

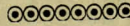
BRANDON COLLEGE QUILL. —



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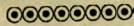


Brandon College



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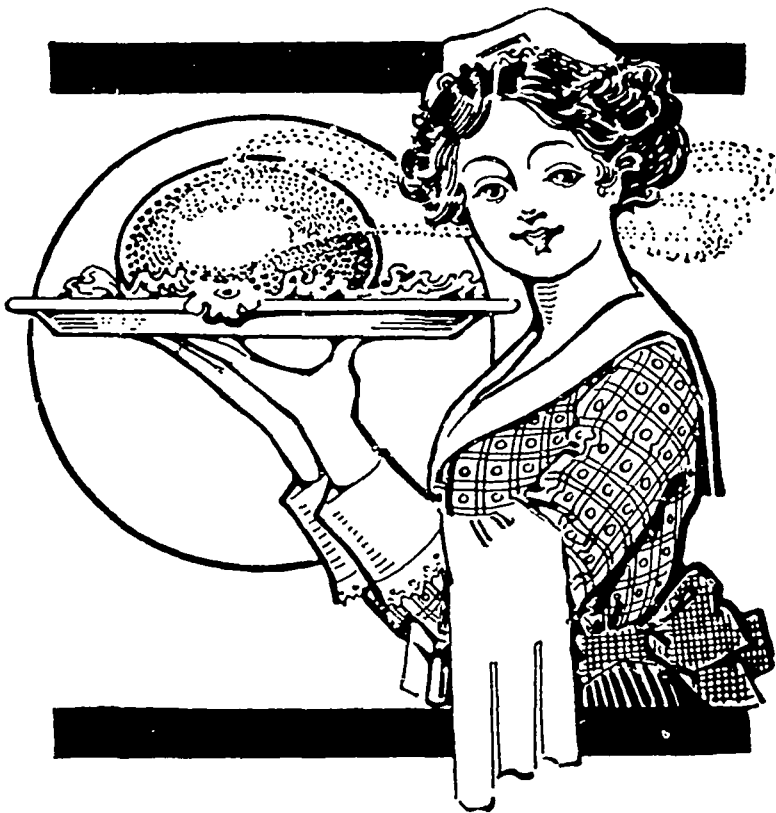
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down the street
In search of some-
thing good to eat
He realized not his
long felt want

Until he reached the

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PATRONIZE THOSE WHO PATRONIZE US

THE YELL.

Hippi, Skippi Boomalacka,

Rippi, Zippi, Zoo,

Knuckle to it,

You can do it,

You, you, you!

City of the Wheat,

Never know defeat;

Go it, College, Brandon College!

Ree, Ra, Reet.

B—R—A—N—D—O—N !



DR. HOWARD P. WHIDDEN

Inaugurated President of Brandon College
on Friday, November 15.

EDUCATION AND LIFE

HOWARD P. WHIDDEN

Education must always be conceived as a great life process. Education means "coming to terms with life." It is not the acquisition of data but the acquaintance with principles; not the treasuring up of facts, but the training of faculties; not addition from without, but development from within. It is not so much the mastery of methods or machinery as the mastery of life and of self. Education is not something to be "received," it is rather something to be won. It involves struggle, conflict, victory. Our education at graduation is not "finished," it is a progressive process. It makes continued growth and achievement possible because it makes possible new beginnings and increased efficiency.

Since education is such a life process it should furnish us with some adequate life program. The very spirit of our time demands this. Skill and success are not the primary elements in such a program; but rather knowing how to "live and let live." No true idea of education or culture will fail to recognize the importance of what may well be called "a sense of humanity."

Matthew Arnold years ago defined culture as "the acquainting ourselves with the best that has been known and said in the world, and thus with the history of the human spirit." But this definition will not suffice today. We are more Christian and more human than to stop short there. No one is acquainted with the history of the human spirit who is not acquainting himself with that history as it is making now. What man tried to say and do is not more important than what men are now trying to say and do. The struggles, the tragedies, the soul experiences of generations gone can never be appreciated by any who do not interpret them in part at least by a first hand knowledge of similar struggles, tragedies, and great experiences of the human spirit in the present. True culture never yet came out of the past; it comes when men bring what they have learned from yesterday into the making of today. Here is the great new Gift of Christian Culture—the Gift of Participation in the Affairs of Men.

THE COLLEGE GRADUATE AS A MAN OF AFFAIRS.

ROBERT MILLIKEN, B.D.

It is not the intention of the present article to set forth with anything like an exhaustive analysis the qualities which ought to be the outcome of a college training, giving the one who has had it a special fitness for the conflict of life. Neither is there any thought of cataloguing the special business vocations for which work there would seem to promise a distinct aptness. The purpose is rather to exhibit in brief form, and as simply as possible, the present promising outlook in the business world for a college-bred man as it impresses itself on one who has the advantage of a more extended experience than most of his readers, and, at least, a slight acquaintance with both sides of the question.

As it presents itself, then, to him, the college graduate of today has a splendid chance as a man of affairs, because of the rapidly changing ideals and aims of educational leaders and of educational institutions—a change that has for its very purpose the object of giving him a larger insight and a better equipment in this direction.

It has been a common ground of complaint for some time past against these ideals, and against the institutions which have had so much to do in shaping them, that they helped rather to unfit than fit for the real duties of life and while they may have given a man a certain advantage in scholarship they weakened him for practical and aggressive work. It is just possible that this change has had behind it a large degree of truth. It is just possible that the cloistral seclusion of the old-fashioned student life has been anything but a fitting apprenticeship for the more stirring experiences that awaited him when he took his place in the world. But however that may have been the fact in former times, it no longer represents correctly the sentiment prevailing now of what the college ought to do for its constituency.

If any special evidence were needed for the fact of this change in policy, one has only to look at the host of institutions that are springing up, both in Europe and on the Continent, which no longer aim at the scholastic aloofness and philosophical detachment of the older seats of learning, but which avow with a refreshing frankness that their only reason for existence is the definite development and equipment of their graduates for the more practical and more stirring avenues of business

activity which may open up before them. Another aspect of the same significant change is the effort being made by all institutions—older, as well as younger—to make both subjects and courses minister more definitely to what is likely to be the future needs of the student. One of the first steps in this direction, taken some time ago, was the substitution of modern history as an almost equal discipline for that of ancient. Modern languages, too, have been used to secure a large amount of that training which a study of the classics was supposed to develop. Now we have still further advances along the same lines; courses in chemistry and biology preparing for medicine; courses in constitutional history and international law laying the foundations of legal usefulness; courses in political economy, commercial geography, colonization, money, banking, insurance, and many other channels, all pointing towards better business training and increased possibilities in the work of the graduate.

Then, again, the college graduate of today has a splendid chance as a man of affairs, because business leaders and business institutions are recognizing him, and making way for him, to an extent utterly unknown in the past.

As a matter of fact, the contemptuous attitude of the successful business man for the ordinary college product has been a commonplace both of life and literature. In her *Scenes from Clerical Life* George Eliot has given us a characteristic picture of a group of business men in her day, and a characteristic estimate from one of them of the supposed value of education, when she makes him say, "that his father had given him no education, and he didn't care who knowed it; he could buy up most o' th' eddicated men he'd ever come across." One can imagine even in this Western country and at the present time—notwithstanding that there is with us both a sympathy and an appreciation in this direction—some of our own men who have had very limited early educational opportunities and yet by sheer ability and business genius have put themselves in the very forefront of success, who would not hesitate to express themselves in the same rough, disparaging terms. We must not be too hard on people of this type. We must remember how much actual provocation has been given for such expressions. Not only the system but the actual outcome of the system has, by its general impression of helpfulness and uselessness served to strengthen and intensify the prejudice thus existing.

