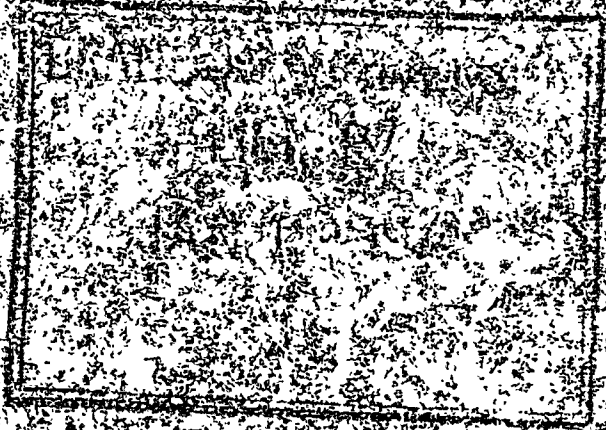


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Should be volume XV no 2

**FEBRUARY
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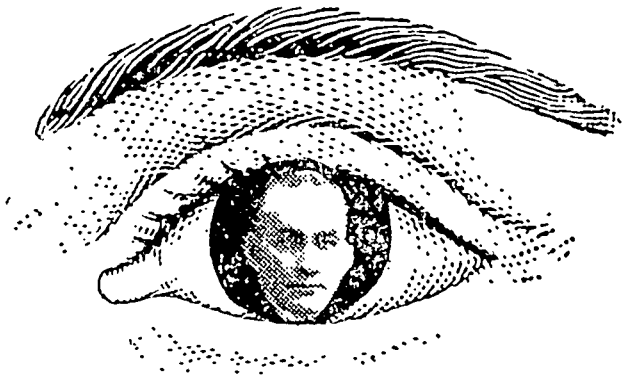
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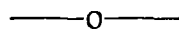
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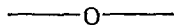
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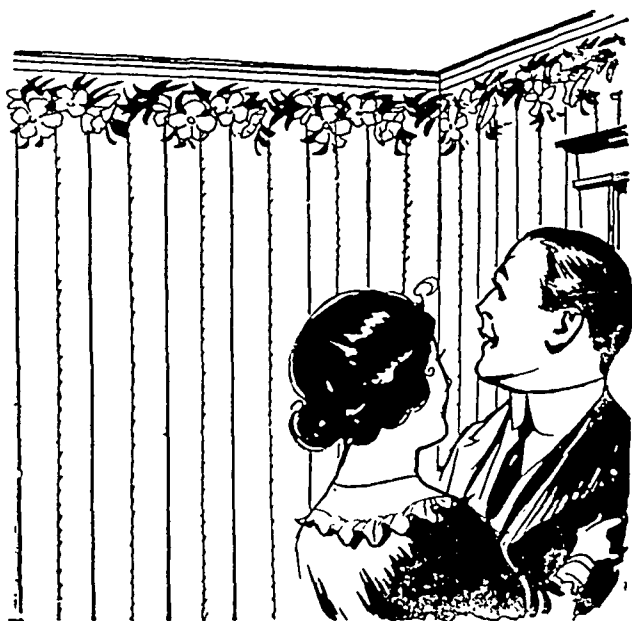
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In Memoriam

Dr. Franklin W. Sweet

Died December 30th, 1924.

DR. FRANKLIN W. SWEET

Appreciations:

DR. H. P. WHIDDEN.

It seems well-nigh impossible to realize that less than two years ago it was my proud privilege to write a message introducing to the "Graduates, Undergraduates and other Friends of Brandon College" my good friend Dr. Franklin W. Sweet as the President-elect of the College. So recently did he come, so swiftly has he passed from our midst—from the heart of his home, his new-found College family and the wide circle of his scattered groups of friends.

For twenty years I had known him. We had walked, talked, travelled, fished, prayed and slept together. His struggle in his early manhood to leave business activities in his native city, Dayton, Ohio, and then to prepare adequately for his real life work, were known to me. His plans and purposes in his three conspicuous pastorates, as also in his Oriental travels and his war work, were also known intimately and appreciated. But closer still we came as he entered upon his new and untried sphere of service at Brandon College. How anxious he was to learn, how eager to serve—the majority who read these words will never fully understand. But alike we all came to admire and hold in affectionate regard one who was so honest and so vital, whose very nature radiated light and sympathy and confidence.

While less than twenty-five years in the public work of the Christian ministry he accomplished more than many others because of certain qualities of mind and heart.

He had an earnest passion for the reality of friendship. He was a great "human," a confirmed democrat who "got in on the level" not because of skill in playing a role but because of his inmost thought and feeling for folks and about life. He believed in people and that was why he so readily made them believe in him. His social instincts were strong and true and broad. He felt greatly interested in all that concerned others—especially when the others were young men and women. Human relationships are inevitable. To him it was inevitable that to be right friendliness must be felt and expressed everywhere.

But I am also reminded of his manly goodness as a conspicuous quality in his life. He was what he appeared

to be—an alert, athletic, fearless and sincere Christian. No thought or deed of his could be ignoble. He hated sham and outer seeming. He was the soul of honour, the embodiment of Christian sincerity and genuineness. This was characteristic of him in student days at old Dennison, especially during the two years when he was president of the College Y.M.C.A. Comrades of his in those days insist that much more was accomplished then than had hitherto been dreamed of, mainly because of the powerful influence of his strong, unaffected, contagious goodness.

One other element I must mention and that was his courageous regard for truth and duty. For him truth was a trust and must be treated as sacred. No trimmer he! But he was never an iconoclast either. With a wonderful respect for the views of others he held in splendid balance many aspects of truth that others urged should be presented in this or that extreme form. And he loved and taught the truth he had found in his own rich experience to be believable and divine. A very few tried to “black-list” him. Some of us who knew the inner thoughts and beliefs and emotions of the man naturally burn with indignation when we even think that one with so white a soul and with so vital a faith in “Our fair Captain Christ” should ever have been so misunderstood and falsely rated. But he courageously loved truth in action—in the doing of it. That is one reason why he left us so quickly and so soon. He was devoted to duty, and never more heroically than the new duty of doing his big part toward the building of the newer Brandon College.

He was very human as I knew him, but also one of those who in large measure had caught and translated in glorious achievement the spirit and strength of his great Master and ours.



DEAN MacNEILL

President Sweet has come and gone from our midst like the passing of a comet through our sky or like the dropping of a star from the heavens. There has been an element of strangeness and mystery in his brief visit among us. It has been a case of

“Ships that pass in the night
And speak each other in passing.”

He came into our midst a comparative stranger. To be sure he had been with us one brief week in evangelistic services at the church and College in 1913 with splendid results. But his whole life had been lived and his service rendered in the country to the south of us.

But not long did he remain a stranger. In little more than one swiftly passing year he had endeared himself to students, faculty, church and community and was known and honored not only in the Baptist constituency of the West and of Canada, but in other communities as well. His frank friendliness, his spontaneous interest, his contagious enthusiasm for all good things bearing upon the welfare of the students and the College, got the hearts of the students the first year. As a result mainly of his enthusiasm we have nearly double the number we have ever had before in our first year Arts, 103 freshmen in all. Added to that there is a decided quickening of the pulse among students for the ministry, in whom he manifested an especial interest.

As President, Dr. Sweet clearly recognized that he was occupying a new role and was frankly inclined to leave inside details to others, though he had a quick instinct to discern principles and a well-directed desire to control policies. But his unstinted effort was given to those phases of the College task which at present at least seem to be most difficult, viz., the denominational and the financial. His day with us was short—all too short—but he went at the work of his day as Pippa went at her one-day holiday out of the 365 of the year.

“Oh Day if I squander a wavelet of thee,
A mite of my twelve hours of treasure,
The least of thy gazes or glances,
One of thy choices or one of thy chances.
My Day! if I squander such labor or leisure,
Then shame fall on Asolo, mischief on me.”

His influence on the denomination was first felt in a pronounced way at the enlarged meeting of the Union at Calgary in January 1924, where the religious teaching and influence of the College was under very serious consideration. His straightforward evangelical religious position and his ardent defence and support of the College captured the Convention in an altogether unique way and yet in such a manner that even the opponents of the College felt that he was still an approachable friend. Since that time he has been spending time and energy with individuals and churches in the West, in the East and across the line, ending his last trip with a strenuous and fruitful week of evangelistic services in Broadway Baptist Church and with anniversary services and lecture in Tabernacle Church, Winnipeg.

In spite of his intense activity, his ability, his gift for leadership and his genius, the memory he has left with us most is not of these but of simple, wonderful, inimitable friendship and goodness, human and yet Christlike. We have been worshipping ability, genius, success. His brief day with us rebukes our paganism, reminds us of the rarity and the glory of plain, human, Christlike goodness.

He was not an old man in body or spirit. He was only fifty-five and full of the enthusiasm of youth. He graduated in Arts from Dennison University in 1889 and from Rochester Theological Seminary in 1892. His life was spent in the pastorate, first in Adrian, Mich., where he was ordained, then in Minneapolis and finally in Cleveland, Ohio, from which city he came to Brandon.

And now what are we to say in view of his swift and tragic passing? Are we to say that his light has failed and gone out? Are we to say that his sun has set? Well, in our short-sighted, purblind way we may. But if we do let us also remember that when the sun sets here it rises elsewhere. For the Christian sunset here is sunrise yonder. The "dayspring from on high" (Luke 1:78) has visited him. Death, which seems to us sunset and darkness here, is from the other side, sunrise. "The path of the just is as the dawning light which shineth more and more unto the perfect day." Our President and friend has entered into his perfect day.

"If I stoop into a dark tremendous sea of cloud
It is but for a time. I press God's lamp
Close to my breast; its splendor soon or late
Will pierce the gloom: I shall emerge one day."

REV. C. G. STONE

OUR Leader has fallen! On December 30th the Grim Reaper laid His hand upon Dr. Franklin W. Sweet, Third President of Brandon College. Two months have slipped away since he left us, and even yet it seems impossible that he is gone. Quite up to the time of his death he was so active, so full of energy, so masterful, that we can scarcely realize he is not with us still.

It is the first break in our ranks. This is the first time in its history that Brandon college has been called upon to witness the death of one of the members of the faculty, and the sudden loss of our President, just in the prime of his life, after only a brief stay with us, has been such a shock that we are only gradually awakening to the significance of what has happened.

Dr. Sweet was a man of outstanding ability. There were united in him in uncommon degree, gifts which fitted him peculiarly for the task he had undertaken. He had a genius for taking in a situation at a glance and for seeing the main outlines of the big things in it. From the very first he began to shape policies for the development of the College, which if they are faithfully carried into operation, will surely make for success. He was very happy in his ability to make contacts, and his faculty for interesting men far and wide in the development of Brandon was remarkable indeed. Busy men of affairs listened eagerly while he would tell them in his own magnetic way of the possibilities of our college. And they not only listened, but they gave of their money to the support of Brandon.

His ability to adjust himself to a new and difficult situation was not the least remarkable thing about him. Only sixteen months ago he came to assume the duties of President, almost a total stranger, a citizen of another country than the one in which, for the time being, he proposed to serve, from an older and much wealthier community, and yet in a very short space of time he had completely won the confidence and the esteem of the entire constituency.

