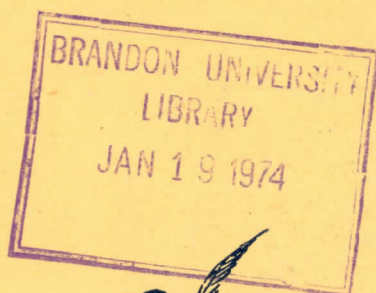


BRANDON COLLEGE QUILL. —



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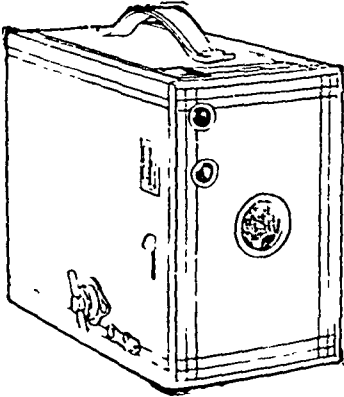
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THE YELL.

Hippi, Skippi Boomalacka,

Rippi, Zippi, Zoo,

Knuckle to it,

You can do it,

You, you, you!

City of the Wheat,

Never know defeat;

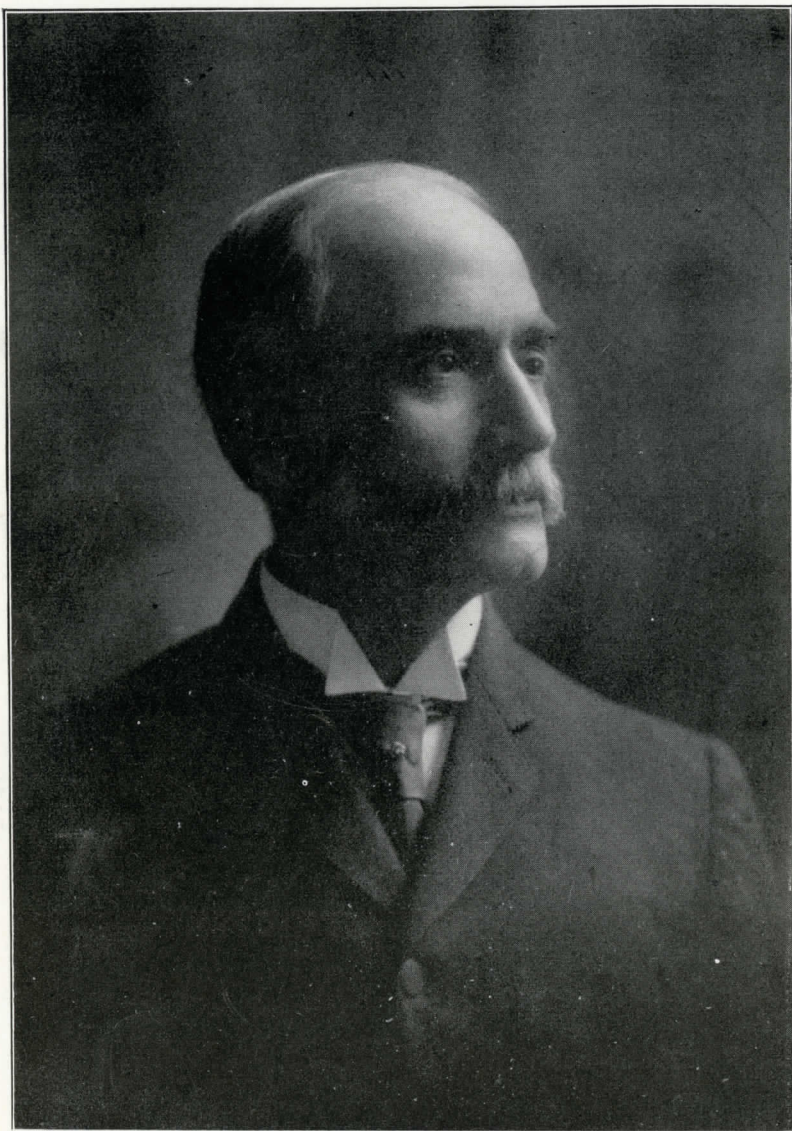
Go it, College, Brandon College!

Ree, Ra, Reet.

B—R—A—N—D—O—N!



BRANDON COLLEGE AND CLARK HALL



MR. ROBT. DARRACH.



PRESIDENT H. P. WHIDDEN, B.A., D.D., LL.D.



*“ROUND THE CAPE OF A SUDDEN CAME
THE SEA.*

*AND THE SUN LOOKED OVER THE MOUN-
TAIN'S RIM;*

*AND STRAIGHT WAS A PATH OF GOLD
FOR HIM,*

*AND THE NEED OF A WORLD OF MEN FOR
ME.”*



Brandon College Quill

FOUR NUMBERS A YEAR.

VOL. IV.

MAY

No. 4

BRANDON COLLEGE QUILL is published by the Students of Brandon College, Brandon, Man. Terms: One Dollar a year, in advance; single numbers 25 Cents. Subscriptions should be sent to A. Carlson. Advertising rates may be obtained from the Business Manager.

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The present issue of "The Quill" is the product of the combined efforts of the graduating classes in Arts and Theology. Every member of the class has contributed to its pages in some form or other. The drawings to illustrate the history are the work of Mr. Arthur Radley, the artist of the class. The issue is not put forward with any pretensions to high-class literary merit, but does attempt to give in a very real way a history and record of the members of the classes of the year fourteen, with all the little foibles and failings that four years of college intimacy have revealed.

Brandon College Quill

THE QUEST OF THE "GOLDEN FLEECE"

(Being an account of how ye doughty men and maidens of Class '14, after many strange adventures by land and sea, did successfully achieve ye perilous quest of ye much desired sheepskin, with all ye rights and privileges pertaining thereto.)

Now it came to pass in the first year of the reign of His Most Gracious Majesty King George the Fifth, that Archibiades, the skilled and daring pilot, did issue proclamation far and wide to all those qualified, urging them one and all to enrol as Class '14 and join him with the avowed object of seeking the magic skeepskin. This summons brought together a score or so of lusty youths and maidens who had won their spurs in the preceding Matriculation campaign. We fain would tell of the previous exploits of one and all of these, but time doth not avail. It must suffice to mention only a few of this doughty band. There was Orpheus Vinco, who had piped his way through various lands, and to whom the scent of danger was as salt in his nostrils; MacKay, in whose veins coursed the blood of daring, sheep-stealing, Highland ancestors; and Arthurus Radley, a direct descendant of that "Arthur of old" so celebrated in song and story.

Archibiades led this goodly company down to the shingly beach and embarked them amidst the plaudits of numerous onlookers. But while many cheered loudly, others, thinking of the unknown dangers lurking on the way, sadly shook their



heads. "Alas, alas!" said many a timorous bystander, "they go but to their doom."

At first there was good sailing. The weather was favorable and all went merrily. Archibiades, however, urged that all should prepare for the coming rough weather. It was early in January that the first real danger appeared. Then were encountered the turbulent seas of Examinatus. For more than a week the ship strove with the opposing currents. Many of the gallant crew had narrow escapes from being washed overboard, but finally the good ship ploughed her way through the troubled seas and emerged into the calmer stretches of Spring Terminus.

On this part of the course the ship's crew at times made merry among themselves. They called, also, at several ports where the whole company were right royally entertained, and all did wax exceeding merry.

But soon the seas once more became choppy. This storm lasted even longer than the previous one, and was much more violent. Many of the stoutest hearts quailed; and some even openly expressed their regret for ever having ventured on this perilous quest. Finally, when the weather cleared, the roll was called, and much to the general sorrow, it was found that several had perished in the gale. This event saddened the hearts of the survivors, and the damsels of the party wept bitterly and made much moan. The ship also was found to be sadly in need of repairs, so Archibiades decided to put into the harbor of Vacationis for the summer months.

The crew gladly availed themselves of the opportunity for rest and recreation, though several had perforce to sally forth on foraging expeditions in order to replenish the ship's larder.

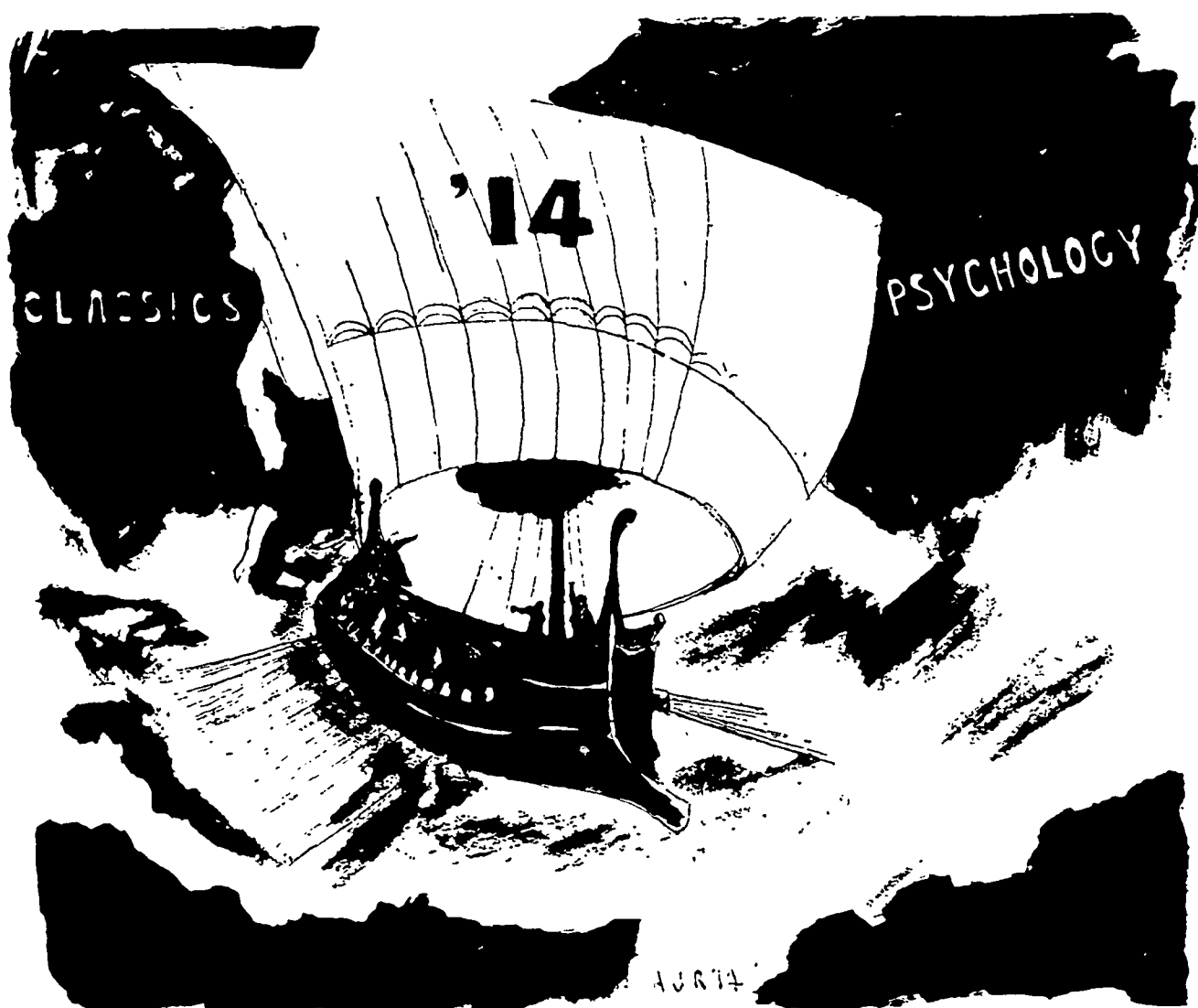
In early autumn Archibiades again prepared to continue the perilous voyage. The company, though somewhat diminished in numbers, were greatly cheered by the arrival of one or two strangers who expressed their desire to join the company on their hazardous expedition. One of these, Reidia, a dark-haired damsel who had voyaged for one year with the good ship Manitobanensis on a similar quest, now decided to take the remainder of the journey with the company of Archibiades.

