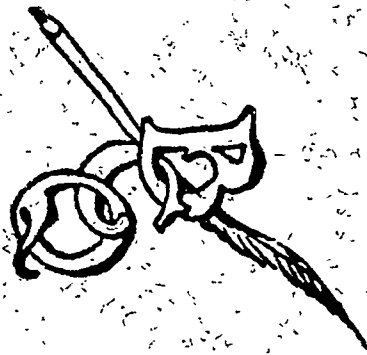


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Vol. XII No. 2

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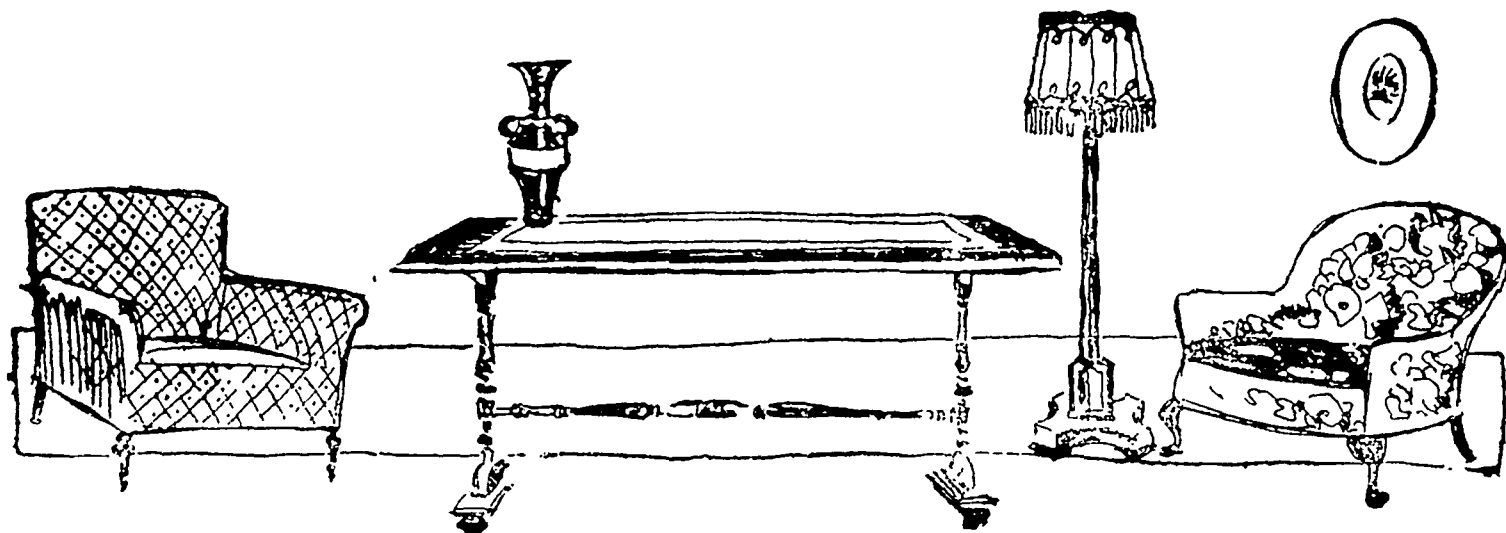
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Brandon College Quill

MY GARDEN

I dreamed I had a garden
All radiant with bloom,
And every cup was laden
With a haunting sweet perfume.

The bright and gaudy flowers
E'er smiled to beckon me
And bobbed in gilded bowers
Their petals, joyous, free.

Always in the brightest sunlight
They loved to dance and play
Till shadows grayed the twilight
And overcast the day.

Ah, then my flippant flowers
All pouted, drooped and sighed
For light and sunclad hours
Till in the rain they died.

I noticed, then, beside me
A purer flower far
Lay smiling 'neath the pine tree
Like a wondrous holy star.

I stooped, and very gently
Toward the sky above
I raised my radiant blossom
When lo. I found 'twas love.

—L. D.



SW Björwelle
21

DR. S. J. MCKEE

THE HISTORY OF BRANDON COLLEGE

Toward the close of the last century, Brandon College occupied only one small room above a business store on Rosser Avenue, where a small group of high school and business students, bent on achieving the goal for which no shorter or easier road has yet been found, worked and played. The campus of this little academy was long and narrow, stretching from the street door up two flights of stairs, and many a knotty question was discussed and many a heated argument took place on that middle square. The following year an arts class was organized which, for want of accommodation elsewhere, met in the Sunday School room of the First Baptist Church.

The faculty of this embryo college consisted of Mr. and Miss Beveridge, with the principal, that mighty man of vision, Dr. S. J. McKee. He it was who looked far out beyond those dingy four walls into the future and saw a vast educational institution located in our city and housed in buildings to which citizens could point with pride and of which the present are but a beginning.

As the outcome of the Manitoba and Northwest Baptist Convention, twenty-three years ago, Dr. A. P. McDiarmid was chosen leader of an undertaking to organize the Brandon College as a denominational institution. Among those especially interested in this enterprise were the Rev. A. J. Vining, superintendent of Missions, Dr. J. H. Farmer of McMaster and the Rev. Chas. A. Eaton of Toronto. To the latter belongs also the honor of having given the first subscription. Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Davies of Toronto volunteered to furnish annually for five years the sum of \$3,500 in support of the enterprise, and Dr. Vining immediately set to work to raise the remaining funds necessary. A suitable site was procured in the west end of the city and in the spring of 1900 the first sod was turned preparatory to the erection of a college and in July of the same year the corner stone was laid by Mrs. Wm. Davies.

The new College opened with Dr. McDiarmid as president, Dr. Vining assistant in the Arts department, and Dr. S. J. McKee and his two assistants again in charge of the Academy.

The institution rapidly became a great factor in promoting higher education throughout the west. Each year the members of students enrolled showed an increase thus necessitating continued additions to the teaching staff. The enrollment for the first year was 108 and for the next ten years it increased annually by an average of 29 per cent. until in 1920 the total number in attendance was 371.

In due time the daughters of Eve came seeking admittance which was granted them in 1906 and, unlike their mother of old, they did not prove a disturbing element in this "paradise" of learning. Their coming created the need for a ladies' residence, which was most generously met by Dr. and Mrs. C. W. Clark of Winnipeg, who contributed a sufficient amount to cover the cost of erecting that portion of the building known as Clark Hall, which will always stand as a substantial evidence of their genuine interest in the education of western girls. This building afforded residence for sixty lady students and furnished accommodation for the departments of Music, Expression and Art. At this time the art studio on the third floor of Clark Hall was presided over by Miss Henrietta Hancock, who instructed many in painting and sketching—studies which much to our regret no longer find a place in our college curriculum.

To Miss Whiteside largely belongs the credit of guiding Clark Hall with care and wisdom through the earlier years of its existence. Her good influence was felt long after she had severed her connections to take a similar position in Moulton College, Toronto. She was succeeded by the present lady principal, Mrs. T. R. Wilkins, whose brilliant college career, thorough understanding of and deep personal interest in the students, so well qualifies her for the position. The enrollment has increased to such an extent that for the last four years it has been necessary to provide an annex as a ladies' residence.

The large number of students who have graduated and taken high honors in music, is sufficient proof of the success of the music department, which, for fifteen years, has been presided over by Professor W. L. Wright. The city of Brandon, as well as the college, owes a debt of gratitude to him for what he has done toward creating and fostering a love of good music.

In 1908 courses of Theology were offered and the department so organized that students might enroll to qualify for graduation in three years. The opening of the Scandinavian department about the same time was an acknowledgment of our obligation to do something toward training teachers for work among the non-English people of our country.

From 1900 to 1911 students in the Arts department were prepared for the examinations of the University of Manitoba. In 1911, however, satisfactory arrangements were concluded with McMaster University whereby its courses have since then been taught in Brandon College. The graduating classes of 1912 and 1913 received their degree at the hands of Chan-

cellor McCrimmon; special convocations of McMaster being held at Brandon for that purpose.

In May, 1912, Dr. A. P. McDiarmid, owing to ill-health, withdrew from the presidency of the college. He was succeeded by a former colleague, Dr. H. P. Whidden, whose success in this office is best expressed by the continued growth and expansion of the college, and the large number of students each year receiving their degrees.

The great test came to this college, as it came to all other educational institutions, when war broke out in 1914. In the spring of 1916 in spite of the large number of previous enlistments, as well as current enlistments in other units, Brandon College provided a platoon for the 196th Battalion. Before conscription came into force, the college had an honor roll of well over two hundred.

It was at this critical time in the world conflict that the two opposing political parties in our Dominion decided to sink their differences and unite in one great aim, "to win the war." Dr. Whidden was chosen as the union representative for Brandon. Notwithstanding his many parliamentary duties he succeeded, with the able and valuable assistance of Dr. MacNeill, as acting principal and the generous co-operation of the rest of the faculty, in maintaining for the college the same high standard that has always characterized it.

Great advancement has been made in many departments in recent years and especially in the science department which was, for some time, successfully presided over by the genial Dr. Vining. He was succeeded by Dr. R. T. Wilkins, whose expert skill in research work has won recognition in the scientific world, and whose aim is that Brandon College shall have one of the most up-to-date and best equipped laboratories of the west. In plans that are now under way for the erection of new buildings great attention is being given to this department.

It is also expected that in the near future a Memorial Gymnasium will be erected and for this funds are being raised by the College Students.

A number of changes have taken place in the faculty during the last few years. Deep regret was felt when Dr. McKee retired after being so closely identified with and having given so many years of valuable service to this institution.

Did space permit, mention should be made of Professor Durkin, Mrs. W. L. Wright, Dr. New, Professor Lager, and many many others who have contributed so largely toward making this one of the finest small colleges in Canada, and

in creating a college atmosphere so worthy of note as to call forth the remark from Mr. J. R. Mott, that, "in all his travels, he had found no finer spirit in any educational institution he had visited than that existing in Branodn College."

It has been truly stated that the aim of this college is not only intellectual training but to ever keep in mind the transcendent worth of character. And who would undertake to estimate the value and scope of those intangible spiritual assets, that intellectual culture, those altruistic ideals, and that high definiteness of purpose which constitute the influences surrounding the hundreds of young men and women who pass through these halls into their various vocations in life.

—Muriel H. Shewan.

“Knowledge to the soul
Is power and liberty and peace;
And while celestial ages roll,
The joys of knowledge shall increase.”

—James Montgomery.

IMPRESSIONS OF PARIS

Although it was not yet six o'clock, it was dusk in the narrow streets of the Latin Quarter in Paris. The almanac counted the season as autumn, but in these paved, treeless streets, which darted in the most unexpected directions between towering gray apartment blocks, the advent of autumn was not heralded by the blaze of crimson and gold which characterized the Luxembourg and the Jardin des Plantes a few blocks away. Nevertheless, the general bustle of the traffic indicated that the slothful summer days were past and that November was near at hand.

A Canadian, on her way to her *pension*, had just met three lamplighters, wearing their long blue smocks trimmed with red, and carrying their torches on their shoulders, much as a soldier carries his gun. She was thinking of the quaintness of this remnant of old social custom, when she heard a measure or two of distant music. Thinking it was the buglers of the barracks in the neighborhood, she paid no attention to it. In a moment she heard it again, and it sounded much nearer. She stopped, looked back, and noticed for the first time that a number of bare-headed *concierges*, newswomen and street-sweepers in black aprons and little shawls were lined up at the edge of the sidewalk at the corner she had just passed. The music was certainly approaching. Little old round-shouldered, white-

capped women were hobbling from their arm-chairs in front of doorways over to the corner. Shop people were coming out to stand on the door-steps. All were chattering and nodding, and the faces of the crippled old women were lighted by mystifying smiles. The Canadian retraced her steps toward the corner and saw a young man wearing a long white canvass coat and a high white dunce's cap, emerge from the semi-darkness of the narrow side street into the light from the windows of the corner shops.

Apparently he was the herald of the parade proper. He stooped at the corner to light a match to some powder, which he had placed on the pavement. There was a flare of red light and three dignified policemen marched abreast from the darkness. They were erect and stern-looking. Their martial bearing and immaculate, dark uniforms contrasted sharply with the awkward, irregular gait, and the long, white coats, painted faces, stove-pipe hats, false noses of the motley crowd which followed them. The standard-bearer carried an elaborate poster which acquainted the uninformed with the fact that this was "*l'Ecole de Physique et de Chimie*" out for its annual promenade. The round shouldered band conductor wore his false hair ridiculously long, held a little trumpet to his lips with his right hand, and with his left, beat fantastic time for those who followed. The band members, obviously labouring with instruments to which they were not accustomed, managed to drone out a monotonous little tune with which the caravan might have kept step, had each person not been so occupied pushing and bumping his neighbor, waving and smiling, and shouting foolish things to the crowd on the sidewalk. Many of the white-coated individuals carried wands bearing red paper jack-o-lanterns which bobbed about in the breeze above the heads of the students, or dodged here and there according to the uncertain movements within the procession. An unusually tall, lanky chap, whose height lost none of its effect shrouded as he was in white, and crowned by headgear which added a good foot to his stature, was striding along, looking complacently through great black-rimmed goggles at the landscape in general, happily unaware that the flame of the candle was consuming his pretty red lantern. Some carried square black lanterns with devices cut in the sides—"Vive la Chimie," "*Physique et Chimie*"; others carried a gallows to which was suspended the bearded effigy of some unpopular dignitary, which dangled about in a most convincingly lifeless manner. Only two girls belonged to this crowd of embryo scientists.