There was a certain daring about Dr. Sweet and his policies that captivated even the more critical of a conservative Canadian constituency. No one who heard him make his declaration of Faith and state his policy for the College before the first meeting of the Baptist Union of Western Canada which it was his to attend in his official capacity could fail to know that they were in the presence of a states-

man. He was an eloquent and very forceful speaker. His personality was particularly magnetic and his use of the language was very beautiful. No one could listen to him and fail to be thrilled again and again. He was in demand everywhere and his addresses will long be remembered over the Canadian west by those who were privileged to hear him.

And when all this has been said of his many gifts, there remains yet to be mentioned the quality for which more than for anything else, he was endeared to us—his friendliness. He had a great capacity for friendship. There was no unnatural reserve about him. To meet him was to be ushered at once into a fellowship which was hearty and unrestrained. The highest tribute that could be paid to the memory of any college president would be to say that every student thought of him as a kindly friend. This is the tribute which we pay to Dr. Franklin Sweet today.

There is one thing more of which I should like to speak, it is the spirit with which he faced the obstacles and the tasks of life. The story of his life is a challenge to any young man or woman. He was deprived of his father by death when he was only a boy and the consequent breaking up of the home resulted in his leaving school early to make his way in the world. His life in business as a young man was marked by a dogged struggle to succeed against the double handicap of poor health and the lack of previous business training. Then came the call to preach and at a somewhat advanced age, with that same persistence he faced the necessity of college and seminary courses. The years spent in the pastorate were years of rich fruitage. He gave himself to his work with an abandon which won him a high place among his fellow countrymen.

When in 1923 the invitation was tendered to him to become the President of Brandon College, it was with that same spirit of courage and devotion that he elected to accept the responsibilities of that office. He came to us at a hard time from the financial point of view. The task of securing maintenance for the operation of Brandon College at its high standard of efficiency is a difficult one. Dr. Sweet took up that task and with that determination which has always characterized him, he gave himself to his work from the day of his arrival in such a way as to humble and challenge us all.

And now he has gone from us, but there will live in the minds of all who were privileged to know him, the

memory of that rich personality, so gifted, so friendly, so consecrated.

F. J. WESTCOTT

Senior Stick

As a student body we unite with many others to express our sincere feeling of sorrow in the death of our beloved President, and to add a word of tribute to the noble life of service which he lived among us.

In a special sense does the memory of Dr. Sweet linger cherished in the hearts of Brandon College students. In his passing we have suffered the loss not only of our President but of a true friend. During his brief stay here he did not merely catch that Spirit which we regard as most distinctive of our Alma Mater, but clothed it with a freshness and a vigor which was at once reflected in the reawakened enthusiasm which evidenced itself. The frankness and intimacy which characterized the relationship between Dr. Sweet and students made possible his wielding of so great an influence on the side of Christianity. For him every worthy phase of College activity was viewed in its relation to the deeper things of life. The idealism and spirit of true religion which tempered his appeals to the students made them irresistible in their challenge.

Dr. Sweet has come and gone. We miss the friendly handclasp and the cheerful smile of encouragement, but there still remains undimmed the unseen, yet all-pervading power of his personality. Inspired with a sense of his optimism and implicit faith we gladly await the future, and render thanks that we were privileged to come under the influence of such a loyal and devoted character.

THE STUDENT'S MEMORIAL SERVICE

A simple yet extremely impressive memorial service was held in the Chapel on the afternoon of Wednesday, January 7th. The time of the service coincided as nearly as was possible with that of the interment in Granville. Dr. MacNeill took charge of the service. Sincere and touching tributes were voiced by Dr. MacNeill, Mr. Doig for the Board, Rev. Mr. Stone and Mr. Westcott as Senior Stick. Mrs. Wilkins, Miss Shewan, Mr. Stone and Dr. Evans sang "Sleep on Beloved." Rev. Mr. Louseley lead in prayer and after the singing of "For all the Saints," pronounced the benediction.

Funeral Service in First Baptist Church

Tribute as unanimous as it was unstinted and generous to a sterling character and a life devoted to education and Christian service was paid to Dr. Franklin W. Sweet, late President of Brandon college, in the First Baptist church.

After a brief service at the home, which was attended by the members of the college faculty, the body was conveyed to the church, where the Rev. C. G. Stone conducted the ceremony, which was very largely attended by Brandon citizens and representatives from outside the city. In deference to the wishes of the family the arrangements were of the simplest character, but the whole service was beautiful and touching in its tribute to the love and esteem which Dr. Sweet had won during his short sojourn in the city of Brandon. Rev. M. L. Orchard, general secretary of the Baptist Union of Western Canada, and the Rev. C. R. McNally, of First Baptist church, Winnipeg, assisted in the service, and appropriate music was furnished by a quartette consisting of Mrs. O. A. C. Wilkins, Miss Muriel Shewan, Rev. C. G. Stone and Dr. E. S. Bolton.

Robert Darrach, who represented the board of governors of the college, read several of the many telegrams which had been received from Canada and the United States, all expressing sorrow at the sudden death of Dr. Sweet and paying the highest tribute to his personality and service. Sir J. A. M. Aikins, in extending his sympathy to the family and to the college, expressed the sense of loss that his passing has brought not only to the Baptist denomination and Brandon college, but to the cause of higher education and Christian culture in the country as a whole.

The Baptist Board of the province of Alberta told of the way in which Dr. Sweet had captured the hearts of all with whom he came in contact in that province during the short eighteen months in which he had been in Canada. Similar tributes came from the First Baptist church of Victoria, B.C., and from Dr. H. P. Whidden, Chancellor of McMaster University, Toronto. Dr. C. L. Barbour, President of Rochester Theological Seminary, said that Dr. Sweet was regarded as one of the most outstanding of the Alumni of that institution. Mr. Darrach very simply and feelingly spoke of the sorrow felt by all connected with the college in the tragic death of Dr. Sweet; of his wise, strong

and successful leadership and the unsparing labor he had bestowed so unselfishly up till the moment of his death.

Representing the Baptist Union of Western Canada, Rev. W. E. Matthews, of Broadway Baptist church, Winnipeg, expressed for himself personally and for all who had come under the influence of his personality, an appreciation of the high Christian quality of Dr. Sweet's character, his greatness and simplicity of soul, his firm faith, his magnificent courage and unflagging devotion to the last, the breadth of his outlook and the buoyancy of his spirit in the face of obstacles which few had realized.

The faculty and students of the college were represented by Dean H. L. MacNeill, who likened the life of Dr. Sweet, especially the all too short year and a half which he had spent in Brandon, to the "path of the just which is as a shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." His day in office had been marked by great successes within the college itself. The college life already bore the impress of his personality. Increase in numbers and its progressive spirit were largely due to his deep and understanding sympathy with the lives of all, and his quiet insistence on the highest and best in character and scholarship. Perhaps his greatest service had been rendered in his outside contacts and in laying broad and deep foundations for the college in the heart of a wide constituency.

Dr. Sweet, said Dean MacNeill, had loyally and enthusiastically, and with evident sincerity, accepted Canada and its British connection. So deep was this and so genuine that it must have had its origin far back in his family tradition. No one regarded him as in any way foreign to or unsympathetic with all that is best in Canadian and British institutions. The note sounded by Dr. MacNeill was not one of gloom and despair. Dr. Sweet's day is not done. The sunset here means sunrise elsewhere, and he lives still, not only in the work which claimed his last devotion, but in a higher and untrammelled field of service.

Rev. C. G. Stone, pastor of the church to which Dr. Sweet belonged, gave a brief account of his life and expressed to Mrs. Sweet and family the deepest sympathy of a sorrowing community in their bereavement. Rev. Dr. W. A. Cooke, of the First Methodist church, pronounced the benediction.

T. S. D.



F. B. Friend.

JUDGE HALIBURTON AND CANADIAN LITERATURE

DURING the last few years we have heard a great deal about this Canadian nation of ours. Only fifty-seven years ago this first young fledgling left the nest of the Mother Empire and declared itself a nation. The rest of the world looked on and wondered passively what the outcome might be, mildly interested but unwilling to make a place for her till she had proved herself worthy to be a nation among the nations.

Canada is a nation made up of numberless peoples; the spectrum of our national consciousness shows many varying degrees of color, a thousand known and nameless strains from the remotest ends of the earth. In the face of this, where can the Canadian national unity be said to be? There is something distinct and unique about the Canadian national spirit, probably because of the deepening conviction that we have a considerable historical tradition, and a glorious literary heritage. The roots of Canadian culture are buried deep in the soil that produced Caedman, the songs of the Nibelungs, the sagas of Ossian and Cuchulain, and the chansons of the Gaul. We have two great shrines at which we speak two languages; yet we have but one passionate loyalty—Canada! Out of it all there has developed something permanent, something of surpassing beauty, vast as the physical outline of the Dominion, and as cosmopolitan as the myriad sources which give it being.

Whether as a nation Canada has produced a literature in the sense that Rome, Greece, Britain and France have

developed one, is a question that is not easily answered. Some say "No" with emphasis, and demand a Canadian Dickens, a Canadian Tennyson. Others say "Yes" and point to the hundreds of books which have been produced in the country since Canada was a name on the map of the world. That the question has been raised at all is a sign that the young nation has a soul which is striving to be articulate.

Canadians are in truth a prosaic people, and, generally, are descended from the working classes of the Old World, rather than from the gentry, though gentle blood is to be found in the land. They are in the main a forest-felling, railway-building, plowing, sowing, reaping, butter and cheese-making people, busied with mines, fisheries and factories, intent on making their share of the world a place of human habitation. As Dr. McMechan has put it,—“They are a law-abiding, church-going, school-attending, debt-paying people, who after a long, hard struggle are beginning to prosper.”

Deep below this prosaic surface, however, Canada holds before her an ideal, the ideal for which she poured out blood and treasure like water in the Great War. We catch a glimpse of this ideal in the conception which Canadians have materialized of their nation—a woman, young and fair, with the flush of sunrise on her brow, beckoning onward and upward. Among all her race of hard-working pioneers and struggling business men, there have been those who have laid down the plowshare to take up the pen and embody this soul of Canada as best they might. Thus, though it is vain to search for a Canadian Dickens, or a Canadian Tennyson, work of a rare kind has been written in Canada, of Canada, by native Canadians.

If Canada be denied a literature, she must be credited with a considerable amount of literary activity. That activity has been conditioned by history and geography and is plainly manifest as five separate movements identified with different parts of the country and with different periods of growth.

The first part, with which this article is to deal, centres at Halifax. The primacy of Nova Scotia is due to the accident of early settlement. Its new capital, Halifax, was built in a lull between two wars to counterpoise Louisbourg, the French stronghold. From its foundation in 1749 Halifax has been a city acquainted with books and imbued with literary taste. While New France was practically drained

of its educated class, and when the rest of the present Dominion was wilderness or virgin forest, Halifax had its books and book-sellers, its own newspapers and magazines. In these earliest publications we find the very birth of Canadian literature.