This year the gallant crew sailed into the archipelago Sophomoricus, a region thickly infested with divers monsters of strange shapes. The king of these islands, a being with long black hair and fierce goatee, had spent many years in foreign climes studying the control and management of his reptilian subjects. No sooner had the good ship entered his territory than she was attacked by these monsters. The serpent Physicus especially terrified the damsels, while the monster Mathematicus caused even the valiant Sleight to retire severely wounded.

Indeed, the results of this encounter might have been fatal but for the appearance of the golden-haired damsel, Marjorica, before whom the monster was powerless.

After leaving this infested sea, the company encountered more favorable weather and less strife. Yet Samuelides, the second in command, daily warned the assembled crew concerning the clashing islands of Psychology and Classics that loomed in the distance, and between which the ship must pass. This Samuelides, a man with long white flowing beard and kindly mien, had piloted many crews past these islands. None knew better than he the dangers involved.

As spring approached, the really dangerous nature of these clashing islands dawned upon the whole company. Many anxious hours were spent in studying the adverse currents of Sensation and the deadly undercurrents of Perception and Conception. Beyond the islands could be seen an ominous, foreboding, dark cloud of Metaphysics casting its gloomy blackness over the distant sea. Archibiades and Samuelides consulted together daily. They caused to be brought up from the hold the reserve chest of syllogisms and propositions of logic.



and these they served out to every member of the crew, together with instructions as to their use and application in the coming trial. MacKay, greatly fearing the struggle, implored Archibiades to allow him two extra syllogisms and a proposition in order that he might the better bolster up his defences.

At last, all being considered in readiness, they prepared to attempt the perilous passage. As they drew nearer, the grinding and clashing of the islands brought fear to the stoutest hearts. Truly it required all the eloquence of Archibiades and Samuelides to encourage the crew to persevere. However, all pulling together to the inspiring strains of "All A is B," the treacherous channel was entered and passed through without the loss of a single life, but not without severe strain to the ship.

Spring now having arrived, the ship being considerably damaged and the larder empty, and the crew also suffering from the hardships of the journey, Archibiades deemed it wise to make the nearest harbor for summer quarters. He himself, when the whole company were assembled on the shore, announced feelingly that owing to failing health he would be unable to pilot the company further on their perilous quest. This news was received by all with deep sorrow, for truly Archibiades was an inspiring and efficient commander. So with gloomy forebodings the party dispersed, each one wondering where there could be found one worthy to fill the place of their lost leader.

As summer advanced the company gained renewed courage, and anon their hearts were cheered by the news that Howardius, formerly a skilled and trusty sky pilot, had now decided to take to the sea, and had consented to assume command of the expedition. This Howardius was a man who had faced the monster Ethicus in his deepest lair; yea, verily it could be said of Howardius that he read the pages of "Life" with great discernment. Thus it came to pass that with lightened hearts the whole company again set sail.

The course now lay down the Gulf of Juniorus towards the broad seas of Economics. The passage of this sea was made more perilous by the black clouds of Metaphysics that hung overhead like a dense pall. Darkness was continually on the face of the deep. Day after day the ship sailed on, encountering many dangers. Long and mightily Harrisimus McKee strove with the irresistible "law of Diminishing Returns." Finally he triumphed, but not without calling to his aid his ever vigilant brother Carey, who previously had joined the company on his record of former valiant deeds. Another danger now arose. The island of the sirens proved to be a subtle attraction to several of the crew. Moffat in particular was smitten by the seductive music, and it required the united persuasion of the

whole crew to urge him to continue in the quest. Also in the periodic spring gales Underwood narrowly escaped being washed overboard owing to the dense darkness cast by the Metaphysics cloud. Indeed, it was only by reason of his phenomenal vitality, gained by physical culture studies and protracted dieting, that he was able to withstand the force of the inrushing flood.

At last Carey McKee, who had been sleeping in the "crow's nest," was awakened by the clamor below, and looking ahead, perceived that land was in sight. His joyous shout of "Land Ho!" cheered the hearts of all. Howardius and Samuelides, after much deliberation, decided that this was the long sought island of Senioricus, within whose almost impregnable interior was guarded the magic fleece. Suitable anchorage being found, the whole company disembarked. Then Howardius commended the courage and bravery shown thus far on the way. He further cheered the hearts of the wearied crew with large, divine, and comfortable words, and urged all to prepare earnestly for the dangers and hardships of the journey inland. The party then dispersed to gather provisions necessary for the final stage of the quest.

Early in the fall they again assembled, much refreshed and ready to do battle against all odds to gain the coveted trophy. Now this island Senioricus is under the sway of one Damocles. It is a most pleasant land covered with flowers and inhabited by beauteous nymphs. Yet it is also marred by the dreary wilderness of Kant, and is, moreover, infested by relentless monsters under the leash of Damocles. Scarcely was the journey begun when Damocles with his monsters appeared demanding tribute. Chief among his savage band were the fierce twin monsters Trust Problemicus and Labor Problemicus, antagonists awful to contemplate. The whole company, though finally successful in repelling this terrible pair, nevertheless had to endure the crushing burden of the heavy Progressive Taxation of Damocles.

The way at length led into the Wilderness of Kant. For the space of about forty days the company wandered through the mazes of "that Serbonian bog, where armies whole have sunk." Day after day Samuelides outlined his deduction of where the categorical trails should lie. Ever and anon Arthurus perused the pages of his guide-book "Kant Made Easy," and urged his almost despairing fellow pilgrims to follow the course outlined therein. Much proficiency, forsooth, was attained by some. The golden-haired damsel even declared that the entire way now appeared plain to her "original, transcendental, synthetic unity of apperception."

On emerging from the Kantian wilderness the party were

attacked by the dragon Ethicus. Howardius valiantly strove to save his band from the fierce onslaught, but in spite of all his efforts Arthurus was cut off from the main body and badly maimed. This mishap saddened the hearts of all, and, reaching a secluded spot with bubbling water and shady dells, they decided to halt until the weeping maidens should bind up the wounds of their stricken comrade. Reidia, whose beautiful eyes were filled with sorrow, also prepared sundry savory dishes, which greatly cheered the heart of Arthurus and hastened the process of recovery.

The site of the camp was near a haunt of the nymphs. A new difficulty now arose. Several of the company would fain stray away, lured by the charms of the pleasant environment. Harrisimus would wander afar: yea, even to the banks of the Red River, led on by his ardent affection for a beauteous nymph: Vinco took keen delight in studying the beauties of the May flowers: while MacKay would wander far up the valley in search of a mossy dell where peradventure he might discover a "modest Violet." Incidents such as these bade fair to break the unity of the band, and to distract them from their quest. But Kathleenica, who had been chosen as the band leader under Howardius and Samuelides, now showed how well she was fitted for her position. Even when all seemed lost, the situation was saved by the charms of her voice. No matter how far afield the erring ones had strayed, they would invariably return on hearing the sweet strains of "Thee loves me, and me loves thee."

