

**BRANDON
COLLEGE
QUILL. —**

**GRADUATION
NUMBER
1912**

Brandon College

Courses:

ARTS, THEOLOGY, MATRICULATION.
BUSINESS and STENOGRAPHY.
MUSIC and the FINE ARTS

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Imperial Bank of Canada

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Capital Paid Up	6,000,000.00
Reserve Fund	6,000,000.00
Total Assets	72,000,000.00

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Brandon

Brandon College Quill

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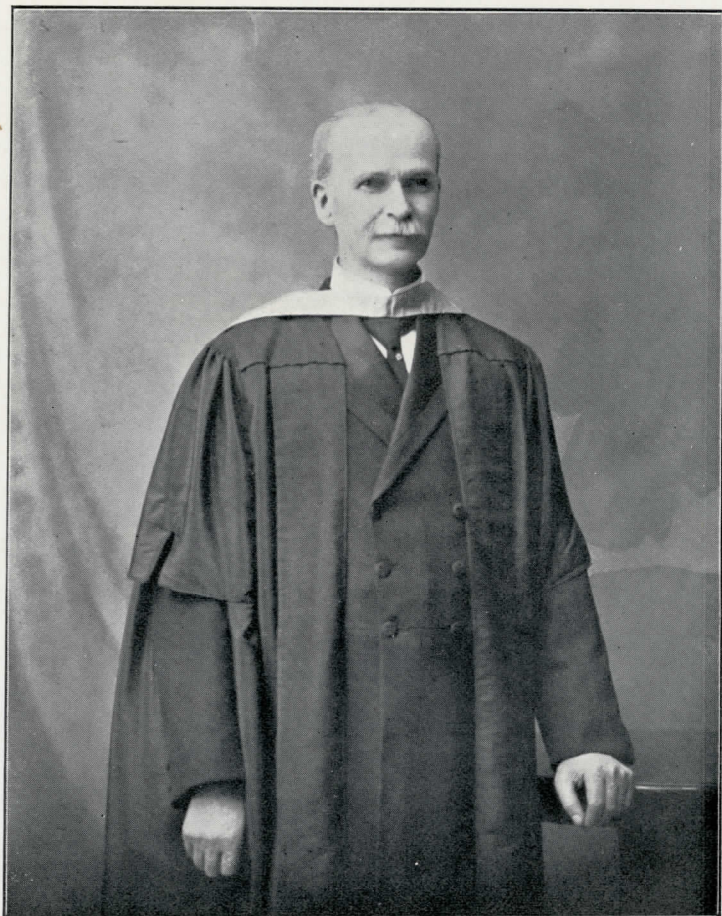
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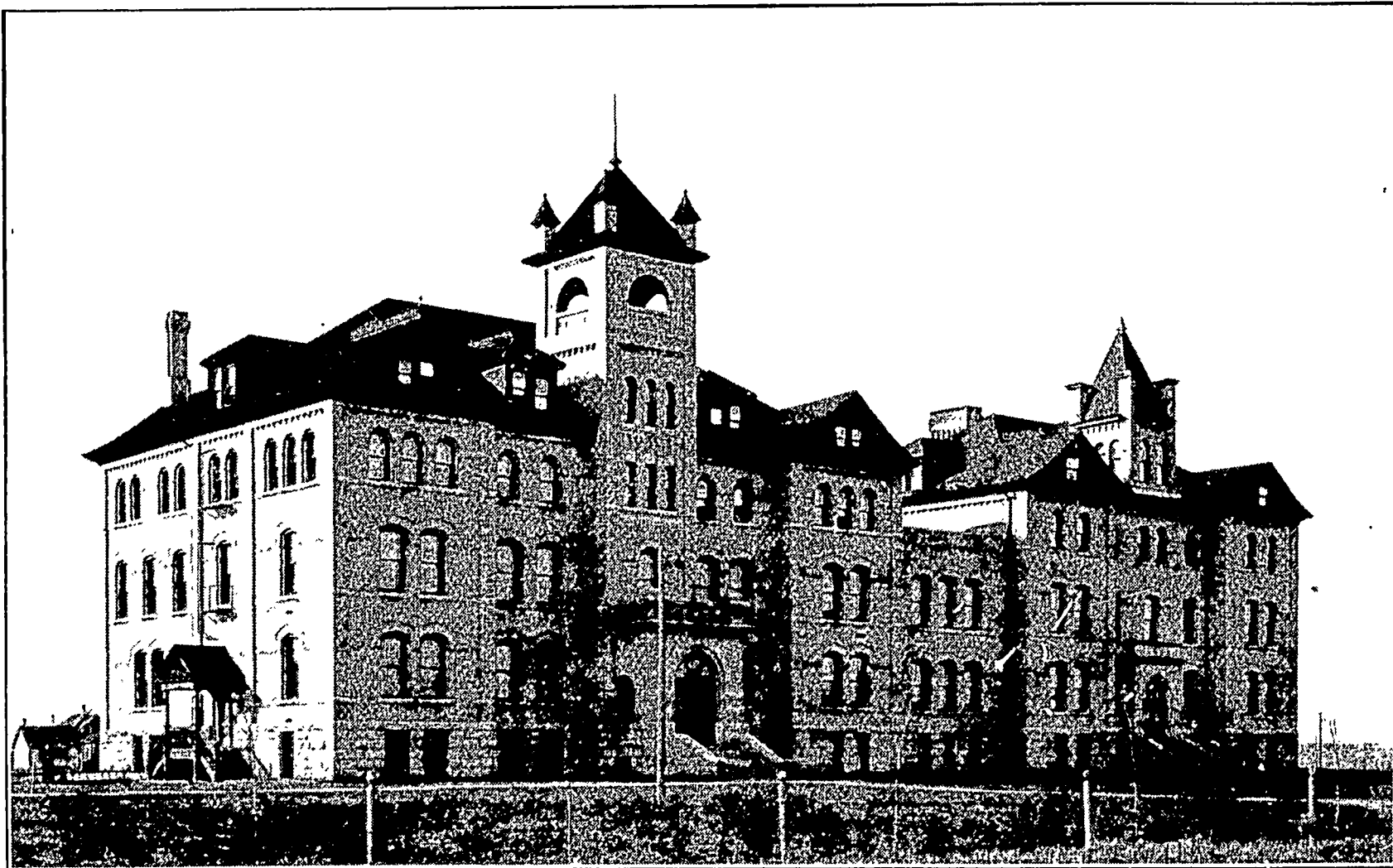
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A. P. McDiarmid.
President



BRANDON COLLEGE

GIVE US MEN!

“*Quit You Like Men.*”—Dr. McDiarmid’s Address to the Graduates.

Give us men!
 Men—from every rank,
 Fresh and free and frank;
 Men of thought and reading,
 Men of light and leading,
 Men of loyal breeding,
 The nation’s welfare speeding:
 Men of faith and not of fiction,
 Men of lofty aim and action;
 Give us men—I say again,
 Give us men!

Give us men!
 Men who, when the tempest gathers
 Grasp the standard of their fathers
 In the thickest fight.
 Men who strike for home and altar,
 (Let the coward cringe and falter),
 God defend the right!
 True as truth though lorn and lonely,
 Tender as the brave are only;
 Men who tread where saints have trod,
 Men for Country—Home—and God.
 Give us men—I say again—again—
 Give us men!

—*Bishop of Exeter.*



HISTORY OF CLASS '12.

How the memories crowd in upon the mind as one looks back over the years that have elapsed since the '12 class first came together as Freshmen! Some of the memories stand out clear and never-to-be-forgotten against the dim and chaotic mass that forms the background of the mental panorama—and all must be described, all family secrets revealed, all held up to the critical gaze of our predecessors and, what is infinitely worse, of our successors. A sad task, methinks!

The years of our college life have come and gone, and truly we can say that we have “sighed deep, laughed free, starved, feasted, despaired, been happy,” and what more could be desired? Some of the members of the class have, during the flight of time, put away childish things, while others apparently have entered the happy realm of second childhood. Some have forged bonds of eternal friendship with Socrates, Kant or Mill, while others have (O sad truth!) been robbed of all love for such fellow-mortals as Grimm and his kind. Such, unfortunately, is the way of the world. But, all things considered, with the lapse of time only the happy memories will survive.

There was a goodly number in that freshman's class, and some premonition of its future greatness must have been felt, for its members gathered not only from the Academic department of the College and the city Collegiate, but from far and wide. England, Ireland, Scotland, Nova Scotia and Ontario all sent their quota. In all, there were twenty of us—the largest

Arts class in the history of the College. Unfortunately, many of these were not able to complete the course, for various reasons. Medicine has claimed two or three victims, theology as many more, while several of the girls, craving more scope for their aesthetic talents, are now graduates in music or elocution.

Fortunately for the poor "freshies," there was an unusually small number of sophs. that year, so no very serious "hazing" could well be attempted, although those of year '12 who were unlucky enough to be in residence assert that they received the usual welcome.

On Field Day we made our first public appearance as collegians, and after establishing the honor of the class on the campus we adjourned until the following evening which, being Hallowe'en, was celebrated in proper fashion by a sheet and pillow-case masquerade. After the informality of this function, one could almost forget how "fresh" one was.

In January the sophomores decided to give us an object lesson in entertaining. Accordingly all were invited to the home of Cecil Carrick, where one of the most enjoyable evenings of the year was spent. The non-resident girls of our year promptly acted on the suggestion and entertained at a large but informal gathering, which was pronounced quite a success—for freshettes!

The boys' "at-home," later, was very delightful. To new girls it was simply marvellous that mere boys could achieve such things unaided. Later, when we knew them better, still the wonder grew.

Of course, the great event of the season to an Arts student was the banquet given to the graduates. That year it was held at Aagaard's Cafe (the scene of numerous revels since then!) and although this was something decidedly new to the members of '12, still, we flatter ourselves that we really managed to be as formal as anyone.

Exams, the baccalaureate sermon, and the collation given by the faculty brought an end to all freshman tribulations, and the class scattered for the summer in a kindly, forgiving spirit.

By October we found that our numbers had dwindled to ten, and where once we had been boastful of size, we now became more intensive in our pride and boasted of quality instead. Had we not just cause?

As freshmen we had adopted the class motto "Spectamur Agendo," and as freshmen we endeavored conscientiously to live up to the literal and customary interpretation; but when, later in our career, one of our star Latinists hit upon the brilliant translation "may we be spectacular in our actions," the class immediately saw the improvement and acted upon it. So with a few exceptions it will be wise to draw a veil over the doings

of class '12 in the sophomore period of its existence. During the year, in order to facilitate the achieving of the aim the boys of the class joined the Pink Whiskers Club. The rules and regulations of that questionable organization were firmly adhered to for several weeks, and any person meeting its members would certainly acknowledge that "the spectacular was attained."