The students passed, shouting and singing. In the rear marched three more policemen, law and order incarnate, while a host of little boys in pinafores and skull caps formed an adoring vanguard. The old women returned slowly to their arm-chairs, and the *concierges* laughing and nodding, went about their evening work, but the Canadian paused for a moment to watch the red lanterns move up the street in the dusk to listen as the students united in singing their queer little tune to the accompaniment of the band—to appreciate the picturesqueness of it all—to wish the best of luck to the students of "*l'Ecole de Physique et de Chimie.*"

Two anarchists had been condemned to death in New York and the Parisian socialists decided to show their sympathy by sending a bomb, parcel post, to the American ambassador. This moving message failed to affect the representative of the United States in the desired way, so it was rumored that there was to be an anarchist demonstration on Sunday afternoon before the American Embassy, at the Trocadero and at the Arc de Triomphe. Our acquaintance with socialist demonstrations and manifestations had been confined to a newspaper knowledge of them, so we resolved to start out to see the anarchist in action, if possible.

We boarded a train proceeding up the Avenue President Wilson. For some distance along this avenue before we reached the embassy, we saw French soldiers in their light blue uniforms standing leaning against walls or sitting on street benches eating their afternoon lunch. Their muskets with fixed bayonets were stacked in groups along the sidewalks not six feet from the men. The cavalry was lined up along the road on both sides of the train line, each man standing at his horse's head. The Republican Guards were out in full force in their dark blue uniforms trimmed with red, and wearing their shiny brass helmets with a red feather duster effect in front, and a long thick lock of black horse-hair flowing from the crest down their backs. Double rows of the civil police force were stationed at intervals along the sidewalk. The men looked bored and uninterested, standing there two by two with scarcely a civilian, much less an anarchist in sight. This formidable array of soldiery extended for a considerable distance along the avenue.

We decided to continue to the Trocadero, but found only the customary crowd of Sunday promenaders visiting the museum. No anarchists. We went on to the Arc de Triomphe. Here we saw three distinct crowds of people. We hastened up

to the first group happy to have at least found something promising. The crowd was pressing closely about three men, two of whom had violins. The third was distributing street music to by-standers. Presently the players struck up a popular air, while it was the duty of the crowd to sing with the leader, learn the song and buy the music. No anarchists. We turned to the second group, but saw before we reached it that the people were standing bare-headed in silence at the grave of the unknown soldier. No anarchists. We dodged our way back across the thoroughfare among buses, trams, bicycles, taxis and fiacres to the third group. These people proved to be peaceful citizens quietly reading their newspapers as they waited for a bus. No anarchists.

We turned homeward, convinced that the display of the forces of law and order had frightened the reddest anarchist into his arm-chair at home. Paris is wonderfully well policed, without a doubt. The next day our professor of economics at the Sorbonne in dealing with the economic condition of France as it is to-day, incidentally remarked to us that, except for its art, France is the most conservative country on the face of the earth. It is least likely to be disturbed by anarchist parties of any great strength or influence, since the small property owners outnumbering all other electors, will keep in power men who will safeguard the interests of their precious little square of the soil of France. No anarchists.

—J. M. T.

THE MODERN RENAISSANCE OF VERSE

The many newspaper controversies and magazine articles on the modern Renaissance of Verse testify to the wide spread interest in this movement. According to the leading spirits of the new writing modern poetry is in the throes of a mighty upheaval, it is bursting the fetters of rhetoric and legendary romanticism, and it is expressing itself in human, vigorous and democratic qualities. Modern poets are using the language of the people to point out the beauty and dignity of the commonplace.

There is nothing new under the sun. How, then, do we account for the world-wide discussion of the "new forms" of verse, of the "new spirit" of poetry? This is explained in the term Renaissance, which means re-birth rather than new birth. The modern Renaissance of verse then is simply a re-birth of poetry.

This movement originated in Walt. Whitman's *Leaves of Grass*, published in 1855. Whitman threw tradition to the winds, wrote free verse and called it poetry. He was a rebel in his art and a rebel in his message; he was radical and belonged to revolt. His message was of the people and to the people, not a select few, but populations of everyday people. And what of his work? Will it live? His enemies say it cannot last but *Leaves of Grass* has been translated, as a whole, into French and Italian, and piecemeal into Spanish, German and Dutch. The modern college syllabus, modern essays and addresses are forced to deal with him. Emerson, Thoreau and Alcott deferred to him; Tennyson acknowledged and respected him.

Following Whitman's lead toward greater poetic freedom, came the writers of the so-called "Celtic Renaissance." This movement was a revived interest in old Irish song and was most powerful because it came to us directly from two English geniuses, Synge and Yeats. These men found Tennyson "over-appareled," found conventional English poetry hampered, stiff, second-hand and ready made with metre and rhyme. "We tried to strip away everything that was artificial, to get a style like speech, as simple as the simplest prose, like a cry of the heart," says Mr. Yeats. Human nature is full of surprises and irregularities; then if our poetry is the cry of the heart and is to express human nature, should it be tied down to rules and classical inspiration?

The next phase of the Renaissance was oriental. the poetic wealth of the Orient was unfolded. European Scholars have long been searching out the beauty of Indian, Persian and Sanskrit; now we find them bringing out the stateliness and clear dignity of Japanese poetry. Some have gone further still and, though the task is arduous on account of language difficulties, have unearthed a pot-pourri of royal poetic wealth in China. We find that this oriental literature is making an impression more or less conscious, on our own poets. We see oriental directions and simplicity, oriental perfection and delicacy.

Let us turn now from the progressive steps of the Renaissance to its characteristics. "What is free verse?" I hear some one ask. Were that person to read Amy Lowell's *Patterns or Red Slippers* he might find at least a partial answer, for they are free verse.

PATTERNS

I walked down the garden paths.
And all the daffodils

Are blowing, and the bright blue squills.
 I walk down the patterned garden paths
 In my stiff brocaded gown.
 With my powdered hair and jewelled fan,
 I too am a rare
 Pattern as I walk down the garden paths.

* * * *

Underneath the fallen blossom
 In my bosom,
 Is a letter I have hid.
 It was brought to me this morning by a rider from the Duke.
 "Madam, we regret to inform you that Lord Hartwell
 "Died in action Thursday night."
 As I read it in the white, morning sunlight,
 The letters squirmed like snakes.
 "Any answer, madam?" said the footman.
 "No," I told him.
 "See that the messenger takes some refreshment.
 "No, no answer."
 And I walked into the garden,
 Up and down the patterned paths.
 In my stiff, correct brocade.
 The blue and yellow flowers stood up proudly in the sun,
 Each one.
 I stood upright too,
 Held rigid to the pattern
 By the stiffness of my gown.
 Up and down I walked,
 Up and down.

RED SLIPPERS

Red slippers in a shop-window; and outside in the street.
 flaws of gray, windy sleet!

Behind the polished glass the slippers hang in long threads
 of red, festooning from the ceiling like stolactites of blood
 flooding the eyes of passers-by with dripping color, jamming
 their crimson reflections against the windows of cabs and tram-
 cars, screaming their claret and salmon into the teeth of the
 sleet, plopping their little round maroon lights upon the tops
 of umbrellas.

The row of white, sparkling shop-fronts is gashed and
 bleeding. it bleeds red slippers. They spout under the electric
 light, fluid and fluctuating, a hot rain—and freeze again to red
 slippers, myriadly multiplied in the mirror side of the window

* * * * * *

People hurry by, for these are only shoes, and in a window farther down is a big lotus bud of cardboard, whose petals open every few minutes and reveal a wax doll, with staring bead eyes and flaxen hair, lolling awkwardly in its flower chair. One has often seen shoes, but whoever saw a cardboard lotus bud before?

The flaws of gray, windy sleet beat on a shop-window where there are only red slippers.

One has only to read through these poems to recognize that they have no rhyme or metre. Alliteration and other conventional poetical devices are barred. Lines end in the most unexpected and irregular manner and the subjects seem insignificant. In this endeavoring to get rid of the obstacles which seem to them to have hampered the poet and separated him from his audience these "*vers-libertimes*" are doing pioneer work in English literature.

But Free Verse is not only a protest against recognized poetic form, it is also a revolt against the spirit or content of our poetry. "They have set before themselves an ideal of absolute simplicity and sincerity. They are making their work intensive rather than diffuse, objective rather than subjective. And in presenting the concrete object or concrete environment, whether these be beautiful or ugly, they seek to give more precisely the emotions arising from them, and thus to widen immeasurably the scope of the art."

Is Free Verse poetry? Amy Lowell says it is—that it is much better poetry than that which we have so long upheld. But most of us are conservative and reluctant to adopt new things and we emphatically say "No; it is not poetry." Let us not be too hasty, however, in arriving at our conclusion.

Poetry is a pearly shell which sings to us the sweet melodious echoes of the poet's soul. Does Free Verse measure up to this definition of poetry? Does it sing? No, all rhyme, rhythm and metre are barred, it does not sing. Is it sweet and melodious? Here we arrive at the disputed question. Many of us are inclined to answer "No," but the authoress says "Yes." She believes that there is an organic rather than an imposed rhythm which makes it musical; but that this music is new to us, that our ears are untuned to it and, consequently, we do not detect and appreciate it. Perhaps she's right.

And last, is Free Verse the echo of a soul, which has a gift of vision and a power of feeling and imagination greater

than ours? This is a very much debated question. A writer in the "New York Times" refers to Miss Lowell's *Sunshine*.

The pool is edged with the blade-like leaves of irises.
 If I throw a stone into the placid water
 It suddenly stiffens
 Into rings and rings of stiff gold wire.

and says, "It is in the picture of a sunlight pool suddenly disturbed by a cast pebble, that the authoress betrays the secret of her method. It is a method of the instantaneous photographic camera if one can imagine a mechanism that reproduces not only form but color, and that not reproduces but selects. We have not seen those shining circles, but to our slower eyes they widened and blended suavely Our eyes are keener now than they ever were, thanks to the handful of pioneers who have had the courage to beat their own vision of things in upon us and beneath the suavity of the widening ripple, we too can see the sudden stiffening 'into rings and rings of sharp gold wire.'"

All this may be quite true, but if this poetry which we have found to be selective and purely realistic is to be so exclusive as to prohibit so much of the beautiful, of the things we love and the idealistic, will it be worth while? If it is to assume a camera-like style, seemingly unintelligible, will it reach the people? In consideration of all this, could one say that Free Verse is the echo of the poet's soul or that it corresponds to our definition of poetry? Hardly. Then which is wrong, our definition of poetry or our conception of the "*vers-libertines*." That is for you to answer.

This consideration of Free Verse leads us to a discussion of the Free Verse writers themselves. We remember that they are pioneers in a movement for greater freedom of spirit and form in literature and we admire them for it. They are radical perhaps, but even the most extravagant experiments, the most radical innovations are valuable, for the movement at least, as an assault against prejudice. And some of the radicals of today will be, no doubt, the masters of tomorrow—a phenomenon common in the history of the arts.

By this I do not mean that I believe Free Verse will triumph and displace our conventional poetry, for I do not. But I do believe that as a result of this movement, there will come a new poetry which will be a fusion of our old conventionalities and the new Freedom. Some of the present day Free Verse is not even equal to good prose, but it is a stepping stone to

something new which may be worth while and even noble. Future generations will look back to our period and refer to our modern "*vers-libertines*" as men and women who, while they did not themselves leave any great masterpieces, proved the forerunners of a great age of poetry. This is my prophecy and I close with an interesting comment gleaned from a critical appreciation of Miss Lowell's work. The writer recalls that Billy Sunday, on one occasion, said: "They say I rub the fur the wrong way. I say, let the cats turn round!" And then he adds: "Miss Lowell has in her time stroked much fur the wrong way, and loud wails of protest have rent the air . . . and now the cats are turning round."

—Anon.

UNIVERSITY LIFE IN SWEDEN

Sweden is an old country with an old culture and with traditions which are in many aspects as old as the culture itself.

Traditions are for me sacred as I regard them from a historical point of view and consider them the bearers of the possibilities of eternal development of the human mind.

