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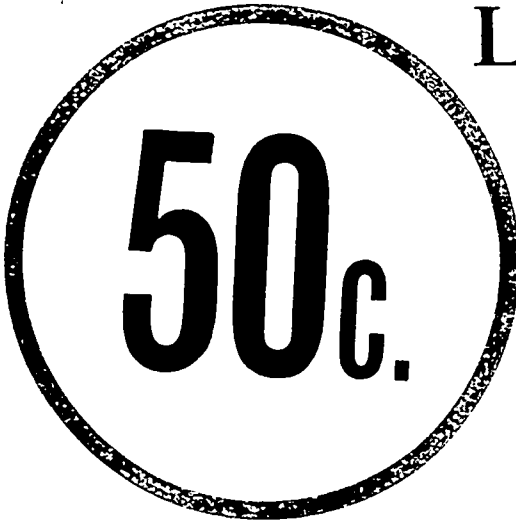
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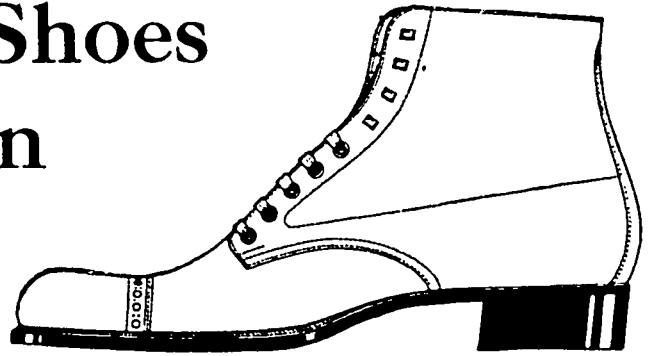
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Summer is gone on swallow's wings,

And earth has buried all her flowers;

No more the lark, the linnet sings,

But Silence sits in faded bower.

There is a shadow in the plain

Of Winter ere he comes again.

Brandon College Quill

It is always a gratifying thing to see a good man coming into his own. It is especially so when that good man happens to be of so modest and retiring a disposition as our Professor of New Testament, Dr. MacNeill. Doubtless some of our academic

boys who have had to be "handled" in connection with resident discipline have found Dr. MacNeill assertive enough. But many of us who have come to know him better and better in the light of an expanding friendship have come to find no fault in him save one—excessive modesty.

In spite of all his efforts to keep his light hidden, his students and colleagues have harbored for some time grave suspicions of Dr. MacNeill's outstanding ability in the field of New Testament scholarship. In the mind of the present writer at least that suspicion long ago became a conviction. The true test of scholarship, however, must always be the opinion of experts in the same field. It was the writer's privilege to be present as a guest at the New Testament Club of the

University of Chicago in the summer of 1913 on the occasion of Dr. MacNeill's reading a paper before that body. Dr. Votaw of the University of Chicago faculty, speaking immediately after the conclusion of the paper, characterized it as "the ablest, the most profound, the frankest and at the same time the sanest paper ever read before our New Testament Club." To those who realize that this club, especially in the summer months, has the opportunity of hearing New Testament scholars from every part of the North American continent as well as occa-



sional scholars from abroad, and to those who know Dr. Votaw, those words possess a significance that carry one far beyond one's own profound faith in the outstanding scholarship referred to above.

And now Dr. MacNeill's book on the Christology of Hebrew is out, and the judgment of the New Testament experts tells the same story. Dr. Moffatt writing in the Hibbert Journal says: "Dr. H. L. MacNeill, a Canadian editor, has published at the University of Chicago Press a monograph on the Christology of the Epistle to the Hebrews, which is of singular importance. . . . It is a long while since any study of the Christology of the Hebrews has appeared which shows such penetration and grasp." Dr. Hastings in the Expository Times says that "every student of the New Testament will regard the publication of this work as a landmark in the course of his study."

Not only is the criticism of leading English and American scholars so eminently favorable, but Dr. MacNeill has been the recipient of several personal letters of appreciation from American and Canadian New Testament professors. The writer is the happy possessor of two of these which our good professor of New Testament confidently believes are carefully locked up in his desk, secure from the world's prying eyes. The story of how they came to be where they are would make a good detective tale, and may be told later when the writer enters the field of fiction to wrest the laurels from a certain Dr. Conan Doyle; suffice it to say that it involves two professors' wives, a baby carriage and two absent-minded professors deep in theological discussion. The letters in the case refer in the warmest terms to the ability and fairmindedness of this important contribution to New Testament scholarship, and to "the careful scholarship and solid judgment which mark every page of your book."

Here's to our New Testament professor! May he outgrow at least some of his modesty; may his pen never lose its power, and may we never cease to be proud of him.

C. W. N.

ZIONISM.

VICTOR COEN '16

Awarded Gold Medal, Oratorical Contest, March 20th, 1914.

Zionism takes us away from our immediate environment, away from Brandon, across Manitoba and the Eastern Provinces, and out beyond the limits of the Atlantic. We are gazing over the side of the great liner that is carrying us across the blue waters of the Mediterranean. Through the clear air a fisherman's craft is seen afar off, its small red sail reflected in the sunlit sea; it is the same type of boat as was used nineteen hundred years ago by the Palestinian fishermen. On the sloping shore of the distant land we can see the rich green foliage of the olive trees; a cool breeze strikes the leaves, and a splash of silver runs across the tree-tops. To the right, the white domes of the City of Jaffa glisten in the sun.

We have disembarked. The Holy Land is beneath our feet. But how changed! Much of the beauty has been shorn away. The soil, whose fertility was world famous in ancient days, is now barren. Desolation! Desolation! The very hills cry out with a loud wail, Desolation! We leave the city and, wandering in Judea or Galilee or Samaria, find on the right hand and on the left colonies of Zionists, who, in spite of these adverse and discouraging conditions, in spite of the soil, neglected and barren, are bringing forth products renowned for their excellence. We listen to the casual conversation of the school children. It is incredible! A dead language has come to life in the childish treble of this little dark-eyed girl; she chatters in the language of the prophets; the original language of the Bible is her mother tongue. These colonies are transforming the wilderness into a garden; they are developing the wrecks of the ghetto into a vigorous peasantry. The Hebrew national sorrows are here being turned into gladness.

One hears the colonists talking earnestly of Herzl, that man whose noble forehead, full beard and dark dreaming eyes, whose haunting figure, one can never forget. He had planted firm and broad the foundations of modern Zionism. He toiled for eight years; ten years ago he died, at the age of 44; his work caused his death. One is reminded of the figure of that other Jew that lived 1,900 years ago; was thirty years in preparation, and in three brief years of work that cost his life on the Roman cross made an eternal impression on the history of

mankind. Herzl was an heroic pioneer in a plan whose success is inevitable.

But all these schools and colonies, together with increased commerce all over Palestine, and other ideal works and achievements too numerous to describe, represent but the first small fruits of Zionist activity. What then is Zionism? Amid all the confusion of isms that distract our attention in these days of weary complexity, what new idea now arises? Zionism is a great national aim. But amid all the confusion of rising national consciousness the world over, with its misunderstanding, its intolerant patriotism, its militant rivalry and its greed, what new nationalism have we? Zionism stands pre-eminent. It is an ideal of ideals. In grandeur and majesty it ranks with any project yet attempted by man. It is the movement which aims to gather together the scattered, wandering and overburdened millions of a mighty nation, to found a national centre and home in the Holy Land for a people of unparalleled history and tremendous present. The aim of Zionism is the public and legal restoration to the Hebrew people of the land that fostered their genius, Palestine.

How, then, shall this ideal be attained? Shall the nation be inflamed into all the fanaticism of a holy war, and marching upon the land millions strong wrest it from the grasp of the Turks? It is rather on the arts of peace that we have relied, demonstrating to the nations their obligation to give to the Jews what they need; and moreover, that the one need of the Hebrews is a publicly, legally secured home in Palestine.

The rights of humanity, the most elementary ideas of justice, are daily urging the great powers to turn their attention to the Hebrews. A loud cry of suffering, humiliation and despair is ascending to the heavens from the throats of twelve millions of people. Mere numbers demand attention; the most woeful affliction compels it. The world is obligated by justice alone.

Not only justice, but the progressive welfare of the whole of mankind urges consideration of this matter. A grassy hillock in the path of the progressive march of the army of humanity could be ignored, but the forbidding aspect of a rugged mountain calls forth the shrewdest attention. So, too, a few individual cases of need might be disregarded, but the stern and forbidding aspect of a nation in distress allows of no such policy. Distress is more than an obstruction; it is a hot-bed of contagion. The world cannot ignore this matter if it has regard for its own welfare. Obstruction and contagion must be removed; usefulness and beauty must be substituted.

