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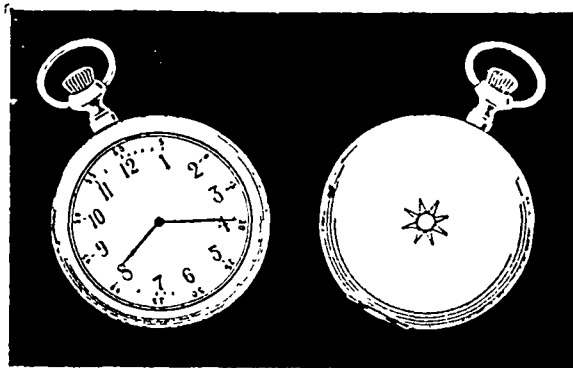
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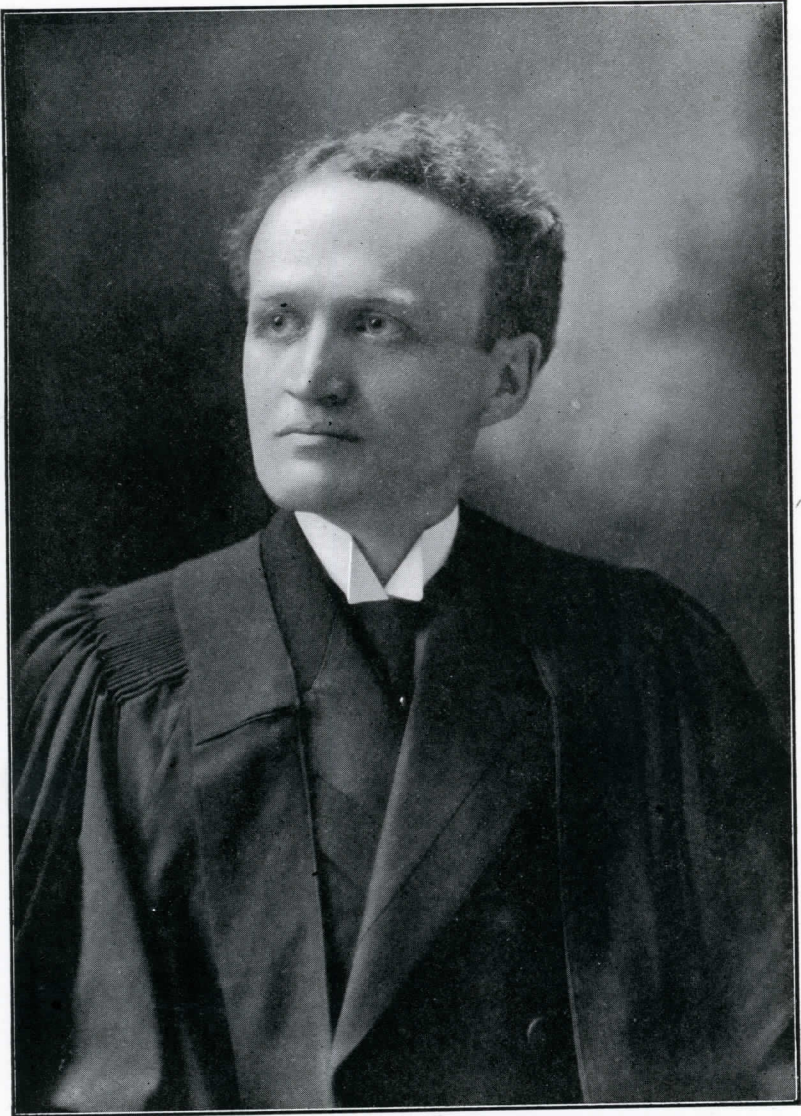
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Howard P. Whidden

President

*Whither? Oh, where and why?
What hast thou stored for me,
Thou who rulest on high
As o'er the earth and the sea?*

*Show me thus early my way,
Help me acknowledge thy will,
Guide thou my feet lest I stray
Here at the foot of Life's hill.*

*Far to the left and the right,
Forward as far as I see,
Struggle the men in the fight,
Where is the place, Lord, for me?*

*Guide me, for I am so weak;
Give me anew of thy power;
Teach me thy guidance to seek
Ever in Life's varied hour.*

*Whither? Oh, where and why?
He will now teach me, I know,
As in obedience I try
Close in his footsteps to go.*

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HISTORY OF CLASS '13

*Pluck up, freshies, don't you cry,
You'll be a senior by and by.*

As Class '13 looks back at its first year, it remembers the disquieting foreboding that it had some mysterious, lurking enemy to combat. But now with its mature insight, it clearly realizes that it had to fulfil the grave and responsible mission—which it takes pleasure in contributing to the cause of education—of proving false the ancient and deep-rooted superstition attaching to the number “thirteen.”

From the beginning there was a severe test of our ability to prove ourselves “true blue.” The time-worn superstition seemed determined to reassert itself more forcibly than ever. In spite of ourselves we stood in doubt and mute despair as each day we learned that the fever epidemic, which swept relentlessly through our ranks had claimed as victims yet one more member of our class. Our numbers fell from twenty-eight to twenty-three. The professors, who had been wont to comment on such a promising class, were filled with fear lest their hopes be dashed to the ground. Within two weeks the “reign of terror” had passed and no new victims were claimed.

Needless to say, this epidemic cast a gloom over our class in particular as over the college in general. The college halls were quiet—which, as we who were freshmen not only in Arts but in the college, have learned since, was the exception which proves the rule. College elections for the year were postponed till the second term, and other college activity

and revelry was neglected till those who had been long in hospital pent began, one by one, to return. With this we regained courage and hope.

But once again our temper was to be proven by a test of fire. As we looked on each other we found that the class was fair and possibly showed our feelings too plainly. One of our worthy professors openly rebelled, with the result that at the next lecture the co-eds were rigidly separated at remote ends of the room, across which was stretched a rope and under it this inscription:

“A Question of He (Arts)”

Such prompt attention to this serious matter appeased the worthy professor and we were again immune.

Immediately, however, we curious and bumptious freshies began again to reassert ourselves, quite unawed by the dignity and superiority of the sophs and seniors, and came suddenly to a sense of our inexperience only during election excitement.

College elections were an awe to the freshies. Party feeling ran so high that one of the girls was heard to declare that if men in politics were as inconsiderate, unkind, cutting and insulting as the speakers for their man of the college, deliver her from politics. How different now, girls, that you have come through the fray of four college elections!

The crowning event of all for us freshmen was the Arts banquet. Yet too young and inexperienced to bear the responsibilities of preparation, we were left in agonized suspense to await this august occasion. Humbly we enquired of the lofty seniors how we should act, what we should wear. The boys learned the auspicious moment to send their floral offering, the blushing maidens how to express their gratitude. On the long anticipated evening we assembled in the college dining-room, nominally in honor of the graduates, but silently smacking our lips in personal satisfaction. The programme consisted of the regular toasts, including Dr. McDiarmid's announcement of the proposed affiliation with McMaster, which was heartily applauded. The banquet fulfilled even our wildest expectations, and we went forth feeling we had been initiated into all the mysteries of a university course.

Alas! there was one mystery yet to be revealed to us. The Arts banquet, like a lightning flash in the impenetrable blackness of night, was the signal to get down to steady plugging for spring exams. As obedient freshies we did our best to comply with the rules and patiently “plugged” till exams came and went. Then for the first time we bade each other farewell for the summer.

Another college term! How delighted we all were to return and renew old friendships after our various summer vacations! A goodly number of our class came back, although some found it impossible to rejoin our ranks.