But now, as we have just said, this prejudice on the part of business interests has almost passed away, and everywhere, more and more, the necessity of educated men—of men properly cultivated and trained—is being impressed on the minds of those who have the responsibility of directing the activities

of their times. No inconsiderable part of the credit of this changed relationship is due to the college men themselves, especially those of more recent years who have been so conspicuously successful in their various fields. But however it has come about, it has been clearly demonstrated that a man does not lose anything by spending the beginning years of his life in real preparatory work. It has not infrequently happened in these later times that so far from this kind of thing proving a handicap and a serious waste of time—as was once thought to be the case—it has actually enabled men to overtake, early in the race, those who had started in the technical part a long time before them. And to overtake means also that they will far outstrip them in the end. The late President Harper, of the University of Chicago, who had unusual faculties for observing the modern business attitude tells us that great business concerns on every side are calling for men whose minds have been trained, and they are willing to give such men ample opportunity to learn the technique of the business which they are to enter, strongly confident that in the end these men will excel. So that the graduate in these times who fails to reach the coveted successful standing must find something else on which to fix the blame than the prejudice supposed to exist against him in the business world.

Further, the college graduate of today has a splendid chance as a man of affairs, because his university training—if it has done anything at all for him—has given him a personal qualification—a pre-eminent fitness for strong and successful achievement.

This is but the reverse side of the position just discussed—the reason why our modern business aggregations are making way for the educated man. It is introduced here for the purpose of calling attention to the distinctive qualities which are supposed to be the outcome of the college experience and which ought to make the college man successful in almost any department. Roughly speaking, these qualities range themselves in three more or less definite groups—systematic habits; the complete control of all his intellectual powers; the ability to direct these powers in any special direction. These ought to at least save him from the curse of mental flabbiness and mental looseness which is the bane of so much of the otherwise well-intentioned thought and work of our day. The net result of all this cultivation and concentration will be to show him that his sole business is not the mastery of mathematical formulae—not the unravelling of knotty problems in philosophy—or even the construction of a theory of the Universe—but to develop in himself the power of a strong, sane, and immediate reaction on his

environment, and, if he is able to do this, there is no power on earth that can hinder him in his progress, or prevent him from being a really successful man.

The space allotted for this subject is more than exhausted, so there is just room to say, in conclusion, that the college graduate of today has a splendid chance as a man of affairs, because the reading and thinking involved in his preparation give him a range of interest and an idealism that ought to enable him to do the very highest and most effective work. If they do nothing else for him they ought to inspire him and open up before him the greatness of a business "career"—in the sense of vision and leadership—rather than a mere business "life" which is so often made the goal of many of our choicest men.

Attention was called at the beginning of this discussion to the strong reaction that had set in against the mere scholasticism of the older ideals. It may very well happen that in our haste to avoid one extreme we may rush to the other and unduly discount that fine sense of scholarship and culture which was so essentially the product of the earlier methods. The system that would make a man a machine—a splendid, effective, fighting instrument—but still a machine, is just as little deserved as the cloistered surroundings that would send him out with pallid face and nerveless grip. If men are to be saved from this insidious and blighting weakness of modern business conditions, it must be largely through the breadth of outlook, the spiritual insight and vision, begotten of their preparatory days.

And so the whole world of affairs lies open today to the advances of the college graduate. Its every department of activity is flinging in his pathway the challenge to achievement and conquest. And if, as Emerson says, he write a better book, or preach a better sermon, or make a better mouse-trap than his neighbor, though he build his home in the wilderness, the world will make a beaten path to his door.



THE COLLEGE WOMAN IN THE HOME.

ESTELLE THOMSON DURKIN

"And why are you working so hard to put yourself through college? You will be married, ten chances to one, soon after you graduate, and what good then will your education be to you?"

These questions were put to me when I was in my freshman year, and several times during the remaining three years of my college course. Most girl graduates are called upon to answer such questions during their college career. And not only is it the inquisitive shop-keeper who asks them, as he ties up the Saturday night parcel of cake and peanut brittle, but the world at large, curiously questioning, with a significance that the questioners themselves do not realize, but that is borne straight to the heart of the college girl.

To these questions the college girl has but one answer. She feels herself suddenly seized by a feeling of vindictiveness towards anyone capable of asking such questions. As if any sensible person could doubt her superior efficiency in the home, with her college education! But her answer does not satisfy the world at large, and varied indeed are the opinions expressed. Thus, often, the college woman, who is striving her utmost to be every thing in the home that a college woman should be, feels herself much maligned.

Let us take it for granted that the girl who has ambition and energy to struggle through the tangled mazes of three years' matriculation work, and four years' arts, is in a position to understand something more than the average woman of the values of things. Her college life with all its intermingling of hardships and gaieties suddenly comes to a close. She teaches or follows some other profession for a year or two. Then, one day, as suddenly as her college days came to an end, she finds herself mistress of that home that filled the horizon of her dreams throughout her college years. Then begins the endeavor to show, in spite of all harsh critics and contrary expressions through the press and elsewhere, that it means something to be a college woman in a home. There will come days of hardship—days when what is commonly termed as "sordid" so completely fills the hours, that she pauses for one moment to wonder if all her high ideals have vanished, and whether she really is losing sight of the beautiful things that formed so much of her early dreams. The very fact that she pauses to wonder stamps her a superior woman. And in that pause, the ideals come trooping

back one by one, and the task of daily routine becomes mean no longer. Surely with all her studies the college woman has a much larger, more magnificent thought-world. And the thoughts may travel whither they will, and lend grace and beauty to the performing of the most menial service.

The college woman has moved in a circle of acquaintanceship much wider than that of the average home-bred girl. In her dealings with her fellow-students she has often faced situations that called forth all the tact she possessed. As a freshman she learned to make the best of many an unpleasant situation. As a senior it fell to her lot to organize, to decide, to administer over matters large and small. To her lot it fell to maintain the dignity of the "ladies' parlor," and set an example to the younger girls. Who then, as well as she, should be capable of organizing affairs and administering matters in her home? Who so well as she can make her home an abode where people love to come, and to feel the ease that comes from contact with people of wide acquaintanceships and broad sympathies? Surely people have a right to expect more of the college woman in the home than of the woman who has had less advantages. And it is only when the college woman has left her little college world that she begins to realize how much people really do expect of her.

A college course should give a woman independence of thought, self poise, the patience that comes from long endeavor, the knowledge of men and things that will enable her to act wisely and overlook mean trifles. It should give her a world of beauty to live in whence she can constantly derive strength to cope with the situation of the moment. She should be able to instil in the minds of her children thoughts of strength, beauty and nobleness.

Is college doing all this for women? To do all this for every woman who goes through college would mean to make every college woman perfect. And yet, a college course is a great help towards that perfection for which we are all striving. Let those who are so willing to criticize enter the homes where college women reign. Perhaps if they would look closely into the lives of those women and come into contact with their inner selves, they would find that there is an effort to mingle with the tasks of everyday life a thought of beauty that makes them more worth while. And after all, we are not so much what the world thinks us, as we are what we live and think and feel in our innermost souls.

The homes of a nation are the pillars on which the nation rests. Undermine the strength and sanctity of the home and the national structure stands toppling in mid-air. The women

of the nation should be, first and foremost, home-makers.

We want educated statesmen to administer affairs of government, men of tact and men of courage. Surely, no less, do we want educated women to govern the oft-times intricate affairs of the home, women who can rule wisely because they have learned, and who realize that to perform the most menial task in the home is the noblest thing they can do at the time because it is the most necessary thing to do.

