Her absence is keenly felt by all. Not one in Clark Hall but to whom she taught some of the most precious lessons of life and she showed us by her pure womanly example what it means to be a noble, true Christian woman. If ever a girl were in difficulty, she found ready assistance; and homesickness and “blues” fled before her cheery sympathy as surely as physical aches and pains disappeared as the result of her kindly ministrations.



Y. W. C. A.

Throughout the winter term the Y.W.C.A. has been fulfilling its factor in the girls’ college life. The opening meeting was addressed by Miss Whiteside on “New Year’s Resolutions.” At the following meeting a paper was read on the life of our Canadian poet Robert D. Service.

Later in the term it was our privilege to hear the reports of the Kansas City delegates and attend the special meetings addressed by Mr. Cameron held both in the college chapel and the First Baptist church.

Miss Jamieson, travelling student secretary for the Y.W.C.A., was a visitor to Clark Hall on her way to Toronto. She gave our society a very pleasant surprise as well as inciting an added interest in our work.

Miss Maynard Rathwell and Miss Jessie Grant were visitors in Winnipeg for the intercollegiate debate.



“After a great deal of hurrying and worrying, the athletic committee arranged a game of hockey between outside and inside girls. Old sweaters were hunted up and hockey sticks were borrowed. The enthusiasm, however, was so warm that it melted the ice and the game faded away into thin air. Better luck next time, girls!”—“Breezes.”



In the month of February, during the coldest week of the year, the resident university girls conceived the brilliant idea of giving a toboggan party for a few of their college friends. Accordingly, a date—and a chaperon—were duly chosen. At seven o'clock one bitter Wednesday evening a brave company of twenty youths and maidens set out on a two mile tramp up the river, to the slide.

No sooner had the sport commenced than it was seen that Mr. Rathwell was about to excel himself in his characteristic combination abilities, so noticeable in the hockey arena. During the evening Miss McLachlan's seven sweaters did not appear to handicap in the least the carrying out of her official duties as ministerial directress. Mr. Duncan's "Scots Wa' Hae" rang out clearly on the frosty air each time he extricated himself from a conglomeration of toboggans, touques and squeals at the conclusion of a record breaking slide. When we remember that there were just three sleds at the disposal of twenty people we can easily imagine the gleeful readiness with which Miss Richardson, a perfectly good freshette, grasped an opportunity and a slab off an ill-fated toboggan and embarked unhindered down a series of bumps to the river below.

The very low registration of the thermometer must have been an incentive to speed, for when the party returned at 10 p.m. one gentleman announced that he had "tramped four miles and slid four hours since 7 p.m."

At the dainty supper served afterwards in the Clark Hall gymnasium Mr. Moffat won laurels for himself as a chef, while Mr. Sleight displayed amazing ability as a dispenser of bouillon and cocoa.

The jolly evening closed with a violent attempt on the part of Mr. Vincent to take a picture of the revellers—including himself.



I must seek some dew-drops here.—Shakespeare.
I shall go elsewhere for violets.—J. R. MacKay.

ATHLETICS

A. J. RADLEY '14 .

"When can their glory fade?"

In one way this has been the most successful season that Brandon College has ever had. Success in athletics, to our mind, should consist not in the number of the trophies won, but rather in the number of men taking part in the games, and the self-control displayed by these people in and as a result of their various forays and frays.

We were a little doubtful as to the meaning of the word "foray," but we find it means: a predatory excursion; so we'll let it go at that. For the first time in the history of our school we sent both a hockey and a basket-ball team on the "war-path"—looking for victims.

Evidently some of the towns in the west with whom we tried to arrange hockey games were a little afraid of us, or thought that our team was not "classy" enough to cope on equal terms with their ice-cutting gladiators. We have a distinct remembrance of writing epistles begging second-rate teams to give us games, and of "phoning" until we wished the "Hello" instrument were reposing at the bottom of the sea—all in an effort to "get on" games with outside teams.

You see, it's unscriptural to bury your talent, and we refused, perhaps on this ground, to bury our athletes and their prowess.

