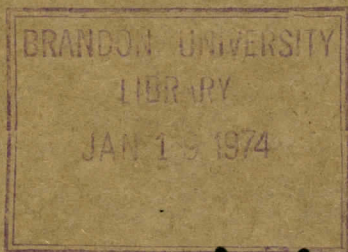


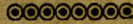
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# Brandon College



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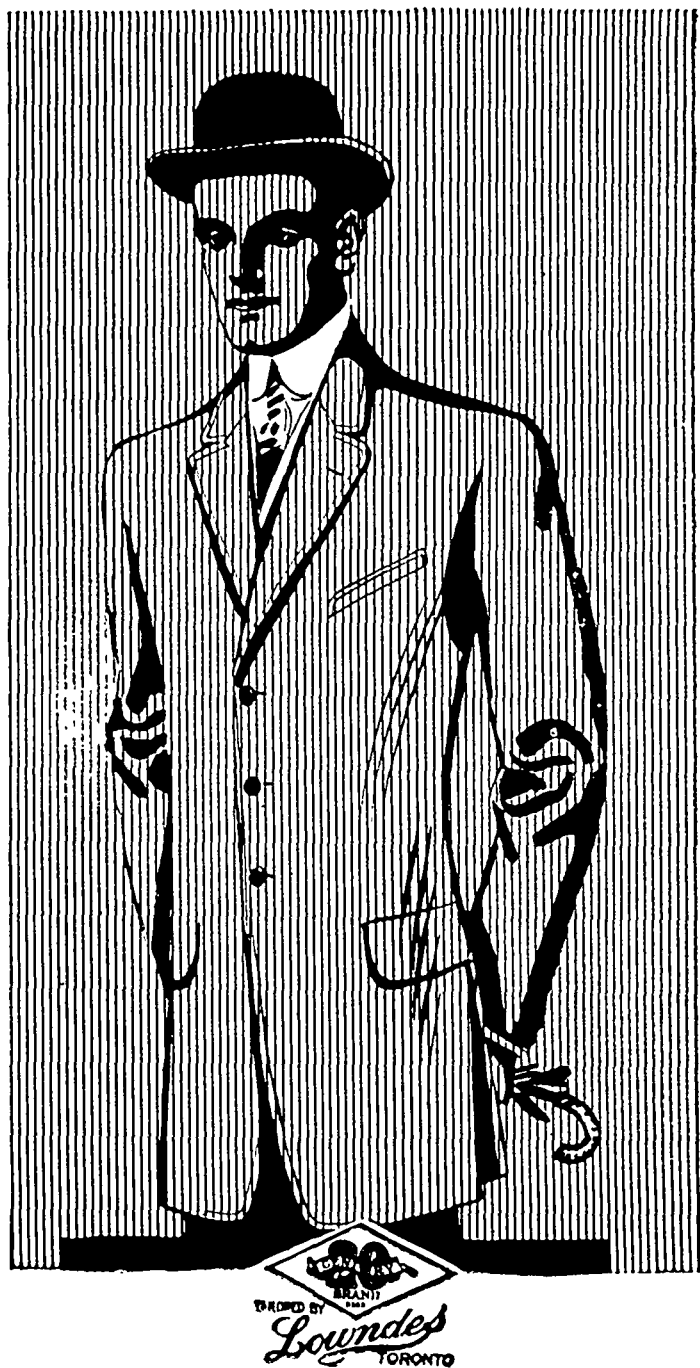
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# DISARMAMENT

R. J. LANG '16

We prate of peace in our guarded home where the high-flung  
flags are set;

While the seas are black with battleships,

With their cannon crammed to the very lips;

And the nation's haltered war-steeds foam and fret.

We keep the engines shining bright, and the ramparts in repair;

For the day when the lust of the later Cain

Shall burn in the peaceful toiler's brain;

And the blood-red dragon rouses from his lair.

The flag of peace is borne aloft on the haft of a battle-spear;

While the war-god's might goes marching by;

Where his high-built halls obstruct the sky;

Allaying by their pomp the people's fear.

And half of the toilers toil for bread and half for the dragon's  
keep;

As they delve in the depth of the fearsome gorge,

And weld his spears by the flaring forge;

While the hungry monster waits in broken sleep.

But the minds of men must be stamped again with the print of  
a nobler die;

And the toys of war must be pushed away

From the reach of the infant nation's play,

And the tribes of earth forget their battle-cry.

Then men shall come with their thousand flags to blend in a  
common white,

Enlisting in a nobler war,

Against the hosts of ill that bar

Their onward march across the hills to light.



A. HARVEY  
ALUMNI ASSOCIATION



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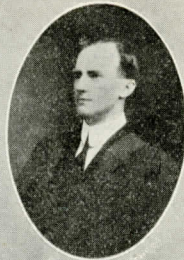
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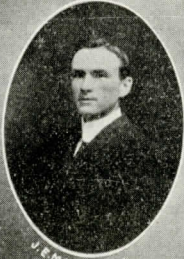
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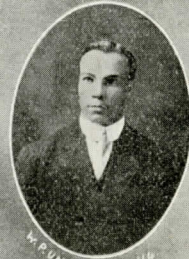
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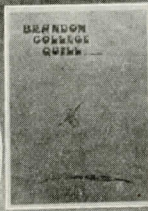
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## THE AIM AND VALUE OF A LIBERAL EDUCATION

L. WILHELMINA SPEERS '13

A liberal education, as we in America understand it, is widely different from the liberal education of the past, or even, in other countries, in the present. The Grecian liberal education was for the free man, implying the existence of a slave class; the English liberal education is still for the gentleman, implying the existence of the laboring caste; the American liberal education is for a man as a man, without qualifications, implying the equal rights of all to free self-realization.

Corresponding to this latter, broader development of a liberal education, society has found it necessary to demand a greatly enlarged curriculum. From the early ages society felt its need of lawyers, doctors and ministers, and accordingly had its three faculties of law, medicine and theology. It now feels a pressing need for the trained business man, teacher, mechanic, engineer, and this need has been and is being supplied by corresponding educational institutions. Education trains the expert and society trusts him. Thus education is the instinctive effort which the social body makes to adapt itself to vital needs and protect itself from suffering want.

John Stuart Mill said: "Education includes everything which helps to shape a human being." Thus the aim of a liberal education is to make a man, as completely as can be in harmony with nature. He must recognize his powers and develop and use them to their fullest extent. Considering education from the side of natural development, it should help nature in the work of carrying the mind through the stages of growth. There should be an adjustment between the subject matter of the curriculum and the stage of mental development of the individual. Thus if, at the moment when his interest is aroused and he is in a receptive mood, the required material is brought within range, the individual will acquire the knowledge with a headway of interest.

That we may get a comprehensive idea of a liberal education before trying to analyze it further, let us consider for a moment Mr. Huxley's famous words in this connection: "That man, I think, has had a liberal education who has been so trained in his youth that his body is the ready servant of his will, and does with ease and pleasure all the work that, as a mechanism, it is capable of; whose intellect is a clear, cold, logic engine, with its parts of equal strength, and in smooth working order; ready, like a steam-engine, to be turned to any kind of

work, to spin the gossamers as well as forge the anchors of the mind; whose mind is stored with the knowledge of the great and fundamental truths of nature and of the laws of her operations; one who, no stunted ascetic, is full of life and fire, but whose passions are trained to come to heel by a vivacious will, the servant of a tender conscience: who has learned to love all beauty whether of nature or of art, to hate all vileness, and to respect others as himself."

In striving towards this perfection, education inculcates certain qualities in the mind of the individual. During the process of education, which after all is a continuous striving, aspiring and enriching of the faculties, these qualities are unconsciously taking root. They in themselves are not the goal. This mental development is the psychological result of education.

In general these qualities of an educated mind are: power to know, resulting in craving for truth; power to feel, resulting in craving for beauty; power to will, resulting in a craving for the good.

To analyze more specifically let us enumerate and discuss briefly some of the particulars and essential traits which betoken the educated mind.

1. Openmindedness.—This may be interpreted in two ways, viz., the senses are responsive to all the stimulus of the world they are capable of receiving and the mind is ready to receive whatsoever things are true, lovely and of good repute. The senses are the only avenue from the outer world of our experience. Hence if we would be rich in experience, our senses must ever be on the alert to receive impressions around us and from these we must cull the choicest if we are to make our lives beautiful. In the second sense, the educated mind is open to receive, welcome, utilize and enjoy the beauty of unadorned truth and the truth of simple beauty. To such a mind the whole truth is dear; it has faith in its capacity to stand alone without superficial supports. There is also a willingness to know, a readiness to listen, a desire to be convinced, an attitude of candor and an honesty of intellect.

