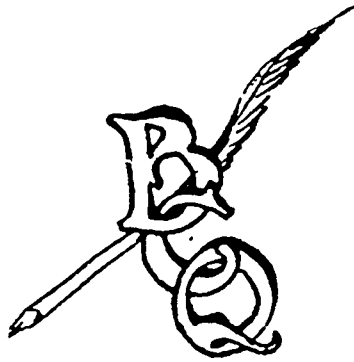


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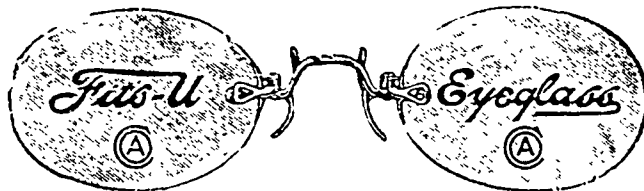
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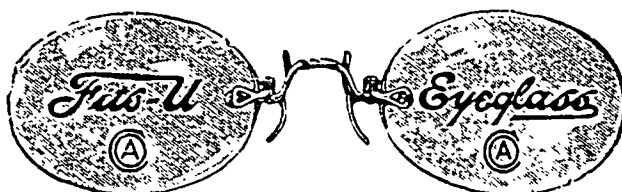
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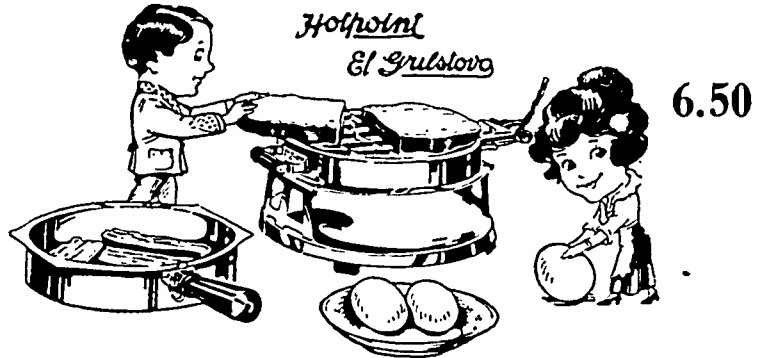
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Contents

	PAGE
A New Movement in Canadian Painting—E. R. W.	12
"Let Us Now Go to Bethlehem"—C. H. Lager, M. A.	18
Moratorium Legislation—R. H. McQueen, B.A.	24
Wordsworth's Attitude to Childhood—F. A. Fraser '16	25
The Rt. Hon. David Lloyd-George—E. M. Dutton, Matric.	27
To the Mediterranean—A. H. Pullen '18	29
Editorials	30
College Gossip—A. H. Pullen '18	32
Clark Hall—Helen McDonald '16	40
Athletics—A. H. Leask '16	44
Alumni-Alumnæque—Vera Leech, M.A.	47
Latitude and Longitude—Flora Fraser '16	51

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"ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER."

Brandon College Quill

A NEW MOVEMENT IN CANADIAN PAINTING

E. R. W.

“Is there distinctively Canadian painting?” The question was asked recently by a member of the *Quill* editorial staff. The intonation was guarded, but the speaker’s skepticism obvious. To a newly-won disciple of this possibly least known form of expressing some phases of our national life, both question and inference come as a challenge. Indirectly the reply might be given that there is a growing Canadian art as there is a growing Canadian national ideal. A direct answer, however, cannot be so briefly given.

It is difficult to pronounce judgment on any phase of a young and growing movement, even when every advantage is afforded of being perfectly informed concerning it. In this particular case the gaining of even moderate information is attended by peculiar difficulty. Canadian art is still in its infancy. The National Gallery at Ottawa consists of a few rooms in the Victoria Museum. Probably every Canadian artist of note is represented there: some are well represented, but others inadequately. Visits to this gallery are most interesting, but must be otherwise supplemented in an endeavor to form even a fairly just estimate of the individual painter and the output as a whole. Montreal has a small gallery established through private enterprise. Architecturally the building is very fine, and the collection has been made with discriminating care. It represents also, however, the preference for imported work, which has prevailed among art patrons in Canada almost up to the present. Winnipeg had the honor of opening to the public the first civic gallery in 1912. It has not as yet a separate building nor a permanent collection, but has had good success

in obtaining loan collections in spite of the distance, and the admissions in one day have been as many as 3,500. The number of foreigners has been very noticeable among these visitors. Toronto possesses in the legacy of the late Goldwin Smith a site for a gallery for which plans are already made. In the meantime, exhibitions find excellent housing in the College Street Library. Four good exhibitions are held in Toronto annually. The oldest art organization, The Ontario Society of Artists, exhibit in the early spring; the Royal Canadian Academy, established seven years later, in 1880, in the late autumn; the Canadian Art Club, existing only since 1907, in later spring; and probably the most popular exhibit of all is held in the late summer, under the Canadian National Exhibition. On such exhibitions one is chiefly dependent in gaining a knowledge of Canadian painting.

Little has been written on the men whose works form these exhibitions and on their methods and aims. Each visitor to an exhibition is greatly a law unto himself. According to his past knowledge and experience, and his present powers of observation and appreciation, he finds interest and pleasure. At first he probably criticizes with great freedom and complacency and arrives at final judgments from slight premises. Unfortunately, or fortunately, the next display of the same painters' work may show canvasses so admirable or so dismaying that the whole fabric of his rashly constructed theories comes crashing down. A few of these disconcerting but wholesome experiences probably gain for him a new viewpoint. He realizes that final pronouncements cannot be made on what, instead of being static, concrete material, is the changing expression of spiritual forces in the ebb and flow of seeking their channel. The confident critic becomes a simple learner, hesitant in expressing opinions, but glad to give assent when his unformed thoughts are given definite form by another.

Such assent presents an answer to the introductory question an extract from the Canadian Year Book of 1913: "During the past ten years, and in particular during the last five, our own artists have begun to paint Canadian scenes without Dutch atmosphere or Spanish color, or English skies. They have, in fact, founded a Canadian school of art—a school that interprets the beauty of their own land, and the greatness, the memories, the dreams, the sentiments of their own people. Because they are doing so they are increasingly rising above mediocrity."

Brief as the history of Canadian art is, "Dutch atmosphere, Spanish color and English skies" dominated it too long. With no message of its own, there was nothing left but a conventional following after European traditions. Impatient reviewers in-

veighed against the lack of individuality, the lack of variety in the choice of subjects, the lack of spontaneity in color, and in general against the appalling monotony of the average exhibition. They pointed out the greatness of what our country offered to the painter, and challenged him to picture it. But wealthy patrons purchased abroad; young artists studied abroad; and the mature, returned artist painted Canada from a foreign viewpoint.

Just what forces combined to bring about the change, it would be interesting to attempt to analyze; but for the present it is sufficient that the change has come. New and exhilarating life has come into Canadian art. With the men who are leading in the new movement the studio-composed landscape or the merely pretty or conventional composition is an impossibility. A passion for convincing truth and sincerity in art and a splendid patriotism dominates each craftsman. Beyond this, there is little unity among them. Each man is working out his own ideal in his own way. There is little splendid achievement, for Canada has as yet but slight patronage to extend to aesthetic production, and unfortunately sympathy and appreciation have not been more liberal. But there is the unity of a loyal and fine enthusiasm, of absolute honesty in work and purpose, and there is the splendid vision of tremendous untouched spaces lying in the sunshine of the future, waiting for him who can come in to possess them.

Some of these men have had every advantage of European travel and study, and have returned home only confirmed in their ambition to devote their trained technique to the interpretation of their own country; and to do this so that its people, caring for the picture, may come more and more to cherish that which has been so beautifully interpreted. Others, again, have had none of these advantages. Their development seems to have been through the very obstacles they have had to surmount. Here is a description of two such men by another whose pen as ready as his brush: "He began his art career remotely as a worker in lithography and allied trades. In his holidays he camped in the bush or took canoe trips on the rivers. He became expert in wood craft. He was open to every influence of nature, woods, animals, skies and waters. And gradually as inner feeling accumulated he began to feel the need for higher expression. He discarded the rifle and took his brushes and colors. And now those years of stored impressions are being loosed and begin to manifest themselves in what his fellow artists call 'originality of design,' 'strength of handling,' 'brilliancy of color,' and in, and through, and above all, the Canadian ideal. I think of another who is on the same

quest. I see him tramping on snowshoes over the frozen, wind-swept lakes of the north to keep with Thoreau 'an appointment with the birch tree.' I see him in the intense cold planting his easel in the snow among wolf-haunted cedars, that he may realize through such intimacy with sunshine and blue snow shadows a little more of the Canadian ideal. Or again in lonely fastnesses of the Rockies he tramps and climbs long distances, bearing a heavy pack, through storm and danger, to be at hand for another expected glimpse of this ideal. Many others might be described, but these two will suffice for the type. They are all sons of the north, following the ideal through heat and snow, through frequent disapproval, discouragement, sometimes with difficulty, generally in privation, but always with determined hope. How they may best be encouraged is left to the individual to determine."

Extracts from another older artist sum up these same thoughts in other words: "We see a gradual clearing away of the glamor which is imported and the formation step by step of some sort of a standard of opinion which will recognize only that which is good. . . . Our Atlantic coast is finer than Brittany; Quebec province contains a wealth of old-world picturesque as quaint as Nuremberg; Southern Ontario is as smiling and placid as Hampshire; Northern Ontario is as grim as Norway; the prairies give scope to the lover of vast solitudes; the Rockies are as sublime as the Alps; our lakes and rivers have not their equal on earth. The artists have not yet expressed these things adequately. Neither in prose nor in paint has the work yet been done. We have had the topography, but only brief glimpses of the spirit. We have had the conscientious geographer but not the inspired poet. But now the time is ripe. The poets, the novelists, the painters are inspired by the beauty of their own country. Will you support them in their faith?"

The scope of this short paper does not allow for discussion of individual artists and their work, but a few representative names might be given of those who are leading in this movement. The name of A. Suzor-Cote of Athabascaville might perhaps come first. Study and travel in Europe brought him back to Canada only the more enthusiastic to do justice to his own country. He is in the prime of life and has found his subjects and his methods. He is probably best known by his snowscapes. They have a warmth and color and native, intimate appeal that makes one think of Drummond's "Habitant" in paint. Maurice Cullen, with different technique and feeling, is working along much the same line. Lawren Harris, "a passionate, ecstatic young man who fairly sings in his paint," is turn-

ing his trained technique to the discovery of the poetry of common things. No scene from our city streets or rough north country is so commonplace that he cannot discover its intrinsic dignity and beauty and make us feel it. Closely associated with him is a group of young men with similar ideals. Together they have sometimes been called "The Algonquin Park School." J. E. H. Macdonald, Tom Tomson and A. Y. Jackson (now at the front), and Arthur Lismer are the other members. Mr. Lismer can paint a scene from the north land that calls one across a gallery with a gay smile of recognition and welcome. The sky is blue as only Canadian skies are, the air vibrates with sunshine and ozone, one can almost smell the scent of soil and autumn leaves and fresh-water lakes, and almost hear the soft confused lapping of water and rustling of trees. C. W. Jeffries has been showing us how rich a field the prairies offer. St. Thomas Smith is making powerful transcriptions from the Atlantic seacoast. Mr. Bell-Smith, one of our veterans, with the finer, smoother style of an earlier period, helps us to realize the majesty and beauty of the Rockies. The late Edmund Morris did some of his best work in preserving types of Indian life in our Northwest, now so rapidly passing away. These names must suffice here. At best, the group is not large nor powerful. They are keenly aware of their own limitations and humble as to their achievements, but they are eager and earnest as to possibilities.

