

# BRANDON COLLEGE QUILL. —

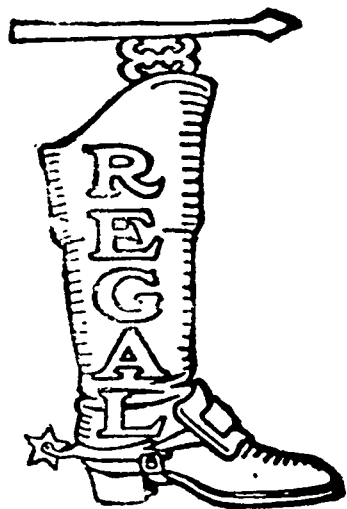


Vol. X No. 2

CHRISTMAS NUMBER  
1919

# Nation & Shewan, Ltd.

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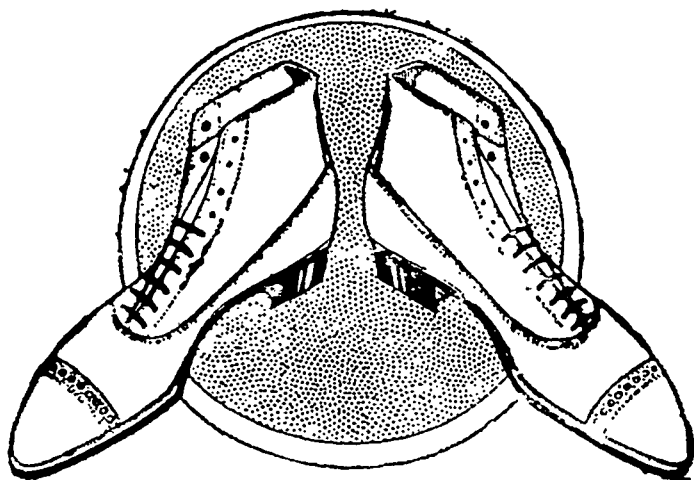


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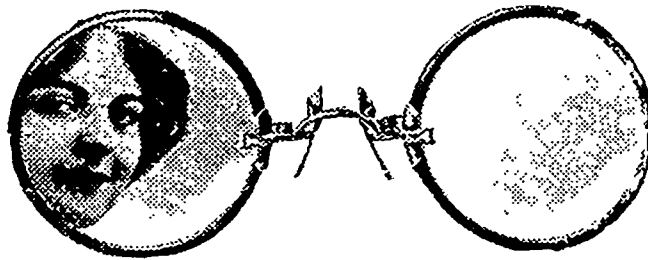
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# Brandon College Quill

## OUR MISSIONARIES IN INDIA

Archie Gordon, the writer of the following straightforward, virile message, needs no introduction to the members of Class '13 or to those of four or five preceding classes, and the hearts of all his friends stir with loving pride and admiration as they read and in reading realize that the same ardent spirit that animated the fearless "Scotty" on the campus and in the classroom is being exercised in the manly and intelligent grip of political as well as missionary affairs in India.

Our Alma Mater may well be proud of such a son. "God bless him and prosper the work of his hands," so say we all of us.

For the benefit of those who have come to Brandon since he left us, be it explained that Archie Gordon, familiarly known to one and all as "Scotty," was a Brandon College boy who first matriculated and then carried the Arts and Theology work concurrently, graduating in both courses in 1913.

In the summer of that year he married Miss Rose Lines, also a Brandon College student, and in the fall they set sail for India as missionaries.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon are doing splendid and highly successful work in India and have in every way done honor to the college and the cause they represent.

We regret to learn that Mrs. Gordon's health is not good of late; the climate and the work are proving very trying indeed. We hope that they may soon come home on furlough and receive the sincere welcome of all their friends, especially those of Brandon.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "QUILL."

My thoughts turn naturally to Brandon College at this season as I think of our good Alma Mater beginning her kindly services to the West for another winter season, and I am reminded of the excitement of Sports Day, Election Day and Initiation Days. Maybe they have all been abandoned since the war, as containing too much of the military spirit. Then I expect the Bible study classes are all in full swing with, I hope, a good mission study class in co-operation. I would even hope that India is the study of the mission class, for certainly

no other part of our huge Empire is more worthy of careful and intellectual understanding than is India in her unrest and aspiration of today. May I be permitted from a missionary's point of view to state how India's condition appeals to me.

The Home Rule propaganda is the big political movement of India. The idea behind the Home Ruler's Congress platform is the abolishment of foreign interference in Indian government. Now that in itself is a very legitimate desire, always provided that the new government to be set up is capable of ruling. It is on this very point that the differences of opinion arise, and I should like you to judge for yourself whether India is fit to enter into such a high responsibility at the present moment, or whether a much longer period of training is yet required.

With the exception of the Viceroyalty and the Governorships, all the other Governmental positions are open to Indian gentlemen who are qualified by passing the Indian Civil Service examination for the post, so that at present a large number of Indian gentlemen hold high positions in the Government. Now the Home Rule League is not composed of these officials, but of the masses of failed B.A.'s, F.A.'s, and matriculates who comprise the balance of the educated class of India — only about ten per cent of the total population. As a prominent Indian gentleman told me recently, the chief cause of Indian unrest is its educational policy. In a country like India manual labor is abhorrent; hence unless a student succeeds in his studies he bears a continual grudge against the Government, whose examination he has been unable to pass. Add to them the shoals of lawyers who are out to gain cheap popularity, and you have the present agitators for Home Rule.

But I am a Home Ruler. Self-government must come to India when the necessary education and training have been received and assimilated for responsible and representative parliament. For this, three main qualifications are essential to India. First, is education, for until the gross ignorance of the masses is dispelled and secular enlightenment floods India, the people are incapable of intelligently ruling themselves. Now compare the two systems in vogue here regarding education. The Home Ruler's platform is free education shouted out to an applauding mass. But free education, as it is proclaimed by Home Rulers, means, so far as the masses are concerned, the free erection of buildings, the supply of qualified teachers, the gifts of books, etc., all at Government expense. How is the Government going to realize the funds? Why, that is easy to the

Indian—coin it at the mint or circulate paper money. No Home Ruler ever breathes a word about an education tax to meet the outlay; such an explanation by the demagogue would at once disperse his audience. On the other hand, the Government is putting forth every energy to provide education to the extent of its much begrudged income, while the mission societies are equally spending huge sums towards fitting India educationally for the work of responsible government. With fifty schools under my care, surely I can claim pioneership in the Home Rule movement of India.

The second condition of fitness for Home Rule is national unity. I don't know that any nation can avoid class distinctions—at any rate, they don't; but there is a mighty difference between class distinctions which in reality carry no barriers whatever in domestic, social or religious life, and the caste system which entirely debar intercourse in any and all of the above relations of life. Now, sir, the Government recognizes no such distinctions in their appointments, hence it is easy to understand why the caste people want to get rid of a ruling body that treats all alike (at least theoretically), and it also accounts for the exceeding asperity of the Brahmin and non-Brahmin castes at the present juncture. The missionary body—Protestant recognize no caste, therefore we are doing all in our power by leading men into the Kingdom of Heaven to prepare them for living and working together in a kingdom of earth.

The third condition I should consider essential is public spiritedness. The quality is especially one for parliamentary candidates, and the need for this fundamental of public life is best illustrated by the recent agitation over the Rowlatt Bill. This Bill, which is a modification of the D.O.R.A., is intended to give special power against sedition in India—a most necessary measure. When this bill was before the Legislative Council composed of 40 per cent non-official all Indian gentlemen and 60 per cent official among whom at least 60 per cent are also Indian gentlemen. the non-official en masse opposed the measure as being detrimental to the interests of the country. Surely that looks a very formidable company arranged against the bill, and if it is true that the bill was likely to be harmful to India, why then we should expect to see the Indian officials also rise en bloc against it. But what do we find? Of the large and decisive number of Indian officials in the Council only two members objected to the measure and afterwards apologised for doing so rather than lose their Government positions. Now when you hear and read of the great uproar in India against

the Rowlatt Bill and of the Satyagraha (passive resistance) movement—with brickbats, looting and murder in its wake—remember one thing, namely, that the measure was sanctioned and passed by Indian men in the Government who, if they had voted against it, would have given an overwhelming majority against the bill. And yet Indian public men are so poor in public spirit that amidst all the clamor of this foolish outcry you never hear their voices raisen in protest against this hub-bub, or learn of their claim in the big share of the bill becoming saw. Either they lacked the public spirit to stand out against the bill when it was before the House, or they have not courage enough to stand by what they have done. Can you imagine your honored member and our honored President being upon the horns of such a dilemma for lack of grit enough to stand by what he considers best for Canada?

I claim that the Government is giving Indians every facility for the development of public spirit, but even more so I claim that the missionary enterprise is instilling that heart quality that will enable its adherents to be ready to sacrifice their goods and themselves for the cause of right and liberty.

With these few considerations in mind, I hope your readers will decide for themselves whether India is ready or not to at once enter upon entire self-government

—ARCHIE GORDON (“Scotty.”)

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EDINBURGH

## LITERARY

TENA TURNBULL '21

"'Tis the season for kindling the fire of hospitality in the hall, the fire of charity in the heart."—Irving.

Stop here! This is the Literary Department and is not to be passed over for college gossip! In this department we shall endeavor to place before our readers favorite bits of the writer's art by friends, reviews of recent books, and even some literary ventures of our own. We believe that this section of the "Quill," although not always one of the most popular among students, should have a place in their thoughts. We hope to make this department so interesting that you will give it your voluntary attention.

### A DAY IN EDINBURGH

"Get your kit together and be ready to leave for Blighty at five o'clock." To the man in the line it was a happy day—a day which came possibly once, possibly twice during his sojourn in France. A few were lucky enough to have a third trip to Blighty "imposed" on them by the generous, kind-hearted general at headquarters. Lucky to get leave—unlucky to have to remain in the line until all the rest had had their turn and headquarters staff went again.