2. Knowledge.—Although knowledge is not a sufficient end of education, still it is true that the educated man must know something and know it well. The accumulated knowledge of the world is too great to permit an individual knowing everything, but an educated man has a wide knowledge of the large and essential facts of men and things and an exact knowledge of that field of fact wherein he proposes to devote his life. Thus the universe will be congenial to him and his work will prove beneficial to the world. Bacon has said: "There is no

stand or impediment in the wit but may be wrought out by fit studies."

3. Self-Knowledge.—A most important trait of an educated mind is self-knowledge. In its course through the world it finds itself related to everything, causes its owner to recognize his strength and his weakness, and within his limitations to strive towards highest achievement.

4. Imagination.—It has been said that "Imagination is the greatest of human powers, no matter in what field it works—in art, literature, in mechanical invention, in science, government, commerce or religion, and the training of the imagination is, therefore, far the most important part of education." And Professor Tyndall adds: "Bounded and conditioned by co-operate reason, imagination becomes the mightiest instrument of the physical discoverer. Newton's passage 'from a falling apple to a falling moon' was a leap of the imagination." From these quotations it will be seen that cultivation of the imagination is, at least, one of the most important duties of education.

5. Judgment.—One of equal importance is the training of judgment. Nature has endowed but a small fraction of the human race with the capacity to create. It is the duty of education to train the individual to appreciate and discover to himself the true beauty and worth of creative minds such as Dante, Goethe, Shakespeare, Darwin, or Raphael. It is judgment that distinguishes the true from the false, the beautiful from the ugly, and the good from evil. Judgment is the mind's assertion about reality: it reaches beyond the content of individual consciousness and lays hold of that which is objectively true. It comes as the result of training.

6. Taste.—In the aesthetic field the mind's judgment is called taste. The finer, higher and more delicate things of human experience come into consciousness through the aesthetic sense. The air of refinement, the atmosphere of culture, the sense of the perfect, the love of the ideal, belong with the essential characterization of the educated person.

7. Conscience.—In a similar fashion conscience is judgment in the moral field. Conscience is our judgment between right and wrong, having chosen, our character is what we are in consequence of what we willed to be. Education has fallen short of its noblest end, if immorality continues to exist. Teaching the mind to resist its desires and inclinations until they are proud to be right is the most important point of all in self-education—as Huxley expressed it: "the servant of a tender conscience."

8. The Habit of Work.—A most important and evident trait of an educated mind is the "habit of work." Through long

training in concentration and persistent endeavor the performance of a task is planned and attacked with a certain skill, an air of mastery and self-confidence and especially a certain pleasure. Without the habit of work on the part of trained minds, the productivity of society would be very inferior and greatly diminished.

9. Freedom.—The freedom of an educated mind from the bondage of ignorance and superstition is noteworthy. Truth holds dominant sway and on account of the limitless quality of truth every individual is permitted to possess in it a personal interest.

10. Tolerance.—Closely related to the latter trait is tolerance. An imaginative sympathy must widen the vision of each individual enough to recognize the identical right of others. A liberally trained man is willing and anxious to share the freedom he enjoys. He is free from bigotry and unreasonable prejudice in favor of traditional opinions or established institutions.

11. Happiness.—And, finally, the educated man is happy. Happiness consists in the recognition and use of one's full powers. He knows the truth and the truth has made him free. He feels the beautiful, and the beautiful has made him gentle. He wills the good, and the good has made him strong.

Another benefit, which cannot be classed under the head of "traits of an educated mind," is the diminution of crime as a result of education. This, however, is more of a social than individual benefit. Education is a function of society and is one of the means that society takes to protect itself. There are three ways in which education is coping, with increasing efficiency, with crime in society. First, by refining the intellect so that crime becomes repulsive, and by strengthening the will so that criminal tendencies may be conquered. Second, criminal tendencies are being dealt with while the organism is plastic and are being thwarted by the development of counter social impulses. Third, the forces of an environment, hostile to the best interests of man, which are the main source, after all, of crime, are being dealt with in many ways by the influences that education disengages, such as: skilled methods of detecting crime, better administration of justice, prison reform, and growing public sentiment against crime as unsocial.

The present lore of learning consists in the preservation of the richest experiences of the past, the harvest of most strenuous toil, deprivation and persecution. On this solid foundation we may start where our fathers left off and build up something higher. However, the mere existence of this store of learning does not guarantee that each one perusing it may gain a liberal

education. Whether or not an education be liberalizing depends not so much on the subjects studied as upon the spirit in which they are studied. It is not the particular study going into a man's mind that liberalizes him; it is the spirit coming forth from the man's mind as he studies.

A liberal education makes a man realize conditions and recognize the rights and needs of others. Thereupon he unselfishly sets to work to eradicate evil and substitute better conditions and higher, nobler ideals. Finally, a liberal education emancipates individuality, sets free personal powers, and widens the human outlook.



## THE PERFECT PRESENT

R. J. LANG '16

'Tis not revealed what we shall be .  
     In future years;  
 We strain our mortal eyes to see  
 Behind the grave's stern mystery,  
     With hopes and fears.

I muse not on those golden gates  
     Rich jewel-dressed;  
 I feel and know that judgment waits,  
 And after in some fair estates  
     My soul shall rest.

What may be in those far domains  
     I cannot tell;  
 I only know that justice reigns,  
 And there are neither griefs nor pains,  
     For all is well.

For balmy islands; sunset crowned,  
     I dare not pine;  
 Today I dwell on goodly ground;  
 Today the worlds still circle round;  
     Today is mine.

## THE WOMAN OF TOMORROW

VERA LEECH, B.A.

As in all evolution, the woman of tomorrow will be, physically, intellectually and morally, the product of the tendencies of yesterday and today. "But," someone says, "why trouble us with idle speculations about the future when so many problems are needful of immediate solution?" Well, why not? How many of our best activities are carried on with an eye single to the present? Would it not be well to pause for a few moments and consider whither we are tending? For the woman of tomorrow will determine the man of tomorrow; and although the child is the father of the man, yet the woman is and always will be the mother of the child.

Eve yielded to the seductive power of the serpent and her sex has ever since had to bear the punishment. But in the divine scheme of things, a woman was to be the means of bringing redemption to the world and with that day dawned a new era in the history of womankind—an era in which she has progressed from a condition of servitude to a point where she is the social, intellectual and perhaps physical equal of man, and, dare I say it, the moral superior.

There is no need of presenting here any account of this development. It is an undisputed fact and has been voiced so often as to have become hackneyed. But let us consider the progress within recent years; for in the fusion of two types of grandmothers which rise before the mind, I see the origin of the woman of tomorrow.

We all possess cherished memories of the fragile Dresden-china type of grandmother who has bequeathed to us her innate daintiness and femininity; but are not our thoughts turned with equal or even greater reverence to those pioneer mothers or grandmothers who in "long days of labor" in this new land have learned life's greatest lessons and who have transmitted to us their solution of life's problems?

However much we may reverence such memories, yet in the light of present conditions either type is insufficient for the woman of today. The day when woman's sphere was considered to lie wholly within the realm of the three German k's—"kuchen, kirchen, kinder," is as long past as the day when her education was limited to the three r's—"readin', 'ritin,' and 'rithmetic," although the three k's must ever remain the centre of her sphere just as the three r's must be the foundation stones of her education. With the broader education has come the

better physical equipment for life, the broader outlook on life, the broader range of activities and the broadened field for service.

Through the raising of standards of living which is resulting from the general improvement of economic conditions, there will come a better physical type. Thus with the aid of the gymnasium and the new physical education, the future woman should find herself untrammelled by any bodily weakness in the carrying out of her duties.

Today women are filling important places throughout the educational world. Tomorrow they will be filling more important places more competently, for they have already proven their talent for such work.

In all schemes for the uplift of humanity woman will ever be to the fore. The ideal woman of the future will be a leader in social service, and the work of Jane Addams will be carried on by countless numbers of the best women of the next generation.

Will they vote, these leaders in social and educational work? Without a doubt, yes! It is an inevitable result of the tendency of the times. The woman who has the ability to carry on the administration of an educational institution or a Hull House has surely the ability to cast an intelligent vote, and her opinion might even bear some weight in political circles.

