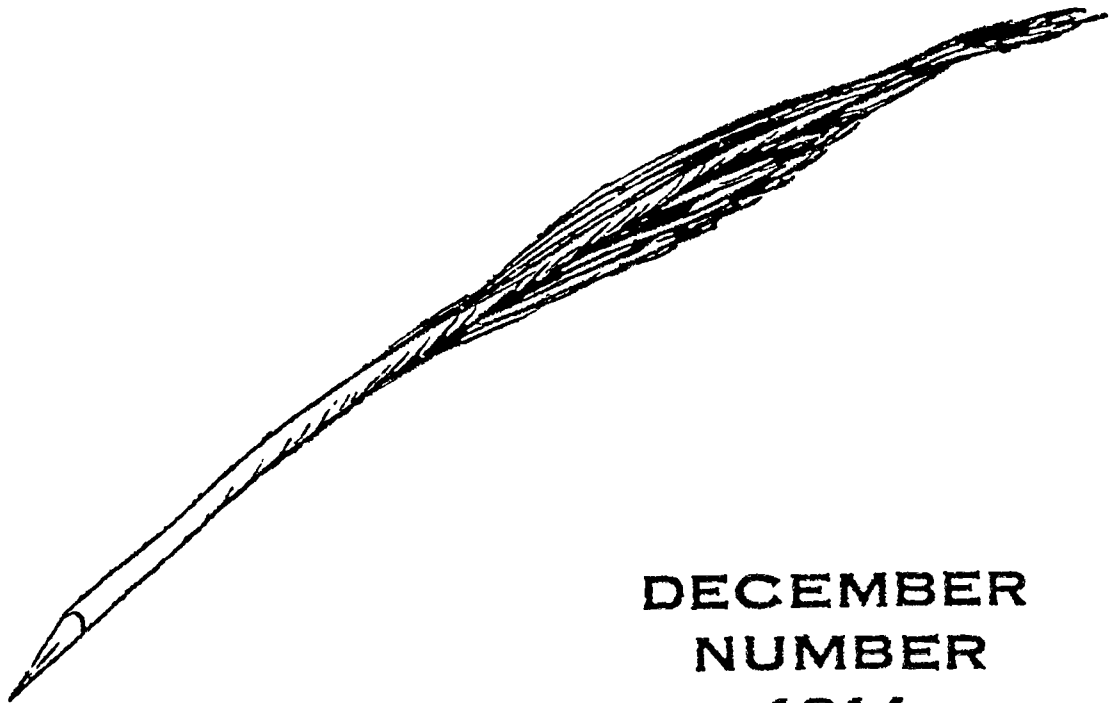
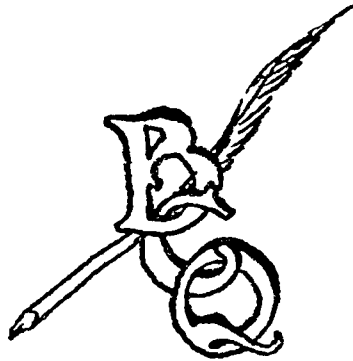
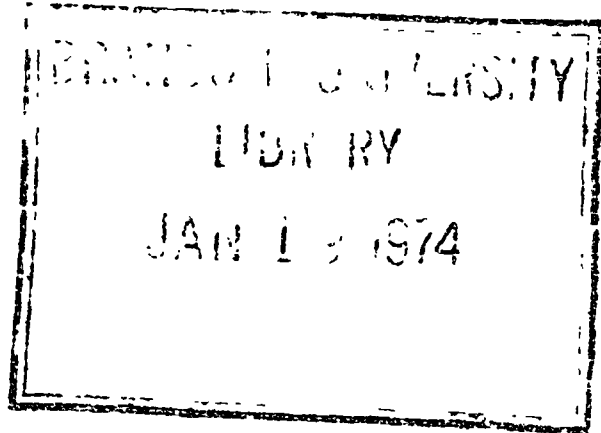


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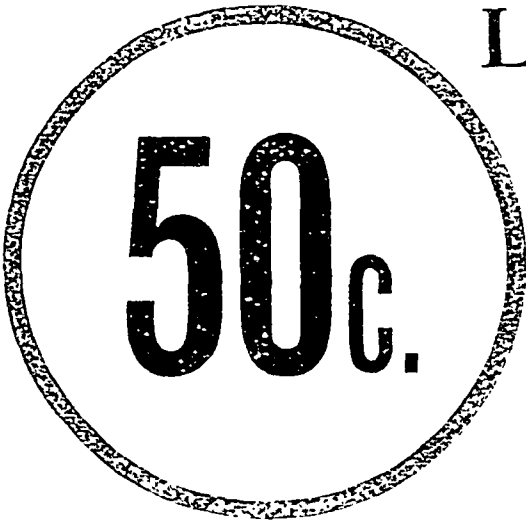
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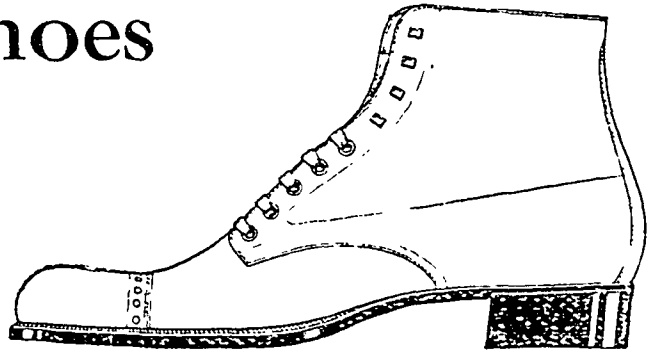
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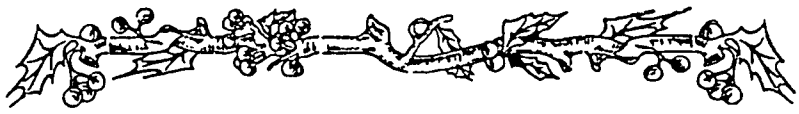


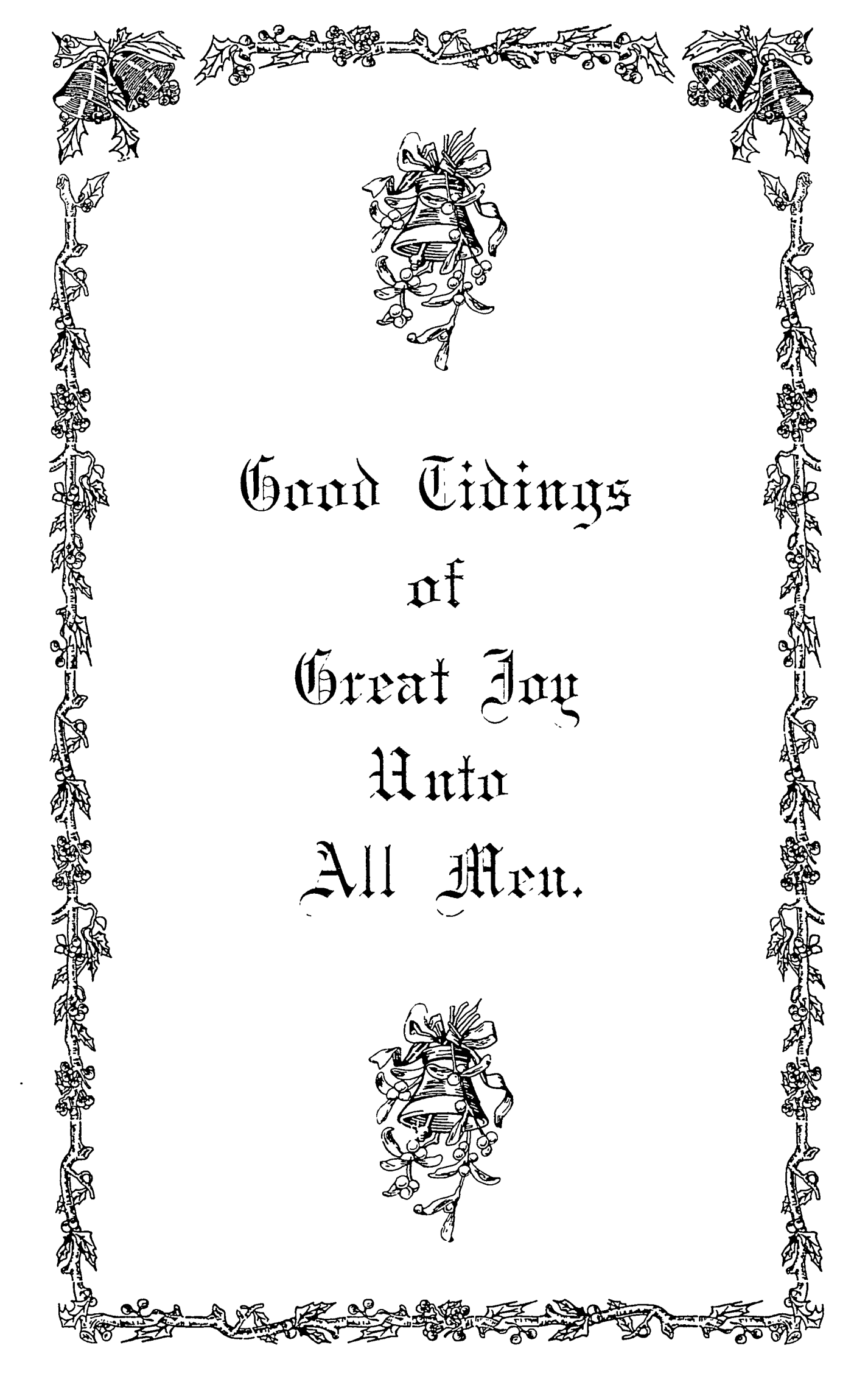


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HAPPY WARRIORS.

[In the specialization of our day it is not necessary that a man should be restricted solely to his chosen work. In the articles below, Lord Roberts, the military leader, is discussed by our specialist in New Testament Times, while the sketch of Silvester Horne's life and work is written by our political economist. Moreover, success is not confined to any one vocation, but common to all. In the pages immediately following we have accounts of two men who fought for vastly different ends and each in his own sphere was eminently successful, as a perusal of the articles will reveal --Ed.]

LORD ROBERTS.

All the world admires a soldier. Doubtless this is an exaggeration of the truth, for there are many who by instinct and by education detest war and can hardly bring themselves to admire its personification in the soldier. The statement, however, finds its closest approximation to the truth in the case of Lord Roberts, whose death, under circumstances peculiarly fitting and pathetic, struck a chord which vibrated throughout the length and breadth of the British Empire in the heart of citizen and soldier alike. For Lord Roberts was more than a soldier: he was a whole true man.