But if justice and the common weal are insufficient argu-

ments, then I would assert that the Hebrews have paid the price for what they need, in present and past contributions to universal civilization. In modern times no more industrious, no more thrifty, no more loyal citizens can be found than the Jews. In the service of their country they have laid down their lives side by side with their English and French and German and Russian and Austrian comrades. Turn where you will, in commercial, professional, artistic or religious life, the Jews are making today mighty contributions, whose benefits return not merely to themselves, but in larger measure to the empires to which they belong.

But just as a pale speck of a star is snuffed out in the blaze of the rising sun, so do the contributions of our day fade into insignificance in the light of the tremendous constructive achievements of the past. In the Middle Ages, the Jews stood foremost in the world as physicians; as scholars, they were the intellectual bridges by means of which the ancient classical cultures were translated over into the new-born European civilization, a service whose value is unique and beyond repayment. And mere mention need but be made of such geniuses of various periods as Josephus, the historian; Philo and Spinoza, the philosophers; Rothschild, the financier; Rubinstein and Mendelssohn, the musicians. The names of Jews that have enriched the world's civilization in the past are legion. But, finally, in this connection, I would ask: What is the basis of the world's civilization today? It is religion. Without religion we should have but a few buildings, a few warships and merchantmen—and everywhere chaos. The influence of religious principle exerts itself in every sphere: the grossest mammonists, atheists, agnostics, and the masses that waver indecisively between, are all unconsciously ruled by the prevailing religious conceptions. Take away religion from modern life, and our civilization will quickly decay and crumble away to mingle its ruins with the dust of ancient Rome. The very basis of our life today is religion: and the supreme religious principles and manifestations are Jewish. The greatest gift the world has ever received it received through the Jews, who now ask for some small measure of return. The nations are under obligation to render to the Hebrew people what they need because Justice demands it; the common welfare of humanity cries out for it; and because the price has been paid for it in past and present contributions to the world's progress.

What, then, is the need of the Hebrew people? In the light of science and history there can be but one answer to that question: Zionism, the restoration of Jewish national life in Palestine. There are two reasons for this necessity. First and

positively, it is essential to the development of the national genius. The Jews are a separate and peculiar race with a peculiar destiny which can be fulfilled only by a people united in this land as dear to them as a parent. This is proved by the fact that all the biggest achievements of the past occurred either in or immediately following the period of national concentration. It was this period that produced the sweetest singers, the mightiest warriors, the most terrible orators, and the supreme religious conceptions. Is it mere coincidence that 1,800 years ago the Hebrew people were scattered over the earth and 1,800 years ago the writing of spiritual revelation practically ceased? Is it mere coincidence that since the gag of dispersion and bondage was placed in the mouth of the Hebrew prophet, so prophecy has ceased, that today the average man regards biblical times as different from our times, biblical men as different from us?

The cause must be the dispersion. That it cannot be any loss of vitality, energy, initiative or ability is demonstrated by the fact that in the short space of 100 years since the disabilities of the Jews were largely removed, the Jew has leapt ahead, even in Western civilization in spite of his soul being embarrassed by a two-sided outlook, that of East and West; in spite of his hands being tied behind his back, as it were, by an alien environment. We have Disraeli (Lord Beaconsfield) Prime Minister of England. In Italy, the land of the Romans, who conquered ancient Judea, and, until forty years ago, huddled the conquered into miserable ghettos, we find the commander of the Italian army, the chief magistrate of Rome, the Prime Minister of Italy, all Jews. In Germany we hear of Gabriel Riesser, vice-president of the Parliament; of Lassalle and Karl Marx, the economists who founded Socialism, the biggest movement of modern times; and Heine, the greatest German lyrical poet. We have time to indicate but one or two names; yet these are sufficient to demonstrate the latent power and vitality of the Hebrew people. The Hebrews achieve in the face of dispersion; what would they not produce for the benefit of mankind if gathered again into the soil that produced and would feed their national genius? What new star might not arise in the East?

There are those that urge that the assimilation of the Hebrews is most desirable, that there should be uniformity rather than racial distinction. This is a relic of medievalism. In the whole of nature, no case of uniformity can be pointed out. A blinding snowstorm strikes our prairies; millions upon millions of snow flakes fall, and no two of them are exactly alike. Infinite variety, that is the essence of life. Infinite variety, each

a perfect expression of its own phase, that does not prevent coherent harmony, working on common ground for a common goal, being linked up with a common source, and bound by the staunchest ties of loving friendship. Uniformity does not exist and cannot be forced into existence; nor it is desirable.

A return to the Holy Land is essential to the full development of the Hebrew genius. The greatest deeds of the past were achieved there; the existence today of unabated, but handicapped vigor is being demonstrated. Does the longing for an environment best suited for one's full development seem unreasonable? The one need of the Hebrew people is Palestine.

But there is a far graver reason for urging that Palestine is the one need of the Hebrew people. I refer to past and present persecution, persecution that for stupid brutality, stands forth as a glaring example of "man's inhumanity to man"; and every means of relief has been tried, but the one here advocated.

In the Roman Empire we hear of thousands being sold into slavery, of massacres, of Jewish womanhood being seized and put to shame. In the year 38 A.D. the synagogues were polluted; torture, burning at the stake and crucifixion were rife. Then the political Christian Church intensified and cemented that hatred between Jew and Gentile that is still existent. In Spain the Hebrews were the highest type of citizens, prosperous, intelligent and enlightened. The Inquisition appeared. Its methods, the rack, imprisonment for life and the burning stake, were directed against apostate Jews. Finally, all the Hebrews were expelled, and with them Spain expelled her own glory. In France the Jews were used as sponges to soak up the earnings of the poor people, themselves to be afterwards squeezed for the benefit of the king's treasury, and they were then expelled from the land. All the honor was given to the king, and all the shame to the Jew. And why? One had a purple gown; the other had a crooked nose.

One would expect the lot of the unhappy, wandering people to be in England one of peace. If brutality, if extortion, if massacre, be peace, then indeed of all peoples the Jews of England were the most peaceful. They had risen to wealth and influence. At various times the rabble, incited to fury, would attack them, plundering and burning their dwellings, and murdering the owners. And in the year 1290 an edict of total expulsion went forth, with death as the penalty of evasion. The property of 16,000 Jews was confiscated. The exiles made their way over the roads of the land they yet loved amid the taunts and gibes and insults of the watching populace. Sick at heart, weary of the long torment, without any means of support, these

people passed over the strange and inhospitable shores, among people whose language they did not understand, there to start life afresh, with only one certainty for the future—a renewal of past sufferings. No safety, no peace, no settlement! Only the sorrowful prospect of a mighty nation wandering the earth looking for a home.

The tale of past persecution has a melancholy sameness. Harassed in Germany, expelled from Spain, expelled from France, expelled from England, and not expelled from Russia only because there were too many to expel; not allowed civil rights; not allowed to enter trade; not allowed to farm; permitted only to live by usury, or the sale of old clothes or the like, and then scoffed at by an ignorant posterity for these very characteristics forced upon them; restricted into filthy and overcrowded ghettos, and then made the butt of fine wit for an unpleasant exterior that gave no hint of the inner beauty and purity of home-life that were destined to give to the world its puzzle of the Hebrew survival.

Sickened, we gladly leave the stained past to examine the present. We allow our glance to pass over modern civilization and to notice the conditions of these people in our own glorious day. And the conditions we find stir up our wrath, make us long for the strong right arm and the scourge of great political power, that we could drive from God's world temple the perpetrators of such fanaticism, stupidity and brutality as that meted out in our day to the Jews.

In Europe and to some extent in North America the contempt of society is still the lot of the Hebrews. Anti-semitism with all its ignorance, with all its terrors, is again raising its grim head, and displaying its cruel and blood-stained jaws. Less than three years ago in Wales anti-Semitic riots broke out. A year or two before, in London, several of the police were murdered by Russians. It was falsely attributed to the Jews; anti-Semitic legislation was rushed through the Commons, and is now the law of the British Empire. A few weeks ago the Free Press reported anti-Semitic riots in—Winnipeg!

In Roumania, the heavy hand of oppression crushes down the Hebrew people. What is the attitude of the great Powers? The Treaty of Berlin provided for the civil equality of the Jew. In the face of its signed treaty, Roumania not only violated its solemn pledge, but enacted oppressive laws that render life intolerable. Do the Powers protest? Do they send their splendid warships to inspire respect for an international treaty? On the contrary, the gag of diplomacy is in the mouth of power, and the sufferings of the Jews continue. What a pity the Hebrews do not own a seaboard on the North Sea!