We were rewarded for our zeal in this direction by being enabled about the 22nd of December last, to take our hockey club to the town of Minnedosa—situated upon the Rapid City branch of the C.P.R.—to play the Minnedosa town team. Now if you're acquainted with the hockey conditions in this province, you'll remember that Minnedosa together with Strathclair, Shoal Lake and Neepawa, compose a league whose champions last year won the championship of the province of Manitoba—outside of Winnipeg. Minnedosa, moreover, who were not last year's champions, had determined this year to emerge as the 1913-14 champions. Therefore they—as is customary in this league—scoured the west for men. They found them, and at the time of our visit they had them "champing on the bit" and burning to try their pace. So their manager, Mr. McWhirter, late of this city, thought that a game with our team would give his doughty warriors a "try out." Just so, Mr. McWhirter, but "try out" wasn't the name for it.

It happened that the Minnedosa men were playing for places on the team, and having as a "preparatory" eschewed to-

bacco for a week, they went into the game to play the poor little "Wintonians" off their feet. Nothing stirring though! our lads weren't scared of the smell of ice, the husky Minnedosans, the peculiar tactics common to this league, nor the big, able-bodied Minnedosa referee.

The game proceeded, and by and by it began to dawn on the town lads that they were up against a *real* hockey team. Do what they could, our players would checkmate them, and at the end of the first half we were a goal ahead, and this in spite of the brilliancy of the Minnedosa goal tender.

But now the game began to grow rough. We were not used to this kind of play, but we assure you, gentlemen, if you think you can use "rough stuff" on us with impunity you are mistaken indeed. An old "saw" says "two can play at that game"—so duly aggravated our own men proceeded to give bunt for bunt, heavy check for heavy check, and so as a consequence various trips were made to the boards.

But somehow our boys were still "on top." Then the "powers that be" took a hand—for, mind you, a town team *must win* in order to inspire confidence in the hearts of their supporters, and to give their competitors an exalted idea of their mettle. So in spite of outplaying the northern heroes we lost by a goal, 5—4. Said a Minnedosa spectator, "This is the best game I remember seeing on this ice."

Our team played well to a man. Individually, Dave Winton shone the brightest, although Coldwell ran him closely for first honors. All the rest of the men played up to standard, so the Brandon College enthusiast knows what that means.

Out west in the province of Alberta is the capital city of Edmonton. This city is the headquarters of the Alberta University, an institution which combines real education with real athletics. The hockey team of this institution having "cleaned up" on the various candidates for hockey honors in their territory, like ancient Alexander, thirsted for more worlds to conquer, so there being in the province of Manitoba a city called Winnipeg where the sport is played "par excellence," Alberta University journeyed thither to test their strength against the might of Manitoba's provincial university. Now on the road to Winnipeg there is a city called Brandon wherein dwell a tribe of hockey expositors who reside within a tabernacle known as Brandon College. The "Edmontonians" being good sports consented to take this "tabernacle" outfit into their schedule and play for the edification of themselves and the people of Brandon, a game of hockey on the 26th of December, 1913.

Tired from an excess of conviviality in Winnipeg, the men from Alberta turned out against our forces in the Arena rink.

Some thousand people were present and some of them still speak of the game as clean and good. There was only one penalty given all the game, and that was on our goal tender for kneeling to save a shot which looked like scoring. We quote verbatim from the "Winnipeg Telegram's" report of the play:

"In a splendid opening match and before a big crowd at the new Winter Fair Arena here, tonight, Brandon College fought the touring Alberta University septette to a draw of three goals apiece. Right from the start the pace was fast, and with the ice in poor shape, work was of the hardest character. The visitors also had nine hours' train ride from Winnipeg, and plainly felt the effects of the gruelling game last night and banquet, which lasted until 4 a.m. today.

"Deitz opened the scoring for Edmonton in less than a minute from the start. Brandon retaliated strongly and Deans equalized from a foul, but Dean of Edmonton gave his side the lead after Evans had partially saved from Lovell. Alberta led at the interval by 2—1.

SECOND HALF.

"In the last half, as before, it was a case of skill versus dash. Winton equalized after nine minutes. and the crowd roared when the same player put Brandon ahead with a shot which gave Chubb no chance, and which followed a combined movement. It was, however, a faulty play between Winton and Rathwell which led to an equalizer, Clark snapping up his chance while going at full speed.