Owing to the typhoid epidemic during the '09-10 season and the resulting gloom, social functions and festivities of all kinds had to be curtailed. As all the members of class '12 proved immune to the dread disease, we became virtually unorganized sick and relief, floral and visiting committees. When once more we could turn our thoughts to frivolous subjects it was time for the Arts banquet again.

At this function Dr. McDiarmid outlined the proposed basis of affiliation with McMaster, and as everyone was highly dissatisfied with the conditions prevailing at that time the president's announcement was most welcome.

After that night there was time for nothing but the hardest of "plugging." Lost time must be won back at any cost, for the stern reality of our last Manitoba examinations was ever before us. However, such things pass, and we parted once more—wiser if sadder.

The Soph. class was to suffer diminution once again—somewhat after the fashion of the old rhyme: ten little sophomores studying in line, one went to medical and then there were nine. One went to Wesley, while one started teaching, thus leaving only seven of our number to return as juniors to discover personally the merits of the new system of McMaster affiliation.

We found that among other things it required closer application to work than had ever been necessary before, as the daily class standing was to play such an important part in our destinies. For this reason even the jolly juniors were somewhat subdued in spirit.

The election fever was the first thing to arouse our enthusiasm, and in the excitement of electing a member of year '12 to the presidency of the Lit. we were able to forget for a few days such trials as class standings and Christmas examinations. On Field Day we did our part cheering others to victory, but as a class we were not strong enough to win many laurels.

After this the year wore on with only an occasional afternoon tea or supper party, until the resident university girls were the hostesses at a delightful Arts party. Toward the end of January and throughout February we passed through quite a mad whirl of festivities. The Clark Hall Literary Society entertained at a Valentine masquerade; the boys gave a delightful at-home, and the executive of the general lit. provided several

enjoyable skating parties. There were also a number of smaller parties and teas given by different non-resident members of the class.

With so much to occupy our minds time flew until we suddenly realized that if the Arts banquet was to be held in March it was time to consider ways and means. After much weighty deliberation it was finally decided that Arts and Theology should combine forces and give one large banquet instead of two smaller ones as had been the custom previously. The junior Arts were thus relieved of part of the responsibility; nevertheless, several of our numbers temporarily became martyrs in honor of the graduates and one of the most successful banquets in the history of the College resulted.

From that time the coming exams. cast their shadow over even the jolliest of juniors, and the only form of relaxation we indulged in was an Easter class supper at the College. Then to work! However, the class made such an admirable record that we felt repaid.

Meanwhile Howard Kilfoyl, who had deserted us in favor of Wesley, saw the error of his ways, so when, last fall, we assembled to begin our first year we could no longer say "we are seven," and our class of eight have had many good times together this year. Formerly we had not felt the necessity of organizing, but now a secretary became indispensable. J. W. Dempsey was elected to fill this position, which he did most acceptably, while Vera Leech and S. H. Potter were elected president and vice-president respectively. Green and gold were chosen as class colors, and after much discussion our gold and olivine class pins were ordered.

After the first meeting of the Arts classes and the election of officers for that society, tea was served by the girls, and all the seniors who had yet returned remained for an informal supper in the dining room. On Field Day the senior Arts athletes broke all previous records, thus proving that brain and brawn are in no way incompatible.

During the fall term E. H. Clarke arranged for a senior table one evening in the College dining room. After an enjoyable repast Dr. McNeil made some kind remarks about us and all the boys of the class were "clapped up to the archway" to exhibit their ability to speak extempore. When the College rink was at last in condition the Arts students decided that they must have one skate at least before Christmas; accordingly, in the last week of the term the first skating party of the year was held.

After the trying weeks of examination the class gathered for a dinner at the home of Vera Leech, and later in the term were entertained by Grace Little at a delightful skating party.

At the time of the College at-home the senior Arts room was in deep mourning for its soon-to-be-gone-but-not-forgotten students. The chief decoration consisted of the chairs being draped with limp college gowns, while on the board were inscribed the epitaphs of the dear about-to-be-departed. The floral tributes were appropriately green and gold, the walls were adorned with drawings of the seniors at various stages of their careers, while the whole mausoleum was carefully guarded by a biliken in green and gold.

The banquet given in our honor in March was unanimously voted the most charming affair of the kind given during all our College life. The committee who had the arrangements in hand earned our lasting gratitude for the honor and pleasure bestowed upon us and admiration of their capable management. The seniors felt that they would like to express some appreciation of the kindness shown us and on the last day of lectures we invited the rest of the Arts students and the members of the Arts faculty for afternoon tea.

From that time we were literally submerged in study, and haggard countenances were met at every turn. However, as a class we were able to celebrate the night of our last exam. in a truly fitting manner.

As a class we seem to have accomplished little during our four years, but the individual members have ever taken important places in the life of the institution. Throughout our career class '12 has been called upon to supply the office of president for almost every organization in the College—general literary society, Y.M.C.A., Clark Hall lit., debating, athletic and arts societies, the law frat. and chairman of the students' committee, while many of the minor offices have been filled from our ranks at various times. In debating circles class '12 has ever been most prominent. There is no member of the class who has not at least once upheld the honor of '12 in debate, while the majority of our number have done so many times in a most able manner; nor does this remark apply only to the men of the class, for perhaps the most interesting inter-class debate of the past year was won by Miss Little and Miss Bullock.

As we begin to think of our College days as a thing of the past and remember that we can never again under any circumstances truly belong to the undergraduate college life, our thoughts are not of the happiest kind, for in leaving Brandon College there is no one of us who does not feel thankful that four such years have been granted to us, and hope that in after life we may ever prove worthy sons and daughters of our alma mater.

Margaret Adeline Bullock.



◎

*“And when you had once seen her forehead
and mouth, you saw as distinctly her soul
and her truth.”*

◎

Reston gave and takes again,
We surrender thee with pain,
Thankful for thy present spent
In our halls of sweet content.
Temper lives that thou shalt meet
With womanhood, demure and sweet.

—“*College Critic.*”

Environment is supposed to exert considerable influence on character and even on appearance. Possibly to the broad acres of a well-ordered Reston farm does Miss Bullock owe the generous and gracious rightness which so distinguishes her thought and action, just as from the blue of its summer skies and the gold of its autumn fields has been reflected the loveliness of her clear eyes and sunny hair.

The years of preparation leading up to graduation have been the uninterrupted course of school life so familiar to us all. After taking her second class certificate from the Brandon Collegiate, Miss Bullock entered Brandon College for a year in languages and music preparatory to an undergraduate course in special history.

From that time until now the close contact of class-room and house life have revealed only the silent ripening of possibilities into powers, and the gradual gaining of confidence to use those gifts and qualities already hers. In studies, in social affairs, in academic politics and in the close friendships which are the wealth of student days, Miss Bullock has given herself with whole-hearted loyalty, and yet with that simple, quiet dignity which touches admiration with respect.

With graduation and commencement we say “Ave atque vale.” A pen will be missed from the editorial staff; a point from the hockey team; a good serve from the tennis tournament; but most of all a wise and gentle leader and comrade from those who had learned to give her their trust and affection.

Pet Phrase: “Oh, girls, that’s punk.”

Failing: Indignation meetings.

Favorite Haunt: Kennedy’s tea room.



Ernest Henry Clarke.



*"Noble is he, condemning all things mean,
His truth unquestioned, and his soul
serene."*



Thou art a being of a stirring life,
Lord of thyself, not cumbered with a wife;
Wizard of figures, master of finance,
Who leavest nothing to the whim of chance.
We know thy calling and election sure,
Thy strength is great because thy heart is pure.
Wherever be thy way, by land or sea,
The world will better for thy presence be.

—*"College Critic."*

Ernie began to blaze out his trail in Alvinston, Ont. His family migrated west and at a tender age he began to read mediaeval history and Browning. The lure of a higher education drew Clarke off the farm at Borden, Sask., and he entered Brandon College six years ago for matriculation work. Throughout his entire college career he has been an energetic leader and a loyal class man. Ernie has identified himself with every phase of college life and has gained an enviable reputation as an organizer and as a man. He has been president of the Arts class and of the College Y.M.C.A. and business manager of the "Quill," besides many other offices of minor importance. His constant ambition, revealed in his every-day struggles, has been a better moral and religious tone in the institution. Clarke is already hard at work in Winnipeg as students' secretary of the Y.M.C.A. Whatever his life work may be, his Brandon College friends are satisfied that it will mean the uplift of his fellows. Ernie is a worker and cannot be kept down.

Failing: Sunday dinners down town.

Pet Phrase: "Oh, Bosh!"

Favorite Haunt: The girls' study room.

James William Dempsey.



◎
"Thou hast language for all thought and feelings. Thou art a scholar."

◎
 Thou wert once a country youth,
 But of a roving mind;
 The halls of learning welcomed thee
 With greetings glad and kind.
 Thy wondrous gift of music
 Modesty hath concealed,
 Thy love of feminine beauty
 Thy actions have revealed.
 Thy future's undecided,
 Is it China or C. P. R.?
 But whatever course your life may take
 We know you'll be a star.

—*"College Critic."*

Many years ago on a cold night in January, the wonted stillness of the Carberry Plains was rudely broken by the lusty cries of a youngster who later became known to the world as James W. Dempsey. When he first made the night hideous with his "linked sweetness long drawn out," nobody knew just what he wanted. Some time later, however, it became evident that his crying need was education, for his first effort in the way of speech was a unique variation of the Brandon College yell.

Jimmy took his high school work in Carberry and entered the freshmen class of Brandon College in '09. During his college course he has taken a leading place in almost every phase of college life. Whether it be in the drawing room, on the tennis court, on the football field, or in the class room, he is equally in his element. His dreamy eyes and unassuming manner are simply irresistible to the sweet girl graduates; while he also has a very taking way with the scholarships and first class standings. During his college course Jimmy has spent his summers teaching school. As a life work he expects to enter the legal profession. Jimmy's greatest achievement at college has been his harmonious blending of the sublime and the common-place; or, in other words, his successful mingling of philosophy and romance without any apparent disadvantage to either.

Pet Phrase: "Are you going to the show tonight?"

Failing: Guessing at exam. questions.

Favorite Haunt: Corner Eleventh street and Louise.



Russell Thompson Ferrier.



"Let us to billiards."



Music, youth and learning clear,
Sporty manhood see we here.
We know not what thy task may be,
The law, the arm, or the sea.
Thy manly ways will pull thee through,
Be blithe, be venturesome, be true.