We pass to black Russia. All the error, superstition, stupidity and brutal ferocity of the ages seems to have accumulated here to burden the shoulders of poor overburdened Israel. Tonight, as these words reach your ears, six million human beings in Russia are herded together in the Pale, eking out a wretched existence. They cannot buy, rent or till land; they are shut out from civil service; restricted in the professions, in schools and in universities; they must discharge the duties of citizenship, payment of taxes and military service, but are deprived of its rights; life itself is uncertain; a riot may at any moment expel them from their homes, may crush them beneath an orgy of plunder and massacre. In 1905 there occurred violent anti-Semitic atrocities that plunged the civilized world into consternation. Indeed, a *progrom*, with its massacre and ruin, breaks out periodically, and it is propagated by the government itself. Last month, in the Winnipeg Free Press, I read that after difficult negotiations twenty-five Jews were permitted by the Turkish Government to emigrate from Russia to Palestine, there to settle as Turkish subjects. Thereupon the Russian consul-general at Jerusalem threatened the twenty-five that unless they abandoned the project their property would be confiscated in addition to that of their relatives in Russia.

Outside, on the prairie, the snow has been running away for dear life. Very soon the last fold of her white mantel will have sped out of sight, and the bosom of Mother Earth will begin to heave with all the glad life of springtime. She will put on her bright green dress and her bouquet of crocuses, and lift her face to the warm sunlight. Then youth and the little flaxen haired children will eagerly seek the great free out-of-doors, to breathe in the fresh gladness.

In Russia, sunlit spring is also at hand. But the little Jewish children playing in the shadow of the scaffold of persecution are troubled by the sorrow of their mother's face. They nestle up to her and look sadly into the eyes filled with tears. Those eyes see already into the hopeless future; that broken heart feels now the pangs of the dreaded suffering certain to come. Oh, God! How long? How long?

Every remedy has been tried to remove the past and present persecution of the Jews but one, the one I advocate. The present conditions of dispersion are unnatural; the Jews hate and are hated because they wander as homeless aliens; and neither civic rights, nor creed, nor protection, are any preventive: they have been tried and have failed. To secure peace, the unnatural cause, dispersion, must be removed to give place to the setting up of normal conditions, a national centre in the Holy Land, "an organic centre, a heart and brain" to watch, to guide,

to defend and to develop. Then will the Jews gladly offer, then will the Gentiles gladly accept, a new brotherhood, and suffering will flee away.

Zionism, the majestic ideal of the day, is the demand made of the nations, the nations of which the people of Canada are a part. It is the one need of the Hebrew people as a relief from past and present persecution. Shall the Jewish genius struggle in a stifling environment? Shall the weary people wander over the world, persecuted and scorned and restricted, looking for a home, a home that belongs to them in common justice, a home that should be theirs for the sake of the common weal, a home that they have purchased by contributions to this civilization? Rather let peace be restored to a weary people, so that their wonderful powers may be refreshed for greater deeds, so that the wilderness of the Holy Land, the terrible desert in the heart of the stricken people, may blossom as a rose, and there shall be peace and goodwill towards all the world. And who knows whether there will not arise from the East, whence came all revelation, a new spiritual conception to shake the world, to elevate mankind, a new conception that shall be the most far-reaching, the sublimest of all the ideals of Zionism.

THE MAN WHO WISHED HIS LIFE AWAY.

A. H. PULLEN '18

In the broad beam of sunlight from the open casement danced myriads of moats. Aggrieving moats they were, because besides telling golden tales of a free world bathed in sunshine outside, they forcibly impressed one with the dusty interior of the school room, dismal by comparison.

The curly-haired boy mutilated his penholder with strong white teeth. Then, jabbing the point viciously into "Uses of the subjunctive," exclaimed half aloud: "Wish it was four o'clock!"

It was! The long hour which had yet remained flew on wings of timeless speed, and no sooner was the wish expressed than the bell rang and desks clattered.

The midnight oil was burning. The little china clock as it stood on the table ticked time steadily away. Tick-tack,

tick-tack it said. Beside the clock was a book propped up by others. Upon its open page were fixed the eyes of the student. Examinations loomed ahead. And as the young man, bewildered with much study, glanced up from his book to another pile close at hand, he felt a sinking sensation in the region of his diaphragm.

At length he rose and shut the book with a slap. "I wish I had my degree!" he said.

In a flash it came! It seemed not at all unnatural to him that the next moment he should be walking down a long aisle from the platform, upon which sat the important personage who had conferred upon him his degree. In his hand the sheepskin crackled. He had his wish.

The young lawyer slaved in his office. Hard work was his lot. Hard work which brought little recognition from that vague and awesome creature—the Public.

The evening sun was sinking and cast a red glow on the white wall before him. As he heard the outer door slam behind his office, his head sank upon his arm. "Would I were famous!" said he.

And at that very instant he was famous! He was being congratulated by his friends on his magnificent speech, but he could not hear what they said for the applause which roared from the house. The strain must have been great, for he tottered exhausted to his seat. He was famous! His name would be passed down to posterity! His genius was recognized at last! But he was old, his hair was snowy white, his hand trembled.

The room was dark. A faint smell of some chemical pervaded the atmosphere. An occasional moan came from the bed upon which tossed an old man. "I wish it were over!" muttered the tremulous voice.

And it was!

The curly-haired boy, the energetic student, the famous lawyer, and the old man longed for to-morrow. And to-morrow never comes.

*"Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying;
And this same flower that smiles today,
Tomorrow will be dying."*

THE STUDENT FROM THE NURSE'S POINT OF VIEW.

NURSE M. FORTUNE '13

Rather a complex subject, is it not? Compound complex, I should say; compound of three independent complexities: viz., namely, and to wit, The Student, The Nurse, and the View Point. And though in this case it does seem impolite, let us deal first with the nurse. That seems logical (and we must be logical) since we are looking at "It" from her view point.

And whereas the nurse and her view point can scarcely be dissociated, she being very "set" on said view point, and it being about the only thing she has an opportunity to sit upon at times, we shall leave that part of the subject for some student to try out his ability as a wielder of the pen, which is said to be mightier than the sword, and I'm sure a heap more pleasant for all concerned.

But, hold on, my student friends! You are gazing too high for that view point. You'll never find it away up in those silver-lined clouds, nor yet on yon lofty mountain peak, though it is popularly supposed to have its abode on one or other of those inspiring altitudes. Look down! away along the level of common humanity, and there you'll find it, at close range to objects of every day life and interest—an intensely practical view point. Sometimes it is found behind a pair of spectacles, seldom rose colored, occasionally blue—semi-occasionally tinged with green—but fortunately possessing the power, as you have seen in those curved mirrors, of making most annoying or trying views, suddenly assume a most mirth-inspiring phase. Oh blessed sense of humor!

Now, I'm sure, knowing the view point you will settle down quite comfortably as we approach the student. Isn't it strange, the term student suggests to most minds a young man. When asked for a word picture of a student a few minutes since, a sister nurse immediately proceeded to describe a "man." "What of the young ladies?" I asked. "Oh, they are blue stockings, are they not?" (She was from the "Old Sod.") I ventured to suggest a possible variety of color this season.

And how, some may ask, do we ever get a view of students at all glancing along the *common* level? Well simply because as a rather eccentric writer tersely named a story "Pigs is Pigs." Pray understand that is merely a—well, not being one of your brilliant number, I don't know what it is. But there is nothing personal in the reference. I simply mean men are men, and

women are women the world over. What student could be more? Who less?

As I gaze along the level though, I notice a vast difference in their attitudes. All are carrying books; but, oh! the different treatment these poor books receive. All are travelling toward a gateway called "Finals," beyond which a mountain, steep, formidable, yet inviting to many, known as "success." Some are trying to travel there in motors, with books lying half open in their laps at which they glance occasionally. These motors move slowly in the crowd, and do not seem to follow the straight road to the gate. Others can scarcely see their books for gazing at mountain peaks, clouds and stars. Their progress, too, is naturally slow. Others are always arranging their hats, curls, or ties, etc., stealing sly glances at their mirrors and also at their fellow students—slow in their march, too. But the men and women who are making the best headway, I notice, seem to have a wonderful faculty for studying worthy things. They use their books wisely, but also I notice them studying the great mass of human life through which they travel; often lending a hand to a less fortunate fellow traveller. And these seem all to be nearest the gate and on a straight line for the mountain top.

Of our opinion of the student in illness we would not venture very much, as nurses are "close" on such subjects. But I may just say in the class last described was not found the student who, the day following his operation, greeted the nurse with this volley of questions: Oh, nurse, does the doctor think there is any hope for me? Does my mother know how bad I am? (Good thing she doesn't.) Do you have many cases as bad as mine? Do many die after an operation for appendicitis? Who was in this bed last? Did he die? What is wrong with that fellow over in the corner? Oh, don't leave me. I'm sure none of the others need you so badly as I. Hold my hand, nurse!

No, fortunately, but a few belong to that class; mostly those riding to the finals, and those consulting mirrors. But of course they are in the minority.

Just let me say in closing—and I think I speak for nurses as a whole—that I take off my cap, figuratively speaking, to the student body, and sometimes when I see the golden opportunities ahead of them, possible because of their college career, my glasses are tinged with green.