But even in the advanced opinions of tomorrow, the home must still be the unit of society, and homemaking the highest of woman's attainment. The successful homemaker of the future, however, will be the woman who has rounded out her life in other spheres of activity.

As I write this I am enjoying the beauty of a February sunset from the window of an observation car; for the privilege of watching a winter sunset across the snow-clad prairies comes all too seldom to those of us who dwell in even the small western cities. And as I gaze I wonder—will my woman of tomorrow find time among her varied duties—political, social, educational, religious and domestic—will she still find time to glory in the crimson and gold of a setting sun, to wonder at the stars, and to find in the meanest wayside flower those "thoughts which lie too deep for tears"? I wonder!

## A PEEP AT FLORENCE

A. II. PULLEN, MATRIC.

It was four hours since I had caught my last glimpse of San Marcello, sleepily nestling on the rocky shoulder whence its squat-domed church looks down in age-long meditation on the roaring torrent below. Four hours of glaring white road and wayside Madonnas, and three of the four trying to keep optimistic while pushing a bicycle on, on up a dusty, tiresome hill which seemed to grow steeper at every milestone. A bend in the road, and with unexpected suddenness appeared the Pass, over which the wind swept as if anxious to make the last few yards as difficult as possible,—then—the view!

Immediately below the vista of olive and orange trees lay Pistoria with its black and white marble cathedral. Beyond, and seemingly across the plain, Grey Prato, and in the hazy blue distance, a glistening white patch on a silver thread—Florence!

The average tourist makes a great mistake when, deposited portmanteau in hand on the railway platform, he hails a cab, and with confused visions of faded cushions, dingy back-streets, and sleepy porters, arrives at his hotel. Let him who would obtain a right impression of an old city, approach it as it was approached long before the shrieking monster of steam and steel invaded its age-hallowed precincts. Enter Florence by road and let its beauty gradually grow upon you as you enjoy the scene from so many different points of view.

Reaching the city gate, I turned and viewed the way by which I had come. Here the country was extremely flat, save for a grove of pines and the ruins of an old palazzo in the foreground. The skyline remained unbroken. The sun neared the horizon and the drivers of the country carts along the road prodded their lumbering, soft-eyed oxen into momentary activity.

Once inside the city, the outside world seemed shut off, and every turn brought into view some object or scene of interest. In fact, half the charm of Florence lies in the numerous evidences of ancient art and architecture, uncatalogued in the guide book, and often in most obscure corners which abound in that city. Here a high damp-stained and moss-grown wall encloses an old and neglected garden,

“With iron gates that open through long lines  
Of sacred ilex and centennial pines,”

and an overhanging branch, laden with golden oranges or rosy



pomegranates, tempts the passer-by. There a stream of yellow water pours from between the teeth of a marble lion into a solid trough at which a dusty team of oxen are drinking deeply.

The streets became more crowded and better lighted as I approached the centre of the city, until, wandering down the Via Umberto I suddenly came upon the cathedral, which is the magnet which draws so many to Florence. There before me, so large that it seemed to take up the whole square, rose that mountain of colored marble capped with its huge red dome, which was hardly distinguishable now that night had fallen. In the square around this majestic pile were numbers of booths where shouting tradesmen sold souvenirs, soft drinks, ices and picture postcards, by the light of acetylene flares which, illumining with a ruddy glare the base of the cathedral, only served to throw the rest into deeper shadow.

Though vague and indefinite in proportions when viewed by night, the sanctuary, when glittering in the morning sun, appears very different. Only then can the true beauty of its architecture and the inimitable grace of its proportions be fully realized. There beside it towers that which, though incomplete apart from the cathedral, vies with that edifice in splendid magnificence, the Giotto Campanite, which masterpiece has been described as:

“The lily of Florence blossoming in stone,  
A vision of delight, and a desire,  
The builders perfect and centennial flower,  
That in the night of ages bloomed alone.”

An hour spent on the San Miniato Hill overlooking Florence will well repay the visitor. As, leaning on my bicycle, I gazed dreamily on the prospect before me, a panorama met my eyes such as is rarely surpassed in any part of the world. There beneath that parapet over which the passion flower ran riot lay the wondrous “city of dreams.” Below the winding white road, now dotted with gay parasols and glittering automobiles, flowed the brown sluggish stream of the Arno, spanned by five bridges, one of which particularly attracted my attention as being the Ponte Vecchio with its two rows of irregular and disreputably grotesque little houses, each of which is a separate jeweller’s shop. On the further bank, amid a sea of red roofs rose those monuments which have contributed to the historical and architectural charm of Florence.

The afternoon of my first day in the Tuscan metropolis I spent in rambling around its tortuous streets and innumerable churches; and, as evening approached, I took the electric railway up the hill to Frisole on the far side of the city from San

Miniato, and, from beneath the old convent walls, watched the day die over Florence.

Slowly, yet all too soon, the summer sun approached the distant hills and the sky became gradually tinged with purple. Then the purple changed to a soft crimson such as is only seen in southern skies. Its last rays crept up the sparkling Giotto Tower and hovered round the summit, and though the huge marble mass of the cathedral was becoming enveloped in purple shadows, the red stone glowed in the evening light. My eyes wandered from the royal palace to the Boboli gardens, and thence to the gilded dome of the synagogue now glowing like a ball of fire. Never before had I realized how poetic and entrancing a city Florence was. Historic scenes were again enacted before my eyes. I could see legions of helmeted Roman soldiers marching across the plain against the city from whose walls the bold Tuscans waved their spears in defiance. Behind the marble coverings of that window in the Signoria I could see Dante whispering to his beata Beatrice. There in the Piazza before Le Lauze the red fire began to twinkle, lighted by the eager Florentine mob to consume Savonarola, who but a short time before had been their idol.

But the picture soon changed. Brilliant rose tints gave place to mellow primrose lights which in their turn faded, leaving that tomb of true art clothed in cold blue and shadows. Finally the sky deepened in color to a velvet mauve, and above the cypresses on the hills beyond the valley hung the silver crescent of the new-born moon.



## “THE SPIRIT OF THE EAST”—AN IMPRESSION

T. B. McMILLAN '16

We note a country's life and spirit, not so much in studying its literature as in reading between the lines; not so much, perhaps, in its acts, as in the things which it does not do. From the history of any country we can deduce the nature of its national, impelling spirit. But on the other hand, if we know a nation's spirit, we can confidently guess its history.

The scarlet east is well named. The brightest of red and yellow are the only colors that suit its life. Pink is too delicate, blue too soft, orange too quiet, green too restful. Scarlet is bright and voluptuous, sensuous, lustful, and rich. Yellow is hard and cruel, revengeful, treacherous, and cowardly.

Wine, women, and song; harems, polygamy, concubines; spiced wine, delicate viands, magnificent tapestry, gorgeous jewellery, noiseless carpets—all these are denoted and brought to mind in a bright red glow. Obsequious servants, noiseless of foot and silent of tongue, flit in silent orderly array at the clap of a hand or the nod of a head. By tyrannical power, cruelly used, heads are struck off at a nod. From inlaid floors spread with leopard skins and hides of lions rise great massive marble pillars. There are great downy couches, spread with thick robes, and over them hover silent slaves, girt with loin cloths, and in whose hands the slow fan waves for ever. There are great paved courts, shaded with mighty palm trees, and in their centres lie stone-walled pools, dark, cool, and still, save where eternally silvery fountains play. And through these courts wander beautiful women, dark haired, dark eyed, dark skinned, with sandals on shapely feet, and long clinging robes of shimmering silk, setting off in all their loveliness queenly forms of sensuous beauty. Red, crimson and scarlet make the picture.

Then come magnificent horses of old Arabia, milky white, with flowing manes and tails, caparisoned with gorgeous trappings. The bridles glitter with diamonds and pearls. The saddles are of shining leather, mounted with polished silver and burnished bronze. Haughty riders appear in robes of richest purple trimmed with ermine, and belts weighed down with gold hilted daggers and jewelled swords. We see the slaves run ahead to clear the way. We see squadrons charging like the wind. We hear the shrieks and see the carnage in the dust and the heat. We see cruelty, treachery, absolute disregard for life, and insatiate greed for power. We see the murderous poniard, the poisoned wine-cup, the assassin crouching behind the tapestry, the

plotting, scheming, demon listening at the hidden panel or flitting through the secret passage. Stealth, treachery, bribery, magnificence, hardness, cowardliness, yellowness—that is the scene.