Our National Gallery allows the visitor to possess himself of four Canadian reproductions. One is "The Spanish Bather," by Paul Peel. Perfect in drawing, composition, coloring technique, one looks at it with sheer joy. It is mellow, rich, gracious, exquisite—but wholly French, as its maker became in spirit. "Dieppe Harbor," by Wm. Barnsley, is equally exquisite in its own way, and equally continental. "Oxen Drinking," by Horatio Walker, is a masterly canvas. The subject is Canadian, being taken from the island of New Orleans in the St. Lawrence, as almost all of Mr. Walker's subjects are. One has only admiration for the power and big epic quality of the work, but is regretfully forced to reject it as being Canadian. It is as though Millet or Troyon or Potter had lent their brushes and the atmosphere of their countries had clung to them. The last reproduction is called "Breaking the Road," by William Cruikshank. This picture has none of the power or freshness or beauty of the other three. The paintwork has a dry, unfinished, barrenness, and the color is not pleasing, but the subject is so entirely Canadian and the portrayal so sincere that we accept it with peculiar affection. Mr. Cruikshank is another of our veterans. His relation to Canadian art has been com-

pared to that of Dr. Johnson to English literature. This canvas from one of our most faithful art teachers may be taken as a symbol of the new movement. The road is being broken by these heroes of unfulfilled renown.

Beautiful things can only be produced by those who have beautiful things around them.—Ruskin.

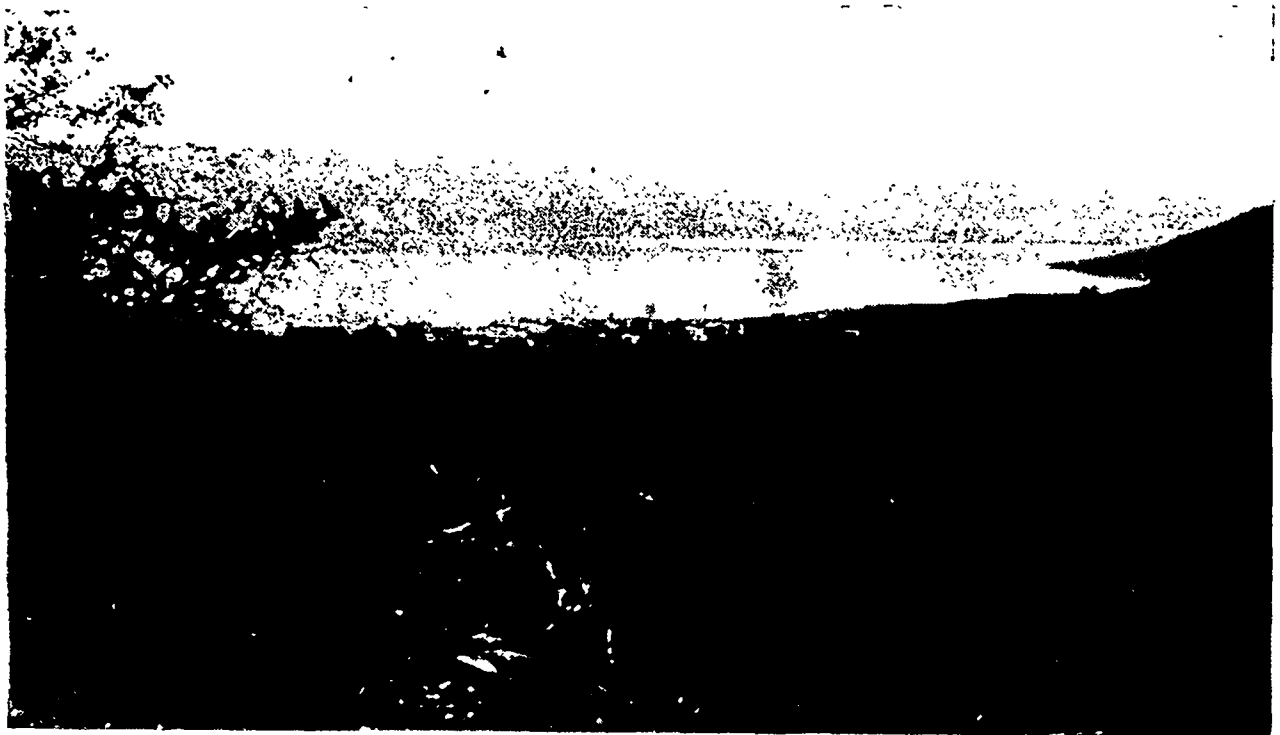
“LET US GO NOW TO BETHLEHEM”

C. H. LAGER, M.A.

Bethlehem is a sweet name, peculiarly sweet when Christmas, the dear old friend, is again visiting our peaceful homes.

Let us assume that we are in Jerusalem, the historical city to which the Jewish, the Christian and the Mahomedan religion—three religions—trace their origin.

Our excellent Arabian horses are ready to leave just as the day is breaking. The eastern sky, rising beyond the bluish hills of ancient restless Moab, is colored with crimson and gold.



The Sea of Galilee.

The gleaming light is falling on hills and valleys, on towers and minarets of hoary Jerusalem, the city of splendor, the Holy City, the city of song and story. We have five miles to Bethlehem: the road is fine and the scenery exceedingly fascinating.

Passing through the Jaffa Gate, we descend into the Valley of Gihon and reach, in a few moments, the Giants' Plain, over which Solomon often drove in splendor to his gardens and pools. The interested eye can see far and wide. Every minute it discovers some new "holy place." The tradition is often

true, or has at least an historical basis; sometimes, however, it is suspicious and may have materialized in the fertile hotbed of pious imagination.

Distance is very deceptive in Palestine, due to the peculiar transparency of the atmosphere. The camera easily takes in the whole Sea of Galilee, which is fourteen by eight miles. For the same reason voices can be distinctly heard at a distance so great as to astonish us, though the atmosphere of Western Canada is less cloudy than that of most countries.

We now reach the Tomb of Rachel. Beneath its dome, we are assured, rest the ashes of Jacob's beautiful and beloved Rachel. The story in Gen. 35: 16-20, depicting her tragical death, is one of the most touching and pathetic in any literature. For fourteen long years Jacob served Laban in order to win Rachel as his bride; and these years seemed to him but a few days because of the tender love which he cherished toward her. After many troubled years had passed and the old wearied man was nearing his grave, he repeats with touching particularity and the tenderest pathos the details of her departure and burial. Nearly four thousand years have elapsed, years of sorrow and joy, defeat and triumph, yet her story is not effaced from the memory of her posterity. Week after week women from the neighboring villages and Bedouin camps gather to bewail Rachel at her "eternal home," the ancient tomb.

We already see Bethlehem. The views of the City of David are extremely picturesque. It is seen to be an irregular village on a broken and rugged hill. The Church of the Nativity suggests a neglected Roman castle. On the terraced hills surrounding the little pastoral town are seen fig and olive trees and beautiful vines. The houses are oriental, small and of whitish limestone. Most roofs are flat, others have the Byzantine domes. The population, consisting of Christians and a few Jews, numbers five thousand. Some of them have gardens, others derive a meagre livelihood from little farms in the valley below or the fields outside. The chief means of support is the manufacture of rosaries, trinkets and souvenirs of various kinds. The people are turbulent as well as handsome: the women are among the finest looking in the whole land. They are remote descendants of the Crusaders who married native women and settled in the vicinity.

While entering the town we may refresh our memories with some Bible references. On yonder plain is laid the pastoral story of Ruth, who gleaned behind the reapers in the field of Boaz. Perhaps near yonder gate occurred the quaint procedure, in obedience to old Semitic custom, when Ruth became the wife of Boaz and so, finally, the mother of the Davidic

kings. Here David was anointed by Samuel to be the unfortunate Saul's successor as king of the empire. On these fertile hills he had spent his youth playing with his happy playmates and tending his father's sheep. And these green glens and valleys echoed those sweet shepherd songs which have since resounded in three successive temples in the Holy City and through the whole civilized world. Before the present world-conflagration started — now things are changed, the Jewish colonists have been made destitute by "the unspeakable Turk," or carried safe to Egypt by United States battleships—these songs were sung by Hebrew children playing on the plain of Sharon or in the streets of Jerusalem. In Bethlehem was the



Prof. Lager at the Plough.

khan, or inn, to which Mary and Joseph came nearly two thousand years ago. The birth of Jesus has given Bethlehem new glory and immortality. At Christmas-tide its name is sung by millions of happy children round the globe, and will be sung as long as time shall last.

Yonder, a mile east of the town, is the traditional plain of the shepherds. Here the heavenly minstrelsies broke forth: here the sparkling stars looked down on the scene of the wondrous birth. And if they sang at the world's creation, might they not also sing over Bethlehem on every Christmas night?