Among institutions, which in Sweden foster old traditions together with modern ideas, the universities are predominant. Go to Lund or Upsala and you will find the spirit of days of yore still retained. Both of these cities are of importance merely as educational centres of Sweden. The universities of Stockholm and Gothenburg are too young to be mentioned in this article in which I want to give a picture of the only real Swedish university life and of those features which always have been and always will be a peculiarity of Sweden. Upsala can tell stories from mediaeval times when the Catholic church ruled the minds of men to whom the reformation came as the morning breeze, which foretold the dawn of a new day. The old castle of Upsala is closely connected with stories of civil wars and many a memory of the days, when Ansgarius, the Apostle of the North, first preached the religion of love among the Vikings.

The university was founded in 1471 by Archbishop Jacob Ulfsson. The buildings were completed in 1887. Owing to the great interval between the foundation and completion we easily understood that there are signs of many different workmen, many different styles and many degrees of development. Around the old building, erected in Gothic style are grouped

newer structures of different styles but this difference cannot destroy its harmony and ancient atmosphere. Upsala is as old as our history. I hope it will continue forever to be the guiding hand of our culture. With the university is connected a library, which is world-known and which is one of the greatest in Sweden.

Lund's University was founded by Charles XI. in 1668. It also has a library of importance. As Upsala is the centre of education for the northern and central part of Sweden, so Lund is for the southern part. About 3,000 students attend each of these universities every year and carry from them into life not only knowledge of high quality, but also ideals that beautify life.

Let us consider the relationship of professor to students of student to life. These relationships are of the very best; for the professor on his traditional pedestal and the student in his reverence for age and wisdom are both true human factors in the development of civilization according to sound principles.

A Swedish student, desiring to pass his examination generally goes alone or escorted by a fellow-sufferer to the home of the professor. He wears a Prince Albert or an evening dress in honor of the occasion. The professor may be harsh or kind but he is always the student's friend, and although the latter may be a little shaky, he knows that he will have a fair trial.

I will, in this connection, mention the different degrees given by the universities of Sweden. The first university degree is the *Filosofic Kandidat* (*Fil. kand.*), or in English, Candidate of Philosophy, which is perhaps equal to a Canadian B.A., plus one or two years of additional study in at least three subjects. The *Fil. kand.* is passed in certain groups of studies. One group is composed of History, Political Economy and Statistics; another of History, Literature, Icelandic or old Norse Languages and Pedagogy; a third, Mathematics, Physics and Chemistry, and a fourth, Latin, Greek, and Oriental Languages, which chiefly concern Philology, and many others.

After the *Fil. kand.* degree, those who are going to be teachers or are going in for further study continue their work in the studies previously pursued and pass the *Filosofic Magister* (*Fil. mag.*) examination. After this begins the real specialization, the studies for *Filosofic Doktor* (*Fil. doc.*) degree, in English, Ph. D. A preliminary degree for this is the *Filosofic Licentiate* (*Fil. lic.*) degree, generally obtained after from four to eight years' study after one obtains the *Fil. mag.* Before obtaining his *Fil. doc.* the scholar must publicly defend his

thesis for the Doctorate. He generally spends a couple of years after obtaining his *Fil. lic.* in preparing for this dissertation, after which, if he is successful, he receives his *Fil. doc.* degree signified by a ring and laurel wreath. Law students and students for the degree of doctor of medicine spend from eight to twelve years after their university examination—which itself is about equal to three years' university work in Canada—before receiving their doctor's degrees.

The *Fil. doc.* degree is conferred according to a traditional and beautiful ceremony in the cathedrals of Lund and Upsala and in later years in the cathedrals of Stockholm and Gothenburg. The Professor Emeritus gives the doctors their diplomas and places the laurel wreath on their heads. Beautiful ceremonies and dresses and hoods in red and blue and a hundred other colors produce a splendid effect under the vaults of the 800-year-old church, from which beams the light of thousands of lamps, reminding one of the stars in the sky.

Later years have seen women among the graduates, but they are not allowed to teach at the universities. They teach in the girls' high schools but seldom in the boys' schools or in the gymnasiums. In Sweden there are no co-educational schools supported by the state as are the gymnasiums, collegiates and public schools. Personally, I think that boys and girls should be educated in separate institutions and that the home is the place where they should come together. The relationship between them from youth is of vital importance for every nation's prosperity.

The students are organized into so-called *nations* (fraternities). Every *nation* is composed of members from its respective province. Most prominent are the *nations* of Sodermanland and Waermland. To Waermland's *nation* belonged such men as Tayner, Geijer, Logerlof, and Troding, and to Soedermanland's Snoilsky and Strindberg—these being the great literary men of Sweden. These nations are the most popular institutions of Swedish universities. Their members often come together and enjoy themselves, both spiritually and socially. They have their own houses and their own peculiar customs and the comradeship there developed is of importance in the creation of the Swedish character. Swedish students do not live at the university as their American and English colleagues do. Nor do they live at the fraternity-house, but in the town where they enjoy their liberty immensely. A Swedish student is governed by none but ceremonial laws and in this he follows a great tradition indeed. He has to obey, as every human being ought to do, his own conscience. If he is honest, he is alright.

if he takes a drink it is alright, if he gets drunk he is a poor fellow, if he is temperate he is a man, if he is a heathen he is a pessimist, if he is religious he is an optimist. Hypocrisy is worse than lies, liberty of mind the most essential thing for civilization.

Every one of you knows about or has heard about the Swedish gymnastics. It is our pride because it is a good thing which is conquering the world. It develops every muscle in the body, the endurance, the will-power, the mind. Every Swedish man or woman is a gymnast if he or she is not a cripple. "A sound mind in a sound body," is our rule and in this lies the secret of our national, physical strength and vigor and the harmony of mental development that gives its interest to every side of life, every line of human activity. Like his American colleague, the Swedish student participates in the ball-game with great interest and who doesn't know that it is a Swedish student who holds last year's banner of the European Athletic Association.

The women take but little part in athletics. I think this is a good thing since the beauty of a woman is not in a strong muscular body, but in the harmony of every line, in the grace of her movements, in the nature of her complexion, her manners, her mind, and in developing these factors gymnasium is better than any sport. It gives her body harmony. The fresh air and circulation of the blood gives her complexion its natural color, and the movement and alertness surely refreshes her mind.

But life requires not only activity and training, but also rest and enjoyment. *Flustret* and *Gillet* are two restaurants or rather cafes in Upsala and Lund where the students often gather to spend a happy evening. Wines and beer are served here and as a rule these cafes have been centres of a healthy and humorous spirit, the importance of which perhaps cannot be recognized by an American who is used to looking upon the liquor question from a different aspect than does the Swede.

From olden times the students have observed a great national holiday called "The 30th of April" and never are traditions more strictly adhered to than in the celebrations of this day. The students' choir sings for the professors or at the statue of an older or newer celebrity of intelligence who has belonged to, or been in some way connected with, our university.

On this day, too, Bellman is remembered with singing, music and wine. Bellman is Sweden's national poet: No other has been able to make sorrow smile in wonderful rhymes as he has done. He is a part of ourselves and although honor

now means nothing to him, his glory is ours and so since 1800 we have honored him. After all is not tradition itself an honor to something passed. To a time which so easily forgets what is old in favor of new experiments I would like to say. Do not forget that tradition is development.

This is an attempt to show the Canadian Student how his Swedish colleague struggles along. I will perhaps say something worth while if I say that the Swedish student with lively interest looks toward this continent, as he understands that here many a delicate plant of human intelligence and progress is growing strong and beautiful.

—S. W. Goerwell.

The above article is written by Mr. S. W. Goerwell, B.A., who comes to us from Sweden to study here for his M.A. in history. Mr. Goerwell, when in Sweden, studied English grammar for seven years before entering university and English authors for one year during his university course. He has read much of Tennyson, Scott and Dickens, and is especially fond of Byron.—Ed.

REV. P. CUNDY

“Who is he?” the question was heard on all sides, when Mr. Cundy first conducted the morning chapel service. Eventually we learned for the first time that our college had a Slavic department and that Mr. Cundy was here to direct it.

English by birth and French by descent, Canadian by adoption and working among Russians by choice—that expresses something of Mr. Cundy’s versatility. “Can’t you tell by my accent that I’m English?” he asked, when questioned as to his birthplace. He was born in Nottingham, England. After coming westward he spent sixteen years in the United States and three years in Canada before going overseas as a Y.M.C.A. chaplain with the American Expeditionary Force. Owing to the fact that he spoke French he was transferred to the 5th French Army to organize Y.M.C.A. work in the Champagne district.

At present Mr. Cundy is the superintendent of Slavic and Hungarian missionary work in Western Canada. He has been stationed at Saskatoon, but this year he came to Brandon to take up the additional task of organizing a Slavic department at the College to provide training for recruits for his work.

As he speaks French, German, Italian and some Slavic Mr.

Cundy is possessed of a wide range of useful capabilities. We welcome him to Brandon and wish him every success in his new undertaking.

Below we are quoting two of his translations of Ukrainian poetry by Olga Kobilanska, a distinguished Ukrainian writer. These are taken from the October number of the "Canadian Magazine."

I went into the forest.

All so still and quiet there.

A chill silence, so great that I grew afraid.

With warm words I try to reanimate it and myself and I speak the words.

No echo comes.

All is as quiet and desolate as before; so deathlike is it in the luxuriant greenwood that sorrow comes over me.

Once more I cry loudly and speak out of a full heart the most ardent words that are in the world . . . and, can it be? In a long wave the echo rolls, surge after surge, like a merry wanderer emerging out of a chill ravine: "I love you." It went through the forest, but lived on in the memory of every flower though itself had long since perished.

—Olga Kobilanska.

From me to thee there stretches a bright pathway,
Like a silver ribbon.

Along it, lightly stepping, pass the lilies of my heart. The last lilies of my youth. Hanging their sorrowful heads, they look backward and say their farewells, "We shall never again come back, proud life, we shall never come back . . . we are the last . . . let us remain but a day longer . . ." But quietly they move along the calm pathway to thee, that there they may fade and wither away.

—Olga Kobilanska.

A wrinkled, crabbed man they picture three,
Old Winter, with a rugged beard as grey
As the long moss upon the apple-tree;
Blue-lipt, and ice-drop on thy sharp, blue nose,
Close muffled up, and on thy weary way
Plodding along through sleet and drifting snows.

—Robert Southey.

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GREETINGS Christmas, with its joy laden memories and its all-pervading spirit of goodwill is here again. Nothing exercises so delightful a spell over our imaginations as the memories clustering around this happy season. At this time home, where bands of kindred hearts reunite in fireside delights, assumes its grandest significance. Cares give place to a complete abandonment to mirth and good fellowship. All men seem for a time drawn together with the magic chords of harmonious goodwill, and human relationships are suffused with an irresistible felicity. Life's fondest recollections are gathered about the Christmas season, recollections tinged with exquisite delights and fragrant with a lingering sweetness. Touched with a religious solemnity, vibrant with an age long hope, hallowed by happiest associations, potent to inspire men to the expression of their divinest natures, Christmas justly makes its appeal as the greatest of human festivals. As ex-

pressive of our feelings, and in keeping with tradition, we extend to all our readers our sincerest wishes for a merry time.

“On earth, peace, good will toward man.”

PEACE celestial choir burst into the solemn stillness of midnight heralding a new hope which arose as a wondrous star and challenged the attention of men. The effective appeal of the angel message was due to the fact that it found its response in deep human heart-yearnings. And down through the intervening centuries the golden age proclaimed by the angels has not ceased to haunt war weary men with its gleams of fitful splendour. Particularly at Christmas time does Christendom seem to rise for a brief interval above its intestine strife and dimly grasp the spirit of that song. But it remains little more than a universal hope. Why should such an incessant longing result in so little realization? Surely humanity's inability to realize its hope implies a lack of wisdom and a feeble faith.

The whole Christian era has been characterized by intermittent wars and unremitting preparations for hostilities. Our new-born twentieth century has already experienced a gigantic misdirection of human energies in fevered war preparations and has seen the great heart of humanity once again agonizing on the battlefield. What is the meaning of it all? Were the angels illusionists? Has Christianity failed? No. “Christianity,” as A. G. Gardiner has said, “has not failed for the simple reason that it has never been tried.” During the past nineteen centuries there have been individual Christians, and small groups of Christians, but the world yet awaits the advent of a nation with an international policy which is not almost completely disserved from Christianity. There has been abundance of national religion which like other forms of aggressive nationalism has organized its crusades of intolerance and fought its wars of aggrandizement in the name of a peaceful Christ. It is true that, though it is still evil, this old world has made some progress towards the light. The inhumanities of war have been to some extent abated. Nations feel constrained to search for a more valid excuse for hostile action, but history has yet to introduce that generation of men who can establish as workable principles those prerequisites of a durable peace. disarmament and international goodwill.

