

BRANDON COLLEGE QUILL. —



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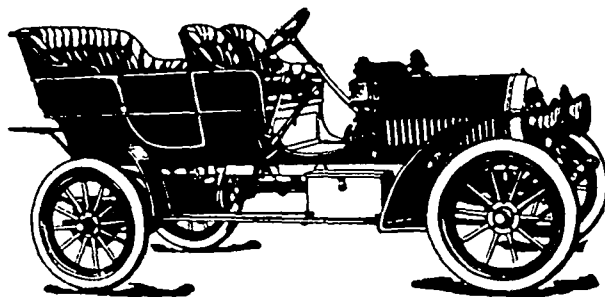
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Brandon College Picnickers at Vancouver This Summer.

Brandon College Quill

AUTUMN NUMBER.

VOL. II.

NOVEMBER

No. 1.

BRANDON COLLEGE FORWARD MOVEMENT

Those were brave hearts who set their faces to the open prairie. Those were finer spirits who threw against the skyline of their vision the walls and towers of an institution which should fling far to the plains a spirit of ministry, enriching the life and enobling the ideals of masses whose tramp behind them grew faster and louder.

Brandon was in the Baptist hearts which first entered this land. There was no mirage in the vision of their faith. Some of these worthies did not taste of death until they saw these walls and towers stand strong and high upon the slope of the Assiniboine.

Our fathers in the faith were sons obedient to the experience of our history. Education has been a mighty agent with the Baptist people. They have held it as a chief ministering power in social service. This accounts for their unique educational policy. They have never federated with a state institution, nor have their colleges existed for the propagation of a dogma. In the freedom and individuality of the independent institution they have sought to make their contribution to the state. The state school is a modern invention in the history of civilization. The church has been the teaching body among all religions, for a religion, a civilization and a type of education are all inseparable. Charlemagne founded parish schools to fight the mediaeval church

with her own weapons. The modern Christian church in her denominational divisions has failed to undertake the task of education and has allowed the state to take control of her best opportunity. Education is an agency for establishing in society the noblest qualities of character and life. The aim of the state is to guarantee a vocational training. We need professional men and tradesman to take care of us. But as a Baptist people we stand firm on the principle that the victory of life is with character and not with knowledge. Life finds itself in service. Our schools exist to emphasize the necessity of character and culture in wedlock as the proper equipment for service. Education in the Christian civilization ought to be the Christianizing of the powers of a life simultaneously with their unfolding. We have given loyal support to the state institutions yet maintain our own as an agency for actualizing among men our ideals of character and life.

Brandon outran the hopes of her first builders. Students sought her gates and crowded her halls, A new building was erected but this soon became inadequate. For two years as far as we know we have been the largest institution west of Toronto. Our Board of Governors realized that immediate efforts must be made to enlarge our accomodation and minister to our opportunities. A "Forward Movement" was inaugurated. Brandon College has extended resources, but much of these are not yet revenue bearing. The rapid expansion of the work entailed heavier expense and yearly deficits were recorded. A sum of fifty thousand dollars was needed to meet this indebtedness. A considerable increase to the endowment was also deemed expedient. Mr. Wm. Davies of Toronto whose liberality helped to found the college, gave us a promise of twenty-five thousand on condition that we raise seventy-five thousand. We had

a similar pledge from an anonymous donor. We undertook a campaign for fifty thousand among our churches in the three prairie provinces. When the citizens of Brandon learned that we were making an appeal for assistance many of the representative men gathered one evening at the college to consider how the City of Brandon might have a part in the campaign. "The college is Brandon's greatest assets!" This was the keynote of the sentiment of the meeting. It was decided to raise fifteen thousand in four days. These busy men of our City went forth in teams and met with hearty response. We undertook a similar campaign among our brethren in Winnipeg and raised about fifteen thousand in two days. In order to make a rapid canvas of all our territory some of the members of the college faculty assisted Mr. J. C. Bowen who was under appointment for the forward movement by the Board of Governors. The writer was one of these and can speak of the delight and inspiration of the task. All we had to do was to tell of the needs that were upon us. The response was beyond our highest expectations. Many gave through sacrifice. The gifts of individuals I must hold in confidence as well as the circumstances surrounding them. But I know of many who gave when I myself wondered how they could do it. The first man I approached was a laboring man. I suggested twenty-five dollars as his contribution. He replied, I think I can do better than that and he put down his name for one hundred and fifty. What can we say of a village church of thirteen families supporting a minister giving liberally to missions and yet donating us eight hundred dollars? Surely Brandon has the heart of our people! Their delight at our progress was manifest. Their spirits were touched when they learned of our burden. Their testimonies to the character of our work were inspiring. A college lives in its students and grad-

uates. Where Brandon men have gone the mouth of the people is instant in praise of the excellence of their life and the power of their work. The response of their gifts came with gladness and soon reached fifty-five thousand.

It must not be thought that Brandon makes its appeal to Baptists alone. From Winnipeg to Calgary we were given contributions by men of other communions. Brandon needs no advertising in Western Canada. The broadly inter-denominational character of her work, the ideals of her culture, the strength of her courses, the methods of her study are inviting attention. Brandon is in the van in the West in methods of higher university education.

The little communities on the far stretches of the prairie have asserted their heritage. May Brandon be worthy of the sacrifice which maintains her. May her students appreciate the price at which their opportunity is purchased. May they learn of this spirit while they find knowledge. Let Brandon abide! Let her ideals prevail! Let her have a part in the shaping of the destinies of a people, young, virile and free!

—R. H. MODE.



A DAY AT THE ONWENTSIA CLUB.

Twenty-eight miles north of Chicago on the western shore of Lake Michigan is the town of Lake Forest. This is one of the famous suburbs of Chicago and one of the many towns on the North shore that are the homes of the elite, so called. Here there is one of the finest sporting clubs and grounds in the western states and for this reason it has been chosen for the last few years as the grounds upon which have been played the matches which decide the challengers for the tennis championship in doubles of U. S. Largely in their eagerness to bring back the Davis Trophy from Australia, the U. S. have reduced the doubles in tennis to a system.

The whole of the United States is divided into four districts called the Eastern, the Southern, the Pacific and the Middle West. In each of these districts there is a tournament open to all the states in the district, in which the championship for the district is decided. Then these four teams meet in some central place decided upon by the managing committee to decide the winning team of the four, this team to challenge the holders of the title in doubles. The present holders of the title of champions of the U. S. are Alexander and Hackett. This match is also interesting in that it generally brings together some of the players who become challengers for the Davis Cup which has been held now for some years in Australia, the Australian players sending back both English and American teams defeated year after year.

The trip to Australia takes so much time that frequently the best players are unable to go. English and American players take turns in playing each other to decide which team shall go to Australia.

It was to see this match between the four best teams

of Doubles that we spent the day or most of the day at the Onwentsia Club. Two brothers named Doyle represented the South, Bull and Martin had been the winners in the Western tournament just completed. McLoughlin and Bundy were the winners from the Pacific coast where they play tennis all the year round and Little and Touchard were the representatives of the East which is supposed to be the seat of tennis talent, the home of Hackett and Alexander, the doubles champions and of Larned, seven times champion of the U. S. in singles.