Love of splendor, infidelity, debauchery, and enervating sensuality; this is the spirit of the east, in poetry, in story, and in life.



## **“TINY”—A SILHOUETTE**

L. W. S.

As I labored to make a pathway through the snow that lay deep between the house and the street, I was startled by a thin small voice calling: “Here, Tiny, Tiny, Tiny!” I looked up cautiously—still shovelling most industriously—and saw in the doorway of the next house a thin, wizened, yet comparatively young woman dressed in black. Though she seemed to be wasting away with a hacking cough, she had no wrap on her drooping shoulders.

It was after six and people were returning from their work. The woman continued to call for some time, coughing at intervals, until at last her husband, a rather surly, unintellectual looking fellow, neared the house. He immediately took up the cry; but after some little time his face darkened and he turned as if to go into the house. He was, however, intercepted by his patient and persistent wife, and after a crusty interview he retraced his steps down the street in the direction in which their little black dog, “Tiny,” had gone.

Needless to say, on a cold night, after a hard, monotonous, disheartening day's work, it was a rather unpleasant reception. But although it was apparent that he did it grudgingly, he seemed quite as anxious as his more demonstrative wife to find traces of their beloved “Tiny.” In the absence of children, their lives were apparently wrapped up in this little animal. She was their guest at every meal, their constant companion by the fireside in the evening, and to the woman, her sole companion during the long hours of the day when her husband was at work. What wonder, then, that “Tiny's” absence at the supper hour should cause such consternation!

The little woman remained faithfully in the doorway, casting her eyes anxiously up and down the street. She anxiously inquired of two women, trudging wearily homeward, if they

had noticed a little black dog. With amused disdain, they made a sign in the negative and passed on in contempt of such solitude.

Presently the good man returned without his prize, and in growing ill-humor. He had still to search the street in the opposite direction, and to his wife's anxious inquiry he snapped savagely: "What the —— did you let her out for, anyway?" He passed by, and the little woman, who by this time must have been chilled to the bone, went into the house, doubtless deciding since it seemed to be her fault, that she would give her worthy husband some warm supper to revive his exhausted strength and exasperated spirits.

Unconsciously I cast searching eye in every direction to see if I might chance to spy the small delinquent. Involuntarily a feeling of sympathy, even pity, rose in my heart. After all, what was there in such a life? How void it seemed, to an outsider at least, of what we of the world call "the best"! And yet, though the color is lacking, though the nicer details are wanting, the outline is there—and something more! It is life!



"This is your hour, creep upon it,  
 Summon your power, leap upon it,  
 Grasp it, clasp it, hold it tight,  
 Strike it, spike it with full might;  
 If you take too long to ponder,  
 Opportunity will wander.  
 Hesitation is a mire,  
 Climb out, climb up, climb on higher,  
 Do your best and do it now."

# Brandon College Quill

FOUR NUMBERS A YEAR.

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## OUR EASTER NUMBER

This is our Easter Number. The Spring season is at hand once more. The time for the singing of the birds has come. Winter must now relax his icy grip; Nature will re-awaken to newness of life; and the earth will again be clothed in greenness, and freshness, and beauty. How symbolic this is of the great fact which Easter recalls! What a fitting accompaniment for the hope and peace and joy which comes with the contemplation of the empty sepulchre! And what if there had been no resurrection? What would it mean to us? What would it mean to the world?

But let us pass from this idle speculation. "The Lord is risen indeed." May each one of our readers realize in a personal way the significance of this glorious truth! And amid the varied duties and activities which confront us at this season of the year, when life is welling up and overflowing in all nature, may we each find time to strengthen our faith, renew our hope, and increase our love, by a short visit to the tomb in the garden.

## UNIVERSITY MATRICULATION

We scarcely know whether we are in thorough accord or not with that movement back east in the direction of raising University matriculation standards. We do feel that the work done in the east—and the west, too, perhaps to a greater degree—is not what it should be. There are too many failures on the examinations in First Year Arts work. In other words, there is too great a breach between the work of the High School and that of the University. But we feel that while something might be done—must be done, in fact—to bring matriculation to a higher level, that there is a real danger in another direction. If the University of Toronto is travelling towards Oxford ideals, then the west will scarcely follow her. We do not want an Oxford in Canada. We want a university for the people, not for the aristocrats. We are not desirous of creating cane-swing, monocled “high-brows.” We do want to make better men of those who need what we have to give them and can spare mighty little to get it. At the present time our educational methods are quite sufficiently prohibitive. We cannot *all* get a college education as it is. Why make it less possible for the majority?

## SHOP TALK

The next appearance of “The Quill” will be in the form of the annual Graduation Number. As usual, the work of the regular departments will be omitted, and the entire space will be given over to the graduating classes. As a foreword we may say that our graduating classes are larger this year than ever before, and this, we trust, may be taken as a good omen in regard to the size and quality of our next issue. We feel sure that every graduate of our College will take a personal interest in the work connected with the next number, and hence we confidently predict for “The Quill” a bigger, brighter, and better graduation number than has been.

We feel greatly encouraged by the recognition which we are fortunate enough to receive in the exchange columns of our contemporary magazines. Of course, our business is not the seeking of bouquets; but, nevertheless, we are only human, and the very fact that “The Quill” is considered worthy of comment, whether favorable or unfavorable, gives us the satisfaction of knowing that it is being read.

We also congratulate our contributors whose articles have been discussed and quoted in the columns of the eastern college magazines. And, after all, this is only as it should be. What more efficient means can be found for awakening and fostering a spirit of friendliness and sympathy between colleges than

their student publications? The ideal college magazine should reflect the spirit and life of the student body which it represents. It should also reveal, clearly and definitely, the ideals and tendencies which underlie the various activities of its particular college. And in so far as it does this, it offers its contemporaries an efficient standard of judgment and comparison. Let us make use of the means offered. If you have any criticism, give it frankly. On the other hand, "if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise,"—well!

One of our esteemed contemporaries suggests that "The Quill" adopt the plan of having an itemized table of contents. Thanks for the suggestion. We agree with you, as a perusal of this number will show. Our constant aim has been, and will continue to be, to keep our publication up to as high a standard as possible. Hence, any suggestions which may help us towards the attainment of the desired end will be welcome.—Next!

Perhaps the most unpleasant task which comes to the hand of an editor is the rejection of literary contributions. And in the case of a college magazine, the fact of mutual acquaintanceship only tends to increase the difficulty. With an ordinary publication it is largely a matter of business; with the college paper there is always the personal element. But, after all, the trouble which may arise is generally the result of misunderstanding on the part of the contributor. The mere fact that an article is rejected does not by any means prove that the editor considers it inferior. In most cases the trouble is that it does not meet the particular need. And this need is chiefly controlled by the reading public. The editor is, to a great degree, simply the interpreter of the people's wishes, and on his ability to interpret these wishes correctly his success as an editor will very largely depend. So if your article is returned, or somewhat changed, do not blame the editor. He is simply exercising his rightful privileges, and in so doing is bearing the responsibility which editorship implies.





## COLLEGE GOSSIP

R. G. EDWARDS THEO.

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*"The wisest of the wise  
Listen to pretty lies."*

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But before you begin this lot, harken to a truth from Stevenson: "There is an idea abroad among moral people that they should make their neighbors good. One person I have to make good—myself. But my duty to my neighbor is much more nearly expressed by saying that I have to make him happy if I may."

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Lest some student should be led astray by the sweet tone of this department, we quote a few rules for the successful gossip:

"Tell me all the good you know about the people that you know.

"Tell me only the good about the people of whom you speak.

"Tell me things which will make me think well of people and of life.

"Tell me the things which will straighten up my thinking and give me the right principles of work and of play and of thought.

"Tell me the things which make me ashamed of compromise and pretence.

---

Looks like a spell of dry weather, doesn't it? Chirk up, and keep on! Things may take a change.

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Brandon College was established a little more than thirteen years ago. The first year it had a student body of 108 and a faculty of five; last year it had a student body of 358 and a faculty of twenty-one; this year it has 348 students in all departments.

There are 70 students in the Arts Department; 13 in the Theological Department; 265 in the Academic and other departments; 11 in the Graduating Class in Arts; 5 in the Graduating Class in Theology; 5 in the Graduating Class in Arts who will enter the Baptist ministry; 44 preparing for the ministry, of whom 16 were born in Canada, 13 in England, 4 in Scotland, 6 in Sweden, 2 in the United States, 1 in Ireland, 1 in Wales, 1 in Russia.