"Both goals underwent narrow escapes after this, but at the end it was still a tie. The teams tossed for continuance, but the coin favored the visitors, who decided to stop owing to their engagement at Regina tomorrow night. The game was of the cleanest character, only one man, Evans, adorning the fence, and his suspension lasted only one minute. Referee Forrest and Judge of Play Creighton handled the game well. The teams were:

BRANDON.		EDMONTON
Evans	Goal	Chubb
J. Rathwell	Point	Lovell
W. Rathwell	Cover	Lobst
Coldwell	Rover.....	Dean
Deans	Centre	Clark
Winton	Right	Deitz
Scott	Left	Wilson

This year, doubtless owing to the presence of a Senior team in the city, the Brandon City League has been almost a

fiasco. In fact, the league schedule games have never been played off. The league consisted of Brandon Y.M.C.A., Brandon Thistles and Brandon College. We defeated the Y.M.C.A. by 9—1 in the first game of the series, and the Thistles, strengthened by the inclusion of Mummery, Philp and Fenwick of the Seniors, by a score of 5—1.

These are the only games played, so we still have the cup. Fortunately as a reward for the faithfulness of our men we were able to arrange a game on February 19th with the Regina Victorias. This team holds the championship of the province of Saskatchewan. By defeating the champions of Alberta, the "Dominions" of Edmonton at Moose Jaw on the 9th of March the Regina "Vics" became the champions of both Alberta and Saskatchewan, and consequently the challengers for the Allan Cup.

Yea, *by their win at Winnipeg over the Monarchs* of that city on March the 13th, they are the Allan Cup holders and the Amateur Hockey Champions of Canada. Mark this fact, oh, interested reader, for we would a tale unfold.

The Regina Victorias are justified in being proud of themselves. So when our team went along to Regina on the 19th of February they were met by frowns of disapproval and funeral glances by sundry citizens of Regina. The question was asked of our men, "Who are you playing?" When our "valiants" replied "The Vics," it was as though the sin of blasphemy had been committed. "How darest thou then go beard the lion in his den?" was the tone adopted by the Regina folk.

Here we give you the actual verbatim report of the game taken from the "Regina Leader" of February 20th, 1914. Note it well, for we'll require you to keep some facts in mind until we're through. The report is entitled:

"Playing Makeshift Team Victorias Taste Defeat at Hands of Collegians."

Sub Heading:

"Brandon Shot a Big Surprise Into the Vics' Camp by Defeating Them by Score of 7-5—Vics Played a Careless Game and They Were Punished for It—Visitors Played a Nice Clean Game."

Story:

"A makeshift team representing the Regina Victorias was beaten last evening at the amphitheatre rink by the seven from Brandon College by a score of seven to five, the game bordering close on the farcical. With Traub of the Collegiate team in Cresswell's place on the defence, with Cresswell at rover, and with Mastel in the left wing position, the Vics presented a front which was a radical change from any line-up this season, but

the loss of the game, which will mean the loss of a certain amount of prestige, cannot be laid to the changed line-up.

"The game started at a rate of speed which was hardly consistent with the pace set by the Vics at their game with the Moose on Tuesday night, and for the first half the score acted like that of a tennis match, with Brandon with the advantage when it was not deuce, for they scored the first goal.

"At half time the score was five-five. With the opening of the second stanza, however, nets were not reached so often, and when the Brandon boys made their score six, the Vics speeded things up a bit, but it was too late to do anything, and the Collegians got another one past the Vic net man.

"For the first half while the fans were wondering why there was not more speed shown by the local septette, the play was more Regina's than Brandon's, and to Evans, the Baptist goal tender, must be given the credit for keeping the score as low as it was. In the second session the game was even more in Brandon territory, and the Vics rained shots at the nets, but those which came near Evans stopped, and they were many which did not come near. The Vics, with the exception of Mastel, seemed to have lost their markmanship. -

BRANDON A SURPRISE.

"The Brandon boys were something of a surprise to many of the fans who expected to see something of about Regina Commercial League class, on the ice lined up against Cresswell's army and their playing was a revelation.

"In combination there was no doubt that the skaters from Manitoba had the Vics outplayed. They were not pig-gish with the puck, and when it was best to pass they passed, and in many cases to the chagrin of the Vics the passes went where they were supposed to go. Regina's orange and black hopes played more of the team style than they have displayed at any recent date, too, but there was something wrong at the receiving end of almost every pass.