Lord Roberts, familiarly known as "Bobs," was born in Cawnpore, India, in 1832, of Irish parentage. His father was himself a distinguished officer in the British Indian army. The boy was sent home to Ireland to go to school in the land of his fathers. Later, he was educated at Eton, at Sandhurst, a training school for officers, and at Addiscombe, a special school for the training of the army service in India. On December 12th, 1851, at the age of 19, he set forth upon his eventful and successful career of forty-one years in India, having secured a commission in the Bengal artillery.

Many stories are current of his difficulties and handicaps in this training for his cherished task of becoming an officer in the Indian army. At school he was reckoned too small to take part in the games. He never gained the proper height of a soldier. He was small of stature, but as Zacchaeus of old mounted a tree in order to dominate the situation, so young Roberts in the pursuit of his ambition mounted a horse. As

the Spartan mother advised her young son when complaining of the shortness of his sword, to "add a step to it," so young Roberts, chagrined at the shortness of his stature, overcame it by riding the tallest horse he could find. So Kipling says in his inimitable poem known over the whole British Empire:

"There's a little red-faced man—
Which is Bobs!
Rides the tallest horse 'e can—
Our Bobs,
If it bucks or kicks or rears,
'E can sit for twenty years
With a smile round both his ears
Can't yer, Bobs?"

Young Roberts became and continued to be an expert horseman. This is but one indication of the many ways in which young Roberts overcame his handicaps. He pressed steadily forward through thirty-four years of valuable and honored service in India. In 1885, in succession to Sir Donald Stewart, he was appointed Commander-in-Chief, the goal of his ambition and the supreme military office under the British crown in India. This position he filled with dignity and efficiency until his final departure from India in 1893.

Most of us now recall with a shudder of despair and horror the dark days of the beginning of the Boer war in South Africa in 1899. In boastful words General Buller declared that he would eat his Christmas dinner in Pretoria, a boast that strikes us now as strange and reminds us sharply that our present Teutonic enemies are not the only ones who have yielded to the foolish spirit of pride and conceit. When the dark war-cloud hung like a veritable pall over the whole of the British Empire, when Lord Roberts' only son had been killed, he himself was sent out with supreme command in South Africa, in the hope that he would relieve the desperate situation.

And that hope was not disappointed. Not with boastful words, but with quiet confidence, sound strategy, and the latent power of a strong personality, Lord Roberts went to work at the seemingly impossible task, and in a short time the whole situation was changed, the cloud lifted, and an immense sigh of relief went up from the whole British nation. It was a characteristic example of the man of character of whom Emerson says "He conquers because his arrival alters the face of affairs."

And this suggests a brief study of the character and personality of the man whose profession was that of a soldier, whose business was war and who in the later years of his life especially advocated conscription, compulsory military service,

and sought to rouse his fellow citizens to the necessity of rifle shooting and all forms of military training. We frequently read academic discussions on the fearful wickedness of war under any circumstances. We know of people who would not fight even to defend home and loved ones, honor or purity, so sacrilegious and wicked does war appear to them. And sometimes the question is asked, "Can a soldier, a man whose profession and practice is the horrible business of deliberate and scientific killing and butchery—can such a man be a Christian? We may fully sympathize with the spirit of this impossible Utopian attitude to war. We do not believe that the attitude of the German military caste toward war corresponds either to truth or ideality—the idea that war, though unfortunate, is really both noble and necessary, noble in that it rouses a people to the highest pitch of consecration, devotion, courage and sacrifice; necessary in that it alone blazes the trail and paves the way for art, science, culture and commerce. With this theory of war as noble and necessary held by some military spirits in all nations, the spirit of Christ and Christianity is in total and irreconcilable opposition. But such was not the theory of Lord Roberts and such is not the theory of the British people as a whole.

But if one asks a question as to whether a professional soldier can be a Christian, one has the answer in the manifest spirit and character of Lord Roberts himself. He was the darling of the army, loved and respected as none other by the rank and file, chiefly because of his readiness to share all the risks of war with them and because of his active and constant thought for their welfare. From his father and from his experience in India he learned to discount the arrogant attitude all too common in army officials and to adopt the more effective policy of sympathy and love combined with firm discipline. In the actual necessary business of war he was by no means faint-hearted nor unduly considerate of the enemy. He could say, "I trust that in the British army at any rate we shall hear no more of the moral effect of guns, but of their destructive power." But in reality he was nobly fair to the foe. Only a few days before his sudden death he warned his countrymen against accepting and spreading wild stories of German atrocities and against the foolish and unworthy habit of "beating the Germans with their mouths." On his departure from South Africa he could say with the utmost sincerity and naturalness to his soldiers: "And now farewell! May God bless every member of the South African army, and that you may be spared to return to your homes and find those dear to you well and happy is the earnest hope of your commander."

Lord Roberts died as he would have wished, on the battle-

field, not in active service indeed, for he was in his eighty-third year. He was visiting the soldiers and especially the members of the Indian troops whom he had served or commanded for over forty years. The exposure was evidently too severe for him. He contracted pneumonia and quickly passed away.

With a throb in the throat and with inexpressible sorrow in the heart not merely every soldier but every British citizen who knows of his life and character and his pathetic and sudden death, will join in saying: "Farewell to thee, brave heart! God speed thy spirit to the realms of rest and the fields of a new and higher service."

H. L. MacN.

CHARLES SILVESTER HORNE.

A man in love with his profession and using that profession for high and noble ends commands our respect, excites our admiration and engages our affection. Such a man was Charles Silvester Horne. His great figure looms up as an oasis across the dreary levels of mediocrity with all the welcome that the city of palm trees offers to the desert-thirsted traveller. This non-conforming Englishman chose as his life work the Christian ministry, and by the high ideals he embodied in his conception of this office reveals once more the debt of humanity to the leaders of the Christian church.

It is, therefore, with peculiarly pleasurable anticipations that one turns to his posthumous volume entitled "The Romance of Preaching" for a single last glimpse of him as he passes from our midst to take his place with those other great heroes of the pulpit whom he knew and loved so well. "Nothing so became his life as his manner of leaving it." A few months ago he crossed the Atlantic to lecture to the Divinity students at Yale university. After achieving this purpose he left for Toronto, where he was to speak, but while crossing Lake Ontario he died suddenly on the ship's deck. He was only forty-nine. Turning into indirect narration Robert Louis Ste-

venson's fine lines, one can truly say of him "In the hot-fit of life, a tip-toe on the highest point of being, he passed at a single bound on to the other side. The noise of the mallet and chisel was scarcely quenched, the trumpets were hardly done blowing, when trailing with him clouds of glory, this happy-starred, full-blooded spirit shot into the spiritual land."

"The Romance of Preaching," which contains the substance of his last addresses, also contains a short sketch of his career by Howard Bridgman, editor of *The Congregationalist*. A son of the manse, Horne early surrendered himself to the idea of the ministry, and after an Arts' course at Glasgow university and theological training at Mansfield College, Oxford, his great gifts placed him at the head of a church at Kensington, a fashionable section of the city of London. Here happily placed among the cultured and the fine, one might suppose he would rest the laboring oar content with the opportunities for usefulness and leadership that such a position undeniably gave to him.

But it has been said of genius that it differs from the ordinary talents chiefly in the ability to see ends and possibilities that the common run sees not. After some years in this attractive pastorate there came to him the urge and burden of London's poor. He resigned his church to become leader at Whitefield's Tabernacle in the crowded centre of the city's turbid life. Upon the homes of the poor and the purlieus of the criminal he threw the whole power of his winning personality and built up a wonderful institutional church which ministered to the spiritual and finer needs of man all the week through. Upon the simple tablet which commemorates Christopher Wren, the architect of St. Paul's cathedral, is written the words, "Si monumentum requiris circumspice." In one sense it might be said that of Charles Sylvester Horne, this great institutional church was his monument, but that, after all, would be just a pale reflection of the truth. His true and enduring monument is in that hope and joy graven upon the hearts of the thousands in that community whom he laid in tribute to his Master, and in that tonic of optimism and faith which he spread throughout England and the Christian world generally through the medium of his political and literary work.

For with all his other activity he found time to enter political life. It would be strange indeed if he had not. In an age when "laissez faire" has been discredited both as a principle of political philosophy and as a rule of conduct when state organization has come in to correct the excesses of personal liberty in social and economic life, he naturally found himself with the heaviest battalions in a struggle for a better life for

the masses of the United Kingdom. T. P. O'Connor, in an appreciation of his life shortly after death, records the peculiar spell he laid upon the English House of Commons, when he rose to speak, be it for Irish Home Rule, Welsh Disestablishment or social reform. In the organization of the State Horne saw merely an instrument to secure the great ends of justice, charity and brotherhood.

Probably, however, it is by his books, and by his last book particularly, he is best known to the world at large. Of "The Romance of Preaching" it may be said it is a fitting *apologia pro vita*. We are told by his biographer that Horne devoted much time to it during the last year of his life. The title suggests the spirit and attitude with which he regarded his calling. Bliss Perry, in his book, "The Amateur Spirit," depicts with sympathetic skill, the temptation of the professional worker to fall into rut and routine, to fail to approach his daily toil full of the fine, happy enthusiasm that the amateur with unflagging zest and interest approaches his hobby. Charles Silvester Horne at forty-nine, with the maturity of years upon him, indeed having passed by nearly a decade, that bourne that Dr. Osler has set for the productive worker, writes with lofty unconquerable enthusiasm of the high romance of his profession.

The romance which captivated him was not that of "magic casements opening upon faery seas forlorn," but rather that never-ending appeal which Browning pictures in the first line of "Parting at Morning," when,

"Round the cape of a sudden came the sea,
And the sun look over the mountain rim,
And straight was the path of gold for him
And the need of a world of men for me."

And so there passes before us a great galaxy of men of whom the world had need: Athanasius, Chrysostom, the royalty of the pulpit; Savonarola, Calvin, John Knox, the rulers of peoples; John Robinson and the Pilgrim Fathers, the founders of freedom; Wesley and Whitefield, with their passion for evangelism; and over all the insistence lies that "the work of the preacher in modern times remains as romantic and dramatic as ever"; that our times are not "in the nature of an anti-climax to the illustrious generations passed in review," nor that "the great gates leading into the spacious lands of opportunity are all closed and that nothing remains to us but some shabby and petty doors giving upon meagre and uninviting fields." "The mystery and wonder of the human spirit remain." "The wonder of conversion remains." "We are on the eve of new applications of Christ's teachings." "There is being heard to-

day with new insistence the ever romantic strains of the angels' song of peace and good will."

"The Romance of Preaching" is a truly inspiring book. It appeals to all of us as the fine flower and effluence of a life which surrendered itself completely to the romance and mystery of a noble profession, and which had the happy gift of revealing that charm to fellow workers in other fields. It should prove a book of particular interest to any young man whose mind is turning to the choice of a profession, and who perhaps thinks that the ministry has not its reward for those who enter it with a high and noble purpose. Charles Silvester Horne reminds us once more of the place in the community the man occupies who can:

"Minister to a mind diseased,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
And with some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart."