We want women—strong women, college women, who dare tell the world they are willing to stand the test, and live in their homes, as nearly as they can, the lives that bespeak the highest type of womanhood.



“I KNOW.”

ROBERT J. LANG '16

I know a little hill-locked shore.

Where every wave is dear to me;

One little bay and nothing more.

Of all the endless miles of sea.

I have a sense of truth and right.

A little sense of perfect good:

One little star of all the light

Of God's undreamed infinitude.

A GLIMPSE OF LIFE ON THE RANCH.

O. J. MAC F.

Two years ago I went down to the southern part of Alberta and worked for a month on a horse ranch. My main object in doing so was to be out in the open country away from books and office work, and get a taste of the "wild and woolly" western cow-boy life.

I wasn't much of a hand at rough-riding, but when it came to staying out, I could hold my own in the saddle for a long time. Sometimes we were riding for fifteen or twenty hours without a rest of more than twenty minutes to feed our horses.

Our "grub-stake" consisted chiefly of wild game and vegetables, the boss of the ranch taking great pride in keeping a fine garden.

In the morning my first duty was to take "the bunch" out to their feeding grounds and stay for half an hour or so, until I was relieved by another rider, who would remain with them until ten o'clock. Our lunch was generally eaten on the range, where we could watch the bunch graze. This was a necessary precaution, as "dumb-driven" cattle often exhibit a rare capacity for finding their own way. The evenings were spent in looking over the horses and "swapping yarns."

It was usually my task to get the fresh meat, mainly because I liked hunting and usually had good luck. I started out one morning with a fresh saddle horse, for the "Sharp-rock" country to get a deer or something as good. I rode all day, searching the hills with my field glasses and coming home was within four miles of the ranch before I caught sight of any game worth while chasing.

This game proved to be four jumping deer peacefully grazing about half a mile away. I kept on riding until I was within three hundred yards of where I thought they should be; then I got off and crawled as noiselessly as I could till I came within range. I raised up cautiously, little by little, until I was standing up with my gun ready for action; then taking a few steps closer I mounted a big rock, where I could see over the hill, but there was nothing to be seen of my prey. They had evidently heard me coming and fled.

I sat down on the rock and figured I would have to go back to the ranch without any meat. I rested a few moments and then got my horse and resumed my journey towards home. When I had gone about half a mile I suddenly rode within fifty yards of the four deer that I had frightened. I jumped from

my horse and took a couple of flying shots at them before they got over the hill, then I followed as quickly as i could and saw, to my extreme delight, that I had hit a young buck.

I packed the carcass on my horse and "hit the trail" for home, arriving there in time for the tag-ends of a cold supper and half a night's sleep.

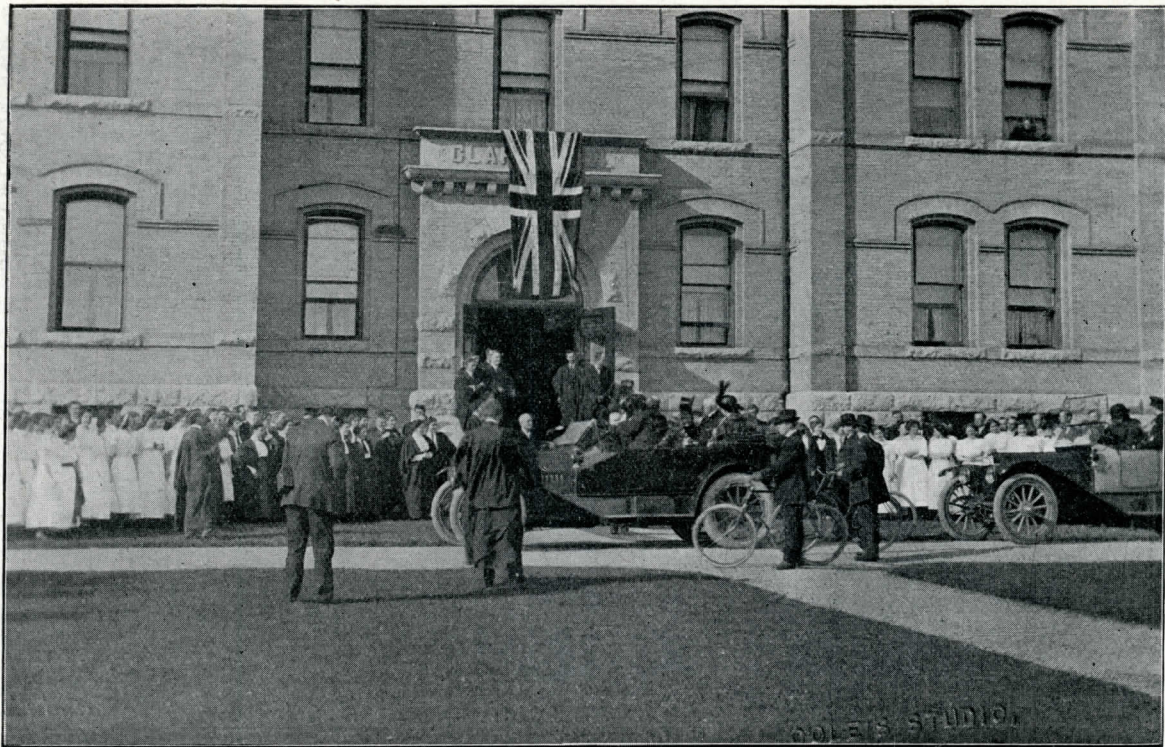


A WORLD.

DOUGLAS DURKIN

"What is a world, my boy?"

A little rain, a little sun,
 A little shore where ripples run;
 A little green upon a hill,
 A little glade, a leaping rill;
 A little day with skies above,
 A little night where shadows rove;
 A little work for men to do,
 A little play for such as you;
 A passing night, a coming morn;
 A coming love, a passion scorn;
 Of blackest cloud a little bit
 With silver on the rim of it;
 A little trouble, lots of joy—
 And there you have a world, my boy.



H.R.H. The Duke of Connaught addressing the Students and Faculty of Brandon College when in Brandon

Brandon Colleye Quill

FOUR NUMBERS A YEAR.

VOL. III.

NOVEMBER

No. 1

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A Few Remarks

We assume our position as editor of THE QUILL without the slightest misgiving. There are apologies that might well be in order, expressions of modesty which might be quite becoming—could you see us and, worse still, know us as we really are. But we are going to take advantage of the fact that you will see us and know us only in these columns. With our feet upon the desk and our chair tilted backward to an angle expressive of a delightfully confident frame of mind, we will begin by assuming our own superiority over all, those not on the staff

included. We will be glad to have you interview us—often. But come singly, not in pairs, that our sense of “we” may retain the upper hand in the conflict with your sense of “ego.” You may criticize if you will—we don’t intend to listen, anyhow. Advise, you may—but with all becoming deference. Limit us you must not. Our excursions will depend upon the direction of the wind, for we always intend to ride before the breeze. It’s easier, and besides, the boat is not likely to rock so much. We shall suggest what we like, condemn where we can, and preach when the spirit moves us. We believe in atmosphere and editorial eccentricities, and consequently have resolved to write our sentences in red ink. That, after all, will not affect you, as our printer does not think red ink would look well on the editorial page. We are of a different opinion, but are reasonable—little as we may appear to be.

We are making no promises, but we have our own convictions and a few ambitions. From time to time we shall give expression to our convictions. As for our ambitions, we do not wish to speak of them. We are trying to produce a college journal. If we fail, blame us. If we succeed, we’d like to hear about that, too. We’re human.