"The checking was neither hard nor brilliant, but there was an almost entire absence of roughness, only four men being on the boards, each for one minute, during the whole contest.

"The fans could have nothing but praise for Traub who filled in on the Vic defence line. In fast company he showed up exceedingly well, and Mastel, the other man not a regular, played a good game.

"For Brandon, Cloutier, the little rover, was the best on the team, with the exception of Evans, the goal keeper. Cloutier appeared to be an able stick handler, was speedy and

scored more than his share of the goals for his team. Rathwell also showed considerable class." Line-up:

VICTORIAS.	BRANDON.
McCulloch	Goal
Otton	Point
Traub	Rover.....
Cresswell	Rover
Moliski	Centre
Mastel	Left Wing.....
Abbot.....	Right Wing.....
	Evans
	J. Rathwell
	Wolverton
	Cloutier
	Deans
	W. Rathwell
	Winton

First let's note the "Vic's" line-up. This is the identical line-up, with the exception of one man, Traub, with which they wrested the Allan Cup from the Winnipeg Senior league leaders, the Monarchs, and won the Amateur Hockey Championship of the world.

Moreover, they failed to note in their "write-up" that Bill Deans, our centre, went off the ice after the first six minutes of the game—that both teams played six men for the rest of the half, and thus Regina had a chance to do away with the services of a substitute for a regular player. Also that "Dave" Winton was stunned in a collision with Cresswell and was unconscious for some minutes; or that Macpherson played centre in the second half after Regina had asked us to put seven men on the ice; or that Jack Rathwell was lamed early in the game by receiving a lightning shot from a Regina player full on the knee-cap. So on the whole, we're pretty well satisfied with ourselves. Thank you, ma'am!

But don't run away with the idea that the Seniors are the only team in College. There are the "Colts" or the "B" team. They organized themselves this year and entered the Brandon City Intermediate League. They elected as captain Mr. Clare Connor, who while not having the pleasure of always leading his team to victory, still led them to one victory over each team in the league and of course to one loss.

The Colts' greatest feat was going to Souris and drawing 8 goals each with the representative team of that town. Manager Charles Whidden represents the interests of this "feeder" to the A's. The personnel is: Donald McNeill, goal; Boulton or Mumm, point; Hardaker, cover; Jones, rover; Macpherson, left; Clare Connor, centre, and McNair, right.

Hats off to the Colts!



BASKET-BALL.

This year has been a peculiar one for our five. We went on the floor at the first scheduled game to play the champion Shamrocks. Owing to our playing Kruger Crawford, the

Shamrocks defaulted the game to us until the result of a protest regarding this player should be known.

On February 10th we played the Pirates—lately strengthened by the addition of Hosie—one of our last year's men, to their ranks.

They proved a surprise, for in the early stages of the game they had us guessing, but towards the end of the first half our men "found" themselves and led at the resting time by a few points.

Immediately after half-time, however, we gained a big lead, only to have it pulled down by the Jolly Roger boys and in the end we could only run out winners by 37-32.

Crawford, Cummings and Hughes were the scorers for us, but Prof. Durkin and "Jap" Wolverton put up a magnificent defence game.

Thursday evening, March 4th, the basket-ball team of the Manitoba Agricultural College played us a game. This is a new departure for our men; they have never played any other aggregation but local talent, and this gave them the chance to locate themselves in other company.

Here the principles of combination that Capt. Hughes has so assiduously drilled into the team stood them in good stead. The "M.A.C.'s" checked close and hard and in spots shot brilliantly, Shirriff being their star man. Cummings scored 8 points, Crawford 31 and Hughes 4.

When our Basket-ball boys tackled the Agricultural College team in the latter's new gymnasium, there was an interesting session. The "M.A.C." came out with blood in their eyes, determined in the presence of so many supporters to wipe out the disgrace of the former defeat. On the other hand the B.C. team reasoned, "We licked 'em once when we didn't know 'em; we can lick 'em worse this time." Both were disappointed. Each guard hugged his forward like grim death, till it became a duel between "Krug" Crawford and "Happy" English, the two centre men, who each left the other and tried to score. "Krug" beat "him to it." We venture to affirm that Crawford gave an exhibition of smooth, cool dodging such as most of these people never saw before.