The Church of the Nativity is a fortress-like structure, in-

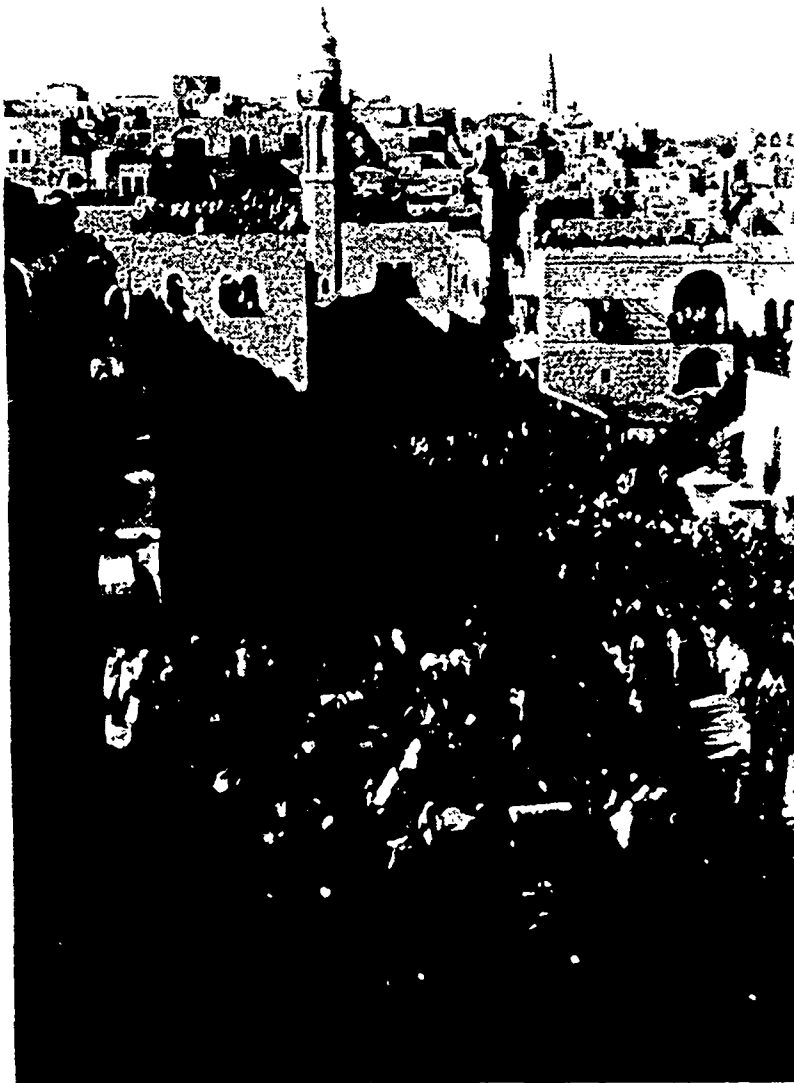
cluding three convents, one belonging to the Latin, one to the Greek, and one to the Armenian Church. This admirable building, referred to by early pilgrims, is the Basilica which St. Helena, the noble-hearted mother of Constantine, erected in 327 in memory of the illustrious birth. The nave of the church, which the Turkish government has made the common property of every Christian faith, is the oldest monument of Christian architecture still existing in the world. In this ancient edifice, in 1101, then brilliant with colored marbles and fine gold, Baldwin was crowned as king of Jerusalem. The last important repairs on the building were executed by Edward IV. of England. The church contains four rows of white and red limestone columns, each column being a monolith. A fifth group of colored marble columns, said to have belonged to Solomon's temple, may have decorated Herod's magnificent sanctuary, in which Christ, a few days before His crucifixion, presented himself as the Messiah. The capitals are Corinthian. The roof is of cedar taken from Lebanon.

We descend a spiral staircase, a distance of perhaps twenty feet below the floor of the Basilica, and reach the Chapel of the Nativity, a cave hewn in the limestone rock over which the Basilica was erected. We enter a vault 33 x 11 feet, encased with Italian marbles and decorated with exquisite embroidery and ornaments of many kinds. We now approach the Altar, a spot of peculiar sacredness. In the pavement is a white marble slab in which is set a big silver star, as indicating the exact place of Christ's birth. It is not surprising that pilgrims coming from almost every land under the sun, especially at Christmas time, kneel in solemn reverence beside this star, kissing it and the well-worn marble, while they, at the same time, open their Bibles and silently read the now living story of the angels' song and shepherds' joy in Bethlehem. Around the shining star is this inscription:

"HIC DE VIRGINE MARIA JESUS CHRISTUS
NATUS EST."

Above the star fifteen antique and colored silver lamps continually burn. Of them, six belong to the Greeks, five to the Armenians, and four to the Latins. Old exquisite paintings that would be considered priceless treasures if they were in our picture galleries, are exhibited on the walls. They are not allowed, however, to tell their wondrous story of Jesus and His love, as the fanatic monks deem it more necessary to keep the gloomy grotto filled with the choking smoke from the eternally burning incense and wax candles.

Fierce fights take place here often. Recently, in this grotto, a representative of the Greek Church came into savage conflict with a priest of the Roman Church. Firearms were immediately drawn, and the Roman priest was shot. The Turks imprisoned the murderer, and the case became a rather celebrated



Bethlehem on Christmas Day.

one. Soon, however, the prisoner mysteriously escaped and has not been brought to trial yet. Such conduct is a sad commentary on human nature, not to say, professional Christianity. Now, when Christmas comes, three hundred armed Mahomedan soldiers keep watch round the church so as to prevent the "Christians" from killing each other while they are gathered

in Bethlehem to celebrate the birth of the Prince of Peace.

We have not yet "finished" the interesting town of Bethlehem, we have hardly touched it; but now we will close, wishing our patient readers a "Merry Christmas."

*The heavens were not commanded to prepare
A gorgeous canopy of golden air;
Nor stooped their lamps the enthroned fires on high;
A single star
Came wandering from afar,
Gliding, unchecked and calm, along the liquid sky;
The Eastern sages leading on,
As at a kingly throne,
To lay their gold and odours sweet
Before Thy infant feet.*

MORATORIUM LEGISLATION.

R. H. McQUEEN, B.A.

The Christmas season is again upon us and it brings pecuniary duties peculiar to it. Doubtless before the last relative or friend is provided for, many of our readers will be tottering on the verge of bankruptcy. It may be comforting to those to know something of the provisions of the Moratorium laws in force in this Province. No attempt will be made to interpret the intricate points which arise out of the various Acts, but we shall endeavor merely to give our readers an idea of the most important provisions.

At the sittings of the Legislature in September 1914, the first Moratorium law was brought into force. It applied to contracts relating to land, but as it has been repealed in effect by the legislation enacted in March of this year, its provisions require no comment. One Moratorium Act of 1915 is an Act respecting contracts relating to land. No action or proceeding can be taken on any contract or instrument, other than a Mechanic's Lien, charging land with the payment of money, whether before a court or through a Land Titles office, until after some interest, taxes or premium of fire insurance has been in arrear for one year. Or if no interest is payable under the instrument, then until some instalment of principal has been overdue for a year. One of our judges has held that once a debtor gets beyond the protection of the Act he cannot reinstate himself as it were by making payment of arrears. The Act is not applicable to contracts entered into after the thirty-first day of July, 1914, nor to registered judgments for debts incurred after that date. The Lieutenant-Governor-in-Council may at any time by proclamation order that this Act be repealed.

The other Moratorium legislation in force is known as the War Relief Act. It provides that no proceedings for the enforcement of payment of any debt, liability or obligation shall be taken in any of the civil courts of the Province or outside of such courts against a person who has enlisted in the forces raised by Canada, or has left Canada to join the British army or the armies of any of our allies, or against any one dependent upon such a volunteer or reservist. Where any of the persons mentioned are interested in land proceedings for its sale or foreclosure under an agreement, judgment, or mortgage cannot be taken. Where the debt is one incurred after the coming into force of the Act, the first of April, 1915, and is a debt for necessaries for the volunteers or reservists referred to or their families, the Act does not apply.

WORDSWORTH'S ATTITUDE TO CHILDHOOD

FLORA A. FRASER '16.

Wordsworth cherished a very fond memory of his own childhood days, when life seemed overflowing with joy and beauty, and therefore all child life appealed to the poet. As he watched the life of a little child unfolding and developing, he seemed to live over again his own happy childhood days; with the sympathetic touch of the true artist he presents his beautiful picture to us, in it revealing his own attitude to child-life.

First, he pictures to us the little life newly arrived from Heaven, still closely surrounded by the beauty and holiness of its former home. Nature is as yet a world of wonder and of beauty to this child. Nothing is commonplace or ordinary; the common things of life are enshrouded in a veil of mystic beauty. Life is free and joyful, a beautiful dream unquestionably accepted:

*"There was a time when meadow, grove and stream
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem
Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream."*

But very soon the world lays claim upon the growing child, and

*"Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing boy."*

The earlier glories are lost sight of and forgotten in the pleasures of the new scenes opened up before the little life. No longer does he passively receive the impressions of this wonderful and mysterious world, but he must know the wherefore and the why of everything. With wonder and reverence he watches the actions of his elders, puzzling in his little brain the mysteries of life. Eagerly he strives to follow in their footsteps, and so we have an age of "endless imitation," when life is a stage and he would represent all the characters his experience has brought to him.

So it would seem this little child is no longer content to accept the simple creed of faith and hope, but must know life in all its unhappy aspects, must with his endless questioning provoke the often bitter answer of future experience. Why, the poet asks, can we not rest content in the beauty of our sim-

ple childish faith, for while Wisdom brings joys that childhood cannot know, she also takes away many of our early simple happinesses. The great philosopher, the man of learning looking into the face of a little child, sees there a power, a wisdom, a beauty which he himself in the very attaining of his worldly wisdom has lost:

*“Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
Thy soul’s immensity;
Thou best philosopher, thou eye among the blind,
That, deaf and silent, read’st the eternal deep,
Haunted forever by the eternal mind—”*

Our childhood days have given birth to thoughts and truths never to be forgotten, a source of beauty and inspiration in the days to come:

*“The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction.”*

In our later years perhaps we realize better than ever before the beauty, the wonder and the power, of those simple childhood days.

*If, gaily clothed and proudly fed,
In dangerous wealth we dwell,
Remind us of Thy manger-bed.
And lowly cottage-cell!*

THE RT. HON. DAVID LLOYD-GEORGE

E. M. DUTTON, MATRIC.

(The Winning Essay of the Academic Literary Contest.)

"Great men are the commissioned guides of mankind, who rule their fellows because they are wiser."—Carlyle.

If one were privileged to watch the cabinet ministers as they approached the British Houses of Parliament, one's attention would be drawn particularly to a rather small, energetic looking man with a quick, nervous gait; and if one could follow him into the building, one might see him take his place on the cabinet benches and listen interestedly to the discussion for some minutes, then jump suddenly to his feet and begin speaking in low musical tones, which attract the younger members and compel the older ones to listen.

"The great little Welshman" is speaking.

The Rt. Hon. David Lloyd-George, recently Chancellor of the Exchequer, but at this time of crisis, because of his unlimited ability, Minister of Munitions, was born on the 17th day of January, 1863, in the bustling city of Manchester. His father, an enterprising yeoman, who had great aspirations for him, was unaware that he was but prophesying the future of his little son when he wrote to a friend: "May he live to become a great man." He has reached and surpassed the highest ambitions of his devoted parent.

Lloyd-George inherited a great love for nature and for farming people. All his family had been connected with the land for generations. But he also loved knowledge, and this devotion became more intense because of the circumstances by which he was surrounded.

He received his primary schooling in the picturesque town of Llanystumdwy, on the banks of the river Dwyfawr, situated in a chain of mountains known as Eyri, or "The Craggs of the Eagles." He received his more advanced education in Liverpool and London, where he spent eight years of careful and diligent study. On his return to his own county from these seats of learning, he opened a grammar school, which he conducted successfully for some years.

By dint of hard work and the unremitting zeal of his uncle, who was helping him, he passed his first law examination at the age of sixteen years, and was duly employed by a firm of solicitors in the busy seaport town of Portmandoc. Although

fond of reading, he did not let it interfere with the dull routine of a lawyer's office. He revelled in the phraseology of old documents, and was so skilled in reading into them their proper meaning that he became a favorite with the head of the firm, who saw the real value of such an addition to his office staff.

In 1884, Lloyd-George passed the necessary exams, and qualified as a solicitor at the age of twenty-one. But his funds had run so short that he was unable to buy his robes, without which he could not practise in the courts; consequently, he was forced to other work for some time before formal admittance to his chosen profession.