TO-DAY!

*“With every rising of the sun
Think of your life as just begun.
The Past as cancelled and buried deep
All yesterdays. There let them sleep.
Concern yourself with but Today.
Grasp it and teach it to obey
Your will and plan. Since time began
Today has been the friend of man.
You and today! A soul sublime,
And the great heritage of time.
With God Himself to bind the twain,
Go forth, brave heart! Attain! Attain!”*

Brandon College Quill

FOUR NUMBERS A YEAR.

VOL. V.

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NO. 1

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ADVENIMUS

The time has come when the "Quill" staff must give evidence of the responsibilities which have been laid upon it. It is in no apologetic manner that we assume our various tasks. While we are not insensible of our many points of weakness, we believe that in a few respects at least, we are prepared for the duties which have been entrusted to us. To the most inexperienced member of the staff the work is not wholly unfamiliar. Throughout our college course we have been developing in literary and business spheres, and we believe that these experiences will stand us in good stead now. Besides, many of us have looked ahead, we have counted the cost, and we have assumed our tasks with the earnestness which the responsibilities demand. Though fully conscious that we may not realize all our hopes, yet we shall endeavor to maintain and perhaps increase the efficiency and worth of our college magazine. It shall be our purpose in the various issues to note, in some degree at least, the current topics of the day, while at all times we must reflect the spirit of our college. To what extent we are successful, we leave you to decide. Asking your sympathy and support, we offer you our first number.

ADMONEAMUS In a college such as ours there is at all times and in regard to many of our problems diversity of opinion. Fortunately, in the past, our differences found their proper place and became subservient to our common aim, mutual benefit. Shall this rightful condition of affairs exist throughout this college year? The answer to that question rests wholly with our students. Europe is today one large battlefield. In this "war of nations" Canada occupies a unique position. Her population is comprised of people from all parts of the globe. While Canadian sympathy and support is wholly British, there are individuals who, through national ties which they are proud to acknowledge, lean the other way. There are, in this cosmopolitan land, men and women whose fathers and brothers are among the ranks of the enemy. Can we expect them to share our hopes and sympathies? Assuredly not! As it is in our land so is it in our Alma Mater. If true gentlemanliness is to manifest itself this year we must not mock sympathies nor slight nationalities. Differences are bound to exist, but enmity not. Let us see to it that in our own domain we become factors in promoting a common humanity and a universal brotherhood.

IMPORTANT It is important that we call the attention of the students to the men and women who still tender us their support by way of advertisements. In the money stringency which exists our financial friends have not deserted us. You will find, in the advertising columns of this paper, the most up-to-date stores and shops in the West. Our advertisers have proved that they merit our support. Their goods are worthy of our patronage. Let not their advertising be in vain. We do not hesitate to say that you will find it to your advantage to deal with those whose names appear in these columns. Give them your patronage and make our paper a paying proposition to those who have stood by us.



COLLEGE GOSSIP.

P. DUNCAN '15

*Come autumn's scathe, come winter's cold,
Come change and human fate;
Whatever prospect Heaven doth bound
Can ne'er be desolate.*

Another college session has opened and has brought with it the joys of reviving old acquaintances and making new ones. The number of old students who have been able to return is far beyond what was anticipated, while the large number of new students is most noteworthy. There are even more students registered than there were at the same time last year. This is specially gratifying when the present financial stringency is considered, together with the demand for young men to fill the ranks of the army. Brandon College students are not lacking in a response to this call of the empire for men.

The fellows in residence are feeling quite at home already. The top flat has distinguished itself by making an organized row, heard in the following verse roared in uncommon metre:

·41, 43, 44, 42
Upper flat, upper flat,
Yahah, yahah, yahoo!

Dr. and Mrs. Vining are occupying the Resident Master's quarters; and we are glad to report that so far they are not suffering from a nervous breakdown. Welcome to our home. We like you already.

WELCOME!

On September 25th, the first Friday of our college term, the boys of Brandon College, old and new, met in the chapel to spend the evening for the purpose of getting acquainted with one another.

Mr. Chas. Whidden occupied the chair and led in a pleasant feast of speech and song. Dr. Vining, in his unique manner, gave the boys some good, wholesome advice which will not be easily forgotten. One admirable feature about the program was the readiness with which a number of the new boys responded when called on for impromptu speeches. We are glad that they responded so heartily, and in return for their willing

participation Mr. Carlson, in a few well chosen words, out of a wide experience, very feelingly informed them of the most successful method of winning the affection of the Clark Hall girls. That Mr. Carlson's advice will be thoroughly appreciated is evident from the persistent activity of Mr. Gordon Stovel and others.

The little "get-together" closed informally amid vociferous class and college yells and the partaking of light refreshments.

C. M. McIntyre, who was in the hospital suffering from appendicitis, has now returned to us—welcome back to stay.

SOME OF OUR FRESHMEN.

Linton is a "canny" Scot, but runs somewhat uncanny.

(Gordon Stovel may "pop" a camera before your face outside and bore you with ragtime on the chapel piano inside.

Hughes has golden curly locks and a silvery tongue.

Steel is "cutting" if you run up against him on the wrong side.

Hart is originally from the wild woods, but we welcome him to the "hub of culture."

McIntyre, though small of stature, finds it quite unnecessary to climb a tree.

Draper has a good head (of hair) and is as gentle as a little lamb.

Raefield would be at the war, but his friends would miss him so.

Nicol is not quite so cheap as he sounds—try him.

Ev. Stovel is sweet and handsome and has the eloquence of a Demosthenes.

Yeoman is sure and steadfast.

Avery hails from Austin and wears a "pomp."

Cruise, from Dauphin, is little seen but much heard.

To Oliver Mowat: "Is mamma's good little boy ready to have his bath now?"

Oliver: "Oh, mater, cut out the goody-goody gush! When a chap's six years old it's time to take him out of the kindergarten class. I'll take my splash in the tub when I've had a cigarette!"

"FRESH" ON THE FACULTY:

Miss M. H. Skillen, B.A., is substituting for Miss Whiteside, and has already endeared herself not only to the girls but even the boys. The debaters of four weeks ago especially appreciated her words. She is a Cornell grad., and has shown us that she knows something of real college life.

Miss E. L. Cline has charge of the Expression and Physical Culture Departments. She came from Mount Royal College, Calgary. She has amply proved her capabilities in her line of teaching.

Welcome to Miss M. L. Preston, who has recently arrived amongst us. We feel assured of her success as a vocal teacher. She has studied on the continent and has been associated lately with Alma College, St. Thomas, Ontario.

We are glad to have Miss Vera Leech, M.A., back in our halls and class rooms, but now at the professional desk. Miss Leech was a distinguished member of Class '12 of Brandon College.

Mr. E. Millar, M.A., is principal of the Academic Department, and from the academy report is making his mark. He seems to be steady, swift and strict.

ACADEMY NEWS.

The Academics are much alive this year again. At a recent meeting a new constitution was brought in and adopted. The following officers were duly elected:

Hon. Pres.—Prof. Millar.

President—J. Wolverton.

Vice-Pres.—Miss Sharpe.

Secretary-Treasurer—R. N. McDonald.

A drill class has been formed under the supervision of Professors Millar and Evans. This class meets twice weekly in the Y.M.C.A.

The champion athlete this year is from Academy—Jasper Wolverton.

In sports of all sorts

Winners are we

Academic, Academic I, II, III.

LAST SUMMER—

Mitchell was jack of all trades that would bring a dollar.

Wolverton was at home in B.C., resting up for Field Day.

Smith was turning Viriden upside down—that is, making Baptists of the Methodists.

McDonald sold books for a short time and then pitched—sheaves.

Evan Whidden had to act as “home secretary,” as Charlie was on the road.

Bouck—Drinking lemonade during the hot weather.

Bob Macpherson—On the farm guarding the grain from a “chicken” attack.

Maley—Wearing out the tires of the governor’s car.

THEOLOGY.

All the old students are with us again this year, with the exception of Messrs. Knox and Harris, both of whom graduated last spring. We miss their genial and helpful presence, but wish them Godspeed in their life-work.

T. H. Harris, B.A., took up the work at Austin, Man., and had a successful summer.

F. J. Noble has been at Manitou, Man., where he had his first experience on a Canadian mission field.

F. R. Julian was at Smiley, Sask., a miniature town, connected with civilization by uncertain trains and mail service. The program was varied, including as it did, fire fighting, broncho busting and preaching.

C. H. Innis had well attended services and "good success" at Stoughton, Sask., and was visited, during the summer by Dr. Whidden and Superintendent McLean.

E. D. Pound was acting pastor at Elgin Man., during the absence of Rev. R. Smalley, who was on a visit to the old land.

E. Davis divided his efforts over three preaching stations at Avonlea, Sask. He had a happy time, preaching and teaching Sunday school.