The faculty and students were delighted to welcome President Whidden back from his trip to Ontario, where he was very successful in his efforts for the College.

The Union Convention in Calgary seems to have marked a turning point in the history of the College.

Dr. Clark: "Perhaps you drink too much tea. I should advise you to try a substitute."

Miss Trotter: "Sir, your advice is superfluous. I have been drinking the College substitute for years."

On February 8, the pupils of the Expression Department gave a most successful Longfellow recital.

The Arts Classes are taking an interest in the stern things of life, as is seen in the subject of debate on Feb. 14: "Resolved that the Woman's Modern Movement is Conducive to Progress." Mr. V. Coen '16 and Miss J. Turnbull '15 upheld the affirmative, but were defeated by Mr. C. McKee '14 and Miss E. Simpson '13.

### CLUBS.

Already the Cercle Francais, our chubby infant that not long since could hardly crawl, and reached the nethermost limits of its vocabulary in a gurgle, already it is breeched and yells lustily all manner of melodious "lectures, discourses et chansons," much appreciated by other faithful sons and daughters of France, "Their glorious tasks in silence perfecting."

The accent of its official mouthpiece is growing robust on a fortnightly helping of "proces verbal"; and the beauties of Paris, the apple of the Cercle's eye, find expression in the harmonious language of Monsieur le docteur.

The Law Frat. often takes proceedings, but always in camera.

The Arts Dramatic Club has taken to tragedy.

The Browning Ring is giving the misunderstood poets another chance, and with the assistance of Dr. Parsons most of them are making good.

The Snowshoe Club has all the others distanced when it comes to poetry, art, healthy fun and companionship. Its main rule is "Never walk alone."

The Music Club, which meets every second Tuesday in Miss McAmmond's studio, has been a source of great pleasure and instruction to its members this winter. Studies of the great masters and their compositions are being taken up, and at every meeting vocal or instrumental selections from these are rendered. The latest study has been on the life and work of Wagner.

There were no discords in the Music Club's elections. The officers are: Pres., Miss Wade; vice-pres., Miss Moore; sec., Miss Lines.

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The Consolidated Cocoa Club has several lodges, but as the meetings are always secret we can only give a list of officers:

Patron—Prof. W. L. Wright.

Grand Can-can—W. P. Underwood.

Chief Eat Scout—Dave Winton.

Mighty Methylated—H. E. Green.

Opportune Visitor—Jack Evans.

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Esther (to May): "Anyway, my reason for liking Brandon is better looking than your reason for liking Wesley."

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In this strenuous suffragette season it was not considered safe to have the Domestic Engineer's office in Clark Hall. In the first uprising priceless records might be lost. Imagine the horror of failing to pass on to posterity records on such subjects as these—"Can a Has-Been Come Back? or The Bean in the Soup," "Has Hash Imagination?" "If the Meat is Tender was the Cow Amiable?" "Ancestors of the Stew," "The Fourth Dimension of Macaroni," "Why is the Salmon Like Mr. Hyde?" "The Food Value of Gelatine in Tropical Manitoba," "How to Use the Axe; or, Carving Simplified."

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### DEBATING SOCIETY.

On Feb. 7 Senior Arts defeated Theology. The resolution read as follows: "Resolved that Mr. Borden's Naval Policy now before the House of Commons is in the Best Interest of Canada." Messrs. H. C. Harris and Riley Smalley for Theology supported the affirmative, while Messrs. A. J. Radley and J. McKay represented Arts. Dr. Parsons, Colonel Bruce and Dr. Mode were the judges. While the judges were out, the possibility of giving the younger students more opportunity for debating was discussed. It was suggested that we have something akin to the McMaster weekly impromptu debating club.

Miss Nettie Ross gave a valentine party for the students of Third and Fourth Year Arts on Feb. 13.

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Miss Willa Speers entertained Arts Thirteen at a dinner on January 16. This event brought forth a printed testimonial from Mr. R. Harvey. "Our girls are all right, especially mine."

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The Theology and Arts students of the third and fourth years were entertained on January 17 at the hospitable home of Dr. Whidden.

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Jerry: "What did Mr. Harvey mean when he said he castigated his itinerary from Rivers?"

Jo.: "That's easy. He meant he beat his way."

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There is no truth in the statement that Reg. Wood has his trunk nailed to the floor, and he did not catch cold in bringing that trunk back from Dr. Mode's; in fact, he was so warm he scorched the sleigh rope.

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The College rink should be a source of great enjoyment to all students, but this term, owing to lax management, it has been very much of a disappointment.

There is more than hot air behind the "One man one office" slogan; so don't overload your handy men next year.

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While the large room under the College steps is being fitted up as a reception room, the College boys are free to entertain their friends in the laundry.

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Mr. McFadyen has joined the Boxing Class, bought books on wrestling and fencing, and is sprinting a little every day. Mac says he knows where he'll be when the next lot of black eyes are handed out.

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## THE AT-HOME.

The gentlemen of the College were at home on Friday, January 31, and about 300 guests assembled.

The affair was a splendid success in every way, and great credit is due the manager, J. R. Evans, and his committees for their tireless efforts.

W. Robinson and his decoration brigade transformed the corridors into lanes of loveliness; W. P. Underwood made a tour of the world to collect rare and costly curios for the museum; E. H. J. Vincent ran a side-show and a concert that would have put Barnum to the blush; W. Bolton engineered the eats, and J. E. Moffat scattered the invitations.

The Arts '13 room reflected the agricultural trend of the times; there was more real Art in the Theology room than that department had ever dreamed of; Arts One room became an oasis, with Herman Ferrier as the main spring; the Commercial room was a delightful retreat with its capacious chairs and glowing fireplace; and the Quill room, as a country newspaper office, was a timely warning to budding scribes.

As John Milton said to Bobbie Burns: "A glad time was had."

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The Reading Room will shortly be decorated with the following notices:

"All who borrow magazines are requested to return them within three days."

"If you carry a Golden Rule, leave it at the door as you enter."

"Please do not read aloud from the following periodicals: Popular Science Monthly, Missionary Review, British Weekly, and Review of Reviews."

"When five men are reading the sporting page of the Free Press, a sixth is considered off-side."

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Here is a little touch from the sporting page of the Western Outlook: "James Robinson is pursuing a special course in somnambulistic philosophy." The same editor refers to E. H. Clarke as a "prodigal son." Too bad! but Winnipeg makes most of 'em go some. We wonder if it's cigarettes again?

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Dr. Brown, the general secretary for Canadian Foreign Missions, paid a visit to the College on his way east from Calgary. At a union meeting of the College Y. W. C. A. and Y. M. C. A. he gave a splendid missionary address.

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The College Evangelistic Band recently concluded a most helpful series of meetings in Moosomin.

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The Ministerial Association has been having some especially interesting meetings. Pastor McKenzie of the Congregational church was a recent speaker, who brought a timely and inspiring message.

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The Wesley boys had us a bit on speed you noticed. Of course, if the chickens were game fowl, 'twas theirs to crow.

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The College has been remarkably free from illness this winter, though Messrs. Doucett, Stephens and Stuart were on the sick-list awhile. Mr. Millions met with an accident on the rink, which laid him up for two weeks.

Dr. Mode: "It took hundreds of years to build the Egyptian pyramids."

Sleight: "Then it must have been a government job."

Our faculty has been greatly strengthened this term by the addition of Dr. E. W. Parsons and Prof. C. W. New. They both have just come from doing post-graduate work in Chicago University and have already won many friends in Brandon College by their whole-hearted entrance into College activities.

## BANQUET TO THE GRADUATES.

The Ninth Annual Banquet to the Graduating Classes in Arts and Theology, on March 7th, was one of the greatest social successes of the College year.

The gentlemen of the faculty and the students in Arts and Theology entertained the graduating students. Owing to the limited capacity of the College dining-room, the number of guests had to be limited, but one hundred and twenty sat down at the tables, which were tastefully decorated with daffodils.

The graceful arches and massive pillars of the dining-room were beautifully draped with garnet and gold bunting, and in the soft light of many candles the room seemed a fitting banquet hall for so happy a gathering of beauties and high-domes.

