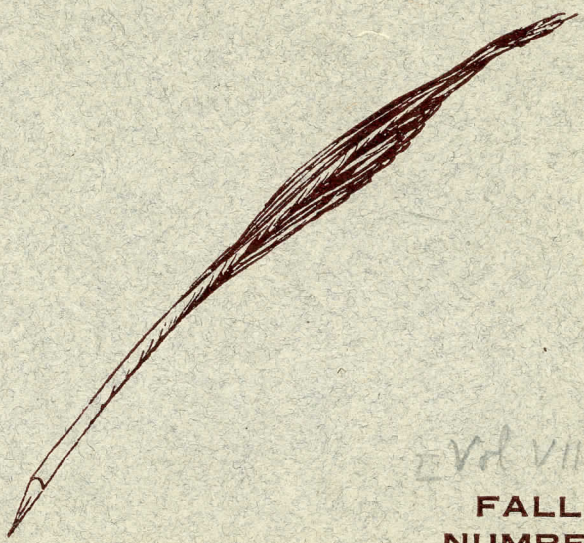


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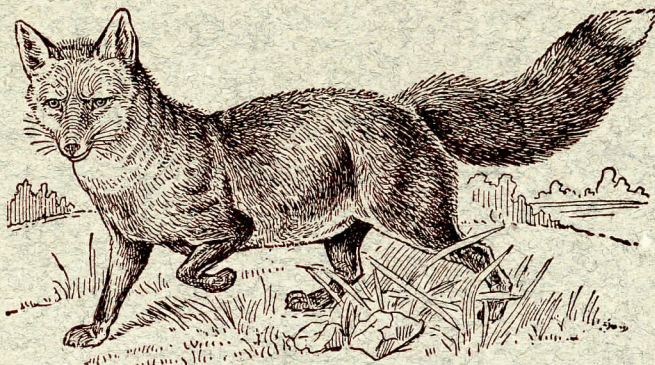


Vol VIII, no 1

FALL
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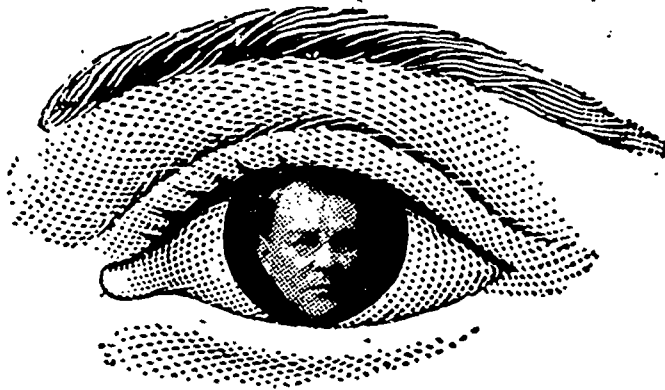
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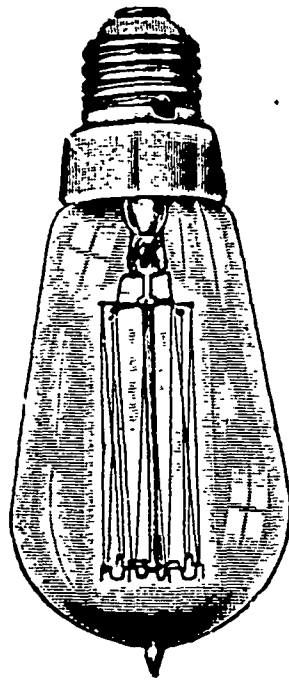
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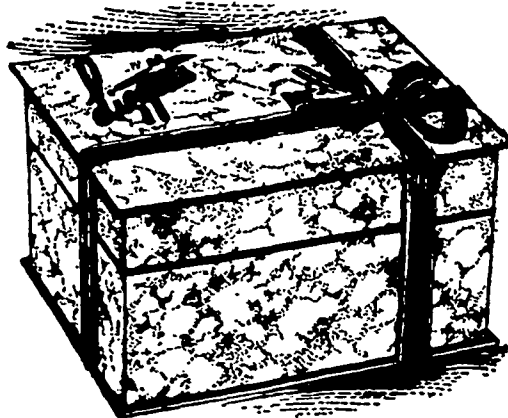
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Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.

The College Quill

SWEDEN'S ATTITUDE TO THE WAR

PROF. C. H. LAGER, M.A., S.T.M.

Consistency demands that the author's perfect confidence in Great Britain's and her Allies' cause, a struggle for their own existence and for the restoration of the violated principles of liberty, righteousness and truth, should not be allowed to influence his conception of Sweden's attitude to the world-war.

I do not possess sufficient knowledge. Consequently, certain details must remain unexplained. The Swedish Government, when questioned in the House of Commons, has sometimes refused to reveal military secrets. Eleven years have elapsed since I left my college in Stockholm. I have, however, constantly and carefully followed the later development of political events in ancient Scandia. This article is based upon my personal knowledge of Germany and Sweden and, then, upon German and Swedish papers, pamphlets, magazines and books issued since this hellish conflagration was sent forth from Potsdam by Kaiser Wilhelm in August, 1914.

If Sweden should enter the war, she would have an army of nearly 800,000 well trained men and a fleet which, though not superior to the Italian, should not be despised.

The war has divided Sweden into three camps, which may be called the pro-German, the pro-British and the neutral camp. The pro-German party, consisting mainly of certain aristocratic families of German extraction, a number of military officers in Stockholm, and a group of unscrupulous business men who are lining their pockets with the kaiser's gold, prefer to be called "Activists." Some of them want war, the others desire an "active neutrality." The position they

have taken is explained by a variety of circumstances. We may mention proximity, commercial relations, educational intercourse, religious ideals, a certain similarity of language, temper and national ideals; and especially Sweden's sympathy with oppressed Finland, the discovery, immediately before the war, of a widespread Russian espionage in Sweden, and the fear that Russia, if successful in this war, will threaten the future peace and civilization of all Europe. Then some educated people have been dazed by the fascinating "Deutsche Kultur." German "culture," they believe, must be promoted by any means until it has permeated and taken possession of the whole world. There are also some who are worshipping anything Teutonic. They are quite willing to accept the principle underlying the American phrase: "My country, right or wrong." The British blockade, through which many poor and innocent people are greatly suffering because of the sins of some greedy business men, has irritated and wounded the Swedish national pride. Sweden is an aristocratic country and has an ancient, not seldom glorious history and a proud and imperial past. The Swedish Government feels that Great Britain has violated neutral rights. And, as a result, in order to defend her neutral rights against belligerents, Sweden has decided to retaliate and has launched a series of protests against the British blockade.

Sweden alone, of the Scandinavian countries, has refused to set up the machinery desired by the Allies for controlling external trade and in this way preventing supplies from reaching Germany. The most serious difference is in regard to the Swedish decree of July 19th last against which Britain and her Allies have protested.