It takes two days playing to decide upon the winners. The teams are paired by lot, two matches being played the first day, the second day's match deciding the winners. It frequently happens that the best match comes on the first day, and it was so this year. It was generally conceded that the best two teams of the four were the Eastern team, Little and Touchard and the Pacific Coast team McLoughlin and Bundy. McLoughlin who had just won the Western Tournament in singles being considered the star player of the crowd. These two teams were paired in the first match on the first day. And it was this match that took us out to the Onwentsia Club. Play had already begun a few minutes before we arrived, the Pacific Coast men winning the toss and choosing to serve giving to their opponents the choice of courts. This of itself is an indication of what an immense advantage the server has come to have through the development of the service stroke. McLoughlin started out with the serve but strange to say he lost it and that was probably what lost to them the first set which went to the Eastern men. In the second set Bundy was the weak spot to whom the Eastern men returned the ball as frequently as possible, keeping it away from McLoughlin. The winners must win three out of five sets and it began to look as if the Eastern men were

going to have it all their own way and we were not going to get the full worth of our money. The third set was as close as close could be it being possible for either side to win several times by scoring but one point. Save the finish of the match it was the most exciting period as both sides were at "top notch." The set finally went fairly to McLoughlin and Bundy after remarkable playing thus assuring us at least one more set.

Such are the freaks and fortunes of tennis as well other games that at the return after fifteen minutes rest the improvement in play by McLoughlin and Bundy seemed to be permanent and they had apparently no difficulty in keeping lead and securing fourth set. It was quite manifest that confidence had shifted from Little and Touchard to McLoughlin and Bundy, the latter of whom were on the aggressive. It was evident too that Little and Touchard were nonplussed and unable to solve the situation during the fourth set. Both of these realized that for the time being at least that they were being out-played. The change in situation was no doubt psychological chiefly but the actual cause of their trouble seemed to lie in the fact that at certain times both McLoughlin and Bundy were "lobbing" with deadly effect and precision while Touchard frequently and Little occasionally would swash the ball outside of the court or into the net.

Thus with two sets each to their credit both sides started out on an even footing, at the beginning of the fifth set as they had at the beginning of the first.

With this difference, however, that the psychology of the situation was with McLoughlin and Bundy. They were still confident and aggressive though Little and Touchard were recovering somewhat. Play went along evenly neither side having any particular advantage.

Touchard in the beginning of the set was still erratic and discouraged and had it not been for the stead-

iness and headiness of the older player who frequently gave him an encouraging word and patted him on the back the end of the story might have been different—an illustration of the value of long experience and the quality of stick-to-it-ive-ness in tennis over against more brilliant playing, for certainly next to McLoughlin, Touchard was the most brilliant player of the group.

The second and supreme climax of the contest was soon reached with both sides practically tied in the struggle. Then a strange thing happened. In tennis it is conceded that the server has an immense advantage over the striker or receiver just as in base ball the pitcher has an immense advantage over the batter. This is the more true the better the server is. McLoughlin is famous as serving an unusally fierce ball with considerable of the American twist which causes it to bounce high and crooked and spin. It was almost a foregone conclusion that McLoughlin would win his own serve. As a matter of fact during the whole game up to the final climax near the close the Pacific Coast men had always won the game when McLoughlin was serving with but one exception, viz.: the first game of the contest in which McLoughlin served. Bundy had almost invariably been the man who lost his service. But now a strange thing happened. With the count even at the climax in the fifth set McLoughlin lost his service and we felt that the contest had gone to the East but when it came to Bundy's service he showed remarkable strength and won his service, thus making the score equal again. A second time the same thing happened. McLoughlin lost his service but when it came to Bundy he played strong and again brought it to deuce. A third time the same thing happened. McLoughlin lost his service but when it came to Bundy's service he failed to triple his achievement

and the Eastern men won. The game was lost one might say by McLoughlin himself though apparently he could not help it and though he was easily the best player of the four. On the whole, however, the Eastern men played better tennis and deserved to win.

Following this match the Western champions, Bull and Martin, played the Southern champions, the Doyle brothers. But our attention was taken from this minor match by the fact that W. A. Larned, the champion of the U. S. in singles, was playing an exhibition match with Waidner, once Western champion. The playing was not so interesting as might have been expected as Larned did not have to extend himself. The day following Larned played with McLoughlin a match that must have been more interesting from the fact that McLoughlin as was expected, proved later the winner of the U. S. Tennis Tournament in singles and so as challenger for the championship played Larned by whom, however, he was defeated in three straight sets.

Thus Larned became this year champion of the U. S. for the seventh time in tennis singles. He is a man of about forty-five years of age, tall and well built but not particularly athletic looking, not particularly brilliant or spectacular in his playing, but strong, precise and heady. It is felt, however, that before very long McLoughlin will step into his place.

To watch such a game is a revelation to one who plays the game only in amateur fashion. The balls seemed to leave the rackets as bullets leave a rifle. The thing seems simple to the on-looker who has not himself played, but one who has played appreciates the marvelous skill and judgment shown in keeping the ball in play in such a game. It is easy to hit a tennis ball hard but it is not easy to hit it hard and yet make it both pass over the net and drop within the lines of the court. To

accomplish this various strokes have been developed all of which consist in giving the ball a particular exaggerated twist with a sweep of the racket in practically the same way as a baseball pitcher hurls the ball with his fingers. One of the most familiar of these strokes is the Lawford stroke—either full Lawford or half Lawford—so named from Lawford who first used and developed it. It consists of an upward and sideward sweep of the racket upon the ball either when bouncing at the right of the player (fore-hand Lawford) or at the left (back-hand Lawford) which, while giving it speed, gives it also a twist which causes it both to curve and drop. A second famous new stroke is the American twist service used with telling effect by several American players especially against English players. It was adopted and used splendidly by the famous Doherty Brothers in their last games against the Americans themselves. It is used only in serving. The ball is thrown up over the left shoulder instead of the right and as it falls is hit over the top with a lift and sweep of the racket, resulting in a twist that gives the ball a curve and excessive drop and causes it to bound high and break at an uncertain angle much like a cricket ball breaks in bowling. There are many other strokes—lobbing, volleying, half-volleying, etc., which make tennis an interesting study, and one of the cleanest and strongest games there is.

—H. L. MACNEILL.



“THE OLD WIVES’ TALE.”

Quite frequently a novelist whose work has been meeting with moderate regard puts forth a book which quickly wins its way into public favor and rewards him by being a really great popular success. Such has been the pleasant experience of Arnold Bennett, an English writer with his novel, “The Old Wives Tale.” This book was published about three years ago and about the time of its appearance was favorably received by many critics including such a noted reviewer as Sir Robertson Nicoll, the editor of the British Weekly. For three years with widening circle, it has been finding its public. Meantime, the author has repeated his success in a later book, “Clayhanger,” the first volume of a trilogy, in which it is intended to trace successively the life of the hero and heroine until marriage, and then their life together. The ambitious size of this latter plan, combined with the success of the two books produced,* has made Arnold Bennett, the fashion at present. Literary journals have been full of gossip about him and his art, while his books have been rated as extravagantly as William De Morgan’s “Joseph Vance,” and “Alice for Short.”