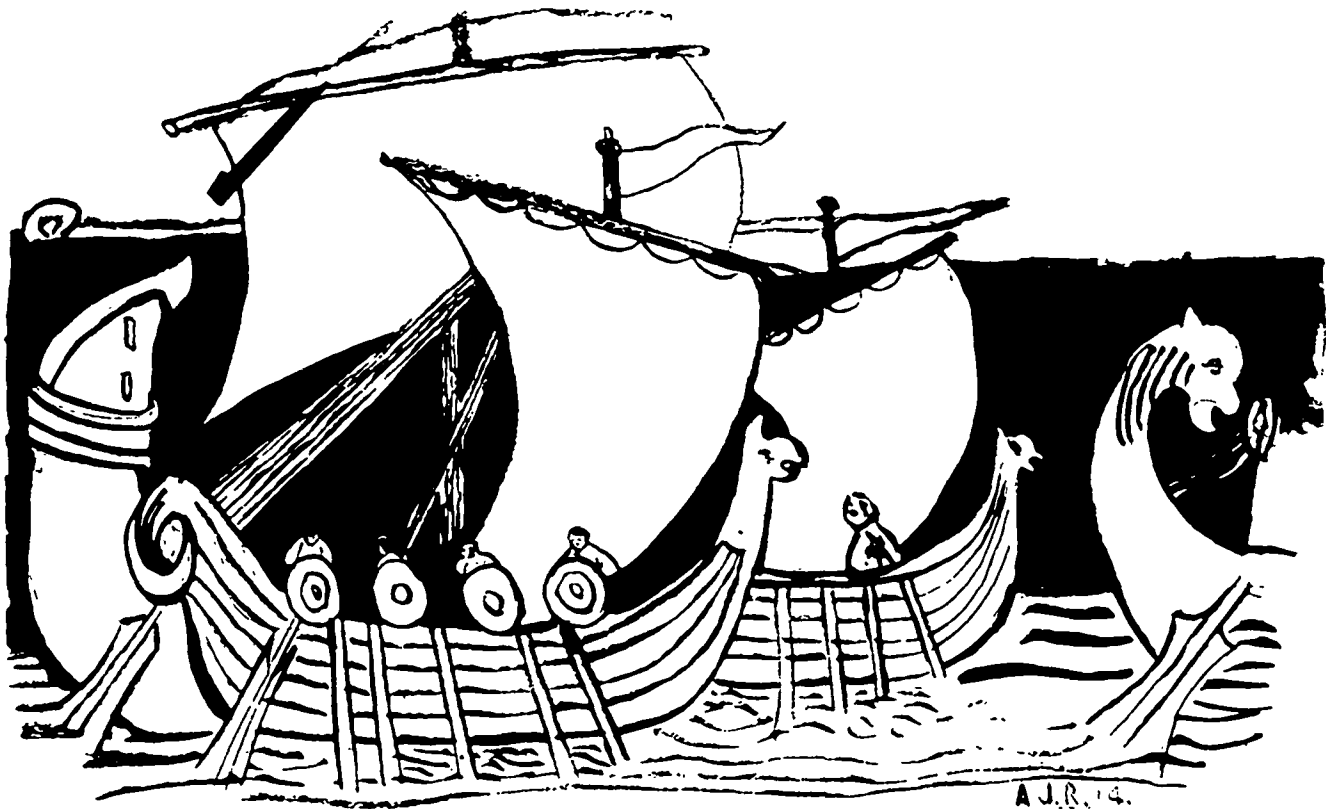
When Arthurus had fully recovered his wonted strength, the company broke camp and again sallied forth. Shortly before reaching the castle of the Golden Fleece they passed through the town of Alteri Classes. Here the inhabitants feasted them right royally. Howardius, however, warned all concerning the coming severe trial. He urged moderation at the banquet table in order that the assault of the impregnable castle might be crowned with success. The friendly hosts also encouraged the adventurers with assurances of sympathy and good will.

Soon the journey was again resumed. Preparations were now made for the final onslaught. As the party reached the summit of a high hill the frowning battlements of the dread castle could be seen distinctly outlined on the horizon. Howardius and Samuelides now gave their final words of instruction and encouragement. Grindstones were now much in evidence, for both weapons and wits needed to be sharpened. Even the nerves of the company were put on edge. Finally the word having been given, the attack began.

For two long weeks the siege continued. At times the issue

was uncertain. Often the attackers appeared to be in great danger of losing even the ground already gained. But at such times Orpheus Vinco would mount to the captured outworks and by the strains of "Johnny Smoker" would cheer the hearts of the almost despairing company. Thus gradually the defenders were driven into the keep, and finally by a united, decisive effort the fortress was gained. The opposing monsters were all put to the sword: the innermost recesses of the keep were searched: suddenly the golden door flew open and the magic fleece was displayed to view and borne aloft in triumph. This long desired treasure was then divided, each member of the company being given a portion. And on each portion Howardius inscribed his name, in commemoration of the successful issue of the long and perilous quest.

We would fain tell of the following days of celebration and merriment, but all these things are found written in "The Book of the Chronicles of the Course of Kathleen," so here endeth our account of ye many adventures, and ye fortunate issue, of ye quest of ye Golden Fleece.



Marjory Ashley Bucke



◆
"When I think I must speak."

◆

In a previous incarnation Peggy was a sunbeam. In this incarnation she is still one in the form of a maiden divinely rare and divinely fair. But being a maiden Peggy had to be educated, so she danced through the Public School and Brandon Collegiate on the wings of mischief and arrived at Brandon College armed with a first-class certificate, an original style of spelling, but no Latin. During the last four years at Brandon College Peggy has been casting rays of sunshine into the hearts of all her fellow students and casting shafts of wit and wisdom at the examiners in McMaster. In consequence she has won a widespread popularity and a reputation as a brilliant student.

During her summers Peggy has spent pleasant and unpleasant times teaching school. None of us will forget the dreadful accounts of some of her experiences and the useful lessons she learned about the varied employment of aprons and dish-pans.

In the college season Peggy has outshone herself as a hostess. Many a blue and homesick student has been refreshed in mind and body at Peggy's Sunday night suppers. Whether she cooked them herself we won't venture to say, but from her manner around the house we feel assured she is a splendid housekeeper.

About her future we cannot predict with certainty. However, there are rumors afloat concerning a course in M.A. work and the further degree of Ph.D. Whatever she does, here's to Peggy and all success!

SNAPSHOTS.

Most Striking Characteristic: Unfailing cheerful loquacity.

Most Lurid Experience: Teaching at the Moriarty's.

Favorite Saying: "Let's have a tea party."

Kathleen Augusta Johnson



*"Truth, tenderness and gaiety,
And an eye like the star of even."*



She looked very wise as she sat with elbows resting on the table and chin propped up on clasped hands. On her pert little nose, tip-tilted heavenward, spectacles sought with difficulty to find a resting place. "I don't want to be a Ph.D.," she said. "My sole ambition is to make somebody happy." That was Kathleen.

To describe her is to tell the texture of the wind or the fragrance of the spring. Blended together into a perfect whole is the frankness of the child, the impetuosity of the girl, the wisdom of the woman. At times it is the child that speaks, again it is the woman, yet always there is a witchery that is indefinable and peculiarly Kathleen's own. Her large dark eyes change with every mood, but never do they fail to reflect the truth and purity of the girl within.

Her course in moderns has not prevented Kathleen from entering every phase of college activity. Graciously and willingly she has given her able assistance at all times: especially has she been generous with her exceptional musical gifts. Through her home she has added still further to the pleasures of college life, for as a hostess she is without equal.

Brandon College will miss our sweet voiced singer, but wherever she goes it will be her lot to fill a place no other one can fill. She will win friends continually and ever stand for the highest and best in life, for she will always be just Kathleen.

SNAPSHOTS.

Favorite Occupation: Imagining happy endings to all her classmates' love affairs.

Most Lurid Expression: "Darn!"

Most Soulful Moments: Waiting for the morning mail.



James Roy Mackay



*"One who loved debate,
And arguing from a postulate,
Would say what others only felt."*



"Mac" made his *debut* into this "vale of tears" something like a quarter of a century ago. He chose to honor the broad prairies of Manitoba for this auspicious event, and the small village of Findlay in particular. It is not recorded what reasons he had for choosing Findlay—it may have been because of the profusion of wild flowers that

grew there. "Mac" always was a lover of wild flowers, especially so of the modest "Violet." However, the fact remains that he did choose this particular spot, and "Mac" is nothing if not logical.

After passing through the Public School, he finally landed in Brandon College Academy, from which he matriculated in the spring of 1910. The following fall he cast in his lot with the '14 Class as a freshman. During the next four years "Mac's" versatile nature was developed along various lines. He took part in all phases of college life: his fighting spirit excelled especially in debate, so much so that in his final year he was chosen to represent his college as a member of her Inter-Collegiate Debating Team. He also has done excellent work as business manager of "The Quill." In fact, so well has he filled this position that the magazine is on a sounder financial basis than ever before in its history.

In scholarship, too, "Mac" has made his mark. He never thinks of taking less than a second class standing, and generally pulls out a first. Whatever he finally decides on as his life-work—whether it be teaching or preaching—one thing is assured, he will make a success of it.

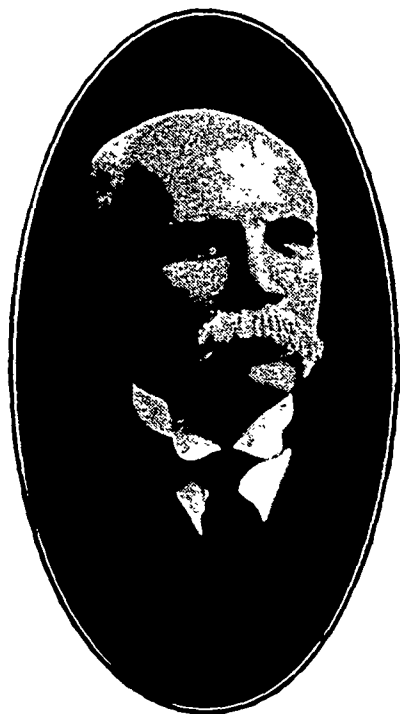
SNAPSHOTS.

Greatest Failings: Logic and girls.

Favorite Saying: "Mr. Chairman, I object."

Chief Claim on a Meal Ticket: Preaching good strong orthodox Presbyterian sermons.

William John McCormick



★
"The air of a man whom nothing can turn from his purpose."

★
 William John McCormick first saw the light in Toronto. He came to Manitoba as a Baptist pastor in 1898 to engage in Home Mission Work, and has from that time continued to be a devoted and successful builder of churches and leader of men. Unlike many well seasoned pioneers, he has always found time for study. Master of several languages, a sympathetic

student of English literature and history, he has been especially prone to dig deep into Philosophy and Theology. His much learning has not made him mad, but his hard study has kept him young. He claims to be the most youthful to receive the Bachelor's degree in 1914. We congratulate Mr. McCormick as an extra-mural student on completing so successfully full courses in Theology and in Arts. He is sure to prove himself a worthy son of Brandon and McMaster.

It will be remembered that Mr. McCormick secured his diploma in Theology two years ago with the Theological Class of 1912.

SNAPSHOTS.

Failing: Perseverance.

Most Striking Characteristic: Youthfulness.

Pet Phrase: "Now this is only a suggestion."