Clark Hall was so crowded during the 1910-11 terms that arrangements were made whereby the university girls took up their abode at Lorne Lodge. This proved an additional factor in the round of gaieties, for the girls gave a most enjoyable party to all the university students.

In first year we found we had some promising athletes in our class. In second year increasing interest was manifested. Our class was liberally represented in all the sports and did us credit on College Field Day and at the athletic meet.

Nothing happened to necessitate postponement of elections, and before we realized it we were in the midst of election excitement. No wonder our class was concerned, for three of our members were up for important offices and all three were elected!

Next came a time of weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth. McMaster system, which but shortly had so met our approval, showed a new side. Our Christmas holidays were to be disturbed by preparation for mid-year finals. It was new and awful, but had to be faced, so we set our teeth and came out victorious.

Reaction took the form of a Valentine social given by the Clark Hall Literary Society. Following this we were entertained at the home of one of our class. Thus time passed till the Arts banquet, indoor athletic meet and exams came round again.

We most carefully evaded all mention of our own welcome to college life, but as sophomores and then juniors we revelled in giving a hearty welcome to all freshmen. Some of the latter resented such enthusiastic, individual recognition, and could appreciate our zeal only when they had reached our own stage and could act as hosts rather than guests.

In third year our merits began to be more keenly recognized. Both candidates for the presidency were from our class. The class was divided within itself, but did not fall. Later, one of our number was elected president of the Arts classes, while the minor offices were filled by members of our year.

In early spring faculty and students united in giving a large reception to friends and supporters of the college. Enthusiastic preparations turned the college into one great fairyland, and the evening was unanimously voted a success.

Third year was our term to assume the responsibility of the Arts banquet. We set to work as a class to give a last formal tribute of our esteem to the graduates. This meant farewell not only to the graduates, but also to our retiring president, Dr. McDiarmid. We had had reason to fear that our class was fated once more, and that we should not be allowed to finish our course in Brandon College. Dr. McDiarmid, in his farewell speech, assured us that prospects were hopeful, and in this hope we parted once more for the summer.

Seniors at last! Our fondest freshman hope realized! College life began with renewed impetus. We were greeted by the hearty smile and warm handshake of our new president, Dr. Whidden. In due time came our turn formally to welcome and receive Dr. Whidden into our midst. The inauguration ceremony was held in the Baptist church and proved a very impressive service, relieved at intervals by college songs and yells.

Our class began gradually to realize that this was actually our final year, so we organized the class, electing a president and secretary. We had animated meetings to choose class pins, arrange for "teas," vote an annual subscription toward the support of one of our number who is going to India, arrange for a class memorial and transact other such business.

Recognition of our final year was displayed in many ways. The undergraduate classes gave us a most delightful banquet; we were guests on several occasions at the home of our esteemed president, besides other dinners, luncheons, teas and social evenings given in our honor. In fact, we spent so many pleasant times together that we shall always regard our social class-life as one of the joys as well as benefits of our college course.

At various times throughout the four years, members of our class have filled offices of president in the general literary Society, Clark Hall Literary Society, Arts classes, chairman of the Students' Committee, and presidents for the Y.M. and Y. W.C.A. Last year the individual championship came to one of our number. We have always made a distinct contribution to hockey and football teams. We have done what we could at every opportunity, and have come out at last the victorious eleven, conquering all reverse fates.



John R. C. Evans

“Love is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth’s unknown although his height be
taken.”

—*Shakespeare.*

It is true that there are many members of Class '13 who have travelled farther and come from more distant lands, but none have had a more varied career than Jack. He began his wanderings at Vancouver in the early nineties and has lived in some dozen western cities. Six years ago Brandon College was glad to welcome him among its numbers. Here he completed his academic training and then began his Arts course, which is also in due time finished.

During his college life Jack has indeed been one of the most prominent members of the student body. He has held many important positions, among them being the president of the Literary Society and president of the Arts class in 1912. His genial nature and uprightness has won for him a place among the students that will not soon be forgotten.

But Jack's energies were not all spent in study. Whenever a reception or an at-home was to be held, he was ever ready to take hold and carry the affair through, and always with success. In athletics, too, he was a star. Field Day would sadly have missed his presence, and the hockey team would not have won their present success without him.

But the best of it all is that he is not going to leave his Alma Mater. Having been appointed to the faculty of Brandon College, he will continue with her for some time. We all wish him every success in his new venture, and when the members of Class '13 return they will be very proud to see one of their number occupying a “choir” seat in chapel every morning.

Pet Saying: “Suffering cats!”

Failing: The Treble Clef.

Favorite Haunt. Behind the veil.



Constance Gunn

“Silent and chaste she steals along,
Far from the world’s gay busy throng;
With gentle yet prevailing force,
Intent upon her destined course;
Graceful and true in all she does,
Blessing and blest where’er she goes;
Pure-bosomed as that watery glass,
And heaven reflected in her face.”

Born at Stonewall, Man., Miss Gunn still makes her home there. She received her early education in the Public and High schools of her home town, but came to Brandon four years ago to pursue higher work.

Casting in her lot with Class '13, she has diligently and patiently borne the trials and vicissitudes of such a lot until now—“Bachelor of Arts, with all the rights and privileges pertaining thereto”—crowns her labor with success.

What of the future? To teach in some of the schools of our land, for a time; but eventually, no doubt, to grace the home of some appreciative gentleman of good sense.

In whatever sphere, we wish her all possible happiness and success, and we are sure that it will come to one so rightly named “Constance.”

Pet Saying: “I’m sure I don’t know.”

Failing: Olives.

Favorite Haunt: A sunny corner of Aagaard’s.



Archibald Gordon

In thy face we see
The map of honor, truth and loyalty.

Just about six years ago there landed in Canada a young man with a decidedly Scotch accent. This person was Archie Gordon, familiarly known as Scotty. Unlike most Scotchmen, Archie did not come to Canada to make his fortune. He came to help others lay up treasure in Heaven.

Since coming to Canada he has made his personality felt wherever he has gone. This has been very noticeable in Brandon College. He has impressed himself on the life of that institution from the time of his entering it six years ago. During those six years he has held offices in almost every college society. He has entered into every phase of college life, yet at the same time he has not neglected his studies.

The ordinary B.A. course was not sufficient to keep Scotty busy. He therefore decided to write off his Theology, so that he might graduate in Arts and Theology at the same time. This he accomplishes this year with high standings in each department.

Within the last year Scotty decided to carry out the desire of his life, the task of carrying the gospel to the heathen—and has offered himself for work in India. To this large and important sphere of activity he sails this fall, carrying with him the best wishes and sincere regards of his class-mates of Class '13.

Pet Saying: "Crikey, that's a dandy stunt!"

Failing: Boxing gloves.

Favorite Haunt: India's coral strand.



T. H. Harris

“Yet a little sleep, a little slumber,
A little folding of the hands to sleep.”

It's years and years, and years and years—something like six years—since Tom Hare Harris first signed up as an inmate of Brandon College, and having now passed through almost every form of mental discipline by the aid of specialized brain developers, he has been turned loose upon society as a B.A.—Bally Alright.

Tom has been a real stickler at his work, for despite all the disadvantages under which he has labored—e.g., Scotchmen for room-mates every year, a fine baritone voice that made him a popular contributor at the “Lit” (his practice hours 8.15 a.m.—12 midnight used to be rather trying on his husband), the superintendency of the library (especially the fines), teaching and preaching in the summer—despite all these difficulties Tom has achieved the wonted prize, carrying with him the respect and esteem of all the students.