The wit and wisdom of the many clever speeches cannot be recounted here, but the programme was as follows:

### KING AND COUNTRY.

H. F. Widen '16

God Save the King

### OUR CITY.

P. Duncan '15

Mayor Fleming

### SOLO

Professor Durkin

### OUR GUESTS—THE GRADUATING CLASSES

A. J. Radley '14

Muriel V. McCamis

T. H. Harris, R. G. Edwards

### ALMA MATER

H. C. Harris, Theo.

Dr. Whidden

### LEARNED PROFESSIONS

Dr. Mode

Rev. C. W. Jackson

### WALTZ SONG—"SING ON"

E. Magdalene Moore

### THE LADIES

R. J. Lang '16

Kathleen Johnson '14

From consomme to coffee the "eats" formed a procession of satisfaction, and great credit is due to Miss M. C. Davison for her very capable management. The members of the committee and the students who volunteered their services for the evening are to be complimented on their several parts in making the evening so great a success.

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### COMPLIMENTARY HOCKEY BANQUET.

An appreciation of the splendid work of the College Hockey Team was given in the private banqueting hall of the Prince Edward Hotel on Saturday evening, March 8th, by the gentlemen of the College Board and Faculty.

Some twenty-six guests, including the seven players who have brought such honor to the College, sat down to a rich feast, being regaled between bites by sundry learned doctors who vividly recalled many a College prank of the days of long ago.

Unfortunately the time for after-dinner speeches was cut short because three men of the team were under orders to take ice with the Brandon City team in an exhibition game against Winnipeg at eight-thirty.

Dr. Whidden, as toast-master, called on Mr. Robt. Darach to propose the toast to the boys, and Capt. Dave Winton and Prof. D. L. Durkin responded.

Athletics are now fully recognized at our College, and next year we hope to fill the hearts of the faculty and board with even more justifiable pride by even better exhibitions of Canada's winter game.

The guests of honor were: Dave Winton, Joe Scott, W. Rathwell, T. Coldwell, Jack Rathwell, D. McMillan and J. R. C. Evans.



## CLARK HALL

MURIEL V. McCAMIS '13

*"Why write of trivial matters, things of price  
Calling at every moment for remark."*

—*Browning.*

We have entered and well-nigh completed our winter term. Many days have come and gone, bearing multitudinous joys and sorrows. Volumes could not hold all the momentous events of every girl's college life. We must record only such as have concerned several.

Clark Hall athletics cannot be said to have been brilliant this winter. Owing to the poor condition of the ice on the rink, the hockey club did not come into existence at all. But the snowshoe club have been able to take several enjoyable tramps down the river to their slide, where the toboggan serves as entertainment. After an hour or so of such fun, the party then gleefully snowshoe back to Clark Hall, where dainty refreshments are served.

We are sorry to lose Miss Jean McLaren from our number. Jean feels that on account of her extremely ill health, she will not be able to return here, but can complete her year extramurally.

Among recent visitors we were pleased to welcome Miss Salome Singleton and Miss Jessie McNeill. Both are former College girls who, we know, do not forget Clark Hall.

The meetings of the Y.W.C.A. have been conducted, temporarily, in union with the College Y.M.C.A. The Mission Study Class is now following a course of study on India, using the book "India Awakening," by Sherwood Eddy. The annual gift of money has been sent for the support of a boy in India, and we are expecting to be able to accomplish many other things with the funds raised under the energetic leadership of Miss Edith Lee.

Miss Ethel Forke, Miss Ireland and Miss Black all spent a week-end at home. Miss Black was accompanied by Miss Fortune.



To Mrs. Parsons we wish to extend a hearty welcome. Of course we do not expect at first to take the place of former friends, but we hope that among us she will not feel that she is among strangers. It is a pleasure and a privilege for us to offer the greetings of Clark Hall to Mrs. Parsons.

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Since the last issue of THE QUILL, the Clark Hall Literary Society has passed another milestone. The interest and excitement of another election campaign is over. Because of Miss Reid's marked success as president, she was again elected to the office for the ensuing year. The other officers elected are:

Hon. President—Mrs. Durkin.

Vice-President—Miss Maynard Rathwell.

Treasurer—Miss Alice Mooney.

Secretary—Miss Bertha Park.

Editor of the "Breezes"—Miss Sarah Young.

Since the election, but one meeting has been held, and this was a decided success. The programme for the most part was in the form of a debate in which the separate school question of Manitoba was discussed. The debaters on the affirmative side were Miss Rathwell and Miss Hamilton; on the negative side, Miss Fraser and Miss Lee. Dr. Parsons, the speaker for the judges, made a few pleasing remarks to the society, giving the victory of the debate to the affirmative. We are endeavoring to make our society all that it should be in the life of the "Hall," but the round of social events this past month has prevented regular meetings being held. However, the spring term is yet ahead of us, and we hope to do much good work before the end of the College year.

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We regret that Miss Marie Mallory and Miss Frances Wilcox have been obliged to return home on account of ill health. Their many friends at Clark Hall wish them speedy recovery and hope that, next year, both will be able to come back to us again.

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Miss Maude Davis makes a welcome addition to the resident girls. We wish her stay with us were not limited to a few weeks.

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All the girls of Clark Hall, including Prof. Wright, were entertained at a delightful tea at the home of Mrs. Frank Smith. This was the beginning of a succession of similar festivities. Two pretty teas were given by Miss Flora Fraser and Miss Mary McKenzie. A few of the university girls spent an enjoyable afternoon at Miss Rena Rankin's thimble tea.

Miss Dora Hettle and Miss Cordie Gill were fortunate enough to be able to go home for the week-end. The good things they brought back was the cause of a very merry feast on the second flat. If the boys could have heard the Brandon College yell at the end of the "social evening," they would have realized that, as imitators, they have something yet to learn.

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Several of the girls were present at a jolly snowshoe party given by Miss Roberta McKay in honor of Miss Jean McLaren.

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Miss Bertie Jones and Miss Marie Cameron spent a week in Winnipeg.

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The evening of February 21st was the occasion of one of the most brilliant functions of the season, when the Clark Hall girls entertained their friends at a masquerade party. Promptly at seven-thirty the guests arrived, arrayed in costumes representing many different times and ages. Merry troops climbed over the stile, gazed on the waters of the fountain, and strolled through the various rooms of the building, artistically decorated for the occasion. After a pleasing programme, a dainty lunch was served, and the party dispersed.



## ATHLETICS

W. P. UNDERWOOD '14

Here we are again! The new year has stolen in, and while we were dreaming, or striving on the ice or in the study, '13 quietly slipped ahead. Now behold him, no longer the diminutive child, but a lusty stripling, who looks askance at indolence and would fain have us set down, achievements as worthy of himself as of our Alma Mater.

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So now with chair close to the blazing flames that hiss, and dart, and strive vainly to get free, let us look over the feats of skill and strength, that may pass as an ever-changing procession before the mind's eye. The faculty, council, all the leading minds, were betwixt two prospects, both alluring. A keenly contested hockey game, or a dip into Browning, Tennyson, or perhaps, Greek particles or Maths. How are the mighty fallen! From the kindly president right down Faculty Row, many were deserters. While they are going with stately strides, we will look at the result of the games.

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The City League chose four teams, after much discussion; namely, the Y.M.C.A., Wanderers, C.P.R. and College. The final result—for this is a practical age—was eight games won and one lost, the latter to Wesley College.

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Away back in the mists of the past, before holidays or exams, was an idea, a child of the fancy of Prof. Durkin, Winton and others; a team the pick of Brandon's players. After careful selection, long, grinding practices, and judicious coaching, emphasis being laid on combination, the dream matured and became the reality. So now that the clash of the games has faded away, but lives in the memory of all, we take off our hats to the City League champions, and also to all those who helped them realize their long cherished desire.

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It will be impossible to follow out every game, but let us look at the other teams for a while. A common feature is individual work, and this was in evidence in every league game. The Wanderers were heavy and pretty fast. Beside Stavenaugh, Scott and Coldwell were pygmies. The C.P.R. were lighter, faster and addicted to mixing it, in games, or out. The Y.M.C.A. had fast and clever skaters, while their stick work was very effective. The second game with the Wanderers was a good one. The boys knew them to be very strong and much superior in weight.



D. WINYON, CAPT.  
RTWING.



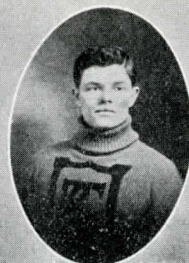
J. SCOTT  
CENTRE.



R. WOOD, SEC.



G. CHADWELL  
ROVER.



W. RATHWELL  
WING.



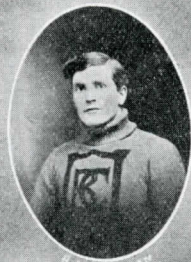
D.L. DURKIN, FACULTY REP.