James Harris McKee



◆
"Yesterday a student, today a lover."
 ◆

James Harris McKee was born at Ingersoll, Ont. As an infant he showed a remarkable interest in Trusts and Holding Companies, favoring always concentration and control. His first ambition was to be locomotive; his second, to become leader of the opposition. At a very tender age he purchased a through ticket by the Imperial Limited and with his family travelled west, reaching Brandon via Rapid City. Here

he soon made a name for himself in the Public Schools by being "licked and sent home." Since coming to Brandon College Harris has shown his wonderful capacity for work. Although it has never been his privilege to enjoy the best of health, yet his energies have in no way been crippled. Besides taking honors in class work he has mastered the art of telegraphy and become an expert in railroad management, getting practical experience as private secretary to various railroad magnates. He has never indulged in frivolity and nothing but week-end trips to Arden has called him away from duty.

Whether as a railroad manager or professor of philosophy, Harris is sure to succeed in life. He will always be a credit to his Alma Mater.

SNAPSNOTS.

Chief Occupation: Writing tender letters to Winnipeg.

Greatest Failing: Grafting for and on the C.P.R.

Historic Moment: When he "popped" the ?.

William Carey McKee



✦

*"To Mary Queen the praise be given!
She sent the gentle sleep from heaven
That slid into my soul."*

✦

William Carey McKee, better known as Caroline, is a native born son of Brandon. Many and varied have been his experiences in his wanderings up and down the "far-flung fenceless prairies" of our land, but his own home town is best of all to him.

After taking his primary education in the Public Schools of this city, he spent two years in the Collegiate when he was lured, possibly by a flaxen-haired siren, to the College. Completing his matriculation in 1909, he took the first two years with the class of '13. During the next year he remained out of College and obtained his first-class professional certificate from Calgary Normal School. This enabled him to secure that spring an appointment on the teaching staff of Seymour School, Vancouver. In the fall of 1912 began the formation of new associations and he entered wholeheartedly into the spirit of Class '14. Like most students, Carey has spent his summers in gathering in the shekels, and has shown that he is a little better than most at this fiendish occupation. Last year he won a motor cycle as first prize in the agency work in which he was engaged.

"Cal." has managed to take in most of the fun going, taught Latin successfully on the side, and has used his business ability to the advantage of "The Quill." His genial spirit and dogged perseverance we are confident spell success for him in the future.

SNAPSHOTS.

Greatest Crisis: When he met his two girls at the same party.

Greatest Failing: Cornering the reserve books.

Favorite Expression: "Would you mind repeating that, professor?"

James Ernest Moffat



✦

*“There is a certain something in your looks,
A certain scholar-like and studious something
You understand — which cannot be mistaken,
Which marks you as a very learned man.”*

✦

Geniuses are born, not made. Some, however, are born geniuses and in the process of making become even greater. This particular genius was born in Western Ontario at a very tender age. Tiring of life there he came to Manitoba while still quite a youth. Fortunately for the name and fame of Brandon College, that institution was chosen for the centre of the educational activities of James Ernest Moffat. For the last seven years Jim has been one of the most brilliant scholars in the history of the school. Whenever there was a scholarship to be taken Jim generally took it; whenever there was a position of honor to be filled Jim filled it with great credit both to himself and the position. As a matter of fact, he has been interested in every phase of college life, even the Clark Hall side. Life would have been dull indeed for some of the girls without Jim's constant and attentive company. Besides, what on earth would we have done at our college functions without him to help carry them through?

Jim has a keen, penetrating eye and inscrutable smile which at once allure and baffle. The meaning of his sphinx-like expression has not yet been discovered. We hope that some day soon the riddle will be solved and that Jim and his wife will be blissfully happy.

Of his future only this much is certain: he has been granted a scholarship in Economics at Chicago University, so his next year will be spent in a course of study at that institution. After that no one knows what he may do. We have a faint suspicion that he is aiming for a professorship in some big university. If he wants it he is sure to get it; but no matter what he does Jim is a credit to his Alma Mater and Class '14.

SNAPSHOTS.

Ambition: To always appear smooth and clean-shaven.

Pet Phrase: “It's up to me to see the thing through.”

Most Heartbreaking Experience: His music course.

Arthur James Radley



◆
"Having the graces of speech and skill in the turning of phrases."
 ◆

Arthur's "original, transcendental synthetic unity of apperception" first discovered itself in Sherwood, the country of Robin Hood. This district has produced many shining lights, but none so dear to us as Arthur. But this venturesome youth could not be content with the delights of the greenwood, for he early left the paternal home in his native land and sought pastures

new in this western country.

After a short sojourn at Moose Jaw, he began to realize that he could stand a little more polishing up in the line of education. Consequently he set his course for Brandon College Academy. After matriculating in the spring of 1910, he joined the freshmen of Class '14. Liking this class rather well, he decided to "stick," and he graduated with them.

Arthur is very versatile. Not only has he taken a good standing at examinations, but also he has shown great ability as a debater. Moreover, for two years he served the Literary Society as editor of the "Critic." In this capacity we have reason to remember his caustic wit and cutting sarcasm as well as his kindly gibes. He has taken an active interest in athletics, working early and late to uphold the honor of his Alma Mater. Much of the success of the hockey team has been due to his strenuous efforts. No group of fans was complete without Arthur.

He still clings to a pastoral life, for he intends to "preach the word" to a wayward flock no doubt. We predict for him a future full of happiness, interest and usefulness. Dame Rumor whispers that our "dear Arthur" is thinking benedictine thoughts, and does not intend to be any other kind of a bachelor, than a Bachelor of Arts.

SNAPSHOTS.

Favorite Occupation: Reading "Life" and the "Ladies' Home Journal."

Historic Moment: (See Harris McKee's.)

Chief Abhorrence: Kant's Philosophy.

Gertrude May Reid



*"Filled to the lips with the ardor of youth,
With the latent power and love of truth,
And, with virtues fervent and manifold."*



One of the most interesting members of our class is May Reid. Already in her career she has had many exciting experiences, and if her ambitions are fulfilled she will have an intensely interesting and useful life as a missionary in Labrador, or in some such career.

May was born in Selkirk and attended school in Winnipeg. During a period of unrest and lofty ambition she went out to the Alaskan coast to teach the Indians in Bella Bella. From Bella Bella she went south down the Pacific coast and visited in several places there for a period. How many hearts she brought back with her and how many she has captured since, we will not dare to count. Suffice it to say, that young as she is May has already a long string of victims who have succumbed to her charms.

On her return to Winnipeg she took her first year Arts in St. John's College, but thought better of it and came to Brandon to finish her course. From the very first May fitted into our college life and has since been a prominent worker on many executives. Especially was she beloved as president of the Clark Hall Lit., and it was with great regret that the girls received her resignation at the close of last term. May has also added a brilliant pen to the "Quill" staff, and has been an energetic co-operator with the editor and his executive.

Being a senior girl and the only one in Clark Hall put May in a very responsible and difficult position, but she has carried it off with ease and dignity and has won her way into the hearts of all the Clark Hall girls. It would be unkind to wish May always with us, but it is with a feeling of deep regret as well as joy that we see her graduating from our halls. We will go far before we find anyone to take her place.

SNAPSHOTS.

Forte: Presiding over the chafing dish after the rink.

Greatest Pride: "Slipping one over" on the "high brows."

Chief Line of "Bunk": Talking about being a missionary in Labrador.

John William Sleight



*“Who shall say what thoughts and
visions
Fill the fiery brains of youth?”*



Exactly how long ago John first made himself heard in Bolingbrooke, in Old England, we would not like to say; but we know that he is still a very young man with great prospects before him. Finding opportunity wanting in which to exercise his youthful ambitions, John, at an early age, “beat it” for Canada. Here he tried his hand at

farming, later joining himself with the illustrious—we might say notorious—twelve of Class '14.

Having become a member of this happy band, he very soon proved himself to be of the best mettle. While he applied himself in dead earnest to the acquiring of knowledge, he also showed himself to be a good fellow. We all have learned to appreciate the genuine kindness of heart, hidden beneath his seeming happy-go-lucky exterior. If you are in difficulty, see John. If you can't get the hang of a mathematical or philosophical problem, go to Jack. It doesn't matter if he is working himself, he won't mind stopping to explain things to you.

John's path has not been all plain sailing. To get the college experience he has had to patiently follow the plough, even conning his French grammar while riding a sulky, or, on hot and cold days alike, following the arduous career of “brakesman” on the C.P.R. His future profession is the law. We predict full and brilliant success.

SNAPSHOTS.

Most Heroic Endeavor: Learning to skate.

Favorite Occupation: Watching Moffat “see the thing through.”

Greatest Ambition: To be a “union” man.

William Percy Underwood



◆
"Oh he sits high in all the peoples' hearts."
 ◆

Percy was born in Calgary, where he passed his boyhood years. In winter he attended school; in summer he visited the neighboring ranches where he proved himself the terror of sober-minded cows, unbroken colts and dignified sitting hens. Finally, his Public School education being ended, Percy entered Brandon College, where he took both his matriculation and his university work. William James has said that for a landlady considering a lodger it is important to know his income but still more important to know his philosophy. Percy's philosophy is eclectic. With Moffat and Plato, he is convinced of the powers of music; with Radley and Kant he holds that there must be a "prolegomena to any future metaphisic"; with MacKay and Schelling he realizes the charms of nature, especially of flowers; and with Harris McKee, Sleight and Charles Darwin he accepts the theory of "natural affection" and "the survival of the slickest."

Percy's western ways, his refreshing unconventionality, and his general good qualities have made him a favorite with all. He has served his college faithfully and well, and his ability and services found a fitting recognition when he was elected chairman of the Student Council for the year 1913-14. And in filling this arduous position his tact and impartiality have won him only the highest praise.

Our hero has not yet decided on his life work. But whatever course he may pursue we know that he has both the ability and determination to make good.

SNAPSHOTS.

Favorite Haunt: Dr. McNeill's study.

Pet Phrase: "By Hee!"

Failing: Chiclets or Tetley's Tea.

E. H. J. Vincent

◆

"Sanctity hovers even about his nightcap."

◆

"Vinco" claims "Merrie England" as his birthplace. There in the fog and sunshine his youthful days were spent, studying in the old parish school or playing with the other children on the pebbly beach. As he grew older the wander-lust seized him and tiring of fishing he turned his footsteps to Africa. Still dissatisfied, but not knowing what he really wanted, he came to

Canada, and finally found "the place that had been prepared for him since the creation of the world," in Brandon College, and made up his mind to return to his old calling of fisherman—this time as "fisher of men."