He threw himself wholeheartedly into his first case, and by diligent searching and reading among old documents he was able to refute successfully the arguments of the prosecutors. It was at this period that he began to gain that popularity and confidence which has been so valuable both to him and his government.

From that time on he has risen gradually until elected to the Chancellorship of the Exchequer.

In his early parliamentary days, older men have often turned against him on account of his youth. But young Wales has always rallied around him as leader and hero. He has continually brought forward Bills for the betterment of Wales, his country, for, as he once said: "We must be true to our nationality." Nearest his heart is the thought of his own people.

Probably no man had done more real service for the British people than Lloyd-George. He seeks no renown or applause, doing the thing he thinks right, working on, regardless of public opinion, intent only upon serving his fellow-men, his country and his God.

*Soft words, smooth prophecies, are doubtless well;
But to rebuke the age's popular crime,
We need the souls of fire, the hearts of that old time.*

TO THE MEDITERRANEAN

A. II. PULLEN '18.

*O Sea enchanted! By whose whispering wave
So often rapt and wondering have I stood;
Dreamed when a pensiveness did o'er thee brood;
Sighed when thy moanings solemn sadness gave;
Trembled to see thy winter billows rave;
Gazed when the sunset tinged thy waves with blood;
Laughed when I swam thy waters as I would—
No longer thy companionship I have!*

*No longer when the daily task is done,
The tall Ligurian pines I hasten through,
And shout to see thee rolling in the sun—
A vast expanse of rippled, shimmering blue!*

*O Sea enchanted! Sea with whispering shore!
I fear my soul will leap to thine no more!*

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A MERRY XMAS

We again greet you, and wish you "A Merry Christmas." Expressions lose beauty only as the idea they express loses vitality. That to-day, after having travelled down through the centuries, and echoed from east to west, it is still ringing out from human hearts, is proof of the magic that lies in the idea of Christmas. The magic is there because the content so closely approximates to the deepest desire of the heart of man.

Goodwill, the god of the season, reigns, and men of every color, language, and nationality, bow the knee to this beneficent deity. Even in the midst of bloody carnage, there comes a lull, when men recognize that there is something that binds them together. The song of heavenly choirs is repeated, and echoes through the arches of the universe as men take up the refrain, and give themselves, for a time at least, into the control of the spirit that heals, makes the sad to rejoice, and gives peace.

SCRIBES

In the Fall Number of the *Quill* a prize of five dollars was offered to Academy students for the best essay or short story. Only one entry has been received.

Can it be that the boisterous West does not foster the scribe, but nurtures only the strong-limbed man of the great out-of-doors? We think not. The *Quill* has demonstrated during its short life that the facts are quite otherwise. The tendency, we admit, is away from rooms and books and pencils, and out into the fields. But writers have appeared to express the growing spirit of Canada, and they are growing with their country.

One of the causes, at least, must be sought, not in the mind and soul, but in the pocket. A new era has begun. It is the era of young students sent to college by Dad, who foots the bill and sends along enough besides for sundaes. Five dollars is a bagatelle. "We should worry" is the current philosophy, and it is a philosophy that produces no writing or thought, nor indeed any strong thing.

THE SELF-SUPPORTING STUDENT

All honor to him! He is fast becoming extinct. Time was when he predominated. He does yet. But his numerical importance has gone.

The student who "puts himself thro" is an American product. America should be proud! In the old lands it is still considered in many quarters bad form to work for one's living: on the part of the university man it is contemptible. But America has loved her laboring students, and has trained them to be, not merely scholars, but all-round men.

The student who does chores to eke out his dwindling means, who is always singing or working or playing, and never anxious—trusting in God to provide him a way to wring his bread from the earth; the student who has sweated for his education in C.P.R. ditches, or has plodded many weary months over the fallow: the student who buys his privilege of being at college, and bids tender farewell to every dollar he spends: he is the student who knows why he studies and finds joy in his work, and him we admire.

A Brandon College student, more or less of a good-natured tramp, who came from a rich home, was once heard to remark that he thought he would be a better man if he left home and hustled for himself. But he guessed he ought to think himself lucky to have such "easy pickings." So he remained at home. What a pity he so guessed!

COLLEGE GOSSIP

ARTHUR H. PULLEN '18.

*“And why do you look at the speck in your brother's eye,
and do not consider the beam of timber in your own eye?”*
—Jesus.

Hoping the sound of the magic word may not lure you prematurely from your cramming, we wish you, gentle reader, the best of Christmas wishes.

To you, and to every soul under God's heaven, we wish a blessing this Christmas-tide, and, so it hinder not your ongoing happiness throughout the coming new year. Happiness is more to be desired than gold, and almost as scarce today: let us radiate what we have!

—

These are days of hot air. Probably never before were so many people speaking at once. It is surely a conservative estimate to state that 75 per cent. of modern conversation says nothing. What a vast difference there is between having to say something and having something to say! Students of animal psychology tell us that an ass never brays without a reason. [There are exceptions.—Consulting Editor.] Think! Even an ass. Reader! fall on your knees and thank your lucky stars that College Gossip is not intended to be a report of the gossip of the College. Do we muster our best at the dinner table? Ye gods and little fishes! what a best it is!

Is it not Keats in his “Tabby-Cat on the Billiard Table,” who has preserved a characteristic saying of that celebrated fiction producer, Sir Robman Rodlin, to Dr. Cicero de Senectute, M.P., at the first annual banquet of the British and Foreign Libel Society: “Sir, small talk is a sign of a small mind. If I have nothing to say, I hardly ever say it.”

FRAGMENT.

Brandon is on the prairies,
Not far from Winnipeg City,
The River Assiniboine's muddy tide
Oilily flows on its northern side:
But when begins my ditty
Only a few short nights ago,
To see the students suffer so
From rampage was a pity.

Cans!
 Along the hall, adown the stair
 With mighty, loud-resounding clatter,
 Bringing the students from their beds
 All dazed, to question "What's the matter?"
 Leaving adown the stairs a lot
 Of dust and junk—I know not what,
 And even waking Arthur Stott,
 By drowning his snoring
 With crashing and roaring,
 All down the stairs from the upper flat.

At last the students in a body
 To the chapel hall came flocking:
 "'Tis clear," cried they, "Old Jule's a noddy;
 And as for our students' committee—shocking!
 To think we're thus disturbed by banging,
 By needless din and senseless clanging,
 By bally bums that sure need hanging!
 Rouse up, sirs! Give your brains a racking,
 To find the remedy we're lacking;
 Or, sure as fate, we'll send you packing!

[The above unfinished poem was found among the posthumous MSS. left by a Brandon College student who died recently, as a result of overeating at a College Sunday supper.]

"THIS IS THE (LARGER) LIFE."

The Arts students attending lectures from Dr. Lager were entertained at Aagaard's on Nov. 24th by their genial professor. After the banquet Mr. Donogh, the toastmaster, called upon Miss N. Ross, E. J. Vincent, Prof. Lager, H. F. Widen, V. Coen, J. Reid, Miss Cline, I. Cooper and Miss J. McLaren for speeches.

The function was one of those enjoyable occasions which stand out in memories of good times at college.

Other professors kindly note. The guests are confidently awaiting the realization of the Vincent prophecies.

THE ELECTIONS.

Owing to the lack of space, little attention was paid to the elections in our last number of the *Quill*. They went off with a loud report. Time, money, enthusiasm, hot air, energy and paint were contributed unstintingly by both sides.

We hardly knew what to think about it, especially those of us who were new-comers. We felt that Albert Hughes must be the greatest scoundrel unhung, and yet were convinced that in

reality he was a pearl without price. We wondered how in the world we had been able to put up so long with the woeful shortcomings and distinct objectionableness of Wellington McBain, but somehow there lurked a lingering suspicion in some minds that he was really quite an excellent fellow after all. And now that it is all over, and the saints and sinners have resumed normal shape to our eyes, we find that after all they are very ordinary ginks like ourselves. Brethren, we are all common people, or there are none.

Incidentally Mac won out, and now, with a deep feeling of his responsibility, adorns our presidential chair.

Prof. McGibbon (lecturing on Socialism): "It cannot be said that in this argument Marx is logical."

Scotty Linton (sniggering): "Perhaps he was theological, Doctor?"

Prof. McGibbon (twinkling over his spectacles): "I admit the antithesis."

At a recent meeting of the Y.M.C.A. the men were favored by a talk from Mr. J. F. Kilgour, B.A. The thoughts he expressed were virile, and like all truth bluntly told, came home. We felt that the speaker must have read more than once the famous essay, the dominating note of which is struck in the words: "Trust thyself: every heart vibrates to that iron string."

Other recent addresses came to us from Mr. Taylor Staten and Colonel Clingan.

The college branch of the Student Volunteer Movement took charge of the "Y" meeting on Thursday, Nov. 18th, at which reports were heard from our delegates to the missionary conference at the "Peg," J. Hart and S. Miskiman. Five minute talks were also given by Jean McLaren, May MacLachlan, and Arthur Pullen, student volunteers for foreign missionary work.

At a recent meal taken with us in the College dining-room by Mr. and Mrs. Linton an opportunity was afforded "Scotty" to trot out some of his ancient stories. Selections from his "sky-scraper" series were successfully rendered.

AT THE "LIT."

Under the able leadership of our new executive, the Literary Society is maintaining College traditions by providing on alternate Friday nights entertainment for the students, faculty and friends.

Few officers in College organizations have more responsibility (and, incidentally, less thanks) than that of convenor of the program committee of the "Lit." Wilf. Moffat is to be congratulated upon the way in which he is already filling this bill.

Other officers of the society are:

Hon. President—Miss Whiteside.

President—R. W. McBain.

Vice-President—Miss B. Morris.

Secretary—Miss L. Mitchell.

Treasurer—Lloyd Shewan.

Convenor of Reading Room Committee — Duncan McIntyre.

Critic—Norman McDonald.

Criticisms are welcomed in all departments of student activity. The Lit., the Debating Society, the *Quill*—criticize them all if you have something to say. A point should be remembered, however, which is often forgotten by critics: true criticism is usually twofold. Don't develop, through kicking, such muscle in your leg, that, through neglect, your arm loses the capacity to pat on the back.

It is said that a man's character is like a fence: it cannot be strengthened by whitewash.

Arts II had an exceptionally successful hike some days ago. Under the distinguished chaperonage of Dr. and Mrs. Vining, the party, which numbered some twenty bemuffled and betoqued merrymakers, reached the home of Mrs. Ferrier at the Experimental Farm. After the eats, which consisted of sandwiches, beans, cake and coffee, a small presentation was made to our good classmate Johnny Hart.

The occasion was gladdened by an impromptu piano solo by Mrs. Vining, who nobly rose to the occasion.

And time would fail me to tell of the number of sandwiches "Scotty" ate, of the age-hallowed jokes retold, of the sky-and-heart-rending yells, and of the snow that found its way down Dr. Vining's neck.

And a word to the wise: when in doubt, arrange a hike, get some bracing exercise combined with a real good time, and help the Red Cross Fund into the bargain.

"One good hike when it's freezing hard
Is worth full many a promenade!"