—*"College Critic."*

The fall of 1891 brought to the hamlet of Deloraine a still small voice which has since grown to be a power in musical circles. When Russell was but eight, his parents moved to Brandon, and, boy-like, he thought he had better come along and so cast in his lot with the (other) Indian braves, under his father's care. Even before this time we understand Rus. had won honors as a football player, but with the Indian team he won a lasting name for himself and them.

After matriculating in the Brandon schools, he was rescued from the war path at a tender age and induced in 1907 to join the ranks of Brandon College, joining the year '12, two years later, and has ever since been an ardent supporter of the class spirit. Rus. has made his presence very much felt in our indoor meets and Field Day sports, but it was on the football ground that he has taken second place to none—giving an irresistible strength to the left wing—and was made captain of the first team in his final year. On the athletic, literary and class executives and as a delightful host, Rus. has done good service along with strenuous class work. We predict for him honors as a professor in economics and sociology.

Pet Phrase: "That's right now."

Failing: Sports.

Favorite Haunt: Woodbine.



Roland Howard Kilfoyl.



"Alas for some abiding place of love!"



Thou has a face which artists love to draw,
Broad brow, keen eye, and strong determined
jaw;
Thou hast a will which mocks at time and place,
He must be strong who leaves thee in the race.
Thou holdest mighty powers for good or ill,
Choose the right part, our hopes go with thee
still.

—*"College Critic."*

Roland Howard Kilfoyl first came into our lines through the door of Academic I. six years ago. He betrayed no evidence of having received public school training, nor indeed any kind in particular. He just seemed to take at once to the higher realms of special philosophy. He varied proceedings last year by a sojourn to "Zola," but wisely concluding that the detractions of the great city were not conducive to his best work as a student, he returned to Brandon College to graduate with the class '12.

His sojourn at Brandon has established him in the memory of all who know him as a good student and a jolly good fellow. In his final year he occupied the arduous position of chairman of the students' committee. To study philosophy and at the same time to preside over monitor class is no mean task, but Kil. did it with marked success.

He will be missed from the debating platform where he has often led the Arts team to victory. His long, swinging stride and heady play earned him a place on the half-back line of the senior football eleven. May success continue to follow him is the wish of all who know him.

Pet Phrase: "Say, fellows, that's raw."

Failing: Metaphysical analysis.

Favorite Haunt: Has two or three. Does not stick around much in one place.



Vera Leech.



“A happy tempered bringer of the best out of the worst.”



The gift of learning is within thy grasp,
The prize of winsomeness was thine alway;
If life rewards true merit and true worth
The truest wealth must come to thee for aye.

—*“College Critic.”*

There was born in the vicinity of Brandon a surprisingly short time ago, one, Vera Leech, whom history delights to honor.

Brandon Collegiate witnessed the triumphant conclusion of her school career but, undoubtedly, the most important part of her existence has been spent with us.

She has been a thorough and appreciative student, whose German gutturals are as music to the spirit's ear, whose French rings out “full softly but full well.”

Almost every organization of which our college boasts has claimed her as an office holder, and innumerable parties owe their success to her ministrations as commissary-general. While as gracious hostess, wise counsellor, sympathetic friend she has proved herself to be, in word and deed, what her name indicates—true.

She has ambitions for a professional career, yet her tastes are domestic, so we cannot presume to conjecture what she may become. But in her further quest of sunshine for herself and others, we wish her all success.

Pet Phrase: “Mercy, I’m scared green!”

Failing: Salads and cold water.

Favorite Haunt: “Heaven is my home.”



Grace Elvie Little.



“The fault will be in the music, cousin, if you be not wooed in good time.”



Learned in Moderns, gently wise,
 Courteous maid with soulful eyes,
 What high position thou shalt grace
 We know not, but we know thy place
 Will be above the common sphere,
 Where thou will rule without a peer.

—“*College Critic.*”

At Walkerton, County of Bruce, began the earthly pilgrimage of Grace Elvie Little. For fourteen years in various parts of Ontario, she partook of the bitter and the sweet and encountered the multitudinous mysteries of life that perplex the growing mind.

During the last few years the lines have fallen to her in the pleasant places of Brandon.

The countless activities of our college life have found her up and doing, possessed of an eager spirit of inquiry, a firm desire to convince and a vividness of thought and speech which have made her remembered among her fellows.

In the class room she has made a successful specialty of Moderns, while in the “Lit.” she has obtained great fame as a debater.

Her ability to give has gradually forged ahead of her need to receive and this year she goes out a competent contributor to the world’s life. Grace’s outstanding qualities are vivacity, sympathy and ambition. Perhaps she will teach for a while, but her ultimate aim is law. Her friends wish her every success in this ambitious venture, and are convinced that whether her legal practice be large or small she will make at least one Bassanio famous as her client.

Pet Phrase: “Come in, let’s have a spree.”

Failing: Breakfasts.

Favorite Haunt: The Rostrum.



Samuel Howard Potter.



*Let me speak, sir,
For Heaven now bids me."*



Thou skilful master of debate,
With judgment sound and true,
Wisdom to guide the affairs of state,
Ability to do.
No matter where thy days are spent,
Or where thy path may lead,
Thy name will be so prominent,
That he who runs may read.

—"College Critic."

Sam was born in Kingston, Ontario, some 25 years ago. He came west at an early age, but not liking the rigorous life of the homestead at Deloraine he moved to Brandon and enrolled as a student at the College. He matriculated in '07, spent part of the next year in law, and joined the '12 class in the fall of '09. Sam has taken an active interest in the affairs of the College. In his sophomore year he was president of the debating society, in his junior year of the Lit. and in his senior year of the Law frat. He has shown himself to be a clear thinker, a good speaker, resourceful and determined.

Nor have his services all been rendered in the limelight. Throughout his career he has been a member of some committee or other. This year he was chairman of the executive committee of the largest and best "at-home" ever held in Brandon College. Sam was the College cartoonist, and will be greatly missed at election time and from the "Quill" staff. His abilities are unquestioned and his success in law is assured.

Pet Phrase: "There's just a point there."

Failing: Murads.

Favorite Haunt: Bible class meetings at Y.M.C.A.



The fall of '09 saw the introduction of Professors Mode and McIntosh to Brandon College. After one year's preliminary work a new and more thorough course in Theology was offered—a course designed to extend over four years and give adequate training to men offering themselves for the ministry in the West. The course was immediately popular, and the first class commenced with a membership of ten.

The year was by no means uneventful. The class made its presence felt in places other than the classroom. At the College athletic meet in October our representative, Abe Peterson, won the individual championship cup. The big theolog. won everything he went in for—pole vault, high jump, shot put, 100 yards dash, etc., and might have carried off everything on the card, only we coaxed him to give the Arts a chance.

The social event of the year was a sleigh ride followed by supper at Prof. P. G. Mode's home. Of course the Theologs. did not go alone. Trust them for that! The year did not close without regrets. Mayse was forced to leave owing to illness, and Professor McIntosh intimated that he had accepted an invitation to become professor of Systematic Theology in Yale University. After exams. a little farewell banquet was tendered to Mr. McIntosh at Aagaard's Cafe, and though we were glad at his success, we were sorry that that success meant our losing him.

For various causes four of our number failed to turn up at the starting post in the fall of '09. Notwithstanding this, a very successful year was in store for us. Dr. Mode, cousin of Professor Mode, came to the position vacated by Professor McIntosh, and soon proved himself to be a scholar and a gentleman. The staff was further strengthened by the return of Dr. MacNeill who had been pursuing post-graduate work in Chicago University. Our work this year was both enjoyable and beneficial, although

the fever epidemic interfered with it to a great extent.

Peterson again carried off the individual championship cup. This he also did the following spring at the indoor meet against the leading athletes of the city. Our team also gained possession of the debating banner, while the theological banquet, under the management of F. W. McKinnon, proved to be one of the best functions ever held in the history of Brandon College.

The fall of '10 found the class all back in College and ready for work. At the risk of being monotonous, it must be said that Peterson positively refused to give up the individual championship. The Arts tried all in their power to break his hold, but in vain. Abe had gotten the cup for keeps. This year the new order of things caused by the affiliation with McMaster came into existence. Our examinations therefore were held semi-annually. This and the class standing made the work somewhat lighter and more beneficial. The year was also important because of another affiliation which was effected. The Arts and Theology classes agreed to hold a united banquet in honor of the graduates instead of having separate affairs as heretofore. This proved to be such a success that it was decided to establish the arrangement permanently.

For the final year neither F. W. McKinnon nor A. Peterson put in an appearance. McKinnon stayed out owing to ill-health. Peterson's absence enabled the Arts class representative to annex the individual championship. As a class year, the year just closed has been peculiarly uneventful.

And now for Theology Class '12 all is over. Our ways divide, and the more strenuous duties of life begin. It is not without regret that we realize that such happy fellowship is at an end. We look back over the years that have gone and are happy in the knowledge that we have been enabled to make some contribution to the life of our College. Though enthused with the class spirit the members have not left unheeded the call of the College to more representative service. We have supplied the captain of the senior football eleven for three of the four years of our existence, editors for the "Critic" and "Quill" have come from us, while the Literary Society and Athletic Association have each found one of their presidents in our midst. The chairmanship of the Students' Committee was also held one year by one of our number. These and many minor offices have been filled by our members, so that it can hardly be said that we have neglected our duty as a class to the larger activities of the College.

As we set our faces to the tasks of the future, we say without hesitation, that should those tasks find us unprepared to undertake and successfully perform them, it is not the fault of Brandon College nor the faculty.



Charles Baker.



*"To draw them on to Heaven, by reason fair
And good example, was his daily care."*



A not inglorious Benedict is he,
Who's sawn his way through all the weary
years,
Whose great ambition is to make sweet,
To call the sorrowing ones, to dry all tears,
To build a lasting fame, give of thy best,
And thy reward shall be completest rest.

—"College Critic."

Charlie made his appearance on this planet in the town of Huntington, England. During his sojourn there, he received his primary education, completed indenture service as a wood-worker, and studied architecture. In course of time he moved westward, landing in Canada some eighteen years ago. He spent a few years in different parts of Ontario, in which province he occupied the time in farming, wielding the tools of his trade, and attending to matrimonial matters. In the latter, he was very successful, having found a help-mate meet for him.

The next landmark in Charlie's history is seen in his arrival at Winnipeg some four years ago. While there, he acted as foreman in a furniture factory; and during his spare time, he and his wife gave themselves to charitable work in the hospitals and jails.