Out of the anguish of war there has come a reborn hope. Slowly, very slowly, that hope is crystalizing into action. Today many people are turning anxious eyes to the Washington

Conference, and are awaiting the beginning of a policy which may bring prospects of the fuller realization of the recurrent hope of Christmas time. But, as Lord Curzon has reminded us: "It is not by resolutions of a conference, but by resolutions of the people that a change will occur." So long as the masses of the people are willing to rally when appeals are made to their patriotism, to suffer terribly and feel intensely for the moment, and then relax into inactivity, so long will the angel song inspire but a faintly gleaming hope. No national leaders, no conference of diplomats, would be able to withstand the persistent pressure of an articulate public opinion which demanded that they reorganize international relationships on the basis of a durable peace. What humanity needs is more faith in the practicability of its ideals reinforced by a relentless determination to see those ideas expressed in the practical affairs of the world.

ANNOUNCEMENT

The Quill staff is offering a prize of five dollars to the student of the Academic Department submitting the best essay, provided that it merits publication in the Quill. Essays must not be more than 1,500 words in length and must be submitted by February 15th, 1922.

McLellan—"I always work from eleven-thirty till twelve p.m."

Kathleen McNaught—"Trying to get in without rousing the nightwatchman, I suppose."

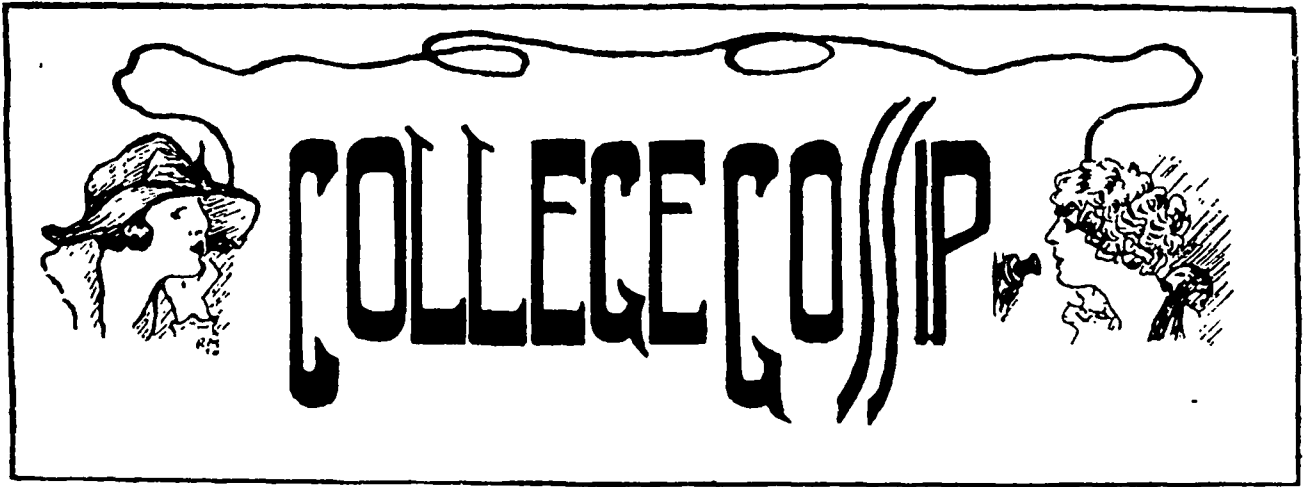
Trifles make perfection, but perfection is no trifle.—Angelo.

If you can't win, make the one ahead break the record.—Anonymous.

Some people grow under responsibility, others merely swell.—Hubbell.

Yesterday is dead—forget it. To-morrow has not come—don't worry. To-day is here—use it.—Anonymous.

If you'd know the value of money, go and borrow some.—Benjamin Franklin.



J. R. CRESSWELL '22

“The time draws near the birth of Christ,
 The moon is hid, the night is still,
 The Christmas bells from hill to hill
 Answer each other in the mist.”

—Tennyson.

Christmas! What jovial feelings are inspired. What pleasant associations are awakened by this magic word! The passage of twenty centuries has not decreased its power to charm. The human heart still responds to its message of peace and goodwill. Joy rings out from the church steeples, is heard in the merry jingle of the sleigh-bells and is expressed in the hearty greetings of pedestrians. Yet there are some melancholy people who sadly exclaim that Christmas is not what it used to be. They take a gloomy delight in being thoroughly miserable. They horde up their most doleful recollections for the merriest day of the three hundred and sixty-five. Such as these have no place in the Christmas season. There are few who have lived long in this weary old world, who cannot recall such mournful thoughts. But why dwell in the dismal past, when the present bids you banish dull care and the future beckons you onward to happier prospects? He would be a misanthrope, indeed, who would remain insensible to the outpourings of good feeling and the prevailing spirit of cheerfulness manifest at this season.

WHAT THE COLLEGE MAN WILL WEAR

The general tendencies in dress for the College man are along radically conservative lines. The Spring models are pervaded by a spirit of slim bagginess and careless precision. Trousers are as usual—one hole in the top and two in the bottom. Coats will have round collars and are worn right-

side out and with the usual sleeves, although vests are sleeveless. It is a serious mistake to wear belts or garters. Trousers and sox positively will not sag properly when supported and unless the ankles are shrouded in voluminous folds the whole effect of "*comme il faut*" is lost. Many men fail to achieve the College "*sang froid*" in their dress. We now offer these few helpful hints: The foundation of all successful dressing is the underwear or "*unterkleid*," as the French have it. This may be worn either loose or bagged as one prefers. The Canadian college man always wears his sox too long—two weeks is enough. There are several novel things in the shops denoting the "*ultima thule*" in outer toggery. A new development is the strange tie which is decidedly "*vif*." It is impossible to tie this too tightly. Pull it until your face matches the purple of the stripes and the effect will be "*reckerche*." A new "*ruse de guerre*" is effected in the new evening vests. These are made of white sweater-clothes and have two copious rolls at the bottom in which one may carry all the little essentials of a perfect evening—matches, cigarettes, hair-tonic, pipes, gloves, magazines, etc. Crooks Bros. and A. Sulky & Co. are showing unusually swanky models in eight-button bag suits with trousers to match. Golf Knickers are also furnished in the popular balloon-knee design. These are executed in burlap, canvas, or sack-cloth and when worn with tan monkey's hair sox are exceedingly sweet. One's next thought must turn to the shoes. Rank Bros. are getting out some black brogans in red Alaskan calf, which are the "*creme de la creme*" for evening wear. One must affect an air of supreme carelessness at all times in matters of dress, and it pays to buy only the best things. Of course one must not "*bruler la chandelle par les deux botes*" but really "*ce n' est que be premier pas qui coute. Nicht wahr.*"

—N. C. S.

Prof. Hurd in Pol. Econ. Class—"In those days women were much used as a means of transportation. In civilized countries this has changed."

Olson—"Yes, nowadays women are used chiefly as a means of communication."

"Keep your face always turned toward the sunshine, and the shadows will fall behind you."—Whitman.

"They who are content to remain in the valley, will get no news from the mountains."—Macy.

"Life isn't in holding a good hand, but in playing a poor hand well."—Anonymous.

WINNERS OF DEBATE



FRED. FRIEND '25



VELMA JOHNSON '22

DEBATE

“Examples I could cite you more
 But be contented with these four,
 For when one's proofs are aptly chosen
 Four are as valid as four dozen.”

December 9th, the date chosen for the debate between the Normal School and the College, was anticipated with pleasure by everyone, especially by the Junior girls, who learned that they were not to form on this occasion that ancient and forbidding but now we believe obsolete, line. This was due to the fact that the young gallants assembled in Clark Hall at 7.20, and each chose a congenial partner. The evening was beautiful, the moon was pouring forth her beams of lovelight and after a pleasant walk, the several couples, chaperoned by Miss Smith and our Senior Stick, arrived at the Normal School.

After some tardiness, during which time Mr. Umphrey busied himself in leading the several College yells, the debate proper commenced. Fred Friend, the first speaker and leader of the affirmative, expounded his reasons for contending that

the liquor legislation of Manitoba is preferable to that of British Columbia. His arguments, which were greeted with considerable applause from the audience, showed that he had mastered the intricate details of the situation. He pointed out that the drinking of liquor inevitably involves grave social problems, and then proceeded to demonstrate that the Manitoba legislation was grappling with the cause of these problems more effectively than was that of British Columbia. Mr. Sims of the Normal School, and leader of the negative, almost proved to us that our common sense and experience were at variance with the restrictive legislation directed against alcohol.

The onus of sustaining the validity of the resolution was not left to Fred Eriend alone. Velma Johnson in a clear and pleasing manner pointed out the obvious weakness of the British Columbia legislation. We must also congratulate Miss McKellum on her gallant but futile efforts to convince the judges of the desirability of less restrictive legislation than we possess in Manitoba.

It has been stated that the real test of debating ability is evidenced by the rebuttal. If this statement is correct, then we harbour no doubts as to Mr. Friend's ability as a first-class debator. As he proceeded to destroy the negative arguments we all felt that we must have experienced an hallucination. Surely we had not given a moment's consideration to statements which proved to be so absurd.

After a lengthy session, the judges returned and Mr. Marshall, chairman for the judges, announced a unanimous decision in favour of the College. The result was greeted by a spontaneous outburst of "Hippi Skippi."

The return to the College was even more delightful because the fact that "College never knows defeat" had been vindicated on this occasion at least. Let us hope that more occasions such as this, instructive as well as entertaining, will present themselves to us.

"Resolved, that the natural resources of the three prairie provinces should be under the control of the respective provincial legislatures." This apparently harmless statement was the occasion of a lively debate between Junior Arts and Academy on Friday, December 2nd. The Academy represented by Earnest King and Ralph Matthews nobly upheld the affirmative. But Earnest Church and E. Reimer shook their arguments to the foundation by their skilful attack. Thus, for the first time in some four or five years the banner passed out of the hands of the Academy.

Arrangements are being made whereby the College will clash in wordy warfare with St. John's College, Winnipeg. A debate with the Virden Collegiate Institute is also expected. Although debates are educational rather than recreational, yet the information provided is always inspirational. Therefore, be not repelled by the word "debate" but come and enjoy yourselves as fully as do the orators.

STUDENTS' VOLUNTEER MOVEMENT

Though India has called to greater service two of its members, the Student Volunteer Band has lost none of its vitality. Indeed, it is showing signs of remarkable growth in the number of its members. From the enthusiasm evidenced in the weekly meetings the "evangelization of the world in this generation" appears more and more likely of fulfilment.

On Sunday, December 11th, the Band took charge of the service in St. Paul's Presbyterian Church. Miss Findlay presented in a sympathetic address the need of the Hindoo women. Mr. Peterson made an earnest appeal for more laborers in the harvest field of Foreign Missions. With such an enthusiastic spirit manifest in the Band there should be no lack of recruits.

All the wide, wide world is calling,
O'er the earth men's souls are falling
Into doubt and fear appalling—
Hear ye not their cry?

Unto you hath truth been given,
Given free by God in Heaven,
Yet for Him ye have not striven.
Hear ye not their cry?

At your door, your brethren dying,
While from far there comes a crying
Of the souls in darkness lying—
Heed ye not their cry?

Will ye fear to spread the message?
Will ye fear the fiercest passage?
Fear to carry God's embassy?
Dare ye scorn their cry?

Like the flash of a steel blade singing,
 Let the answering shout be ringing—
 "Canada's sons their lives are bringing,
 "We have heard your cry."

—K. N. B.

MEMORIAL GYM FUND REPORT

The Brandon College Memorial Gymnasium Committee wishes to make the following report:—

From October 1st, of this year, to December 10th, the total cash receipts have amounted to \$1,250.00; making a total cash on hand \$10,039.00
 Pledges 3,860.00
 Total assets \$13,899.00

It should be noted that in the cash received this fall proceeds from the Clark Hall Bazaar make up \$340.00 and a gift of \$220.00 from the Brandon College Students' Association is also included. An expression of thanks to all who contributed toward making the Bazaar a success is not out of place here.

The Memorial Committee has decided to make the objective for the year 1921-22, \$10,000, with the understanding, however, that if \$7,000 of that amount is raised, construction on the Memorial can be started. The committee is asking the Student Body to assume responsibility for the raising of \$2,000 toward the objective, and the suggestion has been offered that the responsibility be met, not so much by the regular "hold up" campaign, as by asking each class to take its share of the golden burden and to relieve itself of it by whatever ingenious methods it may find.

A great deal of time is being spent on making preparations for the campaign among ex-students who have not as yet contributed. The great obstacle that is being met with is that of obtaining up-to-date addresses of ex-students. The co-operation of all will be needed at a little later date, when lists of names will have been prepared and the opportunity to verify and inscribe addresses will be given.

Mr. Hemmes, after waiting in the Olympia for about ten minutes, grew grossly impatient at the lack of service. Finally he rapped on the counter. "Here, young lady, who waits on the nuts?"

PHILOSOPHIC THOUGHTS

“A Philosopher—That is a man who constantly experiences, suspects and dreams extraordinary things; a portentous man, around whom there is always rumbling and mumbling and something uncanny going on.”

—Nietzsche.