In the preface to the American edition of “The Old Wives Tale,” the author relates the circumstances under which the story was conceived. While sitting in a Parisian eating house he noticed two women, the one old and wrinkled, the other one young and blooming. Through his mind flashed the thought that to every woman who lives to the old, must come strange vicissitudes of person and estate. “I reflected” he tells us, “there is an extreme pathos in the mere fact that every stout aging woman was once a young girl with the

*Since this article was written, the second book of the trilogy has appeared.

unique charm of youth in her form and movements and in her mind. And the fact that the change from the young to the stout, aging woman is made up of an infinite number of infinitesimal changes, each unperceived by her, only intensifies the pathos." This was the starting point of his story. He determined to trace the lives of two women through life to the grave and these are the "old wives" of which he speaks.

He introduces us to two young girls, sisters, who are just leaving, about the middle of the nineteenth century, a finishing school. Their home is in the very heart of England, in a little old town, one of the five in the great pottery district. Their father John Baines, had been a superior draper; chronic invalidism had laid him aside, and in the shop as well as the in the dwelling above, his able wife reigned supreme.

In this stolid, conservative town, while the great changes of the later Victorian era were imperiously sweeping over the land, Constance, the elder sister, lived out her life. She was of the quiet somatic type of girl, with only the saving grace of sound business sense. Naturally this led her when her education was completed into the shop. Later under Mr. Bennett's providence she married Mr. Povey, her father's confidential clerk and soon the old business went on under a new name. Her husband, a very animated but paste-board creature, died, before she had attained to middle age, however, and upon her then developed the affairs of the shop, which she conducted with ability and due success.

Meantime her younger sister Sophia, whose departure from school had synchronized with vague longings for escape from her narrow surroundings, had eloped with a dapper little commercial traveller from one of their wholesale depots. This man a blood relative of a merchant prince developing quickly into a spendthrift

squandered his little patrimony with her in Paris, then he neglected her. Sophia, who had soon perceived her grave error in eloping with him, after a while deserted the little sot. Not for a moment did she contemplate returning to England, her pride forbade that; rather she sought a means of livelihood. To live virtuously and not starve, she kept a small boarding house. In this venture by her foresight in purchasing supplies before the seige of Paris, she reaped a rich harvest from her boarders and these gains she invested in a larger *pension*. The *pension* prospered and for many years she continued enlarging and improving it while it laid its spell upon her and her very life was bound up in its successful management.

Then came discovery. She was accidentally identified by an English visitor in touch with her old home town. A letter from Constance followed, and as a result after a separation of thirty years the sisters were united once again. Constance had asked her to come to her, and Sophia, wearied perhaps by the excellent monotony of her *pension*, had sold out and had become free to live in England if she chose. For awhile the two sisters lived tranquilly enough together, though their lives had run in such different channels that their mutual company almost became a mutual burden.

Then Constance died and Sophia was left alone for a little time but she did not long survive her sister. She died from a nervous shock due to having been called upon to identify her almost forgotten husband, whose worthless life was ended by exposures incident to vagrancy.

This, in bald outline, is the story Mr. Bennett tells. The plot is simplicity itself and clearly it is not broad invention that gives the book reputation. The qualities which lift the book quite above the average are vividness comprehension of characters and irony made effective

by down-right cleverness of a cold posing cast. These excellencies the book has, though it is neither a sympathetic study of character nor does it present fine sketches of life.

The Old Wives' Tale is vivid, so vivid, that the intensity of expression is almost painful. The author knows well his ground. He turns a powerful search-light upon the most sordid side of a little English manufacturing town. There it lies open and exposed under the glare of a white light. Every angularity of its ugly buildings stands out; every narrow unreasoning prejudice of its insular inhabitants lies revealed. There is not a hint of "sweetness and light." Gentle and educated folk may live there but none come within the ken of the writer. All is solemn philistinism with scarcely its admirable virtues.

When Paris becomes the background as we follow Sophia's career, Paris is presented in the same way. The gay beautiful city is scarcely suggested for the story lies, as we have hinted, in the anxious period just preceding and during the siege of Paris. One vivid scene there is—the celebration of a reported victory over the Germans. But, our author relates, as we read on, all the city's mercurial enthusiasm over the victory is wasted for later advices show the report to have been false.

For the most part we learn a little about the Paris of the toilers, of the newspaper hack, of the green grocer. We skirt the borders of the demi-monde. We see in a manner how all these live, and all seem to dwell in a very narrow, humdrum futile world.

Thus both pictures are painted with the same brush. They are hard and vivid enough but they are lacking in relief. They have not the fine shadings of life: they are too uniformly cold. Mr. Bennett never dwells on pleasant scenes. He passes them by silently while he elaborates the grey and the ironic. For our part we cannot

believe the world is all gloom. Indeed we know it is not. Anyone who portrays it as such, we think, surely sees it in warped perspective. Mr. Bennett's artistic message is therefore not to be received as a true vision of reality for he fails, unlike the great writers, to present a complete view of life. He has their technique but not their clarity and truth.

True, his characters stand out sharp and definite. His touch is sure. He writes of Sophia and Constance and Mr. Povey, with complete comprehension. Too complete, we say, for his reach has not been beyond his grasp. There is nothing left to tempt a reader to go over the book, pondering them a second time. All is blatantly clear at one perusal. Yet while he knows his characters in this fashion there is no genial forgiving, effacing sympathy between him and them. He suggests in method a vivisectionist who coldly and cynically notes one tremor after another as he cuts his subject to pieces. For Mr. Bennett holds himself quite aloof, he is not at all personally interested. Indeed, he most unconcernedly studies intently their mental states, and sardonically reports the details.

There is none of Dickens' generous feeling for the fallen, none of Thackeray's warm regrets over their failings. Sometimes there is a dry sneer, scarcely a sneer but something that shades off into bored disdain and a passing shrug.

The irony in the book is everywhere. You cannot escape it. It is partly this ironical view of life which makes 'The Old Wives' Tale' so depressing a thing to have read. Keats in his Ode to Melancholy, finds the source of melancholy in the reflection that beauty must fade and pass away. That is what Arnold Bennett is concerned in showing. But there is none of that passionate poignancy of grief that the poet felt over Beauty's eclipse.

Mr. Bennett apparently sees it as just part and parcel of an old insensate world, to be met with somehow and bowed to as in the nature of things. The old wives who go under the sod with little ado after years of labor and sorrow, were once fresh and wholesome girls. That is the story of life. That is the way of mortality. We stand with bright hopes at life's doorway, fair seems the vista. We pass onward and enter into its possession and are shaped and flawed by it and having lived pass out again. That is absolutely all. There is no hint of immortality, nothing of the soul being perfected and voyaging forth to be lost in the light. Of Constance, whose life was so commonplace and dully prosperous as well as of Sophia, who had ventured far from the quiet moorings of her old home, there is the same conclusion. The chapter headings, Mr. Bennett chooses tritely sets that forth: "End of Constance," "End of Sophia."