After some time in this western metropolis, he came to Brandon. This move was made with a view to fitting himself for the ministry. It was not the lure of personal gain, this rather he sacrificed, but the call of duty that constrained him to follow this vocation. It was in Brandon College that we came to know Charlie. Here he has done excellent work, having proven himself a capable student. Throughout the mazes of theological intricacies and the clashing of diversified opinions, Charlie's orthodoxy has shone unsullied. Truly, in the light of his career, he has more than justified his existence. We find him possessed of a unique versatility: a cabinet-maker by trade; a preacher by profession; a theologian from conviction; and he became a Baptist with little persuasion. He is the only theolog. who, with analyzing doctrines, has been able to keep a wife, a dog, a church, a puritan reputation, and himself unspotted from the world.

Favorite saying: "I don't quite get the bite of that."

Failing: Asceticism.

Favorite Haunt: Home.

Leonard Elgin Brough.



⊙

"His theme divine, his office sacred, his credentials clear."

⊙

His words, alas! the nation's life will hang on;
His orthodox ideas sway the world;
His wit will sweep the plains as a contagion,
He'll spiel where'er a nation's flags unfurled.

—*"College Critic."*

One glance at Elgin is sufficient to proclaim him of Irish extraction, and although he claims Omaha, Nebraska, as the place of his birth, he does not deny the Irish. Brought to Toronto early in life, his schoolboy days were spent uneventfully in that city. After leaving school Elgin spent six years working in an undertaker's establishment. While still at Toronto he attended the evening classes in the Bible Training School, and proved himself an apt pupil. Coming west eight years ago, he fell in with the late Pioneer McDonald, who persuaded him to come to Brandon College.

It is just five years since Elgin first set foot in Brandon College. After one year of preparatory work, he entered the '12 Class in Theology. During his college course Brough has always been a worker. Every examination has found him thoroughly prepared and his standings have always been of the best. He came to college to study and placed the emphasis on that side of his life. Nor did he neglect other duties. He has taken a large part in the college life. His witticisms have lightened many an "at-home" programme. His strenuous kicking and fearless tackling on the football field have relieved his class goal from many dangerous positions. He has proved himself to be a successful Bible class teacher, and as a preacher he has gifts above the average. As he leaves us we know that he will be a credit to himself and to the College and a large contributor to the forces that go to uplift mankind.

Favorite Saying: "But, professor, I'm all up in the air."

Failing: Puns.

Favorite Haunt: The Gym.



James Luke Jordan.



*"A friend to virtue, his unclouded breast
No envy stung, no jealousy distressed."*



Philosopher, with air sedate,
We value all thy worth;
May the propitious hand of fate
Direct thy path on earth.
Read in the ways of life,
Soundly advise,
Herding thy erring lambs
Safe to the skies

—*"College Critic."*

Jimmy is a son of the soil, and early in life learned to follow the plow and bring home the cows. The farm failed to hold him, however, for he was lured to Toronto, where he secured a position at Simpson's. Some time after this Mr. Jordan, senior, sold his place in Ontario and moved west to Sintaluta, Sask., and like a dutiful son, James came west with him and took up a homestead. He stayed here long enough to perform his duties and get his patent.

Buoyed up by the knowledge that he was a land owner, we next find Jordan clamoring for admittance at the door of Brandon College. He was initiated and duly received into fellowship in the fall of 1907.

Though of a retiring disposition, he has contributed much in a quiet way to the student life of the institution. For two years he rendered excellent service as convenor of the programme committee of the Literary Society. During his final year he held the important office of chairman of the Religious Work Committee of the Y.M.C.A., and was in a large measure responsible for the successful meetings that organization has had during his term of office. The Evangelistic Band has been faithfully served by him for two or three years. Jim has proved himself to be a musician of no average ability. For years he has presided at the piano during our chapel services. As an accompanist he has shown himself to be possessed of taste and sympathy. As a critic, he has been just and kindly. Nor is his musical ability confined to the piano, for he has acceptably filled the position of first tenor in the College Quartette for two or three years. Wherever he goes, we know that his dogged perseverance and worth of character ensure his success.

Favorite saying: "It is, in one way."

Failing: Pugnacity.

Favorite resort: Prof. Wright's studio.



William Cameron Smalley.



*“A lord to a lord, a man to a man, stuffed
with all honorable virtues.”*



Brow of a Socrates,
Brain of a Kant,
Justinian energy,
Who says he shan't
Stretch to the heights of fame,
Small tho' he be;
Favored of Fortune's Dame,
Thrice hail to thee!

—*“College Critic.”*

He entered this world by way of Lancashire, England, on a day long since forgotten—named Smalley for short; but we have come to know him as just plain Bill. Bill lived in England for some time, during which he qualified as a school teacher. While studying geography he discovered he was confined to an island, and being anxious for room to grow he ventured the sea voyage, landing in Canada nine years ago. It was in Calgary that Bill began to exercise the gift that is in him, viz., preaching. And in order to equip himself for efficiency in this vocation he came to Brandon College in '05. Since that time, lacking one year, '07. Bill, though short of stature, has been prominent in college life. His real worth is not known in the outward appearance, but he has proved himself to be possessed of a versatility which betrays itself in his ability to meet all demands in college life. He has at different times during his college career filled the following offices; President of Literary Society and Athletic Association, Chairman of Student Committee, Captain of Senior Football Eleven, Leader of the Evangelistic Band and Editor of the “Critic” and later the “Quill.”

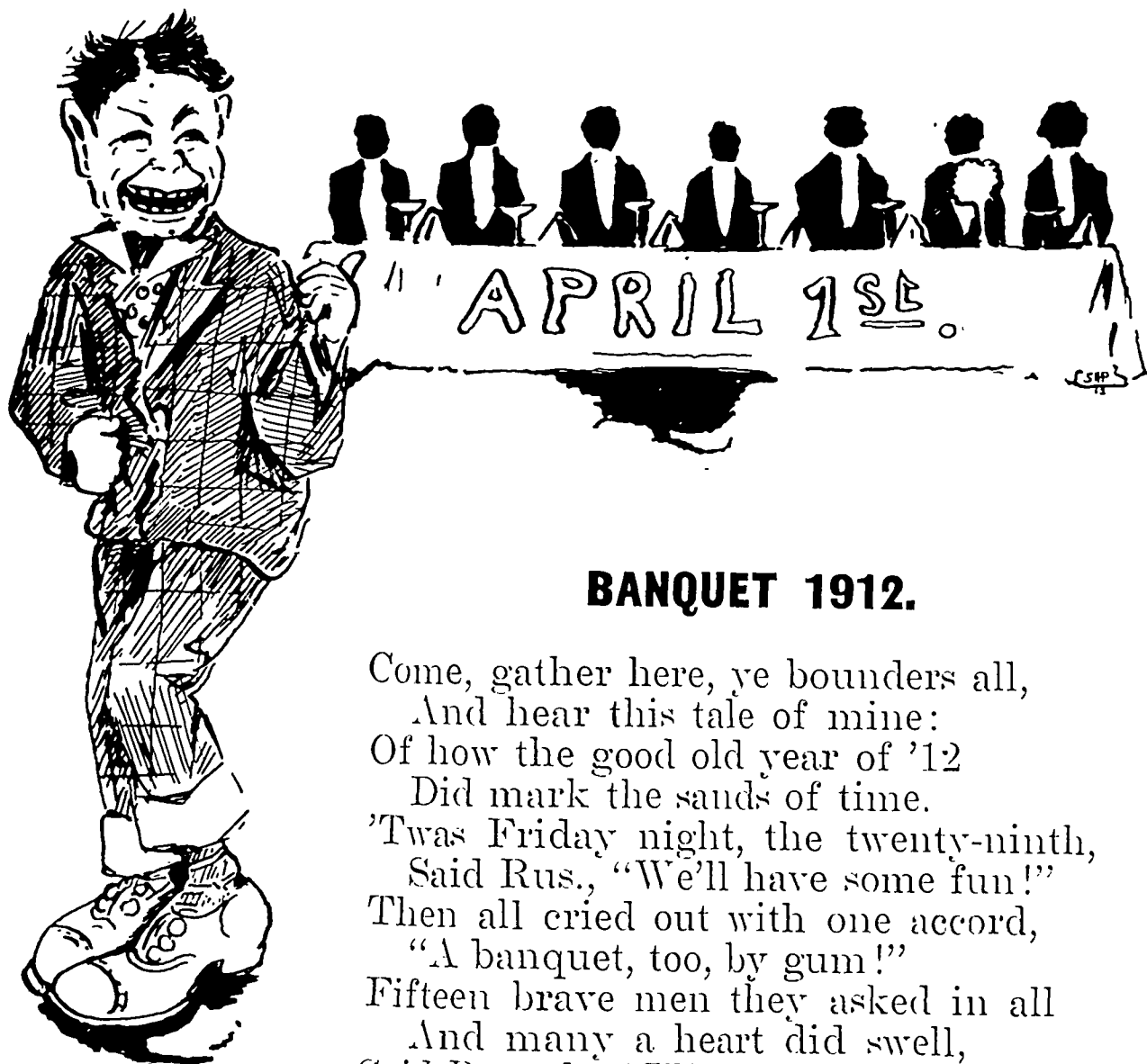
It is to Bill's credit that he has not only secured the necessary training for the ministry but with it has been pastor for the Shoal Lake and Strathclair Baptist Churches for seven years.

From a record such as this we predict for our little but mighty man a future crowned with great success.

Favorite Saying: “Go to grass.”

Failing: Aagaard's.

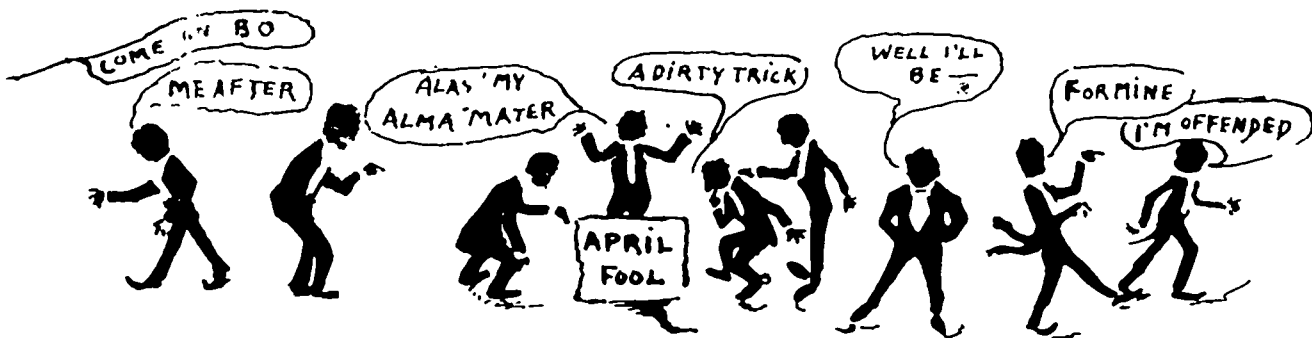
Ambition: Superlative degree in his calling.