That reminds us that being reasonable and human seems like a contradiction of terms. It’s hardly to be expected in one man. Well, give us a chance. To some we will appear reasonable, to others merely human. Some, no doubt, will think us neither. That will not make us feel sorry for ourselves. We will pity them and therein prove ourselves human—perhaps reasonable, too!

After Thanksgiving Did it ever occur to you that we are in the habit of treating Thanksgiving as an event? We use a capital letter when we write the word. This would be perfectly in order were it the outcome of a proper motive. With Thanksgiving Day not three weeks past, we have either forgotten it or harbor such memories as recall turkey and cranberry sauce, with their attendant nocturnal effects. We forget,—or do we?—that Thanksgiving with all its delights can be, after all, a condition of mind, a habit of the spirit. Gratitude exerts a mellowing influence upon character. It should be a continual attitude, not an incident. It should begin the day, and the day thus begun is best begun. It should emanate from one throughout the day and personality would acquire something of power, something of sweetness which had hitherto been unknown. And, after all, life knows too little sweetness, men wield too little power.

**A
By-Product
of College
Education**

Nothing is so contemptible as an educated cynic. Cynicism is merely stubbornness plus. An ass would make an excellent cynic if he could smile. A cynic need not know anything. He only needs to pretend to know. Moreover, he can do little more than make a pretense at real knowledge. If he knew any better he would be something higher. But he doesn't.

What is more serious, from the cynic's standpoint, is the fact that he cannot be taught. No one ever taught him anything. No one can. If you are bigger than he, and you usually are, you can put the boots to him and thereby do humanity a service, inestimable and eternal. But do it thoroughly. If you do not, the fool smiles and imagines—he cannot think—he comes off victor in the struggle. God defend us from such!

**Lift Your
Hat !**

Our western democracy is face to face with many a strange new problem. But the most serious of them all are those that seem to grow out of a sort of ultra-democracy that has seized

some—yes, all of us in a measure. A man need not set his house on fire when he wants to light his pipe. There are times when a whisper is more in place than a shout. We are continually “abusing” what we pride ourselves upon “using.” Certainly this is a free country! Certainly one may—if he wish—puff clouds of smoke into the face of a lady friend during a street-corner conversation. You may even don a wide-brimmed sombrero and shaggy chaps and leave the mark of your raucher's spurs on the polished floor of your host's drawing-room. Certainly! But good, wholesome deference and manly respect are never out of place. After all, none of us are absolutely independent—no, not even the youngest! It really requires little trouble to raise one's hat to a lady, or give her one's place in a crowded car—or even to remove one's hat when the outer door is passed on the way in. It means a little trouble, perhaps a little memory and thoughtfulness more than anything else; but after all, well—after all!



COLLEGE GOSSIP.

R. G. EDWARDS. THEO.

*"I cannot tell how the truth may be,
I tell the tale as 'twas told to me."*

Room 23 is the Gossip's headquarters. That's just next door to the Millar's. Drop in when passing with your grist.

The President returned home on the 31st, after a two weeks' trip to the East. He was attending the sessions of the Ontario and Quebec Convention held in Brantford, when, at the request of the authorities of McMaster he preached the Educational Sermon on Sunday morning, October 20th.

On every hand he met with cordial greeting and found evidences of sympathy with the work of Brandon College, and assurances of continued support in the coming years. Perhaps as never before, is the East interested in the progress of the West along the higher lines of intellectual, social, and spiritual development.

Upon leaving Brantford, Dr. Whidden spent a few days in Toronto conferring with business friends, and on his return trip had the pleasure of preaching to his old congregation in Dayton, Ohio, Sunday, October 27th.

LE CERCLE FRANCAIS

J'y plonge! The new French Club has had its first meeting. The vocal studio, already noted for sweet sounds, was the place of meeting, and we doubt not that the guardian angel of the French language looked beamingly down upon it and will often sniff the sweet airs in fond anticipation of further evidences of devotion.

Among the devotees were a few for whom the difficulties of the French "u" were smothered in their mother's kisses long ago; and some there were whose vocal organs tuned too late towards the beautiful language of beautiful France, can never hope to take her speech and "play upon it and make it sparkle like a gem of fifty facets." And some there were for whom that tongue sounds much as any other of the multitudinous fragments into which human expression was shattered at the foot of Babel. But in all is the conviction in varying degree that to read French is good, to speak it is better, and to really taste it is one of the keenest joys of life.

Watch our Book Review Columns for the following hair-raisers:

“How to Choose a Wife; or, Picking a Winner.” by Scotty.

“Beyond the Copper Door; or, Absent Angels.” by Prof. Lundkvist.

“Keep It Dark; or, The Undertow of Love.” By Harris McKee.

NEW FACULTY MEMBERS

Our President, Dr. Whidden, a great, good man who can smile, adds to his many duties the teaching of much theology, some English, and a great deal of Christianity.

Mr. C. K. Guild, B.A., is teaching Political Economy as well as some of the Mathematics and Science in Senior Academic, and Junior Arts.

Mr. W. K. Millar, M.A., is teaching History in Arts and Theology.

Mr. W. G. Armstrong, M.A., is teaching languages in the Academic Department.

Miss Mary G. Barbour is in charge of the Stenographic Department.

Mr. J. W. Marks is the new man in the Business Department. He also lectures on the Good Old Times in Ontario.

Miss Lila McAmmond is putting tone into the Faculty as Vocal teacher.

Prof. Millar—Some proverbs contain truths that are equal to a good dose of medicine; for instance: “Laugh and grow fat.”
Fatty Connor—Right O! I gain ten pounds every time I laugh.

Mr. H. A. Fairbairn spent the Thanksgiving holiday at his home in Carnduff.

THE DEBATING SOCIETY

The first meeting of the College year took place in the Chapel on Friday evening, October 11th.

The subject of debate was, "Resolved that it is in the best interests of the Canadian people that the Dominion Government should retain control of the natural resources of Canada."

The holders of the banner, the Arts Class, were represented by Messrs. Wilkin and Harris McKee, while Messrs. Tingley and D. R. Poole represented Theology on the negative side of the question. Owing to the superficial nature of the arguments, the judges gave the decision to Theology on the basis of presentation.

"Resolved, that the Home Rule bill now before the British Parliament would be detrimental to the best interests of Ireland," was the subject debated on Nov. 1st.

Messrs. Charles Adey and W. H. Smith debated for the Academic Class; Messrs. John Sinclair and Henry Knox defended the Banner for Theology, arguing on the negative side of the question.

In giving the judges' decision, Rev. R. S. Laidlaw complimented the speakers, who are all new debaters, on their very evident genius for debate. It is to be hoped that more new men will come forward during the year.

Mr. Phillip Duncan announces that he is engaged for the winter. Observation will supply further details.

Olmstead—You can't get the best of me, young man.

Bouck—No, someone got it, and kept it.

THE VOLUNTEER BAND

The Foreign Field and its claims engage the attention of some twelve or thirteen students every Wednesday afternoon from four to five o'clock. An interesting feature of every alternate meeting is a summary of some missionary hero's biography, which encourages and enthuses all the members in their ambitions.

The first meeting of the Ministerial Students' Association was held on Friday evening, Oct. 11th. Dr. Whidden was the speaker of the evening. His address was practical, helpful and inspiring and was much appreciated by all present.

HALLOWE'EN

Hallowe'en proved a most exciting night around the college. Under the humane leadership of Mr. Harvey, the Regu-

lars, in costumes quaint and gay, toured the town, calling on Clark Hall and the Faculty living out of residence.