Yet the book is very clever, in its planning it is a marvel of selection and restraint. Years are skipped over lightly where a less skilful draughtsman would have overfilled his drawing to portray their history. There are few striking incidents. In the main he leaves his characters to be moulded by the silent operancy of time. But what he does focus his attention upon is handled with the greatest care. There is no impetuous sketching, line upon line the scene or incident is sedulously, meticulously worked up,

While the narrative is never labored, it is always precise. At times this preciseness grows almost wearisome, despite his deftness we wish he would hurry on. But he does not and in the end his pictures etch themselves forever on the mind. In getting this result his irony adds tartness to the quieter scene and holds the reader to the page when he would otherwise "go the shortest way across country" to get the gist of the tale.

Mr. Bennett's book will provoke sober thought, may give intellectual divertisement and win aesthetic admiration but it is lacking in that sweetness and mellowness that would make it part of "human nature's daily food."

—D. A. M.

IN NOVEMBER.

The hills and leafless forests slowly yield
To the thick-driving snow. A little while
And night shall darken down. In shouting file
'The woodmen's carts go by me homeward-
wheeled,

Past the thin fading stubbles, half concealed,
Now golden-gray, sowed softly through with
snow,

Where the last plowman follows still his row
Turning black furrows through the whitening
field.

Far off the village lamps begin to gleam.
Fast drives the snow and no man comes this way;
The hills grow wintry white, and bleak winds
moan,

About the naked uplands. I alone
Am neither sad, nor shelterless, nor gray,
Wrapped round with thought, content to watch
and dream.

—Lampman.

Brandon College Quill,

FOUR NUMBERS A YEAR

AUTUMN NUMBER.

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VOL. II

NOVEMBER

No. 1

Editorial Notes

Three numbers of the Quill were published last year. the second year of its existence we hope to publish four. The next issue will be published at Christmas, and the other two later, at Easter and the end of the school year. The new staff under whose direction this has been prepared solicit the cordial co-operation of the student body in making the Quill a fit reflection of student life and action at Brandon College.

To NEW STUDENTS—The Quill heartily welcomes you to Brandon College. We hope that you will feel that fortune has done well by you in turning your footsteps thither. In coming to a college centre you come to a world "distinct and sequestered" which pretty much lives its own life and enjoys its own society. This society you will find, has its own scale of values and what you have done or been elsewhere, will make little difference here. You will have to make your way anew. Fortunately the open sesame to real esteem is not

something set on higher accessible only to the few. It is to be had by all who covet it. It is in brief simply faithful work at your chosen studies and generous co-operation with your fellow students in the activities of college life. Indeed you will find a career of ease and indolence presents grave difficulties in Brandon College. No student here who has neglected his studies has held the high regard of the student body, nor on the other hand has any student fared much better by thinking only of his books. Brandon College has its full share of student activity. In athletics and on the literary and religious sides there are healthy organizations. these if you have not done so find your niche. You will be made welcome and in assisting to make the general college life more enjoyable and helpful you will find you have enriched and added enjoyment to your own. Welcome.

College Gossip.

“Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing.”

—Merchant of Venice

The year '11-'12 is now a little better than a month old and much progress has been made along the line of College activity. The vacant places in the various societies have been filled and there are many evidences which give promise of a successful year. It is true that the attendance this year so far falls a little below that of last but this is easily accounted for and should cause no anxiety. Dr. McKee feels sure that by November the leeway will be made up. “If it doesn't rain.” A gratifying feature, however, is found in the fact that the Arts class is larger this year than ever before.

The Quill staff has not escaped the ravages of vacation, and some of its members, who expected to be on duty, find it an impossibility. The business manager elect R Speers is among this group, and E. H. Clarke '12, has again been pressed into service. Though we are sorry Mr Speers cannot be with us yet we feel that the Business end of our paper is in good hands and we enter the new year with a feeling of confidence that one enterprise will again be financially safe.

R. Ferrier '12 for Osborne is a change made necessary by the absence of Osborne. Rus. is qualified to speak upon athletic

matters and his work during the past summer on the "Sun" should stand him in good stead and help along the "Quill"

We have been equally fortunate in the matter of reporters for Miss Leech, '12, Miss McCamis, '13, R. Lang, Matric. and F. Freer, '15, constitute an exceptionally strong reportorial staff.

We welcome Miss M. C. Davison to our midst as Matron. She, like her predecessor is a graduate of the McDonald Institute of Domestic Science, Guelph. Miss Rutherford has accepted a position in Simmons College, Boston.

Mr. Walker of last years faculty is now Principal of the Business department of Regina College. We wish him success in his new position. Mr. Beech, a graduate of Queen's University, has already shown that he will be an efficient successor to Mr. Walker, while Mr. Affleck, of McMaster's '10 class is proving a popular and successful addition to the faculty.

By the courteous manner in which he transacts his business, C. W. Jackson, the new bursar is making himself quite popular. A bursar's position is never a sinecure and is often very trying. Brandon College is to be congratulated in securing a man of Mr. Jackson's calibre for this position.

THINGS TO ADMIRE. New students are at a loss to know what to admire and what to pass by quietly. They do not care to appear too green on their arrival. The Quill appreciates this feeling and so offer a few safe tips. Below are appended names of a few of the things it is always considered good form to express delight over. It might also be said they are placed in order of inferiority in order to come up to a fitting climax.

1. The Senior Arts Class in toto
2. Phillpotts Auto-Cycle.
3. The Clark Hall line.
4. Sam Potter's smile.
5. Tom Harris's chest expansion.
6. The clay tennis courts
7. Sinclair's facetiousness in Hebrew.
8. The Chapel Choir.
9. Harris McKee's gallantry.
10. Scotty Gordon's collecting ability.

On Sept. 21st, in the College Chapel, our popular and genial

Mr. A. E. Wood was married to Miss Lucy Ramsden, of Sheldon, England. The ceremony was performed by Rev. W. E. Matthews while the bride was given away by Rev. C. W. Jackson. The Quill extends to Mr. and Mrs. Wood their best wishes for a happy future.

We are sorry to lose Prof. Fox from the College faculty but heartily congratulate him upon his appointment to a position at Princeton University.

To New Students, some fit in, others butt in Fit in and things run smoothly, butt in and they always jar.

—SOLOMON II.

In electing Messrs. Kilfoyl, Green, and Wilson, as members of the Students' committee the students have placed at their head an exceeding strong combination. It is already making its presence felt in more than one direction. The students will be in a still fuller measure self-governing than they have ever been before. Remember boys if we want liberty we must show that we appreciate it by using it in the right way. Let us stand behind our new committee and give them all possible help.