Under this title are subsumed various sage reflections on various phases of college life. The editor has carefully eliminated such phrases as “in itself,” “in so far as” and “as such,” which though philosophic in tone, are not conducive to lucidity of expression. It is confidently expected that these thoughtful dissertations will have a beneficial result.

Traditions—Traditions are approved ways of acting common to a group and are handed down from generation to generation. They are formulated by the group for the welfare of the group. Some persist because of their beneficial characters, but many others persist in spite of being unnecessary and even destructive in nature. This latter class of traditions has usually arisen through the desire of one group to display its superiority over another. Thus the decoration of the Arts IV. gowns is an attempt to exhibit through ostentatious display the supposed superiority of that class. Again, the customary practice of some seniors, and even some freshmen, of entering the dining-room late is utterly unnecessary. Those who hold to this practice as a cherished tradition rely for distinction either upon seniority or impudence. Finally, there is that long established custom of examinations after Christmas. It was evidently invented to prevent too much hilarity during the Christmas vacation. The gloom of impending exams eclipses the merriment of an otherwise jovial season. These illustrations of the absurdity of certain traditions might be multiplied indefinitely, but even these few are enough to show the superfluity of such customs.

Poverty of Students—The poverty of college students is proverbial. With some it is more an attitude of mind than an actual fact. That is, some, when approached for a subscription to a worthy cause, such as the S.C.M., the Gym, or the European Student Relief Fund, are either “broke” or “badly bent”; yet their support of the houses of amusement in the city never languishes. The extent of their poverty is inversely proportionate to the extent of selfish pleasure they hope to obtain. Nevertheless there is an appalling impecuniosity among students which is only slightly alleviated by the miserable pittance obtained from selling chocolate bars, or preaching

on Sundays. But we would seek no remedy for this impoverished condition: for the pain of poverty is usually more than counterbalanced by the pleasure of possessing or obtaining a small portion of the indispensable commodity.

Clubs and Societies—Though it is quite generally agreed that studies are only incidental in the life of the student, the primary purpose being to carry on as many activities as possible, yet the multiplicity of clubs and societies springing up render it likely that studies will not be merely incidental, but will vanish altogether. On the other hand, it seems also quite generally agreed that the purpose of a college is for education. Then, how are these incompatible aims to be simultaneously supported? Evidently it is impossible for both to exist coordinately. Let us then arrest this incessant organization of societies that we may secure some brief intervals for study.

HASH FUNCTION

The afternoon of November 16th found an assembly of joyous folk congregated in Clark Hall. It was that glorious company, vulgarly called "Hash," preparing for a hike. Though the crisp, frosty air and the glittering snow the party proceeded to Lake Percy. Here a monstrous bon-fire was burning cheerily. Around it the gay throng gathered to roast "dogs" and toast buns. Vera Robinson enjoyed watching the sausages drop off the stick and sizzle in the flames. Hugh John successfully obtained the majority of the buns, while Fred Adolph caused two pies to disappear most mysteriously. Nor was Lambert in any way afflicted with lock-jaw. After supper, the party "all shod with steel, hissed along the polished ice." Mr. Gilbert kept the fire burning merrily and told many mirthful jests to those who did not skate. As evening drew in, the happy crowd started home. They proceeded to the Clark Hall "gym" where the rest of the evening was spent in games and songs.

L. McIntyre—Have you seen "Alf's Button"?

Alma Londry—Why no, did he lose it?

Overheard in a local tailor shop, when Norman Stovel was being measured for his new fall suit: "What size shall I make your hip pockets—pint or quart?"

POLISH STUDENT'S RELIEF

Very interesting and illuminating to Brandon College students was the address given by Mr. Chambers, general Y.M.C.A. secretary for Poland, who is at present visiting colleges of Canada and some of those of the United States, presenting to them the conditions of student life of Poland, after which he intends resuming his work there.

The address was prefaced by a few remarks on the general conditions of Poland. For one hundred and fifty years it has been divided into three entities, governed respectively by Russia, Austria and Germany; but with the outbreak of the war there came an opportunity for establishing a republic, and Poland was quick to seize the opportunity. Polish refugees from all parts of the world flocked to aid in the struggle for freedom. Great is Mr. Chalmers' admiration for the way in which she raised her army of over a million, the way she reformed and unified her exchange system, organized her railway and her new government. He also paid tribute to the part played by the women of Poland in the activities of war, although he says their greatest influence is felt primarily in the home, where national ideals and patriotism are fostered.

Since educated men were required to carry on her government, the new Republic opened up schools and universities, and although only students who had actively served in the war were admitted, the enrollment soon exceeded the capacity of the universities. Many of these students were homeless, many were having a struggle to clothe themselves and sixty per cent. were undernourished. A committee of which Mr. Chalmers was a member, waited upon the Minister of State to request accommodation, clothing and food, and an appeal, for aid was sent to American students.

Polish students do not like to accept help, and it is only because this help comes from fellow students that they accept it at all. Mr. Chambers assures us that the money is being used very economically, and unless some unforeseen catastrophe occurs, it is not expected that they will need assistance after this winter.

“Oh, chemist of skill investigate.
Answer this quiz of mine,
I think I know what Carbonate,
But where did Iodine?”

—Selected.

ARTS II. FUNCTION

In economics we learn that scarcity increases value. If this is so, the lady members of class '24 are exceedingly valuable, for when the boys arrived in Clark Hall on the evening of December 6th only three of the fair members of the class could be found. Of these, Van Schaick appropriated two and Chaperon Peterson the third.

The occasion was one of those oases in the dreary desert of study when all care is cast aside and gaiety reigns supreme. The first part of the evening was spent at the Basket Ball match, where one distinguished member, Mr. Umphrey, almost distinguished himself in the energetic execution of his office as yell leader.

After the match, the class continued its revelry at the home of Miss Marjorie McKenzie, the class president. In a contest of poetical ability Messrs A. J. and H. J. Kennedy distinguished themselves. The modern poets must look to their laurels with such geniuses in the field. Miss Lewis, the chaperone, then charmed the party with a piano solo. Following this a dainty lunch was served, which was greeted by eminently practical expression of appreciation. Vigorous yelling rent the air as the party dispersed, but soon the city resumed its deserted calm.

LITERARY SOCIETY

As a part of the "Lit" program of December 2nd, Prof. Dadson described in a vivid and picturesque manner his journeyings as chaplain of the Canadian Artillery through Russia and Siberia. As proof of his oratory, he held his audience enthralled for an hour even after several other items had been given.

Some of the further "Lits" are to be put on by such groups as the Faculty, Senior Arts and others. If the programs of the past are any indication of those of the future, the Literary Society will need little advertising to be heartily supported.

Prof. Hill (in Biology)—"Where is the olfactory nerve situated?"

Earl J. King—"The olfactory nerve enters the cavity of the orbit and is developed into the special sense of hearing."

TERROR OF EXAMS.

(WITH APOLOGIES TO KEATS)

When I have fears that I may fail to pass,
 After my pen has gleaned my hazy brain;
 A thought is driven deep into my heart
 And fills my soul with anguish, doubt and pain.

When I behold the lowering hand of fate
 Descend to pluck sweet hope from out my breast
 (The cause of terror is my late romance)
 I curse my folly, and again resolve
 To shun fair women, parties, and the dance.

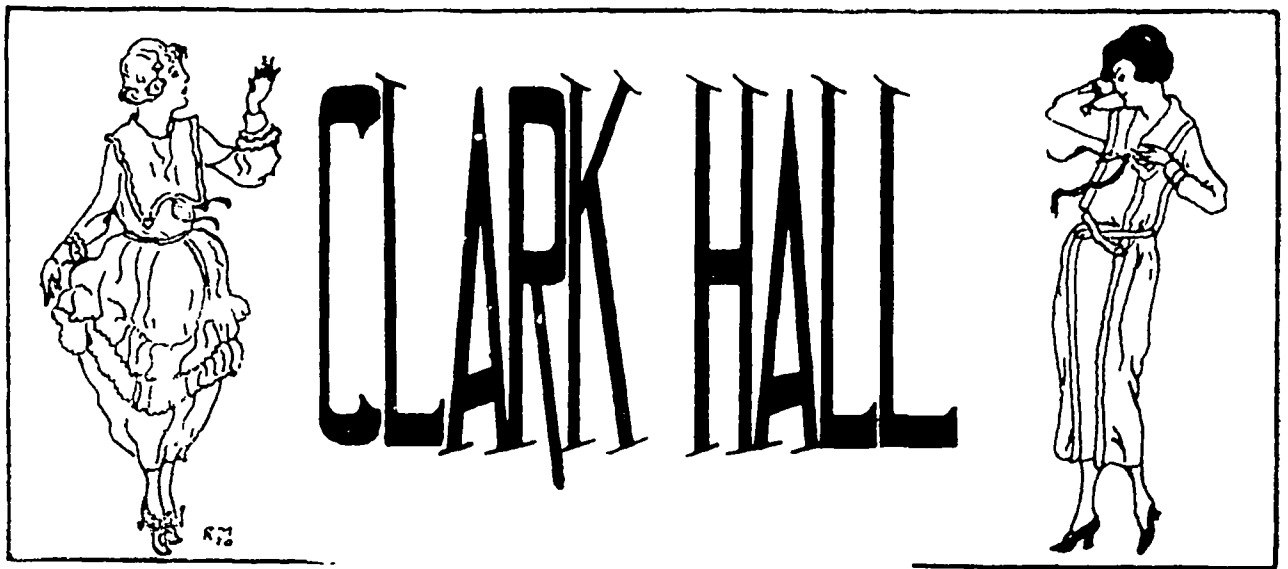
I spurn thee now, your fascination spent,
 For thoughts of work invest my restless mind;
 I seize my books, determined to pursue
 The paths of learning: I will not lag behind.

Yet when I feel, fair creature of an hour,
 That I must leave behind me thoughts of thee,
 Forego the pleasures of a fond romance
 In unremitting toil, then on the sea
 Whose waves perturbed, I toss, and think,
 Till overcome in conflict, in its depths I sink.

—J. P.

ARTS I. FUNCTION

As an eye-witness later remarked "the picture that greeted the eye in the Clark Hall Gym. on the evening of November 22 is indelibly impressed on the memory of all spectators." This glowing tribute refers to the "fair women and brave men" of Arts '25. The occasion of this assemblage was the Arts I. toboggan party to 18th Street hill. At first it was necessary to pull the toboggans down as well as up the hill and in this gentle exercise Messrs. Cameron and Knighton proved themselves very gallant gentlemen. Presently a path was worn and the company began to enjoy the thrills of speedy flight. A small blizzard caused the party to start homeward where they arrived without mishap. To the gay strains evoked by Rutledge from an antique piano in the "gym" the party played various games and sang songs. But the attention of the party was continually turning to the refreshments so that the games languished and the eats appeared. Various college yells were then delightfully rendered and the party disappeared.



LOIS STRACHAN '23

Under the Mistletoe hearts may be seen
 Meet the kind lips of the young and the old:
 Under the Mistletoe hearts may be seen
 Glowing as though they had never been cold.
 Hail it with joy in our yule-lighted mirth.
 But let it not fade with the festival sound:
 Hang up Love's Mistletoe over the earth.
 And let us kiss under it all the year round."

—E. Cook.

The Christmas-tide, with its accompanying and inseparable thoughts of good times, parties and presents, is fast approaching. Remember, girls, that "it is more blessed to give than to receive," but, nevertheless, we all hope that Santa Claus has not forgotten our address and that when we creep downstairs in the grey dawn on Christmas morn' we may find our carefully-hung stockings filled with all the things our hearts desire. The eager anticipation of forthcoming festivities cannot be dimmed for long even by the knowledge that Christmas is coming, and after that exams. For two weeks we will bid adieu to college halls and when we return it will no longer be 1921, but 1922, with its book of three hundred and sixty-five pages, fresh and spotless, ready to receive the record of the coming year. No doubt all of us will have made many New Year's resolutions. Let us surprise ourselves by keeping them, and let us strive to possess and express the spirit of the verse quoted above, which is but an echo of the old Christmas message, "Peace on earth, good will toward man."

SOCIAL EVENTS

The week preceding the Bazaar was filled with many delightful and busy social afternoons.

On Saturday, November 19th, Mrs. Freeman entertained the Lady Faculty at her home and from three o'clock until six. deft fingers made dainty and gay aprons. Mrs. Wilkins added to the enjoyment of the afternoon with her singing. Delicious refreshments were served.

Mrs. Wilkins entertained the Arts IV. girls at a sewing tea on Wednesday afternoon. Many suggestions from the boys' booth were discussed and after a dainty lunch was served, sewing continued until six o'clock.

On Thursday afternoon, from four till six, the girls of Arts '22 and '23 spent a very enjoyable and busy time at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Whidden. All the girls had their sewing with them and enjoyed the cosy fireplace. A delightful lunch was served and when leaving, the girls declared that they had a very pleasant and profitable afternoon.