In his life Horne was ever like that ideal which Coriolanus wished for his son:

"Like a great sea mark
. . . . standing every flaw,
And saving those that eye thee."

—D. A. MacG.

★

There is not room for Death,
Nor atom that his might could render void:
Thou—Thou are Being and Breath,
And what thou art may never be destroyed.

THE SHADOW.

TRANSLATED FROM THE SWEDISH BY H. F. WIDEN '16

Hans Alienus dwelt in a poor inn at Jerusalem. One evening he stood for a long time before the open window. The air was warm and still. On the noisy street below an ass-driver came riding straddle-legged on a shaggy beast of burned, whose little hoofs jingled and stumbled on the large smooth stones. The stooping rider sang in monotone, after the manner of the Oriental, with long drawn, plaintive nasal tones. As he passed up the street the sound of his voice in the distance resembled that of bagpipes.

On the window-sill lay a printed treatise, and so bright was the moonlight of this southern December night that Hans could read without difficulty the fine print. The treatise was a masterly defense of traditional culture. But, being in the city from which emanated the principle of universal brotherhood, a conception to be borne to the uttermost parts of the earth, he glanced over the bundle of paper and ejaculated:

"No, no! the young hot blood must ever be the spontaneous foe of the Unprogressive—of hoary myths. We of the younger generation are those who in all ages have broken ground for the truths conceived in this city."

While yet soliloquising, he unconsciously made a movement with his hand. At the same moment his eyes chanced upon his own shadow, which the moon silhouetted upon the opposite wall of his room. A laugh was irrepressible. Was it the shadow of a stage performer declaiming with hand raised in defiance and head tossed haughtily backwards?

* * * * *

Humiliated, for the first time in his life he began to ponder how it was that, just as a cargo of costly treasure contained also a small, oh, such a small and seldom remembered, pearl, so among the many ideas carried to the West land, there was also a priceless gem, humility.

He pressed a hand over his face and closed his eyes, and it seemed as if a thousand stars blazed up before him. To be sure it was only his own pulsating blood that called them forth; but gradually it seemed to dawn upon him that the small visionary orbs resembled the pale stars he had just been observing. Only after a long time was he aroused by voices from the street. He looked out.

Between the houses on the other side stood a wall and before it on the ground a fire was burning. Beside the fire sat Christ surrounded by a few sincere followers and friends. Some

paces behind him his shadow fell and was magnified on the huge quarried blocks.

Presently, John, His beloved disciple, absentmindedly, took a charred ember and with it traced the outlines of the shadow until he had delineated the Master's figure on the wall. After that he let the coal drop and became more deeply absorbed in the conversation.

The following morning, when Hans Alienus again stood before the open window watching the people pass, he saw many stopping to look upon the sketch on the wall.

"That represents a cobbler, for he has a crooked back," said the shoe-maker.

"Thou employest idle words," answered the fruit-seller. "From his stoop it is most easily perceived that he is a fruit-monger, though the basket for his back has been forgotten by the draughtsman. The half-open mouth clearly shows that he is crying, 'Buy pomegranates! Come and buy! Come and buy!'"

An eminent member of the Sanhedrin passing by, who of course, did not mingle his voice with the rag-pickers' babble, thought to himself: "I can well see by the high forehead that it represents a learned man, a thinker. One would almost take it for a portrait of myself. Decidedly it *is* myself! Not badly done. Likely some one of the rag pickers has sketched me. They all know who *I* am."

Meanwhile, one of the onlookers had quietly approached the charcoal sketch. He was a modestly dressed man with a gentle and kindly face, reminding one of the face of a child. No one knew much about him, nor has any annal since preserved his name, for he lived in retirement, timidly shrinking back from all clamor, and modestly avoiding any notice of himself. With his hands folded upon the head of his cane he contemplated the picture. "What a noble brow!" he reflected. "What a lofty humility in the whole form! Oh, that it were possible that I could be like that image!"

As he stood there humble and silent, he seemed so like the image that passers-by whispered and pointed him out. Confounded and timed he withdrew, and he knew not why they gazed after him.

He did not resemble Christ. He resembled only His shadow and that unknowingly. Had he known it, and proudly tossed back his head—then would the likeness have vanished.

CHRISTMAS A LA MATHEMATIQUE

ARTHUR W. VINING, Sc. D.

Christmas is a series of stars of ever lessening magnitude that help to trace the line of life. We run our course on the plane of experience and its locus is defined in terms of two coordinates—prevailing hope and hollow-eyed despair. Their junction is our Interlaken, the port of departure from one of those great deeps unto the other of which the poets talk. These are the first and third quadrants of experience, the past and the now. Of them we cannot choose but take; but of the others, whether we tend up to the second or down to the fourth, depends upon which rein we mostly draw of that wild Pegasus whereon our infant knighthood mounts.

Meanwhile in parallel planes but varying lines course all the adventurers of our company.

At first the gleaming star bedazzles us. It is the great incident of the road, and after it is past we ride in darkness with the light behind. But as the way advances and the stars pass swifter by, we learn to treasure up the light of each for the long mile beyond. Taking, shines backward only; but to give, casts light before and after, and in its mellow glow the voyageur moves onward to the outer bound of that line circle at infinity where meet all destinies and creeds and mysteries of being.

TWO SPRIGS OF HOLLY.

JENNIE TURNBULL '15.

It was Christmas Eve. She stood on the platform waiting for a street car, and as the hustling crowd surged past her, there were many who turned to look at the bright, cheery face, smiling out over the great bundle of glistening holly which she held in her arms.

A ragged little newsy swaggered along and held the evening paper toward her. She shook her head, but he, encouraged by her smile, timidly asked for some of "them there flowers," and proudly marched on his way when she had stuck a sprig patiently in his buttonhole.

A little Italian girl, standing shivering by her peanut

stand on the opposite corner, had witnessed this little scene. She made her way with difficulty through the throng of carriages and in silence stretched out a dirty hand toward the shining holly. With a nod and a smile, the young lady parted with another spray. The child's face lighted up with a flash of gladness, and holding the precious bit of brightness tightly in her hand, she darted back through the crowd to her post.

Just then the street car stopped beside the platform. As the young lady turned to board it, a burly policeman touched his cap as he passed, and she saw in his look that by aiding the weak she had taught the strong.

A DISCOVERY.

C. STONE '17.

Many years ago, just before Christmas, a boy somewhat older than myself came to me quietly and said, "Say! if you won't tell anybody, I'll tell you something." "All right," I replied, and accordingly he came close to me and in a very confidential way said: "I've found out that there isn't any Santa Claus." I smiled. It wasn't new to me. My two sisters and I, after hanging up our stockings the previous Christmas, had heard voices which we recognized. I thought then that we were clever to make the discovery. I have thought since we were too smart. For many of us the old fable has gone. Yet, I trust, that to all who read these lines there may come at this most blessed season of the year that consciousness of the old time Christmas—call it what you will—which makes the man who has felt all the year that he was without a friend know there are friends enough to go around.

This Christmas is, perhaps, unparalleled in many of our lives. As we eat our Christmas dinner we must needs think of those of our number whose Christmas will be spent on the battle field. We must indeed stop for a moment and say, "May the peace which was promised by the angels some nineteen hundred years ago soon spread its protecting wings over every spot that claims the name of home."

THE FOUNDATION STONE.

W. WHITE '17.

How many of those who daily enter Brandon College ever think of what it stands for? To most it is merely a place where instruction is to be had. But let us look a little closer. In what way did the site of Brandon College become different from the cheerless prairie?

The pursuit of human ideals changed a barren spot of ground into a little world teeming with human interests and passions. The motives that suggested its building were as diverse as the poles; but no institution worthy of mention ever yet originated from a motive detached from all others. Some of the motives were powerful, some less so; but all had their part and today Brandon College shows up as an institution struggling to a mature strength. Its usefulness will grow and become a powerful influence. And it all commenced because once upon a time there was a Christmas morning.

CHRISTMAS 1914.

ANNIE K. MACHESNEY '18.

At the mention of Christmas many of us are carried back in memory to childhood days, when that word suggested to us happiness in the superlative degree. Following closely upon this thought come that of the children of today and their glad Christmas-tide. The chain of ideas soon brings to us a consideration of the 1914 Christmas. We cannot but realize how vastly different will be this season from that of last year or the years before, in many homes, in many lands.

Throughout our own British Empire the greatest joy of the Yuletide is the custom of family reunion. If ever a Britisher wishes to be at home, and makes an effort to be there, it is on the twenty-fifth day of December. But thousands in our Empire are separated at this particular time, some of them never to meet again. There is a cloud over our Christmas.

But far darker is the prospect for our loyal friends in Belgium, France and Russia. Not only separated from kind-

red and home, but haunted by the certainty that their dear ones are homeless or in worse peril. What will this season mean to them?

These are not the only sufferers. Fully as great must be the gloom in Germany and in Austria. In our bitterness over this awful war we are sometimes inclined to forget that enemies suffer as well as friends, and that among these people are just as many sad hearts and shadowed homes.

In conclusion, let us not forget that we may still keep the Christmas spirit, remembering that this year good cheer is needed, perhaps more than in other years.

A UNIVERSAL CHRISTMAS.

A. HUGHES, '17.

Once more the onroll of the months of the year brings us to the celebration of the greatest gift-day of the year. The angel courier, attended by an angel choir, hurrying down the limestone hills of Bethlehem announced to the world the birth of this gift-day. The clock of destiny in the throne room of gladness had struck at last the pivotal hour of all time. The day-dawn of a new era broke over the hill-tops of time when the manger cradle of Bethlehem held its wondrous babe.

Taking a survey of the world as it stood before the angels sang their song of peace, we see how much of oppression and cruelty prevailed—the people divided into those who were served and those who served; slavery prevalent; women despised; little thought for the old and feeble, the insane, the helpless little ones. But since the Bethlehem star lighted the path of history, conditions have changed. The world may be evil today, but none of us would like to have it put back nineteen centuries. We are glad to open our eyes upon the Christmas of 1914.

Notwithstanding our thankfulness for things as they are, what a change there would be if Christmas were kept in every home in every land.

A universal Christmas would mean universal enlightenment. World-wide honor would be recognized. People of every clime would find a common basis in love and sympathy. Never again would the bonds of peace be shattered. There could be no superstition or fetishism; none of the despairing misery of ignorance.

Who would not desire to help usher in a universal Christmas?

THE YUKON.