The first truly Canadian writings were memoirs of the settlers, letters to the old land describing social and political conditions, and articles and poems written for the *Nova Scotia Magazine* (1789-91) the first magazine published in Canada. It was printed monthly and for some time was edited by John Howe, the father of Joseph Howe, the great Canadian statesman. It was in the field of newspaper work that Joseph Howe later made one of the earliest contributions to Canadian literature, being connected with the "Gazette," the "Nova Scotian," the "Weekly Chronicle" or "Acadian," and "The Club" at different times.

For nearly a century (1789-1873) Nova Scotia had a new magazine for almost every fresh decade. They were all ambitious and short-lived. That they failed is regrettable, but they served one purpose, they proved the fact of local interest in literature, of an ever growing local patriotism, an ever broadening culture. They tell of an atmosphere in which letters would flourish. During this period names follow one another in rapid succession, names which are now never heard and scarcely ever found except after careful research in complete bibliographies.

But Nova Scotia boasts more famous names than these. The outstanding literary figure in Canada before 1887 was Thomas Chandler Haliburton, who was born in Windsor in 1796. He was descended from an old Border family, the Haliburtons of Mertain and Newmains, and it is rather interesting to note that he and the greatest of Scotch novelists, Sir Walter Scott, had the same great-great-grandfather. By birth Haliburton was connected with the principal elements of Canadian society, and this connection was strengthened by his education and life in Windsor. Here he attended the Grammar School and University of King's College, the oldest University in the British dominions overseas. Later, he practised law in Annapolis Royal, and afterwards in Halifax, where he was made a judge. It only shows one aspect of his many-sided nature to remark that in his profession he soon became noted for his "polished and effective speaking and sparkling oratory." Had his activities been confined to law and politics, to the administration of justice and the develop-

ment of a broad and far-sighted statesmanship, Haliburton would still be regarded as a many-sided man, for at his death he was a member of the British House of Commons and a D.C.L. of Oxford.

Haliburton is pictured by his contemporaries as a man slender and graceful, but robust in appearance, with large face tanned by exposure, ruddy cheeks, keen blue eyes, and lips stained with tobacco juice. He is described by Thomas Trollope as an English squire—with a difference. In his portraits the smile lurking under the corners of the mouth conveys a suggestion of weakness and ineffectiveness in sharp contrast to the strength and tenacity indicated by the contour of his forehead. Though his intellectual life was rich and absorbing, he loved the things of the flesh; enjoyed to the full whatever comforts he could acquire; drank much; smoked more, and lacked altogether the fineness of feeling and the sternness of purpose essential to greatness. "He was an Epicurean philosopher, modified a little for the better by Christianity and for the worse by practical politics."

Haliburton's name today is that of a historian and humorist. It would hardly be going too far to say that he was also a novelist, for though his humorous books are not properly classed as fiction, they reveal, sometimes to a striking degree, many of the qualities of the true novelist.

The first original work which merits recognition in the permanent literature of Canada is his "Recollections of Nova Scotia," which ran in Howe's newspaper during 1835. The next year, 1836, a small, neat volume entitled "The Clockmaker" or "The Savings and Doings of Sam Slick of Slickville" appeared in Halifax. The following year these papers were published in London, and Sam Slick, the smart Yankee, who wins his way by "soft sawder" and his knowledge of "human natur'" became a figure in literature. His creator, the colonial judge, became famous at once. The sayings of Sam Slick became for a time as well known as those of Sam Weller. Prof. Baker has come upon two hundred editions of Haliburton's works.

Slick appeared as a challenge from the New World to the Old. Chasles, an eminent French writer of the time, speaks of the amazing way in which this little book swept western Europe. To him there was something mysterious about the strange little volume with its grimaces, its exclamations, and its italics, that had dropped from nowhere into the salons of Paris as if to question all accepted canons.

Its author is not, he writes in surprise, a lyric or an epic poet in whose verse are mirrored the beauty and grandeur of his native land. "The Clockmaker" is a type in itself. Until its advent, Americans had kept their eyes fixed on Europe, and their prose and verse, at best, had been feeble reflections of Old World splendor. Slick, interrupting this tradition of subservience, is the first sign of a new civilization.

To attempt to rehash and describe Sam Slick would be to take away all the spice and true spirit of the author, and it is impossible to get any adequate idea of the character and spirit of his work without reading some of his best stories. To get the true flavor of Sam Slick one must follow him through such inimitable stories as "Fire in the Dairy," in "The Clockmaker," "The Deacon," or "The Acadian House-Trader," in "The Attache," or "Pippin" in "The Old Judge." This was the first time the American dialect was used in literature, and because of this and the popularity of its whole mood, the book found great favor.

The literature of the Loyalists during the Revolution was mainly satirical in tone. The Tories, representing the wealthiest and most aristocratic families of the Thirteen Colonies, looked with scorn on the plebeian instigators of rebellion. Hatred of men like Washington, who associated themselves with the radical movement, was more intense because their championship implied a disloyalty to their caste. This keen satire runs like a thread all through the stories of Sam Slick. Real names occur surprisingly often if we consider the nature of the observations, and the particular object of the satire is frequently pointed out beyond any possibility of mistake. Political scandals of the hour were clothed in satire and held up to public ridicule. Slick is very hard on the Blue-noses, and makes cynical remarks and slighting jibes at them at every opportunity. Although almost every story contains these cynical references to the Blue-noses, the Yankee, or some eminent figure at the time, Sam Slick is a butt for satire as well as a mouthpiece, for in his person the author strikes obliquely at the "free and enlightened citizen of the U.S." Sam Slick has one talent all to himself, his extraordinary gift for drawing a sharp, powerful, and terribly offensive caricature of anyone he dislikes, a sketch that we can see as vividly in our mind's eye as if it were etched by an artist. Considering this, it is not surprising that Judge Haliburton's book was more popular abroad than at home. The

cap was made to fit, and no doubt many more people saw themselves pilloried than we are able to recognize now.

Not less amusing than his caustic satire of the Nova Scotians, are the caricatures of Yankee vanity, a humorous quality that allies him to later American humorists; while a feature that must strike every reader of Haliburton is the number of familiar sayings that may be traced back to Sam Slick. On reading his books we identify some of the many sayings, witty and wise, that everyone is familiar with, but whose parentage is forgotten.

Critics of the book have gone to both extremes in praising and declaiming it. While admitting its universal appeal, more cautious reviewers have insisted that allowance should be made for novelty of subjects, persons, and dialects. A few even suggested that Haliburton was guilty of repetition and tediousness, and that Sam's Yankee vulgarity was better fitted for the colonial mind than for the polite circles of Westminster. There was further a feeling that the second and third series—partly because of the difficulty of fulfilling expectations and partly because of the exhaustion of the proper theme—were not so effective as the first. Apart from these reservations, approval was absolute. Of its cleverness, its freshness and its pith, there was no question. All were agreed as to its sharp, piquant, but kindly satire, and the hard, pungent, even worldly common sense on which it is based. "The Clockmaker" seemed to come at a fortunate moment. In time it would be regarded as one of the principal documents in the rising tide of realism. The first great expression of American genius, it was held to be superior to anything that Dickens had then accomplished.

In many respects Haliburton is the most striking figure in Canadian literature. Although he is best known as a humorist, there is more than humour in his books. He lacked, in fact, but one thing to make him a great novelist: he had no conception of how to construct a plot. But he knew human nature and knew it intimately in all its phases; he could construct a character and endow it with life: his people talk naturally and to the point. Those who read Haliburton's books only for the sake of his humour will miss much of their value, for not only "The Clockmaker" but also his later books, "The Old Judge," "The Attache," "Wise Saws and Modern Instances" and "Nature and human Nature" are mirrors of colonial life and character.

FRENCH-CANADIAN POETS AND POETRY

IT is generally agreed that poetry is the beginning of all national literatures. This is especially true of French-Canadian literature. The French-Canadian people are by nature more poetical than we are, and many of their poems and figures cannot be translated into our practical, unimaginative English without losing much of their effectiveness and charm. A story-telling people, they have their tales of the "loup-garou" and their folksongs, which, though an inheritance from Old France, still possess a decided flavour of the new country.

However, in a pioneer country such as was Canada in the early days there are many difficulties which will not allow even the natural tendencies of the people to be expressed in constructive literary work. Material is necessary to writing, and it can only be collected by experience and time. The necessity for hard labour among the settlers gives little time for writing: "The axe is busier than the pen." National spirit, without which there can be no national literature, develops slowly.

In the case of the early Canadians it was not only lack of time and material which retarded literary development, but also lack of opportunity for educational advancement. There were practically no books of more than elementary standard in the country, there was no printing press and therefore no means of expressing the sentiment and feelings of the people. The Mother Country—France—and the officials in Quebec did all in their power to keep the colonists in a state of humble submission. It is significant that there was no production of literary value until after the Seven Year's War and the beginning of British rule.

It is characteristic of our English Canadian writers to be individual, independent, solitary figures; it is as characteristic of the French-Canadian writers to form definite cliques for the cultivation of literature. To the present time there have been in the realm of poetry two such groups or schools, which have resulted in two different literary movements, the one in Quebec, the other in Montreal. It is the purpose of this article to present a brief picture of these two schools.

In the year 1860 there stood behind the counter of a quaint old book-shop in the city of Quebec a little, dumpy, fat, broad-shouldered man, with a round, animated face fringed from ear to ear with a beard. Seeing him as he

peered out of his small, sunken, short-sighted eyes one would not have been greatly impressed with him as a poetical figure. However, this ugly, insignificant looking man was probably one of the most learned booksellers Canada has known. He was none other than Octave Cremazie, the first French-Canadian poet of any importance. Around him he gathered in his bookstore the illustrious men of the city, politicians, poets, essayists,—all gathered there to discuss their work. Of particular interest to us are the poets Le May, Frechette and La Gaie. Is there not something fascinating about the gathering in this group of these young literary enthusiasts? What interesting and inspiring conversations must have taken place!

This Cenacle or mutual admiration society established a magazine, the motto of which was: "Let us hasten to relate the delightful tales of the people, before they have been forgotten." This was extremely characteristic of the French-Canadian writers. They were always looking back with sorrow on the "good old days" that were gone, a tendency which gives a touch of melancholy to their writings. It is very marked in the literature of this period of strong French nationalism and discontent with British rule. Although conditions were improved under the new regime, blood is thicker than water, and the writers could not but feel keenly the loss of their mother country and their flag. This is plainly revealed by a study of the individual poets.

As has been said, Cremazie was the first writer of importance. He was born in Quebec in 1827, less than a hundred years ago. He and his two brothers were partners in the store in which he studied and wrote. The coming of a French ship to Quebec during the Crimean War was the cause of the awakening of Cremazie's genius. This was the first French ship that had been in Quebec since the British conquest. It called out all the French patriotism of the man, and inspired one of his finest poems, the story of a French-Canadian soldier who goes to France, pleads with the king to fight again for forsaken Canada, and when unsuccessful in his mission returns to Canada to die on the spot where Montcalm defeated Abercrombie.

Cremazie is one of the first writers to be distinguished by his enthusiasm for Canadian scenery. He loved Canada and he loved the beauty of its landscapes. Probably his finest nature poem is one in which he describes the Thousand Islands, comparing them to the beauty spots of all other lands, and ending by declaring that there is no place

which is able to move him like this Paradise of the St. Lawrence.