We have recently been favored at our chapel service by

hearing several distinguished visitors, whose timely words have brought us into closer touch with the outside world.

Perhaps the most interesting of these visits was that of the Australian Cadets, whose speeches calculated to inspire envy of their homeland, and whose yells proved somewhat of an innovation at our chapel service.

On November 18th, an address was given at our morning exercises by Mr. C. R. Sayer, Provincial Superintendent of the Manitoba Baptist Convention, and on November 24th Sir Jas. Aikins spoke to the students on the present world situation.

The "Gordon" Mission study class has been at work again this term. Sunday, November 21st, brought us an extremely instructive and inspiring speaker in the person of Rev. Mr. Russell, of the Presbyterian Foreign Mission Board, who spoke to us from his twenty years' experience in India.

THE NEW COMMENTARIES OF CAESAR.

I. The summer having passed, much snow also being in that place, the war with the Germanii being continued with unabated fury, Idutiomarus Whiddenius being pro-consul, Caesar betakes himself to winter quarters. Many men having surrendered themselves voluntarily to his command, he appoints Marcus Selenus Evanus and Caius Volusenus McGibbonus, his lieutenants, to assist him. Yet nevertheless, however, he institutes two platoons, he himself moreover strenuously directing the general operations, for he determines that if the Germanii should wage war upon the Roman people, they themselves should by all means uphold the traditions of their ancestors. Caesar, therefore, exercised his men in all things, and neither were these matters of the easiest, because not only were the men slow to apprehend the arts of warfare, but the lieutenants themselves showed themselves somewhat unpractised in these things. In such a way that Caesar, having given the order "left wheel," these same would betake themselves to the right. On such occasions it was customary with Caesar to rebuke the lieutenants for their conduct. Fredricus Julianus he also rebuked, for not only being short of stature did he frequently lag behind, but he was wont to take ambush behind one, Hankibus MacNeillibus, who, it is said, was of great stature.

II. Now on a certain day Caesar, having desired that more strenuous exertions should be undertaken, determined that a route march should be made. For this purpose he calls together C. V. McGibbonus and M. S. Evanus, of whom mention has before been made, and instructs them in all things concerning the hike. The trumpet having called all together, Cae-

sar proceeded by a forced march into the territory of the Experimental Farm, to which all having arrived he orders that the soldiers should immediately prostrate themselves, he himself having done so with incredible celerity. But certain of the "B" squad, having run hither and thither in many places, and much confusion resulting, one of the Centurions, Arcturus Vininius by name, having invoked the gods, and being withal much puffed, cried with a loud voice: "Lie down, soldiers, if you do not wish to be shot in the bean. I myself will surely do my duty." Having with these words exhorted his companions *nasus in nivem submergebat*.

III. These engagements being exceeding heavy upon Caesar, and he being much reduced and careworn thereby, he is wont to remain awake the greater part of the night reading of the conquests of the great commanders, such as are to be found in the latest writings from Rome, by the hand of Elliottus Duttonius and Stanlius Miskimanius.

IV. Ambassadors also come to Caesar from the region of Clark Hallibus to seek an audience and to arrange terms by which the inhabitants thereof should also learn the arts of war. But of all things concerning the doings of the Amazonian legion, more will be written; in the meantime, however, Caesar assumes sole command of these troops.

Mr. Innis: "Do you remember all them little pigs you had on your farm, Rieta? and, by the way, how are all them little pigs?"

Miss Bambridge: "Oh, they're all right; how are all your folks?"

We lose a good student, a clean sport, and a Christian gentleman in John Hart, who has recently left College halls. Johnny has enlisted for overseas service. He realizes his sacrifices and goes with a sense of duty.

THE DEBATING SOCIETY.

A development of the Debating Society was innovated on November 19th, when an all-ladies debate took place. The resolution read: "Resolved that the acquisition of the degree of B.A. is an advantage to a woman on a farm." Jean Avery and Ruby McDonald upheld the affirmative with conviction, and were valiantly opposed by Rieta Bambridge and Marie Cameron. The judges were ladies also, Mrs. Wright, Miss Cline and Miss Leech acting in this capacity. Mrs. Wright, in returning the decision, announced, after some valuable criticism, the victory of the affirmative. During the evening fragmentary selections were rendered from the back of the chapel by half a dozen

members of the Bums' quartette, the debaters being considerably encouraged by the dulcet strains of "I love the cows and chickens, but this is life."

The next debate on schedule is between Theology and Academy.

Early in the new year it is expected that the inter-collegiate debates will be held.

The new executive of the society is as follows:

Dr. McGibbon—Faculty Representative.

Frank Noble, Th.—President.

Albert Hughes '17—Vice-President.

Evan Whidden '19—Secretary.

Leslie Glintz '18—Treasurer.

THE ACADEMY.

The first literary meeting of the Academic Department was held recently and the following program was successfully rendered:

Vocal Solo—Miss McKay.

Piano Solo—Miss Moffatt.

Reading—Miss L. Ross.

Vocal Solo—Miss Henderson.

Blizzard—Miss L. Mitchell.

We are contemplating a hike in the near future and it will have to go some to be a bigger success than the Lit.

PSALM OF THE SHIVERING STUDENT TO HARRIS MCKEE.

Tell me not in mournful numbers
That there isn't any steam:
Night draws near with chilly slumbers:
"Hot" pipes are not what they seem!

Have a heart! Before thou turnest,
To the basement take a stroll:
Call the fireman: say "Now, Ernest,
Shovel on a bit more coal!"

Not enjoyment, much of sorrow,
Seems our destined end or way:
'Tis a fact that each to-morrow
Finds us colder than today!

Underneath my radiator
Lies a dismal lake of ice:
And I never was a skater:
Harris dear, it isn't nice.

CLASS '16.

The '16 yell has been incubated and exists. But the fledgling finds the winter too chill, and hides beneath the maternal wing. We have been full of expectancy. But to date the weethin voice has not been heard. We understand it goes like this:

Wimple, Wurple,
Gold and Purple,
Sweet Sixteen!
Tenax, Tenax
Propositi
Class '16.

The gold and purple brightens up our halls. It is worn in the classic form of a double line of cord that traces a path around the shoulder-seam of the gown. The ladies of the class did it, thereby adorning the ungainly masculine frames, and earning the gratitude of all.

*For the birthright yet unsold,
For the future yet unrolled,
For the history yet untold,
Put it through.*

CLARK HALL

HELEN McDONALD '16.

“We wish you a happy Christmas,
Only a wish you say?
Not much,
But such
A wish both warm and true
Will speed to you
This Christmas Day.”

Clark Hall will soon be deserted for a week, when we all return home for the Christmas holidays. Just now, excitement and curiosity abound, and the air seems filled with secrets as each new, mysterious parcel is stowed away. This is one time of the year when the Academy and Business girls have a distinct advantage over the poor Arts girls, who can only see exams. looming up in the distance; but for a few days at least the Arts girls must abandon themselves to the Christmas spirit.

To all we extend the best Christmas wishes possible in troubled times, and we sincerely hope that the Christmas of 1916 will be a brighter one for most people than is the Christmas of 1915.

One cloudy Saturday afternoon a score or so of fair young maidens, decked out in borrowed sweaters and moccasins, set out for the Experimental Farm. On the way out, the girls made good use of a coal wagon and hay rack. The driver of the latter was heard to remark: “You people must be walking all the time. I never come up Eighteenth street but I meet you.” Little did he know of the many long hours we spend poring over our books.

Arrived at the Farm, two of the girls, especially curious, discovered the Indian boys and girls tobogganing. Fun—well I should say! The toast and tea which were soon served were delicious, and the walk home—did I say walk? the chaperon was the only one who did walk—was enjoyed by all.

Prof. Miller, in Latin class: “This is not the excuse you gave me yesterday.”

Marjorie Stovel: “No, Mr. Miller; but you didn't believe that one.”

We were glad to welcome a former popular student, Miss Maud McTaggart, to Clark Hall a few days ago.

Nov. 25th: Birthday congratulations to Miss Skillen.

Y. W. C. A.

Since the last issue of the *Quill* the Y. W. C. A. elections have taken place. The officers elected are:

President—Eleanor Beaubier.

1st Vice-President—Jean MacLaren.

Treasurer—Helen Coram.

Convenors of the Committees—Bessie Turnbull, Ruby McDonald, Ethel McFadyen.

Jean Avery was the delegate appointed to attend the convention held in Winnipeg, Nov. 12-14. Miss Whiteside, Miss Skillen and Eleanor Beaubier also attended the meetings.

Sentry: "Halt! Who goes there?"

Voice: "Army chaplain."

Sentry: "Pass, Charlie Chaplin; but mind, none of your tricks."

Audrey: "Was Robinson Crusoe an acrobat?"

Clara: "I don't know, why?"

Audrey: "Well, here it reads that after he had finished his day's work he sat down on his chest."

Mrs. New entertained the resident Arts girls on Friday afternoon, November 26th. Owing to the meeting in the chapel, the girls were late in arriving, but in the short time left they enjoyed themselves very much. Mrs. New is a delightful hostess, and all the girls appreciate very much being asked to her home.

FOR SALE.

Good wishes. Satisfaction guaranteed. If not satisfactory, just consider the material with which we have to work. Apply to the Kanamuzzu Apartments.

The girls, as well as the boys, now have drill. Little did we think, when laughing good naturedly at the boys' "awkward squad," that the laughter would soon be at our expense. But such was the case. The girls, especially those in the back row, were having a fine time, but they soon received the command, "No talking; cut it out." So, it is probable, if girls are to enter military circles, that some rules will have to be emphasized.

Don't be discouraged, Mr. Miller, for although we don't expect to surpass the boys, we do intend to improve, and to improve a great deal.

CLARK HALL LITERARY SOCIETY.

In a recent meeting of the Clark Hall Literary Society a new honorary president and president were elected. Miss Skillen was the honorary president and Miss Flora Fraser the president. Under the leadership of Miss Fraser, the meetings have been both bright and interesting, and we regret that she has since resigned. At a special meeting on December 1st. Miss May MacLachlan was elected president.

NOTICE.

Marjorie Sherrin's "green Englishman" has enlisted with the 79th Battalion. Anyone desiring an introduction, kindly interview Marjorie.

Morley A.: "You are the sunshine of my life."

Hazel P.: "Yes."

Morley A.: "You reign in my heart alone."

Hazel P.: "What is this—a proposal or a weather report?"

Sing a song of Junior Arts,
Students very wise;
Four and twenty bonnie girls
Busy making eyes.

When the New Year opens,
And exams. prevail,
See the four and twenty girls
Peeved because they fail.

—A. H. P.

FAMOUS PEOPLE OF THE FUTURE.

Lavona M.—Star acrobat in Barnum & Bailey's circus.

Antonia T.—A much sought-after pianist.

Reita B.—The world's most renowned singer.

Mildred S.—Mrs. Pankhurst's successor.

Bessie T.—Most popular portrait painter of the age. Particularly good on spectacled professors.