For once the B.C. crowd were outweighed, and to see Durkin and Wolverton meet their equals in sheer weight and strength was something new. But that is all the M.A.C. had "on" them, for in team work our boys were ahead. Time and again the ball was passed from end to end without an Agricultural man touching it, but the steady, consistent work of their opposition guards kept down the score. Although Crawford was high scorer, Hughes and Cummings deserve equal credit

for the uncanny manner by which they always contrived to be in the right place, and the unselfish way they fed the slippery centre man. Wolverton's speed and efficiency can be judged when we remember that Shirriff, the "M.A.C." mainstay, only scored one basket. Durkin, the old reliable, was the "old reliable" still, holding Howden to one basket, besides breaking many another dangerous looking rush, and finding time in the midst of duties at home to score two baskets.

The College "A" team—the same bunch who were called the Intermediates last term—have had to be reckoned with at every turn. They are not winners yet, but they are only one game behind the leaders. Their first game was with the "Dormats," who met the usual fate of door mats—to be trodden underfoot. A week later the College "A" met the Collegiate, and after a game struggle in which close checking was a feature, superior combination turned the scale and College came off second best. In the meantime the Collegiate had beaten the Dormats

Again College "A" and the Dormats clashed. Again the weight and system of the Inkslingers won them a hard-fought game. When the College and Collegiate met again, it was "hammer and tongs" all the way, but again team work did it, and again Collegiate won. But strange are the ways of Fate. the Dormats now arose and defeated the league leaders. Round two, and it's even, Steve!

A third time College "A" stacked up against the humble Dormats, and though it took every kick they had in the last half to overcome the 10-0 score which the "Insiders" had at half time, they did it and so won the third game.

Thus the College "A" are one behind. What shall we say of the men? Henderson, small, wiry and elusive, with a weakness for getting goals. Johnson, fast, hard-working and as nice and soft as a ladder to run into. McMillan, with a reach like a giraffe and with a fondness for seeing people bounce off him. Fisher, lean and supple, and having a one-hand shot that's sure a "winner," and last but not least Carlson, strong and peppery and always in the ring.

Our Juniors, both hockey men and basket-ballers, have worthily tried to imitate their elders. So long may they reign!

So after reviewing our season we feel constrained to remark that by long odds this is the most successful winter we have ever had. Our hockey team has beaten the world's champions on their own ice, while our basket-ball team has given the fast "Shamrock" team a good run for the championship of the city, and incidentally the championship of the province, and has beaten the M.A.C. both at home and away.

ALUMNI-ALUMNÆQUE

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

"They labored, and grew famous."

Fellows—in the strife of life,
 Midst its struggle and its crash,
 Grovelling 'neath the curling smoke,
 Driven forward by task's lash;
 Be your fortune, if it may,
 Losses many, victories few,
 Hark! and hear the clarion call:
"They who labored, famous grew."

Be not swallowed up with strife,
 Nor let pleasure hold full sway;
 Labor: but while toiling on,
 Look! beyond your clouded way,
 See, the sun is shining bright;
 Brings you aims pure, noble, true.
 You shall hear the umpire say:
"These who labored, famous grew."



From time to time we hear rumors that give us considerable surprise. Such an one came to us when it was announced that Elgin Brough was tired of being a celibate. Fortunately Elgin knew a lady who was tired of living a life of single blessedness. They talked it over, with the result that on New Year's Day last, Rev. L. E. Brough visited Miss F. N. Marr's home at Millet, Alta., and they were there united in the holy bonds of matrimony.

Many of the students who were attending College two years ago and remember Miss Jean Elliot of Boissevain, will be interested to learn that she was married on March 11th, to Mr. D. J. Shorey, also a former Brandon College student and a brother of Miss Nettie Shorey, who once lived in Clark Hall.

A notice is at hand which states that John A. Monson, an old Brandon College boy, is to be married to Miss H. V. Anderson, on April 2nd next, at Camrose, Alta.

Our best wishes go out to all these new home-makers.



Miss Jean Guthrie, who was well known around the corridors of Clark Hall a few years ago, is now suffering with fever in the Winnipeg General Hospital, where she has been training for a nurse.

Mr. Bert Frith has returned from the coast to his old home province. He is now engaged in the real estate business in Winnipeg.



Ernie Frith, B.A., whom some of us remember in our early college days, as the hub around which all college life revolved and as second-in-command under the generalship of Dr. Vining, is still in Winnipeg, practising law.