Blighty! Yes. Better — Scotland. All the past cares forgotten. Even the tedious journey to Boulogne in a "side-door pullman" was welcome. But how slow was the train journey from Folkestone to "The Smoke." Then a few "bones" at the Pay Office, a general clean-up at the "Y" or the Maple Leaf Club, and 11-15 p.m. finds another Canadian at King's Cross station. By daylight he is far on his way for Bonnie Scotland, where they

"Hold your being on the terms  
 'Each aids the other.'

Come to my home, come to my arms,  
 My friends, my brothers."

The one feature of Edinburgh that stands out pre-eminently in the minds of her myriads travellers is the imposing grandeur and majesty of Castle Rock. It dominates the rest of the hills of the city, though each has its peculiar charm.

"The stern mass of basalt rock on which the castle is built seems as if it had been fashioned expressly for the Edinburgh to come, the Edinburgh of romance, of strife, and bloodshed." The traveller is immediately seized with the desire to climb, and when he reaches the top he experiences a delightful re-awakening of youth.

The castle buildings are veritable storehouses of history and romance. They are a curious jumble of barracks, battlements, armories, chapels, prisons and strong rooms of no regular order but of imposing solidarity. Many of the sections are in use, as a large number of the famous Black Watch are stationed there. No person of Scotch parentage can view with unconcern the many relics, the armor, the cannon, or the very crown of Bruce, James and the ill-starred Mary. The traveller's scant knowledge of history will fade into insignificance and he will, if never before, appreciate how little he knows. Even his remembrances of the names of Scottish history cannot help but produce a glow of pride.

From the top of the battlements, the scenes are glorious—a variety of spectacles on every side. To the east is Arthur's Seat rising above and beyond the the spire of St. Giles' Cathedral. To the immediate south of this is the rugged coast line of the North Seat. Southward are the Pentland Hills and the Braid Hills with their famous golf links, beyond which can be seen the Lothian district. To the west are the Currie Hills. To the north-west in the distance can be seen the faint outline of the Firth of Forth bridge. Nearer are the many housetops and spires of the city, while down below are the splendid West Gardens skirted on the one side by Princes Street and on the other by a spur of the railway and the immense rocks of the castle foundation. Princes Street is truly one of the finest streets seen by our boys overseas. This district is new Edinburgh. To the right of it Carlton Hill stands out prominently, and it is to this district I would first direct your attention.

In the cut in the immediate foreground can be seen the masonry of the castle itself from which the picture was taken. The beauty of the eastern end of the West Gardens can be seen beyond the walls. The three entrances of the railway can be seen to the right. Just above this is the Exchange, to the north of which are the National Galleries. The spire in the Eastern Gardens is Sir Walter Scott's monument. It is a stately piece of architecture, conveying a marked appreciation of the worthy national poet. In fact, a person is struck by the prominence given to Sir Walter Scott's memorial as compared to that of the truly national poet, Robert Burns, whose monu-

ment presents a second-rate appearance not only in architecture but in location. (It is to the right of the picture shown and on the south side of Calton Hill). The large building to the right is the Waverly Hotel, owned and operated by the North British Railway Company and reputed to be the finest in Scotland. Above the housetops across Princes Street can be seen the faint outline of the harbor at Leith, a sister city of Edinburgh. This is the manufacturing and shipping part of the district, and does not present the pleasing spectacle of Edinburgh proper.

The hill beyond the Waverly Hotel is known as Calton Hill and has many points of interest. Just beyond the clock tower is the city observatory, from which another splendid view of Edinburgh and Leith is possible. The simple column to the right is a monument to the memory of Nelson. Close observation of the picture will reveal a triangular shaped device to the left and at the bottom of the Nelson monument. An English writer has said regarding this, "We pass in silence the monstrous skeleton of a Greek temple which in its absurdity commemorates an absurd project." This memorial of the Scots who fell in the South African war was begun at a cost of many thousands of pounds. A row of columns with side projections and top plate are all that can be seen. The cost was estimated too great for such a project, and it was decided to devote the money to other purposes. Hence the "absurd project." It is known as "Scotland's Folly," and is said to have been the only thing Scotland has begun that she has not finished.

Not far to the southeast of Calton Hill and at the foot of Arthur's Seat stands Holyrood Palace. It is the old-time royal palace of Scotland and now the Scottish home of the English kings. It is one of the most interesting features of a trip to Edinburgh. It is situated in a valley sheltered from the biting blasts of the North Sea, and in a location which would not likely be selected as a royal building site in modern times. The mists come early in the evening and hover there longest in the morning. The palace proper is of simple design. Two large round towers on each corner of the western end project out beyond the end of the building. On either side of the entrance are double columns supporting a superstructure with a figure of Liberty on each side, and between these a splendid clock tower surmounted by the design of a crown. The entire structure, though simple in design, is majestic, giving an impression of strength and authority. The main entrance, overhung by an Imperial crest, is always guarded. The guards are



usually veterans of the Imperial army, wearing the red and blue uniforms decorated by their many and various service medals. The interior presents many things of interest. There is the old dancing hall—a long, gloomy corridor, with its huge fireplaces and containing many famous paintings of the Scottish royalty. It requires but little imagination to picture the hall again with its gay company of dancers and card players. The spirit of Mary Queen of Scots pervades the place. Her personality gives the place a halo of romance. Possibly the point of greatest interest is the small room in the northwest tower where Riccio, her hapless secretary, was murdered in her sight. This tower dates back to 1525.

Adjoining the palace on the northern side are the ruins of Holyrood Abbey. The four walls remain intact together with portions of the gable ends. They are a sad memorial of religious wars and mob violence. It is said that in the eighteenth century a large part of the beautiful structure could have been preserved at a small cost, yet it was allowed to fall to ruin. The famous royal tombs were scattered abroad, only a few remaining to bear testimony of the sacred resting places of the leaders of a sturdy race. The entire structure is said to have suffered severely at the hands of Cromwell's soldiers who damaged and destroyed many valuable works of art and later burned the major part of the building to the ground.

Holyrood Palace and Rock Castle form the extreme ends of High Street as it is known today. Historically it is known as the Royal Mile, that being the length of the street. Narrow passages, winding stairways and obstructed alleys are the only entrances to it from either side except a couple of modern cross streets. One can readily understand how a stubborn few could hold a great number of the enemy at bay under the old system of warfare, and how difficult it would be for a starved garrison to force its way out.

Princes Street has its modern grandeur and beauty, yet Sir Walter Scott never wrote any romance of that section; but it is said he wept with grief when a great fire wiped out a huge block of the old houses of High Street in 1824. Each house has its history, each foot of land its tale to tell. While the royalty lived in Holyrood Palace or in the castle, the nobility and rank of court lived along High Street. Strange it seems that these old residences are housing today those for whom missions and charities exist, for this is the slum part of the city. On the northern side of the street in the churchyard are monuments marking the last resting place of many persons—

well known to the modern world. In a peaceful corner rests Adam Smith, author of "The Wealth of Nations," and one of the greatest economists the United Kingdom has produced.

On the same side of the street and nearer Holyrood is a famous specimen of a town dwelling—the residence of John Knox. It is the house in which he lived on his return from Geneva and in which he died in 1572. The date of its erection is uncertain, ranging from 1490 to 1544. It is of peculiar design. The upper half of the windows are in lattice work and the stair to the first floor is on the exterior. The old knocker is still on the door. Many old relics of instruments of torture are exhibited in the old kitchen. The old fireplace is still preserved. One room of special interest is Knox's old study. It is a small cramped room separated by two doors from the main apartments on the second story. It has but one small square window looking out on High Street. The room is so small it is quite impossible for more than two or three to get in to view its interior at once. The old desk bears a silent testimony of the serious intensive application of the noted preacher.

Though High Street is but a shadow of its real self, yet there is enough of it left to enable us to realize to a faint degree what the ancient highway was like. It is a rare opportunity to surrender one's self to the sentiment of the place, to reflect for a few moments what the past has held.

The return trip should be made up the hill past the Burns monument to behold the beauty of a sunset across the pleasing view of Princes Street. On the south side is the beautiful Scott monument, the well-kept gardens, the National Galleries, and the Mound. Rising towards the heavens to the left is the famous old castle shrouded in mysterious majesty, tinged by reflections from the glory of the sunset—a picture that stands out more pre-eminently than perhaps any other one scene of old-world civilization.

## BOOK REVIEW

PATRICIA BRENT, SPINSTER. George H. Doran, New York.

There are few greater pleasures than to sit down with a charmingly amusing book and in its gay pages forget the worries and humdrum affairs of the day. Such a book is Patricia Brent, Spinster. Patricia, shy of strangers but young and good-looking, had been brought up in the school of "men are bastards," by a sour, disappointed old aunt Adelaide, now her "sole surviving relation." Miss Brent senior was tall, angular, with spinster shouting from every angle of her uncomely personality. Very often Patricia could have wished that she was neither aunt nor surviving, and once she was driven to remark that her aunt was the most unpleasant thing next to chilblains that she knew. "Purpose and decision were to Miss Brent what wings and tail are to the swallow—they propelled and directed her." She possessed a masculine habit of thinking before she spoke, and in consequence was as devoid of impulse and spontaneity as a snail. Patricia's father said, "Your aunt's sense of duty is the most offensive sense I have ever encountered." However, on her father's death Patricia left her aunt in the country and went to London where she had been for some years the capable private secretary to an altogether stupid M.P., Arthur Bonsor. She found it hard work to try to haul or push this politician into a rising posture. She lived in a shabby-genteel residential hotel, Galvin House, and was very lonely among a lot of "tabbies" and even those interesting men.