THE COLLEGE OPENING—On Friday evening, Oct 13th. the formal opening of the College was held. A large company of students and friends gathered in the Baptist Church. Miss Forrester played with her usual brilliancy and expression while Miss Finlay also delighted the audience with her rendering of "Show me thy way O Lord." Dr. McKee, gave a brief yet comprehensive report of the College work. The feature of the evening was the masterly address of Dr. McDiarmid on the subject "Education and Citizenship." The singing of "Pale in the Amber West," by the College Male Chorus, brought a very successful evening to a close.

BALLAD OF THE "RACE-TRACK"

(With apologies to Byron.)

There was a a sound of revelry by night
 And all the "Race-track" girls had gathered there
 Its beauty and its braininess tho' dim
 The taper shone over arms and shoulders fair
 Two dozen hearts beat happily, and when
 The coffee came with its voluptuous smell
 Red lips smacked love to cups which smacked again
 But all went merry as the rising bell
 But hark ! a dull sound strikes like a far off yell

Did ye not hear it, no, it was but a snore
 Or Ernie in the basement turning on the heat
 In with the buns, pass round the jug once more
 No sleep till morn when every girl must meet
 To bend with aching grace and touch her Trilby feet
 Oh punk ! that heavy sound breaks in once more
 As if the boards in echo would resqueak
 And nearer, nearer, heavier than before
 Fly. Fly, it is, it was the teacher's opening door
 Within a cubby hole of that high hall
 A music "special" crawled in sudden haste, she did
 hear
 That sound the first amid the festival
 And caught its tone with true prophetic ear
 And when they smiled because she deemed it near
 Her heart more truly knew that sound too well
 Which called her often to confession drear
 And roused the vengeance learning hymns alone
 could quell
 She rushed into the hole and foremost hiding fell.
 Ah ! then there was a flitting to and fro
 And gathering cups and tremblings of distress
 And buns all stale which but three hours ago
 Went to the oven in their doughy loveliness
 And there were sudden partings such as press
 The life from out young hearts, and smothered cries
 Which dare not be repeated, who could guess
 If ever more should meet those frightened eyes
 Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise.
 Last midnight saw them full of hungry zest
 Last night at secret bun feeds slyly gay
 The morning found them blandly unconfessed
 The day to direful sentences and dismay
 On Friday night they learned them many a hymn
 While others at the lit in bright array
 Thought not of them nor of their labour grim
 Or laughed aloud with mirth filled to the brim.

Mr. W. C. McKee, who has been teaching school near Kipling, Sask. during the past summer has decided to attend normal at Calgary this winter before finishing his Arts course.

We beg to call the attention of the students to the advertisements which appear in the pages of our paper. We hardly need ask you to patronize those who patronize us.

DEBATING SOCIETY—The first debate of the season was held on Friday October, 20th, bringing to a close the contests of field-day. The subject on the occasion was resolved that "Co-education is detrimental to the best development of the student." Messrs. H. C. Harris, Theol. and H. Wilson, upheld the affirmative while Messrs. S. W. Potter, '12 and H. Kilfoyl, '12 spoke on the negative side of the question. The debate was not up to the usual standard of debates in Brandon College. At the close of the evening it was announced that the affirmative had been successfully upheld.

BRANDON COLLEGE FIRE BRIGADE—And it came to pass on the evening of the 13th day of the 2nd month of the College year that certain girls went down from Clark Hall to the College Laundry, and seeing fire in the kitchen they were sore afraid and rushed out and cried saying Fire! Fire!! Straightway there was a rush of mighty feet as down the stairs there swept the college host. The fire was soon extinguished and the College saved.

On the 2nd day following the students gathered themselves together in one place with one accord. Then up rose the Resident Master and said, "In-as-much as we have been visited by a light affliction, let us band ourselves together lest a worse evil befall us. Therefore choose ye out from among yourselves leaders whom ye will follow in time of fire." But the Students murmured saying, "We have a committee, let them choose out our leaders for us and let them say who shall lead in case of fire." Then the Resident Master said, "Be it done unto you as you will."

On the 2nd. day following the students were again gathered together in one place. Then up rose Kilfoyl, the son of his father, of the tribe of Senior Arts, the leader of the students, and lifted up his voice and said, "Ye students of Brandon College hear ye this day what the committee have decided. We have annointed Green, the son of Green, of the tribe of Theology to lead us in the time of fire." But Brough murmured against him with a mighty murmuring saying, "How can this thing be, if the fire fell on the top floor Green would not be round." But the students cried out with a loud voice, "Green is always round." But Brough only murmured saying "Punk" which being interpreted is "How horrid." But the students cried out the more, "Green is always round, Green is always round"

And so it came to pass that Green was annointed chief over all the Fire Brigade Wilson, of the tribe of Matrics. was annointed chief over the inhabitants of the top flat, and Clarke of the tribe of Senior Arts to be chief over the dwellers of the second flat.

And many others did they appoint but ye cannot *bare* them now.

Soliloquy of Knox as he sits on the steps before fast closed doors at 3 a.m., after coming from Broadview.

To be or not to be ? that is the question
 Whether it is nobler in the end to suffer
 The lonely misery of great misfortune
 Or to rise up against this weary vigil
 And by the fire escape end it. To spring.
 To climb, to crawl in through the window
 And by that means to gain my room and bed.
 'Twere a consumation devoutly to be wished
 Crawl in by the window, ay there's the rub.
 For if I be discovered what results may come
 Must give me pause ; there's the fear
 That makes calamity of so long a climb.
 But could results be worse than freezing here:
 Censure and a blasted reputation
 A stinging conscience and lost innocence.
 Thus conscience doth make cowards of us all
 And makes me rather shiver on the steps
 Than gain my bed without my reputation.

Dr. and Mrs. MacNeill have the sympathy of the whole college in the death of Dr. MacNeill's mother, Mrs. Amando MacNeill, relict of the late Donald MacNeill, which occurred at Vancouver, October 19th.

WHERE SOME STUDENTS SPENT THE SUMMER—E. H. Clarke '12 travelling through the West as Western Superintendent of the Reading Camp Association.

Russell Ferrier, '12, writing "dope" for the Brandon Sun.

Potter and Kilfoyl '12 trading in the sorrows of the departed by selling tombstones.

Reginald Edwards, Theo., selling hobble skirts to the Indians in his brother's store at Ponoka.

J. W. Dempsey, '12 working for the Reading Camp Association near Calgary.

Finlay McKinnon, Theo. preaching reciprocity to Dr. Schaffner at Boissevain.

J. R. Evans, '13, and J. Robertson, '13, playing football at Asquith and teaching school in their spare moments.

Archibald Gordon, '13, Elgin Brough, Theo. Robert Harvey, '13 H. F. Widen, Matic, Ole Johnson, Matic.. preaching in Alberta.

W. E. Wilkin, '13 carrying on agricultural operations in the Saskatchewan banana belt.

Mr. Murphy, acting as pastor to St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Brandon.

John Sinclair shedding the mellow radiance of his theological eloquence over Westbourne plains.

James Jordan. inflicting his homiletics in the Baptist Church at Virden. Philip P. Duncan doing likewise on the Presbyterian brethren at Crandall.