The future for Tom wears a golden hue. With the prospect of another year in College studying Theology, Mr. Harris will be intellectually equipped to fill a noteworthy position in our western ministry. Somewhat reserved, but a true and staunch friend when known, Tom will make a first-rate pastor; with his fine poetical instincts and rich deep voice he will be a splendid acquisition as a church leader; with his genial disposition and practical philosophy he will prove a strong force for the upbuilding of the Kingdom of God on the earth.

“His life is gentle; and the elements
So mixed in him that Nature can stand up
And say to all the world: This is Tom Hare Harris.”

Pet Saying: “I see my finish.”

Failing: Dignity.

Favorite Haunt: Evans' rocking chair.



Robert Harvey

In faith he is a worthy gentleman,
Exceedingly well read.

Robert Harvey, better known to his friends as "Bob," began an active career in a small Worcestershire village. Here he attended the village school absorbing eagerly the limited knowledge afforded. When still young his parents removed to the city where Bobbie was initiated into the mysteries of the fishmonger's craft. Not being fond of fish he turned his attention to carpentering and railway coach building. Coming to Canada nine years ago, his first experience of western life was on a farm near Wapella, Saskatchewan. For two years he followed the plow or worked at his trade, finding ample scope for his energies in either direction. Convinced of the need for men for the ministry, Bob decided upon this as his life vocation, and to fit himself for the same he entered Brandon College, where his history as we know it began.

In scholarship, college activities or as a classman, Bob's work has been characterized by a thoroughness which augurs well for future success. He has been active in almost every phase of college activity. In 1907 he captured the Y. M. C. A. ten mile road race from a large number of competitors. He has been in turn twice president of the Debating Society, president College Y. M. C. A., editor of the "Critic," departmental editor of "Quill," and chairman of the Student Council. In the practical work of the ministry he has had several years' experience as a student pastor, and as a member of the College Evangelistic Band. In his final year he won distinction by carrying off the scholarship medal in special philosophy.

Pet Phrase: "What in Sam Jones!"

Failing: Springing puns on his professors.

Favorite Haunt: Indignation meetings.



Muriel Vivien McCamis

"She doth outstrip all praise and make it
Halt behind her."

Though her family hail from the Maritime Provinces, the prospect of mere "foam of perilous seas" seemed not sufficiently alluring for our Muriel, and her magic casement was first opened on the vast golden stretches of sunlit prairie. In Arden, Manitoba, her childhood days were spent, and it was not until her matriculation year that, as a phantom of delight, she dawned upon our sight. The distinctive achievement of that year marked her out for future triumphs. Her university course has developed the early promise and has fitted her for the fuller usefulness to which she has aspired.

Every branch of college activity has been affected by her—directly or indirectly.

The increased influence and affluence of the Y.W.C.A. under her two years of presidency have been largely due to her untiring effort, sympathy and support. At Lits. Muriel has been present, ready to play an accompaniment, sing, or speak on any one of a wide range of subjects. "Militancy or Matrimony." "Is the Heart only a Muscle?"

At Clark Hall parties, no hostess could be more graceful or gracious than Muriel, and a generation of sandwich-eaters would fain rise up and call her blessed.

To a stranger the above biography must be conclusive proof that any sphere in which charm, charity and capability might be essential, Muriel is well qualified to fill.

Pet Phrase: "How silly!"

Failings: Missions and metaphysics.

Favorite Haunt: Ice cream parlors.



James Robinson

"And here I stand; judge, my masters."

Rochdale, Lancashire, England, has been responsible for many troublers of the modern Israel. John Bright, The Co-operative System, and James Robinson, B.A., were all born, cradled and nurtured in this smoky factory town. John Bright is dead and gone; the Co-operative system has spread itself over the earth, and Jim bids fair to follow out the precedent of the latter. "Robbie" is an athlete, a dietetician, and a preacher. He does all these well. He obtained his taste for athletics, plain-cooking and homiletics at the Moose Jaw Post Office, where, owing to his cherubic smile and winsome ways, the girls dubbed him "Sunny Jim." After learning how to stamp letters and handle mails, Jim determined that a course in Arts would smooth the kinks out of his intellect and assist him in sermonizing; so "Sunny" duly appeared pink and blushing at the freshman class of '13. Systematic study interspersed with systematic sleep—according to all the approved physical culture magazines—led our hero successfully through the tedious grind of the exams. Running to catch trains Saturday afternoons in order to supply destitute pulpits, and running out of town immediately after service with the collection, brought a notion to Jim's brain that he could run, and in the succeeding years he advanced from mediocrity to excellence as a runner, winning in his 3rd year the individual championship of the college. On the football team, literary executive and Evangelistic Band, he did his work well, and we have but one word with which to describe his future—success.

Pet Phrase: "Sure, that'll do."

Failing: Getting there.

Favorite Haunt: Eighth street.



Evelyn J. Simpson

O talk not to me of her public school story,
The finest is that of the Class '13 glory.

Evelyn began her college life with Class '12, but her unerring intuition led her to join the more congenial Class '13.

To Evelyn college life was too full of social joys and duties to allow her to become a bookish graduate, but she always nipped a sufficient number of firsts to be recognized as a member of the best society, and enough seconds to remain quite human.

The Clark Hall Lit. was fortunate in having her for secretary, and vice-president; and every committee, with real work to do, counted on her to supply expert advice and to give fine demonstrations of how to do things.

She served on the committees of all the big college functions, with especial success in the commissariat department, and she was president of lucky class '13.

Her vocation is likely to change without notice, but as principal of a school in Japan, manager of a realty company, or as an organizer for the Liberal party, she will find true success in a large sphere.

Pet Phrase: "Let's exube."

Failing: Making cakes for college teas.

Favorite Haunt: Assiniboine Avenue Sunday School.



Lillian Wilhelmina Speers

"A rosy blonde, and in a college gown,
That clad her like an April daffodilly
(Her class's color) with her lips apart,
And all her thoughts as fair within her eyes,
As bottom agates seen to wave and float
In crystal currents of clear morning seas."

Lillian Wilhelmina Speers first saw the light of day on a farm near Oak Lake, but has received her education in Brandon. After leaving the Collegiate she attended Normal, and then entered Brandon College in the fall of 1909. Willa has distinguished herself in every line of work she has yet undertaken. In the class-room she has taken the scholarship in the third year, and the medal for Moderns in her senior year; in the school-room she proved herself an able instructress of the young; and even in athletics she covered herself with glory, especially in the nail-driving contest on Field Day. Willa has ever been a prominent member of the Class '13, with her jolly good fellowship and energetic enthusiasm. We predict for her a future that is gloriously bright.

Pet Phrase: "Yes, sure."

Failing: Choir practice.

Favorite Haunt: The Rink.



Leslie Alberta Ward

“With hair
Neither black, nor yet brown, but that tinge
which the air
Takes at eve in September, when night lingers
lone
Thro’ a vineyard, from beams of a slow-setting
sun;
Eyes—the wistful gazelle’s; the fine foot of a
fairy;
And a hand fit a fairy’s wand to wave, light and
airy;
A voice soft and sweet as a tune that one
knows.”

Such is our “nut-brown maide” of the prairie. Truly western. Leslie claims Calgary as her birthplace. Entering this sphere of existence in the sultry autumn time, the only child of fond and devoted parents, she has ever remained the luxury-loving Indian summer child.

But her days have not all been play-days, as her graduation at this time attests. After receiving her early education in the Public School and Collegiate of Calgary, she became filled with ambition to attain to greater heights, so to Brandon she came.

Entering Class '13 in the second year of its existence, she has partaken of its joys and sorrows, work and play, lectures and skips with equal zest, and is now leaving her Alma Mater for what?

Well, she has not taken us into her confidence, so how can we tell? Of what she could do, we might say a great deal, but as to what she has decided shall be her future course in life, no one but Leslie knows.