The story opens with a remark of the chief gossip among the guests, Miss Wangle, "She never has anyone to take her out and goes nowhere, yet really she's not bad-looking . . . if only she had a nice young man of her own class to take her about." Stung by this remark which she overhears, and the pity which she resents, Patricia, naturally impulsive, is driven to commit her momentous indiscretion. She electrifies the dinner table by announcing that she will not be in to dinner next evening. Questioned as to this unusual event she announces, "I am dining out with my fiance." She wasn't asked out to dinner and she was not engaged, and how it all happened is the story. Questions were flung at Patricia from all sides, and she went on to say quite casually that her fiance, Major Brown, was home on leave from France and they would dine at the Quadrant grill room.

In her own room Patricia has some qualms of conscience over her folly, but imagines she can get out, dine alone and return leaving her fellow guests, full of curiosity, to imagine all the rest. Little did she guess that a trio of the boarders, headed by Miss Wangle, were arranging to dine also at the Quadrant. Miss Wangle, lean as a wolf, with an obvious auburn wig, was the leader of the trio. She was grand-niece to a bishop and "to have a bishop in heaven is a great social asset on earth." Scandal and the dear bishop were her chief preoccupations. These fellow-guests may be somewhat overdrawn, but they were a group well fitted to drive even the nicest girl into doing indiscreet things.

Looking her best and happy in the prospect of dining, even alone, at the Quadrant, Patricia to her horror finds in the lounge the dreaded Miss Wangle and her companions. She smiled and bowed, but fled into the grill room like a trapped creature, quite desperate over the tangled web she felt gathering about her. Behind her came the trio. She thought of the humiliating retreat she must make, and conscious suddenly of a fair man, quite unknown to her, dressed in khaki, sitting alone and looking at her intently, she went up to him and cried loud enough for Miss Wangle to hear, "There you are! I thought I should never find you." Then as she rose she murmured, "Please play up to me; I'm in an awful hole. I'll explain presently." Without a moment's hesitation the man replied, "You're very late. I waited for you a long time outside. Then I gave you up." With a look of gratitude Patricia sank into a chair. She was trembling all over. Miss Wangle had selected the next table. Patricia was conscious of hoping that somewhere in the next world Miss Wangle's sufferings would transcend those of Dives as a hundred to one. "Please pretend to be very pleased to see me. We must talk a lot. You know, you—you are supposed to be my fiance, and you've just come back from France and—and—oh! what are you thinking of me? Please——" she broke off.

Very gravely but with smiling eyes he replied, "I quite understand. Please don't worry. Something has happened, and if I can do anything to help, you have only to tell me. My name is Bowen, and I'm just back from France."

"Ahe you a major?" enquired Patricia, to whom stars and crowns meant nothing.

"I'm afraid I'm a lieutenant-colonel," he replied. "on the staff."  
major."

"Oh, what a pity," said Patricia. "I said you were a

"Couldn't you say I've been promoted?"

Then she plunged into the whole story and told him frankly of her escapade. He was strangely easy to talk to. "And—and—" she concluded, "what do you think of me?"

"I think I'd sooner not tell you just now."

What Peter Bowen thought and all the difficulties he had to tell her and make her believe it make up the charming story.

There are some delightful characters introduced into the story. Peter's sister, Lady Tanagra Bowen, beautiful and with a keen knowledge of human nature, is one of the most popular of London belles. Peter said, "When Tan wants anything she has it, whether it is the largest pear or the nicest man." Lady Tanagra and her vivacious friend Lady Peggy Gaylor and their circle, make a striking contrast to the group at Galvin House. Another figure which is well sketched is Mr. Triggs, who was the one bright spot in Patricia's working hours at the home of the Bonsors. He was a prosperous builder, elderly, direct and golden hearted, but looked down upon by his ambitious daughter, Mrs. Bonsor. "Ettie's so bothering about aitches she's got time for nothing else. She ai'nt exactly proud of her old father, but she finds 'is brass a bit useful." Mr. Triggs "radiated happiness from the top of his shiny bald head with its fringe of sandy-grey hair to his square toed boots that invariably emitted little squeaks of joy. He leaned towards loud checks, a coat that was a sporting conception of a morning coat with large flapped pockets"—but he was a dear.

The book is anonymous. It is evidently written by a man. Some of the characters resemble L. J. Lockes very strongly; but although the book was published a year ago, no one seems to know who the unknown author is. But he has given us a pleasant, clever book with no dull pages.

—MRS. J. F. KILGOUR.

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### THINGS TO REMEMBER.

"Life is made up, not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things, in which smiles and kindnesses and small obligations, given habitually, are what win and preserve the heart and secure comfort."—Sir Humphrey Davy.

"The safest principle through life, instead of reforming others, is to set about perfecting yourself."—B. R. Haydon.

## THIS BIT OF ENGLAND

If this bit of England be  
 Worthier because of me,  
 Stronger for the strength I bring.  
 Sweeter for the songs I sing,  
 Purer for the path I tread,  
 Lighter for the light I shed,  
 Richer for the gifts I give,  
 Happier because I live,  
 Nobler for the death I die:  
 Not in vain have I been I.

—E. VINE HALL.

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The mountains, they are silent folk.  
 They stand afar—alone,  
 And the clouds that kiss their brows at night.  
 Hear neither sigh nor groan.  
 Each bears him in his ordered place  
 As soldiers do, and bold and high  
 They fold their forests round their feet  
 And bolster up the sky.

## PRIZE ESSAY

The "Quill" will award a prize of \$5.00 to the Academy student who hands in the best essay on any phase of college life. Originality is the great quality in literary work. It is felt by the "Quill" staff that by limiting the subjects to one such field greater scope would be given for the expression of the individual, and that at the same time more interesting essays would be obtained. Many excellent essays are anticipated.

The rules of the contest are:

Subject: Any phase of college life.

Length: Not more than 1,500 words.

Time limit: Must be handed in by February 10th, 1920.

# Brandon College Quill

FOUR NUMBERS A YEAR

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VOL X

DECEMBER

NO. 2

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## EDITORIAL

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all readers of the "Quill." The old, old wish never loses any of its charm through repetition. Rather does it seem that as we grow older, Christmas becomes increasingly dear to us. Christmas is a time for everyone. The joyousness and hope of childhood with all the excitement about Santa Claus, the great pleasure we grown-up people get in making the children happy; then, too, the old folks with their happy memories of Christmases past—all this enters into what we call the spirit of Christmas. It was a good big-hearted man who said that the secret of life lay in holding fast youth's generous emotions. It is very easy to catch the Christmas spirit when at this season it pervades everything; much harder it is to retain that attitude. Let us have the Christmas spirit of cheerfulness, of hope, of love, not only for one day but for the succeeding days.

## OUR PIONEERS

Occasionally, in the columns of the press we read of the passing of an old-timer. We read it casually, as we do any other news item, merely for purposes of information, without genuine appreciation. This seems to be the attitude of the public in general. We have forgotten. Yet at Christmas, especially when memory fondly and clearly recalls the days of long ago, would these, our pioneers, tell us of "their yesterdays," of those early Christmases. It is thus, with a feeling of gratitude, of reverence and love that these lines are written.

It has always seemed to us that we young people who live in a Manitoba where there are not only comforts and conveniences and luxuries, are neglectful and unappreciative of our old-timers.

Our province is young, very young, so young indeed that nothing but the fact itself might convince one that there could be such miraculous progress in just two generations. It is equally hard to realize that many of the old folks who are with us yet, and whose "goings out" we notice from time to time, were the true pioneers of our province. And what a change have they lived to see! The great Canadian Pacific Railway, which we have come to regard as almost historic, what was it? A rumor from the east, a project which even the most sanguine considered as little more than a possibility. We, in our day, are a little weary of trains; we want automobiles and airplanes. In the old days many of the settlers came up the Red River to Fort Garry. They were "voyageurs" who heard

"The bells of the Roman missions  
That call from their turrets twain  
To the boatman on the river  
And the hunter on the plain."

And what about our beautiful little city of Brandon? There was nothing here, nothing but the unbroken prairie over which roamed the buffalo and the strange, suspicious, superstitious Red Man. It makes one feel somehow that it must have been a long, long time ago. When one thinks of all the hardships and privations which these pioneers endured, the question arises as to how they were able to do it, what did they have? They had courage, perseverance, and a will that surmounted all obstacles. So they laid the foundations for the future prosperity of our province.

This is not intended simply as an historical sketch. As such it would be incomplete and very inadequate. It is our



sincere wish that we may all be more considerate of and kindly toward the old folks. Do those of us who are young, living even more in the future than in the present, ever try to imagine what it must be to have only a past? Let us rid ourselves entirely of the ignorant idea that we have advanced so far upon the older people. They are so much wiser than we are. They have been disciplined in the hard school of experience.

All praise to the pioneers. May we ever be watchful of an opportunity to honor them. May it be our honest desire to maintain the best traditions of Manitoba, to prove worthy of our splendid heritage.

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The "Quill" announces a new feature. A prize of five dollars cash will be given for the best college cartoon. The circus showed that we have singers, dancers, jugglers, acrobats, actors, fortune tellers, etc., etc., and other persons whom we are unable to characterize. Surely such a galaxy of genius should include the cartoonist. It cannot be that among so many students there are no such artists. Show us what you can do in this line. The "Quill" staff desires to be among the first to give you all due recognition.

Notice that we said a college cartoon. That is, we want a representation of some feature of college life. For example, if any of the following are taking the joy out of your life, caricature them. Understand, however, these are only intended to aid you, possibly, in choosing a subject. You need not take any of them:

1. Senior Stick and his 1.15 meetings.
2. Functions committee.
3. Clark Hall line.
4. Spectacled gentleman who flirts with the girls in the library.
5. Fellow who thumps up and down the corridor eighteen times every evening in heavy boots.