This decree permits the passage of belligerent mercantile submarines through Swedish territorial waters, but excludes all belligerent war submarines from these waters. Furthermore, by closing the Kogrund Passage to foreign shipping, it has the effect of preventing Allied ships from passing from the North Sea into the Baltic, while enabling German merchantmen to reach both the east and the west coasts of Sweden. It is true that Sweden can easily sustain her action technically, but it is in effect directed against the Allies, and they may feel tempted to presume that that effect is intended.

English papers, unlike some Canadian editors, carefully refrain from suggesting that the Swedish Government positively favors the one side rather than the other. But the Manchester Guardian, in a recent issue, thinks that no traditional sentiment inclines the Swedish Government to soften its dislike for such measures of the Allies as conflict with its

conception of neutral rights.

It should be remembered, however, we believe, that Sweden is not the only country protesting against the British blockade. The United States, whose pro-British sentiment is unmistakable, has registered a much longer list of protests against the blockade than any Scandinavian country has done. Besides, Sweden has also protested against Germany's violation of the rights of neutrals.

When all the facts are known, and the cross-lights lifted, we will probably feel convinced that the Swedish Government has been and is still making serious efforts for the maintenance of strict neutrality. It is also generally hoped, both in England and in Sweden, that the disputes arising out of the blockade will prove capable of amicable settlement.

One of the earliest sources of dissatisfaction between Sweden and the Allies lay in connection with the transit of munitions across Sweden to Russia. In regard to this we may mention that the question of an open port for Russia on the Norwegian coast is discussed by Arnold J. Toynbee in his "Nationality and the War." Archangel, of course, is ice-bound for the greater part of the year, but further west, round the North Cape, one comes within the influence of the Gulf Stream. At present Russia is developing a port on the Murman coast which it is thought can be kept open all year and expects to open a railway to this new northern outlet by the end of the current year. However, Russia will persist in her ardent desire to reach a Norwegian seaboard.

Toynbee takes the following concrete suggestion as fundamental to future peace:

(1) The perpetual integrity and independence of both Norway and Sweden shall be guaranteed by Europe.

(2) In return for this, Norway shall allow Russia to lead a railway across Finland and up to the left bank of the *Tornea* River to some perennially open port on her north-west coast, either *Tromso* or *Hammerfest*, or both, according to the lie of the land, without imposing a customs barrier at any point along the route between the Russian frontier and the open sea.

Whether Norway, Sweden and Denmark would consent to this is an exceedingly grave question.

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The pro-British party in Sweden, numerically stronger than the pro-German and represented particularly by the religious and cultured elements, is supporting its position by three main arguments: (1) The central empires are responsible for the outbreak of this needless world-war, (2) Germany, in years past, has been exploiting Sweden but never

done anything to help it, but, (3) England, on the contrary, has been actually protecting Sweden against intended Russian aggression. When referred to the British blockade, the pro-British will frankly answer that Germany has violated the rights of the neutrals, sunk many Swedish vessels and caused the death of many Swedish citizens, whereas Great Britain as yet never has caused the loss of any Swedish life, but rather has saved lives.

* * * *

The neutral party, which also includes many British and German sympathizers, is the strongest. The Socialists are neutral and they constitute the controlling party in the House of Commons and will, if the present Government be forced to resign, form the new Cabinet. There seems to be no possibility of Sweden entering the war on Germany's side as long as the Allies do not violate neutral rights to such an extent as to make the Socialists believe it their duty to fight for the integrity and independence of the fatherland. The Allies will probably make no mistake here.

The position taken by the neutral party has been adequately explained by the premier when replying to the "Activists" some time ago. He said in substance: "If Sweden should enter the war without being forced into it, she would bleed to death upon the European battlefields, and, when finally the peace conference shall endeavor to create a new world after this war-murdered world is done, Sweden would be helpless and, if called upon, be unable to defend her own integrity."

The ancient Vikings have learned many a needed lesson. To-day they are a peace-loving people. The Swedish patriots have now made "self-preservation, self-defence," their motto.

Already when the conflagration started, there existed in Sweden a strong and active League for Peace. This league, constantly increasing in number and influential efficiency, is now either neutral or pro-English and firmly believes that if the nations had been united in an agreement to prevent war, and in a prompt resolution to insist, in 1914, that the dispute must be referred to a conference or to The Hague, that the Belgian treaty must be observed, there would have been no war. This league believes that, though the nations now fighting for their existence cannot spend time thinking about what may happen after the victory is secured, the neutral states may immediately commence working for the prevention of future wars.

An International League to enforce peace has been proposed. This idea, recently originating in the United States, which is holding the ideals and traditions that have led Great

Britain and her Allies into the war, has been endorsed by Vicount Grey, President Wilson, Mr. Hughes and many other leading statesmen and thinkers. This league would endeavor to establish the principles of united action by all the civilized Powers of the world, great and small, against any one of their number which might make war, without first submitting the matters in dispute to arbitration or an international conference.

Sweden may soon be a member of this league, not with the object of interfering with the belligerents in this war, nor of having any say in fixing the terms of European peace, but in order to be able to have some influence upon the new world, the world which must come after this "war-murdered world is done."

Ever since early in the spring, when the German offensive at Verdun was converted into an unmistakable defeat, the German propagandists in Scandinavia have been tuning down their tenors. Swedish papers now openly confess that Austria-Hungary's reserves of men have been entirely exhausted and that her army diminishes daily in number. They also admit that if the Germans on the Somme are actually losing man for man, or even worse than that, their reserves must be far nearer exhaustion than has been supposed, and the time must come shortly when, despite the help of the Turk and Bulgar, they will no longer be able to defend their wide-spread battle front. The recent success of the French at Verdun have supplemented the correctness of this conclusion, despite the temporary German successes in the Dobrudja and in Transylvania. The French have demonstrated that, after their terrible punishment, extending over twenty-six months, they are still full of vitality, initiative and vim.

The arguments strongly favor the view that, if Sweden's integrity and independence be not threatened, she will remain neutral until peace terms are signed.

MARINE PAINTING

It is generally conceded by those who have earned the right to judge, that any work of Art or Literature that has stood the test of centuries is based on the merits of a high order, and as a natural consequence all works which are not rooted and grounded in the vital principles of life and art are inherently doomed to a brief existence.

To the few men of strong soul and keen mind who have penetrated the semblance of excellence to the real and living excellence behind and have declared their judgment to the few, is the world indebted for its appreciation of the best in Art.