No hens were lifted this year, but the apple tree shook freely, and the hearts of all were warmly touched by the candy, cake and coffee at Prof. Durkin's.

Early in the evening a delightful co-ed bun-feed was held in Academic One. Miss Whiteside, Miss Forrester and the third assistant cook regretted very much their inability to be present. The Students' Committee arrived late, but in time for the scraps.

While the Regulars were out calling, the Insurgents were in calling, and they carried a banner with the embroidered design "Dump 'Em."

The operations of the two bands dove-tailed nicely, and all beds were dumped, with the exception of the one on which Knox was sitting and the Faculty four-posters.

Mitchell recommends an ink-eraser for removing burnt cork.

McFadyen says someone stepped on the cored pie.

During the past summer Mr. A. Carlson had a larger field than any other theologian in the college. He travelled as an itinerant missionary over a territory two hundred miles long by seventy miles in breadth.

Owing to the inclemency of the weather Mr. Elijah Pound failed to assist at the Freshies' tonsorial jamboree. We missed the inspiration of his presence.

On Friday afternoon, Oct. 25th, the regular business meeting of the Arts Classes was held. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

President, Mr. A. Gordon; Vice-President, Miss Bucke; Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. W. Rathwell; Convenor of Programme Committee, Miss Helen McDonald. After speeches by the new officers, the ladies served light refreshments.

A spirit of keen enthusiasm and good fellowship was prevalent throughout and everyone is looking forward to having a good time this year. The meeting broke up with the Arts yell.

Doucette—"You ignoramus, Pound: why do you say 'I seen him'?"

Pound: "What should I say?"

Doucette: "You should say, 'I have saw him.' "

Plunger is with us again. He came alone this time, and is rooming out.

Prof. Millar (at Aagaard's, to waiter)—“Wie gehts.”

Waiter—“Wheat cakes?”

Prof. Millar—“Nein.”

Waiter—“Begorra, ye'll be lucky if ye get three.”

Mr. A. L. Millions much prefers Carnduff to invitation, so he met the turkey at home.

Miss Lines and Mr. Tom Harris were present at the basket ball match on Saturday, Oct. 26th.

Mr. Gordon is planning to spend all his week-ends in town henceforth.

A dastardly attempt was made on Nov. 2nd to remove Riley Smalley's moustache. He is prosecuting the gang on a charge of infanticide.

Mr. Kelly Stone spent the summer at home doing research work in his chosen field.

In collaboration with Mr. Charles J. Stone of Orrwold, he is preparing a paper on “The Scientific Management of the Domestic Hen.” This paper will be read shortly before the Brandon College Society of Psychical Research.

This term initiation took the form of a half-cyclone haircut, with a few forceful admonitions and charges to help the Freshies on in life.

Messrs. Kilfoyl and Potter acted as consulting experts on the committee of welcome.

The way of wisdom for the Freshman is to keep his ears open oftener than his mouth in order to avoid the Second Degree, which is a sure cure for bumptiousness.

CLARK HALL.

MURIEL McCAMIS '13

*"And Fancy, keeping unreluctant watch,
Was free her choicest favours to dispense."*

We take this opportunity of welcoming to our college all those whom we represent in this portion of THE QUILL. Already the girls of Clark Hall have begun to feel that they are a part of the college, and have a share in its life and interests. We are glad to see that quite a number have returned who were with us last year, and several have brought their sisters. The term has opened with especial vim and enthusiasm, so that we hope to make it a record year.

As the new term opens we are, one and all, anxious to know how and where everyone spent the summer. The following are the exploits of those of whom we were able to keep track:

Esther Moore left for Toronto in June, where she was successful in both her piano and vocal examinations at the Conservatory. We extend to Esther our heartiest congratulations and are glad to learn that she is to return after Christmas and resume her musical studies under Prof. Wright. We welcome you back, Esther.

We learn that May Reed '14 spent most of her summer in a launch. Where the launch was, we do not know.

Connie Gunn '13 spent her vacation at Point du Bois with her history notes.

Leslie Ward '13 was heard to remark that she spent the summer in looking for a "suit." She incidentally took a trip to the coast to while away the time.

We are glad to note that Miss Massé and Miss Trotter are back in our midst again. We hope that they will not be compelled to frighten us again by a threatened withdrawal.

Miss Whiteside spent the summer in Toronto.

Miss Evans divided her vacation between Cranbrook, B.C., and Vancouver.

We regret to record the withdrawal of Miss Findlay and Miss Patton, but welcome Miss McAmmond and Miss Barbour, who have come to take their places.

Marjory Bucke spent the summer very profitably at Wroxton, keeping the surveyor from becoming homesick and incidentally teaching eighteen Scotch and ten Galicians, all foreigners, so Peggy says.

Willa Speers spent the summer at Grenfell, also teaching. By the way, it is most fitting just here to offer Willa our congratulations on her excellent showing in the Spring examinations in standing at the head of her class.

Kathleen Johnson was forced to take no longer trip than to Boissevain, on account of her addiction to homesickness.

This is by no means a record of the summer doings of all the girls. There are doubtless many others interesting and amusing, but time and space forbid further mention.

Although so many of our "old girls" have returned, we regret that a number have found it necessary to withdraw from our midst and of those one who is greatly missed is Margaret Strang. Margaret spent a number of years within our walls, and her genial manner and excellent ability had found her a place in every phase of life in the "Hall." However, Margaret has found congenial quarters in Saskatoon and we wish her every success in the University.

Vera Zink, too, has not returned this year. Her family have moved to Toronto and our best wishes go with Vera as she pursues her studies in 'Varsity.

The Y. W. C. A. has organized for the year under the following leaders:

Hon. President—Miss Evans.

President—Muriel McCamis '13.

Vice-President—Icel Hodges '16.

Secretary—Charlotte Dewar '16.

Treasurer—Edith Lee.

Convenor of Committees—Julia Ovens, Libby Ross, Icel Hodges, Rose Lines.

Pianist—Geraldine Martin.

The first regular meeting was addressed by Mrs. MacNeill, who gave an interesting talk on the life of Henry Martin. On Wednesday, Oct. 30, Miss Jamieson, Dominion Secretary of the Students' Y.W.C.A., conducted the meeting. Miss Jamieson was on a tour throughout Western Canada and spent a few helpful and profitable days with this association.

Miss Kathleen Johnson '14 entertained at a thimble tea Saturday afternoon, Oct. 26. Needless to say the hostess was charming and all the girls spent a delightful afternoon.

The following marriages will be of interest to Brandon college students: Charlotte Jackson to Mr. A. McKenzie, of Arden; and Carolyn de Mille to Mr. E. Lancefield, of Calgary, Alta.

On Friday, Sept. 27, the ladies of the Faculty received from 8 until 10 p.m. in honor of the new girls. Dainty refreshments were served, and everyone enjoyed the opportunity to become acquainted.

The Athletic Association in connection with Clark Hall Literary Society is to be congratulated on the excellent work it has done in promoting interest and enthusiasm in the various games.

In the early fall croquet was much in vogue and was enjoyed as a pleasant pastime. The tennis promised so well that the athletic committee, under the able leadership of Miss Julia Ovens, planned for and arranged a tournament. The couples played off until Miss Forrester and Julia Ovens, Constance Gunn '13 and Leslie Ward '13 were left to play the finals. The winners, Miss Gunn and Miss Ward, received their reward in the shape of large Brandon College pennants, on the occasion of the distribution of Field Day prizes.