F. A. McNulty held the fort at the historic Shoal Lake and Strathclair churches. The latter was one of the first Baptist preaching stations in the province of Manitoba. At the anniversary services a visit from Dr. New was enjoyed and his messages were helpful and inspiring.

Our classes have organized with Dr. J. Gordon as our Hon. President; T. H. Harris, B.A., President; F. A. McNulty, Secretary-Treasurer.

Y. M. C. A. NEWS.

The College Y.M.C.A. is in full swing for the year 1914-15 and the enrolment so far is very satisfactory. We believe that all the college men will fall in line and help us to make this the best year the Y.M.C.A. has ever known.

The reports of the Lumsden Beech Conference were given by Mr. Charles Whidden and Mr. James Smith on the 15th of October, at the regular weekly meeting. Mr. Whidden spoke of the needs of the home and foreign fields, while Mr. Smith dealt with the need of men to proclaim the message of the gospel and the value of testimony.

The Mission and Bible Study classes are going to be a great factor in college life this year; we urge every man to identify himself with some of these.

At the regular meeting on 22nd October the members of the College Y.M.C.A. dined together and then adjourned to

the chapel where short helpful addresses were delivered, and altogether a most enjoyable evening was spent.

ARTS.

The regular meeting of the Arts classes was held on Friday, October 9th, 1914. Vice-President Miss J. Turnbull was in the chair.

The following officers were duly nominated and elected for the year 1914-15:

Hon. President—Dr. A. W. Vining.

President—Mr. W. G. Rathwell.

Vice-President—Miss A. K. Machesney.

Secretary-Treasurer—Mr. G. A. Stovel.

Con. of Pro. Committee—Mr. V. Coen.

After the election of officers, refreshments were served and short addresses were given by Dr. A. W. Vining, Dr. S. J. McKee and Prof. E. A. Miller.

The Arts yell brought the meeting to a close.

LITERARY SOCIETY.

Our opening meeting was held on Friday evening, October 2nd, with the worthy president in the chair. The programme from start to finish was of high order, but special mention must be made of Miss Cline's reading, which was much appreciated by all of us; and although it was the first, we hope it was not the last time we shall have the privilege of listening to her.

The "Lit." of October 17th took the form of a social evening, and Field Day was fittingly closed with the excitement of promenades and "eats." A programme given in the chapel was most enjoyable, especially a scene "Tenting," and the quartette rendered by Messrs. Chapman, Mitchell, Carlson and Stone. The gathering broke up after doing full justice to refreshments, with the opinion that the day had been "the best ever."

W. Kahlo was *not* at home for a few nights the other week. *Icel-ated.*

We were glad to see Dr. and Mrs. MacNeill in the dining room the other evening. They served the residence faithfully and well for the past six years and proved themselves true guardians and kind friends of the orphan boys under their care. Much joy to them in their "quiet retirement."

Donogh is suffering from "ring-ear." Watch his left ear

for the ring caused by the phone receiver pressing for 20 minutes at a time.

If you ever desire a toothpick, gum or candy, ask Widen—he stocks all “chewables.”

Carey McKee, B.A. '14 is taking M.A. work, and also is taking a brotherly interest in the graduating class's president.

DEBATING SOCIETY.

Welcome to the ladies! The Debating Society has taken to itself a new honor. On October 22nd, by an amendment to the constitution, the ladies became fully privileged members of the society. We are confident they will justify our action by figuring on the platform. The emancipation of women at Brandon College is complete. At least we have done our part. Now, dears, it's up to you!

The first debate is over, and the banner rests in the keeping of Senior Arts until the conclusion of the new inter-class schedules. On October 9th it was resolved by Messrs. Fisher and Donogh of Senior Arts “that Rugby football is superior to Soccer.” Messrs. Hart and McBain of Junior Arts begged to differ. Three lady judges, Miss Skillen, Miss Evans and Miss Leach intervened to settle the dispute, and the decision fell to the affirmative.

Mock Parliament will be in full swing soon, re-organized and re-vitalized. Challenges are already to hand from outside sources, including Manitcha University. Debating promises to wax hot. Budding orators, arise! This is your platform. Don't can all you get!

COLLEGE SONG.

Learn the college song. It is spice to our rousing yells, harmony to our hoarse-throated rooting, the terror of our opponents, the inspiration of our athlètes, mellowness to our “Lits.,” and fatness to our debates. Get busy. Duncan has the music. Fitz can pound the ivories. We have the larynx. The ladies have the pharynz. The faculty has the diaphragm. Let her r-r-rip!

Hail our college, here in the golden west!
 Take thou our fealty now unto thee confest.
 Be thou Alma Mater now and forever blest.
 Hail, hail Brandon, forever hail!

CLARK HALL.

GLADYS E. MORRIS '15

*If thou wouldst read a lesson that will keep
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,
Go to the woods and hills! No tears
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears.*

The corridors of Clark Hall are again resounding with voices of the beaming girlhood within her gates. Bright and earnest faces are paying worthy testimony to the kind and inspiring motherliness of our lady teachers. Though everything is new and strange for many of the girls, as well as for a number of our teachers, yet a hearty co-operation and enthusiasm is manifesting itself among all.

Our acting Lady Principal has indeed won her way into the hearts of all the girls. We all love her. Her gentle womanliness and kindly manner erect for us an example and cast over us an influence that is inexpressibly beautiful—a perfect woman, nobly planned. Though we missed the old faces of both teachers and students, we are fast becoming satisfied with our lot in Clark Hall—yea, we have a goodly heritage.

NOTES FROM SUMMER DIARIES.

“Had a uproarious time at Cliftonville, Sask., going to ‘hops’ and breaking young colts.”—Hazel Richardson.

“My father’s dreams during the summer months have been disturbed by the village boys serenading ’neath the drawing room window, ‘Anybody here seen Kelly?’ ”—Libbie Ross.

Miss Icel Hodges was a welcome visitor at Clark Hall recently. She was en route for Ontario, but of course couldn’t pass through Brandon without stopping off to see—Clark Hall. I wonder!

Many of our Arts girls had the pleasure and privilege this past summer of inspiring in the cosmopolitan youth of Western Canada precepts and calculations regarding the combination and permutation of a, b, c’s, 1, 2, 3, etc., while the older members of the various communities looked on with mighty awe at the amount of reckonin’ and readin’ that was bein’ jammed in ter their wee ’eads. In short, the school teacher in most cases was an item of interest not only to the children and par-

ents, but to those delightfully picturesque and original youths. None of Dickens' descriptions would do justice to our rustic homesteader when he arrived at the prairie shack where the school ma'am stayed, with a choking stock collar, tight trousers, and short coat, no doubt dug up from the depths of a fathomless trunk, long since stowed away in the granary in preparation for such auspicious occasions.

One of our young ladies tells of such a swain riding up in haste on horseback, and in excited tones asking to see the teacher. His request being almost instantaneously granted, he broke forth with explosive force with "Will yuh take me an' my bronch?" As he had not shown his gallantry by alighting from his "bronch," the confused young teacher stepped inside the shack, saying, "My, the mosquitoes are bad! I think I'll get behind a screen," for she had never seen the man before. Then it suddenly dawned on her what her course of action should be, and in subdued tones she said: "You want me to take your picture, do you?"

But it's all in a lifetime, girls, and apart from the "funny" side, there is a very serious aspect which ought to appeal strongly to our teachers; they being in most cases the only members of the communities in question who can do anything towards moulding the opinions and feelings of these poor neglected homesteaders.

It is a privilege, an opportunity—yes, and a problem, which must be faced sympathetically and steadfastly by our teachers. Perhaps none of us college girls have been more looked to as an example as when on those prairie wilds. How much every action meant, every expressed opinion, every smile! Life spells opportunity, and some of us did not find it out till we were placed in these humble circumstances.

THE AWAKENING.

Did you ever tend a plant daily for many long months, watching closely for any suspicion of a bud, and wondering how any flower could open out from that little compressed mass; to be surprised, one morning, by the glowing colors of a saucy, swaying bloom? Then you know the delight of a promise realized. And those of us that have watched Clark Hall with maternal solicitude for a long, sad year, see with unspeakable pleasure the lively bustle that has accompanied the awakening.

For Clark Hall is all enthusiastic, alive, electrified. A merry clatter, like the buzz of an alarm clock, proclaims that sleep steals away no more sunny days. There is business to be done. Leaders are working, executives are discussing, everybody is interested. From basement to roof the walls stare down

in wide-eyed amazement at feminine activity. Cerebrums are scheming, hockey sticks are whirling, athletic cups are shining, tennis rackets are waving.

Turn to the Clark Hall Athletic column; the Y.W.C.A. news. Watch the girls themselves. Glance into the hall beyond the iron door. Everywhere there is the brightness of glad work. The spirit of the west has seized Clark Hall. Bravo! Here is life. All is awake.