We hope that in whatever sphere she may find herself she may be both happy and useful.

Pet Phrase: “I nearly died.”

Failings: Candles and burns.

Favorite Haunt: “Starland.”



W. E. Wilkin

Comest thou with deep premeditated lines,
With written pamphlets studiously devised?

Billy is a genuine product of the soil. He first dropped upon this planet near the town of Harrison, Ont. The farmhouse that marked his entrance into human life is still venerated and visited by admiring pilgrims.

While still of tender years his parents transplanted the budding youth to the rich soil of our western prairies, near to the flourishing metropolis of Arcola, Sask.

There was little or no schooling for Willie, but a thirst for knowledge was begotten by reading, and that finally drove him to Brandon College. At Brandon Billy has led a steady life of devotion to study. He has made a record as a diligent student and a loyal class man.

Outside of study Billy has filled a big place in a quiet way in the activities of the college. His abilities as a financier have been utilized freely.

In his matriculation year he was president of his class. He has acted as secretary-treasurer for both the Athletic Association and the Y.M.C.A. Under his leading as business manager the finances of the College "Quill" have flourished. He has also in his final year been president of the Senior Arts Class.

Billy has left on Brandon College the impress of a strong and quiet personality. As he enters the lumber business at Calgary he bears the best wishes of all his chums. We know he will make good.

Pet Saying: "Wouldn't that frazzle you!"

Failing: Finances.

Favorite Haunt: The M. M. Skating Club.

CLASS PROPHECY.

At the close of the examinations my nerves were so highly strung that I could not rest. I had heard that opium was very soothing to the nerves, and decided to put aside my conscientious scruples, and to take a small dose. I must have taken more than I ought to have done, for no sooner had I partaken of it, than I went off into a dreamless sleep. How long I slept I do not know, but as I was coming out of my sleep a strange vision came up before me. At first I could not understand its significance, but gradually it dawned upon me that the privilege of looking upon the hidden things of the future was given to me.

It is seven years since the 1913 Class of Brandon College graduated, but to look at the graduates one would not conceive this to be so. There are the same old smiles, the same familiar expressions, the same pleasant ways.

The vision as it comes up before me is of a meeting in the grounds of Brandon College.

Several buildings have been added in the seven years. A chapel, a library building, a gymnasium, and a skating rink have already been built, and a new ladies' residence is nearly completed. Even the grounds wear a prosperous look, and on this lovely summer afternoon the air is filled with the song of birds.

It is right that the birds should be singing, and that the sun should be shining, for this is the occasion of the first reunion of the '13 class. There are more than the eleven graduates present; the faces of some of these I recognize, but many are new and strange to me. But as I gaze upon the scene, I hear a familiar voice.

"Well, Muriel, it is such a long time since I saw you. How are you? Let us sit down on the seat and talk."

"All right, Connie; it is so terribly hot standing up, and this is such a delightfully shady place. What a difference it is from what it was when we were here!"

"Oh, there's Jack! Isn't it fine that he is getting along so well? He is going to Paris next year to take his doctor's work in Science. The boys will miss him awfully. They say he is the best sport on the College Faculty, and that's saying something."

"There's Mr. Harvey looking as staid as ever. How would you like to be taking philosophy from him? They say that he is pretty good at it. He used to be, anyway. I think they were

fortunate in getting hold of another graduate of our year for the teaching staff of Brandon College.

"Doesn't Leslie look well? She doesn't seem to have altered at all. Mr. Wilkins tells me that she is quite a leader in society circles in Calgary. She is president of the Browning Club this year. Last spring she was able to get Dr. Parsons, who was passing through the city, to give an address on 'Browning's Philosophy of Life,' and Leslie told me they had a splendid time. Do you remember the classes we had in Browning? My, it seems an age since then!"

"Were you speaking to Mr. Gordon? Isn't it romantic to hear him tell about the work out in India. Mr. Harris told me only a few minutes ago, that Mr. Gordon came to his church last week, and the people were so interested in what he had to tell them, that they would hardly allow him to stop. Isn't it too bad that Mr. Harris is not married yet? He's looking as well as ever, though, as if single life agreed with him. He was telling me, too, that Mr. Gordon has done splendid work out in India."

"Did you hear that Mr. Robinson is going to take post-graduate work in sociology in Chicago? He intends leaving Moosomin this summer. The people are very sorry to have him leave, as he has built up the church there and established it on a firm basis."

"Who is that talking to Mr. Robinson? Mr. Wilkins, you say? Why, so it is! Did you hear that he is giving a large addition to the philosophy section of the library? Leslie wrote me to say that he is one of the most successful young business men in Calgary, and is being asked by a large majority of the voters to represent them in the Alberta Legislature. Won't it be nice to have one of our class an M.P.P.?"

"Well, here are Evelyn and Willa coming towards us. Let's go, Connie, and meet them. I am so glad Willa has been appointed to the Chair of Moderns at Regina College. She was always so good at languages. Do you remember she took the medal in our year?"

"Are you going to the luncheon at the Woman's Canadian Club tomorrow? Evelyn is going to speak. You know, she takes a great interest in sociological problems, and has become quite an authority. Tomorrow she is speaking on 'How We Can Interest Our Fellow-women to Exercise Their Franchise.'"

Here the conversation became so faint that I could not tell what they were saying. While trying to catch the words, I was awakened suddenly by the breakfast bell, and realized that my vision had cost me my breakfast.



Esther Magdalen Moore

"My lady's name is Magdalen,
Her coming clothes the earth with green,
And spreads the sky with fairer sheen,
With sun-lit cloud-dreams in between."

The music department of Brandon College is drawing to the close of its seventh year. The time-honored number of completeness and good fortune is marked by the sending out of its first graduate.

Miss Esther Magdalen Moore was born in Norfolk, Nebraska, but when only three years old came to Canada, which has been her home ever since. Her academic education followed the regular course of our Canadian Public and High schools to the taking of the second class certificate. Music was continued more or less regularly with the school studies until the year 1909-10, when Miss Moore was registered as a music student in Brandon College. When about to leave for college typhoid fever developed and there followed the long hard days of illness and convalescence that so many of us of 1909-10 know all too well.

In the spring of that year Miss Moore entered the annual musical contest held at Edmonton, securing a medal for sight-reading and accompanying. In the fall of 1910 Miss Moore entered on her college course, taking the intermediate examinations of the Toronto Conservatory of Music in piano and voice that year and the senior examinations held in Toronto, the following year, and keeping up her English studies at the same time. This year she completes her work in theory, and having fulfilled all requirements for the Brandon College standard of graduation, both academic and musical, becomes a regular member of Class '13, though unique in her position.

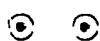
Some of the blood of the great Polish composer Dvorak flowing in the veins of this young Canadian musician possibly helps to account for the brilliancy, power and range that mark

her work. To the earlier correctness and brilliancy has been added a depth of feeling and power of expression that leaves the listener satisfied. A penetrating critic remarked after a recital: "Yes, but it is the mentality behind the playing." It is this mental balance and poise united with the musical temperament which makes Miss Moore not only admired but beloved as an artist and as a fellow student.

Pet Phrase: "Isn't that horrid!"

Failing: Ganongs.

Favorite Haunt: Hockey matches.



MUSICAL RECITAL.

The graduation recital given by Miss Esther Magdalene Moore on the evening of April 29th. was an event of unique interest not only to the four hundred guests who were present, but to all the friends of Brandon College inasmuch as Miss Moore is the first young lady to graduate in the music department of the college.