Marjorie Magee invited the Arts IV. girls to her home on Friday afternoon. Most of the girls were decorating kewpies, and, in order to make their fingers fly the faster, the Victrola was kept playing. The girls had a splendid time and did full justice to the delectable refreshments.

Dr. MacNeil (in Bible 2): "Miss Death, name the two kinds of Hebrew Wisdom."

Eunice—"Er; I know how to spell it but I can't pronounce it."

Dr. MacNeil—"Can anyone name them?"

Several Students—"Earlier and Later Wisdom."

CHRISTMAS IS COMING

Because—

Eunice Death has chosen the stocking she intends to hang up on Christmas Eve and she stretches it every day.

College students pay more frequent visits to Woolworth's Department Store.

Chicken and cranberry sauce appear on the Sunday dinner table.

Many are heard muttering the menus of previous Christmas dinners in their sleep.

Academy students begin burning the midnight oil.

Mr. Crocker asks for suggestions for Christmas presents for nephews and nieces(?). How about the apron you bought at the Bazaar. Mr. Crocker?

The following letter was recently picked up in one of the corridors:

Brandon College,
December 6th. 1921.

Dear Ma;—

You have heard me speak of the Clark Hall girls? Well, the other day they had a Bazaar. I did not like to go—well you know the girls always look at a fella as if he hadn't orter be there. Anyway, I rang the bell and walked through the iron doors.

A woman sold me an apron which would fit a sixteen-year-old girl and was very fetching. I bought it for you Maw. Most of the girls walked around a lot to show us they could work I 'spose. Us fellas were standing by the Arts III. booth, when a negro mammy, a regular Aunt Jemina, came along, saying: "Hab a grab, honey, support the 'gym,' eberyting useful." I spent ten cents for a grab, just to get rid of her.

At the Arts IV. booth I tried to buy a sweater but it was for a small fella, so I got a Kewpie doll in a Choir gown instead. Those gowns are the rage here Ma.

Some boys went into the tea-room with the girls. I didn't ask anyone to go with me, because I thought they would laugh too much. A boy was playing a talking machine, nearly all the time. I ate some green plums; they must have been spoiled, as they tasted awful. But I ate a lot of cake.

The Arts I. girls sold a lot of stuff, but I had rather have something to eat, so the fellas bought a pie and gave me a piece. Then a girl in the Home Cooking Booth gave me a bun. I was awful tired but when it was all over, us boys carried all the tables back to the College.

The next Tuesday the Senior Stick—isn't that a funny name Ma—read a paper saying the girls had made three hundred and fourty dollars and fifty cents. Us boys were awful proud. We cheered and cheered. Well, the next time they have a Bazaar you and Paw want to come and buy something like me.

Your loving son,
TAD.

"And what is an egg?" asked the missionary, who was testing his hopeful pupil's knowledge of English.

"An egg," said the boy, "is a chicken not yet."—Brown & Gold.

BAZAAR

The shades of "exams" were coming fast,
 As through our Brandon College passed
 A girl who bore 'mid much advice
 A banner with the strange device,
 Bazaar.

"The times are hard, we do admit,
 But for the Gym. your purse submit,"
 And thus the noble challenge rang
 In accents of that Clark Hall tongue:
 Bazaar.

In crowded booths we saw that day,
 Full many furbelows; warm and gay.
 Above the happy crowds they shone
 And from our lips there burst a song:
 Bazaar.

"Try some candy," a fair girl said.
 "More booths and the tea-room are overhead."
 The brightened corridors high and wide,
 Where many chattering crowds collide—
 Bazaar.

A negro mummy said: "O hab
 Fo' only fifteen cents a g-r-a-a-b."
 Said many a boy, with tearful eye,
 "My money's done," and heaved a sigh—
 Bazaar.

On Monday morn', in chapel, three cheers
 Were given in praise of the wonderful "dears"
 Who by their efforts had managed to gain
 \$340 for the Gym. campaign.
 Bazaar !!

Motto for Clark Hall basketball team—"The more waist,
 the less speed."

"It isn't necessarily the right road because it is well beat-
 en."—Anonymous.

"It is the little things that separate us from success—not
 the big ones."—Anonymous.

THE ENGLISH CLUB

The long-felt need for a course in contemporary literature has finally resulted in the formation of an English club. A meeting of all senior students who are interested in this matter, was called, and as a result, over twenty people gathered in Clark Hall reception room. The first business was to elect officers and choose a course of study. The officers chosen are: Mrs. Wilkins, honorary president; Margaret Rixon, president; and Joel Peterson, secretary-treasurer.

It was decided to hold five meetings this College year and to divide them as follows: two for the study of poetry, one for drama, one for fiction, and one for essays. The appearance of refreshments, kindly provided by Mrs. Wilkins, brought the business part of the meeting to a most enjoyable close. Indeed so enjoyable, that it was unanimously decided to have refreshments at every meeting.

The senior students are looking forward to pleasant and instructive meetings and they appreciate very much Mrs. Wilkins' kindness in so heartily promoting this scheme. We feel certain that all who are not yet eligible are looking forward to the time when they will be seniors and permitted to join this most modern and inviting club.

NEW READING ROOM

The location of the Clark Hall reading room has been changed. The little room just inside the Iron Door, formerly known as the "Arts' Study," is now our reading room. One of the book-cases from downstairs has been moved up and the large table from first corridor has been moved down. The new situation is more convenient and, we believe, will be a great improvement.

"The rut is only a small sized grave."—Spear.

"The greatest satisfaction in life is to do good work."—Hubbard.

"Hard luck is a polite name for sleeping sickness."—Anonymous.

"The man that everybody likes generally likes everybody."—Anonymous.

MUSIC

MARY E. HENDERSON

"God sent his singers upon earth
With songs of sadness, and of mirth,
That they might touch the hearts of men
And bring them back to Heaven again."

"Art is long, but time is fleeting," says the poet, and surely the Brandon College Music students can attest the truth of this statement; for it seems that there has been scarcely time enough to realize that we were actually back in college for another term, when along comes old Father Christmas once more. Unlike our fellow-students in Arts and Academy, we have not that horrible bugbear "Christmas examinations" to trouble us, so are looking forward to a very merry Christmas, and wish all our friends the very best of good times. It is to be hoped that no one will practise too hard in the holidays, but that all will come back rested and quite prepared for another term's work.

A very pleasant and interesting vocal recital was given by some of the pupils of Mrs. McManus, at the Clark Hall Annex, on Saturday, December 10th. Those contributing solos were: Mrs. Gordon, the Misses Robinson, Nishpeter, Mastberg, McKillop and Cameron. A trio was given by the Misses Strachan, Keith and Death, and the programme was varied by a piano solo from Miss Mary Henderson, also a reading from Miss Eva Calverley. The serving of refreshments brought the afternoon to a close. This is the first of Mrs. McManus' student recitals, and we trust that it may be by no means the last.

Mrs. Wright entertained the resident members of Prof. Wright's piano class, after the debate on Friday evening, December 3rd. Needless to say, everyone spent a most enjoyable evening.

On Sunday, November 25th, a large number of the college students gathered in the reception room, in the evening to hear a short programme of violin music given by Mr. J. A. Bystedt, a former student of Brandon College. Each selection was keenly enjoyed, but special mention might be made of the "Barcarolle" from "Contes des Hoffmann," and Schubert's "Moment Musical." It is with great pleasure that we hear that Mr. Bystedt is contemplating returning to Brandon College after Christmas to resume his studies, and we are looking forward to hearing him again.

“But here is the finger of God, a flash of the will that can,
 Existent behind all laws, that made them, and, lo, they are!
 And I know not if, save in this, such gift be allowed to man,
 That out of three sounds he frame, not a fourth sound, but a
 star.

Consider it well; each tone of our scale in itself is nought.
 It is everywhere in the world—loud, soft and all is said:
 Give it to me to use! I mix it with two in my thought:
 And there! Ye have heard and seen, consider and bow the
 head!”

—Browning’s “Abt Vogler.”

CHRISTMAS MUSIC

The institution, that is so much on our minds, and hearts at this time, is Christmas; so, of course, our thoughts naturally turn to Christmas music. The first Christmas was ushered in by the song of a sweet-voiced angel choir, who sang “Glory to God in the Highest, and on earth, peace and good will toward man;” therefore it is quite fitting that we too, should lift up our voices in songs of praise, feeble though the utterance be in comparison.

Speaking of Christmas music, our thoughts fly first to the old English custom of carol singing, and it may be of interest to look back a little way into the history of the carol. Carols are songs or ballads to be used during the Christmas season, in reference to the festival, under one or another of its aspects. They represent the feelings of the populace at large, to some of whom the festivities are of more interest than the event which it is intended they should recall; and in consequence some of the carols are mirthful, some deeply religious, but all express joy and happiness.

It seems probable that the direct source of the Christmas carol dates back to the twelfth or thirteenth century, to those similar compositions which were sung between the acts of the miracle plays, the great religious entertainments of the Middle Ages. In the time of Henry VII., and later, it was the duty of the choir of the Chapel Royal to sing Christmas carols before the sovereign. This gave rise to more elaborate and ornamental compositions. The florid type of carol, however, did not live, it is the old simple form that has come down through the years and endeared itself to the hearts of the people.

For a long time the carols were not written, but handed down from one generation to another, both words and music. The first person to fix these vanishing memories of the past

seems to have been Davies Gilbert, F.R.S., who in the year 1882 published "Some Ancient Christmas Carols" and the tunes to which they were formerly sung in the west of England.

Among the popular carols of today are those beginning:

"God rest ye merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,——"

and

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

Then there are the many beautiful Christmas Hymn Carols, such as: "O come all ye faithful——," "Hark the herald angels sing——," "While shepherds watched their flocks by night——" and many others so well known and loved.

Besides this great wealth of hymn and carol, there is much beautiful music on a grander scale, chief of which are Bach's "Christmas Oratorio" and Handel's "Messiah." Perhaps we do not generally associate the "Messiah" with Christmas music, but the first of its three parts include the fortelling of the Messiah by the prophets, the celestial announcements heralding His birth, and the reception of the "tidings of great joy," by the shepherds at their vigil:—most wonderful and sublime Christmas music. The Pastoral Symphony, heard in this part of the oratorio is based upon a simple little tune which Handel remembered from hearing in his youth, at Christmas time, upon the streets of Rome. Between the years 1791 to 1861 the "Messiah" was sung annually in London, Eng., on Christmas eve. There are also many modern Christmas carols of which Dudley Buck's "Holy Night" is a beautiful example.

We, in Canada, have not, as a general rule, adopted the custom of carol singing. It is a beautiful custom and one that we should strive to incorporate into our Canadian national life. As this Christmas season approaches, let us not confine the carol of the church and Sunday School, but let each home prepare for the singing of at least one carol and thus do each his part in establishing a beautiful and worthy custom.

—A. E. W.

"Music is one of the most forcible instruments for training, for arousing, and for governing the mind and spirit of man."
—William Ewart Gladstone.

"Music is never stationary; successive forms and styles are only like so many resting places on the road to the ideal."
—Franz Liszt.



FRED. FRIEND '25

"The time draws near the birth of Christ."

Christmas, the season of peace on earth and goodwill among men, with the exception of examiners and students, is almost upon us; and its attendant spectres, exams loom large on our mental horizon. In spite of this we find time to take advantage of the exceptionally fine weather. Skating and toboggan parties are the order of the day—or night. Hockey is getting under way, and basketball is going strong.

The new executive, under the leadership of Elmer Carter, is carrying on the good work begun by King and Co. this fall. Its personnel is as follows:

President	E. R. Carter
Vice-president	H. Trotter
Secretary	J. Strahl
Basketball Convenor	R. McDonald
Hockey	J. Cameron
Football	Ernest King
Tennis	F. Westcott
Field Day	E. J. King
Baseball	M. Moffat
Rugby	D. Bourke
Track, Field and Indoor Meets.....	A. Stade

BASKETBALL

With an entirely new line-up on the senior team this fall, we were just a little doubtful of the outcome. Could they work together? Could they locate the basket? Could they——? Well, they can! But unfortunately our opponents in the first league game, the Collegiate, know something about these things too. The game was fast and furious, MrDorman and Henderson leading off with some snappy shots. With Dorrett starring

at centre, ably supported by Stade and Whidden, College had the better of play at the beginning. Collegiate, however, staged a strong come-back and by good long range shooting obtained the lead; and although the play was fairly even, took the game by twenty-three to seventeen.

Our next opponents were the Tigers. Tigers, say you? Well, we tame 'em. Rugby or basketball, its all the same to us. Just to encourage them, we allowed the "Jungle Terrors" to get ten points, contenting ourselves with twenty-four. McDorman was laid out during the second half, but Whidden moved up, and McDonald subbed on guard, both giving a good account of themselves.

Having tasted blood the College crew was out for gore when they met the Normalites, in a friendly game, staged as a preliminary to the Clark Hall-Winnipeg Y.W.C.A. game. McDorman and Barrett were particularly rapacious, ten and nine baskets respectively being necessary to satisfy them. When the final whistle blew College were leading forty to twenty-two.