The Y.W.C.A. has started its year of work with an enthusiasm which has spread far beyond Clark Hall. And the enthusiasm is not the only commendable feature of the organization, although we feel sure that it is one of the permanent and very important ones.

We believe our aim is big enough to keep us working all year, to keep us reaching out and growing extensively and intensively. Yet it is one that is possible of attainment. We want to reach every girl in college, not merely to have her a member of the Association, but to touch her life in a real, vital way and cause her to think where she stands in relation to the world's big movement. We want to help her develop her latent talent no matter in which direction it lies. We want to show her how to invest it and make it ten talents.

We have not stopped with our aim. We have planned a definite, systematic course of action, and our tactics are likely to interest a larger community than the college. A most interesting series of meetings has been outlined. Leaders have been chosen from among the girls. The topics suggested are such that the discussion may well be divided among several individuals for each meeting, thus keeping the interest of all in this partnership scheme.

Already three meetings have been held. The first presented the general plan for the year's work. The second under the title of "Strangers to Most of Us" introduced some interesting characters who may prove most helpful friends. The last suggested a number of the phases of our life here under "Big Things in College Life."

Interesting talks may be expected at all our meetings and the subjects for discussion suggest infinite possibilities. "Dangerous Tendencies in College," "The Marks of a Christian," "The Rogues' Gallery of the New Testament," "Responsibility of Girlhood to Womanhood," "Surrender of the Good to the Best," "The College Girl and Her Relationships"—these are some of the suggested topics.

The meetings devoted to mission interests are to be enlivened by debates and plays which will put facts vividly be-

fore us. We hope to present a play to which we can invite our friends, confident that they will receive both pleasure and benefit from it, and a debate which will challenge the most extensive knowledge and the best judgment of our audience.

We want this year to be a development of our work of other years. Therefore we must make it the best year yet. We want to catch and keep the world vision, the thought of the bigness of God's plan for man and man's share in it.

OFFICERS FOR THE YEAR.

Hon. President—Miss A. K. W. Evans.

President—Elsie Adolph.

Vice-President—Gladys Morris.

Secretary—Jean McLaren.

Treasurer—Libby Ross.

ATHLETICS.

We have great reason to be proud of the skill and prowess displayed by our girls on the athletic grounds, Field Day. Profs. MacGibbon and Evans have taken great pains to show the girls how to play ground hockey, and such was their success that this game was listed as the first attraction on that memorable afternoon. They entered the field in full gymnastic array and worked hard on both sides, but the final score remained in favor of Arts, who are the first to hold that beautiful new cup. It was good to see the girls' work.

The nail-driving contest was watched with keen interest, Mrs. Dodge being the triumphant victor. It is hard to understand how any man, let alone a woman, could drive ten four-inch nails in a minute, but such a miracle was performed right before our eyes. Had Dr. Vining been there he would no doubt have labelled it "accelerated velocity."

Misses Grant and Rathwell won for us several points by the wonderful dexterity and agility of their pedal extremities. But this was not all. These modest violets with their many classmates, having selected a particularly conspicuous spot for the exercising of their vocal activities, cast over us such a volume of song and yell that we indeed wondered if we hadn't unwittingly been drawn to the land of the Sirens. But it's all over now and resolutions for hard work are in the making.

Other papers all remind us

We can make our own sublime,

If our fellow schoolmates send us

Contributions all the time.

ATHLETICS.

JOHN LINTON '16

*"'Tis through great hazards great things are achieved.
And so they shine."*

"Great things." This is our aim as we stand on the threshold of another year's athletic history. But no! For have not our past achievements in athletics as a college been marked by great things? And were it not right that we should go forward to still greater things? Besides, do they not tell us that we must aim at the higher or even we can attain the high? So we beg to make an amendment, and our aim this year—the aim of every Brandon College student—shall be not "great things" but "greater things." Like *Oliver Twist*, let us seek for more. *Excelsior!* Let that be our purpose in the field.



A word to new students. What Brandon College does in athletics depends on you. Almost every fellow has some latent ability in athletics. Develop that. You owe it to your Alma Mater to be a four-square man. Try and make the team. We shall never have a Rugby or Soccer team worth mentioning unless there be developed a good A team to give the seniors a work-out. Don't get out your books between four and six o'clock. Get out yourself and play ball. We venture to say that he has missed something in life who cannot hear the call of the campus these beautiful autumn afternoons.

RUGBY.

Dr. New's efforts to develop a Rugby team have at last been successful. Thursday, Oct. 8th, the first team to represent Brandon College in Rugby lined up against Brandon Y.M.C.A. The visitors were reputed a fast team, but the College men were out to win, and win they did to the tune of 12—0.

In the first quarter the "Y" boys pressed and several times

were within an ace of scoring. College gained confidence with every play, and following a series of line plunges by "Jap" Wolverton and Hughes, the latter bucked over for a touch-down. The kick was converted, and the score at half-time stood 6—0.

In the third quarter College forced a rouge. The "Y" pressed, but when within striking distance of the line they were weak.

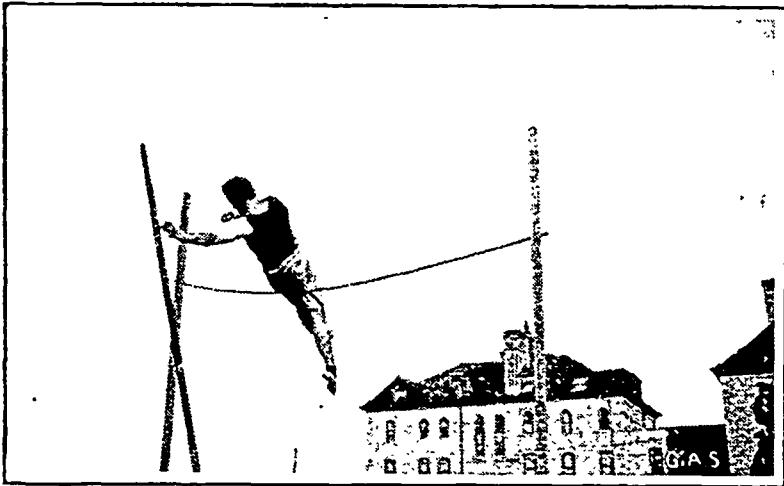
In the final quarter Hughes and Wolverton repeatedly tore through the "Y" line for large gains, and with College on the opposing 25 yards line Linton got over for a second try. This ended the scoring, and a good game finished in a victory of 12—0. Prof. MacGibbon, Hughes and Wolverton starred for College.

SOCCKER.

On Thanksgiving Day the College Soccer team met the Indians in an exhibition game. Both teams were short of their regular players. College pressed in the first half, but poor combination between the forwards kept them from scoring. The Indians forced three corners in the second half, but Evans & Co. were airtight. Extra time was played, but the teams were well matched and the game ended in a goal-less draw. Prof. Evans for College put up his usual vigorous defensive game.

FIELD DAY.

Field Day activities began auspiciously on the morning of Oct. 17th, when sharply at 7.19 Old Sol tumbled out of bed with a smile on his face and admirable weather prevailed. At 1.30 the fray began in earnest, when the Academy and Arts girls battled for the ground hockey



championship, the artful Arts winning out by the score of 1—0. Before the game ended a sensation was created among the spectators by the gladiatorial appearance of Fitzgerald clad in green cheesecloth trunks and with a handkerchief around his noble forehead, suggesting a picture of the last stand of the British at Majuba Hill. The ground hogs having been removed, the next event was the 100 yards dash. About a dozen men lined up. Six times the starter started the starters, and six times he brought them back, as the gun wouldn't go off. Finally, after mentioning that the powder must be damp—or something—he let the runners off with a clap of the hands, just like a Sunday school picnic race. Fitz, with his head still bandaged, came first. Jap Wolverton toddled behind, and Linton, the dark horse, saved himself from being whitewashed by getting third place.

Harley Hughes had an easy time winning the pole vault, the husky Curtis coming second with Fitz third.

Jap added five points to his chances for the championship in the shot put; Hughes second; Rathwell third.

In the 220 (open) it looked as if the bacon would go down town again, as Davidson (Y.M.C.A.) in the



heats looked a sure winner. The dark horse, however, nosed him out on the tape to the delight of the College rooters. Fitz was third.

In the tug of war Senior Arts tugged Juniors over the lines, but the latter came back in the potato race with first; Seniors second, and Hash third. We expected Hash to do better with the spuds.

Jap again came to the front with first in the long jump, Linton on his heels second, the versatile Fitz third.

At this stage the ladies broke into the game and after scampering down half the field in a bunch, it was announced that the ladies' 50 yards dash had been dashed. Chief dasher, Miss Grant; next dasher, Miss Stovel; third, Miss Rathwell. In the nail-driving contest Mrs. Dodge made a big hit with the crowd and got first place; Miss Clark second; Miss Machesney third.