He joined the '14 class in the fall of 1910. Through his versatility and genius for organization he has contributed much not only to the life of the class, but to the various activities of the entire college. Combining wonderful musical gifts and athletic prowess with an irresistible smile, he has made his way into every organization in the institution (Clark Hall included) and has left the impress of his personality on each (each organization of course we mean).

In the classroom, on the campus, in the pulpit, in the drawing-room, in the dormitory, in the kitchen, in Clark Hall's reception room, in the dining hall and in the Evangelistic Band "Vinco" has been equally at home and has carried all before him. Like Alexander, he is now looking for more worlds to conquer. Try Pipestone, Vinco.

SNAPSHOTS.

Favorite Occupation: Dodging the Bursar.

Greatest Failing: Too many irons in the fire.

Greatest Hero: Henry VIII.

CLASS PROPHECIES

"Visions and strange dreams—grave and gay."

Peggy: Head master in a school of the "Princess" type. But her whole plan is frustrated by the arrival of a prince. After this she settles down to the technicalities of home life.

Kathleen: Queen of a beautiful home which is the mecca of admiring friends. She is president of the "Art Club," "Mothers' Society," and "Society for the Prevention of Premature Burials."

"Jim" MacKay: Victoria Times, June, 1918—"A wedding has been arranged and will shortly take place between Miss Angelina Snowball, of this city, and Mr. J. R. MacKay, the well-known and much beloved pastor of the new Metropolitan Church of Vancouver."

Harris McKee: August 27, 1916—"A rather serious wreck occurred on the C.P.R. yesterday just west of the village of Arden. Luckily Superintendent McKee was at hand, and took charge of the rescue work with such success that all of the passengers were gotten out of the burning cars in safety."

Carey: Friday, May 13th, 1923—"After nine years' patient work, Carey McKee, the rising young barrister, of Regina, invents a reclining student's chair for use in the class room with patent alarm clock attachment. It is expected that this invention will be at once utilized in all the leading colleges."

Moffat: To be author of many famous and learned works including a *magnum opus* "Reid from the common-sense viewpoint, a new conception, derived from a close and sympathetic study of the original text."

Radley: Let it be known unto thee, Arthur, my son, that two years hence thy sharp-edged tongue and the proclamation of the word will no longer harmonize the one with the other. Thou wilt turn aside from thy path and in the high places thy voice will be heard crying, "Going, going, gone!" Wherever thou takest up thy abode there shall be grace abounding and day unto day thy voice shalt murmur, "My 'Grace' is sufficient for me."

Sleight: Winnipeg Free Press, May 27, 1924—"An indictment has been drawn up against John William Sleight in which he is charged with fraudulent company promotion in connection with the flotation of the 'Canadian Consolidated Self-Lighting Cigar Corporation.' It is alleged that he has appropriated to his own use the large sum of twenty-seven million dollars, being the proceeds of the twelfth issue of bonds for that company. A sad side to the case is the fact that Sleight,

who is a really good fellow at heart, has been led into these speculations through a desire to lavish cruel and unnatural luxuries upon his beautiful young wife of whom he is absurdly fond. Only last year, citizens of Winnipeg will remember, he purchased for her at an enormous sum the leaning tower of Pisa, which he had removed and used as a garage at his summer residence at Stony Mountain."

May: To be the most interesting thing alive to some mere man. To be at once his inspirer, companion, delight and torment. Age will not wither you, nor custom stale your infinite variety.

Underwood: You will live to become a great captain of industry and money bags, and in due time will delight Dr. Vining's heart by endowing a chair in special mathematics.

Vincent: Dublin, Ireland, June 15, 1927—"Rev. E. J. Vincent, the Billy Sunday of Canada, has just closed a month's thrilling services here. Not since the passing of the Home Rule Bill has there been such excitement in the Irish capital. Thousands have heard him and he has been deliriously hailed as the second St. Patrick. Certainly if he has not driven out any snakes he has waged tremendous war on the drinks that make people see snakes. Forty-seven distilleries have closed since he came to town."



THE SOCIAL ROUND

MONDAY—

- 3.00 a.m. Mr. Knox returning from field takes fresh air cure on doorsteps.
 9.00 a.m. Harris rushes over for the Winnipeg mail.
 2.00 p.m. Kathleen decides to sit for her graduation photo.
 10.53 p.m. Jim turned out of Clark Hall.
 11.00 p.m. Jim takes consoling draught at Kennedy's.

TUESDAY—

- 9.30 a.m. Peggy reminded that Economics lecture is not a tea party.
 10.00 a.m. Kathleen sits for her graduation photo.
 4.15 p.m. Grandpa Harris detected trying to steal points on tennis court.
 6.15 p.m. May's special table causes excitement.
 11.30 p.m. Arthur holds reception with cake and taffy brought from Longburn.

WEDNESDAY—

- 6.00 a.m. Jim arises that he may read Kant, and can't.
 11.00 a.m. Kathleen sits for her graduation photo.
 2.30 p.m. Swatto takes music lesson.
 8.00 p.m. Vincent sticking around Clark Hall.
 10.30 p.m. Vincent still sticking around Clark Hall.
 11.00 p.m. Vincent goes home with Professor Wright.

THURSDAY—

- 10.00 a.m. Kathleen sits for her graduation photo.
 10.00 p.m.—Jack and MacKay enjoy a game of rummy.
 12.00 p.m. Carey returns from Eighth street.

FRIDAY—

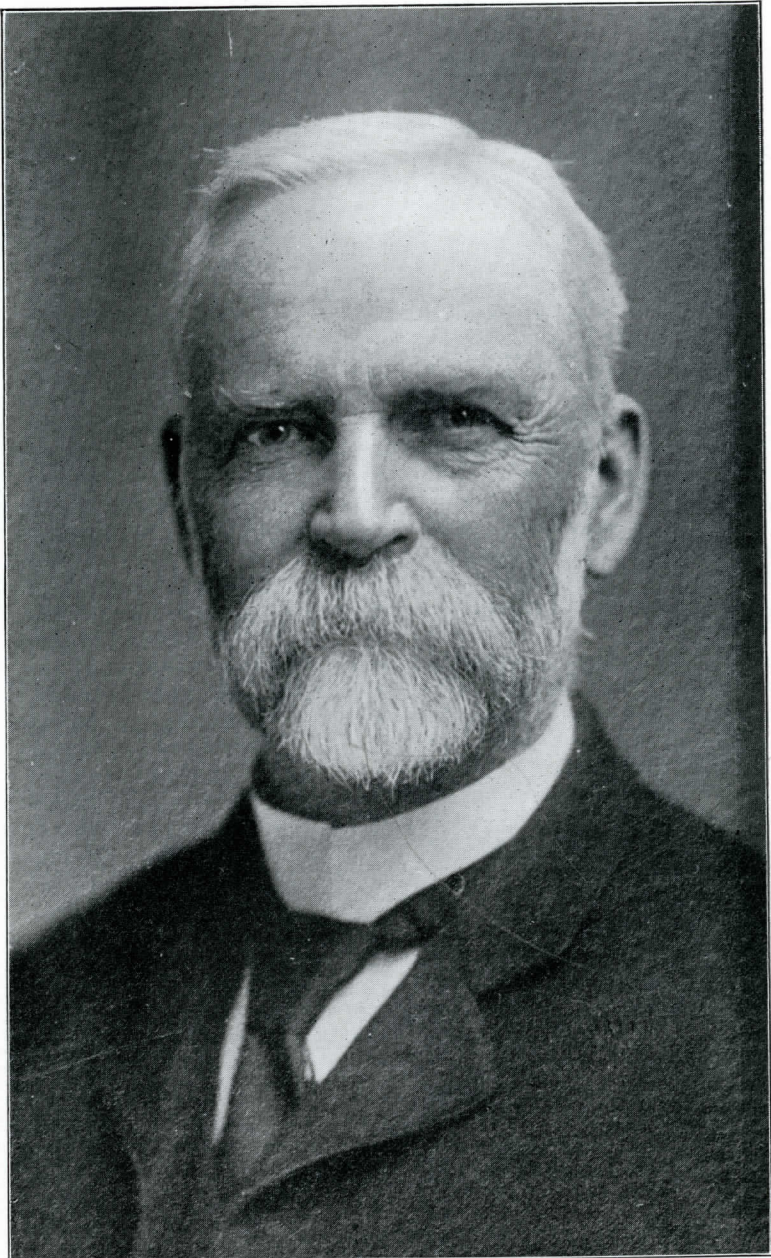
- 10.10 a.m. Carey takes much needed sleep in philosophy.
 11.30 a.m. Peggy apologizes to Dr. McKee for her verbosity
 in lecture.
 2.00 p.m. Swatto replenishes his supply of gum.
 3.00 p.m. Kathleen decides to sit again for her graduation
 photo.
 11.30 p.m. May removing decorations after promenade rejects
 proposal from Mr. ——

SATURDAY—

- 9.00 a.m. Harris prepares daily Winnipeg budget.
 3.00 p.m. MacKay in a green and shady dell seeks violets.
 8.00 p.m. Sleight holds hot dispute over taking more than
 one wife to Sherman.
 12.30 p.m. May changes her mind.

SUNDAY—

- 11.15 a.m. Kathleen too busy to attend church.
 7.00 p.m. May at Catholic church with ——
 10.30 p.m. May walks slowly home from church with ——



S. J. McKEE, B.A., LL.D.

THE HISTORY OF THEOLOGY '14

"Hims. Ancient and Modern," aptly describes Class '14 in Theology, one half of the class being as orthodox as the other half is heterodox. While not large numerically, we venture to say that it will make its presence felt in the world more than many a large class, for it can give good hard "knocks" (Knox).

The class commenced quarrying operations among the tomes of theology in the fall of 1911. At that time it consisted of three members, H. Knox, Caleb Tingley and H. C. Harris. Reinforcements appeared upon the horizon in 1912. "Scotty" Gordon found it lonely on the streets of Brandon and invited a young lady from High River, Alta., to come and beguile his weary hours and, in spare time, to study theology. Miss Rose Lines accepted his invitation and, to the delight and honor of our class, graced it with her presence. "Caleb" at once became more regular and prompt in attendance, finding it beneficial to his health to arise before noon. D. R. Poole also registered in second year, and was frequently seen around the halls, but never found time to attend class. As exam. time drew near, he gave up his theological course and accepted a Y.M.C.A. position in Saskatoon.