A melancholy, mysterious note runs through all his verse. "The Walls of the Three Dead Men," the title of a poem in which is carried on a discourse between the Three Dead men and the Conqueror Worm, suggests something of it.

Cremazie's departure from Canada, and his last days were cleverly described in "Head Waters of Canadian Literature: "In 1862 Cremazie quitted Canada forever. He had committed a commercial irregularity which a cold world could not distinguish from forgery; he fled to France where he lived until his death in 1879."

One of the young admirers of Cremazie, in the days of the book-shop, is worthy of attention. Pamphile Le May is a very different type from Cremazie, and the one impression which he leaves with his readers is the deeply religious note in all his work. His writing is also characterized by a bitterly French spirit and a resentment of British authority. In his translation of "Evangeline" he shows as much dislike for the English as sympathy for the Acadians.

The third poet, Louis Frechette, who was but a boy of twenty-one in the days of Cremazie's Literary club in Quebec, had the honor of being crowned by the French Academy in 1884. This was not only a compliment to the poet but to the country to which he belonged, and immediately Canada put its confidence in this man who had received such high recognition from the outside world.

Frechette was an avowed disciple of Cremazie and his characteristics are very similar. He was fiery, and impulsive, with nothing of the effeminate dreamer about him. "The Voice of an Exile," a satire upon Canadian politicians, may be said to have opened his career. He practised law and took a keen interest in politics even being a member for a time for his native town. Although in his youth he was a radical against the church, in later years he became quite as orthodox as Le May.

Frechette's chief poetical work is his "Legend of a People," which owes its title and much of its inspiration to Victor Hugo. It is a series of stories which deal with the French in Canada. The tone of the poem is distinctly anti-English. The tale is told in a passionate rhetorical style with little attempt at historic accuracy.

These three men are the outstanding figures of the Quebec School— and we have in their writings a key to the

spirit of the people—strong French National spirit—she ever present influence of the Church and Religion—and the hot enthusiasm for any cause which they chose to champion.

The Montreal School was a later development than the Quebec School and is a contrast to it in every way. It was a romantic revolt against the classical school of Quebec. A number of young Frenchmen of Montreal, in the later part of the nineteenth century, formed a society, for the purpose of producing a publication known as the "Echo of the Young Men." This journal was the channel through which the young writers expressed themselves. In a year or two the journal failed, but immediately they formed an organized school of literature. The club met every Friday night in what is now the Museum of Montreal.

One of the marked contrasts between the Quebec and the Montreal group of writers is that the Quebec School found its inspiration almost entirely in the Church and in Canada—distinctly patriotic and religious, while the Montreal poets avoided these subjects almost entirely, and if they did choose a religious subject they dealt with it in a philosophical and forceful style—very different from the reverent orthodox style of the Quebec School.

The two groups have one similarity which is characteristic of all Canadian literature—neither of them write of love, passionate love, or the revel of the senses, and both are marked by a purity and simplicity that is hard to find in any other class of poetry.

Space permits only the brief mention of two of the outstanding men in the Montreal group—Emile Nelligan and Albert Lozeau.

Emile Nelligan is probably the most pathetic figure in the whole group. He was born in Montreal in 1882 of French and Irish parentage. His home-life was unhappy and only those who have experienced this calamity can realize the fatal effect it has on one's whole conception of life. Even during his early years the tragedy of his future seemed to hang over him like a dark cloud. He was of a sensitive, melancholy nature, deeply appreciative of beauty and a lover of music—although he was only able to feel the sadness in its tones. That he was a genius is evidenced by the fact that he has given us so many beautiful little verses, although his literary career ended at the age of nineteen when he lost his reason.

For Nelligan nature, history, or landscape did not seem to exist. His work is introspective and imaginative, with a gloom which seems almost fatal. The fantastic and unconventional is illustrated in "The Ship of God," a translation of which may be found in "Head Waters of Canadian Literature."

The influence of the Church was inevitable upon the boy although he was not an admirer or orthodox supporter of it. He was both attracted and repelled by the life of the monastery.

Nelligan stands alone in the melancholy of his verse, and the sadness of his life only serves to impress him more clearly on the memory.

How different is the story of Albert Lozeau. Lozeau was unable to be present at the meeting of the Montreal Club as he was a hopeless cripple and confined to bed. However he kept in touch with the members and at the same time was away from them enough not to lose his own quaintness of style and originality of humor.

One would expect a man so handicapped as this one to be morbid and even better, but such was not his nature, he lived in a world of imagination and books. He read and loved the French Masters. An extract from his diary gives some appreciation of the pathetic cheerfulness of the man. "For nine years I lay with heels as high as my head---that taught me humility. I rhymed to kill time which was killing me..... It is because I had not taken any classical course that I know no Latin, which is indispensable for writing well in French--- I knew absolutely nothing of French Literature and I was bed-ridden and very ill when I learned of the existence of Chenier, Hugo, Lemartine, Le Conte de Lisle and other great masters. Lacking preparation I could only enjoy them imperfectly. It was through the old books my friends handed on to me that I learned about them and that the rhyming plague affected me. I say rhyming plague, but for me it was a God-send. I firmly believe it snatched me from despair and death."

There is a quaint humor in his verse which does not over throw the serious under tone, but which makes delightful reading. His keen knowledge of human nature and his kindly sarcasm at its frivolities win for him the love of all those who read his verses.

It is impossible in such a brief review on this to do more than merely introduce the leading figures in the move-

ments. To become acquainted with them and to understand them one must read their work sympathetically and with a knowledge of the circumstances under which they laboured. Only thus can one really appreciate these men and the literature to which they made so great a contribution.

M. C. G.

THE ECLIPSE OF THE SUN

FOR a month or so there had been a good deal of excitement in Boston and vicinity over the show that the sun and moon were going to stage for us on January twenty-fourth. Scientific circles were discussing its probable bearing on the radio and on Einstein's Theory. The ordinary man on the street was merely interested to see the event; the sceptic asked the question, "What if it does not happen?"; and the religious man looked upon the coming event as another evidence of the dependability of God.

As the time drew near talk and interest increased so that by the day before the event interest was at white heat. All along the path of totality, from Minnesota to the islands of the sea, astronomers were setting up apparatus to "shoot" the sun, the spectrum of the corona, and the hundred and one other things that only the scientist knows anything about. At each centre each man was being assigned his special task, one to time the duration, another to take photographs, another to measure the intensity of the shadow, and so on. At last, the astronomical staff of Yale University had held its last dress rehearsal on the campus at New Haven, and all was in readiness. The only problem left unsolved was that of visibility the following morning.

The eventuality of cloudy weatherⁱ was being cared for away in Lake Hurst, New Jersey, where a number of scientists had gathered with instruments ready to be carried above the clouds by the huge airship *Los Angeles*, of the United States navy, which itself is the end of a romance of the sun. Away back in 1868 Lockyer trained his spectroscope on the sun and found in the spectrum a new line similar to hydrogen, which indicated a light gas that as yet had not been found on the earth. For some time it was thought that this gas did not exist on the earth, so it was

called helium after the Greek word for sun "helios." Sir William Ramsay declaring that this is a universe and not a multiverse set out to find it here. He finally obtained minute quantities of a gas from Uraninite, which, imprisoned in a test tube and electrically excited, began to glow and produced the identical line found by Lockyer. Time passed, and during the war the house wives of Kansas complained that their natural gas did not give off as much light and heat as it should. Prof. H. P. Cudy was sent down to locate the trouble. He discovered the trouble maker was the identical helium gas found by Lockyer in the sun and identified by Sir William Ramsay on the earth. This gas is now produced in commercial quantities and is much superior to hydrogen for lighter-than-air machines, because of its non-inflammable, non-combustible nature. Now both the Los Angeles and the Shenandoah are inflated by this gas and great possibilities for safe airship service are opened up because one man trained his spectroscope on the sun. Possibly the scientists carried aloft by this gas may make discoveries that will have a far reaching effect on the future of science.

However Saturday morning dawned bright and clear, the stars twinkled overhead in the keen frosty air, as rich and poor, high and low tumbled out of bed to the tune of alarm clocks at an unearthly hour in order that they might catch the special trains to points of totality, for eclipses like time and tide wait for no man. As the totality would be only 99% complete in Boston there would be enough light to spoil a view of the corona. Harvard University, Newton Seminary and other schools closed their doors in honor of the event, so students were among the throngs that crowded the stations and trains in a mad rush for Westerly New Bedford and other points where the eclipse would be complete. The sun arose clear and bright over a sea of upturned faces. It was estimated that fully twenty million people would witness the phenomenon. Promptly to time some one exclaimed "There it comes!" and sure enough a small black speck is seen on the edge of the sun, advancing slowly but relentlessly. Faces behind smoked glass and exposed camera film are turned upward to watch the queen of the night slowly obliterate the king of the day.

As the dark orb advances over the face of the bright one, the shadows begin to take on a darker hue, the sunlight slowly passes from its usual clearness to resembling that of moonlight and then to an eyrie light that brings a

creepy feeling over one that he is in the presence of impending doom. No wonder the ancients beheld such a spectacle in awe, wonder, and fear.

Now the real shadow is coming, Jupiter, followed by Saturn and Mercury flashes into view a little ahead of the main spectacle. A golden band appears about the dark form of the moon, and a very small fraction of sunlight shoots from the upper part which gives the whole the appearance of a huge diamond ring. The last ray is gone! Down upon us comes the shadow travelling at the rate of sixty miles a minute! Though shortly after sunrise, the earth is plunged into a darkness like that of midnight. In the shop windows the electric lights shine out so feeble in comparison to the great light that is gone. How weak are the works of man beside that of the creator! A hush falls upon the spectators. All are gazing at the great black blot, surrounded by a rosy hue near its edge, beyond which shines, in all its beauty, the pearly white corona, that mysterious envelope surrounding the sun that is only visible at times of total eclipse. Who knows but that even now some scientist is analyzing its spectrum and solving one more of the great mysteries of the universe? Silence reigns supreme. Even the breeze has died down as if nature herself were holding her breath before this wonderful phenomenon. What is that fear that grips our heart? What but the dread of infinite night! How dark and drear a world without a sun!

A tiny stream of light shoots out from behind the moon. Quickly the corona disappears and again for a moment we have "the engagement ring." A cheer goes up from thousands of throats as if men were glad that once more the shadow has passed and no catastrophe has occurred. One by one the stars disappear: the rays of the sun increase in intensity: and the people go about their work as before, some soon to forget all about the phenomenon, others to marvel, and still others to meditate upon the wonderful works of God.

E. J. C.



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Assistant	Emily Root, '28

The Quill extends its deepest sympathy to Mrs. Sweet and family in their bereavement, and to Mrs. Wright and Dr. Evans, who suffered the loss of their father in December.