The next game saw us opposing the "Y" in an endeavor to bring about a three-cornered tie in the race for league honors. This in itself was a strain on the nerves of the team, but declaring the game a College function was the last straw. The presence of *les femmes* upset the equanimity of the team, and although they battled hard, and at times held the "Y" to even scores, they were forced to accept the short end of a twenty-four to fifteen score. This gave the "Y" the league, but we still have a good chance for second place.

Efforts to obtain games with Winnipeg teams have so far proved unavailing, but there are good prospects of several after Christmas.

SOCCKER

Rarely, if ever, has the college witnessed such close competition for the premier honors in inter-class football. The fate of the Sparks Cup hangs by a thread.

Hash easily disposed of Senior Arts in their second fixtures. The Seniors played nine men for a first half, and Hash scored almost *ad lib*, finding the net no less than six times during this period. Ernest King did some very effective work on the Hash forward line, scoring the majority of the goals. The Seniors were strengthened during the second half by the addition of two Junior Arts men, and the play was consequently more even, the final score being 7-1.

This victory tied up the series, Hash and Jr. Arts having six points each, and a replay became necessary. The inclemency of the weather delayed the game for a few days, and when eventually it was played, there were six inches of snow on the campus. Snappy play was out of the question, but nevertheless the game was lively and hotly contested. Early in the first half Hash conceded a foul in the goal mouth, but a penalty could not be awarded, as the areas were not marked. Willey cleared from the kick, and the play swung to midfield. Shortly afterwards Cameron eluded the Hash backs, and after a run, slipped the ball past the goalie for the first tally. Hash tried hard to equalize, but half time came with the score 1-0 in favor of Junior Arts.

The second half was even more closely contested, and some real football was displayed. Ten minutes from the resumption of play King scored from a long, dropping shot, tying the score. All efforts to break the tie failed, and time came with the score 1-1.

The second replay took place a week later. In the meantime several inches more of snow had fallen, and with the mercury flirting with the zero mark, conditions were anything but favorable. Hash could only muster nine men. However, with the addition of "Plunger" in goal, they gamely agreed to play. The result was a foregone conclusion. Junior Arts pierced the weakened Hash defence time and again in the first half, and Carter and Langford each secured a tally, leaving Junior Arts two goals up at half time.

E. Whidden got into the game at this stage, and with the teams equalized numerically, the quality of the play improved greatly. Neither team was able to score further, and time came with Junior Arts winners.

Technically, this gave them the Sparks Cup, but the feeling was general that to accept it under the circumstances would be contrary to the spirit and tradition of the college. Hence the third final game has yet to be played as soon as can be arranged.

HOCKEY

The first hockey game of the season in this city was staged on December 12th, when the College Juniors lined up against the Tigers. Evidently the Tiger Kittens were out to avenge the defeats of their Seniors in rugby and basketball, for they went at it tooth and nail from the word "Go"—in spite of the soft ice—and succeeded in drawing first blood. Bourke, how-

ever, soon equalized, and the first period ended with a tie.

The second period was somewhat slower than the first, the Tigers having slightly the better of the play. During this period also, Hugh John had the pleasure of scooping the puck out of the net.

The third period began with a rush by the College, and Bourke again slammed the rubber into the Tigers' den, evening the score. From this time on neither side had the advantage, and although ten minutes overtime was played, no decision was arrived at and the game was called with the score 2-2.

Crawford, Bourke and Wirth gave a very good account of themselves, and the versatile Hugh John did exceptionally well in goal, especially as it was only his second offence in that respect. After Christmas he expects to fill the net even more successfully. His recent numerous trips to "Davys" may be a result of this laudable ambition.

The team is to be congratulated on their excellent play, since it was the first time they have played together. A little more practice will make them formidable opponents for any junior team.

The Senior team has not yet been in action, but judging from the few glimpses of the individual players at work on the river, they should make things interesting in the Intermediate League.

CLARK HALL ATHLETICS

HAZEL M. KEITH '23

Since the first issue of the "Quill" Basketball has been the main feature in Girls' Athletics and has engrossed most of the time. The weekly practices at the Y.M.C.A. interspersed with local games with the Normal School have kept a keen and enthusiastic interest in our principal fall and winter sport.

WINNIPEG Y.M.C.A. VS. CLARK HALL

The first big match of the season saw Clark Hall go down to defeat at the hands of the Winnipeg Y.W.C.A. by a score of 9-15. The game was played on the Brandon Y.M.C.A. floor. The ability of the Y.W. forwards to work their passes in under the baskets was largely responsible for their team's victory. The game was not, however, by any means one-sided and in the second half the two teams shared about equal honors, each scoring nine points. On converting free

throws the Clark Hall forwards showed somewhat superior form, scoring on three out of eight tries, while the Y'ites made only one point on six attempts.

There were flashes of clever combination play with the Clark Hall centres showing special ability. The Winnipegers, however, as a team showed a general superiority in this department, their guards and forwards working fairly consistently and freely together as well as their centres.

There were, however, spasms of fumbling, as well as moments of good combination play and it was fumbling that caused disappointment, if there was disappointment among the spectators, because fumbling has a trick of showing up the play.

On the Clark Hall defence Jean Doig managed to play the ball effectively and to clear it up the floor well, while Marion Hall showed ability to stick to her forward. On the forward line Ella Clark proved hard to guard and dangerous on long shots. Both forwards left one of their shooting eyes at home and at times they failed to work together to advantage. Eunice Death and Mabel Gibson played a good game on centre floor. For Winnipeg the forwards, Miss Death and Miss Boaz starred.

The team was well supported by College rooters and enthusiasts who are looking forward to the next big game on the home floor and are confident of a victory for the home team.

MANITOBA VARSITY ARTS VS. CLARK HALL

On the afternoon of December 2nd, full of anticipation and brimming with excitement the Clark Hall team made its appearance on the Gym. floor of the Kelvin Collegiate, opposite the team of Manitoba Varsity Arts. The "blue and gold" drew the usual response from the gallery, which was lined with Y.W.C.A. girls and ex-students and professors of Brandon College all of whom had come with the express purpose of supporting Clark Hall.

The game itself proved to be a very strenuous and stiff contest and although Varsity excelled in passing, our team displayed unusual agility and the work of our forwards, Hazel Keith and Ella Clark, left nothing to be desired. Despite our efforts, however, the fates were against us and the final score resulted in a win of 24-10 for Varsity.

After the game the girls were invited to the home of Mrs. McDonald, the Dean of Varsity, where a delightful supper was served.

M. A. C. VS. CLARK HALL.

Saturday evening at 6.30 found the team once more ready for the fray: this time faced by the stalwarts of the M.A.C. More enthusiasm and a greater determination to win, gave the game a thrilling send-off. Our girls seemed to easily hold their own in passing, but despite the determined efforts of the forwards the ball refused to drop through the baskets defended by the Argos, although hesitating on the brink numerous times. At the end of the first half the score was 8-1 in favor of the M.A.C. team.

Grim determination not to be snowed under caused our girls to put more energy into the second lap. The peals of "Hippi-Skippi" from the gallery led by Vic Mastberg and Charlie Whidden, inspired the team to greater effort. Muriel Shewan and Jean Doig played a persistent game and greatest praise is due to the centres, Mabel Gibson and Eunice Death, whose playing showed increasing speed and accuracy.

Despite the determined efforts of the forwards, Hazel Keith and Ella Clark, the leather sphere evinced a reluctance to go through the rings.

Though the score improved there was still something wrong with it and the game ended 11-6 in favor of the Argos.

After the game a delightful evening entertainment was provided by M. A. C., which was enjoyed exceedingly by everyone.

The basketball line-up is as follows:

Forwards—Ella Clark and Hazel Keith.

Centres—Eunice Death and Mabel Gibson.

Guards—Jean Doig and Muriel Shewan.

Spares—Marion Hall and Bessie Bridgett.

"Music is a kind of inarticulate, unfathomable speech which leads us to the edge of the infinite, and impels us for a moment to gaze into it."—Thomas Carlyle.

"Lightlier move the minutes edged with music."—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Two young people were attending a concert, one evening, and had, for some time, been conversing in whispers, much to the annoyance of many in the audience.

"Dearest," he said, leaning fondly toward her, "did you ever try listening to music with your eyes shut?"

Irate old gentleman from the rear—"Sir, did you ever try listening to music with your mouth shut?"

LATITUDE & LONGITUDE

MARGARET RIXON '22

A recent number of "The Sheaf" publishes a prize essay entitled "Patriotism in English Poetry." The subject is a wide one and is well handled. The writer, as an aside, in noticing "that the Golden Ages of Literature coincide with periods of national pride," wonders if the next great world poet will come out of little Belgium.

An interesting article coming from the pen of an American student, is "America and the World" in the "King's College Record." In it is given a concise, heart-felt statement of the attitude of the United States, in particular, to the European policy of President Wilson. In tracing the causes of such an attitude the writer points out the unselfish standards of Abraham Lincoln and the sacredness of purpose of the Northern States in the Civil war. He continues—

"But, with reconstruction after the Civil war, began a period of insanity—an insane and ignoble lust for gain—which now is at its zenith, which apparently the fire of the Great War was not purged, and which is striking at the very roots of true nationhood."

"If I were asked to put my finger upon the outstanding faults of the college man of today, I would find one of his most conspicuous defects described by the term, 'moral flabbiness.'"

The above is the opening sentence of a foreward to the November "Argosy," written by Rev. B. C. Gordon, President of Mt. Allison University. Though the statement seems a little severe at first, Dr. Gordon, on enlarging it, strikes nearer home than many students would care to admit.

"Is he lazy?"

"Lazy? Say, that fellow rides in a Ford car in order to save the effort of knocking the ashes off his cigar."—The Campus.

“Moraviantown,” a short article in the “McMaster Monthly,” is a resume of the career of Tecumseh, an essentially Canadian subject. This remarkable Indian chief was killed at the Battle of Moraviantown, fighting, on the side of the British against the Americans.

In the same number is an article on “The League of Nations.” The treatment is interesting enough to hold the casual reader to the end, and yet full enough to be of use to the scholar.

A thing of note in this number of the “McMaster Monthly” is the presence of two very good reproductions of Canadian paintings—a, praiseworthy addition to any magazine, and especially appropriate in a University publication.

A recent examination in a public school brought forth the following answer:

What was Nero?

Nero was a Roman Emperor. A song has been written about him called, “Nero my God to Thee.”—Western U. Gazette.

TIDE AT NIGHT

When darkness, like a mist, flung o'er the land,
 Diffusing murky shadows, mounting high,
 Left glimmering beneath a charcoal sky
 A pale expanse of frightened sun-bleached sand,
 I watched the ocean, that with white-tipped hand
 Clutched breathless at the shore, where it might lie
 A moment panting, e'er with stifled sigh
 It sank back from its mark upon the strand.

A thousand murmurs in one pulsing beat
 Announced the waves in majesty which made
 Discord resolve to sweet polyphony,
 The plaintive vespers of moonlit sea,
 That chanted at my very ear and laid
 A trembling silver ribbon at my feet.

—The Campus.

“I want to buy a Jewish piano.”

“What's that?”

“A cash register.”

"A recent university speaker opened up a live question when he attacked the time-honored custom of initiating Freshmen in our Canadian Colleges. . . . No one defends the vandalism of pre-war days here; no one wants to revive the inhuman practices now banned; but surely no one can condemn the principle of the thing. Initiation makes for democracy and good sportsmanship, and aims to remove all traces of conceit from newcomers. The prince and the pauper are equal under the paint brush. All men look alike when covered with grease. Initiation creates *esprit de corps* in a College, and helps to organize the Freshman year as early as possible. No healthy man wants to be coddled; he is glad his presence makes enough difference to have a session over it."

—McMaster Monthly.

The men of the University of Alberta recently challenged the women or the "Wauneitas," as they call themselves, to take responsibility for publishing one issue of the "Gateway." It was a beautiful chance for the "Wauneitas" and the following extracts show how they took advantage of it.

"One evident set of opinions is indeed abhorrent. We pardon men for being unutterably conceited, for that is their nature; but that presumably modern students should continue to regard women after the manner of their seventeenth century ancestors, is unendurable. Wauneitas at least must not be considered as gentle, submissive creatures guided by man's honorable opinion."

"If their usual policy is followed scathing innuendo and thinly veiled sarcasm in the next issue will be the undoubted manifestation of their lack of appreciation of our worth and talent. But our contemporaries would do better to seek an alliance than to batter with their puny strength against the wall of superior intelligence. Our aid enlisted it might transpire that the general tone of this publication would be raised from its present level of inane nothingness and pointless dissertation to the standard of a journal worthy of a university publication."

We beg to acknowledge the following exchanges: "The Argosy," "McMaster Monthly," "King's College Record," "The Round Table," "The Ubysey," "The Sheaf," "Western U. Gazette," "The Gateway," "Yale Divinity News."