J. RATHWELL  
COVER POINT.



CUP.



F.A. McMILLAN  
POINT.



G.J. MCFADYEN, TREAS.

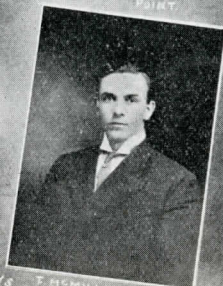
BRANDON  
COLLEGE



A. RADLEY, SEC. HOCKEY  
CLUB.



J. EVANS, GOAL.



F. McMILLAN, PRES. A.A.

CITY LEAGUE CHAMPIONS  
1912-13

HOCKEY  
CLUB

Matchless Studio  
Brandon  
1913

Did they sweep the ice with us? Not what you'd notice. Coldwell delights in big fellows, while Scott eludes them gracefully.

Winton here, as always, was superb on back-checking, combination, and stick work; while our defence were steady and worked hard.

---

The Y.M.C.A. were good individual players, and at times outskated our boys, though Coldwell had marked pertinacity in following them all over the ice. Combination was fair, and defence played all that was in them, and this was sufficient. One bright afternoon Portage came to see us, and liking them, we invited the bashful youths to a friendly game on the Caledonian Rink. In brief, they were speedy, clean, and excellent shots; but combination, the old story, turned the tide, and we wiped out the memory of our Portage trip during Xmas week.

---

The train from Winnipeg was late, while a large crowd watched the College warm up, and Profs. Durkin and Wright adorned the C.P.R. waiting room. Suppose them on the ice, where their goalkeeper stops a hot one with practised ease. Now the face-off, a rush, and McMillan, blocking and twisting; gets up to their end. Though sharply checked up by their defence, he manages to flip in the goal. Again, two figures loom near our goal mouth, avoiding Rathwell's wide sweep. "Now, John, old boy, right for the left corner-post; just in the nick, that's stopping them." Now we are away, across to Winton, swiftly to Rathwell, in to Scott, or Coldwell, a drive, another for us. So the game went on. The Bankers went grimly to work in the second half, and flashing meteoric rushes with good stick work, gave the even-up as three all. But always checking, stopping, and breaking up the rushes, Winton and his team forged ahead, and by ever-changing, swift combination, we won by five to four.

---

Now just for a breather, suppose we go to the "Y" gym., where our five try out at basket-ball. The tall, long-haired fellow is Chapman, who is great on defence work. Scott is as sprightly as ever on forward combination. Another old hockey friend, Prof. Durkin, is out for battle, and shows up on defence plays. Hughes is of the five and blocks many a cast for the basket. Well, we cleaned up on the Collegiate. Why should not the cup adorn the reception room? We have beaten the Pirates and Dormats before. We can do it again. Ginger up, boys! See the big hats, and bald pates up above!

---

Now for that defeat, which the "Critic" says left a bitter taste in our mouths. The Wesley team, after numerous telegrams from Radley, who is a red-hot rooter, finally arrived

Having duly partaken of our bursar's chicken dinner, Miss Davidson giving up her table thereto, and strolled around the halls some, they ambled down to the rink, where the whole monitor class were safely tucked away from Harvey's wrathful gaze. The crowd streamed past the barrier, down the sides, overflowed to the upper galleries, where the great variety of hats, muffs, toques, and bright dancing eyes relieved the barnlike appearance of the rambling old building. The teams appear, and after a preliminary warm-up, and final selection of favorite sticks the game is on. The swift, twisting, undulating rush of Wesley's forwards scores immediately. The old bruises still hurt; our boys are swept almost off their feet by their charging opponents. So they score again, and yet again. We lack vim, ginger, snap, so up pile the enthusiasts to the dressing-room to liven them up, while some are massaged meanwhile. Down they stream for the next half; the many colored pennants wave and shiver, while the building shakes with tramping feet and the hoarse yells of the rooters. Away they go, swift combination play, short individual rushes, screams from the ladies, while in the intervals of grinding skates, struggling bodies and clashing sticks, the wild-eyed crowd encourage their favorites, and keep an eagle eye for offsides. Jack's eyes gleam fiercely as he dances around the goal, and his brilliant saves keep down the score, while they make the strong rushes of Wesley look less formidable. The aches, and pains and bruises, and tired feeling are gone; the seven do their utmost, but English, the big Wesleyan, rips through our defence, while their nimble and slippery centre eludes Coldwell again and again, while they hammer away at our net. We hold them, except when they break through the forwards, when Winton's oldtime form being missing, they glide down right wing. The last few minutes Coldwell and Scott have scarcely a kick left in them.

So, when every muscle hangs like lead; when speed, snap and breath are gone, we accept defeat. Four to nil. So, wearily, the seven slowly climb to the dressing room, amid the cheers of united faculty and student body.

---

The walk back over crunching, sparkling snow, and eager question, in hall or on stair, the far-away tinkle of something filling sounds in the distance. Now the fire is blazing high. Evans is sprawled all over the bed, Winton has his favorite slippers on, while Prof. Wright is tucking away the grub and Edwards is disputing a technical point. So as the tramp of many feet is heard in the distance, and many are back to the books, while the glow of the lamp throws shadows and profile into shape, yet softened relief, we leave them.

## ALUMNI-ALUMNÆQUE

ROBERT HARVEY '13

*"Be with us yet, lest we forget."*

---

WEDDING BELLS:

Ernest Frith '08 to Miss Myrtle Berry.

Miss Barbara Purdon '07 to Mr. Charles K. Newcombe, of Winnipeg.

Ole Larson, pastor of the Scandinavian Baptist church, Calgary, to Miss Eva Hawkes.

---

Margaret Bulloch '12 has been appointed to the position of assistant-principal in the Strathcona School, Regina.

---

Alexander Darrach, who took his matriculation work in Brandon College, completed his law course last fall. Mr. Darrach is now practising in Winnipeg.

---

R. H. Standerwick '08, Theol., still retains charge of a Chinese mission in Calgary.

---

W. P. Freeman '05 has charge of the Morleyville Road Baptist church, Calgary.

---

J. Dempsey '12 has struck Westward Ho. The last word of Jim was that he was at Medicine Hat. He is pursuing a law course.

---

Bert Frith and Jack Perdue, two old-timers, are associated in a loan and real estate business at Vancouver.

---

Rev. Parnell '05 has charge of the Baptist church at Gladstone, Man.

---

Dave Orris is with the International Harvester Co. at Yorkton, Sask.

---

Miss Sinclair, of Gladstone, renewed old acquaintances at the College on the occasion of the masquerade.

---

William Elliot is in the Dominion Bank at Medicine Hat.

---

James L. Jordan '12, Theology, has a new church building for his church in Calgary.

Rev. H. S. Sneyd '08, Theol., is general secretary of the Y.M.C.A. at Edmonton, Alta.

---

Vera Leech '12 completed successfully the first part of her M.A. work last Christmas.

---

Cecil Carrick, 11, the famous philosopher, is studying at Osgoode Hall, Toronto.

---

B. A. Tingley '06 is principal of the Central Public School, Brandon.

---

Leslie Whitelaw, of former Brandon fame, has gone as a missionary to China.

---

Mr. and Mrs. Howard De Mille (nee Beryl McQuarrie) are ranching southwest of Calgary. This winter they have lived in the city.

---

General Middleton Grant is pursuing law in Saskatoon.

---

J. B. Nield has lately been appointed as organist at the First Baptist church, Brandon.

---

Christopher Croft '06 is teaching school at Shaughnessy Heights, near Vancouver.

---

R. H. Kilfoyl '12 is in the law office of Clement & Clement, Brandon. Howard tried braking on the C.P.R. last summer, but later sought the shelter afforded by law.

---

H. B. Cross '02 is taking further work at Chicago University before returning to his mission work in India.

---

E. H. Clarke '12 is doing splendid work in Winnipeg as secretary of the University Y.M.C.A. He is building up a strong and enduring Y.M.C.A. constituency among the college men of the city.

---

Mr. Instanes is attending the Morgan Park School, Chicago, a Swedish theological college.

---

E. Brice '06 is following the profession of law in Edmonton, Alta.



Robert McCaul '09 is the popular pastor of the St. James Baptist church, Winnipeg.

---

James W. Carrick '06 is practising law in Toronto.

---

W. B. Hartie '10 has been out at the coast for some two or three months for the benefit of his health. His many friends at Saskatoon are looking for his return.