Fitz had now discarded his bandage, and was able to run

a nicely judged 440, beating Linton on the home stretch, Smith bringing up the rear.

Five more points for Jap in the running high jump, the next highest hopper being Rutherford, Smith again the tail-ender. Stay with it, Jim!

Old Warhorse Rutherford was right there with the mile walk. Andy put out his chest at the tape and won what looked a dead heat from Happy Mitchell. Like the Scotch it was a close race. Rathwell got third place. Fitz had his hopes of the championship raised when he took first in the half mile; Monteith second; Linton third. But they sank to zero when Jap climbed over the stick, cinching the standing high jump, and incidentally the gold medal.

The ladies again came into the limelight when Miss Rathwell walked round the track, with Miss Sharp following her for second place in the quarter mile walk.

The next spasm was the three-legged race, with Seniors hobbling in front, Johnson and Carlson doing the needed; Juniors second; Hash in the rear.

Jap again got full points in the standing broad jump, Curtis lifting his avoirdupois next farthest, Linton third.

Fitz consoled himself for the loss of the championship by beating Linton in the mile, Calverley watching the race from behind and trotting in through the dust for third place.

Winner of Individual Championship Gold Medal—Wolverton.

Winner of Freshman Silver Medal—Linton.

HOCKEY PROSPECTS.

As winter approaches we turn our thoughts to hockey, our favorite pastime and sport. What are the prospects for the coming season? We regret that our famous captain, Dave Winton, will not be back to lead our rubber chasers. His absence will mean a serious loss. For four years Dave was the central figure in our senior hockey team. Through much effort on his part, he managed to whip the team into such condition that last year he led his six braves to victory over the Regina Vics, now amateur champions of the world. Deans, our centre forward, is also absent. We shall miss Bill's long stride and quick shot which netted us so many goals. Rathwell has returned, but declares he is a "has been." Wink is not going to wield a stick longer as it is not conducive to self control. All our other players are, however, at hand and are asking the weather man for ice. Prof. Evans has as keen an eye as ever. Cloutier is already wearing a hockey sweater, and to quote the words of a young lady, "he looks good to us." Wolverton has increased in stature just to make a stronger defence. J. Rath-

well is not in college, but is within hailing distance. With these men at hand and a host of new fellows, among whom is the renowned McNeil, we feel sure that we will be able to put as strong a team on the ice as in previous years.

As for the "colts," they are all here all the time, even as the poor are always with us. It is impossible for us to predict the achievements of this band, for their chief delight is in springing surprises. Nevertheless, we venture to say that the colts will agreeably surprise us this year. Even now Charlie is at work getting them into shape, and we think that this year they will take second place to no junior team.

On the whole we believe hockey prospects are bright, and when our teams line up, whether senior or junior, we can all sing: "City of the wheat, never know defeat."

CAMPUSISMS

Many an ache can be charmed with fresh air.

Even the noblest of mortal gifts must be trained to make them of value.

He who never stops to consult the weather in his quest for fresh air, seldom needs to consult a physician.

Many a hero is remembered not because of his victories but because of his conduct during adversities.

The greater the obstacle surmounted, the greater is the satisfaction gained.

ALUMNI-ALUMNÆQUE.

T. H. HARRIS, B.A. '13
*Think truly, and thy thoughts
 Shall some soul's famine feed;
 Speak truly, and each word of thine
 Shall be a fruitful seed;
 Live truly, and thy life shall be
 A grand and noble creed.*

The doors of Brandon College have opened once more for the reception of students. To those who have attended the College before, the first day is a time of speculation, which soon gives way to rejoicing as familiar faces appear and friendly voices are heard. For some faces, however, we look in vain; yet, as our interest in them is not lessened, but on the contrary increased, we wish to keep in touch with them.

May we say in this first issue of the "Quill" for the year 1914-15, that a word from any ex-student of Brandon College will always be welcome. Let us know where you are, and how you are, so that some of your old college friends, through us, may get in touch with you.

We are naturally interested in what those who have left us as recently as last Spring are doing.

Miss Kathleen Johnson '14 is at present in Toronto, where she is studying music and also attending the school of Pedagogy.

Miss Peggy Bucke '14 is taking Normal at Regina, and no doubt by her winning smile has already brightened the path of many a weary Normalite as he trudges along the monotonous road of pedagogy. During the summer she was at Lake Winnipeg camping with Miss May Reid '14. At this retreat, we understand, there were many pleasant reunions of members of the '14 class.

J. E. Moffat '14 is out after more laurels. Jim was fortunate to be offered a fellowship at Chicago University, and is now there taking post-graduate doses of Economics. During the summer he was electioneering for one of the Centre Winnipeg candidates, in which business he used his wiles with great effect.

Jim MacKay (pronounced McKye) is at Regina College, where he finds that, with looking after the Academic and Peg-

gy, his time simply flies. He is very popular, we hear, especially with the ladies of the teaching staff.

Jack Sleight has entered a law office at Medicine Hat. He has served the C.P.R. so well in the past that we are expecting one of these days to hear that he has been made C.P.R. lawyer.

J. H. McKee has not severed his connection with the college. He is back as Bursar—no easy job this year.

W. C. McKee is also no stranger. Carey is swallowing books in sociology wholesale, with the hope that his health may be so benefited that, when Convocation comes, as a reward for his prodigious feats, the red and black hood may be slipped over his head.

It has remained, however, for A. J. Radley really to put the seal on year Fourteen's achievements since graduation. The dark surmises of the fair girl graduates that Arthur did not intend to remain long a bachelor have proven only too true. On October 14th at Longburn, Mr. Radley was married to Miss Grace MacArthur, an old Clark Hall girl, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. MacArthur. Arthur was tied up in state. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. N. MacLean, of Winnipeg, assisted by Rev. W. C. Smalley, of Portage la Prairie, and Rev. F. W. McKinnon, of Winnipeg. Prof. MacGibbon, of the College, acted as best man. Arthur made the response in a firm and resolute voice, and after a honeymoon trip has returned to his church at Gladstone with his bride. To both parties to the contract the "Quill" wishes long life and prosperity.

Evidently Arthur was the Jason in the expedition for the golden fleece, for not only did he win the fleece but Medea as well.

The two graduates in Theology, as well as A. J. Radley in Arts, underwent the torturous examination prior to ordination this summer. All three acquitted themselves well, and gave entire satisfaction to the ordination councils.

H. Knox is now at Broadview, H. C. Harris at Medora, and A. J. Radley at Gladstone.

H. C. Harris intends to take some further work at the College this winter. He paid us a visit on Field Day, and from all appearances it will not be long before he shows his agree-

ment with the wise saying of Koheleth, the writer of Ecclesiastes, "two are better than one."

It will be interesting for our readers to learn that three out of the five ladies who graduated in '13 are now putting their Normal courses to the test. Miss McCamis is teaching at Melfort, Sask.; Miss Simpson at Battleford, Sask., while Miss Speers is at Roland. The other two, Miss Ward and Miss Gunn, are at their homes.

Of the boys of that class there is not much to report. R. Harvey is still at Hartney. He is taking his last year in B.Th. work extra-murally, and in his spare time is studying for his M.A.

Jim Robinson, when last we heard, was in a law office in Moosomin.

T. H. Harris spent his summer preaching, and is now back working for his final year in B.Th.

J. R. Evans spent his summer at his home in Vancouver, where he was gathering material first hand for his M.A. thesis. He is back teaching in the College, and is as popular as ever, especially with the ground-hockey team.

W. E. Wilkins "has been and gone and done it." Bill gave us all a surprise, but it was a pleasant one, and we wish him good luck. This summer he was married to Miss Clarke, a sister of the genial Ernie, who, by the way, has moved his headquarters from Winnipeg to Toronto.

A. Gordon has been covering himself with glory. In one week, he became a father, had a birthday, and passed his examination in the language. He must surely have some Telegu blood in his veins, such rapid progress has he made.

The teaching staff at the College has still another graduate in its ranks. Miss V. Leech, M.A., is taking the place of M. Louys, who, while serving his country, in the early part of the war was taken prisoner by the Germans.

It is a matter of deep regret to many of the old students that Miss E. M. Moore was not able to return to the college this year. Strenuous teaching and recital work proved too much for her strength, and the doctor has ordered her to rest for the

year. All readers of the "Quill" join in hoping that a speedy and complete recovery will be the result of this enforced rest.

In her recitals this summer Miss Moore was assisted by Miss G. Trotter as elocutionist and Miss J. Ovens as accompanist.

S. Potter '12 has left the law office pro tem. and is teaching.

R. Ferrier, M.A., is back at Alberta College, Edmonton. This year he is director of the Academic Department.

J. Dempsey '12, having done all the damage he could in law exams. in the west, has gone to Dalhousie University for the winter.

Miss G. Little '12 is still at the High School in Carlyle, where there are prospects that soon she will be principal.