J. R. McKay, '14, James Moffat, '14, A. Rutherford, '15, W Rathwell, '15, and a host of others cultivating the paternal acres

A. Radley, sky pilot at Conquest.

E. H. Vincent, ditto at Otterbourne, Harris McKee, and J. Sleight, helping shortsighted old ladies off trains on the C. P. R. between Brandon and Moose Jaw.

WHERE THE FACULTY SPENT THE SUMMER—Drs. McDiarmid, Mode, and Prof. P. G. Mode in Brandon, Dr. McKee, Vancouver, Dr. MacNeill at Chicago, Dr. Vining at the Coast, Prof. MacGibbon at Verigan, Sask., Prof. Wright at Stoney Creek, N.B., Prof. Durkin at Astoria, Oregon, Prof. Ruttan at Arden, Prof. Lundkvist in Swedish Church visitation work in the West.

Athletics.

R. FERRIER, '12.

"Let us to football"

In spite of the cold weather, the College Field Day, held Friday, October 20th. was a most decided success. The Athletic Association decided that this year should see the meet on our own grounds and to this end a quarter mile cinder track was prepared. On the afternoon of the Field Day the students of every class turned out "en

masse" ready to cheer on the representatives of each division and if noise and enthusiasm has ought to do with the success of a meet this year's field day was a record breaker.

The Athletic Executive ably headed by Prof. G. H. Ruttan, had a strenuous time in dividing the College into divisions so the competition should be keen and at the same time that class spirit should be preserved; for these two elements largely go to make an affair of this kind a success. The executive did more than well, for throughout the whole meet, competition was keen and class spirit strong. Their division was as follows:—Senior Arts, Junior Arts, Theology Academic and Commercial. This classification was successful in that not only was new athletic ability shown, but that it also gave an opportunity to the older athletics to compete against each other and noteworthy performances were the order of the day.

Many speculations had been made as to the probable individual champion this year and as the events for each man were limited to five, this particular form of the contest was close. By his phenomenal running in the five races, from the 100 yards to the mile, Jim Robinson, '13 captured the much coveted honor with 25 points. In each event Jim was first and his clever running in all of these races mark him as one of the best runners Brandon College has ever had. His performance in the mile open was particularly noteworthy, and the victory by inches only over J. Wirth, the fast Y. M. C. A. miler made Jim the hero of the day. In the other running events the individual champion had in Herbert, of the Junior Arts the closest contestant. Herbert secured the second place in the 100, 220, and 440 yards races, netting him nine points, and tying with Jack Evans, '13 for the bronze medal emblematic of third place in the individual championship. Evans secured his points by winning the one mile walk in good style, securing second in the shot put, and third in the running broad jump.

Many of the students were looking to Fred Freer, '15, to secure the individual championship but "Tricky" was content with fourteen points from the four events in which he was a contestants.

His best performance was the running broad jump in which he broke the College record by nearly a foot.

In the shot put, Freer although not of the stature of his opponents hurled the heavy lead the farthest in fine form.

In the standing broad jump and the high jump in which many had already conceded him first place "Tricky" only secured second place, being beaten by Larson, of the Academic and his own class-

mate Ruthertord in these events respectively. Freer, however, as second in the individual championship, captures the silver medal presented by the Athletic Association. He will be a man to reckon with next year for premier honors.

The open relay race was won for the third year in succession by the Y. M. C. A. This year they had entered two teams, each of which defeated the quartette of runners which represented the College. The Inter-class tug-of-war competition resulted in some good fun. The Academic team somewhat easily pulled away from the Senior Arts seven heavy brows and again in the second heat they defeated the wit and wisdom of Junior Arts, thus capturing the first place. In the pull off for the second place the Seniors were again out-classed by their younger opponents, the Junior Arts.

A noteworthy feature of the Field Day was the victory of the Commercial ladies in both the events open to the students of that sex. In the potato relay race they won handily by several yards while in the nail driving contest they had the Senior Arts girls, their next opponents, beaten by half a dozen seconds.

As each event was pulled off and won, those interested were busily figuring out the standing of the respective classes in the aggregate. Here again was the wisdom of the executive division shown for not until that last two events were the two leading classes, the Senior and Junior Arts, more than four or five points apart, while the Academic division was at all times a good third.

The final result was a victory for the Senior Arts classes with a total of fifty-six points. To this sum, Robinson, Evans, Harvey, Clarke and Kilfoyl, were the chief contributors. The Junior Arts classes with 46½ points came a close second, Freer, Herbert, Ruthertord, Robinson and Hughes, being the athletics who got together this sum.

The younger students, the Academics were third with thirty-one points and in sportsmanlike manner competed in nearly all the events. McFadyen, Larson, Owens, Adams, and Wood, were their representatives and these men acquitted themselves most creditably against their older and more experienced opponents. The Commercial department secured ten points, won by the gentler sex of that division as detailed before.

The last of the five divisions, the Theological department decided that their athletic ability was not for the public gaze and contented themselves with allowing McKinnon to represent them in the pole vault. In his day the old warhorse would not have been

content with anything but first, but his younger opponents shut him out of the money, and his department had to be content to hold down the cellar position with a grand total of no points.

The day was a big success much of which was due to the untiring efforts of Prof. Ruttan, president of the association and J. R. Evans, '13, chairman of the field day committee.

We hope that Brandon College may always have such a keenly contested meet and such splendid enthusiasm as has been shown at our Field Day this year.

FOOTBALL—Has scarcely gotten started yet, but the prospects are that Brandon College will have a team equally strong with last year. In goal, McKay, '14, has already proven his ability and Wood, Matric, is proving an exceptionally strong runner up. In full back division, Rathwell is back for arts. The half line will be a shade stronger than last year. Evans and Robinson have improved wonderfully and Freer will undoubtedly hold down Watson's position at right. The most serious loss is Burns on the right wing, but there is a good bit of likely material in the school and the place has not been "cinched" by any one yet.

TENNIS—The Association has put down two clay courts with good backstops, but unfortunately the rainy fall and insufficient drainage has not permitted their use this year. Meanwhile the old dirt court near the rink, has been steadily used by as many as it could accommodate.

Clark Hall.

MARGARET BULLOCH, '12.

Sound sleep by night ; study and ease,
 Together mixt ; sweet recreation
 And innocence, which most does please,
 With meditation.—POPE

We are back in harness at last. Five months of pleasure and ease have made us rather reluctant to resume our wonted tasks.

With this issue of The Quill, a new staff takes up the work of this department. Our honored predecessor has indeed set a high standard. It shall be our endeavor to follow in her footsteps. We shall aim to mirror in these columns, the life and spirit of our col-

lege. To do so successfully, we desire the co-operation of all our readers and shall gladly receive any news items of school interest.

This year we miss several familiar faces from our halls. Among those whose absence we regret is Miss Carolyn de Mille. The many talents and enthusiastic spirit of Miss de Mille enriched and enlivened our college life. Miss Francis Whitman, especially prominent in music, has left us and is resuming the study of music under Sokoloff of Winnipeg. Our good wishes follow all those who have gone out from Clark Hall and entered other spheres of life.