In order to justly estimate a work of art, one must distinguish between merely technical excellence and intellectual power. In other words, one must never mistake the language of painting (technic), however beautiful, for the thought which lies behind it, for which it is a mere medium of expression. He who judges a picture must have discernment which will enable him to judge between the technic and the thought, because no amount of language, however beautiful, will in any sense compensate for lack of thought. Thus the picture which contains the greatest number of ideas, however poorly expressed, is vastly superior to the one in which the ideas are subordinated to the technic, however beautiful the latter may be. If this be true we shall agree that "the greatest artist is he who has embodied in the sum of his works the greatest number of the greatest ideas." To attain, therefore, unto technical perfection, as in the case of Andrea del Sarto, is a much simpler task to achieve the "great end" of a Raffaele.

In producing a work of art, the man who can create with fewest materials and greatest simplicity of expression has ever an advantage over the man whose work is more complicated. This we know to be the case in Literature also where the direct and simple expression of Shakespeare appeals to a far wider public than the more involved and complicated passages of Browning and Carlyle.

After the first few touches in a work of art every succeeding touch does or should do relatively less in bringing the work to completion, the greatest work always producing the least sensation of power, for true greatness lies deeply hidden except to the few who are willing to search for her meaning with an earnestness and love akin to that which made her creation possible.

On entering an Art Gallery most people are instinctively drawn to those pictures which appeal to their sensibilities as

beautiful. Few there are who turn to a work for its *excellence* alone.

An appreciation for the beautiful demands much less of one than an understanding or appreciation for the excellent.

Anyone who possesses an instinct for beauty may by constant cultivation and stimulus develop a keen feeling for the beautiful in its subtlest forms, but mere contemplation of, and meditation on, the excellent would never produce the understanding of, or appreciation for, excellence. Only he who has added practise to reflection can truly judge the merits of a work. For whereas the appreciation of the beautiful is instinctive and therefore a thing of the senses, the judgment required to understand and appreciate excellence is an intellectual faculty and as such is based on reason alone. The man who has labored and struggled for years to achieve the beauty in his line, of a Henry Moore (in his wave formations) only at last to realize the futility of his efforts, can alone judge the excellence of that work for as has been said, "none can estimate the power manifested in victory until they have personally measured the strength to be overcome."

The excellence of a picture, then, depends not on its beauty or utility but on the difficulties to be overcome. For the simplest task contains difficulties known only to those who have added practice to theory.

In contemplating the works of some artists one cannot but wonder that they should have expended their highest faculties and best energies on such comparatively insignificant themes as they did, thus lowering both their ability and desire to create works worthy of their best efforts.

It is, on the other hand, with deep satisfaction that one contemplates the works of artists who have chosen themes larger than they, and with which they could not adequately cope, but which nevertheless widened and ennobled their vision and that of the public. For who can think of the sea with its limitless possibilities and untamed power, without being ennobled and purified. Let us consider for a moment some of these possibilities. The vast wealth of animal life, the beautiful vegetation, the minerals of which man has never dreamed (for "many a gem of purest ray serene, the dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear"). The lovely coral island of southern seas (the tribute of millions of little sea animals who in departing have left behind them, this emblem of gratitude to the great sea that has borne and sustained them). The beautiful pearl for which the diver risks his life, the rose-lipped shell in whose depths the distant roar of the ocean may be heard, the volcanic island, with its great geysers and its mineral springs both hot and cold, the beautiful cave-like grotto with its sculp-

turesque formations, the handiwork of the Great Sculptor, and the great ice-mountains (or bergs) which change their positions with the succeeding seasons, and which tower with Titan-like power above the restless waves at their feet, as if guarding and controlling their constant motion. And who has not thought of the vast usefulness of the medicinal properties of the sea and the scintillating phosphorescence which illumines the crest of the dark wave at night, a veritable living fire, and the unconquerable and seemingly uncontrollable power of the tides with their restless ebb and flow so emblematic of all life, and finally the vast commercial and social possibilities of the sea, in bringing together all mankind and thus making the universe one in fact, as in name!

It is not strange that such a wide and richly varied subject should have been the source of inspiration to painter, poet and musician, for who that has sat by the sea and responded to its many moods and felt its sublime appeal, has arisen untouched by the power of the infinite?

The two main features which must occupy the attention of the marine painter, are the changes, as well as the permanent phenomena, of both sky and sea. The artist who would portray the sea in its more agitated moods must not only carefully study wave formations but also the changes which precede motion, and as these are numerous and constantly shifting, he must rapidly jot down every detail as he might sit for several months in the same position without seeing conditions of sky and sea repeated. Thus the sketch book of the artist must be a rich and varied source of information to which he can turn when away from the sea and dependent only on his imagination. On his nicety of judgment and his fineness of discrimination in disposing of his material depends his success as an artist. If he fill the picture too much with detail the feeling of unity will be sacrificed, if on the other hand he abandon detail altogether he will leave a sense of incompleteness about his work, because every scene and circumstance in life however great, has its minor issues which, although of secondary interest, are as essential, relatively, to the whole, as the larger features.

The task of the landscape painter is simple in comparison with that of the marine painter, for the land is static while the sea is dynamic. Thus for obvious reasons the majority of marine painters have studied the waves from the shore, getting, as a result, a purely conventional conception of their ever changing forms. A few artists have no doubt ventured out in small boats perhaps twenty feet from the shore and have thus learned more of their infinite variety and power.

From the shore each wave seems a counterpart of the

succeeding one, but when one is in the midst of them each one has its own peculiar character; instead of a rising and falling mass urged on by a power behind it, each wave seems to possess inherent power, a thing almost of life, which does not roll on towards the shore, but incessantly rises and falls in the same place as if struggling to rid itself of some great emotion.

As massiveness and power are the two most characteristic features about sea waves, an artist must avoid the leaping elastic line characteristic of some lighter body of water. For example, a waterfall, by means of a few clever devices, may be comparatively easily drawn. Not so with the sea. The sea must be legitimately drawn, it cannot be given as utterly disorganized and confused, its weight and mass must be expressed and the efforts at the expression of it end in failure with all but the most powerful men. Even with these few a partial success must be considered worthy of the highest praise..”

Nor do the difficulties of the marine painter end when he has approximated something of the power and massiveness of the sea in his drawing. The fanciful play of a thousand and one lights (reflected and transmitted) from every wave and tiniest ripple, so elusive, so subtle, evades the keenest mind, the most magic brush. And what of the evanescent foam which traces its dainty arabesques over the surface of the sea and so rapidly changes and vanishes! These, and the great breaker with its thunderous boom, are some of the difficulties which confront the marine painter. One may receive a partial impression from the following description of the difficulty of portraying “breakers on an even shore”:

“There is in them (referring to the breakers) a mixture of fury and formalism, their hollow surface is marked by parallel lines like those of a smooth mill-weir and graduated by reflected and transmitted lights of the most wonderful delicacy and intricacy, its curve being at the same time of mathematical purity and precision, yet at the top of the curve when it nods over there is a sudden laxity and giving away, the water swings and jumps along the ridge like a shaken chain and the motion runs from part to part as it does through a serpent’s body. Then the wind is at work at the extreme edge and instead of letting itself off naturally it supports it and drives it back and scrapes it off and carries it bodily away so that the spray on the top is in a continual transition between forms, projected by their own weight and forms blown and carried off with their weight overcome.” The difficulty of producing the final crash as the wave spends its fury on the waiting shore is one that perhaps no artist has ever realized in his work. Another

difficulty of peculiar charm, but rarely attempted, is the encounter of a recoiling wave with an oncoming wave and the resultant geyser-like action of the water as the waves meet. When a heavy surge encounters a rocky wall the sound is as the report of a cannon, and the wave is dashed back with scarcely diminished motion until it meets the succeeding wave. It is said that the power which results from the contact of wave and rock does not entirely expend itself until it has reached the tenth or twelfth breaker in receding. When the waves are continually hurled back from a rocky coast the whole sea seems to be disorganized, rent and torn by a thousand struggles. Each wave seems to writhe and twist in an agony of despair, hopelessly dizzy and confused, and seemingly without direction, instead of being the result of a unified impulse. It is this unity in the midst of endless change and variety that taxes to the utmost the greatest of marine painters. To give to each tiny wave and ripple its individual character (for no stiffness of line may be permitted) without destroying the broad general effect, is a difficulty better imagined than described.

The qualities essential for painting even a conventionalized picture of the sea (and that is the most that man can ever hope to do), are: keenly scientific observation and a great love, such a love as Byron expresses when he says: "There is a pleasure in the pathless woods, there is a rapture on the lonely shore, there is a society where none intrudes by the deep sea, and music in its roar. I love not man the less, but nature more, from these our interviews in which I steal from all I may be or have been before, to mingle with the universe and feel what I can ne'er express yet cannot all conceal." Or the love of a Schubert in his beautiful "Am Meer," in which he has caught the sublime and throbbing pathos of it all.

As our attention has been given mainly to the sea in its stormy moods, a brief survey of its calmer aspects can scarcely be neglected if we desire to intelligently appreciate marine painting.

I believe that artists are generally agreed that to produce a degree of transparency and fluency, in water, is a matter of decidedly minor difficulty, but that to give a full impression of "surface" is extremely difficult. Water without reflection is leaden in appearance, whereas water with reflection in the majority of cases gives an impression of morbid depth, so that the spectator feels that he is "tumbling in" instead of floating on the surface as the artist intends. This lack of fluency on the surface of water is due to a misunderstanding of the changes which the eye undergoes in focussing itself on objects at different distances. In standing beside a pool one can observe the weeds and leaves floating on the surface, but the deep re-

flections in the water such as clouds and tall trees, are lost to the eye. If on the other hand one focusses the eye on the deep reflections, the surface reflections become indistinct and even invisible, showing that it is impossible for the eye to receive the rays of light reflected from two objects at different distances at the same time.

As it is impossible, then, in focusing the eye on the deep reflections to see the surface at the same time, the artist who gives to his picture all the clarity that nature expresses in her deep reflections, presupposes the long-distance focus in his spectator, whose eye normally takes in the short range and who when he tries to see the deeper reflections has his sense of surface destroyed, so that he feels the impression of "tumbling in." In order to meet this difficulty the artist must compromise and instead of giving his deep reflections with nature's clarity, he must give them an indistinct, indefinite appearance, as Turner has so ingeniously done. One feels that his deep reflections represent definite objects, but there is always a certain haziness and vagueness about them. In this way he has avoided a difficulty that few have understood and still fewer have overcome. There is, however, in Turner's work more than science can ever explain—a something to be felt but not expressed.

Ruskin says: Of all inorganic substances acting in their own proper nature and without assistance or combination, water is the most wonderful. If we think of it as the source of all the changefulness and beauty we have seen in the clouds, then as the instrument by which the earth which we have contemplated was modelled into symmetry, and its crags chiselled into grace, then as in the form of snow it robes the mountains it has made with that transcendent light which we could not have conceived if we had not seen, then as it exists in the foam of the torrent, in the iris which spans it, in the morning mist which rises from it, in the deep crystalline pools which mirror its hanging shore, in the broad lake and glancing river, finally in that, which is to all human minds the best emblem of unwearied, unconquerable power—the wild, various, fantastic, tameless, unity of the sea. What shall we compare to this mighty, this universal element for glory and beauty, or how shall we follow its eternal changefulness? It is like trying to paint a soul.

A. H. V.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS FROM THE FRONT

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED BY M. SHERRIN AND J. CAMERON.

Knowing that nothing could be of more interest to the readers of The Quill than letters from our own boys at the front (as space would not permit us to print whole letters), we have made several extracts which we feel show something of their life in the trenches.

The first of these extracts is from a letter received recently from William Leary; more familiarly known as "Bill." Bill writes as follows:

"Some days ago I managed to find to my surprise, that the Canadian cavalry was but a few miles away. Of course I was very anxious to look them up and see some of the boys I knew, and after getting a pass and making all arrangements regarding transportation, I started out. The road controller didn't seem to understand that I wished to take the shortest route and sent me about fifteen miles out of my way. However, I managed to locate them just about dark, and who should I see but Don McNeil. He is a lieutenant in the Fort Garry Horse. Since then I have had a talk with Henry Knox, Stan Miskiman, Richie McPherson and Andy Cumberland. Jasper Wolverton is in these parts but have been unable to locate him yet.

"The boys are certainly doing fine work and are very deserving of any praise that the papers thought fit to give them."

Here is a most interesting letter from Stan Miskiman. We won't say to whom it came, but we are fortunate to be able to use it.

"When you are really on the scene of action, it is highly undesirable. What with hand grenades, trench mortars (high explosives), mines, the pouring in of the enemy's high explosive shells containing shrapnel or tear gas which makes the tears run down your cheeks, together with the roar of your own guns, that all goes toward making a bombardment. This is what the third battle of Ypres meant and what the French soldiers have been standing day in and day out at Verdun. Dr. Vining said that we wouldn't have any cause to be ashamed of our French comrades in arms, and I certainly agree with him. We have been through one bombardment and don't care from a curious point of view whether or not we experience another.

"We happened to have a chance to visit an 'aero base, and it was splendid to watch them rise up and come down. They just seem like big birds, only the song they sing is produced

by the engines which run at a terrific rate and the propeller makes a splendid fan and has anything in Aagaard's or Johnson's beaten a mile.

"Harvest is in full swing here and all over the countryside there are little fields dotted here and there by hedges and shade trees. It looks like Canada a little bit, and I guess that is why we like it here.

"I have been up at the front again since I wrote last and things are not going badly up there. I have seen plenty of ruins in my journeys. After the war I think I shall have to act as guide for some of the tourist parties from some of those western towns. I will guide the teachers' convention through these places free of charge. It might give you the creeps going down into the dug-outs, half-blown in, especially when an old rat who will likely be the sole survivor of the place, jumps up and summons you to enter.