A little more than a year ago it was our privilege to welcome Dr. Sweet to the Presidency of Brandon College, today we mourn his passing. All unprepared as we were, our spirits tuned to festivity, the news of his sudden death struck to the very depth of our being. The passing of one who has reached the allotted span, while it is attended by the same poignancy for those left to mourn, has not the tragic element which attaches to the abrupt termination in its prime of a life of Christian service such as was Dr. Sweet's. One does not speculate in these days on the problem of why a life so eminently productive of good and so rich in possibilities is cut off prematurely and like a rose snapped off by the wind yields only a tithe of its full measure of fragrance, but yet one cannot view it without experiencing a feeling that there is something irrational in a world wherein such incongruities exist. And if one were to regard as final that chapter in the life of Dr. Sweet which closed so abruptly on December 30th, one would be forced to the conclusion that there was indeed an element of irrationality in the universe. But our very being, as well as our intellect, rejects any such suggestion of imperfection in the infinite working of the mind of God. We feel as did Matthew Arnold, when, in the gloom of a cold November evening he contemplated the grave of his father, that

“..... that force
 Surely, has not been left vain!
 Somewhere, surely, afar,
 In the sounding labour-house vast
 Of being, is practised that strength
 Zealous, beneficent, firm!”

Death is not the end, there is something beyond. But Dr. Sweet lives for us in another sense. Though he has passed on his influence is still a vital, driving force in the life of Brandon College. During his brief stay here he entered heartily into all phases of student life. By example as well as by precept he endeavoured to implant in the student mind a love for the finest things in life, for truth, for beauty, for goodness. He preached and practised a virile, courageous Christianity. It would be strange indeed if the intimate contact of such a life as his with that of a comparatively small student body should prove barren, if no permanent impressions should have been made on the lives of the individual students. The physical form of Dr.

Sweet is no longer with us, but his spirit has permeated the whole fabric of our college life, and has imparted to it an incalculable richness and strength.

On a grave in Granville, Ohio, there stands a monument to the memory of him who sleeps there; on the campus in Brandon there will one day rise a memorial which shall perpetuate his name; but in the lives of those who have caught something of the vision and the purpose that were his will be found the most eloquent tribute to the ministry and personality of Dr. Sweet.

IN our last issue we intimated that the present number would be an Alumni number. It was subsequently found that more time than that available would be required to make a comprehensive canvass of the Alumni. We accordingly readjusted our plans and allotted the Spring issue to the Alumni. This change, coupled with the proximity of the holiday season and the spectre of mid-year examinations to follow, hurled us on the horns of a dilemma. We could not reasonably expect students to devote a considerable portion of their few remaining days of grace to the "Quill," and yet we must procure material for our Literary section. In our extremity we appealed to the English Club. It was a happy thought. Not only were we rescued from a decidedly uncomfortable situation, but we unearthed articles that are very timely and suggestive.

The question of the existence or non-existence of a Canadian literature is being hotly debated in certain literary circles. Whatever be the outcome of the controversy it should stimulate interest in the works of the outstanding Canadian authors. In her article on Judge Haliburton Miss Kilgour introduces us to one of the pioneers in the field of distinctively Canadian literature.

The discussion of French-Canadian poetry has more than academic interest. The whole French-Canadian question is very acute at the present time and is being increasingly aggravated by the religious elements in it. One regrettable result of this is a growing antipathy on the part of many English Protestants to everything French, particularly to the teaching of French in schools. The racial barrier is being raised, even while national progress and

integrity demand that it be broken down. Close union between peoples so differently constituted as are the French and English Canadians is impossible, but harmony based on sympathetic understanding and mutual tolerance is both possible and logical. There is perhaps no better way to gain a knowledge of the nature of a people—which is essential to understanding of them—than through their literature. In publishing Miss Grant's article on French-Canadian poets we do so with the hope that it may serve as an introduction to a wider reading by students of this phase of our national literature.

From the pen of Rev. E. J. Church comes an inspiring account of the eclipse of the sun as seen in the path of totality. We in Brandon were fortunate in obtaining an excellent view of a partial eclipse, but as there were several total eclipses imminent that morning we could not devote much time to it. We are now more than ever convinced that written examinations are undesirable. Under the circumstances we are deeply indebted to Kirk for sharing with us his unique experience.





Howard Umphrey '25.

At this time when the New Gym project is so much in need of support, it behooves us to use each and every legitimate means of raising funds for the 'Cause.' Numerous methods have been tried in the past few years, and as Eric Hill would say, some were successful, and some were not. There yet remain however, several untried schemes, which should prove lucrative if only some energetic student or group of students could be persuaded to develop them. The student body as a whole, has shown no lack of fecundity in the variety of the suggestions whereby the flow of spare pennies which ordinarily go to the Capitol and the Carlton, might be diverted into the more worthy channels of the Gym fund. One enterprising youth wished to obtain from the Athletic Association, a concession granting him the exclusive right to sell 'hot dogs' on the College rink, with the intention of capitalizing the 'consuming ability' of men like Batho, McLellan, Campbell, and "Young" Young in aid of the 'cause.' This proposal was enthusiastically received, and would no doubt have been acted upon, had not Willie Wilson, who is of a philosophic turn of mind, pronounced it unethical, pointing out that it must of necessity result in a very unequitable distribution of the cost of construction. This argument was answered by Freddy Westcott, our fourth year Economist, who maintained that those who ate the most 'hot dogs' were the ones who were most in need of a gymnasium. Each disputant found followers who were willing to accept his views, and two rival schools of opinion sprang into existence as though by magic. A long and bitter conflict seemed inevitable, and would no doubt have resulted, had not Mr. Slovsky alias Westaway appeared on the scene, and announced with Hebraic sagacity "that no permanent structure could be

built upon a foundation of 'hot dogs,' and thus promptly settled the dispute.

Another irrepressible young chap suggested that since so much shingling had been done in Clark Hall of late, it might be advisable for the Gym Committee to do some research work and invent a shingle stain suitable to each type and style of feminine shingle, all profits accruing from the sale thereof to be paid into the building fund. This project is still under discussion.

Fred Friend wished to impose a toll on all boys passing through the Iron Door, but this was so vigorously opposed, not only by the girls, but by Freddy Westcott and Clarence Hembling, that it had to be dropped forthwith.

In this brief sketch we have endeavoured not only to tell of what has already been done, but also to stimulate further thought on the part of our readers, as to ways and means of raising the necessary monies. All suggestions are welcomed, and if any of our readers has a good scheme in mind, he or she, as the case may be, will secure a sympathetic hearing at the Editorial Office of the Quill.

DEBATING

The programme of the Debating Society opened on November 14th, with a debate between Senior and Junior Arts. The subject was "Resolved that Co-education, as it is carried on in our Canadian Colleges and Universities is in the best interests of a liberal education." The affirmative was supported by Miss Drysdale and Mr. Leith of Junior Arts, and the negative by Miss Spackman and Mr. Wilson of Senior Arts. Although this debate was not one of the interdepartmental debates for the medal, it did not detract from the rivalry between the two departments. The decision was finally given in favor of the affirmative. Mr. Beer, as critic, offered some valuable constructive criticism.

The debate between the College and the Normal School, held in the Brandon College chapel on November 29th, was also very well attended. The negative of the resolution "Resolved that the Crows Nest Pass agreement is of benefit to the Canadian people" was upheld by the College debaters Miss Clement and Mr. McDowell. The subject was a difficult one, and many arguments were brought forward by the College representatives. However, in spite of this

the decision was given in favor of the affirmative.

On December 12th, the first interdepartmental debate for the medal was held. The subject was "Resolved that the immediate completion of the Hudson Bay Railway is in the best interests of Canada." Junior Arts, represented by Miss Willey and Mr. Lowe upheld the affirmative, while Miss Kilgour and Mr. Riemer of Senior Arts argued in favor of the negative. The judge's decision was given in favor of the affirmative, after which the late Dr. Sweet, as critic, made some helpful suggestions.

The Debating Society is not exclusive. It is for everyone, and everyone should recognize the value of being able to speak in Public. Watch for announcements regarding the Oratorical contest, and avail yourself of every opportunity of debating for your class.

LITERARY ACTIVITIES

In an attempt to arouse interest, and bring to light the talent of our backward members, the Literary Society has sponsored several entertaining programmes.

The first meeting of the year was the Thanksgiving party, which was voted a huge success. The second evening was turned over to the illustrious class '25, who in a most original and clever style presented "A magazine in the making," the editor of which was our esteemed Friend.

Another interesting and carefully planned 'Lit' was held in December, featuring several of our most talented students. Misses Ruth Clement and Ruth Willey in their child impersonations, and the male quartette, Messrs. Freeman, Brownridge, McPherson and McDorman, were among the 'hits' of the evening.

Immediately before the Christmas Holidays, a skating party was held at the Arena, after which eats were served in the gym, to the accompaniment of music and song.

We congratulate the executive of the Literary Society on its work, and we trust that with the hearty support of the Students, the success will be continued.

S. C. M.

The S. C. M. is still flourishing, and by the broadening vision, sincerity, and growing eagerness for truth that we find in its members, it is evident that we have a fellowship at Brandon College that is favorable to the development of Christian character. What could be better for any one of us, than to make an experiment in Christian living, while experimenting in other fields?

The speakers who have contributed to the year's programme have all had impressive messages. One address however, which was quite out of the ordinary was given by Staff Captain Andrews of the Salvation Army, a lady missionary who had just returned after seven years of work in India. While in India, Miss Andrews travelled from city to city, living and eating with the outcasts among whom she was working. She made the point clear that in order to help people in India or elsewhere, one must first surmount the barrier of class consciousness and establish sympathetic contact by becoming one of them. The point that she did not make so clear was that in order to help anyone, the missionary must know and practise a better way.

Miss Andrews is so devoted to her work in India that she is returning for another stay of ten years.

“O wad some Power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as ithers see us!
It Wad frae mony a blunder free us,
An' foolish notion.” —R. Burns.

Brandon students were enabled to realize more fully the profound truth of this saying of Burns when on January 21st to 23rd we were visited by Mr. E. A. Williams a native of Ceylon. Mr. Williams is a student of outstanding ability and a strong and independent thinker. He has for some years been doing active work in connection with the S. C. M. both while attending William Carey University in India and while at the Universities of London and Edinburgh where he took post graduate work in Sociology. Thus having lived and studied in both east and west he is peculiarly fitted to speak of the relative merits and defects of the two civilizations.

We people of the west have consistently taken for granted the superiority of our institutions and culture and it needed such an easterner as Mr. Williams with his im-

patience with non-essentials, his clear insight, and vigorous criticism, to dispel the mists of our complacency and to show us our civilization in its relation to the rest of the world in a truer perspective.

In addition to informal discussions, Mr. Williams addressed two meetings, Chapel on Thursday morning and a joint meeting of the S. C. M. in the evening. In these addresses he gave us the result of his observation of student life. Students, he said were of two classes, those whose desires and activities centred in self, and those who sought to be of service in making possible a better life for mankind. He expressed the belief that with the majority of American students the former motive was predominant while in India, on the other hand, many students were turning their backs upon high-salaried positions in order that they might be of greater service to their people. The criterion by which he judged the genuineness of a man's religion was not the acceptance of a creed but the expression of it in life.

GENERAL ARTS FUNCTION

On Monday, January 26th, the memorable day on which the first term exams were concluded, the Arts department held its annual toboggan party at the River Slide.