It is hoped that many will try their hand at drawing. The winning cartoon and the two or three next deserving will be shown in the Spring number of the "Quill." Following are the rules of the contest:

1. Cartoon should occupy not more than one-half page in the "Quill." (However, more space allowed if absolutely required.)
2. Must be done with India ink on white paper.
3. Cartoon must be handed in to the Editor by February 10th, 1920.

## THE ERIC DENNIS MEMORIAL SCHOLARSHIP

President Whidden recently announced in chapel that Senator William Dennis of Halifax had offered the sum of \$250.00 a year for the next four years to be used for scholarship purposes.

It is stipulated that these scholarships shall be available to returned soldiers studying in Brandon College who reach a certain standard in their respective years. It is probable that this amount will be divided into five or six scholarships for the Arts and Academic Departments. As soon as the Senate meets, definite action will be taken and an early announcement made.

The students as well as the Faculty, Board and Senate of Brandon College greatly appreciate this generous act on the part of the Honorable Mr. Dennis, who in a simple and practical way pays a tribute of love and respect to a gallant only son who gave his life to his country in the great war.

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“There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,  
 There is a rapture on the lonely shore,  
 There is society where none intrudes,  
 By the deep sea and music in its roar.  
 I love not man the less, but nature more.  
 From these our interviews in which I steal  
 From all I may be or have been before,  
 To mingle with the universe, and feel,  
 What I can ne'er express, yet cannot half conceal.”  
 —Byron.

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### SOLEMN THOUGHTS

If you see an editor who pleases everybody, there will be a glass plate over his face and he will not be standing up.—  
 Thomasville Times.

## COLLEGE GOSSIP

DAVID McNAUGHT '21

"And so, as Tiny Tim observed—God bless us every one."

We are sorry to see the old year go. It has used us well, and we have more to be glad than sad about.

Some of us are wishing that this last week could stay a month, for we have just realized that we are expected to "sit in" to some examinations that they are holding in this institution early in the "Glad New Year," and it gives us a queer "trembly" feeling to ponder on the thought.

Some of us are glad that Christmas is coming with a rush, and these last are the fortunate ones whose day of trial is postponed until June and who have nothing (much) to do but go around reminding themselves of the festival last year and resolving that they will not refuse a second piece of pie this Christmas.

But don't be alarmed—we "trembly" ones will not be far away when the table is set, and if we miss the dessert course it will be because as usual the turkey is too big and not on account of any mad rush to get back to work.

Of course, mind you, we are going to study every spare minute we have and then hurry back to college to tell all our intimate friends and acquaintances as a strick secret—that we hadn't time to get a single bit of study done, so that when results come out and they see our "thirds," they will go away saying we could have made "firsts" if we had worked—but not one of them thinking it.

However, for all the baneful toil with the dark spectre of examinations making faces at us in our dreams, we are all going to have a merry and joyful Christmas, and get away to a "running start" on the happy New Year.

Perhaps, too, we could avoid the fearsome dreams if we ate less Christmas dinner, but it is hard to resist home cooking even after the sumptuous college fare.

---

Bessie: "Hello, Eloise; I hear they are not going to allow you to go to Boston any more."

Eloise: "Why, it's my home! I can go if I want to!"

Bessie: "Not now. They have put an embargo on prunes."

## ELECTIONS.

All the old-timers, and there are not a few here this year, say that this year saw the closest and best elections ever held in Brandon College. It is the first year that there has been an amalgamation of all the societies of the college into one students' association, and naturally there was very keen competition for the high office of Senior Stick.

Cartoonists, sign-painters, orators, and stump speakers worked themselves to an emaciated condition by their enthusiastic support of one candidate and their opposition of the other. Norman McDonald was weighed in the balance and found wanting, and John Hart was discovered to have held one less office than Mac. A budding orator would have a class—kept in after hours to listen to his impassioned address—convinced that McDonald was a terrible villain and Hart a man of brains and quite next door to the angels, when in would rush another Demosthenes and persuade them that just the opposite was the true state of affairs, till the poor voters knew not whither to turn.

Election day was full of excitement and scimmages. A record vote was polled, and the following managed to squeeze into the prized positions:

President and Senior Stick—N. McDonald.

1st Vice and Convenor of the Literary Committee — B. Clendenning.

2nd Vice and Convenor of the Debating Committee—H. Olson.

3rd Vice and Convenor of Athletics—E. Whidden.

Editor of the "Quill"—Fred Howard.

Secretary of the Association—Alma Londry.

Treasurer—Vic. Warner.

## HEARD AT THE ELECTIONS.

J. Hart: "Mr. Chairman, unfortunately I am opposed in this election by the most unmitigated scoundrel."

N. McDonald: "My infamous opponent is such a notorious perverter——"

Chairman: "Will the candidates confine their remarks to such matters as are in dispute?"

## THE CIRCUS.

O circus day comes round but once a year,  
O. my honey, ain't you glad you're here?  
Just see that mule dressed up in pants,  
See Salomie do the Hoochie dance.  
See those acrobats tumbling down,  
And that great big funny clown,  
O you circus day!

A big day? I'll say it was a big day. You can guess that it would be with Charlie Whidden and Vic Mastberg at the managerial end of the great circus, with an enthusiastic group of helpers behind them.

Hours before it opened a strange medley of people was seen dashing about the halls. Here were niggers, clowns, acrobats, Hula dancers, Spaniards, ancient Greeks, all looking for paint, burnt cork, sashes, and every object that goes into a real live circus.

Bang! Sharp on time 2.15 the show opens. This way, ladies and gentlemen. Here we have a marvellous collection of the strangest fantasies ever grouped before the human eye. Hurry along and get a place. Gee! Will they only wait for us so that we can see them all? Yes, they'll be performing all afternoon, and getting better every time. We pay our tenth part of a dollar and see Magnusson, the largest baby in the world, weight 210 lbs., six foot six high, and only four months old. Our eyes pop out as he empties the milk from a four gallon glass jar and he swells visibly. Then the acrobats, Carter and Campbell, how they twist and tumble! They must be made of rubber. But look at these clowns, Church and Harris, trying their best to acrobat too, and we'd like to have split our sides at them. Whoop up the music, boys, says the conductor, and it was whooped up. Out comes a black, Van Norman by name, with feet as big as a house and he can shake them. His satellites, Noble and Kennedy, are right there too and enhance his attractiveness.

We go to the ballyhoo and try to ring a peg, and by sheer accident we ring one, and are awarded a valuable duck that floats and quacks if you pinch it. Hurry along, a blatant voiced one proclaims, and we do hurry to see the performing horse with Derby and Mastberg the juggling clowns. Isn't the horse well trained though? "How old is Mr. Abey?" asks the trainer, Charlie Whidden. He stamps his hoof six times on

the floor. That horse must judge by actions rather than looks. "How old is Miss McVeety?" As he has no time to waste he beats a tattoo on the floor with all four feet. He can dance and step over his trainer, but he can't quite get over the clown and steps on him, much to that gentleman's discomfiture. But that doesn't stop the latter from juggling about fourteen baseballs in the air at once and balancing a stick with one end on his nose and the other against the ceiling. It is finished when the horse runs the derby around the room.

In stentorian tones a florid gentleman announces the excellence of his show. We are to see here the famous Cannesingo, his assistant Agilo, and Prof. Peteriski — all sometimes known as Riley, Whidden and Petersen. We are seated, but what disappointment! It is announced that Cannesingo got scared at the last minute and disappeared. Has anyone seen him—little gentleman wearing black shoes and a red tie? No. Well, can anyone of the audience perform for us? But we are saved; the lost one looks in at the side door and is promptly jerked up to the stage by the ear, complaining bitterly. The professor has forgotten his pipe organ, but he goes out and brings it in under his arm, and the show is off. Cannesingo renders a marvellous blood-thirsty song of the Spanish bull ring. How could he be afraid to sing with a voice like that? But we can understand how anyone would be afraid to listen to him again. Then he does those wonderful tricks: the disappearing paper on his little two foot stilleto, the magic cards which come out of the pack at the magician's will, but the poor simp Agilo gives this one away by asking what he will do with the threads. And he gives away the top-hat trick and the trick where he is mesmerized, and doesn't he make the maestro rave in Spanish! Then the plant that grows before our eyes. It is done by means of a patent solution poured over the seed, and he sells it too, at only \$1.00 an ounce.

The main show is a pippin. The orchestra leader winds up and crash! the music starts and we all feel like grabbing a partner and fox-trotting up the aisle. An encore is demanded and cheerfully rendered. Now for the play, which gives a new version of how Paris stole Helen of Troy. Can we ever forget Mallory as the proud Helen, or King as the obsequious slave, Cresswell as the librarian with the white whiskers and philosophic sayings; McGillivray as the indolent Menelaus, and Dutton in his sheepskin as the dashing young Paris.

Miss Bukker charms us with a lovely solo. Miss Smith and Fred Howard give us a sketch that emphasizes the

terrors of home life. Poor Fred can't get a word in edgeways, but we can see that he is in his glory in the finale when it is all made up.

That quartet of Kelly Stone, Bill Abey, Jim Smith and Cliff Tunrball can sing! Such harmony! We can't help asking them to do it all over again, but their repetoire is large, so they give us another dandy song. Miss Newbury and Miss Greig finish up the evening with their sketch "Androcles and de Lion". Husbands were hen-pecked even in the Romans' time. That lion makes the girls jump when he growls so. Isn't it brave of Miss Newbury to take the thorn out of the savage lion's foot and thus make it her life friend. She has to keep it charmed with he r eye though, but whom couldn't she charm? We are all charmed with the excellence of her acting and also that of Miss Greig. The show is finished and we are off to the bazaar, and if you will turn over a few pages you'll read all about it.

---

### SUNDAY, THE DAY THAT—

McLean sleeps in till noon.