"I suppose that we all have our work pre-ordered for us and will likely hear the Christmas bells ringing in our dreams and follow the notes of the old bugle."

"I guess you will understand by the papers that we are giving old Fritz plenty of 'scene-shifters' or shells which rather destroy the background, so to speak. I hope they send lots of iron over here because it is the only way to coax the Germans down to terms. This war is getting so tragic that I think they should let up at Christmas through a sort of mutual agreement, and then put on their spurs again. That is, if Fritz isn't beaten before then. I wouldn't mind being at home for a few days myself just to have a look around the old place, because foreign countries may be fine to tour in, worse to scrap in, hard to talk in, and far better to get home from."

As all students will remember, Norman McDonald went over last spring with the Eleventh field Ambulance, under Colonel McQueen, and writes of that branch of the service. Come to think of it, if we remember correctly, Mac always was interested in hospital work, so he writes of his duties *con amore*:

"Several things happened since I started to write this letter. I was called out with an ambulance and got to bed about one o'clock a.m. I saw quite a bit of surrounding country and enjoyed all excepting my last trip, which was between 11:15 and 12:30. The country looks much the same as England. It is surprising how productive it is, taking into consideration the fact that it has been producing for so many centuries.

"Donough, Noble, Staines* and I are all fine. Rowell has been laid up with lumbago and Pound has been holding down a stretcher also. As for myself, I never felt better. As you

know, we get a franc a day here and that all goes for 'eats.' 'Eats,' just the same as it used to be in Brandon, only we have to hunt up a place to get our fried eggs and French fried potatoes each time we move. Their grapes and pears are not a bit hard to take. They have a splendid flavor.

"We have a Y.M.C.A. organization in our unit and I am secretary. It is quite a problem out here and is one deserving of every support. I would like to get in some place where I could devote my whole time to it."

This from Hubert Staines, in the same unit:

"I went up to an advance dressing station on the evening of Saturday last. Some kind of a rush was expected on that sector. A small raid was carried out but the casualties were not heavy. Two prisoners came through the dressing station and I was interested to get a look at them. I cannot say whether they appreciated their circumstances as they were not inclined to talk. One of them was a law student, so the interpreter said. His harrassed soul gazed out of eyes behind massive, grandmother spectacles, his demeanor was anything but imposing.

"Soon, I believe, we are to make another move. I do not mind, as I am anxious to see as much of France as possible. It is an interesting country and it seems such a lamentable pity that so many quaint little villages with their antiquated links with the past should be reduced to piles of valueless ruins.

"Up to the present all our unit has escaped without a scratch. Some have had bullets pass near enough to make it dangerously interesting. So far we have not been in a really bloody engagement, but if rumors are valid such experiences await us in the not far distant future."

A few lines from Mayes, who is back on duty after being "laid up," suffering from shell shock:

"We manage to have a good time together; that is, as far as good times go here. All the Brandon boys (seven) are in one section, Mr. Knapp being 'chaperon' for the party.

"McBain is not with us at present, but we hope to have him again when he leaves the hospital. I understand by his last letter to Bruce that he is doing fine."

It is quite evident that Stan Miskiman has not changed very much as this description of "Stan" reciting poetry from "Jim" Smith shows:

"As I now write, Miskiman is giving us a few verses from the 'Lady of the Lake.' He has been devoting his time to the 'Stability of Aeroplanes,' 'Burns' Poems,' and is now asking Mayes how he would like to write a book.

"While in France we met Lieut Hosie (Art. Hosie, since killed in action). He told us that G. Yeomans was here as a

private. It is very interesting to meet one's own schoolmates, especially when you take into consideration the number of men there are in the field. A few weeks ago Mayes and I went into a Y.M.C.A. to have refreshments and you may guess at our surprise when we saw Bill Leary indulging in a cup of tea.

"Bob Macpherson was our visitor today. He is in the pink of condition, and has a pretty good time on the whole. I saw 'Slim' Donaldson on the way up. I heard today that he was wounded badly.

"We happened to be up the line the other day, and were able to take part in a very real phase of the work. You can imagine how our blood tingled when we were told upon arriving at the advanced dressing station, that our work would be at the front line. This work, from the front line to the battalion aid post, is usually done by the battalion stretcher bearers, and we clear from the aid post to the advanced dressing station.

However, circumstances alter cases, and we felt proud that the opportunity had come our way to go to the first line in daylight with a little white flag, we made our first trip into 'No Man's Land.' The scenes which we saw on our way, will live with us all our lives. Bodies of dead, from both sides, lay around. Some with a smile on their faces, while others were still in the position in which they had been before death came, but still they did not attempt to snipe at us with machine guns, as we were also collecting their wounded. After a twenty-four hour spell, we had a great sleep in a German dug-out. Believe me, they lack for nothing, which accounts for the stiff resistance in the early part of the big push."

As already noted, Rowell has been suffering from lumbago. A later letter from Wallace Donough, however, tells us that he is now working in a Y.M.C.A., where we feel sure his infectious laugh will ring out as cheerily as ever:

"We are all well but Jimmy Rowell. He is now working in a Y.M.C.A. a few miles from here. John Hart has still evaded us, but I hope we may overtake him before spring."

From Mr. Knox, who older students will remember graduated in '14:

"We are all well except McBain, who unfortunately has been sent to England, suffering from pleurisy. The last letter received from him, he was at Boulogne, but was preparing to leave for "Blighty." He protested against being sent, as he feared being severed from the unit. Bruce Steele has been ill twice, but is in good health again. S. Miskiman was in the hospital for about a week, but is again able to be on duty. Other Brandon College boys, MacDonald, Staines, Pound, Noble, Donough, and Rowell have been near enough to visit us: Jap. Wolverton, Macpherson, Innis, and Leary have all

been seen lately, so, while far from Manitoba and in a foreign land, we have met quite a number of old friends."

That retiring but celebrated moose hunter, Johnny Hart, has evidently found the task of disposing of the 'Uns larger than he anticipated. As a member of the celebrated "Princess Pats," Johnny is in the forefront of the fighting.

"I suppose the most natural thing for me to ask is "How is college this year?" "Are there very many attending?" "Is Arts '18 still as famous as ever?" I had hoped to be home by this time, but the War Lord refuses to quit until he is completely smashed up, so here I stay, one of the many who are eager to administer the rude awakening to dear old Fritz. The grand finale, however, cannot be long delayed now. Our successes on every front are so consistent that there is likely to be a great collapse any time. All are agreed anyway that the war will be over by 1918 so why should we worry?"

"I met Bruce Steele at last. He told me I had grown since I enlisted, but he omitted to say in which direction, and I suppose I must worry and wait until I see him again before I find out. He looked pretty well himself."

Here is a glimpse of the more serious side of the struggles, in letters from Wilfred Coristine and Bruce Steele.