September, 1913, brought us together again, but "alas! how are the mighty fallen." The "Rose" had been plucked by the canny Scot and carried off to India on a honeymoon and missionary adventure. Deep gloom settled over the class. Our "Lines" were lost and there was no one to guide us. Tingley decided that the examiners didn't understand that their business was to give marks, not take them away; and finding the pace too swift and the class too dull and prosaic now, fell by the wayside and migrated to Stony Mountain — pardon, we mean Stonewall!

Meanwhile Knox and Harris had been having a steady race. Each year they had been taking a major or two extra and suddenly found themselves minus a good part of the next year's work. The Senate thereupon granted them permission to try and graduate in 1914 on condition that they completed two subjects extra-mural during the summer. This they did, and came back in the fall to write the examinations and find themselves reckoned among the Seniors. During the winter they have carried the balance of the work, and so "the canny Scot" and "the bloomin' Englishman" alone are left to form Class '14 in Theology.

Herbert Charles Harris



◆
"A noted clergyman, and the sermon is never long."
 ◆

By the loud voice with which Herbert C. Harris proclaimed his advent into old Bristol about three decades ago, his parents knew immediately that he was destined to become a great preacher.

After obtaining his early education at the Merchant Venturers Technical College, he plied the trade of cabinet maker for several years, while on Sunday he disseminated the truth by serving as local preacher on several district plans. Later, believing that Canada offered a wider sphere for his ambition, Herbert braved the dangers of the herring pond and landed here nine years ago.

It is now eight years since he entered Brandon College by way of Academic I. During his college career Mr. Harris has proved himself to be a most faithful and efficient student pastor. He has held pastorates at Gilbert Plains, Reston and Medora, having held the last mentioned place for five years, thus making him at the present time the oldest settled pastor in Manitoba and Saskatchewan. He has also borne a fair share in the activities of the college, having directed the religious work of the Y.M.C.A. for one year, acting as president of the Theology classes of 1912 and on several occasions upholding the honor of his department on the debating platform. At present he holds the office of president of the Baptist Association of South Western Manitoba and of the Souris River County Sunday School Association.

We have always found "grandpa" an assiduous student and worker, and predict for him a successful career; especially so if he should hold up the ministry in the future with as great tenacity as he has held down the college tennis courts during the past few years.

SNAPSHOTS.

Most Striking Characteristic: A happy smile.

Penchant: Funerals.

Pet Saying: "These bones shall rise again."

Henry Knox



✦

"Much may be made of a Scotsman if he is caught young."

✦

The little town of Jedburgh in Scotland is deservedly famous. One of the old royal burghs, a border town in days of strife and foray, it is also the birthplace of Henry Knox. Sometime during the reign of Victoria the Good this worthy descendant of the famous John first lifted up his voice there.

Believing there was nothing like leather Henry, in due time, was apprenticed to the harness making. Later Glasgow and Edinburgh had the honor of entertaining him. Like Carey, he did mission work as his business and worked in leather for a living. But the lure of the west gripped him, and in the fall of 1906 he came to Canada. At first in Winnipeg and later in Reston, he wrought at his craft, preaching also as need and occasion offered.

Brandon College welcomed him as a ministerial student in in the fall of 1910. Since then Henry's development has been marked. As a student and a Christian leader he has left a deep impress on the religious life of the college. The Y.M.C.A. and the Ministerial Association have both honored themselves by electing him president.

During his college course he has held summer pastorates at Central Butte, Stoughton and Broadview. He goes into the regular work of the ministry well qualified for his task. With his earnest, consecrated Christian spirit he will be a distinct reinforcement to the spiritual life of the west, and a worthy upholder of the ideals of his Alma Mater.

SNAPSHOTS.

Failing: Orthodoxy.

Apprehension: Matrimony.

Favorite Magazine: "The British Weekly."



EXECUTIVE OF BRANDON COLLEGE LITERARY SOCIETY

ADVICE TO NEW STUDENTS

Written in the vernacular that "the wayfaring man, though fool, may not err therein."



Don't butt in; watch developments, learn things, then say your say.

Shoot your wad sometimes, but not always.

Feed like an animal if you want others to take you for one.

Your laundry bill is more important than your candies, or cigarettes.

You won't crack your face, or lose your religion, by smiling once in a while. It helps.

Don't be a walking, talking gramophone, saying things nobody cares about.

Take in all you can: college societies, sports, *and* studies, but give out once in a while.

Depend on your friends, but they are not supposed to be your bankers for life.

The profs. will do the best with the material at hand, but they can't make a man out of a sneak or a liar.

There's a difference between will power and a mule. Cultivate the former.

It won't hurt to mix a little religion with your sport or study.

Sometimes diamonds are in the rough: when knocking the bumps off shows them better as the days go by.

Don't fall for every girl you see, the joke may be on you.

True advice is cheap, but it's a good thing to have, to give, or to take occasionally.

Don't keep the light from another fellow: nor light him up too much. He might emit a few sparks.

Hermits are made, not born. Mix up some, but not too much.

Some are born dubs, but most make themselves of that class, by ambition, aim, or vision.

If a hard subject knocks you out, get up, stick out your jaw, and hit back.

Stick up for your class, but don't think it's the only ever.

Respect the ladies, you may have sisters of your own.

Every day is a dollar to the man who uses it. It's a bore, an illusion, a worthless thing to the freshman, or senior, who wastes it. There are realms of knowledge, powers of observation, depths of feeling, that none can measure, open to the man

who sticks, who tries to the hundredth time. There is weariness, stagnation, defeat, to the stupid, the unwilling or the unworthy.

Welcome to the freshman, then! May he find in Brandon College congenial friends, pleasant tasks, battles won. When he departs, may he carry enlarged vision, hallowed memories, hope for his life. Here's to his success, to his best self realized, to his Christian manhood.



OUR COLLEGE CITY

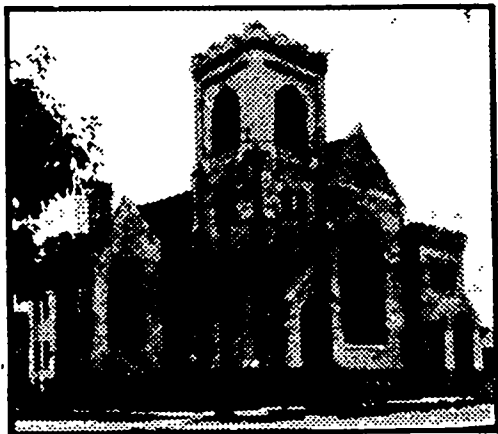
One of the elements affecting the choice of the location of a school is naturally the city in which it is located. Of course, there are many instances of famous universities being located in the smaller cities, chosen largely to obtain the seclusion often considered desirable for the pursuit of academic studies. (An excellent example is Leland Stanford Jr. University in California, where the university plant is practically the only institution in the town.) On the whole, however, this is more true of colleges than of universities. If the latter contemplate a medical school, they usually prefer to be near a large centre in order to have the best hospital facilities and secure the co-operation of eminent practitioners. Colleges on the other hand, considering mainly the development of character, prefer the smaller centre. Of course size is only one element in the selection of a college site. In any case the city must be large enough to have all modern conveniences, to carry to it the best available in the nature of public entertainment, and must be convenient of access to the community it aims to serve. Brandon happily combines these advantages to an unusually large degree.

In the first place, Brandon is convenient of access, being the first division west of Winnipeg for both the Canadian Pacific and Canadian Northern Railways. The Great Northern enters the city from the south. This makes Brandon a natural centre for three great roads, east, west, and south, while a regular network of branch lines converge to the city from all directions. This is particularly true of the north where recently there has been great development. Furthermore, Brandon is to be tapped from that direction by the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway.

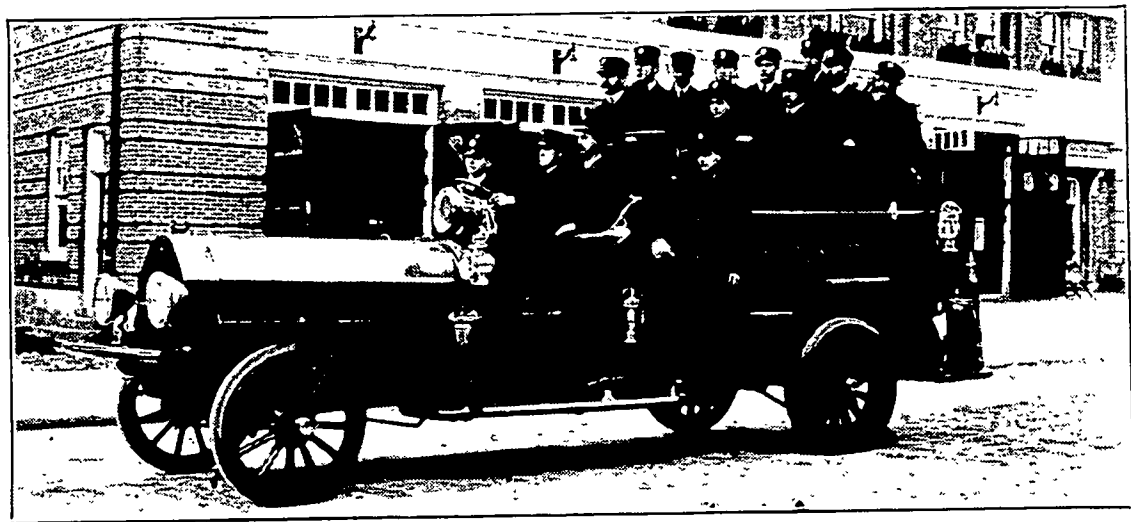
Visitors on entering the city are first impressed by its beauty and homelikeness. Brandon has been rightly called "The City Beautiful," being most favorably located on the south bank of the swift-flowing Assiniboine. The gradual slope, instead of a bare, flat surface, while affording an easy drainage

and making the city clean and healthful, gives it also a natural beauty denied to many other centres in the Canadian west.