Cec. Warner makes his bed.

Kelly Stone puts on his "gates ajar collar and his odd trousers.

Jean Cameron and Jim Smith catch up on their home work.

Nordlund sends his weekly devotions.

Harris ditto.

Prof. Lager gets out his frock tail coat.

Some "lucky dogs" have cocoa at Mr. Wright's after church.

Miller and Van Norman take their girls to the band concert. (Silver collection.)

## Y. M. C. A.

The Student Y.M.C.A. movement has become a potent factor in college life throughout the world. It seeks to crystallize the thought, teaching and high ideals which confront a student in everyday life and to aid him in reaching a decision concerning them.

The Student Y.M.C.A. of Brandon College has grown with and for the college, and now plays a vital part in its life. The strong, virile messages at our Thursday night meetings have been a source of inspiration and strength to the student body. Mention might be made of some of the men who have so generously given of their time and services, namely, Dr. Whidden, Dr. MacNeill, E. H. Clark, National Students' Secretary and a graduate of Brandon, Capt. Best, Dr. Clark and Capt. Trivitt, the newly appointed western secretary. We are assured of visits from one or two of Canada's outstanding speakers at a not far distant date.

One of the principal feautre of the entire college year's work is the forthcoming Student Volunteer Convention at Des Moines, Iowa, where six thousand chosen students and professors from practically every college and university in the United States and Canada will meet for five days to discuss the important problems of today, and more especially the world-wide missionary enterprise. We, as a college, are proud of the fact that we have been able to raise sufficient money to seen our full quota to that great convention. The delegates who will represent our college are the following: Misses Jean Cameron and Elizabeth Greig and Messrs. John Hart and Victor Mastberg. They will carry with them the spirit of Brandon College, to this great gathering representing forty-two nations, and will bring back with them the inspiration of a world vision. We whom they represent wish them every success on their journey.

—

Miss Venables: "What is the difference between a fort and a fortress?"

Olson: "A fortress, being feminine, is much harder to silence."

—

Mr. Evans, in biology class: "Now class, in order name some of the lower animals, beginning with Mr. McGahev."

—CRITIC



## MR. EVANS' DREAM.

I had a dream. And very glad was I  
 To see the morning fill the orient sky.  
 For what, I ask, could more disturbing seem  
 Than all the circumstance that filled that dream?

Ken Guthrie came. Now in the waking day  
 His little habits fill me with dismay.  
 He grumbles if some task is past his reach,  
 And fails to see the force of what I teach.  
 But in my dream he only came to ask  
 With modest air for some more irksome task.  
 "I long," he said, "I long to sit and stew  
 Upon some problem very hard to do."  
 Scarce had he gone when Ferguson came to say  
 He wished to sacrifice his Saturday.  
 "Hockie," he said, "may please the lazy men,  
 Give me a desk, geometry and pen;  
 Give me a chance to toil and work away.  
 And let who will enjoy a Saturday."

"Fergie," I yelled, "what spell is on thee cast?"  
 No answer came—the horrid shade had passed,  
 And in its place stood Dave McGillivray,  
 Who leads me quite a dance throughout the day.  
 "I come," he said, "to ask if you'll agree  
 To change the form of punishment for me.  
 Give me translations, wearisome and long,  
 On all occasions when I've done no wrong.  
 Detain me, I implore, on hockey days,  
 If in the morning I have now your praise.  
 But when I've earned a reprimand from thee,  
 From all reproof I beg immunity.  
 And should this small request be not in vain  
 I shall escape, you know, a lot of pain."

Dumb with amazement, wrathful at his tone,  
 I darted forth—McGillivray had flown.  
 But down the dream-stairs holding him in chase  
 Through endless corridors from place to place,  
 I hotly flew. He darted here and there  
 Through open doors—up miles and miles of stairs;  
 Now round some bend his form was in eclipse,  
 And now quite close to my stretched finger-tips.

My breath grew short. I panted at each stride.  
 "Oh, Dave McGillivray," I faintly cried,  
 "Surrender at discretion! I command!  
 For this is rather more than I can stand!"  
 But on he fled and smaller, smaller grew,  
 And down an endless vista passed from view.

My weary limbs beneath their burden broke  
 Down, down I fell and with one yell awoke.  
 It was a dream. The morning skies were gray,  
 And with a cheerful heart I hailed the day.  
 For after such a night I could enjoy  
 A whole long morning with a tiresome boy.  
 And, boys. I'll always welcome with delight  
 The dance by day—but spare the run by night.

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### CLASS '20.

On Friday evening, Nov. 7th, after "Lit." Class '20 was entertained at the home of Mr. Chas. Whidden, one of the class members. The purpose of the class was organization, the following being the officers chosen:

Honorary President—Dr. New.

President—Mr. O. Calverley.

Vice-President—Mr. Chas. Whidden.

Secretary-Treasurer—Miss Stella Bolton.

Convenor of Social Committee—Miss Jean Cameron.

Class Valedictorian—Miss Elizabeth Greig.

Class Poet—Mr. Fred Howard.

A general discussion of class activities followed the election of officers, after which Mrs. Whidden served refreshments.

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Vic: "She flushed when she saw I was perusing her countenance."

Jean: "Of course she did. When a person finds their countenance being perused, their face naturally gets red."

## ARTS ORGANIZATION.

At a general meeting of the Arts Classes, held in the chapel, on Friday, November 14th, officers were chosen for the year. The results were as follows:

Hon. President—Miss M. Rathwell.

President—Miss E. Greig.

Vice-President—Mr. H. Staines.

Convenor Social Committee—Miss S. Kerr.

Secretary-Treasurer—Mr. Ross McDonald.

The Arts students have decided to hold monthly Arts Faculty and Students' meetings. Plans are already being made to celebrate the closing of the mid-year examinations in a manner befitting such an occasion.

It is impossible to record all the "doings" of the Arts students. There are multiple executives, each class having a separate organization, there being also a Junior Arts and a Senior Arts organization. There have been a few class functions to date, successful of course; but the approach of examinations always tends to reduce such frivolities to the minimum. The Arts students are alive. Have we not said so? "Topmost now, topmost ever. classes artium."

## ACADEMIC.

At an enthusiastic meeting of the Academy on Nov. 5, the following officers were chosen for the year. Below is the organization:

Honorary President—Professor Evans.

President—Mr. E. Church.

Vice-President—Miss Maria Grant.

Secretary-Treasurer—Mr. Reg. Whidden.

Councillors:

Academy III.—Miss Edmison, Mr. Gibson, Mr. Stordy.

Academy II.—Miss M. Maley, Miss C. Grant, Mr. Westcott.

Academy I.—Miss L. King, Miss R. Mitchell, Mr. Tully.

We are certainly anticipating a happy time together. Already we have made our presence known on many occasions, formal and informal.

## BUSINESS DEPARTMENT ORGANIZED

For the first time in the history of Brandon College the Business Department has been organized. This organization took place on October 30th, and the following officers were elected:

Honorary President—B. T. Morse.

President—H. Hyndman.

Vice-President—Membery Bate.

Secretary-Treasurer—Eleanor Maley.

Convenor Social Committee—Blanche Bate.

The first function, which was held on Monday evening, November 17th, was a sleighing party. Upon the return to the college there was a short but very enjoyable impromptu program, in which every one joined heartily. Following this was a daintily served lunch. The enthusiasm displayed at this function shows that the Business Department is not dead but is a real live part of the college.

Zippiti hoop, zippiti hoop,  
 Bally bazook bazoo;  
 They call us hash,  
 But we're no trash,  
 Rizzle razzle roo,  
 Business! Business!  
 That is what we do.  
 B-u-s-i-n-e-s-s  
 Business!

---

## GENERAL CURRIE.

Brandon College has welcomed many notable men this term, prominent parliamentarians and educationists, and on Saturday morning, December 5th, we were visited by no less a person than General Sir Arthur Currie, our distinguished soldier citizen. General Currie appeared to be a "regular" Canadian. His speech was direct and manly, more effective because not finely rhetorical. We were glad that nearly every student was here. We cannot afford to miss an opportunity to honor such men as General Currie.

## LUCKY

The other day  
 I  
 Was feeling happy.  
 So I went  
 To  
 A lecture in Math.  
 And the Prof.  
 Talked me to sleep.  
 But  
 I  
 Heard him say  
 Something like this:  
 "Multiply ninety-nine by  
 Twenty-six, add two hundred  
 And eleven, divide by four  
 And subtract three, get the  
 Square root and add eighty-  
 Eight, divide by eleven and  
 Subtract nine, multiply the  
 Result by three."  
 Then he  
 Yelled at me  
 For the  
 Answer.  
 I said. "Gee!"  
 He  
 Thought I said  
 "Three,"  
 And told me  
 To go  
 To the head of the class.

—"Ubysey."

---

She: "Oh, Carl, there was once a time when you used to lovingly stroke my chin. You don't do it any more."

He: "Yes, but that was when you had only one."

## THE PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE

Did it ever occur to you that a man's life is full of temptations? He comes into the world without his consent and goes out against his will, and the trip between is exceedingly rocky. The rule of contraries is one of the features of this trip.

When he is little, the big girls kiss him; when he is big, the little girls kiss him. If he is poor, he is a bad manager; if he is rich, he is dishonest, If he needs credit, he can't get it; if he is prosperous, everyone wants to do him a favor. If he is in politics, it is for graft; if he is out of politics, he is no good to his country. If he doesn't give to charity, he is a stingy cuss; if he does, it's for show. If he is actively religious, he is a hypocrite; if he takes no interest in religion, he is a hardened sinner. If he gives affection, he is a soft specimen; if he cares for no one, he is cold-blooded. If he dies young, there was a great future before him; if he lives to an old age, he missed his calling.