A. CAIRNS, BUSINESS

It is little more than 900 miles from Vancouver to Skagway. All the way, the route lies among the islands which guard the western coast like pickets of the line. Their lofty mountain peaks are often obscured by the clouds of glistening white. The channels are deep, but quiet as inland lakes. Here one may give oneself over to the full enjoyment of the ever-changing panorama of sea and mountain, of crag and peaks and dense spruce-clad slopes, clear to the water's edge. At times it is cut off for a space, where a river of ice and snow, commencing up among the mountain tops, fills the passes and comes down to meet the sea. Such a river is the Taku Glacier, a tremendous moving body of ice, three hundred feet high and one mile wide. Not only is there charm of scenery, but the native Indians in their picturesque villages are a source of unfailing interest. This archipelago, along the coast of British Columbia and Alaska, is the land of the totem pole, whose grotesque and often hideous carvings argue strongly for Asiatic origin of a people who are rapidly disappearing before the march of civilization.

Skagway, the end of the north bound voyage, is the place which, in a few months, grew from an Indian fishing village to a city of fifteen thousand people, most of whom were mad with the lure of gold. Here they gathered from nearly every part of the globe to commence their toilsome and dangerous journey over the Chilcoot or the White Pass, through the surging waters of Miles Canyon, the seething White Horse Rapids, and down the Yukon to the golden Klondike. It is the terminus of the White Pass Railroad and is situated at the head of the Lynn Canal, a hundred miles north of Juenau. On arrival, one will hear stories of the "early days," when the town was ruled by "Soapy" Smith and his gang, when gambling was rampant, and "the limit" was the sky. But these days are gone forever. Today, Skagway is one of the most orderly communities. The White Pass Railway, which runs between Skagway and White Horse, is one of the most wonderful feats of engineering in the world. It is worth going any distance to view this gigantic achievement. After leaving the coast, the train begins at once a steady climb into the mountains of the Alaska Coast Range. Rock-ribbed and steep, as though forbidding men to attempt to climb their heights, range after range of mountains raise their snow-capped peaks to the clouds. Glaciers rest peacefully in the mountain tops. Silvery streams, half-hidden in the canyons, can be seen in the depths below. Lakes in every depres-

sion reflect the coloring of the sky, and the rocks around them. Mountain torrents rush over the rocks and rainbows flicker in their mists. Save for the insignificant little train that crawls along the dizzy slopes through man-made tunnels and over spider-legged bridges, all is as when the world was made. It is a scene which, once viewed, will never be forgotten.

Twenty miles from Skagway is the White Pass summit. It is the international boundary. Here, on the top of the world, as it were, side by side, wave the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes. Here you are on the great divide. On one hand you see the waters which flow south but a few miles to the Pacific. On the other lies Summit Lake, a tiny spot among the great hills, and it is from this small sheet of water, scarcely larger than an artificial pond in some of our parks, that the mighty Yukon River rises. It flows from this point, only twenty miles from the sea, over twenty-three hundred miles north and west to the Bering Sea.

On reaching Lake Bennett, on the White Pass railroad, we find ourselves on the site of the great city of tents of '97. Thousands of men and a few women camped here, and built boats and rafts on which to convey themselves and their outfits down through the lakes and rivers to the Land of Gold.

The next stop is Caribou, and just before reaching it the train passes over the most northerly swing bridge on the American continent. It spans the outlet of Lake Bennett into Nares Lake. Numerous other small lakes are passed and then Miles Canyon and the White Horse Rapids. As we stand on the brink of this world-famed gorge, pictures of the "old days" rise before our eyes. Bold adventurers on rafts and in ill-made boats are whirled into the swift and dangerous waters in the mad rush to the Klondike. Many an outfit and many a life was lost in this historic spot. Many a fondly cherished hope sank in these roaring waters, where men steered their frail barks, with fear of death as their pilot.

Three miles from the Rapids is the town of White Horse, the interior terminal of the White Pass Railroad. The remainder of the trip, from White Horse to Dawson, a distance of about four hundred and fifty miles, or right out to Nome, if you wish, is made by steamer, down the Yukon River. The scenery is magnificent all the way. We can follow the gold seekers of the early period through Lake La Barge and the Thirty Mile River. And then comes one of the most thrilling experiences of the whole trip—the shooting of Five Finger Rapids. Here the river narrows to one hundred and fifty yards across. Five great rocks tower bastion-like at intervals across the river, between two of which the steamer glides, almost touching the

stone walls in passing. The waters of the Yukon River have cut through the lower spurs of a great mountain range, and the steamer plies this route of ever-changing scenic grandeur. It winds around and between countless islands, at times running close under huge granite cliffs. There is not a single mile of the way but holds vivid interest. And then, at last, comes Dawson, the golden metropolis of the North. As the steamer pulls into the dock, pictures of the "old days" flash through your mind. In fancy, you try to think of it as it must have been in the days of '97 and '98. Dawson is picturesquely situated at the junction of the Yukon and Klondike rivers. The Klondike proper is a region within a radius of only seventy-five miles from Dawson, but the entire country, from the Arctic to the Pacific and out to the Bering Sea, is gold bearing.

Gold was discovered on Bonanza Creek in August, 1896, by George Carmac and his two Indian companions, Shookum (strong) Jim and Cultis (lazy) Charlie. This precipitated the stampede into the country of thirty thousand energetic spirits who opened the camp to the extent that it has produced 180,000,000 dollars in gold. The men who were the nucleus of this field have spread over Alaska and with their experience have opened up the great camps of Nome and Fairbanks. Twelve years, however, have sufficed to see the richest ground in the Klondike worked out. But perhaps as much more remains in low-grade levels. Many localities in the territory not yet touched will prove rich payers as low-grade propositions and no doubt some new centres will be opened as high-grade enterprises. The large investors who are now in the country work the old creeks in a systematic manner. They use huge dredges, hydraulic plants and immense water ditches. One of the ditches is over seventy-five miles long.

The Guggenheims, working under the name of the Yukon Gold Co., have acquired control of Bonanza, Eldorado and Hunter Creeks, the richest of the famous Klondike gold streams. They have a fleet of eight dredges, which commence working in the spring and never stop till the winter shut-down. The Canadian Klondike Co. owns ten miles of rich virgin ground from Bear Creek to the mouth of the Klondike. They have at work the four largest gold dredges in the world. There are five or six smaller companies operating, all of which have miles of splendid dredging ground. No less than thirty hydraulic giants are tearing down the hills of the Klondike camp. On the Pelly, the Teslin, the Porcupine and other large side-streams, good prospects are being worked and may soon develop into large camps.

In the Mayo district a very rich silver ledge has been dis-

covered. During the past summer the operators have shipped something like ninety tons of ore, which, considering the distance from transportation, is doing very well. Coal has also been discovered and the two coal mines now working are owned by the Tantalus Coal Mining Co. and the Coal Creek Coal Co.

The right to acquire placer and quartz properties, timber and other lands in the Yukon territory is extended to every person over eighteen years of age, regardless of nationality. Absolute security of title is afforded, especially in placer, which is the greatest inducement to the individual prospector.

Law and order in the Yukon territory is the best ever accorded a frontier camp. The Royal Northwest Mounted Police deserve great credit for safety of life and property. With the shipment of millions in gold from the country, there have been very few robberies. The class of people exploiting the Yukon does not include the riff-raff or trouble-maker found on the "outside." In the "early days," when an undesirable struck town with the idea of "running it," he was put into a small boat with a few days' provisions, and shipped down the river. The American boundary is only a hundred miles below Dawson, and usually he did not stop till he was past it.

Regarding hunting, it is safe to say that there is no greater hunting and fishing region in the world. Bear, caribou, moose and mountain sheep are found in great numbers. The streams team with grayling and salmon. Grouse and ptarmigan are found in nearly every section. And the great variety of ducks, geese and other water-fowl, that have their breeding grounds there, make the north a perfect hunter's paradise.

The North has been called the Land of the Midnight Sun. It is possible to read your newspaper or write home at any hour of the night without the aid of artificial light. In the winter, the most magnificent of all is the Aurora Borealis. It is a sight that must be witnessed to be appreciated. It is entirely indescribable. Many men have attempted to describe this wonderful phenomenon, but after having seen it for yourself the descriptions all seem to fall flat. It commences with small shafts of light, shooting from horizon to horizon. Gradually it expands until it takes in the whole northern part of the sky, and becomes a panorama of ever-changing color, till it resembles a tremendous rainbow, with the colors chasing each other to and fro.

The Yukon and Alaska of today are amongst the most amazing facts of our new century. Sixteen years ago it was an impenetrable land of mystery, known only to a handful of intrepid explorers. Today it is a territory of easy access and truly a great country. There is a charm about it that grips

Most of the "old timers" who leave for the "outside" always land back somewhere in the North. They leave it, their minds full of the hardships endured, cursing the country and all in it. But when their "poke" is empty, their faces are turned northward again, and somehow, they don't know why, they find themselves back, prepared to take up the life where they dropped it.

The following poem, "The Spell of the Yukon," by Robert Service, seems appropriate for these home-sick Yukoners:

"I wanted the gold, and I sought it;
 I scrabbled and mucked like a slave.
 Was it famine or scurvy—I fought it;
 I hurled my youth in the grave.
 I wanted the gold, and I got it—
 Came out with a fortune last fall—
 Yet somehow life's not what I thought it,
 And somehow the gold isn't all.
 No! There's the land. Have you seen it?
 It's the cussedest land that I know,
 From the big, dizzy mountains that screen it,
 To the deep, deathlike valleys below.
 Some say God was tired when He made it;
 Some say it's a fine land to shun;
 Maybe: but there's some as would trade it
 For no land on earth—and I'm one."

LIFE'S SUBLIMITY.

V. COEN '16.

The grey sky glides across the window-pane,
 As gently urged by unknown winds above.
 Below, the silent snow, like some great dove
 Whose outstretched wings o'ershade the peaceful plain,
 Is sad and still. No sound the fields contain
 But distant childish shouts of play and love:
 Their sun-jewelled, universal, blue-arched cove
 Suspects no darkening clouds of work and pain.

Play on, sweet children; laugh the years away,
 And taste life's fullness in your artless fun.
 For us, it is to wear each new-born day
 With full-souled toil: God's world is scarce begun.

So, gay and sad, we paint our passing time
 In rich, unfading color, warm, sublime.

Brandon College Quill

FOUR NUMBERS A YEAR.

VOL. V.

DECEMBER

NO. 2

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 Mr. McIntyre. Advertising rates may be obtained from the Business Manager.

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OUR SALUTATIONS

A merry Christmas to *you!* To fellow-students, generous advertisers, revered alumni, virtuous and respectable faculty, unknown subscribers of diverse ages, statures, complexions and faces—in short, to all embraced in the term gentle reader, we bring most affectionate salutations. Peeping to-day over the rim of our serene, little college-world, we see thousands upon thousands of different characters, restless criminal and jaded society aspirant, weary toiler and tired idler, bilious pessimist and radiant lover. Whatever the trait, the creed, the nationality, we claim you now for our friend. Today let no distinctions cloud the infinite azure of goodwill. Space abounds; let all live gladly in the sun.