---

William Orris is taking further work in the Moody Bible Institute at Chicago.

---

Rev. D. A. Gunn, of Cocanada, India, has just completed his first preaching tour around his field. He was gladdened by the reaping of some grain from the whitened fields.

---

Miss Ida Patton, late of our Stenography Department, is public stenographer in Moose Jaw, Sask.

---

College yells, not previously reported:

To Rev. D. R. Poole and Mrs. Poole, Brandon, a daughter.

To Mr. and Mrs. Brotherhood (nee Marie Middleton '10), a son, Wilfred Roland. Mr. Brotherhood is manager of the Bank of Commerce at Elkhorn.

To Rev. Chas. Baker, Theol. '12, and Mrs. Baker, Yorkton, a son.

To Mr. Bert Frith and Mrs. Frith, Vancouver, a daughter.

To Mr. and Mrs. Erickson, Camrose, Alta., a daughter.

To Mr. and Mrs. Geo. H. Ruttan, of Winnipeg, a son.

## LATITUDE AND LONGITUDE

W. G. RATHWELL '15

*“Who shall dispute what the reviewers say?  
Their word's sufficient; and to ask a reason,  
In such a state as theirs, is downright treason.”*  
—Churchill.

Once again our editor-in-chief is out rounding up material. While the exchange editor was passively reviewing the exchanges he was reminded by his calm commander that something definite must be done. Spurred on by his leader's warning, he has endeavored to collect and condense the thoughts that come through the medium of our exchanges. His was not an easy task. But in some little way he has sought to grasp the spirit of other colleges, as it is revealed in their periodicals. In so far as space will permit he has endeavored to bring it before our readers. He only hopes that his feeble efforts will meet with the approval of his commander-in-chief, for if he is satisfied all will be well.

In the January number of the “Arcadia Athenaeum” is a poem written by J. G. McK., the spirit of which appeals to us. Quite true, our Alma Mater breathes the freedom and liberty of our western land. But yet, at times we see the distant, reserved spirit of the east entering. Why should this be? Our interests are common; our aims are one. Let not such a spirit enter our College and “mar the good we might do here”! Let us, though far from Acadia, unite with them in sentiment and foster a spirit of good-fellowship among our students.

With all apologies to J. G. McK., we would quote the last stanza of his poem making the necessary substitution of words. We do this that we may instill in the hearts of the students of our College a true spirit of greater friendship:

“Think it over, fellow students,  
College days are not a dream;  
Seas and mountains soon will sever  
College friends that might have been.  
Let a prouder Brandon spirit  
Broader, fuller, deeper grow.  
Know our Brandon's sons and daughters  
Get acquainted here and now!”

“The student who does not get a Rhodes scholarship, if open to him, misses the opportunity of his life. For the Cana-

dian it means a keen interest in Europe; a sane view of England, and a more real, if less jingoistic, patriotism. For the American, it means a more genuine friendship with the Briton, and the better understanding at a time when common perils and common interests are drawing the two countries together. For Oxford, it means athletic prestige without any intellectual quickening within. For the world, it means the preservation of peace and the progress of civilization, in so far as mutual understanding of rival nations can aid Cecil Rhodes in the 'conscious pursuit of his great purpose.' ”—Dalhousie Gazette.

---

“And yet in spite of all he does,  
The hair will grow no brisker;  
Two on the left, three on the right,  
Comprises Humphrey’s whisker.”

As this is a quotation from the Christmas number of “The Manitoba College Journal,” we feel sure that the writer must have seen some of the members of our “Mustn’t Touch Club” as they went forth on their Christmas vacation.

---

We must compliment the Argosy staff upon their January issue, which is indeed of a high order. It is undoubtedly the largest college journal on our table and the many items which it contains should be of interest, not only to college students, but to the world at large. The covering is handsomely adorned and pretty in design, which contributes in no small degree to the fascinating appearance of the whole.

---

It may be of interest to note that there is only one exchange on our table that takes a definite stand in regard to the present naval policy. “The Gateway” is in support of the bill and does not hesitate to say as much. While the exchange editor admires their definite attitude, he doubts if it should be voiced in a college periodical. At any rate, he does not propose to air his views in these columns. He is not ambitious of ridicule; not absolutely a candidate for antagonism.

---

We notice in all our exchanges reports of the splendid oratorical contests which have been held in the various colleges. It is in vain that we search the pages of “The Brandon College Quill” for a report of such an event. Surely this is a sad state of affairs! The matter is worthy of our consideration. Come along with the contests, “The Quill” will gladly report them.

---

“We possess a fine language, and so it is our duty to preserve it from the inroads of thieves and barbarians. May our

desire find expression in these fine lines of William Wetmore Story:

“Give me of every language  
 First my vigorous English,  
 Stored with imported wealth,  
 Rich in its natural mines;  
 Grand in its rhythmical cadence;  
 Simple for household employment—  
 Worthy the poet’s song,  
 Fit for the speech of man.”

—“Manitoba College Journal.”

The “Arcadia Athenaeum” recommends college songs as a means of advertising the college. If this be so, Brandon College should be known throughout the length and breadth of Canada. College songs are in vogue from Academy One to Fourth Year in Arts; from the Moustache Club to the Clark Hall Literary Society. Students, keep the songs going. What an easy and pleasant way of advertising our college!

We take great pleasure in introducing to Mr. E. K. Moffatt '13, editor-in-chief of “St. John College Magazine,” Mr. J. E. Moffat '14, editor-in-chief of “Brandon College Quill.”

We notice by several of the Winnipeg exchanges that Mr. E. H. Clark, B.A., is as busy as ever, organizing and carrying on Bible class work. While in Brandon Ernie was a worker, and in Winnipeg he is not idle.

The February number of the “Acadia Athenaeum” has given its first pages over to the answering of the question: “Should Acadia adopt the honor system in examination?” The journal has quoted testimonials from leading men in institutions where this plan is adopted, and with the exception of a very few, they are all in favor of such a system. It is generally thought that this method of conducting examinations raises the integrity and honor of the students. The following are the words of Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States, and formerly President of Princeton University:

“The effect of the system upon the general undergraduate’s morals has been very marked and gratifying. It has brought about a frank and candid relation in respect of all matters of behaviour and honor as between the undergraduates and the authorities of the university, which has made all dealings between them satisfactory. The authorities of the university no longer

feel that they are dealing with boys who are inclined to deceive them whenever it is possible to do so, but with men who handle themselves with self-respect and feel bound by the obligation of the world at large. I do not know anything in the history of the university which has had more extensive or more gratifying results or which has been less open to criticism in its operation."

---

We are pleased to note the "Tallow Dip" among our exchanges. This paper is published entirely by ladies, and (we might as well admit it, boys) they do themselves great credit. The items are all bright and breezy, while the design on the cover clearly reveals the artistic touch of a lady's hand. We are delighted in their motto, which is expressed in the three words, "Simplicity, Sincerity, Service." Forever cherish this spirit, ladies, and "though you build your home in the wilderness, the world will make a beaten path to your door."

---

We gratefully acknowledge the following exchanges: "Argosy," "The Gateway," "Manitoba College Journal," "The Okanagan Lyceum," "McMaster University Monthly," "St. John's College Magazine," "Vox Wesleyana," "The Dalhousie Gazette," "Acadia Athenaeum," "The Sheaf," "The Tallow Dip," and "The Mitre."

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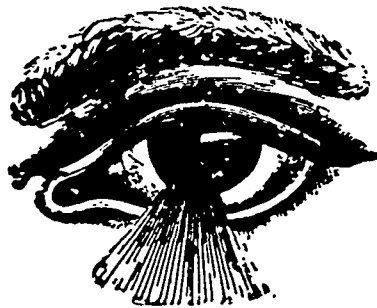
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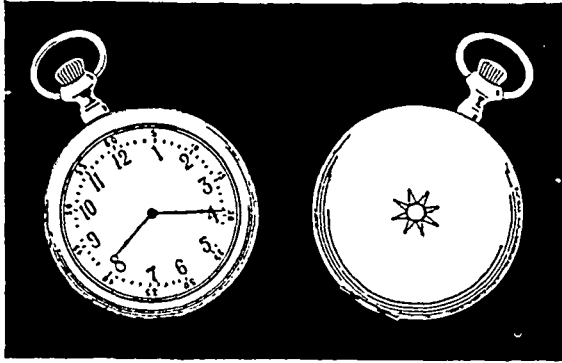
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**Dentist**

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