No doubt the graduation recital is the only remnant Brandon College reveals of an academic tradition honored through centuries of observation that a candidate for graduation in any faculty should give in public a formal demonstration of his attainments. It is not difficult to see why such a practice has fallen into oblivion in the case of young theologs and young physicians. We now have reason to hope, however, that in Brandon College the tradition will not only survive but flourish in the case of young musicians.

Miss Moore played a difficult program with abundant evidence of technical proficiency, with good interpretative power and with that poise and self-possession which puts an audience immediately at ease. Her work was eminently satisfactory, and her friends can only wish for her that, however far she may go in the steep and arduous path of true musicianship, she may never have less pleasant memories than those they Ballade mingle with the quiet melody of the Gondolier and Ballade mingle with the quiet melody of the gondolier and the fragrance of the glorious roses which came forward in the intervals of the applause.

SOCIAL CALENDAR.

MONDAY—

- 9.00 a.m. Edwards gives Prof. W— morning draught.
- 3.00 p.m. Robinson arrives at Clark Hall with music roll.
- 4.00 p.m. Miss Simpson takes shortest route to Kennedy's.
- 4.50 p.m. Smalley—"returned empty."

TUESDAY—

- 5.00 a.m. Miss Speers puts final touches on English essay.
- 10.00 a.m. Evans makes usual short visit to Clark Hall.
- 4.30 p.m. Harris takes exercise at Y.

WEDNESDAY—

- 10.00 a.m. Miss Gumm thinks she hears breakfast bell.
- 2.00 p.m. Miss Moore answers phone call.
- 4.15 p.m. Harvey tries ten mile jog.

THURSDAY—

- 6.00 a.m. Sinclair at mission study class.
- 8.00 a.m. Wilkin at Rex.
- 3.10 p.m. Miss Ward saunters into Comparative Religion.
- 9.00 p.m. Miss Simpson enjoys game of Five Hundred.

FRIDAY—

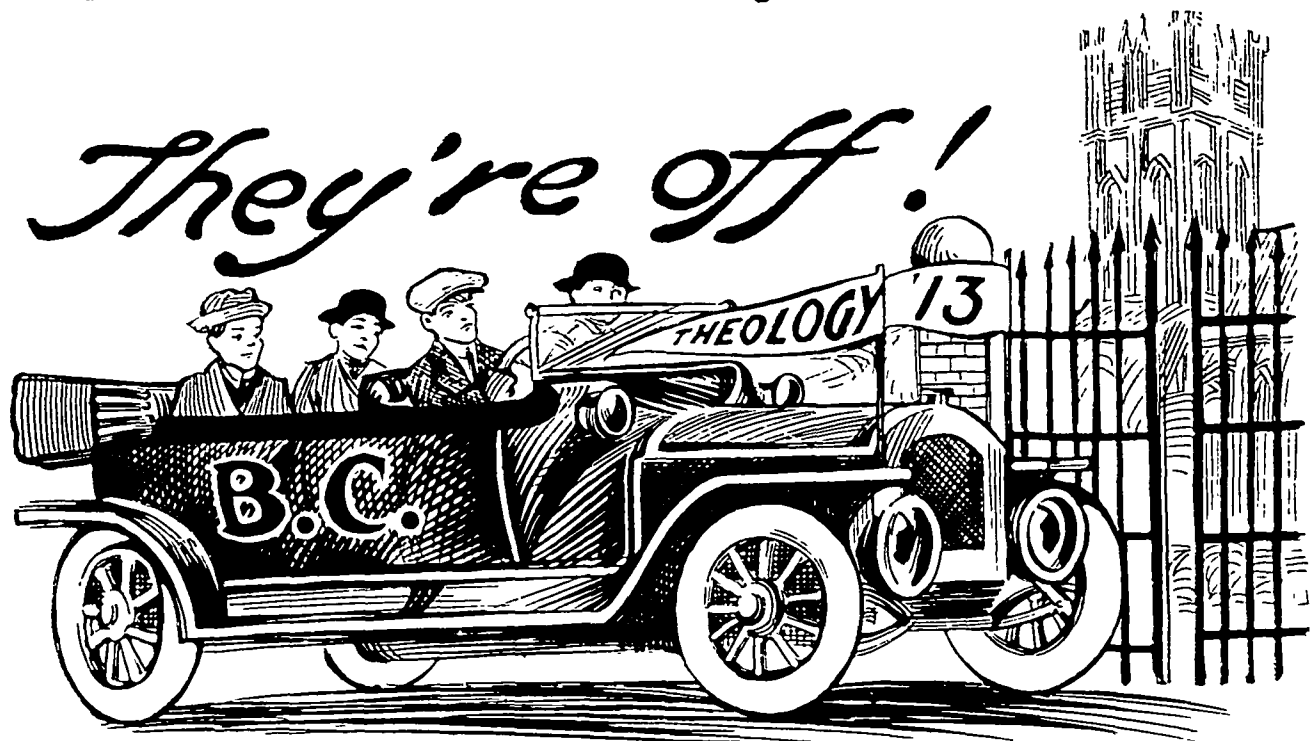
- 8.00 a.m. Evans prepares for big day.
- 4.00 p.m. Scotty takes the Line(s) out.
- 11.00 p.m. Robinson hiking home from Eighth street.

SATURDAY—

- 8.00 a.m. Scotty leaves Harris to clean up.
- 2.00 p.m. Harvey bestows parting blessing on top flat before leaving.
- 11.15 p.m. Clark Hall door opened for Miss McCamis by long-suffering room-mate.

SUNDAY—

- 1.00 a.m. Wilkin studies on Saturday night.
- 10.50 a.m. Evans takes a squint up Lorne.
- 2.30 p.m. Miss Gumm officiates at the chafing dish.
- 9.00 p.m. Edwards sums up evening sermon.



THEOLOGY '13

Though small in numbers, Class '13 in Theology has made a good contribution to Brandon College life. The class began with two solitary "pioneers"—R. G. Edwards and H. E. Green. In its second year it was reinforced by the coming of Riley Smalley and John P. Sinclair, both of whom had studied at Harley College, London, England.

During our course we have had various professors—men who have taught us how to study for ourselves. We commenced with President McDiarmid, Drs. Mode and McNeil, Professors P. G. Mode and D. A. McGibbon. Our graduation year brought to us Drs. Whidden and Parsons. From all these men we have learned not only theory, but they have shown us how theory must find its outcome in the practical work of the ministry. The high ideals they have ever held before us have made us aspire after great things.

We have not been behind in supplying men to fill various college offices. R. G. Edwards has been chairman of Students' Committee, a member of the "A" hockey team, editor of College Gossip in "The Quill." H. E. Green has well filled the office of President of the Debating Society. J. P. Sinclair has been for two years secretary of the Volunteer Missionary Band, while Riley Smalley has been on the Theology debating team.

Our class has supplied successful debaters and thus has enabled the Theologs to hold the banner.

We go forward into the great harvest-field, inspired by the belief that we have a message which will one day cause the prairie "to blossom as the rose."



Reginald C. Edwards

He hath a heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper.

No, you can't put anything over on Reg. At least, those who have tried have failed thus far.

He was born in Thurso, Quebec, about fifty yards from the Ottawa river, half-mile from Ontario, and thirty miles from the capital of the Dominion. He has the determination of his Scotch and Welsh ancestors. After making good in the public schools of Thurso and Toronto, he took a winter at Grand Ligne, and thence to Woodstock for three years, where, in the year 1902, he matriculated. For seven years he pursued a life of adventure in Canada and United States, arriving at Brandon College in the autumn of 1909, where he has been both active and popular during the four years of sojourn here. He was chairman of Students' Committee, member of Y.M.C.A. executive, President of Theological Class, and last year he helped the hockey team win the cup, playing point. This year he edited the Gossip Column of "The Quill." Judging by what we know of his past, we feel assured of his success in the future.