We remember in an early copy of the "Quill" that a corner was reserved for "New College Yells." Following this precedent we here announce that on Feb. 24th, a daughter was born to Rev. and Mrs. H. E. Green. As both Mr. and Mrs. Green are old students of Brandon College, we suppose the new yell will be but "Hippi, Skippi, Boomalacka" to a new setting.



The sound of another yell comes to us from Alberta. This one issues from the home of our old and genial friend Ole Larson. It started on March 2 from the lungs of a fine boy. Ole is pastor of the Swedish Baptist church in Calgary. Mrs. Larson also attended our college.



It is always interesting to record the doings of old students who have made a success of life on the firing line. One of these students is Rev. D. McIntyre. Mr. McIntyre, as is well known, was the assistant pastor of Calvary Baptist church, New York, and for some time has ably filled the office of acting pastor of that church. We are glad to learn, however, that Mr. McIntyre is returning to Canada to take up the work in the East Toronto Baptist church.



The Brandon friends of Miss Vera Leech, M.A., '13, were very pleased to receive a visit from her a week ago. She is at present teaching in the Broadview Public School, where we are sure she is doing good work.



Four of the ladies of last year's class are taking their normal training. Miss E. Simpson and Miss W. Speers are attending the school at Regina, while Miss M. McCamis and Miss C. Gunn are in Winnipeg. We might state here that Miss McCamis and Miss Gunn were present at Wesley College on March 13th to encourage our boys in the inter-collegiate debate against the United Colleges.



Two other former students of Brandon College were noticed there as well in the persons of Miss Adelaide Anderson

and Miss E. Brandon. These ladies are taking work in 3rd year Arts at the United College.

Miss Leslie Ward has been spending a pleasant winter at Long Beach, California.

During the Christmas vacation Rev. J. L. Jordan, of Calgary, was visiting his parents at Wolseley, Sask., and being so far east paid a call at Brandon. It gave his Brandon friends great pleasure to be able once more to grip his hand and bask in his sunny smiles. Jim was looking very well. Calgary seems to suit him.

Mr. C. K. Guild, B.A., who was professor of economics here in 1912-13, and Rev. W. Smalley, of Portage la Prairie, acted as judges in the recent inter-collegiate debate. We are glad that they are able to keep in touch with Brandon College.

Rev. C. W. Jackson, former College bursar, who left us recently to become pastor of a Baptist church in Pasadena, California, arrived safely, and is enjoying the work in his new field.

Mr. Howard Kilfoyl '12, is at present in the Brandon General Hospital suffering from an attack of typhoid fever. His many friends in this college are anxious for his speedy recovery.

Sam Potter '12 left Saskatoon in February last, and is now in the office of Jopp & Maulson, Swift Current. Mr. Jopp of this firm will be remembered by some as an old Brandon College boy.

Bowlie Hartie, '10, of Saskatoon, and J. W. Dempsey, '12, of Medicine Hat, are studying hard for their final examinations next May. We wish them success.

*"Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,
These three alone lead life to sovereign power."*

—Tennyson.

LATITUDE AND LONGITUDE

VICTOR COEN '16

"Aut scissors, aut nullus."

I'd rather be a Could Be,
 If I could not be an Are;
 For a Could Be is a May Be,
 With a chance of touching par:
 I'd rather be a Has Been,
 Than a Might Have Been, by far;
 For a Might Have Been has never been,
 But a Has was once an Are.

—*Cuban Times.*



Your best Sunday smile, please! Thank you. Now listen to what the McMaster Monthly says: "Bad slang has no meaning . . . among college men such terms as 'cold feet,' 'beat it,' 'stunt,' and 'dope,' belong to the more recent imbecilities of talk. However used, slang is a sign of some mental weakness or defect. . . . For the serious consideration of fine themes, surely the most dignified and beautiful words of our beautiful language are none too good." The mere mention of this matter will, of course, be sufficient at Brandon College, and some such conversations as the following will be immediately current in our halls:

Mumm: Good day, Robert. I trust you are well.

Tubby: Ah! My dear Judson! Delighted to see you! Thank you; my rotund composure is undisturbed even by the advent of spring.

Slim: Hello, Jud, old kid! Let's beat it out to the front and have a catch.