Barber—"This cold weather chills me to the bone."

Alma—"You should wear a thicker hat."

ALUMNI ALUMNAE OF

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“Fear not: fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings.”

As our hearts are stirred by the brightness and glory of Christmas, may they take courage. There is in the Christmas message “a hope which sends a shining ray, far down the future’s broadening way.” We think of the world conference in the interest of peace. Hope? Yea, more than hope, a step towards the realization of the “Kingdom of Peace.” May it be ours to share in the fellowship of goodwill throughout the days to be.

The annual Teachers’ Convention brought many ex-students and Alumni to Brandon, and although time was limited, brief calls and dining-room speeches were quite in order. We were glad to welcome Miss Jean Avery ’18, principal of Austin High School. Miss Ruby McDonald ’18, assistant principal of Hartney High School, and Leslie Glinz ’19, principal at Harding School, Man. Miss May McLaughlin ’17 was unfortunately unable to stray far from the convention. She is assisting the principal at Virden Collegiate.

Amongst recent visitors have been many Brandon College associates of long standing.

Dr. A. P. MacDiarmid, on his way to Robson, B.C., stopped off and visited a chapel assembly and delivered a friendly and impressive address on the national possibilities of the vast Canadian North.

Dr. F. W. Patterson and Mr. E. H. Clark ’12 have also been chapel guests, each leaving some of truth’s sweet morsels.

Professor J. R. C. Evans ’13, on his way to Chicago, Ill., spent a few days with Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Wright.

Dr. D. A. MacGibbon, Professor of Economics in the University of Alberta, and Rev. T. H. Harris ’13, pastor of Reston Baptist Church, made their respective appearances whilst passing through.

Misses Lottie Finlay, Zetta Greenwood and Doris Bulloch are members of this term's class at the Brandon Normal School.

Miss Eloise Manthorne is taking normal training at Winnipeg, and Miss Lillian Winton at Portage la Prairie.

Miss Hazel Shackleton and Mr. Oliver Peddicord have entered upon their university course in Edmonton, Alberta. Miss Mary Peddicord is finishing her matriculation in that city.

Class '20 is ably represented in Saskatchewan High Schools by Mr. Fred Howard at Wishart, Leonard C. Nelson at Wolseley, Clarence Morgan at Keller and Victor E. Nordlund at Grenfell.

Miss Olive Freeman is teaching at Paddockwood, Sask., but will continue her studies at Brandon College after the Christmas vacation.

Mr. Walter White '18 and Mr. Duncan S. McIntyre are enjoying the rights of principalship in schools at Holland and Miami respectively.

Mr. Charles G. Whidden '20 is assistant manager of Picardy Candy Co., Winnipeg. He reports business to be progressing favorably.

Mr. David McNaught '20, still in the employment of Fairbanks Morse Co., has journeyed Brandonward quite frequently of late.

Mr. J. A. Bystedt (and violin) spent a week end with college friends recently. At present he is engaged in work at Portage la Prairie, but it has been rumored that he will resume his studies in Brandon College at the beginning of the New Year.

Prof. Jos. Howe, last year Professor of History and Principal of the Academic Department of Brandon College, is teaching History in Manitoba University.

Mr. Frank T. Matthews of last year's piano teaching staff is teaching in Winnipeg, Man.

The United States of America has attracted a number of last year's college Faculty members and associates.

Mr. H. A. Logan is furthering his studies and lecturing in Political Economy at Chicago University.

Mrs. W. and Miss Maud Wilson are residing in Salem, Virginia, where Miss Wilson is head of the Vocal Department in Elizabeth College.

Miss Helen Venn is directing the music department at Gallawa College, Seary, Arkansas.

Mr. and Mrs. Ames are in Chicago.

In the work of the Christian Ministry in the State of Massachusetts Mr. Henry Widen '16 is at Quincy and Mr. Arvid Nordlund '15 at Sheron.

"Distance is spanned by thoughts at Christmas-tide.

Distance of time and space.

Slight longings bring us to a home fireside

Reveal a long-loved face.

At New Year's dawn, distance and vista lie before,

Fresh hopes arise.

Resolves, when built upon, rear finer structures for the skies."



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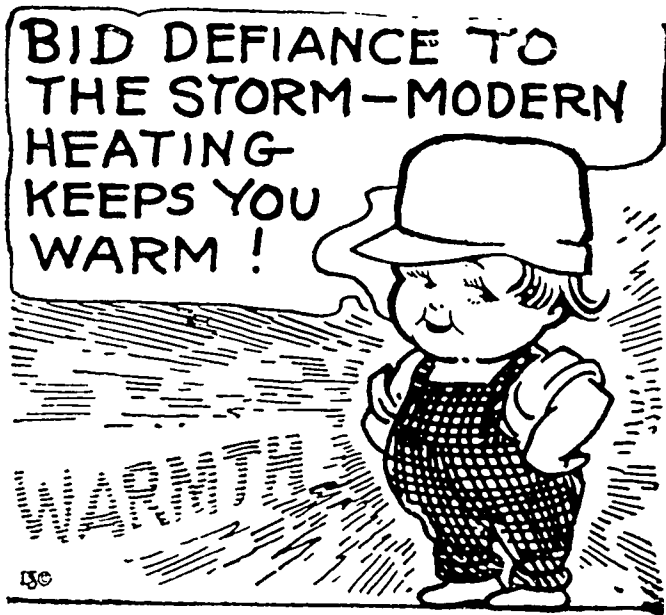
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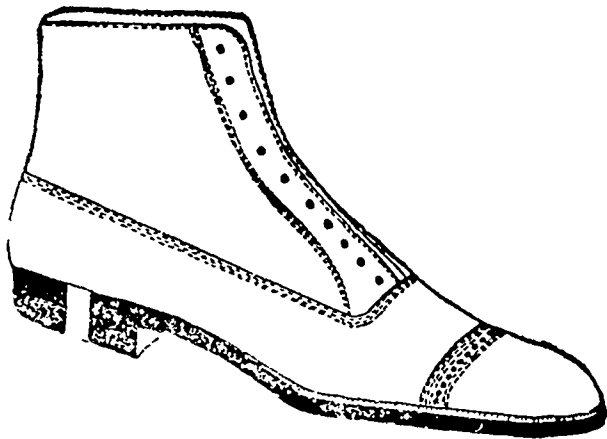
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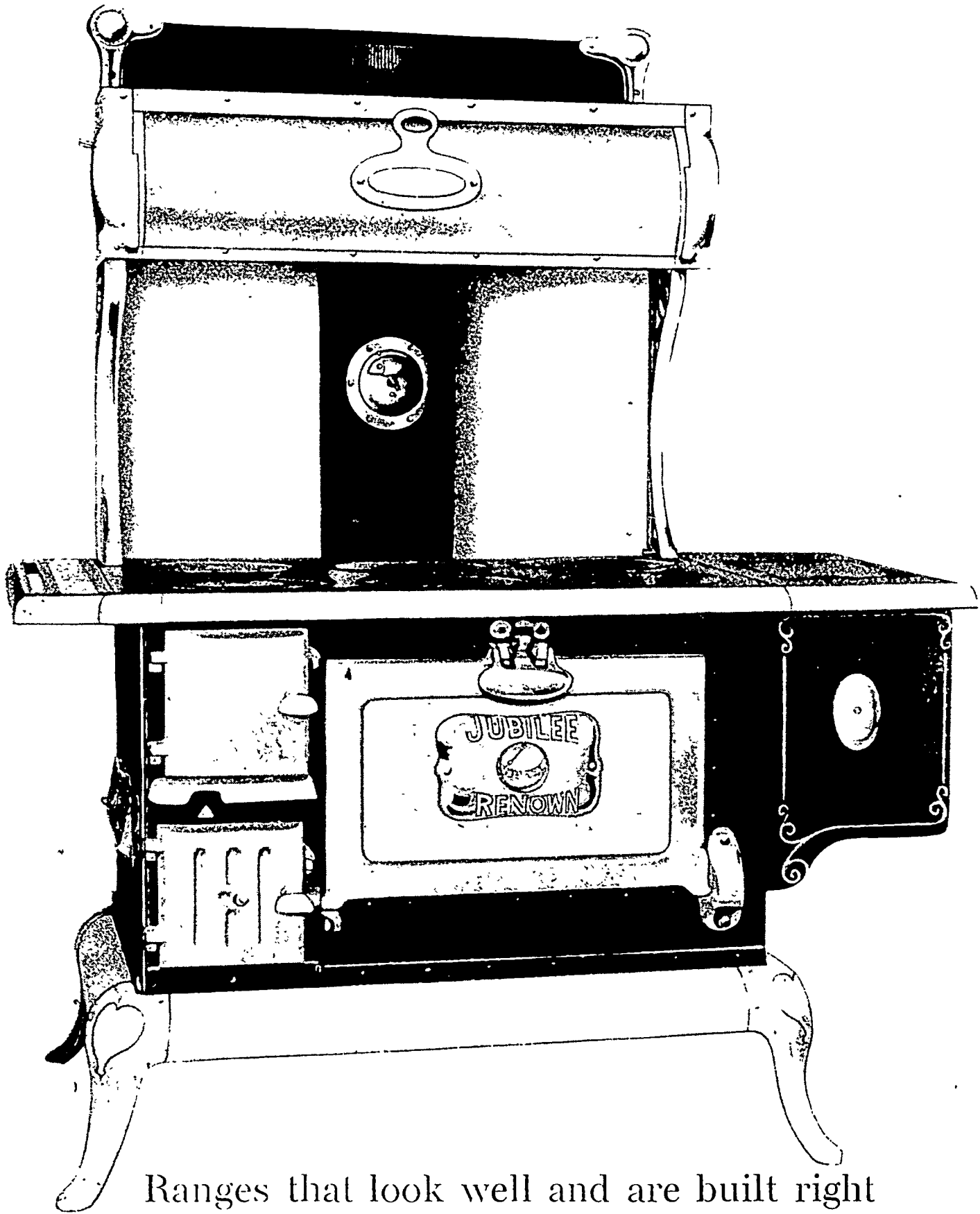
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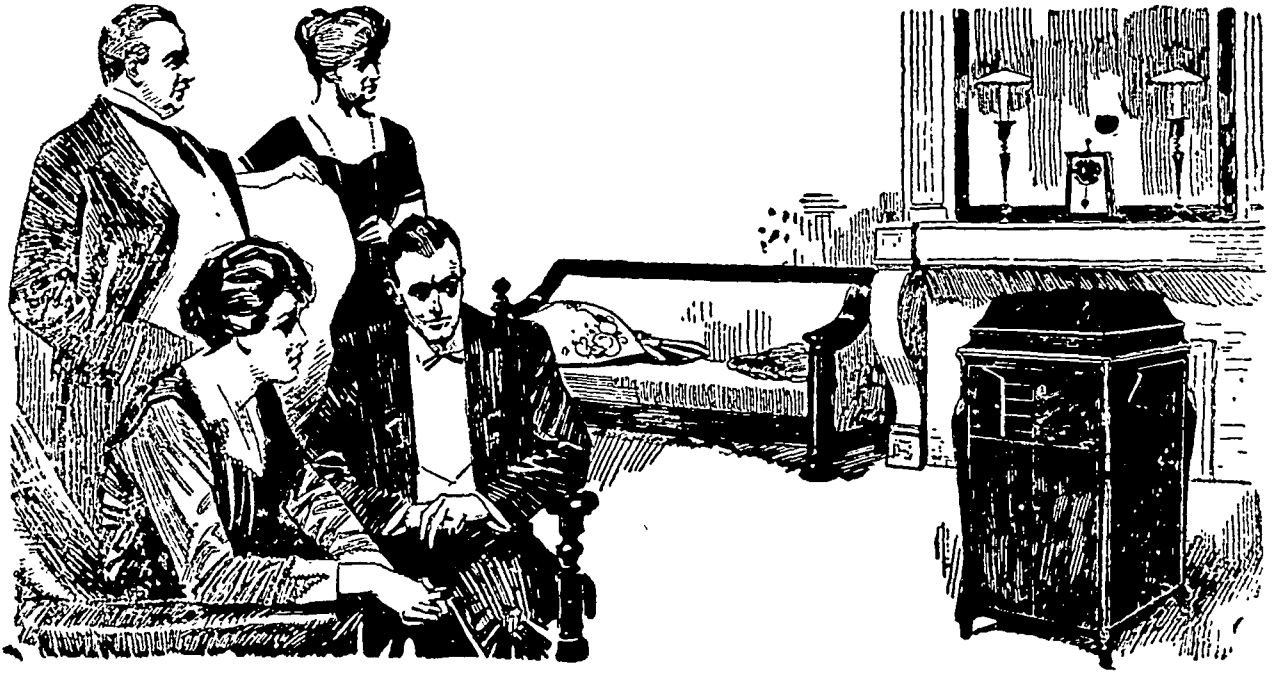
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