BANQUET 1912.

Come, gather here, ye bounders all,
 And hear this tale of mine:
 Of how the good old year of '12
 Did mark the sands of time.
 'Twas Friday night, the twenty-ninth,
 Said Rus., "We'll have some fun!"
 Then all cried out with one accord,
 "A banquet, too, by gum!"
 Fifteen brave men they asked in all
 And many a heart did swell,
 Said Brough: "I'll fast three days for that,
 And then I shall dine well."
 A program now is all they need,
 A list of speeches rare.
 Full well Rus. practised loud and long,
 While Jordan played the air;
 And Edwards, too, in accents bold,
 Declared he had a rhyme.
 A song, perhaps, or joke, forsooth,
 'Twould help to fill in time.
 At Monday noon the rush began,
 For who would dare be late?
 "Such honor comes but once in life,"
 Said Mac: "'Twere vile to bate!"
 And Smalley, too, with dexterous hand,
 Each crease did smooth with care;
 While Archie Gordon stood amazed,
 And calmly brushed his hair.
 Said Rabbi Tom: "I've split my vest,
 Oh, Scotty, what's the time?"

And muttered low, "A curse on thee,
 Thou waist expanding line!"
 At six o'clock they hied them forth
 To Aagaard's one and all,
 Each visage bright, each heart was light,
 Met Dempsey in the hall.
 "Just walk right up, the table's spread,"
 And still the wonder grew.
 Said Radley then: "Well, I'll be crammed!"
 And straightway nearer drew.
 But now, "Where's Kil and Clarke?" said they,
 "We cannot dine without.
 And Ferrier, too, he is quite late,
 Oh, what is he about?"
 "'Tis strange," said Sam, "they'll soon appear,
 They're out for flowers bent.
 Just gather round; I'll go below,
 And have the beefsteak sent."
 So all arranged, he quick withdrew
 To see a safer lair.
 For ah! methinks full well he knew
 What soon would happen there.
 For long they sit and long they wait,
 And utter vain regrets.
 Said Trix, more famished than the rest,
 "Please pass the serviettes!"
 But ah! he comes, the waiter boy,
 Alas, alas, how cruel!
 He bears alone upon his plate
 A card—a line—an "April Fool."



ADVICE TO OTHER CLASSES.

It is with a feeling of mingled pleasure and misgiving that we undertake to give a few parting words of advice to those we leave still struggling up the steep path to the lofty pinnacles of knowledge: pleasure, because we feel that subtle compliment has been paid our virtue and ability by committing this task to us; misgiving, because we are impressed by a sense of the responsibility we assume when we undertake to prescribe to these refractory young creatures the way to follow worthily in our footsteps. Hear, then, ye who have but entered on the path of knowledge: give ear, ye of the sophomore class. Let all the juniors be attentive and let the Theolog. say unto himself, "Yea, verily, verily I will be silent." Hear ye words of wisdom and understanding.

To our Theological brèthren we would say, we have ever had a kindly interest in your welfare and a desire to see you grow up "mighty men of valor," whose deeds shall be a terror to evil-doers, and whose precepts shall be as honey in the mouth of the righteous. But now give ear and hearken unto our parting words of wisdom. Be not over-zealous in the pursuit of those pleasures and amusements that pertain more especially to Freshmen and Sophs, wherein they find much delight, making merry at all times and calling down the righteous anger of those who sit in high places. Apply yourselves diligently and consider well that ye may speak with words of wisdom and make much noise throughout all the land, and be ye comforted, remembering that Sampson accomplished a great work with the jaw-bone of an ass.

Freshman! What memories the word recalls! Just a few words of kindly advice. Be not unduly impressed by the learning of the Soph., for he is a man of vain thoughts and many words. He puts on an appearance of much knowledge because his verdure hath worn off. Take heed that ye come not late unto lectures lest thy class standing suffer and evil come upon you in a future day. Think not that all knowledge is contained in thy head; remember that the professor has a little.

Remember ever to remove your hat in the presence of seniors.

And now we must speak to the Sophomore. Ye who have trod thus far the path of learning, oh, beware lest having passed the first mile post, ye think the goal is near and ye begin to exalt yourselves and utter vain things, saying, "Truly we are they who accomplish mighty things. Yea, we shall go up and

occupy all the land; none shall wax stronger than we." Inasmuch that all they that behold thee shall be smitten with inextinguishable laughter and shall say, "Who is this whose voice is as a trumpet but whose countenance is as the countenance of an innocent? He shall appear as a whirlwind, but as the dew he shall melt away and shall come to nought."

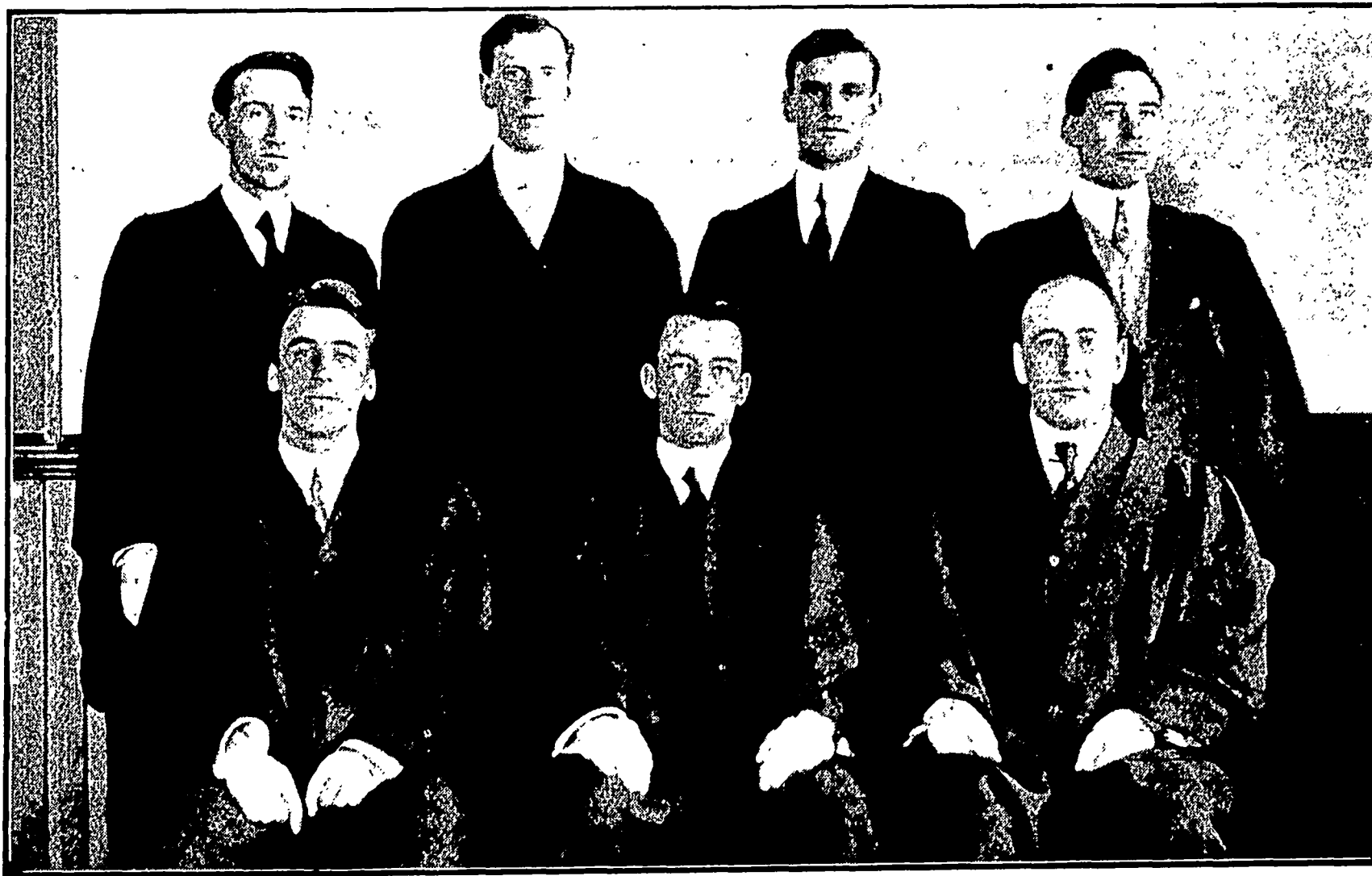
Be not famed for much speaking. Ponder well the sayings of those in authority. Let there be peace and harmony among you all. Spend much time in meditation.

The Juniors ! What shall we say to them or how advise? For are they not a peculiar people? They would fain look forward and yet ever they are overcome by their infirmities and return to the follies of youth. They would fain finish well their course, but they rest often by the wayside and perchance they sleep. We would say: Be not turned hither and thither by conflicting thoughts. Consider well that ye may have a purpose firm and thus shall ye attain the consummation devoutly to be wished. Yea, ye shall become more and more like unto the Senior. Observe him, that ye may attain his dignity.

We must say farewell!



Advice to "other classes."



E. H. J. VINCENT
Missions

H. KNOX
Bible Study

J. EVANS
Sec.-Treas.

G. HERBERT
Membership

P. DUNCAN
Vice-Pres.

R. HARVEY
Pres.

J. L. JORDAN
Religious Work

SOCIAL CALENDAR.

MONDAY—

- 9.10 a.m. Miss Little arrives at French class.
 9.00 p.m. Potter enjoys a private recital Twelfth street.
 9.30 p.m. Kilfoyl sitting on Oliver in Monitor class.
 10.45 p.m. Kilfoyl goes out to smoke cigar taken from Oliver.

TUESDAY—

- 3.00 a.m. Miss Little just home from Armory.
 4.00 p.m. Miss Bullock in the laundry.
 8.10 p.m. Brough at Starland.

WEDNESDAY—

- 4.00 p.m. Miss Leech at home doing absolutely nothing.
 11.00 p.m. Smalley at Aagaard's.
 12.00 p.m. Ferrier anywhere between Sixteenth street and Industrial School.

THURSDAY—

- 10.00 a.m. Smalley wakened by singing in chapel.
 4.30 p.m. Jordan takes his dancing lesson at Y.
 10.30 p.m. Clarke enjoys a cigarette.

FRIDAY—

- 2.00 p.m. Ferrier at the Woodbine.
 7.00 p.m. Baker scrubbing floor.
 8.00 p.m. Brough, Nurses' Home.