If you have saved money, you're a grouch; if you spend it, you're a loafer. If you get it, you're a grafter; if you don't get it, you're a bum.

So what's the use?

---

## GREETING

As Xmas bells ring out again,  
 And the old year is fleeting,  
 To all who read the College "Quill"  
 Both far and near, o'er dale and hill  
 We send a hearty greeting.

And trust that as the years roll by,  
 Our friends grown strong and steady,  
 Will do each one his best to try  
 To sweeten life to all those nigh  
 With kind word ever ready.

## CLARK HALL

E. GREIG '20.

“ 'Tis midnight's holy hour, and silence now  
Is brooding like a gentle spirit o'er  
The still and pulseless world. Hark! on the winds  
The bell's deep notes are swelling,—'tis the knell  
Of the departed year.”

---

Already we have all our plans made for the Christmas season, plans of meeting friends and relatives, of parties and dinners innumerable. After the Christmas festivities we find ourselves bidding good-bye to the old year and turning to welcome the new. When we think of the New Year we always think of New Year's resolutions. What are our resolutions going to be? Good! Oh, yes, they are always good because when we make them it is the real self that is speaking, the kind of a girl we really want to be; but just a word: When we make our aspirations known in our resolutions, let us not build our structure on some other girl's foundation; let us be just our own plain selves, develop our own talents and not try to assimilate some other girl's. We have all different abilities, different characteristics, and all have our idiosyncrasies, let us remember we have a personality of our own, and not another person's, to develop. Knowing this, let us make our resolutions accordingly, for Lowell says, “It is the vain endeavor to make ourselves what we are not that has strewn history with so many broken purposes and lives left in the rough.”

---

## OUR SYMPATHY.

A few days ago two of our number were called home to the death-bed of their mother. Those of us who have never felt the pangs of such a separation, cannot fully realize the loss; yet we all know the large place our mothers hold in our lives, mothers who are ready to help up in our smallest problems and mothers who are the greatest human example of that word “sacrifice,” and realizing this we would extend to the Misses Muriel and Mildred Frith our sincerest sympathy in these their days of deep sorrows.

## Y. W. C. A.

Since the last issue of the "Quill" the Y. W. C. A. has had many interesting programs.

We enjoyed a visit from Miss Priest, a missionary who was on her way back to India, having already seen twenty-six years of service on that field. With her we also welcomed Mrs. Benson, who was on her way to that same distant land with her husband. It is through such visits that the girls really get a live interest in the work of our missionaries.

A little later we had a visit from Miss Sutcliffe, the national secretary. Since that date we have heard of her sudden death from pneumonia. Miss Sutcliffe, though here for so short a time, left an impression on the girls that will not be easily erased. We feel that the great organization of the Y. W. C. A. has lost one of its best workers and we would extend our sympathy to her many friends.

We must not forget Miss Lowe's visit. Miss Lowe is the western secretary, and has visited Clark Hall before, so we felt as if we were welcoming back one of our own girls. Miss Lowe stayed with us for a few days and then went on to visit organizations farther west.

The students observed the nation-wide week of prayer for the work of the Y. W. C. A. in all lands. During the week the girls conducted vespers, following out the prescribed programme.

—

"A wise man will always be a Christian, because the perfection of wisdom is to know where lies tranquillity of mind, and how to attain it, which Christianity teaches."—Landor.

—

If some grand thing for tomorrow  
 You are dreaming, do it now;  
 From the future do not borrow;  
 Frost soon gathers on the brow.

Days for deeds are few, my brother:  
 Then today fulfil thy vow.  
 If you mean to help another,  
 Do not dream it—do it now.

—Author not known.

—

Jean (teaching school): "If there were four flies on the table and I killed one, how many would be left?"

"One." answered the bright little girl—"the dead one."



## BAZAAR.

Saturday, November 29th, saw the culmination of the Clark Hall girls' efforts to have a successful bazaar, and it was a success. The general committee in charge consisted of Mrs. W. L. Wright, the Misses Leila Smith, Elizabeth Greig and Gertrude Whitby. Many were the dainty and useful things displayed at the various booths, of which the following were in charge: Novelties, Misses J. Venables and M. Elliott; practical, L. Perry and A. Londry; boys' booth, M. Carey and M. Frith; home-cooking, M. Buker and E. Hardaker; candy, B. Clendenning and T. Turnbull; baby booth, Miss Taylor and I. Greig; doll booth, M. Grant and G. Mitchell; tea room, Misses F. Matthews and L. Smith.

The proceeds, which amounted to \$329.14, were handed over to the "Memorial Gymnasium Fund."

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"If you die first, dear, you'll wait for me in the happy land, won't you?"

"I suppose so," said the brute. "I never went anywhere without having to wait for you."

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## FACULTY DINNER.

A short time ago the unmarried members of the faculty spent a most delightful evening at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Whidden.

The invited guests journeyed forth shortly after 6 p.m. in order that they might gather around the bountifully spread tables promptly at 6.30.

During the happy dinner-hour a brilliant conversation was kept up, and in discussing the many weighty problems that continually confront the faculty of Brandon College, the guests became quite well acquainted. After having satisfied the "inner man," work-bags were brought forth by the ladies and the needle plied forth and back most diligently. Some of the gentlemen amused themselves by holding the scissors; others took lessons in the gentle art of embroidery from an experienced member from Clark Hall. We really expect lasting results from this meeting. Already the gentlemen of the faculty are clamoring for a booth in the next Clark Hall bazaar, where they will be able to display their wonderful handiwork. Dr. Whidden interested everyone quite delightfully with the reading of some very entertaining stories.

The latter part of the evening was spent in "in-door" sports. The most notable of these was an exciting tournament of ping-pong. The champions of the evening were Miss Whidden and Mr. Logan. Miss Whidden's service was so sure and true and Mr. Logan's return so quick, that no combination of opponents was able to defeat them. Nor must we forget Mr. Lager in this tournament; in the excitement he combined gymnastics and clever playing to such an extent that no one could keep out of his way.

The whole atmosphere was surcharged with keen witticisms, jokes and gentle raillery.

During the course of the evening Miss Venn delighted the party with two piano solos, and the happy evening was brought to a close by a general old time sing-song.

Everyone was "a bit late," arriving at Clark Hall to find the doors securely locked for the night. Thanks to the Arts girls, who study late, the lady members of the faculty were admitted to their happy domicile via a door and not through the gym. window.

With one accord the sentiments of the faculty are "Three cheers for Dr. and Mrs. Whidden; it was a most delightfully enjoyable evening spent in your home."

—

Pat: "Then you consider woman more intelligent than man?"

Miss Manthorne: "Decidedly! Man hasn't even intelligence enough to recognize his inferiority."

—

### LEISURE MOMENTS.

In the midst of our daily duties, an invitation to a tea, or out to some home to spend the evening is always hailed as "delightful." One evening a number of the girls were invited to Mrs. Gammon's to have a nice quiet evening and to do a little bazaar work as well. All enjoyed this way of doing work very much, especially as refreshments were served about the time they were beginning to forget their supper. All declared on returning that they had "a grand time."

On Saturday, November 22nd, Mrs. Dr. Clark invited a few of the girls out to tea. Again everyone enjoyed their host and hostess' kind hospitality to the uttermost.

## ATHLETICS

W. J. H. ABEY '21.

“You are old, father William,” the young man said,  
“And your hair has become very white;  
Yet you balance an eel on the end of your nose.  
Do you think at your age it is right?”

---

It has been said that opportunity knocks once at every man's door—the big thing is to be listening for the knock. Our college life here presents to us many opportunities, the grasping of which is greatly to our advantage. One of the greatest of these opportunities is placed before us in the realm of athletics. Too many of us are inclined to look on the college sports as being only for those who excel in these particular lines; let us get rid of these ideas—the benefit will be ours. Among our last words of wisdom you doubtless noticed an admonition to “knuckle to it.” Allow us to reiterate our statement and advise that the process be continued, for the simple reason that if we continue to advance along athletic lines as we have done since assembling here for the beginning of our college year, we shall certainly become saturated with the sporting spirit, and that is the result for which we are striving. Let us remember the words of our good old college yell and remembering act.

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## HOCKEY.

Hockey prospects, with Tommy Coldwell as manager, look very bright. No games have been staged as yet, but try-outs are being held in order to line up the material for a team. This is quite a lengthy process as there are so many youthful aspirants to fame in the hockey world. A city league has been formed, including the Mounties, Columbus, Veterans and College. Our boys play their first game on December 17th when they stack up against the Mounties. With full confidence in their ability we experience pleasure in anticipation. This league ought to hold considerable interest for hockey fans as the talent represented is wholly from Brandon.

## RUGBY.

With the advancing season our college sports have materialized to quite an extent. The advent of cold weather, however, bringing with it a considerable downfall of light fleecy flakes, rendered the participants in the grand old game of rugby less enthusiastic about registering downs or hurling themselves headforemost in their vigorous tackles, with the result that rugby has been discontinued for the time, to be taken up with renewed vim at the first favorable opportunity.

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## SOCCER.

Soccer—yes, the good old football. The name itself brings vividly to the mind a picture of vigorous action, healthful exercise. You see in imagination the crowds on the bleachers—the cheers rising and falling as the exploits of the favorites are noticed. Next you take in the players—the two opposing factions in their white shorts and multi-colored sweaters, and lastly, in company with everyone else, focus your attention on that ill-used, hard-worked, leather covered ball—the good old football. Football was played a great deal by the fellows at the front. It has been and is generally acknowledged to have a beneficial effect on those taking part, relieving strain and refreshing the brain. The popular conception of football has changed wonderfully since its first innovation. In 1531, Sir Thomas Elyot called it “nothyng but beastely fury and extreme violence,” while in 1583, a cantankerous person by the name of Stubbes said in his “Anatomie of Abuses,” that football was “a devilishe pastime,” causing “brawling, murther, homicide, and great effusion of blood.” However that may be, the boys of Brandon College heartily endorse football as an enjoyable, interesting and vitalizing sport. A series of games was recently planned and successfully carried out. In the first game Junior Arts lost to Hash. Play was fast and the field in fair condition, so that considerable interest was manifested throughout. The following week a game was staged between Hash, the winners of the last week, and Senior Arts. A little difficulty was encountered in that the entire field was covered with about four inches of snow, making the headway slower than under ordinary conditions. Jim Smith of Senior Arts was easily the star player, scoring all the goals, with the result that Senior Arts won by a score of 3-0. There is no fear that football will lose its place among our college sports.