Mumm (bewildered): Er—I fail to grasp your—

Tubby: Pray calm yourself. Clare is a little impetuous. He refers to that game baseball, a most unhealthily vigorous pastime. He wishes you to accompany him to the front lawn and—

Yes, indeed! For the consideration of fine themes the most beautiful and dignified words are none too good.



The ladies of the United Colleges, Winnipeg, are taking a prominent part in public speaking. No less than three of them have entered the Oratorical contest, including Miss May Bere, who, it will be remembered, lately debated unsuccessfully against our own champions. In addition, many debates have been held on unusually live topics.

Our own Debating Society is deservedly popular and remarkably efficient. But we believe that both its popularity and usefulness would be considerably increased if the ladies were members. There is surely no good reason for their exclusion; and that feminine reticence can be overcome is fully demonstrated by conditions at the United Colleges. We urge the executive's consideration of this matter, believing the change would improve the work of the society and create general satisfaction.



A trip to Russia on an ocean tramp steamer! One's blood courses a little faster at the thought. And the exhilaration of the voyage would be but insignificant in the shade of the stern emotion aroused by the sight of the soil and cities of Russia, Russia the modern stronghold of mediaeval obscurantism and orthodox fanatical superstition, Russia whose national emblem is stupid brutality, whose national life stains with blood the broad sunlit path of progress; Russia, the giantess that walks abroad with the lash of the oppressor in her hand, to inspire doubly redoubled anarchy for every criminal suppressed.

I am conscious that the words "extravagance" and "exaggeration" are already on the reader's lips, and therefore clip the following from an account of such a trip in the "St. John's College Magazine":

"We were invaded by a large crowd of Russian Tartars (the stevedore's gang), who swarmed over the side of the vessel. . . . As a type of human being one cannot say much for them, as they seem little better than animals. In appearance they are exactly like the picture . . . of the Russian peasant—long hair, cut round the edge of a basin, full beards and dirty faces. . . . One day I saw the cook on board take off the outer skin of a ham which he threw into the waste pail, and four of these poor creatures fought like dogs for the possession of rich a prize, with which they grease their black bread. . . . In the evening one could go ashore and sit in the gardens overlooking the harbor, which is very large and picturesque . . . but as cholera was very prevalent our stay was short. . . . I remember the beautiful church erected on the very site of the assassination of Emperor Alexander II. The building itself is almost beyond description, so magnificent is it. . . . One can hardly be surprised at the spread of cholera among the poorer classes of Russia, as they are utterly uneducated." What unconscious irony in this jumble of vivid contrasts! And Siberia! We had relegated our old ideas of Siberia to the scrap heap of blood-curdling memories of dawning youth: but listen! "It was strange to see warders and con-

victs sharing one another's tobacco and food during the dinner hour, and apparently living on the terms of utmost good fellowship. Very different were the two gangs of chained convicts off to Siberia, which I saw being led or driven through the streets by soldiers with loaded guns. Never in my life have I seen a sight which affected me so much. . . . Up the quay . . . was lying a vessel. She had come from England, and crossing the Baltic sea, had failed to at once acknowledge the signal from a Russian battleship escorting the royal yacht. . . . Without waiting for a second signal the Russian boat fired a shot which blew away the steam-pipe of this trading vessel and . . . killed or badly hurt one or more members of the crew. . . . We had one exciting incident in our crossing. The Czar was going on a visit to Cowes. . . . the royal yacht was convoyed by a battleship and a cruiser. . . . We had answered their signal, when we noticed the cruiser making a curious detour and she passed behind us and then made straight across our bows . . . we had to put 'full steam astern' to avoid collision. Thus, twice in the Baltic sea did I narrowly escape death." The remainder of the article is written in the care-free and unprejudiced style of a vigorous young man on holiday.



"STATISTICS PROVE."

"Statistics prove" so many things—
 The size of towns, the height of kings,
 The age of children in the schools,
 The skull development of fools;
 The salaries that parsons get,
 The number of abodes to let;
 The wealth of lucky millionaires,
 The price of hens and mining shares;
 All things below, and things above,
 It seems to me, "Statistics prove."