But in the meanwhile another tournament was being played off on the basket ball field. The girls were chosen on different teams by the captains, Miss McAmmond, Geraldine Martin, Icel Hodges '16 and Julia Ovens. Miss Martin's team was successful in competing with those of Miss McAmmond and Miss Hodges, but fell victim to the onslaught of Miss Ovens' team, who carried off the laurels. This is a splendid way to begin the athletic year, girls, and we hope for continued zeal and effort.

The Clark Hall girls entertained a few of the ladies of the city at a tea on the afternoon of Thanksgiving Day.

We congratulate Miss May Reid '14, the president of the Clark Hall Literary Society, on the flourishing condition of that society. Miss Whiteside has remembered her offer of prizes for the oratorical contest and consequently debates have been the order of the day. At the first meeting of the society a most interesting debate on the subject: "Resolved that the written test system is in the best interests of education," was contested by Kathleen Johnson '14 and Jennie Turnbull '15, who upheld the affirmative, and Willa Speers '13 and Muriel McCanus '13, who supported the negative. We hope to continue these debates throughout the winter.

The programme of the next Lit. was quite impromptu and thoroughly enjoyed:

Instrumental—Muriel McCamis.

Reading—Leslie Ward.

Solo—Willa Speers.

Speech—Rose Lines.

Sextette—"Old Kentucky Home."

Clark Hall "Breezes."

A social event of great importance this term was the reception given by the Y.W. and Y.M. association of the college to the students and Faculty. After a few promenades, which are always interesting, a splendid program was rendered in the chapel. The guests then repaired to the dining room and gymnasium, where a dainty lunch was served, and a successful evening was brought to a close by the singing of the National Anthem.



"WAGES."

Glory of warrior, glory of orator, glory of song,
 Paid with a voice flying by to be lost on an endless sea—
 Glory of virtue, to fight, to struggle, to right the wrong—
 Nay, but she aimed not at glory, no lover of glory she:
 Give her the glory of going on, and still to be.
 The wages of sin is death: if the wages of virtue be dust,
 Would she have the heart to endure for the life of the worm and
 the fly?
 She desires no isles of the blest, no quiet seats of the just,
 To rest in a golden grove, or to bask in a summer sky:
 Give her the wages of going on, and not to die.

—TENNYSON.

ATHLETICS.

P. U. UNDERWOOD '14

“Remember,” said Beecher, in writing to his grandson, “that learning without a sound body is like a sword without a handle.”

All right thinking men nowadays realize the necessity of recreation as a part of their life routine. This tendency may be manifested in a thousand different kinds of sport, and in ways that are not sport, or recreation, considered in their best and truest sense. There must be relaxation from severe mental application, a pause in dull routine, or a bright spot in the sharp struggle for existence or culture. It remains to the individual to participate in those forms of recreation which invigorate his body, clear his mental vision, and that do not dwarf or lessen his higher moral sensibility.

We maintain that college athletics can contribute to this end when wisely and consistently directed and guided. So at the beginning of another year's work in this particular line, let us review briefly, yet comprehensively, the material at hand, and so be able to judge what the future prospects may be.

There have come amongst us this year men who by their rugged physique, and also a good control of their temper, show great promise in an athletic way, if this term may be used. In short, they have real live red Canadian blood in their veins. Why the football field, or the tennis court, or the gymnasium floor draws them like a magnet as a rule about six days in the week. In a sense, McMillan comes in this class, as he was out of college last year. On Field Day he showed marked aptitude for field and track events, and by getting all the jumps, the sprints, and the shot put, he captured the individual championship. Davis got the freshman medal, and seems to be a man of parts, because he is “right there” on the basket ball field. Robinson showed much of his old form on that occasion also. He has great staying powers, which some think are of more than an athletic nature. He gets the medal for the greatest number of firsts outside of the individual champion.

Field Day was fairly successful, considering the biting wind which blew most of the afternoon, and which tended to take

much of the snap and zest out of events such as the long and high jumps. No records were broken, and on the whole the day was not as successful as some of us had hoped for. Clark Hall turned out their usual quota of beauty, but we thought the ranks were somewhat thinned, and hope that these cold western falls will not prove a bugbear to our fair friends. Evans showed his usual manly stride on Field Day, but the gods willed that he should not have a medal this year. The sprints were good, although the track is somewhat narrow when there were many entries. The Faculty kindly acted individually and collectively in the capacity of measurers, field judges and referees. Dr. MacNeill is an old hand with the tape, and knows how to blight the hopes of aspiring freshmen who can't show the goods.

The old 'uns do not escape his paternal care either. Some of the city divines also added dignity and practical assistance in the offices heretofore mentioned, as they say in the law courts. Our Y.M.C.A. friends also had a finger in the pie.

Well, to get down to the brass tacks, the senior and junior Arts tied for the class aggregate, and the thing was decided by playing off a second place on the tennis championship, which gave three points more to Senior Arts. McKee and Wilkin were responsible for this, although McMillan and Coen gave them a hard fight and they won after a hotly contested game in the final set of three.

A presentation of prizes was made at the Lit. meeting following Field Day, when Dr. Vining and Dr. MacNeill made speeches, and McMillan had so many ribbons pinned on him by fair hands that he looked like a veritable Roman conqueror.

But to think of basket ball. We have, if you please, a first class team in the city league. In the last match against the Dormats the final score stood 8 to 28 in our favor. Young Scott showed great skill in getting the basket, and Hughes, Davis and McMillan all show promise of making good players. With practice in combination and passing we look, and rightly so, for future victories. See that you do not disappoint us, boys. If it lies in your power to clean up the league, why, knuckle to it; we believe you can do it.

Tennis causes one to remember our resident master, as he is always trying to hook away some athletic money, when no one else is around, to improve our tennis courts. Well, our prospects in this line are good. The aforementioned gentleman is up to his old tricks again, and has a new bag of cuts which he

serves out to Prof. Guild. He, by the way, is some class, if you'll excuse the slang. His serves are like bullets, and we feel sure that some of his opponents are hard put to protect their persons on the rebound of the ball from the hard court. Green and Edwards represent the Theologues, and won the tennis championship on Field Day. Although of very different temperaments, they get on so well together, that the College authorities allow them to room together. There are also a few comers in this particular game, so that the future looks bright for the tennis.

In sports, do you know, as the curate says, we excel. Why, some of the young 'uns can eat six times a day, and then, like young Oliver of Dickens' fame, howl for more. What about football? Again that pessimistic whisper of a doubting Thomas. Why, man alive, when Evans, Robinson, Kippen, Rathwell, and a host of Pooles, greater and less, are around, not to mention some first class freshmen, we simply can't help having some football, even if we have to play the Asylum for competition.

The football committee have drawn up an inter-class schedule, which will mean an increase of interest with consequent benefit to all. The old longing for the feel of the ball is stirring in the veins of the veterans, and we look for A team to shape up, and with vigor and vim as of yore sweep all before them. And you freshmen of envious eyes, get in the game and show 'em what's in ye. There came a whisper on the western breeze of a Saskatoon game. In any case, we hope, expect, pray, and all the rest for a game with some Winnipeg team. Now, then, what do you say? Shall we up and at 'em? Or do you belong to the greasy grind class. the pinkhead contingent, who will not stir the chickens out of their mental machinery once in a blue moon.

Postscript.—The weather is bracing, but no hockey yet. You might look at the rink. however.

ALUMNI-ALUMNÆQUE.

ROBERT HARVEY '13

"Though lost to sight to memory dear."