SATURDAY—

- 8.30 p.m. Kilfoyl, Sherman with Miss ——
 10.00 p.m. Miss Bullock, Kennedy's with Mr. ——
 10.30 p.m. Potter arrives at Clark Hall from rink.

SUNDAY—

- 1.00 p.m. Clarke, dinner in town.
 3.00 p.m. Miss Leech, primary class Sunday School.
 11.00 p.m. Dempsey same as on all preceding nights—corner of Eleventh and Louise.

EXECUTIVE, COLLEGE LITERARY SOCIETY.



F. J. FREER
Editor "Critic"

H. E. GREEN
Pres. Debate
M. REID
Pres. Clark Hall

W. E. WILKIN
Reading Room
K. JOHNSON
1st Vice
J. R. EVANS
Pres.

J. ROBINSON
2nd Vice
W. SPEERS
Sec.

H. WILSON
Treas.

CLASS PROPHECY.

And the great magician took me up into a high tower and showed unto me the wonderful instrument there set up, saying unto me: "Gaze, oh prophetess, and listen, and there shall be revealed unto thee all that thou desirest of the future of these stalwart men and happy maids, but now setting forth confidently to conquer the world. Only, tell me, how far dost thou desire to pierce into the future?" And I replied: "Show them to me, O Genius, after ten years' time that I may see how Time shall have dealt with them." And straightway he adjusted the marvellous heart of the instrument to my sight and hearing, and as I looked and listened I perceived that I was enabled to see wherever fancy led me, and I followed the movements of the Class '12.

First, I looked out upon the vast plains of the Canadian West and in a typical city in the province called Saskatchewan, I descried two of these beings whom I sought—the sturdy man called Potter and the gallant youth Kilfoyl. The latter I saw first as I gazed into the mayoral office of the city, attacking with grim determination municipal problems, in the solving of which, doubtless, he found most useful his training in various governmental and reformatory bodies during college life. Looking out over the city to its borders I saw flaming billboards, bidding prospective investors go seek "R. H. Kilfoyl, barrister and solicitor," and I perceived that the great game called Real Estate had not lost its charm. Returning to find him at his own desk, I saw that a different problem confronted him, for deep lines were upon that commanding brow as he scanned several photographs, the portraits of fair maidens, and as he sadly shook his head I heard him groan, "It's no use, I really can't decide which one!"

To behold the fate of Mr. Potter, I must needs bend my gaze upon a crowded court room, and distinguished the one whom I sought eloquently appealing to the entranced jurymen. As I looked, I saw him fix with triumphant eye, Counsel Kilfoyl of the opposing faction, and in a ringing tone exclaim as he clasped one hand convulsively within the other: "Gentlemen, there is just one question which I wish to raise!" I deemed no further inquest necessary, for could that eloquence fail in its duty fulfilled so nobly in past days? I saw the prosecution vanquished, and one more step attained towards the judgeship of the future.

Focussing my wonder telescope towards a point further south, I looked into the halls and campus of a college and saw, supreme in the hearts of all the maidens over whom she ruled, one Mar-

garet. Gracious and unbiassed as of old, I saw her, unrelenting in the way of duty; but still, I perceived, with a thoughtful leniency towards all pilgrims, hastening anxiously from rink or tea room. All seemed perfect until I caught a sentence from the campus, in a sorrowful, girlish voice, "But, oh, if that horrid man weren't taking her away from us, so soon!"

Still looking into these halls of learning, I found, in guise of instructor to the unlearned, the brave, the bold "Rus." Professor in economics was he, received as one of themselves by all the youths. In many spheres he lent his able hand—as athletic president, giving stimulus to all endeavors and inspiring the Glee club to loftiest strains. When in the dusk of evening I saw him sally forth with purposeful step and glowing eye, I knew that, spite of added years and gravity, the bounding heart of former years still ruled his path.

At the depot of a Manitoba city there appeared great bustle and excitement, and as a train pulled in, I saw descending from it a lady of portly and dignified mien, and a gentleman whose splendid bearing and glowing face drew my attention. Many friends met them, and as the lady was escorted from the platform I heard these words: "Vera, my dear, you really look too happy." "Oh, yes, but it is such a relief to think I haven't any career to worry me now. My husband says he will take all my practice. And—I'm going to cook just all I want to! Don't you envy me?"

Election night, and returns arriving! Upon this scene I gazed, wondering at the eager crowds, impatient at delays. In a moment, however, I was assured that I had not lost my way, for on the canvas was flashed the words, "Dempsey wins," and fresh huzzahs were raised until I timidly changed my position as the man of the hour was carried in triumphant procession through the crowded thoroughfares.

In an Alberta city, aloft in a towering office building, I found a struggling but ever optimistic lawyer and recognized in her the third of the famous trio, Grace. Seated in the office were a half-dozen of the wives of the most illustrious of the city, eagerly discussing the coming campaign in the interest of their woman candidate for the Legislature. The chairman, however, rose suddenly before my gaze upon a call from the divorce court, where she was to sum up the evidence in the latest case.

I looked again upon a scene of college life, but, oh, how different this one! In far-off South America Brandon College lived again, in the work of the true-hearted friend of all students, Clarke. And here, as was his wont in earlier days, he caused all matters to systematically reach their destined end, as a good captain governing his ship. And by his side I saw a lady fair and gentle, one whom I knew of old in dear Clarke Hall.

THE GRADUATION BANQUET.

As usual, the great social function of the College year was the banquet tendered the graduating class. This year's class numbers twelve in all, eight Arts and four Theology. We have watched with joy their fight to victory, noting their quiet strength and dignity of purpose which insures a successful issue. They are a class of whom Brandon College is justly proud and whom we delight to honor.

The banquet was given in the College dining hall, on the evening of March fifteenth. About one hundred and twenty guests sat down to tables that were daintily decorated in green and gold. Single daffodils were the flowers used, the motif being carried out in candle-shades and place cards as well as in the vases down the center of the tables.

The supper itself was prepared and served in Miss Davidson's usual excellent style and won high praise from all the delighted guests.

Supper over, the guests drew back their chairs and enjoyed a splendid program of speeches and songs. Dr. McDiarmid presided in his usual gracious manner. Philip Duncan '15 proposed the toast to "King and Country." Prof. MacGibbon proposed the toast "Learned Professions," and Rev. R. S. Laidlaw made gracious response. The toast "Our City" was given by A. J. Radley '14, and responded to by Alderman Wadge. "The Ladies" found in W. Rathwell '15 a staunch supporter and gallant chevalier, and to him Miss Moore made reply. Mr. Harvey surpassed even himself in proposing the toast to "The Graduates." His words of sage counsel and deep appreciation were taken to heart and answered, on behalf of the class, by Miss Bulloch and Messrs. Clarke and Smalley.

The speech of the evening was undoubtedly that of Dr. McDiarmid in response to Mr. Wilkin's "Alma Mater." Although the Doctor is leaving us, he made us feel that Brandon has a splendid future and that she will ever hold a warm place in his affections.

Musical numbers by Miss Findlay and Prof. Durkin introduced a pleasing variation into the program of speeches, and were greatly enjoyed by all.

The conclusion of the program found us in the "wee sma' 'oors," but the greatest good feeling obtained and all were agreed on two things: that our graduates are the "best ever," and that the committee and Miss Davidson deserve great praise for the success of the evening.

EXECUTIVE, CLARK HALL LIT.



M. McTAGGART
Sec.
F. IRVINE
Programme

M. MOORE
Reception

M. STRANG
Social

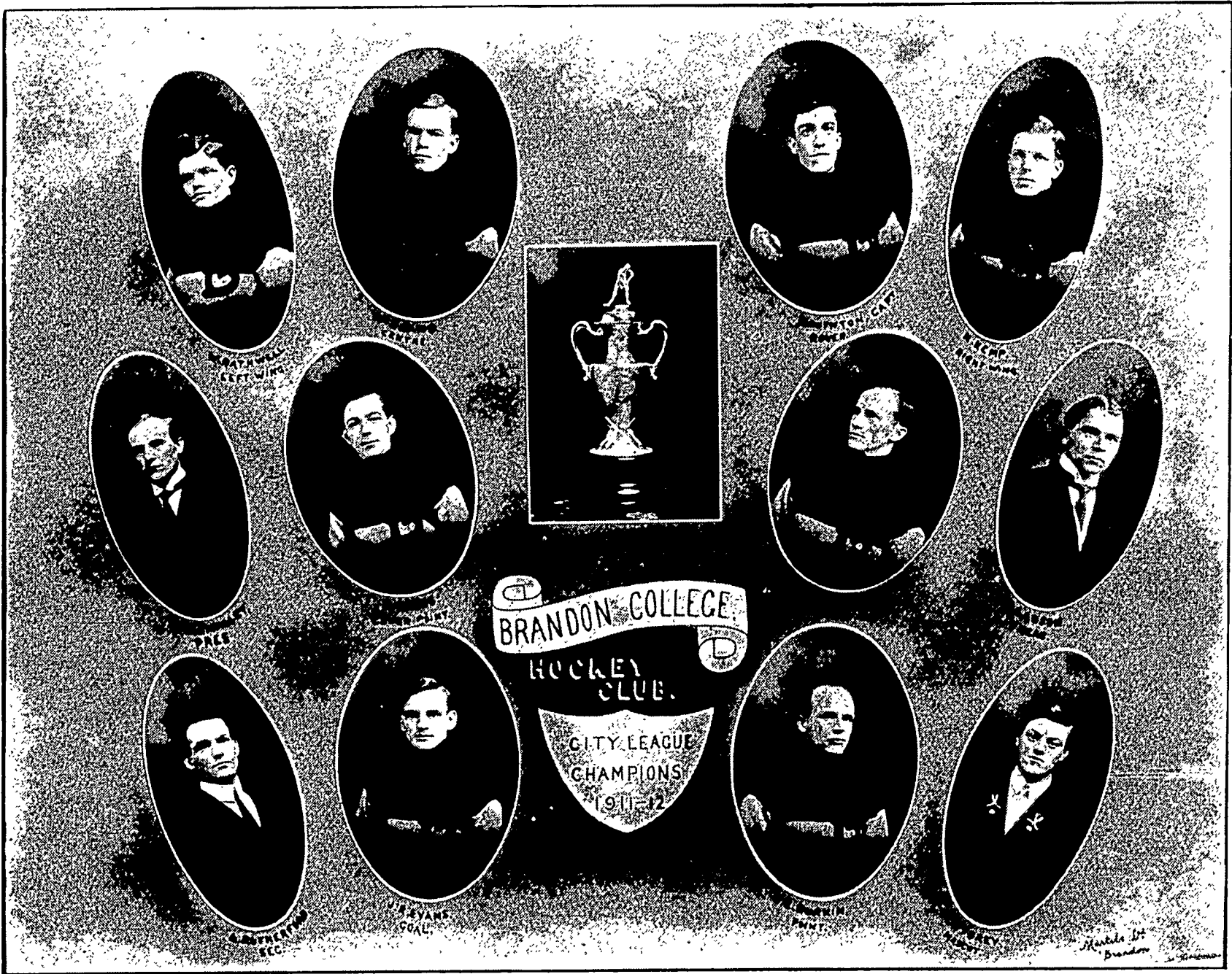
M. REID, '14
Pres.
A. EVANS
Hon. Pres.
A. ANDERSON, '15
Treas.