Favorite Phrase: "You bet your life!"

Failing: Gibson Girls.

Favorite Haunt: Winnipeg.



H. Elmer Green

His body truly doth contain a spirit for which a kingdom were too small a bound.

II. Elmer Green was born in Dunnville, Ont., some time since. He first thought of coming west at the time of the Riel Rebellion, but before he could pack his teething-ring the scrap was over. He remained in the east preparing for the battle of life by a meteoric school career. The Public and High school caught the flash of his eye and contributed to his equipment for life, and the delights of a commercial course led him into the woollen mills. From weaving wool he turned to weaving sermons, and came to Brandon in 1909 to perfect himself in this high art.

He added to the girth of the student body as a capable secretary of the Debating Society and as an efficient president of that society. He proved himself an all-round man as chief of the fire brigade and as a member of the Student Committee.

He is the first of the Class '13 to join the ranks of the benedicts, being married on May 14th to Miss Ada Jean Wade, a former Clark Hall girl.

Pet Phrase: "Oh, punk!"

Failing: Rotundity.

Favorite Haunt: Cupid's Court.



John Peat Sinclair

Frank nature, rather curious than in haste,
hath well composed thee.

"My native town is away in the north of Scotland," is the proud boast of John whenever he is asked regarding his home in Scotland.

After many happy years of boyhood in Wick, away in the north, John came with his parents to Glasgow, and it was in this famous city that he first faced the world. In business he soon betrayed some of the sterling qualities of his genial character.

In the church of which he was a member, John was an active worker and began to move in those lowly paths of service which later led out to a larger sphere of labor. In all the work of the church he took keen interest, and in his addresses at C.E. meetings, etc., revealed the "Reverend John" of future years. Realizing the needs of the greater world, John devoted his life entirely to God's service. In October, 1908, he entered Harley College, London, England. Though a bashful boy, yet he early began to lose all his bashfulness as he entered into the life of the college.

In May, 1910, he came to Western Canada, and after a successful summer's work at Lloydminster, he came to Brandon College and became a member of Class '13 in Theology. We have all learned to love John, for in all phases of College life he has proved himself one with us all. He goes to take charge of Institutional church work in the cosmopolitan city of Winnipeg. We are sure that in this sphere he will do great credit to his beloved Alma Mater.

Favorite Saying: "Cheer up."

Failing: Firsts in exams.

Favorite Haunt: Swimming pool.



Riley Smalley

A fellow of plain, uncoined constancy.

Riley is a Lancashire lad: a Blackburnian bred and born; a proud representative of a city which has produced such men as Sir Robert Peel and John Morley.

After public school education and several years in business, Riley heard the call to higher things and resolved to obtain college training.

His introduction to college life was in 1908, when he entered Harley College, London, England, and was a classmate of J. P. Sinclair. During the two sessions spent at Harley, in addition to his studies, Riley did good work as assistant-pastor of a large Institutional church in East London.

But even London could not hold him! The lure of the West fell upon him and in the spring of 1910, Riley came to Western Canada and settled on a mission field at Russell, Man. The fall of 1910 saw Riley at Brandon College, when he joined the Class '13 in theology.

It is in Brandon that we have come to know our friend. During his stay with us, he has been a hard-working and successful student. His genial manner has won for him many a friend. His elocutionary powers have entertained a number of student gatherings.

Not only as a student but also as a preacher has Riley made good, for during his course he has held two successful student pastorates.

A congenial sphere of labor awaits him at Elgin, Man. He goes from us—another son of Brandon who will help to keep clean the streams of our national life and thus make glad the city of God.

Favorite Saying: "You bounder!"

Failing: Eloquence.

Favorite Haunt: The country church.

CLASS PROPHECY OF THEOLOGY '13

The task of the prophet in the general sense of the word is to prophesy as to the future. That is the task before me as I look into the members' lives and characters as they are about to leave Brandon College and go out into active spheres of labor. Time flies quickly, and perhaps it is easy to prophesy as to ten years hence regarding the four men who have so splendidly equipped themselves for life's task.

In sunny Alberta, amidst the heat of the noonday sun, I see a comparatively young man, yet strong in physique, hurrying along to his daily duties. I confront him and find it is Pastor Green, of Class '13. He has a great story to tell of failures and achievements in city and country appointments. His wife is still by his side, ever ready with her charming voice to help him to lead people into the kingdom.

Again I am led to gaze into the future, and I see a great city; skyscrapers and church spires are points of interest. I enter the city and as I pass along the main street I notice a large church, beautiful in architecture and style. It is called Calvary Baptist church. I read the signboard and find that Rev. R. G. Edwards is the pastor. The city, as I pass through is full of praise respecting the greatness of this distinguished pastor.

Again I look into the future, and lo I am still in the city. One composed of peoples of every realm and tongue. I see a large Institutional church. Interested in such modern work I enter and I am welcomed by the superintendent and his wife, Rev. and Mrs. J. P. Sinclair. As I enter his office, he has many things to tell and to show me regarding the great work he is doing amongst all classes. His wife trained in good things, is ever busy bringing comfort and sympathy to those around them.

Once more I gaze through my window. This time my vision is changed. I see a small and yet commodious home away out in a small prairie town. It is the home of Pastor Riley Smalley and his happy wife. Three or four little school houses are dotted here and there, in which he holds services. He is studious and always at it, optimistic that all lowly roads lead to higher things.

This it is that I prophesy, not very great things, but the greater ones are yet to come in later years. I leave it with the future to work out its own destiny.

ADVICE TO OTHER CLASSES.

A little learning is a dangerous thing.

Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring.

Hear this, all ye people; give ear, all ye inhabitants of the world:

It is not without a feeling of regret that we are leaving. Ties of many years' duration are not easily broken. But yet ere we depart, let us put down for posterity a few facts that we have learned in passing through these halls of learning, that future generations may thereby profit from our experience. Be attentive, one and all, for we have words of wisdom that a freshman cannot afford to miss and that a theolog will be wise to cherish and ponder.

Yes, we were "freshies" once. How long seemed the years and how stupendous the tasks between us and our coveted goal. The Greek verb was a perfect maze and the French "r" an insurmountable obstacle. But it is all over now! Greek is a mere pastime, and the members of our French class would be anywhere taken for real Parisians. Be patient, Freshmen! Keep ever your dignified seniors before you as your model; cleave to their wise sayings and try to be more like them. Your patience and perseverance will in due time be rewarded.

Never forget, Freshmen, to pay your respects to the students' council. They are mighty men of power and their leader is a senior.

When you will have reached the important place of sophomore you will have learned that there are other people in the institution equally as important as yourself. It is in this year that our mighty athletic powers are developed. We have learned that there is something else in a college course besides Greek and Latin, and our energy spends itself on the race track and football field. Sophomore, continue the wise example set you and remember that good sport helps greatly to develop a great mind. We have tried it and we know.

To the juniors! We beg you not to look on life so seriously. You have done with Psychology and Latin, and the way now lies easy before. Be merry and free, the exams will take care of themselves. Be jolly! This is a true characteristic of a junior. But beware not to be too lofty in your ideas. It is only allowable to seniors to speak with authority.

The most stupendous task still remains. What shall I say of the theolog? He is a most peculiar person. We often wonder what makes him so wonderfully different from the other students. The conclusion must be reached that it is the hours spent in the expression and vocal studios. We would advise every member of this class to let nothing prevent their spending a reasonable portion of their time in these delightful studies which add culture and ability in their life-work. Conduct yourselves with true dignity and do not indulge too deeply in amusements and pleasures—leave them to the less sophisticated freshman and sophomore.