We are not a weather prophet, nor yet are we a war prophet. We can only claim the distinction of being an obscure Clark Hall prophet. If you will but read the following pre-

dictions for the next month we feel sure you will agree that a great future is ahead of us:

Dec. 15th—Eleanor Beaubier finds out that if pleasure and study clash, pleasure must triumph. The soldiers of the 79th are too fascinating.

Dec. 17th—Merle Mitchell will begin to be haunted by visions of Christmas turkey and plum pudding.

Dec. 28th—Dorothy Kelly's dreams will be disturbed by the thought of two weeks' fun in Winnipeg.

Dec. 28th—Mary Bell will be counting the hours and minutes until she returns to Clark Hall and—Brandon College.

Jan. 4th—The Arts I. girls will have been cramming for a month and will know everything perfectly.

—

“We cannot wish them Christmas mirth,
 Those friends whose eyes with tears are dim,
 Whose brightness faded from the earth
 When God called back His own to Him:
 We cannot speak of joyous cheer;
 Our well-meant words seem all in vain,
 But yet we know, in Life's New Year,
 Those who are lost are found again.”

—F. L. H.

*He comes,—he comes, the Frost Spirit comes!—let us meet him
 as we may,
 And turn with the light of the parlor fire his evil power away,
 And gather closer the circle round when the firelight dances
 high,
 And laugh at the shriek of the baffled fiend as his sounding
 wing goes by!*

ATHLETICS

A. H. LEASK '16.

*"All shod with steel
We hissed along the polished ice."*

As with Wordsworth so with us, the time of polished ice and frosty nights is here again. Nature has covered her treasures with a snow white blanket. The hoar frost clinging in festoons to trees and wires sparkles in the morning sunshine. Winter is here and with it has come the spirit of Christmas. On every side is heard the cheery laughter of merrymakers, the ring of skates cutting the smooth ice, the swish of tobaggan as it glides like a flash down the hill, and the crash of stick upon stick as the hockey players fight another battle in the struggle for honors.

Athleticus is asleep. Before the war the College was an athletic centre, but now athletics have given place to a new activity, military drill. Basket-ball, rugby, football, hockey, most of the games in which our boys took a leading part, are not now much in evidence, for drill takes most of our time.

—

ATHLETICS vs. DRILL.

Athletics are supposed to develop team work. One man by his own individual efforts seldom wins a hockey match; every member of the team must do his bit or the game will be lost. So with military work: every man must do his part correctly or the army will never win. Does drill completely fill the place of athletics? In some ways, yes; in others, no. As an exercise it partly replaces the games, but it does not altogether fill the gap. Yet its effect is remarkably beneficial. The interest and enthusiasm it creates are startling. Tramp, tramp, tramp out to the open country; then the work begins: skirmishing in the snow; attacking positions, and charging, make the work and the meaning real.

Drill is much better than athletics in that everybody takes part. In a hockey game only fourteen men are needed; in drill everybody is welcome. To the student who never takes any exercise but a walk down town, drill comes as a blessing.

HOCKEY.

Hart and Wolverton have enlisted; Cloutier, MacNeil and Coldwell have all started to work in offices; Rathwell is taking officer's training; so we have only Prof. Evans left of our famous hockey team. But we have hopes of getting a good B team rounded up, for we have with us Steele, Glintz, and Mastberg; Cameron will be here shortly, and with a likely bunch of new material, our hopes will surely be realized. As usual, the famous "heifers" will desert the hoof and return to steel for the winter season. Among the players of last year's team we have with us Leech, Moffat and Fitzgerald. With the addition of Craig, Rowell and Dutton, a good team is looked for, and with the opening of the season, we hope to see this notable aggregation again on the ice.

BASKET-BALL.

Prospects for basket-ball are not very bright this year. But it may be that with all our various activities, we shall be able to get a little on the campus. We notice several promising players. Our great difficulty this year is that we have no place to practise.

TENNIS.

Reference was omitted in our last number to the mixed doubles tennis tournament which took place just before the snow began to fly. Sixteen double entries were made and the keen interest taken by the players was evidenced by the fact that all games were played to schedule and on time. The semi-finals found the situation thus:

Madge Struthers and Fred Howard v. Gwen. Whidden and John Hart, and Bessie Turnbull and Prof. Evans v. Mary Belle and Evan Whidden. In the finals Madge Struthers and Fred Howard opposed Bessie Turnbull and Prof. Evans, the former couple winning out. The courts were in good shape, and it is felt that tennis is more and more coming into its rightful place in the realm of college sport. Dig in again, one and all, when the snow goes!

Much credit is due to Evan Whidden for our fine tennis season.

ATHLETIC MEETING.

On October 28th, the Brandon College Athletic Association held their annual meeting for the purpose of nominating or electing a new executive. The following officers were elected by acclamation:

Hon President—Prof. Evans.

President—J. Hart.

1st Vice-President—S. Miskiman.

2nd Vice-President—D. Beaubier.

Chairman of Field Day Committee—J. Smith.

Chairman of Rink Committee—C. Whidden.

Secretary—B. Steele.

The office of Chairman of Hockey Committee was left vacant.

On Nov. 12th, the following officers were elected by ballot:

Treasurer—E. Whidden.

Chairman of Football Committee—M. Armstrong.

Chairman of Tennis Committee—E. Dutton.

SKATING.

Skating is now in full swing. Under the able management of C. Whidden, the new water system has been installed, so that we shall be able to flood the rink ourselves.

A company of our soldiers under the command of Prof. McGibbon, helped to prepare the rink by drilling on and leveling the snow.

During the next few months we hope to maintain a fine sheet of ice for skating socials and hockey. Our own rink should be the hub of our winter's sport.

Christmas! To me there's magic in the word!

And I would have it so to every soul:

I'd make th' ethereal chant the shepherds heard

'Resound throughout the world from pole to pole!

ALUMNI-ALUMNÆQUE

VERA LEECH, M.A.

*"Fond memory brings the light
Of other days around me."*

Particularly are these words true at the season of Christmas thoughts, memories, wishes, and hopes, for certainly at no other season of the year do people think so much of friends near and far, new and old, but especially old. The Christmas spirit is such an indefinable, multi-visaged wraith that it would be difficult indeed to say that this or that is its outstanding trait, and yet one finds it stalking after one, relentlessly insisting, as its first demand, that hearts be turned upward and outward. In the outward swerve it is most natural that thought should awaken memory and require a pause—"for auld sake's sake."

And thus, in spirit, every Alumnus greets every other Alumnus this Christmas-tide. It is not from careless hearts that the greeting comes at this time of storm and stress, but from souls filled with an earnest desire to serve, and with unfaltering fealty to our fellow-men, our college, our nation, and especially to our ideals. With such emotions the sons and daughters of our Alma Mater will join this year in the age-old refrain "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men."

Since the last issue of the *Quill*, word has come that at least two more of Brandon's sons are preparing for overseas service. Wellington Rathwell '15 left recently to take the officer's training course in Winnipeg, while "Jap" Wolverton, one of the biggest college athletes of recent years, has enlisted at his home-town, Nelson. Their fellow-students expect in them such qualities as inspired Wordsworth's "Happy Warrior"—the the highest and best.

T. H. Harris, B.A., B.Th., is stationed at Assiniboia, Sask., after spending a strenuous summer at Chicago University.

Amongst recent "old-girl" guests in Clark Hall have been Miss Maud McTaggart, Dunrea; Miss Eileen Gosnell, Winnipeg, and Miss Beulah Griffin, Dauphin. All seemed greatly interested in comparing past and present life in the Hall.

Miss Jean Jardine, one of the earliest Clark Hall girls, is meeting with great success as a nurse in New York City, but rumor says she is soon to return to Winnipeg to make her home there.

From Didsbury, Alta., comes the report of the ordination of R. G. Edwards, Th. '13. Since graduation Mr. Edwards has been kept out of active service on account of severe eye trouble, and we are delighted to know that he is so far recovered as to warrant his return to the work. We wish him every success in his labors.

Rev. John Milton, late of Brandon College, now pastor of Ponoka Baptist church, was present at Mr. Edward's ordination service and gave the charge to the candidate, while Rev. L. E. Brough, Th. '13 extended the hand of welcome to the Baptist ministry.

Miss Alice Mooney, Matric. '14, after spending a year teaching, has entered Medical College in Edmonton in preparation for the fulfilment of a long-cherished dream.

Henry Knox, Th. '14 is reported as turning to his pastoral duties for the winter with renewed zeal after spending every spare moment during the summer months in the cultivation of a church vegetable garden. He is still the object of the most loyal devotion from his congregation at Broadview.

A. J. Nordland '15 is preaching to English and Swedish congregations at Camrose, Alta., near his own home, while H. C. Johnson, also of Class '15, is doing similar good work at Battle River, Alta.

H. C. Harris, Th. '14, continues to minister with great success, we are told, to the spiritual needs of the Baptists in Rapid City and Minnedosa.

R. E. Boyle '08-'10, who for the past year and a half has been one of the Alberta provincial health inspectors, has returned to Winnipeg to complete his course at the Medical College there.

Miss C. Gunn '13, who has been teaching in Grenfell, expects to join the Melfort school staff after Christmas. Miss M. McCamis '13 is assistant principal of this continuation school.

J. W. Dempsey '13' after spending last winter in law studies at Dalhousie, and the summer at his home near Carberry, has now begun to practise law in Medicine Hat.

Miss Muriel Steeves, '08-'10 is principal of the Wilkie public school this year.

Miss Jean Guthrie '08-'11 this year completes her training in the Winnipeg General Hospital. Her former Brandon friends wish her every success in her chosen work.

After seven years of faithful ministry at Birtle, the Rev. A. J. Bowbrick has taken charge of the work at Puffer, Alta. Our best wishes go with him to his new sphere of activity.

L. H. Eyres, Business Dept. '12, who has been a member of the office staff of the Waterloo Mfg. Co. at Portage la Prairie for some time, has enlisted and will soon be leaving the office to go into training.

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Johnson (nee Olga Widen), Ferndale, Wash., on Nov. 6, a son. Elwood Francis.

Born—To Dr. and Mrs. W. Sherwood Fox, Princeton University, on Nov. 8, a daughter. Catherine.

It is the intention of the *Quill* staff, this year, working in conjunction with the executive of the Brandon College-McMaster Alumni society, to make this department the official news column through which the executive may reach regularly every member of the society. From time to time matters turn up which should be announced to the Alumni and yet are hardly important enough to warrant the sending of letters to each graduate; these it will be our pleasure to insert in these columns.

For this issue, however, we have one very important announcement. After the meeting of the Baptist Union, in January, it is expected that the Alumni Association will be represented on the Senate of the college. In order to have the representatives ready when the time arrives, elections have been held. Dr. MacNeill acting as returning officer. The ballots were counted on December 1st, and the following were found to be elected:

Arts Representatives—J. H. McKee, first; J. R. Evans, second; E. H. Clarke, third.

Theology Representatives—W. C. Smalley, first; Chas. Baker, second; R. Harvey, third.

As we go to press, news come to hand of the marriage of Wm. Kahlo '15 to Icel Hodges, who took her first year Arts with Class '16. Details are lacking, and we must ask the indulgence of our readers until the issue of the Easter *Quill*.