We are pleased to state, however, that the family circle is again complete. Initiations were performed in a truly orthodox fashion and prospects are that this year's school will be the largest in our history.

Some changes have taken place in the Hall. The practise apartments are now in an addition to the building directly in the rear of Clark Hall where music students can make all the noise they wish without disturbing the household. Mr. Wright, music director, has a brighter and more spacious studio. A "brother's" reception room has been established at the end of the first corridor which meets "a long felt need." A large double door has been cut in the West wall of reception room, the utility of which will be in evidence at our social functions.

CLARK HALL LITERARY SOCIETY—As yet our Lit. is hardly in running order. At the first meeting it was necessary to fill several offices. Leslie Ward, '13 was elected to the position of vice-president, Julia Ovens, Academic, Muriel McCamis, '13, Edna McDiarmid, '15, Margaret Bulloch, '12, were appointed to preside over the athletic, social, decoration and reception committees, respectively. With such a splendid reinforcement to the executive we hope to make the Clark Hall Literary Society a still more influential organization.

Miss Whiteside has renewed her offer of prizes for an oratorical contest. This the society hope to be in a position to accept this year

Y. W. C. A. — At the first meeting of the Y. W. C. A. in the present term, it was found that two offices were vacant, owing to the fact that our treasurer and convener of the membership committee had not returned. Nominations for these positions were received and the elections resulted in Gertrude Busby, Business, becoming our new treasurer and Maud McTaggart, Academic, convener of the membership committee.

Since then we have held regular mid-week meetings, having

been addressed by Miss Peacock, of the city Y. W. C. A. and by Miss Stevenson, Corresponding Secretary of the world's Y. W. C. A.

The study of Dr. Mott's book, "The Decisive Hour of Christian Missions" begun late in the spring term last year, is being carried on. The Y. W. C. A. is planning to have visits from several returned missionaries during the coming winter and is looking forward to a most successful and beneficial year in this department of College life.

ATHLETICS—In Clark Hall, athletics are flourishing more vig-



Caught with the Kodak: Some Clark Hall Girls at the Fair Grounds.

rously than ever. The beautiful fall season has given many opportunities that were lacking in previous years. With such velvet lawns the girls have found croquet a pleasant pastime and are becoming expert players. The money spent last year on tennis courts has proved to be a wise investment and this year we have a clay court besides our two turf courts. The clay court was found well besprinkled with weeds on our return in September, but a few girls with hoes soon caused them to disappear. The courts are in readiness for a tournament which is now being planned.

Great enthusiasm is shown in basket ball Mr. McLaren, physical

director of the City schools, has kindly come up a few times to give instructions and advice. Under the energetic leadership of Julia Ovens, Ac' and Adelaide Anderson, '15 the girls have been formed into teams and have engaged in a number of friendly games.

THE LAMENT OF THE CLOCK

(With humble apologies to H. W. Longfellow.)

Somewhat close to the Avenue
 Lorne Lodge casts its shadow true.
 'Gainst the shadow, where they grow
 Tall maple trees their shadows throw,
 And from its queer shelf in the hall,
 A trusty time-piece says to all,—
 They're gone—alack !
 They'll never come back !

Just beside the stairs it stands,
 And counts the drip of Time's golden sands ;
 Gives warning to passers to and fro
 Just as it used to long ago ;
 But now it moans and sighs, alas !
 With doleful voice to all who pass,—
 They're gone—alack !
 They'll never come back !

In that mansion used to be
 Light-hearted maidens, all care free,
 Who met around its breakfast board,
 Then hurried to school, grave knowledge to hoard,
 But all returned with the settingsun,
 And the old clock's story then did run,—
 They're back—tick, tack !
 They're back—They're back !

Under the spell of the evening light
 They tell each other their fancies bright
 Leslie's mind to poetry turns
 Would anybody guess that her choice is Burns ?
 Muriel's mind is so "Harrissed" by doubt
 She never can tell how it's going to turn out :
 But they're gone—alack !
 They'll never be back !

There's a couple of Gunn's and a Campbell too,
 With another Campbell who came to sue
 For the pleasure of walk, or skate, or drive,
 And for the honor with Speers did strive,
 Fair Margaret broods, and I know full well,
 She's made her choice but will not tell ;—

‘But they’re gone—alack !

They’ll never come back !

Studies call them back to earth,
 So up the stairs with chatter and mirth
 They wend their way, as the door bell rings,
 And back to the bannister each head brings ;
 And the old clock croaks, as the warder grim
 Opens the portal unto him,—

“He’s back—alack !

Alack ! he’s back !”

Down stept sweet Elizabeth from her tower,
 To greet the Prof. in the Ladies’ Bower,
 So sweet and gracious did she seem
 His black moods all took wing. I ween ;
 Yet still at its vigil in the hall

The grim old clock aloud did call,—

‘Go back—go back !

Alack—go back !

All are scattered now and fled,
 Some to be married but none are dead ;
 And the old clock moans and groans in pain,
 As I ask ‘When shall all meet again ?
 And, as in days long since gone by,
 It still repeats its ancient cry,—

They’re gone—alack !

Thy’ll never come back !

—(Anonymous)

SUMMER STUNTS—Marjory Buck, ’14, quitted us early in April to take up her duties as school-mistress south of Brandon, where she quite successtully led the children along the hickory paths of knowledge.

Gladys Morris, ’14, spent a pleasant summer at the coast.

Another of our number to visit the West this summer was Grace Little, ’12, who gives a glowing account of her “all too short” so-

jour in Red Deer and Wetaskiwin.

Evelyn Simpson, '13, expended her energies in the capacity of school marm at the village school at Woodside.

Two of our girls, Jessie Purdon, '13, and Whilemina Speers, '13, secured country schools in the vicinity of Grenfell, Sask. Owing to ill health, however, Miss Purdon resigned and has not been able to return to college—Miss Speers, continued her good work until October 1st. Incidentally we might remark that there were a lot of bachelor homesteaders in the neighborhood of Wila's school.

After a hard year's work in the music department, Miss Esther Moore enjoyed a short trip to Banff, and a well earned rest at her home in Oils. Here's luck to your senior music, Esther!

For grandeur of achievement, however, none of us can aspire to the heights of glory reached by Margaret Strang, '13, who for three whole days occupied the chair of Mathematics in the Virden Collegiate.

Miss Evans and Miss L. K. Anderson, together visited in British Columbia. Miss Whiteside spent a restful summer in Toronto and on the Gatinau.

The absence of Miss Hancock causes a feeling of deep regret in Clark Hall where she was always ready to help the girls both by precept and example. We wish her the greatest success in her studies in Europe and look forward to the time when she returns to us.

Miss Hettle was a welcome visitor in Clark Hall two weeks ago. It is pleasant to know that the old girls do not forget their Alma Mater.

Clark Hall was honored by having a week end visit from His Honor, Lieutenant Governor Bulyea of Alberta, and Mrs Bulyea who spent Sunday, October 14th, with Miss Whiteside.