But how much warmer is our regard towards him, towards her, who is both gentle and a reader! How shall we express our amity to the one whose eyes fall lightly on these lines? To you, into the depths of whose soul these words are now peering; to you, in whose heart perhaps our feelings awaken some sympathetic response. What shall we say? Let us fall back upon the strength of simplicity. Gentle reader, a happy Christmas to *you!*

BE NOT DECEIVED

This is Christmas season; to many it is holiday time. Already words of goodwill and cheer abound. We fear that amid the enthusiasm of the period some of our students may be led astray. It is to prevent this that we pen these lines. Please accept them in the spirit in which they are written—the spirit of genuine goodwill. To our Arts' students Christmas season is not a holiday. It is not a time of feast making. The very opposite is the case. The new year brings with it trying examinations. When these arrive your quantity or quality of good-cheer will depend largely upon how you utilize this so-called holiday. In so far as we are concerned, isn't the very word a mockery? This is our friendly admonition: as you read the columns of this magazine, note that it is Christmas; note also, if you will, for some it is a holiday; then dismiss the thought and get to work. Those are cruel words. But if you obey them or more particularly disobey them, you will understand how sincere was our goodwill. We have at heart nothing foreign to your best interests. We have profound belief in your ability. So refrain from feast-making and pleasure-seeking at this crucial period. Apply yourself to your task diligently and earnestly. Then you will gladden us, your professors, the far-off examiners and last but by no means least, yourself. This is the meaning of our goodwill to you. This is perhaps the only method by which you can make your Christmas really joyous and New Year truly happy.

A WORD OF APPRECIATION

Now that compliments are in order, we would like in a very simple manner to offer a word of thanks. As editors we have not been unduly criticized. If our readers had a word of praise, they offered it and, human-like, we accepted. At times they have not been backward in calling our attention to mistakes made. This is helpful, and we thank them. Neither have we found our task laborious. One of the pleasant features of the work is the ready response which is given when the call goes forth for material. In this connection we would like to express our gratefulness to the members of the faculty. We feel that the "Quill" would indeed be incomplete but for the suggestions offered, and articles contributed, by our professors. Nor would we forget the editors of the various departments. We are not unmindful of the sacrifice which they make, and we express our appreciation for the prompt manner in which they do their work. To the gentlemen who have charge of the financial end of our paper we extend both sympathy and thanks. It may be gratifying to them

to know that the editors are the recipients of letters from old time "Quill" men in which they ask us to convey to them their admiration for the work being done. And now to all the students we must express our pleasure for the loyalty shown in the support tendered the staff.

As you read the above, we do not want you to think we are carried away by Christmas spirit. Such is not the case. We have simply and plainly stated our feelings. Thank you.

THE BRANDON COLLEGE SPIRIT

A number of surprises greet the freshman arriving at Brandon College. He finds a free and self-governing student-body, alive to its responsibilities, and eager to make good because the appeal has been made to the best. Brandon College has faith in the goodness of human nature. With the minimum of restriction, there is the maximum of discipline. With the absence of threat and punitive system there is efficient work. With the lack of antagonistic formality and hard and fast rules, there exist intimacy and mutual respect between students and faculty. The breezes of the sunny prairie play around the coping stones. Our young manhood and womanhood glory in freedom.

In the free atmosphere of Brandon College, ideals are lived. Smith, who comes in thinking himself alone in principle and practice, is astonished to find a host of Smiths and Smithesses of like mind. Your witty sceptic is the ignoramus who is out of place. The man from whose face straight living, clean thinking, and big purpose, shine out, is a hero: the woman, a heroine.

When the freshman has recovered from the amazement occasioned by our Alma Mater's freedom and ideals, he is struck by the wholesome relationship of student to student. Staunch comradeship among the boys; sweet companionship among the girls—these go without saying. But more: between the men and women there are healthy friendships. Insipid frivolity, vapid inanity and sickly sentimentality, among certain students, who in their heart of hearts have little use for themselves or their companions, do find spasmodic and uneasy existence. These, however, are but the sediment which accentuates the clearness and sparkling purity of the understanding between our men and women. They mingle freely and are comrades.

Freedom, ideals, friendship, expressed in our unconventional way, free from etiquette but embellished with a natural courtesy, go to make up the Brandon College phase of our great western spirit.

COLLEGE GOSSIP.

PHILIP DUNCAN '15

*But peaceful was the night
Wherein the Prince of Light
His reign of peace upon the earth began.*

Christmas this year will be a gloomy one to not a few homes in our vast empire. There will be many a vacant chair at the Christmas dinner table. So amid all our festivities let us think of the fellows on the firing line, confined to a damp, chilly trench, deprived of the privilege of indulging in an old-time "sumptuous repast." Thousands of women and children are destitute and homeless in these days, so may we be temperate in our Christmas indulgences, and spare a little of our "gift" money for those in need. The challenge is being heralded on every hand to help the sufferers, and surely our Christmas would be most happy by making it less painful for the unfortunate victims of this terrible war. We sincerely hope that long before another Christmas comes round that there will be many happy reunions, and that the reign of peace upon the earth shall be established for ever. In less than a week the College halls will be like the corridors of a cathedral of a Monday morning. Silence will reign supreme. Most of the students will have found themselves in the "bosoms of their families." What a welcome some will get! To "freshies" this term will have seemed like a year, and to the anxious mother five years! Well, have a good visit, and as "Scotty" Gordon used to say, "Cheer up, you'll soon be dead"—to studies! Ah, that's just the "rub," or rather the "tug," or maybe "bug" at least to Arts and Theological students who must "plug, plug, plug" for ten days. Academic and Business students, give them your sympathy and don't irritate the poor victims. Now be optimistic—radiate greetings by your cheerful disposition and be temperate in all things—and doubtless even this Christmas will be a happy one.

★

SUGGESTED 'XMAS GIFTS.

To Fitzgerald: A pair of "matched socks."

To W. Rathwell: A vest pocket case of "Olivine."

To Miss McLachlan: A railway pass to Langbank, Sask.

To Dutton: A pair of bedroom slippers.

To D. McIntyre: A box of "extension" powders.

To Rowell: A tube of laughing gas.

To Pullen: A box of throat Pastilles.

To Chas. Whidden: A megaphone to give orders to the rink committee.

To Cruise: An acre of blotting paper (to dry him up).

To Julian: A bottle of hair restorer.

To Coen: A nose protector.

To A. Rutherford: Congratulations.

To Miss Rathwell: Ditto.

To W. Donogh: Ditto.

To McNulty: A dog collar and chain.

To A. J. Nordland: A bottle of patience.

★

Misses Wright and Preston "received tables" the other afternoon. That is to say, these ladies had a delightful reception for the fortunate ones who happened to be at their tables. Those who were present report a good time. Miss Preston entertained the company splendidly by relating some of her dreams. While Miss Wright most gracefully attended to the "inner man."

We cannot see why other heads of tables do not take this hint. By the way, the "feet" of all tables should be energized, since they are "static." Some of these "feet" are going to kick soon. They are getting tired of shovelling vegetables every day. Why not move on all around?

★

"ENUF SED"

Gentlemen, is it not a disgrace that many of our lady students and friends have to go home alone from our "Lits," etc.? It is astounding to think that in these days of social development that the lady principal or some other official has to summon a "gallant" to be an aide-de-camp. In future, after any function likely to entail a possibility of such a duty, or rather pleasure, line up gentlemen, salute one of the officials and ask if you may—see her home. Just follow Wright and Rutherford.

★

Class '15 has been making some noise of late; it sounds something like this:

Racere. Pacere,
 Tan and Green .
 Esse et facere,
 Class Fifteen!!

The first line of this yell is advanced Latin—known only to Fred Fisher. The second line is very pointed on the back of the gowns of the class members. The third line has been seen in their history as a class and will be seen still more. The last

line, of course, is the "summum bonum"—in everyday language, the "whole cheese."

★

Ed. Stovel, patiently practising: "Hek! but there are a lot of accidentals in this piece."

Marjory, trying to listen to him: "Well, it's a comfort you were not doing it all on purpose."

★

ON INNIS' XMAS DINNER CARD.

"I want the drum-stick, if you please.
That brown one next to you;
And a big piece of breast
Along with the rest,
And the liver and gizzard both too."

★

Hart: Distinguish between the death of a barber and the death of a sculptor!

Mac.: Can't.

Hart: Well, it's like this. The barber curls up and dyes, while the sculptor makes faces and busts.

★

DEBATING SOCIETY.

The first inter-class debate for the year 14-15 was held Friday, Nov. 20th, when Theology and Hash clashed! The appropriate and interesting resolution read as follows: "Resolved that the Monroe doctrine provides adequate protection for Canada against invasion." The Theological 'word mongers' represented by T. H. Harris, B.A., and E. Davis defended the proposition, while James Smith and John Mitchell attacked. The affirmative was given the decision.

The next inter-class debate will be argued to conclusion by representatives of Junior and Senior Arts classes. This should prove interesting, especially when ladies are taking part on both teams. You ought to hear this—on Friday, December 18th.

Arrangements have been completed whereby we again cross golden swords with Toba University in a series of two debates. The first of these will be held in Brandon early in February, and the return debate in Winnipeg a month later.

A new departure this year is our scheduled debates with the Socialistic Club of the city.

Mock parliament has taken another lease of life under the able leadership of Sir V. Coen, who by the way is Premier of Canada in the present regime of the Socialistic Party. Hon. W. Rathwell leads the opposition. Support your party, gentle lasses, and "dinna forget" the country needs you too, ladies.

At the recent elections the following executive was duly appointed:

President—H. F. Widen.

Vice-Pres.—V. Coen.

Secretary—T. N. Noble.

Treasurer—O. Nordine.

Academic Representatives—Percy Evans and Ev. Stovel.

★

MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION.

The Brandon College Ministerial Association has started again with its old vim. President Johnson has been working hard and several helpful and inspiring meetings have been held

On October 7th several of the boys related experiences on their summer fields. Since then helpful addresses have been given by Dr. Gordon, Mr. Wakeling and Mr. S. E. Clement.

★

A NATIONALIST.

Little Johnson, flurried in the dining room: "Here! What are you 'Russian' about like that for?"

Linton: "'Cos I'm dashed 'Hungary'!"

Johnson: "Well, you'll just have to wait: I cannot 'Servia.'"

★

OFF TO THE FRONT.

Stanley Miskiman got a real Brandon College "send off" the other week when a large number of the students assembled at the station to say farewell to former students who were taking leave of their native land to fight the Empire's battles in Europe. Don. McNeil was also expected to be among this contingent, but he had gone on before. We are proud of our students who, having the training, are willing to make such a sacrifice for their country's sake. Bill Bolton and Leary are now in England. We wish them all Godspeed and a safe return at an early date.