It has indeed been a merry time. A season worth while to us all, for we have truly

Sighed deep, laughed free,
Starved, feasted, despaired—been happy.



CONVOCATION COUGH DROPS.

It is not true that the tree planted by the Class '13 is a chestnut. It is just a blooming maple.

Miss Moore's piano selection on Convocation night was a gem. And so say all of us.

We hear that Dr. Whidden is reciting in his sleep "The Charge of the Light Brigade" a la Riley Smalley. Too bad! We knew something awful would happen.

The twenty-five dollar scholarship of the Class '13 for the student taking highest marks in Psychology should give a flip to the study of Philosophy.

First young lady as Tom Hare sinks gracefully on his knees before the Chancellor: "Isn't he handsome!"

Second young lady: "Yes, and isn't he dignified!"

Congratulations to Russell F. Ferrier '12, M.A. '13; and to Miss Vera Leech '12, M.A. '13.

Read the "Quill" Advertisements — patronize the advertisers—mention the "Quill."

GRADUATES RECEPTION.

Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity,
Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles.
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.

At four o'clock on Saturday afternoon, April 5th, the graduates in Arts were at home in Clark Hall to the students and faculty of the Arts Department of the college. The president, Miss Simpson, and the vice-president received, while the other members of the class, in all their glory, smiled, chatted and made themselves generally agreeable in the drawing-room.

Among the guests who graced the occasion with their presence were Dr. and Mrs. Whidden, Dr. and Mrs. Parsons and Miss Whiteside. The vocal solo by Miss Jean McDonald was enjoyed by all.

The table was tastefully decorated in the class colors, maroon and gold, and was presided over by Mrs. Matthews and Mrs. McNeill.

It is whispered abroad that after the guests had departed, the graduates adjourned to the vocal studio, where they spent the evening in "youthful jollity." Jack rattled the bones, Bob did the cake-walk, Scotty sang "Happy Land," while Tom and Bill looked sanctimonious. We dare not say what the others did and did not do, but Leslie is suspected of confiscating at least three bricks of ice-cream.

About 11 o'clock the merry party dispersed after singing "Should Auld Acquaintance Be Forgot."



Now the rich stream of music winds along,
Deep, majestic, smooth and strong,
Through verdant vales and Ceres' golden reign.

BACCALAUREATE SERMON.

The Rev. F. W. Patterson of Edmonton was the eloquent and acceptable preacher of the Baccalaureate sermon to the graduating classes of 1913, on Sunday evening, May 11th. The sermon was delivered in the First Baptist church, Brandon, to a crowded congregation of students and friends.

The message of the preacher was a ringing denunciation of the evils of materialism, especially in its modern aspects. The text chosen was Job 32, 26-28, and from that passage the preacher drew the basal thoughts of his discourse.

After introducing the character of Job in its setting, and referring to the sun-worship common to Job's neighbors, the preacher laid bare the secret of the strength of materialism. That which looms large before the senses makes a tremendous appeal. Job was moved to worship before the glorious majesty of the sun, or the silent splendor of the moon, but had he done so he would have sinned against God.

Materialism assumes different forms, and no department of life has escaped its subtle appeal. Even religion is branded with it. Ritualism and social service are two perilous aspects of church life if divorced from the spirit of worship.

There are many indictments against materialism, but none are too severe. It represents practical atheism. God is denied by the man who follows materialistic ideals, nor can there be for such a man any true ethical ideals.

It also gives a false standard of judgment. Worth is not wealth, nor a product of it. A man's success consists in the range and richness of his fellowships. It has also a blighting effect on the individual. If wealth is put first, then the soul will shrivel as the purse swells. "What shall it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul"?

As graduates you must look on yourselves, as you go out into life, not as terminals, but as distributing centres. Your contribution to society will depend on what you are. The student who goes out with the idea of personal gain is a menace to the community. Refuse to yield to the spell of materialism. Show that God is a force in the life of men today. Render help to your fellows, but this can only be adequate as you bring them into touch with God. This you can do only as you make your life an unveiling of the living God.

THE ALUMNI LUNCHEON.

To every alumnus of any college there comes a particular pleasure whenever a reunion of class mates or college friends is possible. That this is especially true of graduates of Brandon was evidence on Convocation Day, when about fifty members of the Brandon College-McMaster Alumni Association gathered at the first annual luncheon of the society. The alumni were greeted in the reception room by President Whidden and Mr. Bowen and Miss Leech, the retiring president and vice-president, after which a dainty lunch was served in the college dining room. Mr. Bowen then presided while the following excellent program was carried out:

ROLL CALL

ALMA MATER

W. Smalley Dr. Whidden

OUR GUESTS

R. T. Ferrier. Dr. McCrimmon
 Dr. Cross
 Rev. F. W. Patterson

CLASS '13

S. H. Potter Miss W. Speers
 H. E. Green

Following this, the annual business meeting was held at which the executive officers elected for the ensuing year were:

Hon. President—Dr. A. P. McDiarmid.

President—E. H. Clark.

1st Vice-President—Miss Truesdell.

2nd Vice-President—R. G. Edwards.

3rd Vice-President—Mrs. Brotherhood.

Secretary-Treasurer—Robt. Harvey.

With such capable men and women at the helm the society should be guided through sunny seas this year and much should be accomplished towards the fostering of the Brandon College spirit.

MEMORIALS OF CLASS '13

Gone but not forgotten.
 Though lost to sight to memory dear.
 Requiescant in pace.

What shall we leave behind us to serve as a reminder when we have stepped into the Great Beyond? A class such as ours must certainly leave a memorial. Then, what shall it be? A picture for the chapel? A set of books for the library? Or an imposing pair of entrance gates to the college grounds?

Finally it was decided to establish a scholarship for three years of the annual value of twenty-five dollars. At the end of that time, if members of the class have prospered financially, it may be possible to make it a permanent scholarship. The second year Arts students of the class in Psychology will be the fortunate contenders for the first scholarship ever offered by a graduating class in Brandon College.



ARBOR CLASSIS

Under the spreading maple tree
 Our Alma Mater stands.

Why, of course we should. Let's plant a class tree and set a good example to future years. All agreed? That's settled.

Dr. McKee donated a flourishing maple, Wilkin transplanted it, Evans dug the grave, Miss Simpson declared it well and truly planted. Diu floreat!

CONVOCATION DAY.

Convocation Day for 1913 dawned fair and bright. The college folk were early astir, for this was to be the day of big things. To the graduates it was the day when their long-marked goal would be reached.

At nine-thirty a goodly number of students, alumni, visiting pastors, and friends assembled in the college chapel for what was designated as a pastors' conference. Dr. McCrimmon delivered a strong lecture on "The Fundamental Principles of the Baptists. An inspiring message was given by Dr. Geo. Cross, who took as his theme "The Ministry of Theology to the Religious Spirit." Dr. Ernest Parsons then introduced a discussion on "The Pastor and His Message."

At one o'clock the Brandon College-McMaster Alumni Association assembled for its first annual luncheon. About fifty members and guests sat down to the well-spread tables. The luncheon discussed successfully, thanks to Miss Davidson's splendid preparation, the President, Rev. J. Bowen, called for the following toasts: Alma Mater, proposed by W. Smalley, Theo. '12, responded to by Dr. Whidden; Our Guests, proposed by Russell Ferrier '12, M.A. '13, replied to by Chancellor McCrimmon, Dr. Geo. Cross and Rev. F. W. Patterson; The Graduating Classes, proposed by S. H. Potter '12, and answered by Miss Willa Speers '13 and Elmer Green, Theol. '13.