But, no! Statistics never yet
 Appraised a single violet,
 Measured the glances of an eye,
 Or probed the sorrows of a sigh.
 Statistics never caught the gleam
 That glances on a meadow stream,
 Or weighed the anthem of a bird
 In forest aisles devoutly heard;
 Statistics never proved a soul
 In high or low, in part or whole;
 Sin, beauty, passion, honor, love—
 How much statistics cannot prove!

—*Life.*

Clark Hall always gets angry if we refer to the flourishing athletics of other colleges. But it is not our fault this time. Feminine enthusiasm in "The Gleam" is responsible. Listen to the closing outburst of a basket-ball article: "It was such a success that an intercollegiate team was chosen. . . . This team, duly christened the "Chrabs," has played four games, and if determination has anything to do with it, we'll win the series. . . .

"Pickles, chili sauce, chow, chow, chow,
Cannibals, cannibals, wow, wow, wow.
Eat 'em up, chew 'em up, ziz, boom, bah,
United Chrabs, rah, rah, rah,
C-H-R-A-B-S—Chrabs!"



"Is Insanity an Excuse for Crime?" That is the subject of a paper in the "King's College Record." The paper is written by a lawyer, and deals with the legal niceties of the problem in finished pedantic style. But the fact that there may be an authority on this subject outside of the Court House library never occurs to the writer. Doubtless he will consider it presumption on our part if we indicate that human personality and its action never can be ruled by fixed literal laws alone. Human personality is too big; it is as big as infinity. The excuse for crime is the same as is the excuse for insanity. The lunatic did not want to be insane; the criminal did not want to commit crime. Environment, in its widest sense, was in each case too strong. Insanity is no excuse for crime; crime is no excuse for insanity; except to satisfy certain legal responsibilities. Crime and insanity are the products of a common cause. When that cause is removed there will be many buildings to let and many men out of a job. For all that we believe that its removal would be good economics.



Boys! McMaster now has a Scrub Hockey League, consisting of Capitals, Tigers, Canadiens and Thistles. We should like to see the Tigers tackle those Thistles, and then let loose our own herd of Colts and Heifers to clean up on the survivor.



The Exchange Editor of the "Tallow Dip" perpetrated a grave blunder in addressing the envelope containing our last exchange to "Brandon, Ontario." We're in the great wide West, and thought that a whiff of the free prairie breezes was in our pages. If it isn't, we'll get it there—with thanks for the hint.

“Your professional man, your city-dweller, throws down his napkin before his wife and children are half through breakfast, dashes off to his office, spends a busy day, and hurries home for dinner at half-past six. Political, church and club meetings, together with professional and social engagements, conspire to rob him of many evenings which otherwise he would gladly spend quietly at home with his family. To such a man reading would be welcomed as an agreeable and profitable relaxation. . . . In making us forget ourselves for the moment it acts as a tonic and restorative.”

—*The Argosy.*

Hear! Hear! We are not a professional man, nor have we a wife and children. But the words ring true, and so, with what fervor and calm dignity we can summon, even in our unhappy single state, we gladly endorse the sentiment.



It is a long time since our Christmas Number made her debut in that exquisite pale blue gown that captivated all hearts. Meanwhile a large pile of exchanges has accumulated. We gladly acknowledge the receipt of the following: King's College Record, Argosy, The Sheaf, Agricultural College Gazette, The Dalhousie Gazette, Acadia Athenaeum, The Mitre, Albertus, St. John's College Magazine, The Okanagan Lyceum, The Tallow Dip, The Gleam, Collegiate Outlook, The McMaster University Monthly, and Canadian Finance.



Live for something! Do good and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storm of time can never destroy. Write your name in kindness, love, and mercy on the hearts of the thousands you come in contact with, year by year, and you will never be forgotten. Your name, your deeds, will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind, as the stars on the brow of evening. Good deeds will shine as the stars of heaven.

—Chalmers.

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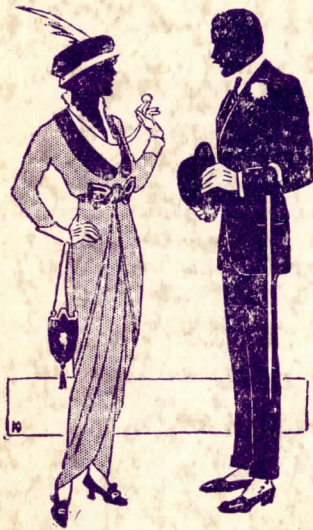
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