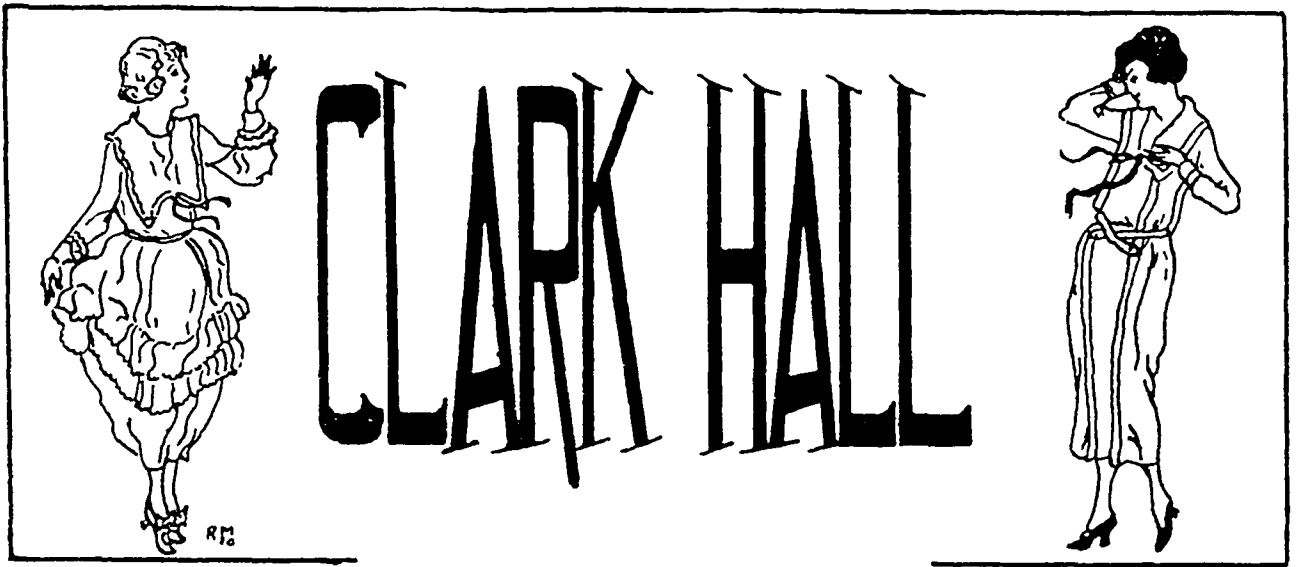
The group met in Clark Hall at 7.30, and after the usual preliminaries, set out for the slide under the direction of Mr. and Mrs. Richards.

The slide was in excellent condition, and after a couple of hours of climbing and sliding, everyone was ready to repair to the gym where a dainty lunch was served by Miss Fry and her committee.

The evening was brought to a close in true Brandon fashion with 'Hail our College,' and 'Hippi Skippi,' and the group disbanded, each one sure that it had been a very profitable evening.

ACADEMY TOBOGGAN PARTY

On the evening of Friday, January 23rd, all the Academy students, and those of the Arts department who were fortunate enough to have finished their exams, assembled in Clark Hall, and at 7 o'clock set out for Sykes. After spending about two hours on the slide, they returned to the College, where eats consisting of sandwiches, roast potatoes, pickles, pie and coffee, were served in the gym.



Ruth Willey '27.

EXTRACT FROM A NEW "PILGRIM'S PROGRESS"

"Having crossed the stile leading from the realm of King First Term into the domain of Duke Last Half, the pilgrims of Clark Hall bound for the Celestial City of Learning beheld at no great distance a steep and rocky upland. Guarding the foot of this hill were two lions which did roar with such fierceness that a great trembling seized all the pilgrims. Hastily opening the scrolls of instruction which each carried in her left hand they ascertained that these lions were Procrastination and Fear and that the hill beyond was the Upland of Mid-Year Examinations. Furthermore they were advised to attack the lions with boldness and belabour them with the Staff of Hard Work which each carried in her right hand. Obeying these words the pilgrims advanced and dealt the lions such grievous blows that they slunk away howling to their dens. Thereupon the pilgrims, further using the staff of Hard Work to help them over the stony ground, with much groaning and sighing climbed the steep ascent and reached the plain beyond."

THE CLARK HALL BAZAAR

The visitor stepped into Clark Hall on Saturday afternoon in December and looked about her. From the dainty handkerchief booth to the mysterious recesses of "Ye Gyfte Shoppe" with its old-fashioned lanthorn above the door, all was bustle and activity. Lured by the beautiful and useful things displayed on the tables the visitor moved from

place to place and saw many interesting sights. She saw a fair maiden at the apron booth inveigling a young man into buying a flimsy creation of blue ribbon and lace and another at the novelty booth tempting a staid member of the faculty with a hand-painted straw hat. She saw Dr. Evans buying silk handkerchiefs and Mr. Wright hovering expectantly near the candy booth; saw home-cooking temptingly displayed in the reading room. She stepped across the hall and saw all manner of delightful things, created by the nimble fingers of the ladies of the Faculty, in the dainty Gifte Shoppe.

Looking around once more, wondering if she had seen everything, her attention was caught by a sign on the stairway telling of other booths below. At the foot of the stairs she found the boys' booth, attractively decorated and displaying many novelties. Soft seductive music led her to the door of the gymnasium and there, beneath the mellow light of Japanese lanterns, she saw a gay crowd refreshing themselves before again visiting the booths. The sweet music of an orchestra mingled harmoniously with the subdued hum of voices and the tinkle of spoons. Blue-coated Orientals padded silently about, ready to minister to the tastes of the customers.

This in brief is the story of the Clark Hall Bazaar. We are pleased to say that the sum realized exceeded the objective. The bazaar was a decided success and the work that the money will do in refurnishing the old reading room will be of permanent value to Clark Hall.

RECEPTION FOR OUTSIDE STUDENTS

The annual reception held by the Clark Hall girls for outside students was held on Sunday afternoon December 14th.

The reception room, artistically decorated with fir boughs, holly, Christmas bells and red candles, blended well with the spirit of the Christmas season.

During the afternoon a brief programme was given. Miss Whidden read a beautiful and fitting Christmas story, and from an adjoining room a group of Clark Hall girls sang "Silent Night" while candles shed a soft light in the reception room.

About four-thirty refreshments were served after which the guests started homewards.

A MUSICAL CALENDAR FOR CLARK HALL

January—Work for the Night is coming.

February—Whispering Hope.

March—Why Don't my Dreams Come True?

April—Roaming in the Gloaming.

May—Three O'Clock in the Morning.

June—Oh It's Quiet Down Here.

July—Down on the Farm.

August—How are you going to keep them Down on the Farm.

September—Come back Old Pal.

October—If Winter Comes.

November—Stony broke in No man's Land.

December—Into the Harbor of Home Sweet Home.

A NEW YEAR'S WISH

I want to go along the road that leads to bigger things,
I want to walk with springing feet, while all my soul just
sings;

I want to see new vistas—new Heavens and new earth;
I want to be forever glad for life's sweet gift of birth;
I want to keep a heart that's clean; a fancy undefiled,
I want to be, far as I may, just like a little child.

I want to love the passing hour, and day, and dreamy night,
I want to feel the sting of Wrong, the beauty of the Right.
I want to love my neighbours, and the old earth's pulsing
sod,

And then—I want to go ahead and just make friends with
God.

JEAN O'BRIEN.

Dr. Evans:—Miss Godley, Why does a leaf turn red in
autumn?

Gertrude:—Because Jack Frost kisses it.

Dr. Evans:—What is a deep sea fish?

Grace Elliott:—One which will stay at the bottom or
bust.

INFORMATION BUREAU

To Let -A room on third floor suitable for a convalescent or anyone desiring peace and quietness.

Those desiring coaching in British Constitutional History apply to Leta Fry.

Early morning classes in Physical Culture are conducted by Misses Hitchings and Kenner.

Directions for reducing may be obtained from Mary Henderson.

Those desiring information on "How to Control the Clergy" apply to Ethel Allan.

Information concerning poems and "hymns" may be obtained by applying to Mary MacDonald.

Found Instruction Book on "How to Vamp." Owner may receive same by applying to Emily Root.

Mrs. Wilkins:--What is a synonym?

Maria Grant: -A word you use when you can't spell another.

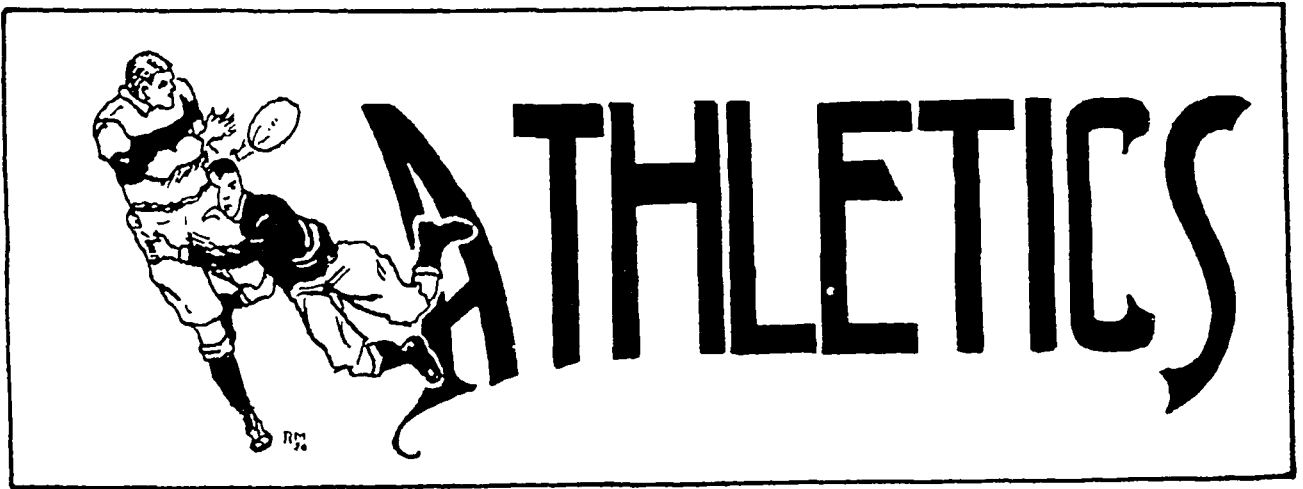
Mr. Lager (at the table)--Poor Rudolph Valentino. The ladies persistently pursue him.

Aleta Stewart: -Yes poor man, he is one in a thousand.

Teddy (noticing the window up to the top)--Margareta, do you want all that air?

Margareta:--No, you can have some.





Jos. B. Thompson '28.

In the passing of Dr. Sweet athletic life in Brandon College has suffered a great loss. As the winter term advances and we try to regain our stride in athletics, temporarily slowed down by the Christmas season and the mid-year examinations, we are increasingly coming to realize the great extent to which, in a relatively short period of time, we had become dependent upon our late president. As an advocate of true and wholesome sport who could have meant more to us than he! In the field of athletics the high ideals characteristic of his whole life were ever before us and his keen enthusiasm to "play the game regardless of the score" so stimulated our endeavors that we were carried along to success without really being aware of the effort involved.