★

"BUSINESS" DOWN TO BUSINESS.

Organization and efficiency are the modern watchwords and the students of our Business department are on the alert. They have duly organized and have elected the following officers:

Hon. President—G. H. Ross.

Hon. Vice-Pres.—Miss M. G. Barbour.

President—Earl G. Braithwaite.

Vice-Pres.—Marion White.

Secretary—Gladys McLellan.

Treasurer—Harry N. Shuttleworth.

They make themselves heard in no common sounds by the following howl:

Zipity hoop, zipity hoop,
 Bally, Bazook, Bazoo.
 Shove it to 'em, gie it to 'em,
 Sizzle, sazzle soo.
 Wawatura, Nawadana,
 Ilicoreja Caw
 Business, Business Sis boom ba!

★

CAUTION!

It is good to love, honor and obey. It is also expedient to *stop, look and listen*, before you bolt into the corridor from a class room, or round a corner—especially with a pencil in your mouth, eyeglasses on your nose, a pen in your ear, and a geometry compass in your hand.

★

"CULLED" FROM DIARIES.

T. H. Harris: "Missed breakfast this morning."

W. Kahlo: "Posted only three letters and two parcels today."

B. Leech: "Entertained the top flat to my fluting."

A. Hughes: "Went down to breakfast with some of my curlers in."

Donogh: "Used the phone till my arm ached, then had to go down and see her."

Mitchell: "Met the Clark Hall line and smiled."

Stone: "Made another attempt to speak to Velma."

Jap: "Sounded the 'call to mess' in dining room."

Fisher: "Met Miss Richardson, but made little progress. Still, White, look out!"

Harley Hughes: "Shaved my moustache off—by order."

★

Y.M.C.A.

The regular weekly meetings are being very well attended. Dr. MacNeill delivered a most forceful address on "Prayer" to a union meeting of the Y.M. and Y.W. Rev. G. A. Edmison was much appreciated, while Dr. Condell at the last meeting gave a very informing talk on Alcoholism. Rev. F. W. Patterson of Edmonton lectured to a joint meeting on the Great Reformation, in his usual masterful fashion:

The "Gordon" Mission class is being well maintained, and much interest is shown by the "boys" in the study of Japan.

★

AN APPRECIATION.

The few men who were privileged to attend one of the

Y.W. meetings two or three weeks ago, will not readily forget the splendid impression made by the girls, who made such an excellent appeal for missions in a dramatic way. It was unfortunate that all the boys were not able to be present. Could it not be repeated next term?

★

NEW BOOKS JUST OUT AND REVIEWED.

Widen's "Family Compact"—An heroic attempt to revolutionize our form of government—very socialistic. Hero "Andy" heroine "Maynard"—villian "Wink," and characters of subplot, Macpherson and Duncan. It is quite apparent that this *long* famous author is not getting the attention he merits.

Rathwell's "Relative Co-operation."—This is a smart retort to Widen's work. It provides warm comfort to forsaken bachelors and strong encouragement to unclaimed treasures. There is every evidence in this work of the author's keen insight into the subject.

Victor Coenitus: "The Live Wire."—In this splendid work the author pictures a world where all have a vote, men, women and children of school age. His Utopian views are most thrilling.

★

THE LIT. ELECTIONS.

The Lit. elections are over for another year, after a most vigorous and well contested campaign waged between the two candidates for the president's chair, A. Rutherford '16 and V. Coen '16.

From start to finish the fight was of unparalleled brilliancy and brought into the limelight our budding cartoonists and modest poets. The opposing forces met in the chapel on Thursday afternoon and an opportunity was given to all candidates and to their supporters to speak. Oratorical powers shone forth, history was ransacked for realistic similarities and much fair paper was besmirched by a cartoonist.

The climax was reached when the polls were opened on Friday afternoon. The bands of both sides and numerous yells and songs kept excitement at the highest pitch, and inspired the taking and retaking of banners. In the evening telegraphic reports through the medium of the "Critic" gave the following results:

- President—A. Rutherford '16.
- 1st Vice-President—M. Rathwell '16.
- 2nd Vice-Pres.—C. M. McIntyre '17
- Secretary—M. Cameron, Matric.
- Editor "Critic"—C. G. Stone '17.
- Treasurer—J. Mitchell, Matric.

Pres. Debating Society—H. F. Widen '16.

Con. Reading Room Committee—R. W. McBain '17.

These were all duly installed at the "Lit." in the evening. The past two "Lits." have been very enjoyable indeed—Readings, piano solos, and a touch of "vaudeville" has added variety. We are also glad to see and hear the orchestra.



HALLOWE'EN.

Hallowe'en is over, but not without the Brandon College boys making their presence felt in Brandon. A procession of about sixty boys, led by the old broken-down, dilapidated O. U. Chapman, started out in search of the seventh heaven.

First they "hiked" for Dr. Whidden's house, where they were severely repulsed by a shower of apples and doughnuts. Next a flanking movement was made on Dr. MacNeill's residence, where several "spies" were hurled at them. The News and Rosses gave the same welcome, and dear old Dr. Gordon did not forget the boys. Then the column marched along Rosser avenue, where the infantry band played and the boys sang, "It's a Long Way to Tipperary." The whole regiment then marched into Clark Hall, which they suddenly converted into a Chinese laundry.



LAW FRAT.

On November 2nd the Society of prospective law students of Brandon College met for the purpose of reorganization. Officers were elected for the year and new members admitted. The list of officers is as follows:

Hon. President—R. M. Matheson.

President—Fred G. Fisher.

Vice-President—W. G. Rathwell.

Secretary—J. R. C. Evans.

The "Frat." will meet on Mondays as heretofore. (Which being interpreted means not very often.—Ed.)

"Learning by study must be won;
'Twas ne'er entailed from son to son."

CLARK HALL.

GLADYS E. MORRIS '15

*Though the snowflakes softly flutter,
And the frost be on the pane;
Though the wind or rain be sweeping
O'er the bare and leafless plain:
Need we care for adverse weather
When our warm hearts beat together?
Need we care for cold outside
While our thoughts roam far and wide
Waked by memory's touch again?
It is the Christmas time,
And up and down 'twixt heaven and earth,
In the glorious grief and solemn mirth,
The shining angels climb.*

Old Father Time has well-nigh completed once more his annual tour, and though he has brought in his wake much of struggle and pain for our fellow-men, he has not forgotten to ring in the joyous time of Santa Claus—and Christmas exams—the time for happy reunions at home with those we love. Mysterious carpet bags and handboxes stowed in various corners around Clark Hall bear suspicious evidences of perhaps a brand new Sunday-go-to-the-meetin' hat for ma, and, if we might conjecture aright, a pair of knitted socks for pa, for the ingenuity of a woman's mind reaches out beyond comprehension under the pressure of a slim pocket-book, such as College girls often have to handle in war times. But we enjoy it all immensely, and look eagerly forward to meeting Annie and Bessie, Jimmie and Tom at the old home gate. The spirit of Christmas is with us; let us keep it kindling through year 1915.

★

We regret to have to announce to our readers that Miss Whiteside, who so ably conducted affairs in Clark Hall for some years past, will be unable to return till next fall. Though her health is greatly improved, she finds it impossible to resume her duties this year. She is not with us, but her memory and the inspiring work she has done will ever remain as a worthy testimony to her ability and kindly nature.

★

"WISDOM LITERATURE."

Miss Preston (reading her morning mail): Why do so many otherwise clever men write silly letters to women?

Miss Cline: They're probably making collections of the answers they get.

★

May McLachlan (in her sleep): Say, Vinco, I only fell on this slippery sidewalk three time today. If you don't soon come to strew some roses in my path, you'll be the next one to get the slip.

★

We could not let the Christmas *Quill* go to press without making mention of the gratifying work being carried on by our Clark Hall Literary Society. Under the leadership of its vice-president, Miss Richardson, most creditable programs have been offered us. On Nov. 20th, papers were read on Pauline Johnson and Nellie McClung by Bertha Morris and Mary Mooney respectively. Miss Wolstenholme gave a reading from Pauline Johnson and Miss Moffatt favored us with a piano solo, after which "The Breezes" was read by Miss Jean Avery.

But this is not all. The Clark Hall executive has planned an oratorical contest, to the respective winners of which three silver medals and one gold medal will be awarded. The girls have been divided into four groups, Business, Academic, Junior Arts (Arts I) and Senior Arts (Arts II, III and IV). To the winners of each individual group, a silver medal will be given. The four winners will then at some later date have an opportunity to enter a more strenuous conflict for the gold medal, the winner of this latter forfeiting her right to a silver medal. The class contests will be held at the meetings of the Clark Hall Lit., but the "grande finale" will be open to everyone. Girls, let us show the boys what we can do.

★

There is no hall, however watched and tended,

But one stray lamb may be there;

There is no bed howso'er it's crowded,

But has some room to spare.

★

SOCIAL NOTES.

On the afternoon of Nov. 26, Mrs. New decided that she would ask the buxom lassies of resident Arts to take part in a knitting bee and sumptuous luncheon at her home. Accordingly an order was sent to the grocery store for macaroni and cheese. Young Chester was arrayed in his Sunday best, and the girls were summoned. They heartily responded and after a busy hour with needles, long and short, thick and slim, they repaired to the dining room, which was daintily decorated with roses, and there the real fun began. Dr. New in the kitchen washing dishes really wondered when they were going to stop

eating, but Mrs. New, with all the ingenuity of her sex, had anticipated this rapacity of appetite and had prepared accordingly. It was delightful, and the girls will retain the memory of it when College days are no more.

★

Mrs. Beaubier entertained the Clark Hall Arts girls to a dinner at her home, Friday evening, November 27. The winning smile and kind hospitality of the hostess quite won all the girls, and they came away with the conviction that it indeed had been good to be there.

★

ATHLETICS.

Clark Hall Athletics have been somewhat held up by the absence of cold weather. The last game of ground hockey is long since past, and the girls are just dying to get on their skates once more. A few small bunches of the younger set have made their way down to the river, but the seniors are awaiting with great expectation the formal opening of Brandon College rink, that they may enjoy an hour's fun without losing an extra hour of study by having to tramp a mile or so. Everybody's doing it—i.e., studying.

★

The lady members of our music and elocution departments along with their director, Mr. Wright, presented a program on the eve of Nov. 17th, which more than delighted the guests who were privileged to be in attendance. Misses Preston and Cline figured largely on this auspicious occasion, rendering several numbers, which paid ample tribute to their ability in their respective departments. Miss Glimme accompanied Miss Preston most ably, and Mr. Wright's piano solos deserve special approbation. There is more than knitting needles and chafing dishes beyond the iron door. Our College owes much to the Fine Arts Department.