NOTICE.

We would like to ask our readers to forward to us the names of any past students who have enlisted, in order that their names, if not already included, may be added to the College Honor Roll.

*Give me no gift, if thou dost give no love:
Tell me no idle wish, no passing thought:
Grant to this soul, and every soul, to prove
The truest joy this day to thee hath brought.*

LATITUDE AND LONGITUDE

FLORA A. FRASER '16.

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

"The message of Christmas today is still the great message given by the Master almost two thousand years ago: 'Peace on earth, goodwill toward men.' Then, as now, it was offered to nations convulsed by war and to hearts filled with bitterness and hatred. Then, as now, it was accepted by some and rejected by many. But they are wrong who hold that it has lost its force and that after two thousand years our religion and our civilization are perishing together on the world's blood-stained battlefields.

"The greatest tragedy this earth has ever known will not be borne in vain. To admit that it could be so borne is to abjure all faith in an overruling, directing Intelligence. Out of the horrors of war and oppression, out of the wrongs and heart-aches of human beings will rise a new mankind purified by suffering and with the far-seeing vision that pain and sacrifice bring; one that will refuse to rise to power on the prostrate bodies of fellow men. Then selfishness will give place to the ideal life known as the Golden Rule, and men and women alike will come into their own."—*Anna Howard Shaw, Good House-keeping Magazine.*

WALT MASON ON THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT.

"Now comes the cheerful season when people smile all day—and is there any reason why it should pass away? The bells in yonder steeple can't always give their sound, but why can't human people be kind the whole year round? If I can grin like thunder throughout the Christmas Day, why can't I grin, I wonder, in August, June or May? If I can make folks happy when Christmas is on deck, I never should be scrappy, nor make of joy a wreck. When Christmas comes I'm mellow, I burble fifty ways, and when I meet a fellow I wish him happy days. But after, when I meet him, I sound no joyous note; with surly nod I greet him and try to get his goat. On Christmas, in my palace, the children play and dance; I tighten up my gallus, and whoop around and prance, until they think I'm dotty or jagged with Christmas cheer—for I am stern and haughty the balance of the year. This time I'll try to capture the Christmas atmosphere, the Christmas glee and rapture, and run it through the year."

To all our exchanges far and wide we extend our best wishes for a very happy Christmas and a bright New Year.

EXAMINATIONS.

What keeps me hours out of bed,
 With tired brain and eyes so red,
 And open books before me spread?
 Examinations!

What makes the midnight oil to burn,
 Until the wee, small hours of morn?
 What makes me wish I'd ne'er been born?
 Examinations!

What makes me cross as any bear,
 And feel like tearing out my hair?
 What sinks my morals in despair?
 Examinations!

And what in time will bring false hair,
 And make me through eyeglasses stare,
 The shadow of a face once fair?
 Examinations!
 —M. A. C. Gazette.

A mother sent this somewhat satirical note to the teacher of her small son:

“Pardon me for calling your attention to the fact that you have pulled Johnnie’s right ear until it is getting longer than the other. Please pull his left ear for a while, and oblige his mother.”

—Tit-Bits.

AN IRISHISM.

“And,” said Mrs. O’Leary, “the tilligram was from Michael himself, bad cess to him, saying, ‘I am nayther dead nor wounded, and hopin’ you’re the same.’”

“And thin we had to sind iverybody away disappointed in not havin’ the wake, and after they all came all those miles, and havin’ made plans. And now I won’t ever believe Michael is dead until he tills me himself.”

The “Sheaf” is one of the most interesting of our exchanges. Its headings stand out in an attractive manner which leads one to further perusal of the articles. The October

number, which has just come to hand, is well up to the usual standard. It contains some very interesting letters from previous students now at the front, which give us a fine insight into "Life in the Trenches."

A back number of the *Manitoban* contains a poem entitled "The Cross and the War." Any person who cannot see this present war to be compatible with Christianity should read this presentation of the matter by one follower of Jesus Christ. We quote the last stanza:

"Not super-man, but Brother-man,
 In the world that is soon to be;
 And men will speak of the greatest war,
 As 'the war that made men free.'
 For the thunder roll of drums today
 And the holocaust of war,
 Means the world under sway of the Cross of Christ,
 And its triumph evermore."

The Dalhousie Gazette has a splendid article on "College Spirit" which is well worth reading. We quote in part:

"College spirit is an intangible bond which draws together the different members of a student body. It is shared equally by students and faculty. It comprises loyalty to one's college and loyalty towards each individual participating in the life of that college. It is beneficial in its effects, tending to raise both physical and moral standards. . . .

"It can be measured by a student's loyalty to his old college, loyalty to its ideals and ambitions. If he possessed the true spirit while at college, he was a better man when he completed his course. He had developed mentally and physically. Knowledge of the laws of the land had fitted him to become a worthy citizen. If he remembers these lessons in after life, if he strives to be a better man and a more worthy citizen, he has the true college spirit. College spirit after all comes down pretty much to this: loyalty to the best one knows and is capable of.

*"This, above all, to thine own self be true,
 And it must follow, as the night the day,
 Thou canst not then be false to any man."*

"College spirit must be something broader than mere application to books. It must embrace every activity carried on under the university which makes for higher manhood and womanhood and for more useful citizenship."

A back number of the M. A. C. Gazette contains a splendid article on Patriotism—the winning speech of the oratorical contest of 1915 in that college.

After defining patriotism as “the passion which influences one to serve one’s country, either in defending it from invasion or protecting its rights and maintaining its laws and institutions in vigor and purity,” the writer, or rather we should say, the speaker, goes on to show how a nation’s greatness depends on the patriotism of her citizens. Patriotism is needed at all times, in times of peace as well as times of war. We lend our power to fighting the enemies within our country as well as those without, for it is the perils from within that are most to be feared. Very seldom, if ever, has a nation fallen because of the pressure of external forces only. It is when the core of the empire is split up by dissension and vice that the kingdom falls a prey to the outside enemies, and ruin and downfall are before her. So if we concern ourselves in times of peace with building up a strong and pure nation, we are building up a power which cannot easily be vanquished.

“If our hearts are filled with such a patriotism as this, and if we put our trust in our Creator, we need not fear the result of the present struggle, or of any other crisis which our nation may be called upon to face.”

The following exchanges have been received since the last issue of the *Quill*: The Dalhousie Gazette, The Sheaf, McMaster Monthly, King’s College Record, and Vox Wesleyana.

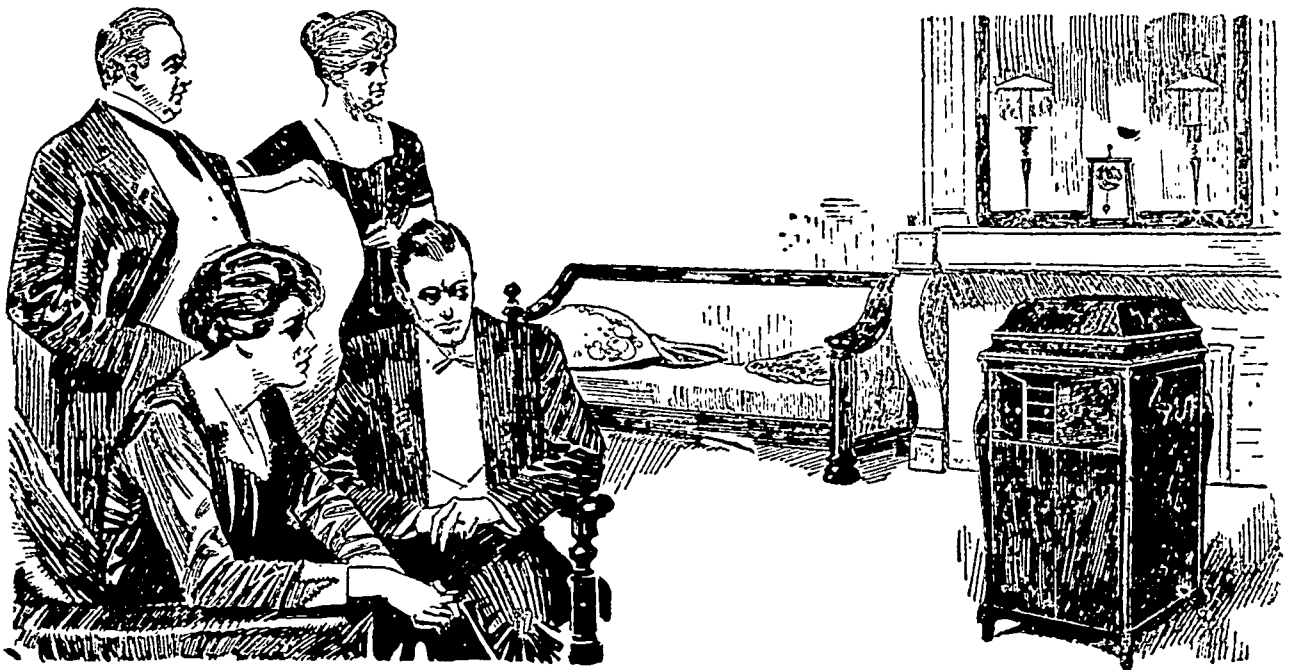
*Blow, bugles of battle, the marches of peace;
East, west, north and south let the long quarrel cease:
Sing the song of great joy that the angels began,
Sing of glory to God and of goodwill to man!*

Hark joining in chorus

The heavens bend o’er us!

*The dark night is ending and dawn has begun:
Rise, hope of the ages, arise like the sun,
All speech flow to music, all hearts beat as one!*

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ASK YOUR STOREKEEPER IF HE ADVERTISES IN THE "QUILL"

Christie's Bookstore

BRANDON, MANITOBA

We make a specialty of supplying Rural and City Schools with all their necessary apparatus, such as

School Desks, Blackboards,
Maps, Globes, Etc.

We also handle a large line of Teacher's Books, Keys to Classics and other School Books.

CHRISTIE'S BOOKSTORE

THE LARGEST
BOOKSTORE IN MANITOBA

Metropolitan Lunch

911 ROSSER AVE.

Have you tried our regular
Full Course—

BREAKFAST
DINNER
and
SUPPER

25c.

Steaks and Chops Our
Specialty

QUALITY AND
SERVICE THE BEST

DR. S. F. SPIERS DENTIST

HONOR GRADUATE OF ROYAL COLLEGE OF DENTAL
SURGEONS, TORONTO

117 TENTH STREET

BRANDON

For Cakes, Pastry and G. B. Chocolates

— TRY —

DOKE'S BAKERY

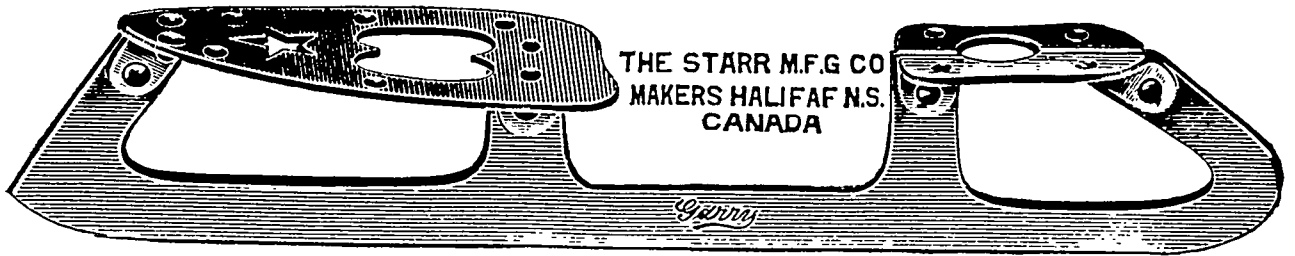
PHONE 697

Third Street and Rosser

Brandon, Man.

"ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER."

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SKATES 85c to \$5.00

Hockey Boots

\$2.50 to \$5.50

SKATES SHARPENED 25 CENTS

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TWENTY-FIVE FOR ONE

During the year 1914, the North American Life Assurance Company paid ten death claims aggregating \$25,103.70, into which those insured had paid only \$970.50. None of the above policies had been in force over two years, yet all the parties were first-class risks when policies were issued. Pneumonia claimed three; Diphtheria, one; Apoplexy, one; Hemorrhage, one; Peritonitis, one; Accidental deaths, three.

The Moral is Obvious—
Decide Now.

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District Manager,
15 Clement Block.

Office Phone 910
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Gentlemen:

When in need of a Shave,
Hair Cut, Shampoo or Mas-
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**PROFESSIONAL
SERVICE**

try

THE EIGHTH STREET

BARBER SHOP

QUICK SERVICE

'POPULAR PRICES

Razors and Safeties
Sharpened.

Joe Coultier

33 Eighth Street Brandon

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Central Produce Market

F. W. HUGHES, PROPRIETOR

FRUITS AND CONFECTIONERY

FOR COLLEGE STUDENTS
AT REASONABLE PRICES.

— THE —

Canadian Hand Laundry

509 FRANKLIN STREET

All your work will be done by Canadians who know how. Your goods will be washed in soft water and soap without the use of chemicals.

This is why we can guarantee our work and give absolute satisfaction.

JOS. TURCOTTE

Proprietor.

DON'T THROW AWAY

YOUR OLD SHOES.

BRING THEM IN.
I BUY OLD SHOES.

Boots and Shoes Repaired

Special Rates to Students.

WORK GUARANTEED.

R. SAER

1136 Rosser Ave. Brandon

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SIGNET RINGS

We are showing a wide range in 10k and 14k. All new patterns.

XMAS SPECIAL

Baby Signets. . . . \$.75
Misses' Signets. . . 1.50
Ladies' Signets. . . 2.50

All Solid Gold. We engrave Monogram free, and put in a nice neat case.

P. J. Harwood
LIMITED
Jewelers

BRANDON MAN.

SKATES

BUY YOUR SKATES
AND
HOCKEY STICKS
ETC.

From —

O. STARK & SON

Phone 702 137 Tenth St.

-Brandon's Greatest-
DRUG STORES

MacFee's

(Two Stores)

**Buy your Christmas
Presents NOW**
and get first pick

PERFUMES, TOILET SETS,
CHOCOLATES, CAMERAS,
ETC., ETC.

Lorne Avenue Store
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Red Cross Store
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Limited

ELECTRIC FIXTURES,
WIRING,
TELEPHONES,
BELLS AND
REPAIRS.

Irons, Vacuum Cleaners for
Sale or Hire.

Office and Show Rooms:
140 TENTH STREET

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Office: Cor. Lorne and Ninth
Residence Phone 854
Telephone 104

P. LAMONT

Dealer in Oats, Bran, Shorts,
Pressed Hay, Etc.

DRAY AND TRANSFER

ALL KINDS OF WOOD
By the Cord or in Car Lots

SOURIS, SCRANTON AND
CARBONITE COAL

BRANDON - - MAN.

CHOICE FRESH CONFECTIONERY AND FRUITS

Theodore, Haviland, Limoges
China. Fine English and
other Imported China.

Plain and Cut Glassware

Smith & Burton

GROCERIES, CHINA, Etc.

829 Rosser Avenue

Sole Agents Empress Pure Indian Tea

FOR

**DRUGS
CHOCOLATES
FOUNTAIN PENS
KODAKS, FILMS**

and

Toilet Articles

PATRONIZE

"The House of Quality"

Kennedy's Pharmacy

ROSSER AVE. and 11TH ST.

Jewelry Repairs

Done in the shortest possible
time. We give special atten-
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Repairs.

We give 10% discount from
regular stock and repairs to
College Students. Ask for it.

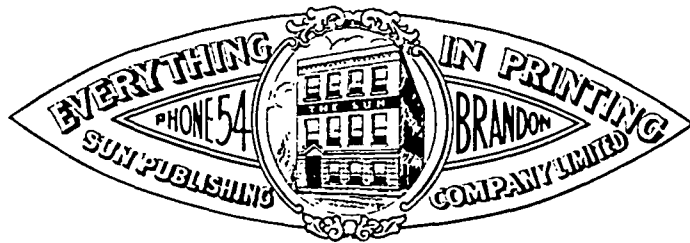
W. E. Crawford JEWELER

833 ROSSER AVENUE

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THE PRINT SHOP



WHERE MOST OF THE
BEST PRINTING
COMES FROM.

GANONG'S

G. B. =

Chocolates

"JUST A LITTLE MORE
DELICIOUSLY FLAVORED
THAN ANY CHOCOLATES
THAT YOU HAVE EVER
TASTED."

"ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER."

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J. S. Laughton & Sons

Merchant Tailors

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Satisfaction and a Welcome Always Await You at the

REX CAFE

Charlie Tai
C. Fong Song } Managers

We Never Close.
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LUMBER, LATH AND SHINGLES

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BRANDON, MAN.

Mitchell & McGregor, Ltd.

HARDWARE MERCHANTS

SKATES (the celebrated "Star" Skates, made in Canada).
Every Pair Guaranteed, and Replaced if not Satisfactory.

SNOW SHOES AND HOCKEY STICKS.

Special Rates to Clubs.

ROSSER AVE.

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BE MODERN

COOK WITH

Gas

INSTALL AN

**ALL - GAS
KITCHEN**

ALWAYS RELIABLE



**THE BRANDON GAS
AND POWER CO.
LIMITED**

"ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER."

M. & B.
The Store
that Saves
you Money

Xmas Gift Suggestions

Our experience as the Oldest Furniture House in the City assures you good value, satisfaction and prompt service.

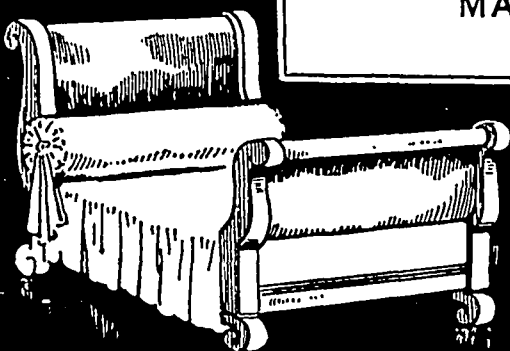
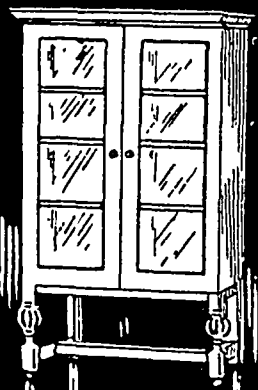
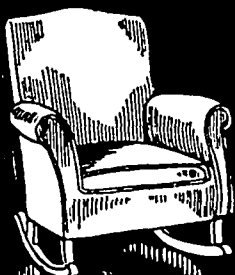
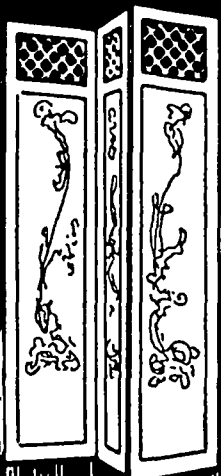
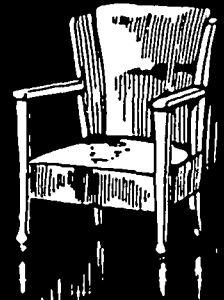
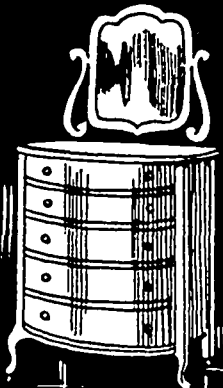
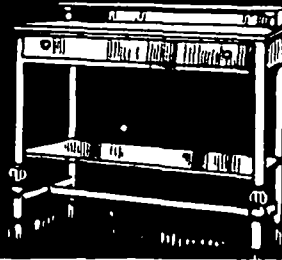
Articles such as illustrated in Cut are sure to please.

They only suggest what our stock contains of "Gift Pieces."

Our Prices are Consistent with Quality.

**MACPHERSON
& BEDFORD**

Formerly
VINCENT &
MACPHERSON



ASK YOUR STOREKEEPER IF HE ADVERTISES IN THE "QUILL"

The Necktie

Is universally proclaimed the most popular low priced

Xmas Gift

for Men, still some don't make much of a hit with the recipient, because they are not intelligently selected at an Up-to-Date Gent's Store.

Our Stock of Neckties this year will stand the scrutiny of the most observant critic and meet with enthusiastic approval. :: ::

The Real Classy Tie costs \$1.00 or \$1.50, but you can buy others as low as 50c or as high as \$3.00

W. Thompson

The Fit-Rite Store

933 Rosser Ave.

Often the Cheapest and Always the Best

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Christmas Gifts

of Special Merit for Men and Boys

Gloves

Wool, Silk, Cape, Mocha
25c to \$5.50

Handkerchiefs

Lawn, Mercerized Silk,
Linen
5c to \$1.00

Cravats

That are Different
25c to \$1.50

Cuff Links and Tie Pin Sets

50c to \$2.00

Hosiery

Lisle, Silk, Cashmere and
Wool
25c to \$1.00 a Pair

Suits

For Men and Boys
\$2.50 to \$30.00

Fur Coats

The Best in Furs
\$20.00 to \$250.00

Fancy Boxed Sets of Armbands, Garters and Belts

Sweater Coats

They are Useful Every
Day

Special at \$5.00

Others at \$2.30 to \$10.00

Lounging Robes

A Beautiful Range
\$8.00 to \$17.00

House Coats

Suitable and Comfortable
\$5.00 to \$10.00

Mufflers

A Splendid Assortment

A Special at \$2.00

Others from 75c to \$3.50

Suspenders

In Fancy Boxes
25c to 50c

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\$15.00 to \$30.00

Fur-lined Coats

and Chamois-lined Coats
\$25.00 to \$175.00

FANCY BOXES FOR ALL CHRISTMAS GIFTS

H. W. Ball & Co.

OUTFITTERS TO MEN AND BOYS

712 Rosser Avenue

- Brandon, Man.

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