Although he is gone and his absence is keenly felt, yet his spirit lingers with us, still directing us to those lofty ideals and cherished hopes toward which he daily moved, and with his memory comes the challenge in his own words "to play the game and play it square for no matter what the odds the game may be won even though the score be lost."

J. R. E.

FOOTBALL

Again the old pigskin is tucked away till another season comes around. The best of weather prevailed throughout the entire football season making it possible to complete the schedule. Three more games were to have been played but only two took place, since the third could not have affected the team standings.

On October 31st, Junior and Senior Arts played their last game, which was the crucial match of the season since it practically meant the winning of the league by the winner of this game. At this time the Seniors had five points and the Juniors four so that both teams were out to do or die. The Juniors proved to be too much for their opponents however and by splendid combination and hard work, left the field with a 4-1 victory.

The Seniors still had a chance in the possibility that Hash might turn in a win over the Juniors. These hopes were sadly misplaced, for the Juniors, taking no chances, played their usual aggressive game and downed the Hashites 5-0.

This proved to be the last game of a very successful season, giving Junior Arts the trophy for the year by a margin of three points over their close rivals, the Seniors. It is a regrettable fact however that with all this available talent, the college was not able to secure a game with an outside team. Let us hope this will be remedied the coming fall.

BASKET BALL

Owing to the collapse of the City League, our Senior team has been unable to secure opposition of strength commensurate to its own, and for the past two months has been practically disbanded. In an effort to keep the game alive in the city all available players of senior calibre have been pooled and a three-team league has been formed. As the teams are at present constituted our men are scattered indiscriminately. While this expedient may serve to keep the individuals fit physically, as a team producer its value is nil. There is a ray of hope that a change may be effected by which our defence will remain intact on one team and the attack on another. This would at least permit the development of combination in the areas, and would prevent the complete disintegration of the team.

It is exceedingly unfortunate that this state of affairs has arisen this year, for with our last year's team intact and the lack of reserves remedied, our chances of bringing the Dyson Cup to Brandon were of the highest order. Last spring we were robbed of this cup when Wellwood was ruled off on a technicality. Early this Fall our team—though lacking practice—held the Toilers to a 39-27 score.

In this game the score was 2-1 all half way through the final period, at which point Joe Gayton was injured and retired. The reserves had not yet become accustomed to the team play and our defence suffered in consequence. Having seen this game we are convinced that with a season's hard work behind them our men would have been equal by the Spring to the task of lifting the Dyson Cup. If the league teams are re-arranged they may yet do it.

In the Intermediate ranks we have been more fortunate. Here the league has been divided into two sections. With but one game to play in the first section the College heads the league and has every possibility of staying there. We have every confidence that the boys will make it two straight sections and will thus obviate the necessity for a play-off.

HOCKEY

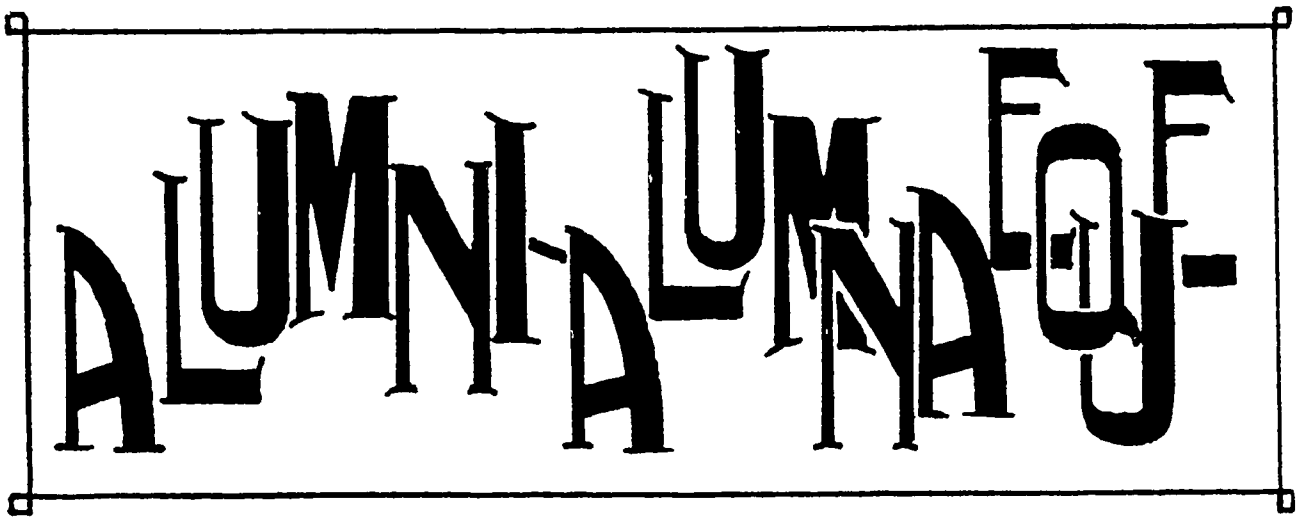
Bang! Crash! Thump!--Nothing to be alarmed about however for its just the Senior Arts Hockey Team having a little work out. A welcome sound nevertheless and it is a pity these weird noises do not assail our ears oftener than they do. But hockey is picking up.

As cold weather came early this winter the rink was flooded and put in good shape far earlier than it was last year. Since then the rink has been well looked after, and higher fences have been built to improve it for hockey.

Big things were expected in the hockey line this year and the college was prepared to finance a first class team and to support it in true Brandon College style. Under these conditions, the news that a City Intermediate League was being formed, was received with much satisfaction by the hockey enthusiasts. The college team was at once entered, and the players, besides playing considerably on the college rink, practised faithfully every Saturday morning at the Arena.

Unfortunately it was found to be impossible to finance this intermediate league, so it was dropped, leaving no league in which the college could enter a team.

The usual inter-class games are not being played this winter owing to the fact that Hash cannot put up a team. A better plan has been adopted however, by which the players are divided into three evenly matched teams, known as the A, B and C teams. In this way we are sure of real competition and splendid hockey, superior to that of former years.



ALUMNI ALUMNAE

Sybil Kerr B.A. '23.

The following report reached us too late for publication in our first issue. It has now an added significance and value, since it is an eloquent tribute to the character of our late President.

On November 12th a group of sixteen Brandon College folk gathered at the evening meal hour to welcome President Sweet to Toronto and to form a corporate acquaintanceship with him. The evening proved to be a happy one. That delightful renewal of friendships, as it always does, revived haunting memories of departed days and reforged the links with the past. Dr. Sweet's gracious presence and words amply formed the connection with the college's present and future. Besides joining in that inevitable general chorus of yell and song each individual presented his credentials and connections in a few words of self introduction and reminiscence. Earl King as chairman spoke for all when he said in effect that only after one has left its halls does he or she appreciate the full value of the contribution that Brandon College makes to the individual heritage. Those present were, Dr. Sweet, Dr. Whidden, Dr. New, Mrs. Wm. Davies, Jr., Dr. C. W. Clark, Dave and Mrs. McNaught, Olive Freeman. Earl King, Eunice Whidden, H. J. Kennedy, Monte Scarth, Joe Johnson, Fred Chambers and Reg. and Evan Whidden. A committee was selected for the purpose of forming a Toronto unit of ex-Brandonites. Plans are in formation and it is expected that an organization will materialize in the near future.

'24. Edythe Ball, Vera Fielding, Leslie Dorrett are attending Normal at Regina.
Lillian Edmison is taking a course at Faculty of Education Toronto.

- '23. Bill Lewis and "Tyke" McKnight are teaching in Tugaske.
Bessie Bridget is teaching in the High School in Oak Lake.
Hughie Staines and Lorne McIntyre are on the teaching staff of the Moose Jaw College.
We are glad Marjory Leith has recovered from her recent severe illness, and has again resumed her work on the Brandon Collegiate Staff.
- '22. Herman Olsen is taking Post Graduate work at Rochester Theological Seminary.
- '21. Harriet Hall is doing M.A. work at Saskatchewan University.
Glen Clark is taking Post Graduate work at Manitoba University.
- '20. Dave McNaught, who according to reports is leading a happy married life, is engaged in teaching in Toronto.
- '19. Rev. J. E. Cooper is teaching at Creelman.
Congratulations to Dr. J. G. Grant who completed his Medical Course at Manitoba University last Spring. Our very best wishes go with John as he starts his work in Stockholm Sask.
Born to Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Yeomans on December 20th, 1924 a son.
- '18. Marjorie Sherrin was a week-end visitor in Clark Hall the guest of Miss Kathleen Moffatt.
Bessie Turnbull of Parlakimede, India spent Christmas with Rev. and Mrs. John Hart of Bimlipatam, India.
- '17. Mae McLachlin is studying the language in Tokio, Japan, preparatory to missionary work.
Andy Rutherford is teaching in the "Middle School" in Nagoya, a city of 700,000 people and an industrial centre. Mr. Rutherford's enthusiasm for his work may be concluded from his description of the country. "Japan is a wonderful country. The fragrance of the flowers, the song of the birds, the beauty of the trees, the grandeur of the hills and mountains, inspire the soul."

'16. Jean MacLaren is teaching in the Collegiate at Portage la Prairie.

Flora Fraser is teaching in the High school at Grandview.

Under the leadership of O. U. Chapman the Baptists of Windsor Ont. are erecting a beautiful new church home.

Rev. W. B. O. Philpotts, assistant Pastor of the First Baptist Church Minneapolis, visited the college shortly after the Christmas vacation.

Miss Patton, formerly of the business department of Brandon College, spent a few days in Brandon in December en route to Vancouver, where she will sail for Japan. She has been in Japan for the last three years and had some exciting experience to narrate of "The Great Disaster."

Christmas Visitors in Brandon

'23. Beatrice Hall, Annie J. MacLeod, Eva Jacobs, Leonard Jacobs.

'22. Margaret Rixon, Marion Hales, Marjorie Magee, Florence Mathews, Florence Kennedy.

'21. Vic Warner, Tena Turnbull.

'20. Ethel Bolton, Stella Bolton.

'19. Dr. John G. Grant, Isabel Cumming.

'18. Jean Avery.

'16. Maynard Rathwell.

'15. Harley Hughes.

'13. Rev. T. H. Harris.

'12. Mrs. Hogarth (nee Grace Little.)
Dutton-Greenwood.

The wedding took place in Calgary, December 26th of Julia Greenwood of Toronto to Elliott Dutton of Grenfell, Sask. Dr. and Mrs. Dutton are residing at Lethbridge, Alta.

LATITUDE & LONGITUDE

Ruth E. Clement '27.

In the November issue of the McMaster Monthly is found an article of especial interest to Quill readers—"Brandon College; An Appreciation" by Reg. Whidden, one of our former students. He briefly outlines the history of the College, and comments favorably on the Brandon College spirit—

"Loyalty is the essential quality of any college spirit, loyalty to tradition and to the activities of student organization. Brandon students are intensely loyal to both past and present. The exploits of the undergraduates of former years are regarded as standards to be attained and surpassed. Support of athletic and debating teams, striving to emulate their student forebears, is made the religious duty of everyone, undergraduates and faculty alike."

Is not this a challenge to us to live up to the high ideals accredited to our college?