In taking over the charge of this corner in our magazine from our worthy predecessor, we wish to make it a chatty, newsy record of the doings of old-time students. Not merely the progress of our graduates will be recorded, but of all who have at any time been enrolled as students in Brandon College. Such a department to be a success must depend largely on the cordial co-operation of all interested. A word of information sent in to the Editor will be received with appreciation. It will be a practical and helpful way of making this corner a mirror reflecting the doings of old members of our student body.

In this way we may assist in preserving a spirit of loyalty and abiding regard among the entire body of students, both past and present, to our alma mater, Brandon College. *Diu floreat!*

Last spring, during Convocation, an important step was taken by the graduates of Brandon then assembled. It was felt that the time was ripe for the formation of an Alumni Association of Brandon College. A meeting was called, the matter was discussed, and it was decided that such an organization should be formed. Rev. J. C. Bowen, of Winnipeg, was elected president; Jas. Dempsey '12, of Carberry, was elected secretary. At this time of going to press full details of organization and the constitution adopted have not been received. In the next number we hope to review the whole proceedings and to criticize impartially the action taken.

Russell Ferrier '12 took occasion of Dr. Whidden's recent visit to Toronto to send by him hearty greetings to the old friends at Brandon. Russ is taking his M.A. work in Political Economy at McMaster University.

Miss Lillian Underwood, who attended Brandon in the year of Clark Hall 1, is taking her final year of training as a nurse in the Winnipeg Hospital.

Billy Smalley, the debater, footballer and good all-round sport of last year's Theology class, was ordained to the pastorate of the Shoal Lake Baptist Church during the summer. As a

quiet and unassuming Christian gentleman, Billy commanded the respect of all. Our best wishes follow him in his life-work.

And Philly has gone and done it. As a tenor singer, a photographer, a designer and general handy man H. B. O. Philpotts had made himself almost indispensable to Brandon College. His dinkey moustache, too, had often tickled Clark Hall. But now he is playing second fiddle. He and Miss Florence Dodds of Virden, also a former student, decided they could together "make life and death and that vast forever one grand, sweet song." The young couple were married in Winnipeg, but returned to Brandon to live. Mr. Philpotts is engaged in business in the city with the Heintzman Piano Co.

Every good wish, Philly, to yourself and bonny bride.

Miss Grace Little '12 is taking further work at the school of Pedagogy in Toronto. At Brandon Grace and Russell were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in Toronto they are not divided.

Ole Larson, a former popular Scandinavian student, has been doing good work this summer in Calgary. He has had charge there of a Scandinavian church, the growth of which has been very gratifying. We hear that his duties have so increased that Ole is about to take a helpmeet to aid him in the work.

S. H. Potter '12 is still addicted to Brandon. Sam is in a law office here, and is acting as legal adviser to the Clark Hall Literary Society.

Chris. Clements of Vegreville, who shone on the ice in Brandon some six years ago, is still alive and flourishing. The world is moving fast for Chris, for he now owns a wife and a dandy motor car.

Old friends of Olga Widen, a sister of the famous Henry, will regret to hear that she has been sick this summer. However, the last news from the coast, where she has been recuperating, is that she is regaining her usual health.

Mr. P. A. Peterson, who attended Brandon some five years ago, has been doing very successful work among the Scandinavian people of British Columbia. Just lately he organized a church in Vancouver.

Mr. Peterson has gone to Chicago this fall to pursue theological work, and on his way down called in on friends at Brandon College.

Bob Conn, an old boy, has been practising his profession of dentist at Wetaskiwin. Recently he moved to Edmonton and will be pleased to receive a call from any old friends who may be feeling down in the mouth.

Genial John Munson has put his hand to the plough, and is peacefully cultivating the paternal acres at Camrose, Alta.

Miss Jane Holt has given up her Arts work and gone to the Deaconess Home in Toronto for training. From there she plans to leave for China and spend some months with Dr. and Mrs. Keeler—Dr. Keeler visited Brandon last year—in acquiring the language. Thus equipped, she then intends devoting her life to missionary service in that eastern land. This is the culmination of a long cherished plan in Miss Holt's mind to become a foreign missionary. As she goes out she will bear with her the good wishes and prayers of many friends in Brandon.

Chas. Baker, Theol. '12, is holding down the Baptist church at Yorkton, Sask.

A new college yell—To Rev. D. A. and Mrs. Gunn, of C-Canada, India—a son.

Miss Dolly Farr, well known to former years, has acquired a half-interest in the practice of Dr. Murphy, of Vancouver. Congratulations and all good wishes to Dr. and Mrs. Murphy!

Finney McKinnon, one of our former genial theologians, dropped in on us a couple of weeks ago. Finney is as smiling as ever and the world seemed to be going well with him. He is now in charge of the Baptist church at Kildonan, near Winnipeg. We hear he has bought up Selkirk and is putting it on the market as a Winnipeg sub-division.

LATITUDE AND LONGITUDE.

W. G. RATHWELL '15

"I have gathered me a posie of other men's flowers, and nothing but the thread that binds them is mine own."—Montaigne.

In taking charge of "Latitude and Longitude," we were somewhat puzzled in regard to just what should be included in the work of this department. Naturally, we sought the opinion of the former editor, and in a previous number of THE QUILL we found the following statement: "In this column we shall endeavor to present to our readers what we consider to be of interest and profit from our various exchanges, mixed with a due amount of levity, which we hope will give that variety which is the spice of life." This, without any addition or alteration, we shall adopt as our working policy for the present year.

As it is yet early in the college year, we have received few exchanges. We trust, however, that before the next number goes to press, there will be, in this respect at least, no reason for complaint.

An article on "Educational Beginnings in Manitoba," in the last number of "The Western School Journal," gives the following account of the first registration of students in the University of Manitoba: "Shortly after the first meeting of the university council the Bishop sent for the writer (then a theological student of St. John's) and told him to go with the other theological students, three in number, and the two head boys of the college school to the residence of Major Jarvis, the registrar, to be matriculated. The small band of six, nothing loth, but hardly realizing the dignity of their position as the first undergraduates of a university destined some day to be great, walked from St. John's across the snow to Point Douglas, Winnipeg, where the major lived. Finding him at home, the writer, who acted as spokesman, told the major the nature of the business on which they had come; whereupon he smiled and looked a little blank, observing that there was no university register yet in existence. However, he was equal to the occasion, produced a half-sheet of ordinary writing paper, and bade them inscribe their names upon it. Thus and thus were the beginnings of the University of Manitoba.

TWO DWELLINGS

Here in the roar of the street,
 In traffic's dull beat
 Swift to defeat
 Dwelleth my mind,—
 Striving and driving with its grim kind.

There in a far forest's lane
 Green after rain,
 Careless of gain
 Dwelleth my heart,—
 Seeking the silence the trees impart.

—“Outing.”

“College life is a very beautiful thing. Its charm and essential condition is common work, its friendship breathes the air of love and truth, it is filled with generous, not selfish, sentiment, its pleasures are inextricably mingled with the pleasures of the mind.”

—Paul van Dyke, in “Scribner's.”

“A green little boy in a green little way,
 A green little apple devoured one day;
 The green little grasses now tenderly wave
 O'er the green little apple-boy's green little grave.”

—“Queen's Journal.”

In the last number of “St. John's College Magazine” there is an interesting article on college debating. The problems discussed therein are well worthy of consideration, and we would recommend the article to those interested in the debating society of our own college.

“Two roses, red and white, grew side by side—
 Love kissed them—from the one the color died:
 The other flamed into a scarlet hue—
 Together, white and red, two roses grew.”

—Antoinette De Coursey Patterson, in “Scribner's.”