A short business meeting was then held, at which a regular constitution was adopted and officers elected for the ensuing year. E. H. Clarke '12 is the new president.

In the evening at eight o'clock the city hall was packed to the doors by citizens and other friends for the closing exercises. Chancellor McCrimmon presided and conferred degrees at a special convocation of McMaster University. One graduate received the B.A. degree, ad eundem; eleven graduates, in course, received the same degree. Two members of the '12 class, Miss Vera Leech and Mr. Russell Ferrier, were then presented for the M.A. degree, having completed the required work. Afterwards Dr. Geo. Cross, in very felicitous terms, presented Dr. H. P. Whidden, the President of Brandon College, for the degree of LL.D. honoris causa. Chancellor McCrimmon then declared the McMaster Convocation closed.

Dr. Whidden then took the chair and presented diplomas to the graduates in Music and Theology. He also presented the medals won by Arts graduates, Miss Willa Speers receiving

the one offered for Modern Languages, Robert Harvey the one in Philosophy. In the other Arts years he announced that the scholarship had been won by Victor Coen in the first year, Oliver U. Chapman in the second, and James H. Moffatt in the third. Addressing the graduating classes, Dr. Whidden exhorted them to face fully, fairly, and with the mind of Christ, the facts of life.

The address of Chancellor McCrimmon last year on "Christian Education" had created a profound impression. Naturally, therefore, his utterance this year was eagerly anticipated, and he did not disappoint. His address was a magnificent vindication of the existence of the small college.

Dealing first with the material upon which the college works, he showed the impulsive and unstable nature of the adolescent period. There are soul-stirring impulses within that are reaching out through all the realms of life for satisfaction. The foundations of belief are being broken up and there is a reconstructive process to be undergone. Stanley Hall says that the youth of eighteen is relatively limp and inert. He is in the turmoil of transition. He needs a general course at first that he may taste the different arts and sciences before selecting his special course. The life involved is eternal and linked with the Infinite, hence the problem of handling it aright is a tremendous one.

Passing to the agencies that work upon the material, the Chancellor paid full respect to the state institution. Uniformity and standardization were good and allowable in the early days of the child; also in specialized scientific courses they were right. But the college does not work with children or graduates and its material "relatively limp and inept" needs different treatment. Soap can be standardized, but not students. The independent college, therefore, has its place. Whether under church control or not, it has its special work to do, a work that no other institution can possibly accomplish.

Dr. McCrimmon in the third place expressed the Christian view respecting education. To the young student who is in the throes of mental unsettlement and turmoil it is a great calming fact to know that his professor has a deep and settled trust in God. The denominational college is also the greatest feeder for the ministry, and that fact alone should insure its continuance.

In a beautiful and noble peroration the Chancellor lauded the glorious work and privilege of teaching. The teacher never dies; his influence is perennial and eternal; he lives for ever singing the beautiful evangel; into the broad sea of eter-

nity he sails freighted with precious lives enriched and exalted beneath his magic spell.

A large number of citizens, relatives and friends attended a reception in Clark Hall after the public ceremonies were concluded.

Thus ended a day memorable in the history of Brandon College, a day that will ever live in the minds of those who were leaving her friendly walls. As graduates we can ask for no fairer success than to live out, worthily and well, the lofty ideals of our beloved Alma Mater.



BRANDON COLLEGE MOTTO :
LIVE TRUTH IN LOVE.

(Eph. iv. 15)

Live truth in love, and down life's road
Will gleam a bar of Heaven's light;
And eased will be thy customed load,
And courage nerve you for the fight.

Live truth in love, and every soul
Will feel the power within thy life;
As others strive toward the goal
Thy power will help them in the strife.

Live truth in love, and let who will
Go gathering death in lies and hate.
True happiness thy soul will thrill,
And all thy life be truly great.

Live truth in love, and faith will bloom,
And cast its fruit along thy way;
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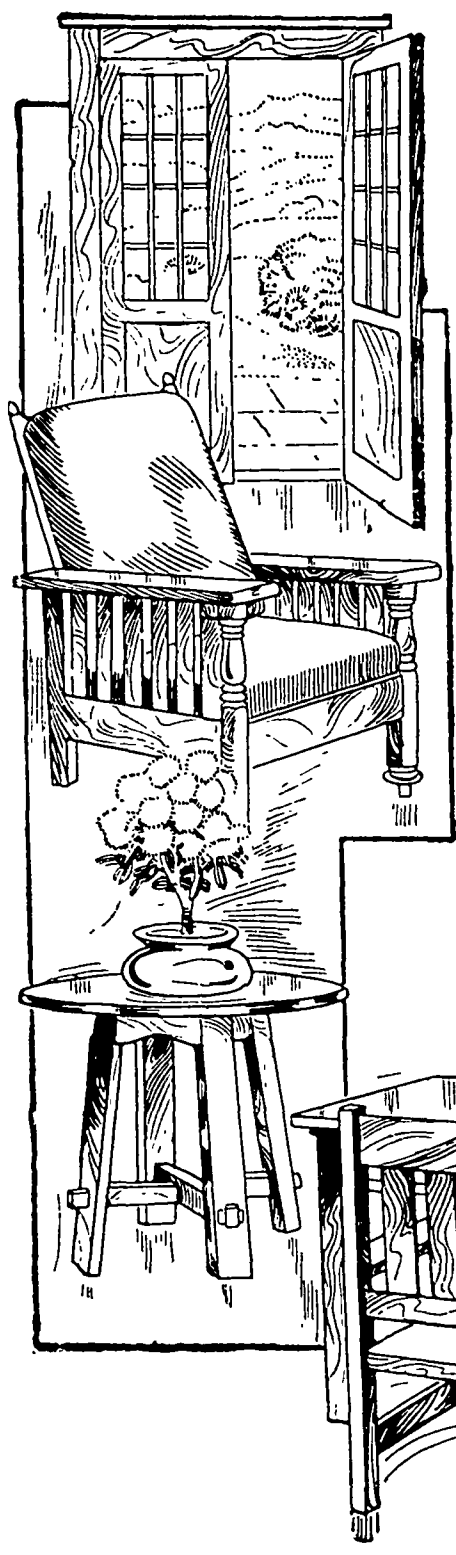
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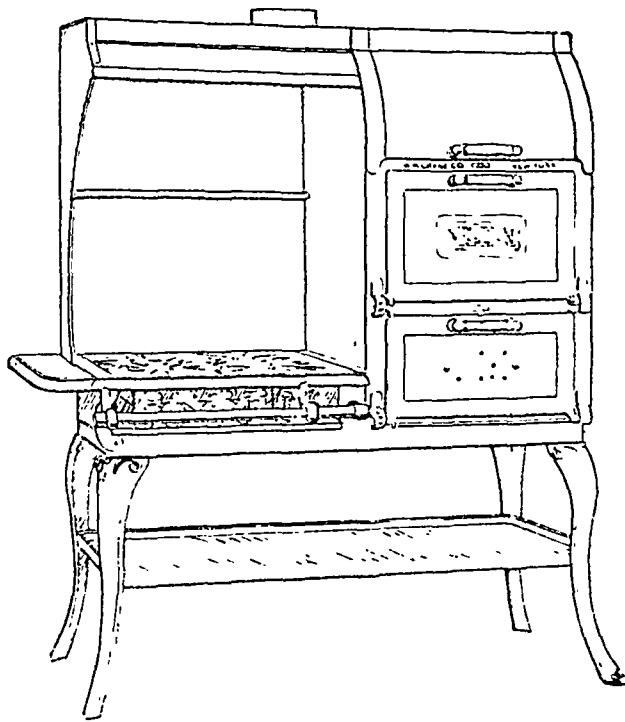
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