## BASKET-BALL.

The old game is in full swing again for another season. Brandon College has always been able to turn out a strong team in both Senior and Intermediate basket-ball, and this year is no exception.

The first basket-ball games of the season in Brandon were staged in the Y.M.C.A. gymnasium on Saturday, Nov. 8th. The College Intermediates had a comparatively easy time defeating the Normal School five by a score of 19-8. College team work showed to good advantage in this game. Following this the Togos won a hard-fought victory from the college Seniors, the score being 28-21. Nord played a sterling game for the victors, while on the college side, Whidden and Riley showed that they had played the game before.

On the Saturday following, the college Intermediates stacked up against the Collegiate quintette, and once more proved their worth by a score that is better unprinted.

The next Saturday night was once more a big night for basket-ball fans. In the Intermediate feature the College again demonstrated their superiority over the Collegiate by a score of 28-17. This was followed by another clash between the College Senior five and the Togos. This time the College went down to severe defeat. Poor shooting featured their play throughout.

The College Senior line up is as follows: Morgan, Whidden, Fraser, Riley and D. Beaubier. Chris. Riley officiates as captain and Orval Calverley as manager.

The Intermediates are: C. Smith, Dutton, Mastberg, J. Beaubier and Cranston. Elliott Dutton is captain; Professor Logan, coach, and Bert Lane, manager.

A basket-ball league has not been organized in Brandon this year as yet, but we hope to have one going in the near future, and we are sure our college teams will hold up their end of the business as they have always done in the past.

A game of vital interest to all College students was staged on Thursday, December 4th, when a visiting team from Manitoba University opposed the College five in the most interesting game of the season, not only from the standpoint of interest arising from patriotism towards Alma Mater, but also with respect to the play, which at times surpassed the standard of previous games. The game started well and maintained its fast pace throughout. Scoring was opened by Evan Whidden with a very pretty shot from the side. College led during the first

half, the score being 12-9, when the whistle was blown by Referee Marshall at half time.

At the start of the second half the University boys speeded up and passed the College, only to be caught and repassed by Riley's crew, who piled up what looked like a safe lead of 3, score being 24-21. However, in the last minutes of the game the Varsity five came back strongly, netting three baskets, giving them the game with a score of 27-24.

For Varsity Gordon Cumming, a one time Brandon College star, was responsible for the last three baskets which gave them the game. Storey, the left forward, showed great speed, lacking only in ability to score.

Beaubier of College was the star of the game. To quote from our daily press "he put up one of the best guarding games that has ever been seen on the Y floor." Morgan scored most baskets, his ability to score increasing as the game progressed. Riley and Whidden exceeded all past performances, while Dutton fully vindicated his right to play in senior company. We all enjoyed the game. The Varsity boys showed themselves the best of sports, and we sincerely voice the hope that this may only be the first of many games in friendly rivalry.

## CLARK HALL ATHLETICS

MABEL GIBSON '22

The snow is here. Are we sorry? No! Now we can plan for many things. Do we like hikes? Just watch us. A committee has been appointed to plan a hike, tobogganing party or snow shoe hike at least one night a week between 4 and 6. Everybody turn out. Exercise is good for the brain. At present toboggans may be rather scarce around the buildings, but cheer up, folks, they are coming. Just ask some of our brave members if they did not have a good time a few weeks ago. During the few weeks of warm weather it looked as though we might have a crack at tennis again. However, Jack Frost came back, and now again we plan for our winter sports, which everyone loves.

## BASKET-BALL.

One day a week for practice has been secured at the Park School for basket-ball. Four teams have been chosen from the college girls, and it is likely there will be two more teams. After a little practice, the intention is to challenge other teams in the city, i.e., the Normal and Collegiate students. From all of these players a senior basket-ball team will be picked; so, girls here is a fine chance to make a name for yourselves. But it requires practice, so let us all do our very best.

## HOCKEY.

It is cold at last and the ice is in perfect condition. Hockey sticks are on the order list. Girls, get your skates sharpened. A committee has been appointed to get the Arena rink at least one night a week for hockey from four o'clock until six. Hockey is fine exercise and good sport too. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."



THE COLLEGE BAND—D.S.

## LATITUDE AND LONGITUDE

JESSIE VENABLES '21.

At Christmas play, and make good cheer,  
For Christmas comes but once a year.

—Tusser.

—  
“The Cratchits must not be overlooked.” Tiny Tim’s “God bless us every one” has at least become the symbol of Christmas benevolence wherever Christmas is celebrated. . . . Scrooge had no further intercourse with spirits, but lived in that respect upon the total abstinence principle afterwards; and it was always said of him, that he knew how to keep Christmas well, if any man alive possessed the knowledge. May that be truly said of us, and all of us! And so, as Tiny Tim observed, “God bless us everyone!”

—Christmas Carol.

—  
The following exchanges have been received since the last issue of the “Quill”: King’s College Record, McMaster Monthly, Managra, The Gateway, Manitoban, Acadia Athenaeum, The Ulysses.

—  
In Geology Class. Mr. Evans: “Your answer is as clear as mud.”

Johnny Hart: “Well, that covers the ground, doesn’t it?”

—  
Med.: “Now, I would rather be a med., because if a doctor makes a mistake it is buried.”

Theolog (dryly): “Yes, and we bury it.”

—  
The world’s shortest and most heart-rending poem in vers libre:

I  
O  
U.

—  
Though College days  
Have their delights,  
They can’t compare  
With college nights.

—The Gateway.



## THE COLLEGE CAT.

I've pondered very deeply what to write about this week, but I cannot find a subject no matter where I seek. I have searched the friendly Walker, but his help is very slight, so the rhyming in this colmun will doubtless be a fright. I've looked vainly for assistance from my dear old Uncle Walt, but he's not the least inspiring, and I guess that's not his fault. So I've decided, briefly, to give a discourse small, on everything in general and nothing quite at all. I'll speak on many subjects from science down to art, of Cusick's dainty doughnuts, and eke his apple tart; of memories multitudinous and many other things, of words like "musilaginous," of cabbages and kings; and why most college students will not be famous men; and of the cruel janitor who puts me out at ten. And of my respect for Freddie, when he strokes my silken hair, and tells me I am beautiful, when we meet upon the stair. I've tried to like Doc. Sedgewick, but I nearly always fail; he rubs my fur the wrong way round, and pulls my very tail. And I'd like to let the public know I've changed my habitation, and moved down to the basement, where they make this publication. It's damp, and cold, and windowless, and nearby they keep the coal, but we're very thankful for it, and it's called "The Better 'Ole." The staff induced me down there to chase away the rats; it's wonderful to meditate what useful things are cats. I used to haunt the stock-room, when no others were let in; now it's full of "rampant" seniors, who make an awful din. Worse than twice one hundred Freshies is the noise that they create, so I hied me to the cellar in a very nervous state.

Now I think I've done my duty by the paper for awhile; you'll agree I've done it nicely in the true poetic style. I've really said a great deal more than it at first may seem; now I am going to Mr. Tansley for a saucerful of cream.—PUSSY.

—The Ubysey.

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Dr. Gray: "I don't like your heart action (applying the stethoscope again.) You have had some trouble with angina pectoris."

Malory: "You're partly right, doctor: only that isn't her name."

---

\* "What are cosmetics?"

"They are peach preserves."

## HAMLET IN KILAKI.

“Yer weren’t to class this morning, Steve. Where yer been?”

“Got in the wrong class, Bill.”

“Yer don’t say! Where’d yer get to, anyway?”

“With the Arts bunch.”

“Anything doing?”

“Not too bad. They was reading about a guy called Hamlet.”

“Hamlet! Who was he?”

“Well, I guess he had a job on the staff in Denmark. He was doing picket on the walls of his home town when he met a ghost.”

“Met a what did you say?”

“A ghost—spook. It was the ghost of his old man who had been done in by his brother Clawjus. This Clawjus had pulled off a pretty raw deal by killing Hamlet’s dad and then getting hitched up to Old Lady Hamlet. Clawjus was mighty afraid that Hamlet was on to the graft: so he set Plonius, who was one of the team, to scout around.

“Of course that got Hamlet’s goat and he acted as if he was crazy. Clawjus figured Hamlet was really batty about a Jane called Feelia. Feelia was Plonius’s daughter, and a darned nice girl too, believe me.

“One day Hamlet found spying in a listening post; so he gave him the long point before the old guy could say kamerad.

“Clawjus was pretty sore at that, but that wasn’t all. The first thing Clawjus knew, Hamlet made him give the game away at a picture show. That put the wind up Clawjus for fair, and he had two men fall in and take Hamlet to Blightly for a court-martial.

“Feelia was struck on Hamlet alright. While he was up the line she went clean crazy and then cashed in.

“After a while Hamlet got leave and came back. Clawjus was scared stiff, but he put up a bluff and framed up a scheme with Feelia’s brother Layerleas to beat up Hamlet in a scrap. In case Hamlet wasn’t knocked out, Clawjus fixed up a vin blanc with some dope in it for him.

“When the scrap was on, Old Lady Hamlet drank the dope by mistake and she went west ‘tout suite.’ Layerleas and Hamlet mixed it up in great shape till they poked each other with a poisoned sword.