Brandon has also been called the "City of Homes," and in probably no other place of its size in Canada has private enterprise been so lavish to add to nature's attractions. The streets are lined with beautiful trees and boulevards. The homes are made attractive with spacious lawns bordered by shrubs and hedges of the most luxuriant varieties. But the natural scenery does not halt here. The city fathers have also laid out three splendid parks; while the Dominion Experimental Farm, situated across the river, is very attractive, particularly so in summer.



The beauty of the place, combined with convenience of access, has made Brandon the convention city of the west. Annually, the Inter-Provincial Fair of the Western Agricultural and Arts Association meets here. This institution is commonly known as the Brandon Summer Fair. The grounds and large buildings have no equal in Western Canada. The amount of interest shown is evidenced by the exceedingly large attendance which is entirely out of proportion with the population of the city. About the first of March, each year, the Live Stock Show, popularly called the Brandon Winter Fair, draws a large number from all over Western Canada and the granger States. As many of the students come from country homes, they have



thus the privilege of seeing exhibited in the prize ring the very best stock in the world. It has been conceded that (on this continent) the Brandon Stock Fair ranks second only to that of Chicago. Of course these are not the only two gatherings held here during the year. The Grain Growers' Convention

for Manitoba meets annually in January; in the fall the Western Manitoba Teachers' Association has a week of sessions.

All of these gatherings are open to those interested who have time to attend, and in themselves are of high educational value, no less effective because not down on any school course. Probably a higher privilege is due to the public spirit of Brandon citizens in persuading world-famous artists to appear here. This year among others who have delighted Brandon audiences were Madame Clara Butt, Kennerly Rumford and Arthur Friedheim. Coupled with these, scope has been given to local talent by such organizations as the Brandon Choral and Operatic Societies, and a number of amateur dramatic associations.

But readers must not gather the impression that Brandon is a city where it is "always afternoon," and that the citizens lie around on beds of asphodel and eat the lotus flower. Brandon does not lack in commercial enterprise. The city is one of the prominent distributing points for the western provinces. Manufacturing is on the increase, and financial transactions are growing, as is shown by the bank clearings. Brandon is also the centre of the best hard wheat district of the west. Some of this wheat is ground here, but much finds its way via many elevators to the export market.

These things make Brandon one of the solidest commercial centres of the west.



Apart from the college, and the regular primary and secondary public schools, there is located here a very fine teachers' training school, a Ruthenian high school, and an Indian Industrial school. These institutions, together with the college, annually bring into the city a large number of young people. The result is that the social life, in connection with the schools here is exceptionally happy and full. Students who come to Brandon for their education never regret it. All count the years spent here as among the happiest and most profitable of their lives, and long after leaving college they cherish fond memories of the good times and helpful experiences which marked their stay in the "City of the Wheat."

THE BACCALAUREATE SERMON

The Baccalaureate sermon to the graduating classes was preached this year by the Rev. G. F. C. Kierstead of the Central Baptist church, Regina. His message was a challenge: a challenge to make life the best that it can be made by the fulfillment of the deepest purposes of one's own personality. Basing his remarks upon that passage from Romans 12, 1: "I beseech you, therefore, brethren, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service," Mr. Kierstead made an eloquent appeal for men and women who would strive to realize the very best possible in life.

The words of the great apostle, *a living sacrifice* symbolize a threefold condition of life: a personality transformed, a personality surrendered, a personality clothed with divine power. More and more today we are exalting the power of a Christ who is an experience, who can transform the character of men in the soul of their being, who lives and reigns in their hearts as the most potent force of which they are aware. This transforming experience is essential if the life is to be at its best. The noblest heritage which a man can give to the world is an image of his own soul transformed by the power of Christ. The supreme task of the college man is not to do something but to *be* something.

Not only must the personality be transformed, but it must also be surrendered, must be given up to God that He may use it to accomplish His ends. This is the only adequate purpose by which a man may direct his life. This is the thing that gives life its passion, that seems to send the very life-blood pulsating through all the activities of our hands. This is the secret of every cross and the soul of every Calvary. Jesus himself voiced this truth when He said, "Except a grain of wheat die it abideth alone, but if it die it bringeth forth much fruit."

Not only does *living sacrifice* suggest a life transformed and surrendered, it implies a life clothed with divine power, a life lived in close union with God. Surrender does not mean a passive acquiescence to an all-conquering fate, but a coming into living, vital union with the conscious willing personality behind this vast universe. Let a man once lose the consciousness of this union, and his service will be paralyzed. Let him retain it and he will create an atmosphere in which sin will wither up and die.

"Never since Jesus went back to God was the call more certain than it is at the present that we give and be our best in service. If I were giving you a motto it would be Paul's word, and remember that word was the transit of his own experience,

“*a living sacrifice.*” a personality transformed, surrendered, vitalized.

This eloquent appeal was brought to a close by a stirring quotation:

There's a breathless hush in the close tonight—

Ten to make and the match to win—

A bumping pitch and a blinding light.

An hour to play and the last man in.

And it's not for the sake of a ribboned coat.

Or the selfish hope of a season's fame;

But his captain's hand on his shoulder smote.

“Play up, play up, and play the game.”

The sand of the desert is sodden red—

Red with the wreck of a square that broke—

The Gatlin's jammed, and the colonel dead.

And the regiment blind with dust and smoke.

The river of Death has brimmed the banks.

And England's far, and honor a name,

But the voice of a schoolboy rallies the ranks:

“Britons, play up, and play the game.”

This is the word that year by year

While in her place the school is set:

Every one of her sons must hear,

And none that hears it dare forget.

This they all with a joyful mind

Bear thro' life like a torch aflame.

And falling fling to the host behind:

“Play up, play up, and play the game.”

ALUMNI LUNCHEON

The Brandon College-McMaster Alumni Association assembled for its annual luncheon and meeting at noon of Convocation Day.

After the good things provided by Miss Davison had been disposed of, the president, E. H. Clarke, called for the roll-call and afterwards the various toasts. B. A. Tingley presented the toast to Alma Mater, to which Dr. Whidden responded. Our Guests was proposed by Rev. W. C. Smalley. In reply, Dr. Farmer of McMaster, Rev. G. F. C. Kierstead of Acadia, now at the Central Church, Regina, and Mr. Lloyd Jackson, of McMaster, now living in Winnipeg, responded in happy vein. Miss Willa Speers welcomed the graduating class, and Mr. A. J. Radley and Mr. H. C. Harris made suitable replies.

At the business session afterwards it was decided to ask for representation on the college senate. Also steps were taken to co-operate with the authorities in the erection of a college gymnasium.

Officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows: Hon. President, Dr. S. J. McKee; President, Robert Harvey; 1st Vice-President, Miss Muriel McCamis; 2nd Vice-President, W. N. Finlay; 3rd Vice-President, Rev. W. C. Smalley; Secretary-Treasurer, James R. MacKay.

Some of those from a distance who were present, besides those already mentioned were Mrs. Brotherhood, of Elkhorn; Miss Vera Leech, Regina; Mrs. Newcombe and Miss Connie Gunn, Winnipeg.



PINK TEAS

During convocation week the members of the graduating class were the guests of honor at a number of delightful receptions given by their friends. On Monday, May 11th, Dr. and Mrs. McKee entertained from four to six in their honor. The guests were received by the host and hostess, Miss Mildred McKee, Dr. and Mrs. Whidden and Class '14. In the dainty refreshments as well as in the floral decorations, college colors were represented as far as possible. An immense cluster of nasturtiums centered the pretty tea table, where Mrs. Finlay and Mrs. Matthews poured the tea and Mrs. Doig and Miss Sinclair cut ices. Those serving were Mrs. Fitzpatrick, Misses Davison, Nairn, Davis, Beatrice Smith, Jennie Turnbull, Jessie Elliott and Gwen Whidden. During the afternoon Miss Hall and

Miss Moore, accompanied by Miss Glimme and Mr. Wright, delighted the guests with their usual exquisite rendering of vocal selections.

Another enjoyable tea was given by Mrs. Robertson, 441 12th street, on Tuesday afternoon, May 12. Miss Kathleen Johnson, president of the graduating class, received with Mrs. Robertson. Mrs. S. J. McKee presided at the tea table and Mrs. Bates cut the ices. Miss Olive Robertson, Miss Mildred McKee and Miss Norma Bates assisted in serving the tea trifles. The pretty restful rooms as well as the tea table were decorated with red Killarney roses. In consideration of her guests of honor, the charming hostess received very informally and more than one about-to-be-graduated hopeful sought the refreshing depths of some easy chair.

THE CLASS GIFT

One of the last official acts of Class Fourteen in Arts and Theology was to deliberate over a gift to its Alma Mater. Some said one thing, some another, but the opinion finally crystallized that the proper gift would be a gift to the library. The sum was finally fixed upon of \$400, to be spent in the acquisition of books in the various departments where they are most needed. The sum is to be paid in three annual instalments, and a committee consisting of Miss Kathleen Johnson, and Messrs. Carey McKee and H. C. Harris have the arrangements in hand.

THE CLASS TREE

Come, neighbors all of Class Fourteen,
 Today's the day all have foreseen:
 For now our class tree do we plant
 With spade and axe and mighty cant.
 Venerable age, oh, valiant seers,
 Bestows a prize to grace our years!
 Now let Peggy, Jim and Sleight
 Plant our tree with all their might.
 Radley the bold the sward doth cleave,
 MacKay the learn'd, with mighty heave,
 Doth make the very earth to quake,
 While all the freshies round did shake.
 Then up to heaven a gladsome cheer,
 That make all in Elysium fear.
 Then doughty Harris, Kath., Cal and May,
 With feet and hands complete the day.
 Water'd, tamped down—a work immense,
 We'll leave the rest to Providence.



EXECUTIVE OF CLARK HALL LITERARY SOCIETY

COMMENCEMENT

Convocation night, May 12th, was a grand and glorious occasion for all concerned. One gratifying feature was the splendid crowd which filled the hall well before eight o'clock. In face of the number of counter attractions and the necessary absence of many good friends of the college, this large audience was appreciated as a sign of the interest and good will of the citizens of Brandon. On the platform with the Arts faculty sat prominent representatives of the Baptist denomination in the West and of the city's religious, business and educational interests, including Hon. G. R. Coldwell and Mayor Hughes. Dr. Vining presented the following for the degree of bachelor of arts: Miss M. A. Bucke, Miss K. A. Johnson, Miss M. G. Reid, Messrs. J. E. Moffat, W. J. McCormick, J. R. MacKay, J. H. McKee, W. C. McKee, A. J. Radley, J. W. Sleight.