In the November number of “The World's Work,” William McAndrew severely criticizes the present system of teach-

ing in our High Schools. He suggests as a remedy, the use of magazines as text books in place of the regular works on history, higher mathematics and the classics. While the article is ingeniously written, we can scarcely take the writer seriously. Of course, we admit the absolute necessity of a knowledge of current events and a thorough acquaintance with present day problems. But at the same time, there is no gainsaying the inestimable value of a classical education. In fact, it is, to a great degree, only by a careful study of the past that we are fitted for meeting the situations of the present.

In "The University Magazine" for October, M. E. Redon has a good article entitled "The Life of a Little College." From this we quote the following extract: "One great advantage of a little college is that the teacher may come to know his pupils. They, in turn, profess to believe that this personal contact is a benefit to them, and this pleasing theory makes it hard for the teacher to retain his needful humility. There can be no manner of doubt that the teacher and his teaching profit thereby. When the college grows in population, this desirable intercourse comes to an end, inevitably; mere arithmetic intervenes; that there are only twenty-four hours in a day renders this possibility of mutual acquaintanceship a dream. To the professor with large classes, his students are simply a mosaic of young faces in the lecture room, an alphabetical list of names against which to set marks for examination or returns of attendance. He loses touch; his influence and his power as a teacher are bound to suffer. The equation remains one-sided. He may not know his students, but his students know him."

A KING IN ATTICA

I drift through the streets all day,
 Weary and hungry and lone,
 But every night there's an open way
 Out of the smoke -clouds dense and gray
 To an empire all my own,
 Where down in a daisy path I stray
 With an arm that circles a goddess gay
 In a dance to the world unknown!

I climb by a stairway steep
 To an attic cold and high,

But every night as I drop to sleep
 The stars stand round, ten millions deep,
 To guard me as I lie,
 Till the little pink-skirted housemaids creep
 From the East with their windy brooms, to sweep
 The steps of the open sky!

—Will H. Ogilvie, in "The London Outlook."

In the convocation number of "Vox Wesleyana" appears an article entitled "The Dramatic Instinct," written by Dr. Bland of Wesley College. Dr. Bland is a firm believer in the great possibilities for good in properly directed dramatic power, and in the ultimate redemption of the stage. His trend of thought is fairly represented in the closing paragraph: "We are, I venture to think, on the eve of a great period of social reconstruction that will stamp itself on history as deeply as the French Revolution, and far more beneficently. As the French Revolution was born of a passion for liberty, this will be born of a passion for brotherhood, and a mighty factor in this movement may be a drama which will turn, as nothing else can, the searchlight on wrong and suffering, teach men to identify themselves with other peoples and other classes, and, in the words of the most deeply impressive petition I ever heard fall from human lips, "deliver men from the evil dream of their separateness.'"

We must congratulate the editorial staff of "The McMaster University Monthly" on the high standard of their graduation number for 1912. Clear cuts, bright, humorous articles, and an exceedingly artistic cover design combine to make this number exceptionally good.

REMATED HALVES

A soft answer is mightier than the sword.
 A word to the wise saves nine.
 A thing of beauty makes the heart grow fonder.
 A little wisdom loves company.
 A dangerous thing is a joy forever.
 A fool and his money make the whole world kin.
 One touch of nature is sufficient.
 He laughs best who never felt a wound.
 Faint heart goeth before a fall.
 Procrastination gathers no moss.

—"Smart Set."

A STATE OF MIND

In the State of Mass.
 There lives a lass
 I love to go N. C. ;
 No other Miss.
 Can e'er, I Wis.
 Be half so dear to Me.

R. I. is blue
 And her cheeks the hue
 Of shells where waters swash ;
 On her pink-white phiz
 There Nev. Ariz.
 The least complexion Wash.

La. ! could I win
 The heart of Minn.,
 I'd ask for nothing more ;
 But I only dream
 Upon the theme
 And Conn. it o'er and Ore.

Why is it, pray,
 I can't Ala.
 This love that makes me Ill. ?
 N. Y., O., Wy.,
 Kan. Nev. Ver. I
 Propose to her my will ?

I shun the task
 'Twould be to ask
 This gentle maid to wed ;
 And so, to press
 My suit, I guess,
 Alaska Pa. instead.

—Current Literature.

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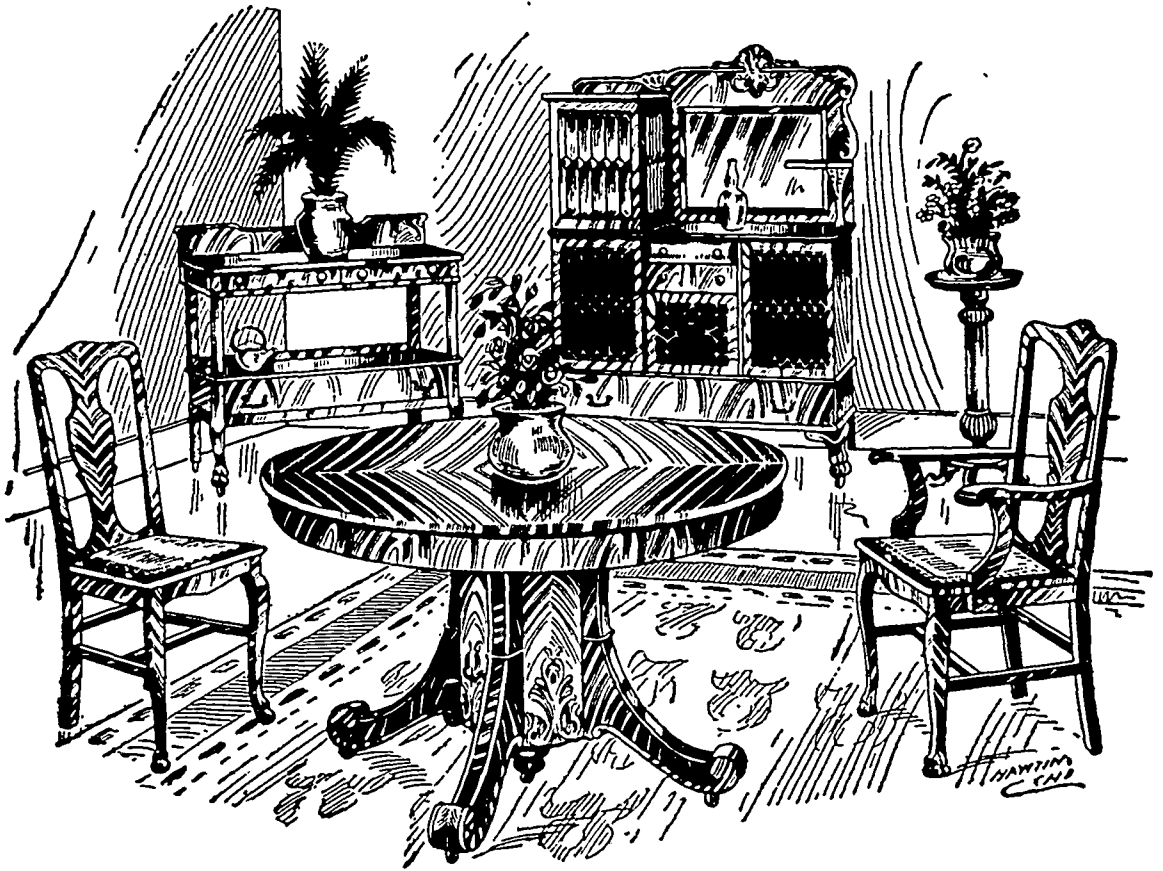
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