G. GUTHRIE
Reading Room
E. SIMPSON, '13
Vice-Pres.

J. McLAREN
Decoration

J. OVENS
Athlet.

COLLEGE HOCKEY TEAM.



WATSON LEFT WING

LEPAGE

WATSON CAPTAIN

WATSON RIGHT WING

PRICE

WATSON

WATSON

WATSON

WATSON SEC.

WATSON GOAL

WATSON POINT

WATSON

BRANDON COLLEGE
 HOCKEY CLUB
 CITY LEAGUE
 CHAMPIONS
 1911-12

Brandon
 1912

BACCALAUREATE SERMON.

The word baccalaureate is an illustration of a happy faculty of mankind to look on the agreeable side of things. In its earliest academic use, the word signified an inferior degree, being derived from a word of very unacademic meaning. In modern usage, however, we have chosen to consider it as having some connection with the laurel berries with which were crowned the victors in the Greek games. The early meaning of the word looked to that which was before the student; our present meaning looks to that which he has attained. In Christian institutions there has arisen the practice of associating with graduation exercises a "baccalaureate sermon," which may be supposed to involve both of these.

The first formal convocation in Brandon College as an affiliated college of McMaster University is over. It was fitting that the baccalaureate sermon on that occasion should be delivered by a McMaster graduate. The sermon was preached in the First Baptist Church, Brandon, Sunday evening, May 12th, by Rev. Albourn N. Marshall, of Winnipeg, a member of the class of 1896.

The preacher took as his theme "A Message of Life," a thought inspired by the opening verses of the 12th chapter of Hebrews. Life is greater than any theory concerning it; a man's life must be lived and his record made in his own time, though riddles of human existence remain unsolved for a thousand years.

Life presents to every one a three-fold challenge: The challenge of history, the challenge in the consciousness of his own will, and the challenge presented him in the ideal personality and life of Jesus Christ.

Strong as is the motive from patriotism in mankind, the idea of the brotherhood of our race is stronger still, and the cloud of witnesses of all ages challenge us not to break that historic sequence of nobleness which is the chief heritage of our time.

In the possession of free will—the consciousness of power to do or not to do, to make or to mar, is a challenge to every man to be on the positive side in this "sounding labor house vast of being."

In Jesus Christ we have the supreme challenge of life. He lived and taught in a way so revolutionary to the thought of His time, and yet so strong in its appeal to the better genius of humanity that when He says, "Follow Me," we must admit His claim upon us, or, in refusing it, go consciously counter to our own inner light.

THE CRY OF TO-DAY.

*What is the world to God?
Is it a bubble on the sea of space,
Whose course the sportive breath of Heaven keeps,
A hopeless nothing, leaving not a trace
Upon the vast unfathomable deeps,
And flung at last on some forgotten shore
And never thought of more?*

*What is the world to God?
A toy that pleases for the trivial day
Some airy goddess in her joy's surcease,
And tossed aside when wearied of the play,
The worthless bauble of a god's caprice?
Is measured time God's day-span, and the light
Lost in eternal night?*

*What is the world to God?
Is strife in vain? Do heart-strings snap for nought?
Will life be death? What motive bred the soul?
Whither and whence the stream of human thought?
What matchless Power will make the circle whole?
The cry of waiting millions cleave the skies:
"Oh, God, unbind our eyes!"*

—DOUGLAS DURKIN.

CONVOCATION DAY.

One of the most pleasant features attending the exit of the '12 graduating class was the reception tendered by Miss White-side during the afternoon of graduation day. The members of the faculty and of the graduation class were in full attendance and a large number of friends of the College were also present. Dainty refreshments were served and during the afternoon several selections of music were offered, Miss Moore, Miss MacDonald and Miss Geraldine Martin being the performers. Altogether, it was one of the most pleasant events of the year in college circles.

At eight o'clock the ceremonies connected with conferring the degrees began in the City Hall. Long before the proceedings were entered upon the hall was crowded to its limits. Interest was the more pronounced, no doubt, owing to the fact that the occasion was somewhat unique, this being the first time in the history of Brandon that degrees have been conferred at home. Indeed, never before in the history of the province have degrees been conferred outside Winnipeg.

The candidates for degrees were introduced in English instead of Latin, as is customary. For the degree of Bachelor of Arts *ad eundem gradum* there were twenty-eight candidates. The class of '12 were presented by Dr. S. J. McKee. In all, twelve students received diplomas, four of these being in the department of theology. Medals were presented to Messrs. Kilfoyle and Dempsey, these students having tied for first place in the aggregate marks won in Philosophy and Political Economy. The three lady members of the '12 class were the recipients of handsome bouquets, the flowers being presented by little Miss Margaret Kilgour and Master Simpson. Dr. McCrimmon, chancellor of McMaster University, presided over the conferring of the degrees, and Dr. McKee invested the students with the ermine.

At the conclusion of the ceremonies, Chancellor McCrimmon took occasion to mention the excellence of the work which has been done in Brandon College. He referred to the fact that the examinations were conducted through the members of the MacMaster faculty, but notwithstanding this the class of this year had come through without a single failure. This, he thought, was cause for congratulation.

Following the granting of Arts degrees, Dr. McDiarmid took the chair and received the candidates for degrees in Theology. The address to the graduates by Dr. McDiarmid was a brief discourse based upon the words of Paul: "Quit you like men." Education was not mere acquisition of learning, it was rather preparing men and women for service in life. After all,

men and women who can do the work at hand were more in demand than individuals who had acquired the ability to render Latin and Greek exercises into readable English. In every sentence the College president put the strength and virility that all who know him have learned to associate with any thought of his personality.

The commencement address was delivered by Chancellor McCrimmon on the subject, "The Fundamental Principles of Christian Education." At the outset Dr. McCrimmon made clear his position in relation to the much debated question of university education in our own province. He was not here to enter that debate, nor did he desire that anything he might say should be thought of as being prompted by any view of the local situation which he might hold. His intention was rather to mention a few of the general principles which in his own estimation were applicable the country over in the sphere of education. By way of introducing his subject he traced in very scholarly fashion the development of our present-day democracy to which he belonged. The work of the state in educating its members was worthy of the highest commendation and should receive the unqualified support of the Christian educationist. There was a place, however, for the work of the Christian college, a work that in the very nature of the case could not be done by the larger state institutions. Indeed, the "small college" is one of the highest expressions of the spirit of democracy. He first laid emphasis upon the sacredness and inviolability of human personality. This was a truly democratic conception, and was the contribution of Christ. Hence a man finds himself most fully and completely in education that is worked out in a positive Christian atmosphere. Moreover, the religious element is fundamental in education. Not only must a man find himself—he must find God. And finally the relation of the individual to his fellows in practical life must be settled. In short, Christianity itself is the embodiment of the highest democratic ideals and the best preparation for work in modern life is to be had only where the student develops under a Christian influence.

The address was received with intense interest and the heartiest expression of appreciation was given by all.

In a few words at the close of the evening's proceedings, Dr. McDiarmid bade farewell to the citizens of Brandon and thanked them for their support in his work during the past years.

The graduates remained for a few minutes and organized an alumni association. Officers were elected and something of the general policy was outlined by the president, Rev. J. C. Bowen, of Winnipeg.