★

Y. W. C. A.

The work of the College Y. W. C. A. is being carried forward with a vim and vigor that is making every one sit up and take notice. On the evening of Nov. 18, after the regular opening exercises, Miss Evans gave a most interesting and instructive address on Miss Michi Kawai, a real Japanese heroine. We were given a full account of her life, and the events of special interest were those leading up to her being appointed as National Secretary of the Young Women's Association Work in Japan. Following this was a most impressive dialogue, in which was beautifully portrayed the call of the various types of heathen women to our modern American woman for aid in

emancipating themselves from lives of horror and misery. The girls were each dressed in the costume of the country they were representing, and as each came forth with her vivid description of present life in her own land, and her touching plea for the new way of life, the members in the audience felt indeed that it was well worth while to belong to a society that was doing something, though on a small scale as yet, to promote the well-being of womankind. It was indeed gratifying to see the girls prepare such a creditable program in such a creditable way. Three cheers for our missionary girls!

★

The readers of the *Quill* will be gratified to learn that Clark Hall is doing her little share towards providing some of our soldier boys with mufflers, as little Christmas tokens. The girls are knitting these themselves and are fast acquiring the deft skill of their grandmothers. The spirit of self-sacrifice has found its way into our midst, and yet how little is our sacrifice compared with that of so many women at this time. "Happiness is a perfume you cannot pour on others without getting a few drops yourself." If we learn to acquire this type of happiness in College our sojourn here will have been a great blessing both to our own lives and to the lives of those with whom we shall come in contact.

To our lady teachers, to our girls, to our friends to the south of us, and to our worthy professors, we wish to extend heartiest wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Glad New Year.

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever,
One foot in sea and one on shore,
To one thing constant never:
Then sigh not so, but let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds to woe
Into Hey nonny, nonny.

ATHLETICS.

JOHN LINTON '16

*If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work;
But when they seldom come, they wished-for come.*

In last year's Christmas number the Athletic editor laments the scarcity of teams to compete with us in Fall soccer. This year we have the same dismal wail to put up. The soccer players—the new players especially—are just champing at the bit to show their paces before the crowd, but one lone game with the Indians is all we have been able to scrape up.

We did better in Rugby, and after we had whitewashed the Y.M.C.A. on Oct. 8, they came back two weeks later and like Oliver asked for more. We had been planning to give it to them, but alas! "the best laid schemes o' mice and men gang aft agley," and after a gruelling contest in which some half dozen men were laid out, College retired vanquished by the score 13-7. It is a sad story. Our men had been out practising for two weeks against an imaginary foe. Only those on the team turned out, and having no opposition, our signals worked perfectly! Facing Bob Hosié's husky squad, things were different; so much so that our men simply couldn't get down to business. Before they had found their feet "Y" had shot over the line, amid howls from the College rooters, for a touch-down. This was converted and the score stood 6-0. College steadied, and after Jap had literally ploughed his way through the opposition for a gain of thirty yards, he was brought down six yards from the line. Three downs to get six yards! On the first we gained not a yard. It was now or never. Charlie Whidden took the ball, and the whole half line bucked. When the smoke had cleared, the ball was safely over, and the try being converted, the score was even.

In the second half, the superior team work of the "Y" began to tell, and a rouge and a second touch-down were scored. Brilliant tackling by Cloutier and Evan Whidden kept down any further scoring, and a hard game ended with the "Y" leading 13-7. Jap Wolverton put up a fine game and with Harley Hughes starred for College.

SOCCKER.

To keep alive the interest in soccer an Inter-Class league has been formed and the first game was between Junior and Senior Arts. Talk about excitement, it was more fun than

having the measles! Kelly's crew were out to win. They had youth on their side, and youth says the poet is invincible. The aged Seniors, solemn and grave, held their peace and kept all their energy for the game. Some game, too. Old warhorse "Wink" Rathwell and that other noble veteran of the pigskin, Duncan, repelled all attacks of Hart & Co. Meanwhile, Linton & Co., on the Senior attack, were there with the fast feet, and tell it not in gasps! scored four goals before the final whistle mercifully stopped further execution.

The second game in the series was between Hash and Junior Arts. "Fuzzy" Hughes meanwhile had got a new set of false teeth and Junior Arts team felt materially strengthened. Nothing doing, however. Happy's hustlers were right there with the twinkling feet. Twenty seven times the energetic Happy, with Smith on his right, and Mr. Ross on his left, found themselves right through the opposing backs, and with only the goalkeeper to beat! Twenty-two times they shot to the right, to the left, or over the top. Five times—it must have been in moments of weakness—the ball went between the posts. The dying sun, crimson with shame at the sight, slowly sank in the west as the vanquished Juniors wended their way from the field of battle.

BASKETBALL.

Are we downhearted? No! No!! No!!! Saturday, Nov. 28, we bumped up against our old opponents the Shamrocks, and believe me we rebounded. Sham-rocks did ye say? Sham nothing! These guys are real, solid, stonewall granite. But we're coming back, so keep your eyes peeled for the next game.

It was the first game of the season and was witnessed by the largest crowd that ever packed the Y.M.C.A. gym. The score of 52-25 is by no means a criterion of the play. The game was close and hard fought and at no time in the play were the winners much in front, except in the closing minutes. Jap Wolverton, our star defence man, sprained his ankle in the second half, and this handicap proved too much for our lads. At the end of the third period only a few points separated the teams. Shamrocks leading, but it was the last spasm that told, and up went the score.

For College Wolverton did the scintillating. Hughes and Cumming played a hard game and finished strong. "Krug" Crawford scored 13 out of 25 points, and showed that his right hand has not lost its cunning. Braithwaite showed his class and will make good. Steady practice, and a few strenuous games will soon round the team into shape. We missed Durkin, so did the Shamrocks. Bandmaster Fitzgerald led the College rooters who turned out to a man. Knuckle to it!

ALUMNI-ALUMNÆQUE.

T. H. HARRIS, B.A. '13.

*"God's ways seem dark, but, soon or late,
They touch the shining hills of day,
The evil cannot brook delay,
The good can well afford to wait."*

Once more the Yule-tide season comes with its message of good cheer and peace. To many, this year, this message will seem to be lost. On this continent Christmas will not be altogether meaningless: we shall have our reunions, and share our joys; give our gifts, and partake of a round of social pleasures. While doing so, let us not forget those whose homes have been devastated, and those whose family circle contains an empty chair.

Truly to many God's ways at the present time seem dark, yet let us hope that, when the war-clouds have rolled away, and fair peace smiles once more upon the land, a new era in the world's history will arise, an era that shall have peace as its foundation stone; and men shall brothers be the world o'er. Because the war brings out to this generation the brutality, the wantonness, the uselessness of military aggression, we believe that, although to many present it is obscured, the great message of Christmas is not lost; and so we heartily wish all the readers of this column, whether "alumni-alumnæque" or not, a Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year.



It is a long time since we heard very much of Cecil Carrick '11. After graduating, he went East to Toronto and attended Osgoode Hall. We learn that he has been called to the Bar, and is a member of the firm of Carrick & Walkinshaw.

Several other graduates have recently been called to the Bar. On June 4th last, C. Kyle '10, and Bowley Hartie '10, took the requisite oaths and are now full-fledged barristers. Kyle is practising in Saskatoon as a member of the firm of McPhee & Kyle. Bowley is also in Saskatoon.

We have also heard reports from Saskatchewan, that Jack Strang of Regina and Sam Potter '12, of Swift Current, have recently taken their finals in law, and we hope soon to hear that they were successful.



Word has been received from J. Dempsey '12, whom in our last issue we mentioned as at present attending Dalhousie, de-

scribing his journey from Medicine Hat to that seat of learning. On his trip East he had a splendid time, and added considerably to his knowledge of life. Though we did not see it recorded in any of the Montreal papers, Jim visited that city and took a look over McGill and Laval. He must have studied French on the train, for he reports a visit to a French theatre. Having "done" Montreal, he visited St. John, but this town did not suit Jim's artistic temperament so well. He said that he smelt fish. Finally, his wanderings took him to Dalhousie, where he was pleased to find many Western students. We are confident that Jim will fully uphold the reputation of his Alma Mater, and shall eagerly look for some mention of his name in the Dalhousie Gazette.



Occasionally we receive a visit from R. McQueen—known in select circles as "Shorty." No longer is he the youth with the mischievous twinkle in his eye; he has put on more serious airs. It is well that he has done so, for he is now a barrister-at-law, and strives to bring terror into the hearts of witnesses who will persist in wandering from the truth as he sees it. "Shorty" has a great future ahead of him. He has already, by the adoption of Bonnerian tactics, caused one witness to faint. However, we are sure that when the witness is a lady no such tactics will be used, for Bob has a reserved corner in his heart for them.



We all were sorry when Reg. Edwards Theo '12, on account of weak eyes, had to give up the idea of preaching, at least for the time being. At present he, with his wife, is on a ranch near Victoria, recuperating. We hope, Reg., that your health will soon be restored to the normal.



Our prophecy concerning W. C. McKee '14 will hardly prove true. Cal was offered and has accepted the principalship of the Public School at Elgin. This will take up so much of his time that it is doubtful if, by the Spring, he can finish all the required work for his M.A.



We are sorry to have to report that "Peggy" Buck '14 met with a bad accident a few weeks ago. One day in Regina, just after the first fall of snow, while hurrying for a street car, she slipped and broke her leg. She is now at home and doing well. Despite this misfortune, "Peggy" is as full of brightness as ever.



Jim Moffat '14, according to reports, is making a name for himself at Chicago University, where he is doing good work in

a long-range study of the Trust problem, continuing his investigations of last spring and summer.

★

We are glad to report that Miss Esther Moore has sufficiently recovered from her illness to enable her to teach music

★

One of the old, old students of this institution is Dr. H. A. Wolverton. Perhaps it will bring him a little closer to us if we mention that he is a brother of Jap. After leaving Brandon he took a four years' course in Agriculture at Guelph. This did not satisfy him, however, and he entered Toronto University for a five years' course in Medicine. He graduated from that institution last spring, and now is at his home, Nelson, B.C., waiting to be sent to India as a medical missionary. All the readers of the "Quill" unite in wishing him a speedy departure, and a long life of useful service in the foreign land.

His sister, Miss Belle Wolverton, who took classes with some of us seven or eight years ago, was passing through Brandon a few weeks since, on her return home from an extended visiting tour, and stayed off to visit Jap. We were very pleased to see her again.

★

Miss W. Speers '13, who has been teaching at Roland, notwithstanding a splendid offer to remain there, is leaving after Christmas for Nelson, B.C., where she is engaged to teach Moderns in the High School. Our best wishes go with her as she enters upon her new duties.