From Wilf:

"The last time we were up the line, it was only for a few days, and we had to work like the mischief, and lost a lot of sleep. We even had our rations swiped on us once, then, after we marched back to rest camp the second night we were there, we got flooded out, and, as a result, packed up our kits, or rather 'packed all our troubles in our old kit bags,' and smiled as we marched to our hospital rest station, where we are at present."

"We're having good weather once more, and expect to go up the line again in a couple of days, for another go at it. Bruce, Stan, and myself were on the same stretcher, and got along fine."

"Andy Cumberland is back in France again, but haven't seen him yet, though I know where he is. I suppose you have heard about poor Milton Donaldson. I was up the night he was wounded, but we were clearing from a different part. I also saw him at a distance the night he went into the trenches, and mind you, it was his first trip in, pretty tough!"

From Bruce:

"The heavy shell fire tests the best of us. One has to keep himself together all the time, as the frightful thunder never ceases. No one sleeps until he gets so tired that he has to, and then it doesn't matter what comes over us: I was that way once last week. I flung my gas helmet on the bottom of

a trench, and flung myself down in the mud, and was soon sound asleep. Meanwhile the shells were dropping all around.

"I was down in one of Fritz's dugouts the other day. They are marvellous. I don't see how our boys ever drove them out of them. Imagine them driving them out of dugouts thirty feet below ground. Another marvel is the condition of the land surface where villages once stood. Now there is scattered a few irregular piles of brick. If it were not drawn to your attention, you would not know whether you were traversing the ground where a village once stood or not. Woods are marked by a few ragged stumps, nothing more. For miles not a blade of vegetation can be seen. No one will be able to imagine such a deserted landscape until he has seen it for himself. It is scarred here and there by long winding trenches, which can scarcely be called anything more than a continuation of shell holes. Between these lines of trenches, the shell holes are so close that scarcely a few feet lie between them. What these trenches contain, I can hardly say, as it is too awful to mention. We do our best, when we go in, to get all the poor fellows out, who are yet alive, and get them back as quickly as possible to skilled medical men."

"We are having miserable weather. The heavy artillery has something to do with the weather. It unsettles everything."

And now a line from another "front" just reminding us that there are more ways than one to do one's duty at this time in the history of the world. This is from "Scotty" Gordon:

"It is quite evident to me that to the people of India the Government and Christianity are bound up together. These last two years have been hard years for the missionary, largely on account of the waiting attitude of the people to see what was going to happen to the Government, for if the British were defeated Christianity would go with it. That seems to be the general attitude, though there were districts which proved the happy exceptions. Now our offensive has begun, and it augurs well for the temporal as well as the spiritual conditions of India. I had a very interesting insight into conditions of India's inner state quite recently. I had been wondering and feeling rather strongly over this question of the preacher's duty in connection with the war, and at last the matter got on my conscience to such an extent that when I was on the hills I went to the commander-in-chief of the Forces in this Presidency and offered myself for enlistment—as a chaplain or soldier. Sir Arthur Phayre is not the one, I think, to be credited with too much sentimentality or religious bias, and yet when I presented my card and told him my mission, he shook me by the hand and said: "Mr. Gordon, I appreciate more than I can tell

you, your offer of service, but the government has more need of men of your stamp on your mission field than at the front, because you can keep your district informed of the real condition of affairs and so prevent false rumors spreading. During our conversation he spoke of the Government's appreciation of the splendid service loyal missionaries were doing at this critical time.

"When I thought of the matter afterwards and how that in every village one has to use the war as an avenue of approach to the Gospel, I recognized that probably after all I was "doing my bit" in connection with the war.

"Now, it may be but co-incidental that our mission has set aside the first week in October for a special evangelistic campaign among the non-Christians, but on the other hand it may prove to be a God-directed date, for if in the next two months the Allies make as good headway as in the last, we may see the enemy's back broken. What a message to proclaim! The triumph of the cause of Truth, Integrity, Righteousness, yea, may I not say the cause of Christ over the Kaiser, the hell of Militarism, and why not, over Ignorance, superstition and Hinduism?"

*Yet now, when boldest wills give place,
When Fate and Circumstance are strong,
And in their rush the human race
Are swept, like huddling sheep, along:*

*Those sterner spirits let me prize,
Who, though the tendence of the whole
They less than us might recognize,
Kept, more than us, their strength of soul.*

—Arnold.

A WALLACHIAN LEGEND

BY MAXIM GORKY.

(Translated by Elbert Aidline.)

A fairy once dwelt in a forest,
And bathed in its silvery streams;
One day she was caught by the fishers,
While morning was shedding its gleams.

The fishers all scattered, affrighted,
But Marco, a fisherman young;
He kissed her, embraced, and caressed her,
So vigorous, youthful and strong.

The fairy entwined like a serpent,
Seductively tender and mild,
And gazing upon him intently,
She silently, silently smiled.

All day she embraced and caressed him,
But—happiness ever is brief—
With nightfall the fairy had vanished,
And left him alone with his grief.

At daylight, at starlight, he wanders,
And seeks her, and withers, and craves,
“Oh, where is my fairy?”—“We know not,”
Are laughing the treacherous waves.

“Be silent!” he cries to the wavelets.
“Yourselves with my fairy you play!”
And into the waters deceitful
He plunged there to seek his sweet fay.

The fairy still dwells in the forest,
 Still beautiful, charming, and young.
 But Marco is dead. . . . yet forever
 He'll live in the glory of song.

While you, self-contented and dormant,
 Like worms you will crawl on your way;
 No tale shall relate of your doings,
 No poet shall sing you a lay!

NOTE—The similarity in strain of the above poem by one of the greatest modern Russian writers to Keat's ballad, *La Belle Dame Sans Merci*, will be marked by the reader.—ED.

*One day thou say'st there will at last appear
 The Word, the order, which God meant should be—
 Ah, we shall know that well when it comes near:
 The band will quit Man's heart—he will breathe free.*

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HONOR ROLLS

There are honor rolls and honor rolls. The most familiar type in Canada is that which records the names of those who have volunteered for active service abroad. It is no mean distinction to be on such a roll. It indicates possession of a patriotism that goes beyond lip-loyalty and finds its ultimate expression in actual sacrifice and service. Brandon College has such a list, a generous and growing list, composed of graduates and undergraduates who have heard the call and not been disobedient to the vision of duty.

There is another type of honor roll, however, more familiar in schools of the old world, but in these last two years appearing with increasing frequency in Canada. Upon this honor roll appear the names of those who have been called upon to make that supreme sacrifice that every recruit potentially makes when he offers himself to the service of the Empire. To this final honor roll Brandon College at this time adds with pride and sorrow the names of two former students, Lieutenant Arthur Hosie and Private Robert Cruise, whose deaths were reported recently. Lieutenant Hosie was killed in

action. Private Cruise died of wounds at a clearing station.