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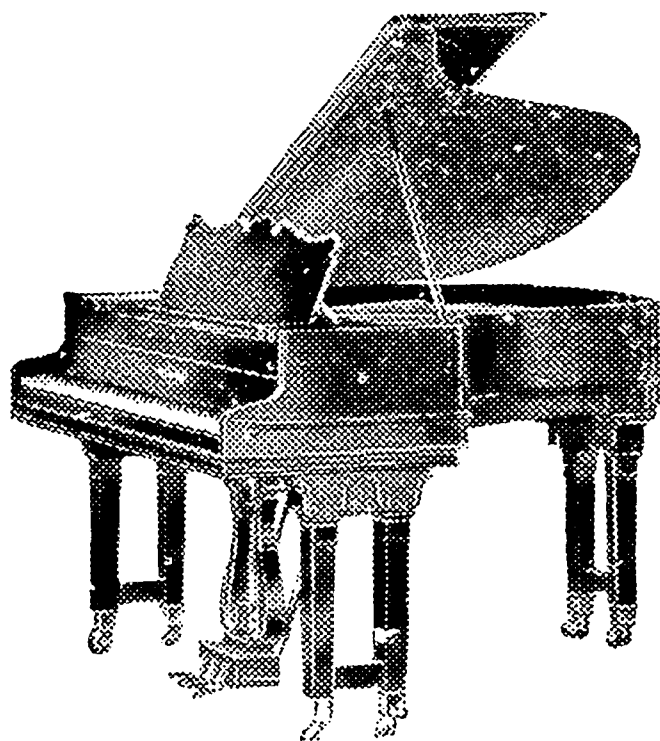
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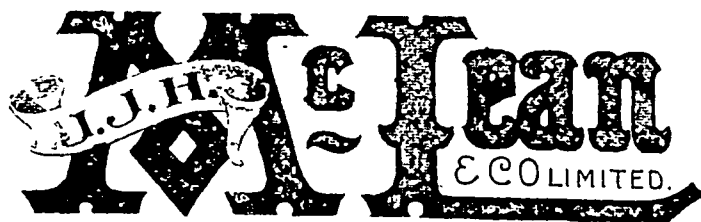
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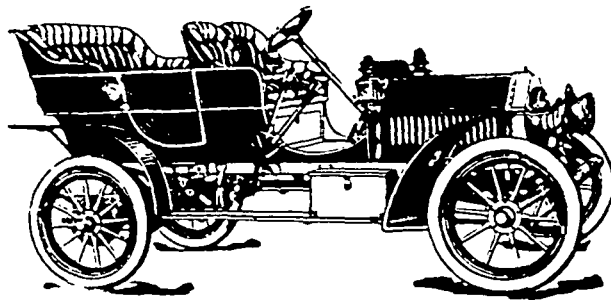
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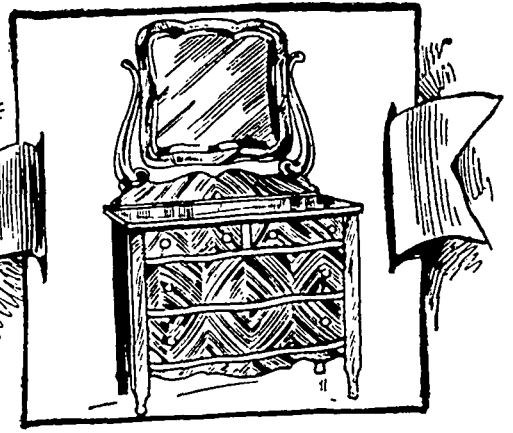
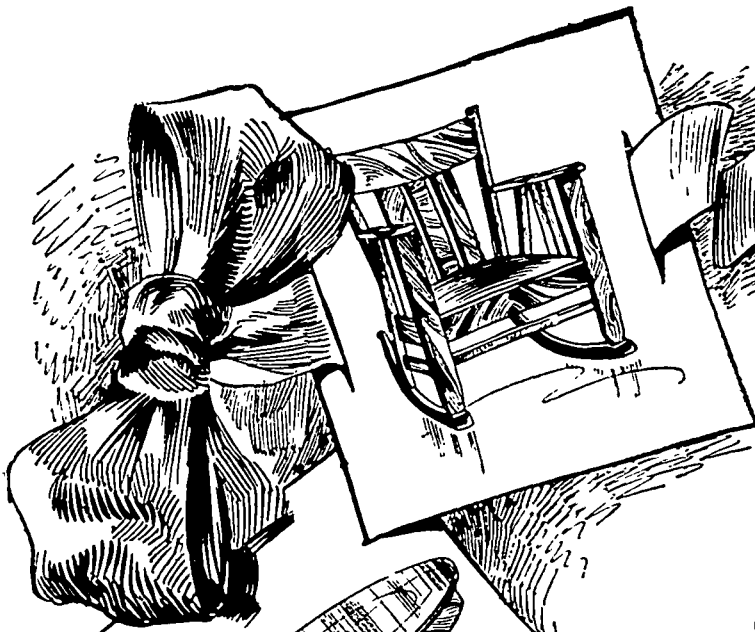
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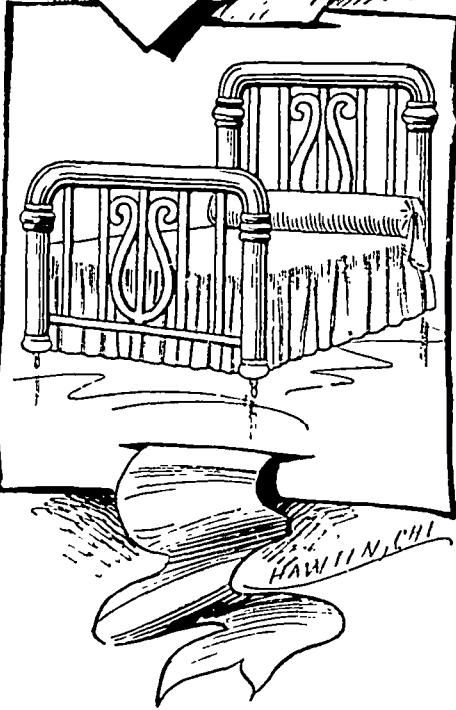


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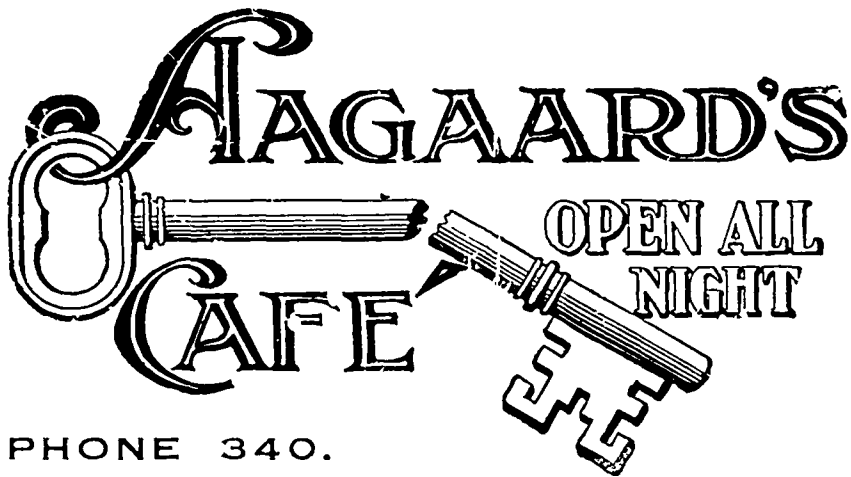
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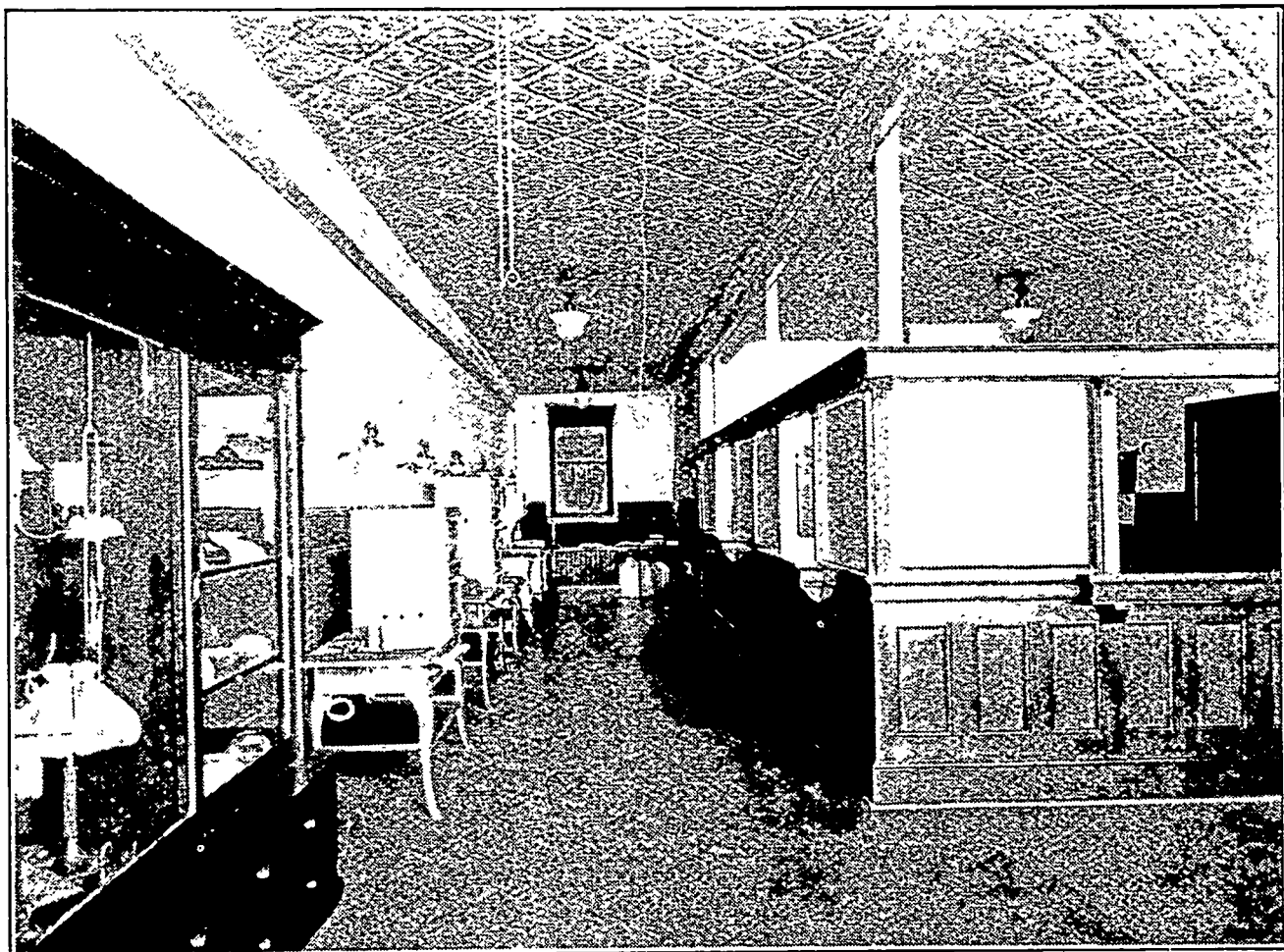
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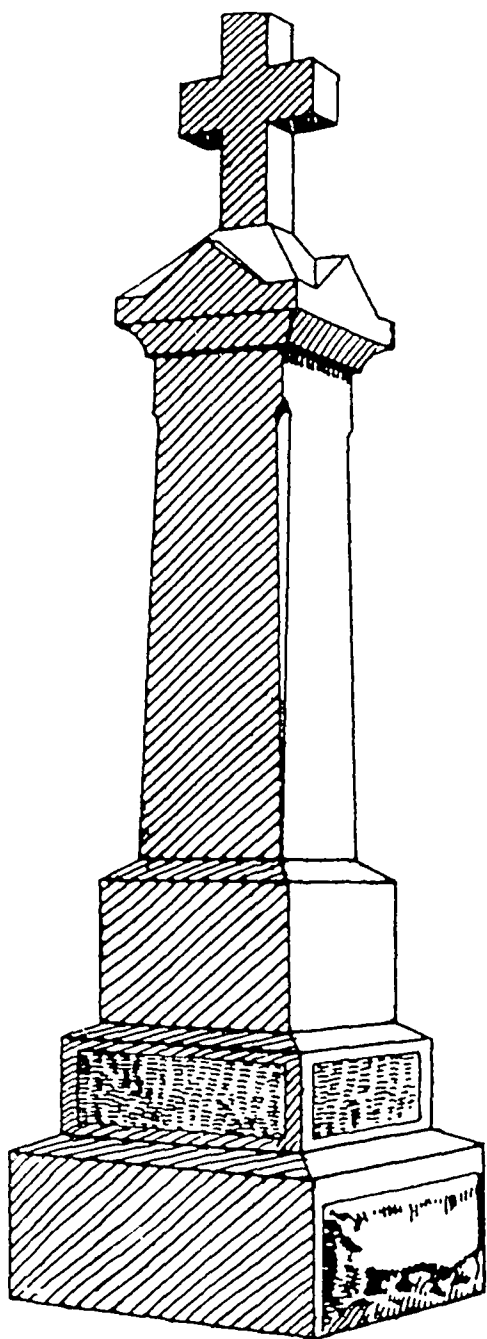
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