★

We are all interested more or less in the war. Some of us have members of our own families at the front: some of us have already lost relatives and friends, who have died fighting for what we believe is liberty and justice; all of us know someone who has volunteered for military service. A few of those who have gone have trodden these halls and have made the place ring with their laughter. We have played football with them: skated with them: rubbed shoulder to shoulder with them: given and taken blows from them: and so their going speaks to us of the great European conflict in a more intense way than the reading of hundreds of newspapers.

We do not know all who have gone—we can mention only those we know—but if any of our readers know of other old students who have left, we shall be pleased to hear of them. Two at least went with the first Canadian contingent. These two were Bill Leary and Bill Bolton. Maybe by this time they are in action. We trust that they will fight like Britons and be spared to return to their native land, safe and sound.

There are also two who are at present in Winnipeg and will remain there for some time. They are "Stan" Miskiman and "Don" McNeill, commonly known as "Mick." "Stan" went through Brandon on November 30th, and was met at the station by a representative crowd of professors and students. He had a trying fifteen minutes, as the boys cheered and the girls said nice things to him, which latter made the other soldier boys extremely jealous; but he bore it very stoically. "Stan" has the qualities which go to make a good soldier.

Our message to all who volunteer is "Quit ye like men, be strong," not only on the battlefield but while in training. No matter how brave the deed on the battlefield, it cannot altogether eradicate loose living or brutal conduct in every-day life.

★

Jack Nield and H. B. O. Phillpotts, for many years so well known around the College, have left Brandon. Harold has gone to the States, and will sing in the church of which Bill Rogers is the pastor. He also hopes to engage in evangelistic work. From word received in Brandon, he met with such a hearty reception there, that he is already thinking of taking out his naturalization papers. We trust "Philly" will not do anything rash

Jack has stayed on this side of the line. He has gone to Port Arthur, and the following extract from a Port Arthur paper speaks of his welcome there:

"Following a most encouraging and enthusiastic choir practice last evening under the direction of Mr. J. B. Nield, the newly appointed organist and choirmaster of St. Paul's Presbyterian church, the members repaired to the minor hall, where a cordial welcome was extended Mr. Nield on behalf of the congregation." In his address of welcome Rev. Andrew Reid, the pastor, "felt that they had been fortunate in securing Mr. Nield, and spoke highly of his qualities as an organist and as a man." We wish Jack a very happy and successful time in Port Arthur.

★

Since our last number went to press, Rev. H. C. Harris has changed his address from Medora to Rapid City. We hope that his new pastorate will be both pleasant and fruitful.

★

Reports of only one wedding have come to hand. On December 2nd two old College students, Miss Bertha Turnbull and Mr. William J. Wade were married at the home of the bride's parents in Brandon, by Rev. W. E. Matthews.

May long life, joy and happiness be their lot.

LATITUDE AND LONGITUDE.

FRED G. FISHER '15

"A considerable miscellany of things."

To all our exchanges far and near we extend the season's heartiest greetings.

"It is a dark Christmas: no doubt of that. But, centuries ago, there was also a dark moment on Calvary, and as out of that momentous moment came the Divine Light, so out of this dark moment will likewise come the Divine Light."

"As parents we know that it is not given to children to have the vision and wisdom of parenthood. So surely it is not given us, as children of a Divine Father, to have the vision and wisdom of the Infinite.

"Christmas this year should spell for us quiet patience and a strong hold on that faith that centuries have taught millions of people is true and unfailing, and, although often bewildering for the moment, invariably leads to the Light."

—The Ladies' Home Journal.

★

First Native: "We're doin' fine at the war, Jarge."

Second Native: "Yes, John; an' so be they Frenchies."

First Native: "Ay, an' so be they Belgians an' Rooshians."

Second Native: "Ay; an' so be they Allys. Oi dunno where they come from, Jahn, but they be devils for fightin'."

—Punch.

★

ROUSED.

First Gent: "'Oo's responsible for this 'ere early closing order? Lloyd George, I suppose."

Second Well-informed Gent: "No, it ain't; it's Martial Law."

First Gent: "And 'oo's 'e, I should like to know? A brother o' Bonar Law?"

★

Unless a man amounts to a good deal, he should not say he has done his best."—Ed. Howe.

★

AND YET THERE IS WAR.

"Greatly to my regret."—Francis Joseph.

★

"In spite of our intense desire for friendly relations."—Peter.

"In the midst of perfect peace the enemy surprises us. Forward with God."—William.

★

"Little as we are inclined to do so, we are forced."—George.

★

"Strong in our ardent desire for a peaceful solution."—Poincare.

★

"Our menaced nation shudders and its children have bounded to the frontier."—Albert.

"It is with profound regret that we, in spite of our ardent devotion to the cause of peace, are thus compelled."—Emperor of Japan.
—Harper's Weekly.

★

"You can be as much and have as much as your ideas can demand and your faculties can command."

—Herbert Kaufman.

★

The students of Dalhousie University have replaced their monthly magazine, the "Dalhousie Gazette," by a fortnightly paper of the same name. While we liked the "Gazette" in its old garb, we can readily see the advantages of more frequent publication, and trust that under this new policy it will prove of even greater service.

★

"A man has a right to be a fool about two or three things; but if he is a fool about everything, the people have a right to criticize him."—Ed. Howe.

★

Elijah Pound (seeing a quid of tobacco on the floor):
"Quid est hoc?"

Jimmie Allen: "Hoc est quid."

(Apologies to Dalhousie Gazette.)

★

We are in receipt of The Manitoban. It is a new semi-monthly journal, published by the students of Manitoba University, and looks very promising.

★

In the October McMaster University Monthly appears a valuable dissertation, by Chancellor McCrimmon, entitled "The Adolescent at College." We quote the following lines in the hope that they will lead you to read the whole article:

. . . "The curriculum of McMaster is based upon the principles outlined above and is vindicated not only by educational philosophy, but also by practical results. There is a

prescriptive element, therefore, since the species always prescribes and civilization must be heard. As the student matures, however, this directional element becomes less necessary and greater freedom of choice is given. The undergraduate criticizes and reconstructs. He chafes under undue interference. It is all the more necessary therefore that at this period of his life the so-called incidental factors of education should be helpful. The personality of the teacher, the atmosphere of the college, and the associative life of the students, always of great importance, are simply invaluable when the student is forming social habits, is unifying knowledge and reconstructing faith. It is not the child about whom we are talking—the child with his home associations to help him out; it is not the professional student with whom we have to do, with the stability of culture already established, but it is the MAN we are building, the man who will later prosecute his professional studies, the man who must live with himself and his fellows all the days of his life, the man, who, after he has made a success of his business or profession, finds out what satisfaction life brings to him on account of what he is, and of the training he received during his college days. . . .

. . . . “If the student ‘has it in him.’ he will rise to the confidence which the college places in him and forsake his childish ways. To become a man, he must ‘play the man.’ There are earnestness of purpose, habits of concentration, of accuracy, of depth to be considered; there are passions to be controlled, new associations to be carefully scrutinized, perhaps the ways of a city to be estimated for the first time. It is easy for the freshman to play the fool and plunge his life into poverty of ideals, uncleanness of thought and habit and mischief-making idleness which lay the foundations for drivelling old age. Any idiot can do that. How much better to feel the call of an infinite purpose, to hear the cry of a suffering humanity, to prepare with sedulous care and determined activity to leave the world better for your having been in it!”

★

Public House Diplomatist (to second ditto, with whom he has been discussing the ultimate terms of peace at Berlin): “I shouldn’t be too ‘ard on ‘em. I’d leave ‘em a bit of the Rhine to sing abaht!”—Punch.

“Some men feel their importance—otherwise they would never know they had any.”

“The wise man learns from observation rather than from experience.”

★

“The University Council has agreed to give every undergraduate who goes to the front credit for a full year’s work. This credit includes not only exemption from attendance, but also from all examinations involved in the year’s work. This applies to students in Arts, in Agriculture and in Law.”

—The Sheaf (U. of Sask.)

★

“It is not necessary to spend the whole of one’s time working—and it should be remembered there are other kinds of work besides study—for we may draw much that is good from the hours passed before the fire, provided they are not too long. But to use the words of a former President of the United States, it is absolutely essential that we learn to ‘loaf discriminately.’”

—King’s College Record.

★

We have just finished reading Irvin S. Cobb’s “An Interview with Lord Kitchener.” It is characteristically Cobbian (if we may use the expression), and it reveals the Commander-in-Chief of the British forces in a new light. “K. of K.” is such a man “that if he has nothing to say he refrains most steadfastly from saying it; that if he has something to say he says it with the force and emphasis and the natural grace of one who thinks in a straight line and talks the same way. . . . When he is talking to you he looks straight at you and his hands rest at ease in his lap.” In the forty minutes which the interview lasted “he employed just one joke and indulged in just one small smile.” On the other hand, he is not the “half-fabulous, wholly unimaginative thinking machine, that in the popular fancy he is,” but is “the most human human.” He does not appear so much the typical soldier as the typical man of affairs.” He suggests “the great lawyer, the great surgeon, the great business man, who is thoroughly up in his profession; who wastes no time and yet gives to a subject all the time it deserves.”

In answer to Cobb’s question, “How long will this war last?” he replied, “Not less than three years. It will end only when Germany is thoroughly defeated, not before—defeated on land and on sea. That the Allies will win is certain. That for us to win will require a minimum period of three years I think probable. It might last longer—this war might. It might end sooner. It can end in only one way.”

Kitchener “does not inspire confidence in you—he creates it in you.”

"BOBS."

(Tribute by Rudyard Kipling.)
 There's a little red-faced man,
 Which is Bobs!
 Rides the tallest 'orse 'e can—
 Our Bobs!
 If it bucks or kicks or rears,
 'E can sit for twenty years,
 With a smile round both 'is ears—
 Can't yer, Bobs?

'E's a little down on drink,
 Chaplain Bobs;
 But it keeps us outer Clink—
 Don't it, Bobs?
 So we will not complain,
 Tho' 'e's water on the brain,
 If 'e leads us straight again—
 Blue-light Bobs.

If you stood 'im on 'is 'ead,
 Father Bobs,
 You could spill a quart o' lead
 Outer Bobs.
 'E's been at it thirty years,
 An' amassin' souveneers
 In the way o' slugs an' spears—
 Ain't yer, Bobs?

Now they've made a bloomin' lord
 Outer Bobs,
 Which was but 'is fair reward—
 Weren't it, Bobs?
 An' 'e'll wear a coronet
 Where 'is 'elmet used to set;
 But we know you won't forget—
 Will yer, Bobs?



We gratefully acknowledge receipt of the following exchanges: The McMaster University Monthly; The Manitoban, St. John's College Magazine, The Sheaf, King's College Record, Argosy, Dalhousie Gazette, Acadia Athenæum, M. A. C. Gazette.

SAY YOU SAW IT IN THE "QUILL."



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
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