Another death at the front which has helped to cast a gloom over the school was that of Private Hollies, formerly a teacher on the Collegiate staff. Private Hollies was a member of the Brandon College C.O.T.C. until Christmas last year, when he enlisted.

Older graduates of the College will be pleasantly interested in the announcement that Sergeant Leonard Cuff of the machine gun service, has received the Military Medal for gallantry at the front. They will remember in him a doughty opponent of former days when track athletics flourished at the "Y." Old opponents from the College join with others in felicitating Sergeant Cuff on receiving this distinction. It is hoped that in the next issue of the Quill a further batch of letters or parts of letters from the front will be published. We hope to secure a wider range of letters, and any received by friends of students at the front which can be made available will be gratefully received by the editor. The letters themselves, if sent, will be carefully returned to the owner. In this way the *Quill* hopes not only to keep class matter in touch with our boys at the front, but also to inform those who are across the seas of the experiences of their comrades on different parts of the fighting area. We also hope in the next issue to give as much personal news of men overseas as can be collected. The collection of this material is in many cases a slow process and hence has necessarily been deferred until the later issue.

RELIGION

We should do well today to hear again the words of the rugged old Scotch savant, as, well-trying, well-learned, filled with the greatest of wisdom, he emerges for a moment from his complete absorption in the book of human life, to pronounce this great truth: "The most important thing about a man is his religion."

I suppose most people will agree with him theoretically, but only theoretically. Yet why do they accept the truth practically? Does not all our activity centre about the working out of the practical from the theoretical? The potter sees the vase before it is fashioned; the artist paints his picture from the vision; the reformer conceives the better state while as yet it is not. So regarding this saying, does not the acknowledgement of its theoretical truth bind us by all ties of logical conduct and sane consistency to its practical observance?

A non-religious enthusiast is a paradox: where is he? I would sooner live with the deaf or dumb or blind, than amongst the unbelievers: these lack the greatest faculty. Enthusiasm, born of religious principles is life, for the individual,

for the nation. This is illustrated in the personalities and in the nations that have lived the longest upon the earth. The growth of the Saxon people has been great and long because sprinkled by martyr blood. The only hope of our nation lies in its religion, and the only hope of our religion lies in men and women who will incarnate the religious idea, that good is in itself the greatest power, the unvanquishable and eternal Fact. Christianity lives today because the lions of the Roman Colosseum were well-fed fifteen hundred years ago. The altar of God seems builded on a heap of carrion saints. Persecution of religious enthusiasts by religious enthusiasts is what keeps religious enthusiasm alive. And this is in itself so great that even in error it is powerful, history says. Our national salvation does not lie in self-congratulatory discourses to the effect that we are not as other men are. Salvation is the state of a contrite soul yearning after and laying hold upon the highest things.

That state for us will follow upon a contemplation of the emblem of our religion which, though on our flag, has lost its true significance for most: What happened on the cross? Why is it red?

LITERARY CONTEST

A prize of five dollars is offered to students of the Academic Department for the best essay or short story, not exceeding 1,500 words, providing the contribution is worthy. The winning story or essay will appear in the Christmas *Quill*. All entries must be handed in to the office, addressed to the Editor, not later than December 1st.

*Resolve to be thyself: and know that he
Who finds himself, loses his misery.*

—Arnold.

COLLEGE GOSSIP

C. HODGES '19.

"Why here we are again!"

—Governor General, at the Opening of Parliament.

Another summer is past and gone. Another vacation season is spent. Autumn, the loveliest and most enjoyable season of the year is here. As if the leaves taking on their gorgeous autumnal hues, were the signal students both old and new are assembling once more in our dear old College. From all parts of the "Prairie Provinces" and even from so far away as British Columbia they have come. This year, while the attendance is not as good as usual, there is a larger crowd of Freshmen than ever: fresh, of course, but still good, hearty fellows, the very kind we want.

Welcome to you all! And may our acquaintance with you be long and pleasant, as the beggar said when he found the five dollar bill.

—

Gab: "Say, Greenback, why is a cent like a chicken sitting on a fence?"

Greenback: "Oh, I don't know."

Gab: "Because it has tail on one side, head on the other."

THE FRESHMAN'S TEN COMMANDMENTS.

I. Thou shalt not pass through the iron door without at least forty days' meditation and strengthening for the presence of the angelic host, and then thou shalt not too often enter the sacred precincts.

II. Thou shalt not labor unduly lest perchance when examinations come, thou findest thyself prepared and filled with knowledge to overflowing.

III. Thou shalt not spend thy last dime on entertaining thy lady friend at the moving picture theatre lest thou hast to do without thy weekly bun.

IV. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's soap, nor his tooth-brush, nor his "honey," nor anything that is thy neighbor's.

V. Thou shalt not kill time standing around the halls or visiting at thy neighbor's room.

VI. Thou shalt honor and obey thy resident master and thy seniors, lest peradventure thou beest cast into the icy deep.

VII. Thou shalt take due care that they have a dull

knife at thy place at table, lest thou shouldst do damage to thy mouth.

VIII. Thou shalt take the price-tickets off thy curtains and thy floor-mats that it may not be proven against thee that thou hast been patronizing the fifteen cent store.

IX. Remember thy socks, to keep them un-holy.

X. Thou shalt not make unto thee on the college walks any graven image, or any likeness of anything that is in thy mind, lest these barbaric symbols of thy first rude attempts at sculpture and decorating, cause thee to be cast out into utter darkness.

THE WELCOME.

Instead of the usual "bun-feed," the Y.M. and Y.W.C.A. gave a hearty reception to the new boys and girls in Clark Hall reception-room, on the first Friday night of the term. There was a good turn-out of students and the faculty was well represented. After half an hour had been spent getting acquainted, a short and very pleasing programme was rendered, Dr. Vining being chairman. Miss Wilson, our new vocal teacher, gave three well-chosen selections and soon won the hearts of her hearers. Miss Cline's pleasing and humorous readings were received with great applause, as usual. The address of welcome was given by Mr. Bennett, and Miss Zoe Hough ('19) ably replied. Successful progressive games were followed by "eats." The reception closed with the singing of the National Anthem and the College Yell.

It was noted that although chairman Dr. Vining hadn't a chair to sit on. He probably felt about it, the same as did Mark Twain. He was to give a lecture in a little Ohio town. Before the lecture he went to the village barber-shop to get trimmed up. The barber asked him if he had tickets for the lecture.

"No," was the reply, "who's speaking?"

"Why, haven't you heard? It's Mark Twain. You want to hurry up; there's hardly standing room left."

"That so? Seems funny, but every time that fellow Twain speaks, I have to stand."

THE READING ROOM.

So far the reading room is more of a success than last year. The Freshmen have not as yet acquired the art of swiping magazines, and the seniors have forgotten it during the summer. Let us hope this happy state of affairs will last. But be it made known unto you that whosoever is caught in this

act of felony shall be immersed in *aqua frigida* seventy times seven. Let this thing, therefore, be graven upon your hearts.