Dr. Gordon presented H. C. Harris and Henry Knox for the diploma in Theology.

The popularity of the class was shown by the enthusiastic applause which greeted each of the initiated after the magic words had been spoken. Large bouquets of roses were presented to the lady graduates in turn by Miss Florence Campbell, who gracefully performed her duties in this respect.

Dr. Whidden presented the senior prizes. The medal for modern languages went to Miss K. A. Johnson. Mr. J. E. Moffat received the medal in philosophy, and also ranked first in political economy, the medal going by reversion to Mr. J. H. McKee.

President Whidden's address to the graduating classes was characteristically forceful and invigorating. He congratulated the class of 1914 on its open-mindedness and its serious outlook on life. They recognized the fact that the university course is not a place for the tabulation and absorption of dry statistics. "As college men and women you know this. To use the words of a great educator, the college man or woman should not only be able to render a reasonable service, but should be possessed of a serviceable reason. Fight for truth and justice. Be muscular men and women, and select the hardest possible course which embodies these aims. It may cost you prestige, and your strength of intellect might perhaps be devoted to more alluring pursuits, but if you know it is right, stay with it and fight it to a finish. My sincerest wish for you tonight is that you may always be where the heaviest troops belong."

Dean Farmer of McMaster University, who conducted the special McMaster convocation for the conferring of the arts degrees, gave the educational address. He emphasized the pres-

ent call for leadership. For these leaders we must look first to the homes and then to the schools. A man does not receive his education wholly in college, but it is on the college man that the claims of the intellect make their severest and most continual demands. It is in the Christian residential college that we may best look for our leaders. There the influence of one's fellow student is most pronounced. "The walks together with their deep confiding talks—(laughter)—I mean those talks about the deepest things in life—(more laughter)—the banter of the halls, the discipline of the campus, all do their work in the development of leaders." It is in such a college, too, that one finds the best type of teacher. The importance of a curriculum approximating to the old ideal of a liberal education and preserved from over specialization was also emphasized.

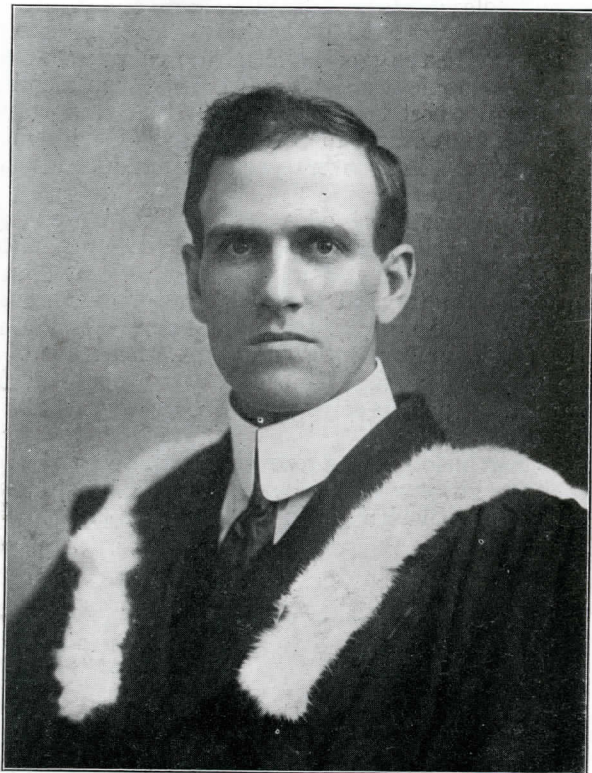
After the educational address, Dr. Whidden called on Hon. G. R. Coldwell, who responded briefly in well-chosen words of congratulation and appreciation. "I not only congratulate the graduates, but I also congratulate the citizens of Brandon on having in our midst such a live institution as Brandon College. I can remember the time when several of this class were born, but at that time I little expected that I would be present to see them receive their degree of bachelor of arts from a local institution."

At the conclusion of the exercises in the City Hall, a large number of the citizens and friends of the College attended a reception given in Clark Hall in honor of the graduates.



A WORD OF THANKS

The members of the graduating classes are deeply indebted to Prof. D. A. MacGibbon for his work of editing this number of "The Quill." We feel that whatever of merit our graduation number may possess, the credit is largely due to his active interest and hearty co-operation.



THE LATE R. H. KILFOYL

ROLAND HOWARD KILFOYL

This graduation number of "The Quill," so full of the life and hopefulness of commencement, would indeed be incomplete without mention of the greater commencement that came to one who was well known to all in recent years in Brandon College, Roland Howard Kilfoyl, of the class of 1912. After an illness of eleven weeks he died in Brandon Hospital at the stroke of midnight on Saturday, May third.

In February Howard was stricken by an attack of typhoid fever which soon developed into a very serious case. However, his strong, sturdy constitution carried him apparently safely past the crisis, and hopes were high that recovery was in sight. But he did not rally with the quickness expected, and an operation revealed complications which made it unlikely that life was to be his. He was told his condition, but still he did not give up, battling with that same indomitable vigor that had carried him on from a bush farm up through academic years into arts and law. A week before he went he was better again and hopes were rekindled. But the indications were illusive. Repeated severe hemorrhages drained away his strength though his mind was clear and sharp until the end which at last came suddenly.

Howard Kilfoyl was one of the most brilliant students that Brandon College has ever produced. He had great powers locked within him, and he passed just when he was well into his chosen profession, the law, and when, after years of struggle, he was beginning to reap the rewards of his self-denial and sacrifice.

As was fitting, the casket was brought to the college on Monday when, in the chapel where he had so often attended the college services and where he had so often shone in debate and argument, Dr. Whidden spoke briefly of his passing. Dr. McKee, his loved preceptor in philosophy, led feelingly in prayer. The College Quartette sang "The Christian's Good-night."

On Tuesday the body was taken to McGregor, where Mr. Harvey '13, his old college mate, conducted the service.

The pall bearers were Messrs. S. E. Clement, Cyril Bates, George Tingley, James Moffat, John Sleight and Ernest Clarke.

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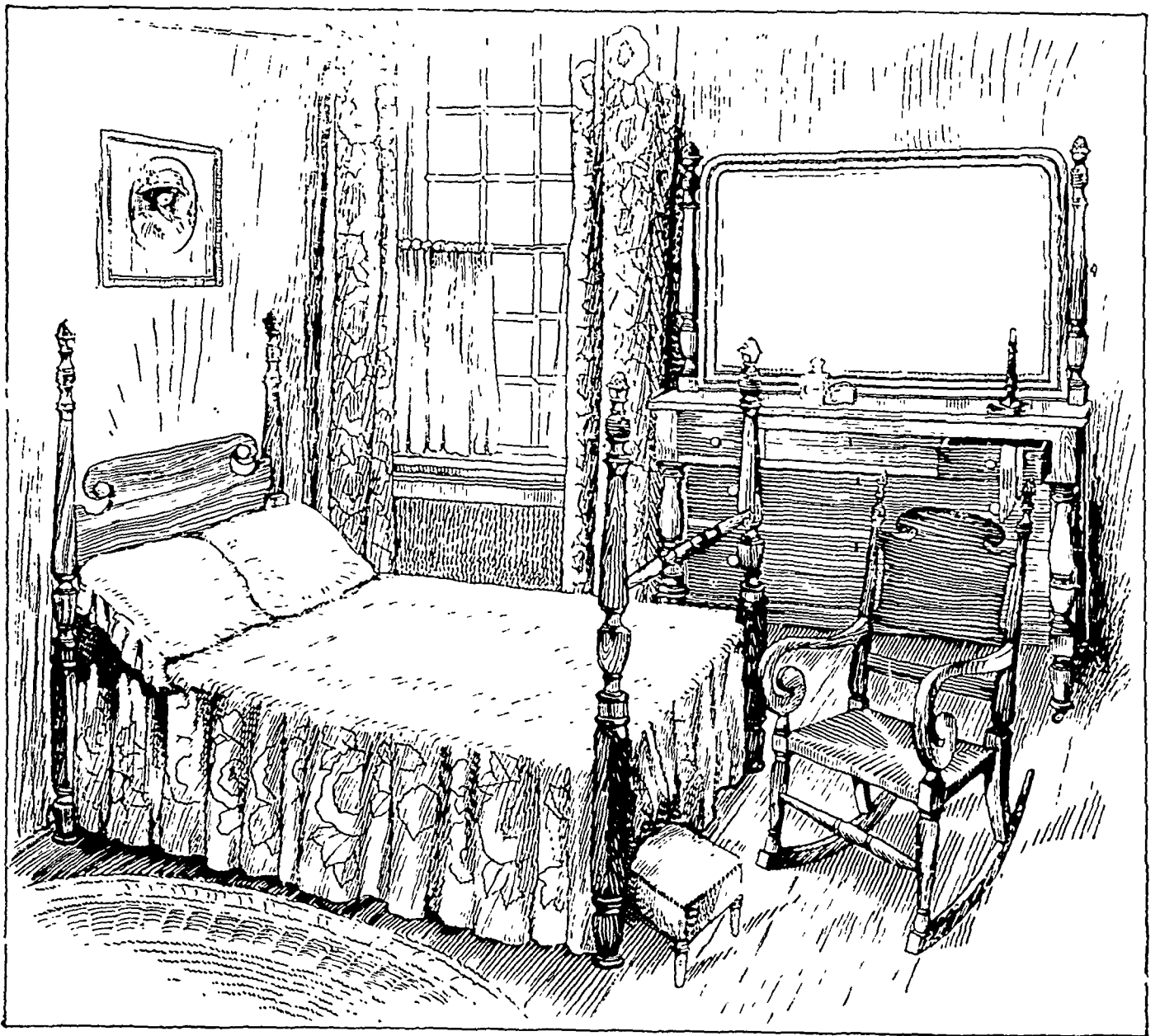
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