He continues—

"Certain of the causes of this spirit of loyalty, probably the most important, are fairly apparent. Situated in a small and comparatively conservative city, Brandon College is tendered the complete loyalty of citizens as well as students. In other words, it is so situated that the support of the citizens and the best interests of the students are practically ensured."

Following an outline of the Student activities and an appreciation of the co-educational features of the life at Brandon College he concludes,

"Such are some of the impressions received in five years attendance at Brandon College. Did space permit, more might be said of the work being done there and of the life of the students. However, we entertain hopes, that at least some of the McMaster students will have an increased

interest in this institution so closely connected with our own. Brandon will continue her work of providing the great and new West with liberally educated men and women. She will surely succeed, since she possesses that which inspired John R. Mott to say, "There is a atmosphere and a spirit at Brandon College which is found in few other institutions on the American continent."

Let us see to it that this brilliant picture of Brandon College is not marred by any retrograde step on the part of the present student body.

An editorial in a recent issue of the King's College Record, on "College Spirit" is particularly interesting after reading the article by Mr. Whidden. The editor points out that while other Colleges have been bewailing the lack of College Spirit, King's has not suffered from this lack, and attributes it to the fact that they have had to fight for an existence, and have had to compete with many distractions.

To quote -

" it seems to us that during periods of great prosperity in a college, when everything is running smoothly, when there is no special cause for the students to fight for on behalf of the College, it is extremely difficult to keep the Spirit of that College alive."

No doubt the Spirit of Brandon College is attributable to causes similar to those of King's College.

In closing the editor says- -

"Other colleges may have immense buildings filled with an overgrown Student Body, yet we have something which we would not part with for the finest buildings on the American continent, something which can be made to live long after those buildings have crumbled away we have the King's Spirit."

In the Valedictory published in the Acadia Athenaeum graduation number is found a rather interesting little poem, addressed to the "Fellow Students"—

"We look to you,—each one of you
To make life better than before,
For God is shaping all things new
And He has greater things in store
Carry on, fellow students! Carry On!
Carry on, all!—and make it so."

ACTION

If you've anything to do,
Let me whisper friend to you
Do it!

If you've anything to love,
As a blessing from above,
Love it!

If you've anything to give,
That another's joy may live,
Give it!

If you've any debt to pay,
Rest you neither night nor day,
Pay it!

If you've any grief to meet,
At the loving Father's feet,
Meet it!

--Managra.

Optional Reading

English Prof. --"Janes, why are you not prepared?"

Janes--"I am prepared. You said 'Read Twelfth Night or What You Will', so I read 'The Beautiful and Damned.' "

--Vox Wesleyana.

The following publications have been received and are gratefully acknowledged:--Vox Wesleyana, Acadia Athenaeum, Managra, McMaster University Monthly, King's College Record, McGill News, The Tallow Dip, W.C.I. Crier, Collegiate Outlook, Mount Holyoke Monthly, The Brambler, Auditorium, The Campus, and the Dalhousie Gazette.



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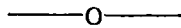
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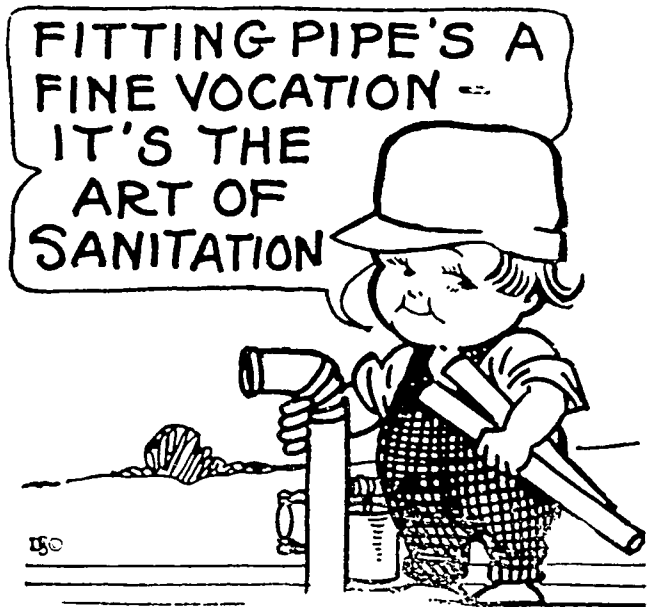
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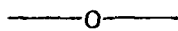
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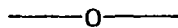
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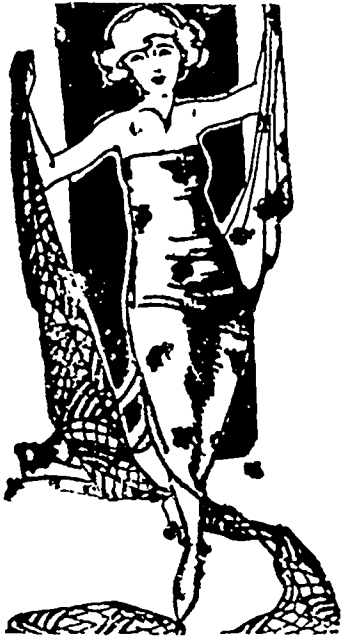
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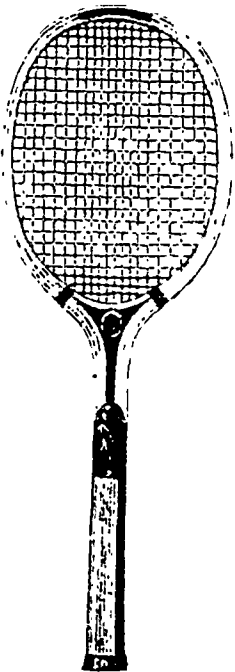
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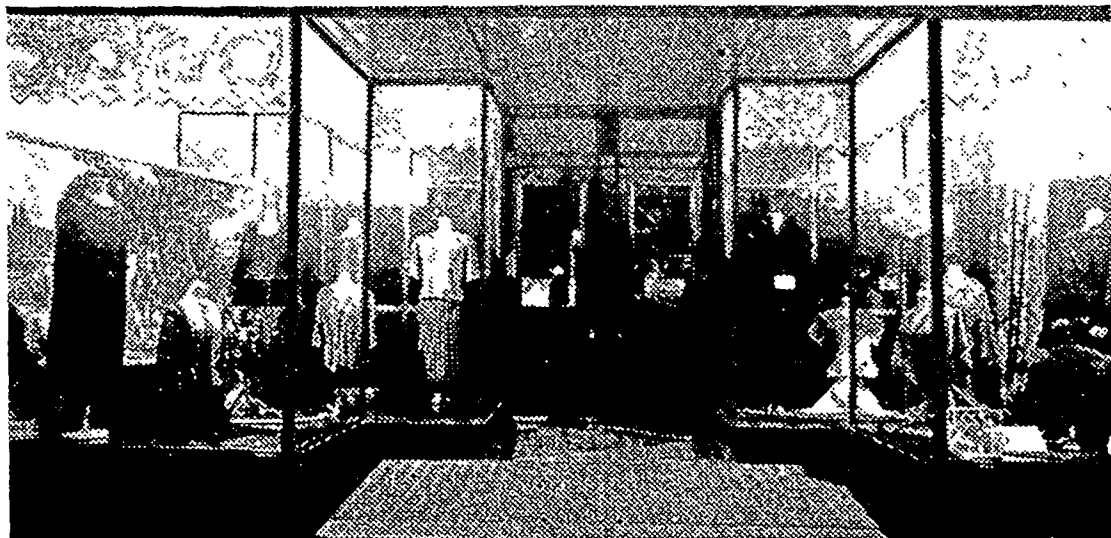
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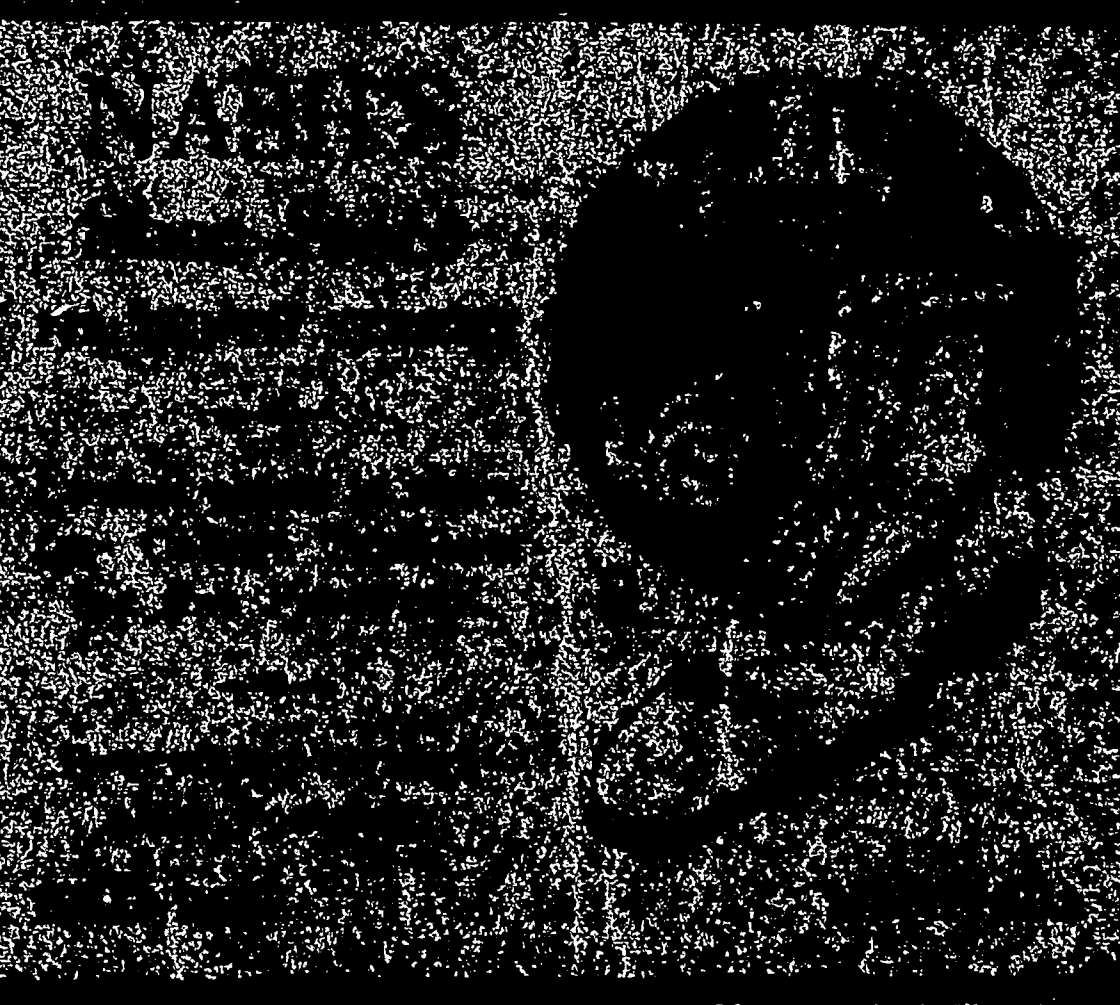
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