It gives us pleasure to announce the following marriages:
Cribb—Chapin. At Vancouver, B.C., Wednesday, September 9th, Miss Pearl Chapin to Mr. Harold Miles Cribb.

Johnson—Widen. At Duhamel, Alta., September 28th, Miss O. O. Widen to Mr. J. E. Johnson.

McKinnon—Morrow. At Winnipeg, September 1st, Miss Belma Morrow to Rev. F. W. McKinnon.

Nield—Phillips. At Winnipeg, Man., June 8th, Miss Ida Phillips to Mr. J. B. Nield.

Radley—MacArthur. At Longburn, Man., October 14th, Miss Grace Geraldine MacArthur to Rev. A. J. Radley.

Smalley—Billington. At Blackburn, England, August 25th, Miss Maud Billington to Rev. Riley Smalley.

Tingley—Raine. At Winnipeg, Man., June 5th, Miss Isabel Raine to Rev. C. J. Tingley.

Wilkin—Clarke. At Saskatoon, Sask., June 3rd, Miss Rosa Maude Clarke to Mr. W. E. Wilkin.

Weak editions of the Brandon College yell have been reported from the homes of Messrs. Gordon, Sinclair, Edwards, Bowbrick and Harkness. The names have been entered on the "Quill" cradle roll.

*"Higher than the perfect song
For which love longeth,
Is the tender fear of wrong,
That never wrongeth."*

LATITUDE AND LONGITUDE.

FRED G. FISHER '15

Hic et ubique.

Being somewhat in doubt concerning our duties as Editor of "Latitude and Longitude," we proceeded to look through back numbers of "The Quill" for the required advice. Our search was rewarded with the following information: "As heretofore, in this column we shall endeavor to present to our readers what we consider to be of interest and profit from our various exchanges, mixed with a due amount of levity, which we hope will give that variety that is the spice of life." This policy is very good, but in our humble opinion does not give us sufficient latitude. Consequently, while we intend to follow out this program in the main, we shall have no hesitation whatever in going beyond our exchanges for material.

The first exchange to come to hand since the opening of the present college year is "The Tallow Dip," published by the ladies of Netherwood, Rothesay. The current number is gotten up in the artistic manner which has characterized previous issues.

"Look out for the man who crowds all his religion into the Sundays."—George Ham.

Say, Bill, lend me your mug to shave.
Aw, go on and shave your own mug.

—Vox Lycei.

The March number of "The Gleam," in speaking of the debate held here last year, says:

"The Winnipeg team was delighted with the cordial reception which was given them by Brandon College, and it is hoped that Brandon College will receive similar treatment when the return debate is held here."

Their hope was long since realized.

GREAT SCOT!

If Ivanhoed the bonny brae,
And Athelstained his tunic new;
If Friar tucked his food away,
Pray, what, oh what, would Roderick Dhu?

—Albertus.

SOME OF NAPOLEON'S APHORISMS.

"Unity of command is a first necessity of war."

"Love is the occupation of the idle man, the distraction of the warrior, the stumbling block of the sovereign."

"The first quality of a commander-in-chief is a cool head."

"He lies too much. One may very well lie sometimes, but always is too much."

"A great captain ought to say to himself several times a day: If the enemy appear on my front, my right, or my left, what should I do? If he finds himself embarrassed, he is ill-posted."

"When a king is said to be a kind man, the reign is a failure."

"The heart of a statesman should be in his head."

"High tragedy is the school of great men. It is the duty of sovereigns to encourage and spread it. Tragedy warms the soul, raises the heart, can and ought to create heroes."

"Bleeding enters into the combination of political medicine."

"Conscription is the eternal root of a nation, purifying its morality and framing all its habits."

"I regard myself as probably the most daring man in war who has ever existed."

"Love of country is the first virtue of civilized man."

"There are only two nations—East and West."

—H. A. L. Fisher's "Napoleon."

THE FRENZIED FICTION WRITER.

"He was breathing hard; his pulses were beating in his ears; he tore his eyes from her face, and they fell upon her arm flung across him."

—The Cosmopolitan.

The following excerpts from an article on "How to Read," by Dr. Frank Crane, contain much food for thought:

"Someone asked a sensible college professor if he had read through all the books in his library; he replied that he never expected to read them through, they were for reference.

"A book is like a storehouse; we go to it to get what we need. No one would think of eating straight through the shelves of a grocery, nor of taking the contents of all the bottles of a drug store.

"When you do not need a fact and cannot use it, it is of no value. It would save us a world of vain effort if we recognized this truth"

"The well informed person is not one who knows a great

deal, but one who knows where to go to get any information required. It is not information, but how to hunt for information that you need to learn. How to search through books for facts as a hunter treads the forest for game, that is the thing. To be able to find out about a certain subject that interests you, working with a library, is better than to know all Gibbon's history by heart.

"You do not need great reading, so much as to know the art of reading and of skipping."

"I have heard that Wagner's music is better than it sounds."
—Bill Nye.

"The following notice was placed on the Academy bulletin board:

"'Anybody who has a West's Beginner's Grammar that doesn't belong to him will please leave it at Room 7.'

"Some observing lad wrote underneath:

"'Believe me, you must expect to get some pile of grammars. Potter, you are some lad, believe me!'"

—Acadia Athenæum.

We welcome to our exchange list "Vox Lycei," official organ of the Hamilton Collegiate Institute. It is one of the best high school magazines that we have ever seen. The splendid results of an essay competition, held by the "Vox," are apparent in the Spring number.

A man without ambition is like a defunct bank—all building and no assets.
—Caxton.

The column, "Our Graduates," of McMaster University Monthly, is one of the best of its kind. The April number contains an appreciation and a picture of Dr. Parsons, who is now at Rochester Theological Seminary. Many Brandon College students will remember Dr. Parsons, as he lectured here in 1912-13.

ESSAY ON MAN.

"A little girl wrote the following essay on Man:

"'Men are what women marry. They drink, smoke and swear, but don't go to church. Perhaps if they wore bonnets they would. They are more logical than women, and also more zoological. Both men and women spring from monkeys, but the woman springs farther than the man.'"

—The Sheaf.

Most of the college magazines mentioned here this month are now somewhat old, having been received last spring. They are none the less interesting on this account, however, and are worthy of your consideration. For the benefit of Brandon College students who may wish to look over the publications of sister institutions, we have placed these exchanges in the reading room.

“Laugh and the teacher laughs with you,
 Laugh and you laugh alone;
 The first when the joke’s the teacher’s,
 The second when it’s your own.”

—Vox Lycei.

“The Gleam” contains many splendid articles of diverse kinds. “The Interpretation of Art,” “Compulsory Latin,” “The Study of Political Economy,” “Tolstoy,” “In Praise of Charles Dickens”—these are but a few of the good ones, and serve to show the range of subjects treated of. There is even an article on “Pie”—yes, and it is illustrated.

“The Sheaf,” the bright, breezy periodical published by the students of University of Saskatchewan, contains much that is good. The following lines are taken from an essay on “Freshmen,” which appeared in the March issue:

“To think or not to think: that is the question:
 Whether ’tis nobler in the class to suffer
 The alleged humor of an outraged professor,
 Or to take up arms against a sea of troubles,
 And by hard toiling end them? To cram, to swat
 Some more; before by sleep we try to end
 The heartache and the thousand natural shocks
 Freshmen are heir to, ’tis a consummation
 Devoutly to be wished.”

Then follows a definition of freshmen, from which we learn that “they are creatures, very probably human, present at all universities, from which, after much prolonged civilizing, they emerge, to become more or less useful citizens.”

We gratefully acknowledge receipt of the following: The Tallow Dip, The McMaster University Monthly, The Gleam, The Mitre, The Okanagan Lyceum, King’s College Record, St. John’s College Magazine, The Sheaf, Collegiate Outlook, Albertur, Argosy, Vox Lycei, Acadia Athenæum.

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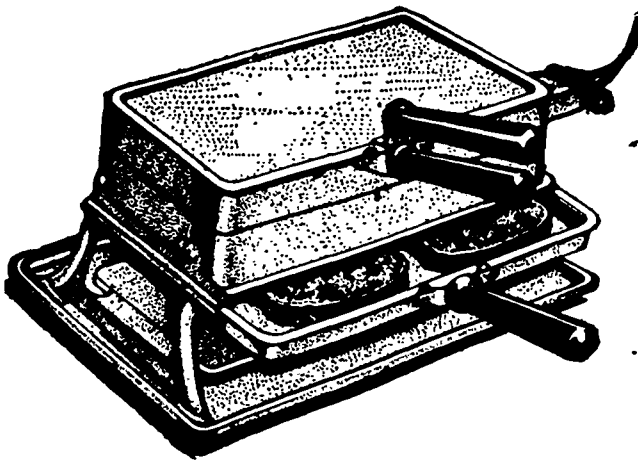
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