"Layerleas was a good scout and he put Hamlet wise to Clawjus's stunt before he pegged out. Hamlet was so mad that he put the kibosh on Clawjus same as he had done with Plonius.

"By the time the stretcher bearers came up, the whole outfit was napoo. A new battalion of Danish troops came up from support and took over."

"That's all?"

"Yep."

"Some story."

—Kenneth Smith, Khaki University.

Little Jimmy asked of the baker: "How much are those buns?"

"Six for five."

"Well, six for five, five for four, four for three, three for two, two for one, one for nothing. I'll take the one, please."

—Saturday Night.

"If I should kiss you, what would happen?"

"I'd call father."

"Then I won't do it."

"But father's in France."

### A STUDENT'S SENTIMENTS.

There are three words, the sweetest words,

In all of human speech—

More sweet than all those songs of birds.

Or pages poets preach.

This life may be a vale of tears,

A sad and dreary thing—

Three words and all the roses bloom.

And birds begin to sing.

Three words and all the roses bloom.

The sun begins to shine.

Three words will dissipate the gloom.

And water turn to wine.

Three words will cheer the saddest days,

"I love you?" Wrong, by heck!

It is another, sweeter phrase.

"Enclosed find check."

—Exchange.

A story, purporting to be quoted from a well-known Vienna newspaper, is to the effect that among the superstitious peasantry of the Tyrol, the belief has taken root that President Wilson is none other than Crown Prince Rudolf, son of the late Emperor Joseph. The Crown Prince, so the myth runs, was not killed in the famous tragedy of the Castle of Murling back in 1889, but was merely kidnapped by his enemies, and a dummy was buried in his stead. Later, we are told, he succeeded in escaping to America, where he assumed the name of Woodrow Wilson and rose eventually to the presidency. The pious mountaineers are now praying fervently that he may return and redeem his faithful and beloved Tyrolese from their present predicament.—Toronto Saturday Night

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### LULLABY TO MY CONSCIENCE.

Sweet and low, sweet and low,  
 Grades of the passing year:  
 Low, low, fearfully low,  
 Grades of the passing year.  
 We hope and pray that our grade will rise  
 Up to the fifty mark, our prize.

Chorus—

Bluff and cram, bluff and cram,  
 Exams will come to us soon:  
 Cram, cram on every exam.  
 Exams will come to us soon.  
 Exams will come to the innocent lambs,  
 The lamb will be fleeced by the exam man,  
 So hark again to this tune,  
 Cram, my innocent: cram, my negligent, cram.  
 —The Gateway.

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Wishing all our Exchanges far and wide a Merry Christmas and a Bright and Prosperous New Year.

## ALUMNI ALUMNAEQUE

JENNIE M. TURNBULL, M.A.

"The dying embers of the Yule log still sent forth a dusky glow. . . . I was half tempted to steal from my room at midnight and peep whether the fairies might not be at their revels about the hearth."

—

Christinas greetings to every Alumnus and ex-student of Brandon College. Another year has passed since the signing of the Armistice, but for many of the boys this will be the first Christmas at home since their return from overseas. The day will be more to us than a merry one—our joy will be deeper and warmer than in previous years. We do not forget those homes where the shadow of sorrow is brightened only by the real significance of Christmas. The whole world, then, cherishes this season with more sincerity and understanding than ever before.

—

- '19. Miss Madge Struthers is teaching at Admiral, Sask. Mr. L. A. Glinz visited Brandon College early in December.
- '18. Miss B. Turnbull is principal of the school at Amulet, Sask.
- '15. Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Herbert are spending the winter in Brandon.
- '13. Miss Constance Gunn spent the month of August at Banff.
- '12. Miss Vera Leech, M.A., has ben obliged to resign her position as lecturer of Regina College, on account of serious illness following an operation in Lethbridge. After a few weeks in Winnipeg General Hospital, she has sufficiently recovered to travel to California, there to spend the winter.  
Rev. W. C. Smalley, Superintendent of Baptist Missions, was a speaker at the Baptist Convention in October.

—

Professor Durkin's new book, "The Heart of Cherry McBain," will doubtless find many interested readers among the author's former students at our Alma Mater.

In the list of nurses graduating in 1919 from Winnipeg General Hospital is the name of Florence Chapman, medallist.

---

One of the appointments this year of Alberta University, Edmonton, was that of Dr. D. A. McGibbon, to the chair of Political Economy.

---

G. H. Ruttan, formerly a member of our faculty, has resigned his position as principal of Lache school, Norwood, and is regaining health and strength in his new occupation of farming in the vicinity of Star City, Sask.

---

At Mekiwin, Man., Rev. H. C. Harris has in his pastorate Mrs. Robt. Milne (nee Marion Rutherford).

---

Norman Clark is principal of the public school at Kinistino, Sask.

---

Muriel Steves is on the Collegiate staff in Prince Albert, Sask.

---

Capt. C. W. Burns, M.D., has returned to his medical duties in Winnipeg.

---

Miss Hazel Bucknam graduated in Arts from Manitoba University last May.

---

On Sept. 17th, Miss Margaret Strang was married to Mr. Clarence Rife, M.A. They are now in New Haven, Conn., both registered for post-graduate work at Yale University.

---

The marriage of Miss Blanche Stevens (French instructor at Brandon, "the year of the fever") to Capt. E. Thomas, M.C., took place September 30th.

---

Miss Kathleen Stevens is teaching near Kisby, Sask.

---

Miss Margaret Smith is in training in the Children's Hospital, Winnipeg.

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Miss Emma Luckman is attending Normal in Winnipeg.

Messrs. A. Pullen, A. J. Kennedy, and L. Dorett are among the students enrolled at Brandon Normal School.

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Miss A. I. Patton, formerly one of the Brandon College faculty and recently one of Canada Food Board staff, Winnipeg office, and Miss Kate Winton left Winnipeg recently en route for Japan, where they will be engaged in secretarial duties for the next three years. While in the capital they were the guests of Miss Eonone Johnstone.

---

Miss Kate McDonald, V.A.D., has been home from overseas, but is returning to Scotland, where she expects to live.

---

Mr. Bev. Leech is attending medical at Manitoba University.

---

We were glad to have one of our former professors with us last month, in the person of Dr. W. Sherwood Fox, now Dean of Arts at Western University, London, Ont., and acting President this year.

---

Music when soft voices die  
Vibrates in the memory;  
Odours when sweet violets sicken  
Live within the sense they quicken.

Rose leaves when the rose is dead  
Are heaped for the beloved's bed:  
And so thy thoughts when thou art gone,  
Love itself shall slumber on.

—Shelley.

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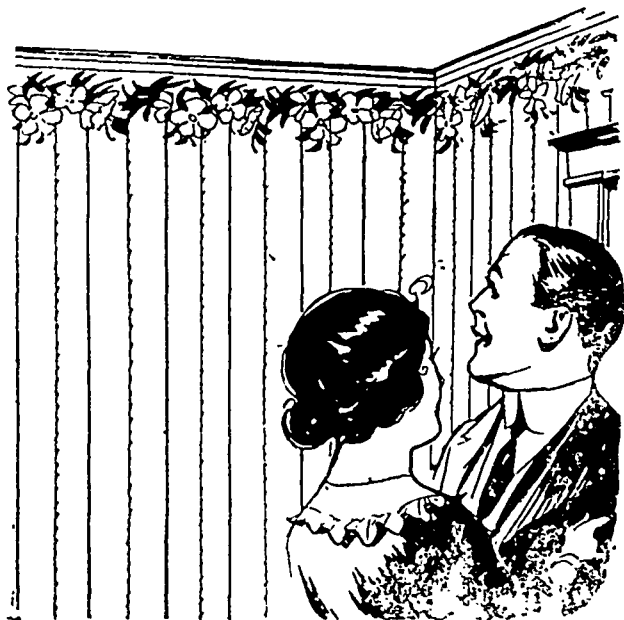
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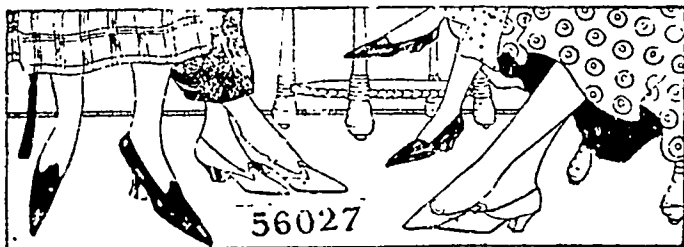
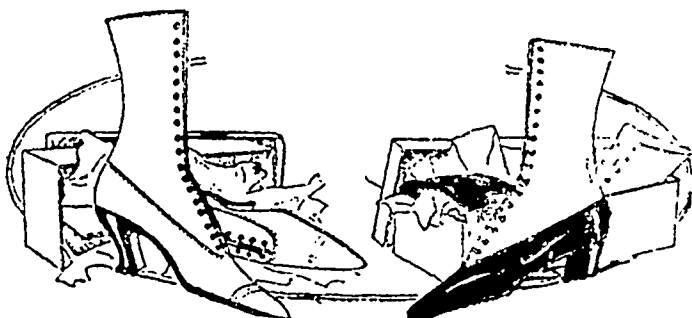
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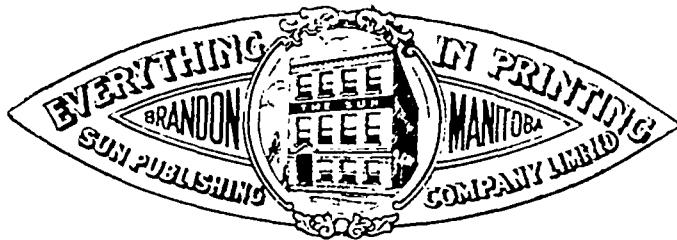
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