Miss Masse spent part of the summer at her home at Marieville Que., and part at Sixteen Island Lake in the Laurentians. Here we understand she enjoyed lots of paddling, swimming, and fishing, and other things delightful to a learned young lady.

Miss Rutherford, for two years our able house-keeper is now assistant superintendent at Simmons College a domestic science school at Boston.

The other members of the Clark Hall faculty spent their holidays at their homes, Miss Findlay and Miss Trotter, at Toronto, Miss Forrester, at Emerson, and Miss Patton, at Diamond, Ont.

Vera Leech, '12, was another of the Brandon College girls to go teaching and she says she had a most tragic experience. Her school

was at Radison, Sask., and she was five miles from a Post Office or a Church. We understand the cause of religion did not suffer for the minister took her out driving but the lack of post office facilities was not so easily remedied and was such that after teaching a month and a half Vera relinquished the post.

The following marriage announcements received during the summer, will be of interest to many in the College:—Minnie Bertha Wedin, to Mr Laun Albertus Saunders Tuesday, Sept 12 at Midale, Sask. Letty Morrison Mauzer, to Mr Harold Raymond Roach, Monday, Aug. 21st at Maple Creek, Sask. Florence Melita Graham to Mr. William Creighton, M.D. Saturday June 24th at Melita, Man. Mr. and Mrs. Roach are living at Langdon, Alta., where Mr. Roach is manager of the Union Bank of Canada. Dr. and Mrs. Creighton, are spending some months on the Continent.



Alumni-Alumnaeque.

S. H. POTTER, '12, EDITOR.

“Upon the silent shores of Memory.”

Miss Elise Simonson, '10, owing to the ill health of her mother, has decided to remain at her home near Wetaskiwin during the coming winter. We are very sorry that Miss Simonson has been unable to return to the College.

Miss Carrie DeMille, is at her home in Calgary.

Mr. Donald Kennedy, who will be remembered by many, as an old time student of Brandon College, has taken up land in the Peace River district. His mother has accompanied him on his recent return from Scotland. “Don” has purchased a house in Edson, where his mother will reside while he performs the duties on his homestead. There is a warm spot for “Don” in the hearts of all his old acquaintances in Brandon College.

Miss Elsie Cambridge who has been a resident in Clark Hall for the past two years, is attending business college in Winnipeg.

Henry Erlandson, (“Nifty Boy”) will not be with us again this year. We understand that he has become engaged in the real estate business at Vancouver.

Miss Kathleen Hollies, formerly of Clark Hall is at present attending normal in Brandon.

Miss Olive Robertson, is attending St. Margaret's College, Toronto this winter.

Miss Kathleen Longworth, and Miss Irene Irwin, are attending Bishop Strachan College, Toronto.

Mr. Albert Cooper has gone to the McGill University, Montreal where he has commenced to study civil engineering

Mr. J. L. Campbell, after a vigorous summer of electioneering, vainly spent for the Grit party, has gone to Manitoba University where he is "taking" Medicine.

Mr. A. M. Hurst, is attending the Royal Dental College, at Toronto.

Norman Clarke is teaching school near Cadogan, Alta.

D. C. Kyle, '10, who had commenced the study of Law in Brandon, has moved to Saskatoon and will continue his studies in an office in that City.

Miss Jennie Grant, who attended Academic last year is in a law office in Saskatoon.

Messrs. Ora and Bert DeMille are in Vancouver.

General Middleton Grant is at present working on his farm near Saskatoon. We understand, however, that he contemplates beginning the study of Law in the course of a couple of months.

We surmise that presently a new and most eminent Law firm will be springing up in Saskatoon composed of Brandon College old boys. Just whether it will be Kyle, Hartie & Grant Grant, Kyle & Hartie; Hartie, Grant & Kyle, deponent saith not.

G. W. Mayse, has taken a missionary appointment at St. Peter's Indian Reserve, Gilolo,

Hugh Osborne is assisting his dad to publish the Fort Fraser Times. Readers of that estimable journal reports a marked improvement in the quality of the sporting news.

We take pleasure in announcing that the Rev. J. C. Bowen, one of our old time Theological students, has been appointed Pastor of Broadway Street Baptist Church, Winnipeg. Mr. Bowen will be remembered by the more recent students as the Field Agent of the

College. The pastorate to which he succeeds is that which was occupied by the Rev. P. G. Mode, for several years prior to his coming to Brandon College. His Church is in a flourishing, growing condition with a membership of about three hundred. We extend to Mr. Bowen, our heartiest good wishes for success.

Cecil Carrick '11, passed through the City a few weeks ago en route for Toronto, where he enters upon the study of Law at Osgoode Hall. Mr. Carrick has been engaged during the past summer in teaching near Deckerville in Southern Saskatchewan. He expressed himself as having enjoyed very keenly the rugged prairie life and intimated that the west might see him again. After spending a summer in such close communion with nature, we hope the sudden transition to the highly sophisticated shades of Osgoode Hall may not be too much for Cecil. At any rate we wish him every success.

YELLS!—To Mr and Mrs B. A. Tingley, Brandon, last July, a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Calhoun, of Rossland, B. C. a daughter.



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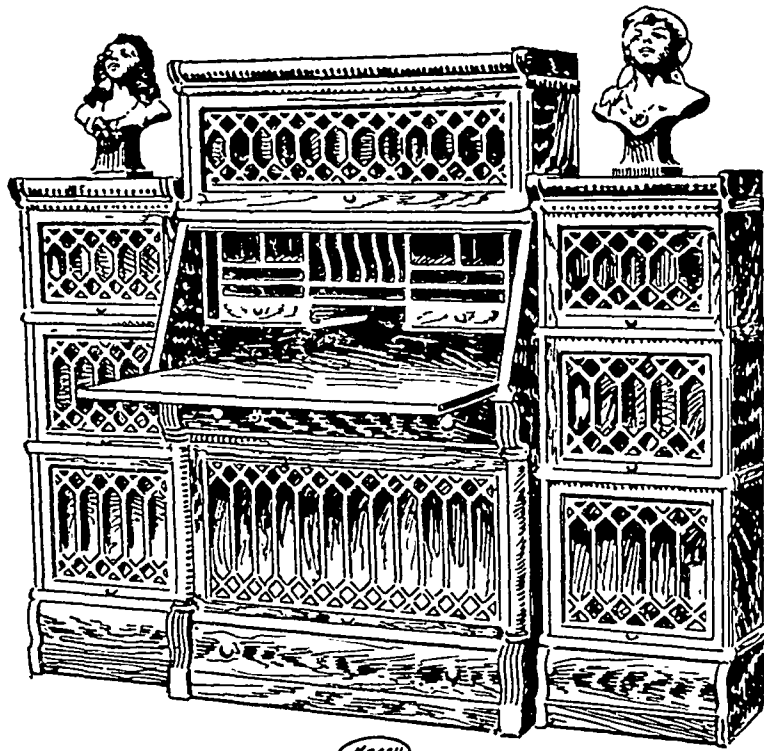
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