Wanted: information leading to the discovery of Gab's mortal enemy, who has been decorating the college walls with his name. Suitable rewards given.

RECEPTION FOR COLLEGE PLATOON.

It is with mixed feelings that we speak of our old boys, who have enlisted. We regret that we may never see some of them again, yet we are glad and proud that they are serving their country nobly and well in its hour of need. We feel sure they will bring distinction to our Dominion and our college. In view of these facts we cannot do too much for our boys while still in this country.

On the evening of October 6th, the Ladies Auxiliary held a reception for the College Platoon in the Clark Hall reception room. A very pleasant hour was spent renewing our acquaintance with the boys, after which the guests promenaded to the chapel, where a splendid programme was given. The best talent in the college and city helped to make the evening a great success. After the programme, refreshments were daintily served in Clark Hall. All were unanimous in saying that the evening was a most enjoyable one.

LAURELS BESTOWED.

Yes, our chief reason for gathering on the evening of Field Day, October 20th, was to witness the distribution of cups, ribbons and medals to those who during the afternoon had victoriously pulled off their stunt. But with their usual felicitous propensity, those who had charge of the proceedings had arranged a whole evening of enjoyment—and that isn't taffy either, because we really had a good time. It took rather longer than usual to get the "prom" cards filled out, but this was eventually accomplished and couples walked? no, strolled? no, proceeded? no—this being Brandon College they promenaded (get it?) to the chapel. We might say here that three things seem essential to a successful "promenader." First, he should meander aimlessly, like a soul lost by the banks of Lethe. Secondly, he should assiduously avoid saying anything, though, of course, politeness demands that he talk most of the time. Thirdly, at the very outset of his conversation he should remark to his fair partner that he thinks promenades are such stupid, senseless inventions. The colossal insight required for such a view and its extreme novelty

will favorably impress the lady with his original personality.

A good program, upon which some of our new students successfully figured, was rendered in the chapel. Spasm number two was to Brandon College. Find your partners, gentlemen; turn to the left! Somehow the boys had found time to fix up their rooms, and, wide-eyed, the dainty damsels gaze in admiring astonishment: Queen of Sheba at the Court of Solomon, kind of thing, don't you know. Dr. MacGibbon got ahead of the rest of the crowd with that bag of apples. When the crowd got wise, there was a continual stream of visitors to his room: reminded one of St. Lazarre, pilgrimages, etc. (Puzzle: find the saint.) The visitors to the usually forbidden realms enjoyed this prom. in spite of the awful awtempts of the awriginal awkestral awperatic awgregation,—(did anybody speak?).

Then the medals, cups and ribbons were distributed in the chapel. This was the main event of the evening. Honors were bestowed on a valiant crew headed by Glinz, Morgan, Cook, Howard and Whidden. It was surprising how many came in for haberdashery. Even Scotty and "Pull" got white ribbons. (N.B.—They couldn't very well help it!)

At the foot of our cards ran the legend: "To the Gym for refreshments," which being interpreted means "Slide down and get a bite t' eat." The "eats" were very successfully engineered by the committee. The evening closed as per usual, the general opinion being that in spite of "depleted ranks" we are not so slow after all. What's the matter with us?

Stott: "Who composed that piece you were playing last night?"

Miss Gerrand: "It was composed by Bach."

Arthur: "What is he composing at present?"

Miss G.: "Sir, at present he is decomposing."

FAVORITE SONGS.

The following are a few of the many songs heard in the college halls.

The other day Scottie Mac was heard lustily singing, and with all the vigor of his pent-up feelings, "Rings on My Fingers, Belle—on my Arm,"

You should certainly hear Winton sing "It's Tulip-time on Tenth street, Tulips are Calling Me." He sings it with all the pathos and feeling of the love-lorn (bow-wow!)

Dr. Vining's is: "I'm a Resident Professor, and I'm Up to Every Fake."

Gwen Whidden hasn't yet decided which is her favorite.

It will, however, be one of these: "I Know Not Why, But My Gladness Has Utterly Passed Away," or "When Johnny Comes Marching Home."

Harris McKee sings very tenderly and sweetly, "Old King Coal is a Merry Old Soul—but somewhat expensive."

Gab's favorite is "Always Love a Girl Named Daisy."

Marjorie Sherrin sings with great gusto: "I can't get enough of Pep."

Pep. reciprocates by singing: "May we know each other better when exams have rolled away?"

"Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay," is a song Mr. Cook can't refrain from singing occasionally.

Chambers sings with great feeling: "The Camerons Are Coming." You ought to hear him — so pathetic, don't you know.

—

We are proud to announce the appearance of a new poem, composed by one of our own men — Stott. It is entitled: "Theologs may come and Theologs may go, But I go on forever." All honor and glory and majesty to Stott for this valuable addition to Canadian verse.

THE LIZARDS OF ACADEMIC I.

We understand that the students of Academic I., under the direction of Prof. Evans, are taking up the study of lizards. Where Prof. Evans got them we are uncertain, but we know that after considerable negotiation with the C. P. R. officials he rented a section of a live-stock car to bring them to Brandon. Now they are in the zoo of Academic I. where anyone who wants to may see them. Gronbach has been appointed Lord High Keeper of the Lizards. As far as we know, they are called Lizzie, Bill, Jemimah, Uphemiah and Little Malcolm. If we had the ability we would describe them to you, but as our command of English cannot adequately express our feelings we advise the reader to pay a visit to the Zoo (Academic I. Room) and see these world-famous specimens from Lizardom. An enjoyable time is promised. These noble reptiles need much exercise, so every night Lord High Keeper of the Lizards Gronbach, with his assistant "Gab," can be seen promenading and exercising with the lizards. Gabriel, although in Academic II., was appointed assistant because, having spent many happy days in Academic I., he cannot resist the temptation to revisit the scenes and companions of former days. We wish long life and happiness to the lizards under the care of Gronbach and his assistant Gabriel.

JUST A FEW OLD ONES

Gronbach: "What's executive ábility?"

Williamson: "Oh, it's being able to get all the credit for other people's work."

Bambridge: "Say, Bisson, what's the difference between a piano, a bad cigar and your face?"

Bisson: "Oh, I don't know."

Bambridge: "Well, a piano makes music, a bad cigar you sick——" At this point in the dialogue friends hurried up and picked up what remained of the temerarious freshman. He may get over it, but he will never look the same."

Nordlund: "I'm doing my best to get ahead, but somehow I can't do it; the——"

Cook: "You sure need one one, kid."

This was heard in the Patricia:

Hainer: "Somehow or other everything I drink goes to my head."

Miller: "Sure, it goes where it won't be crowded."

VARIOUS KINDS OF SLEEPERS

"Oh! sleep it is a gentle thing,

Beloved from pole to pole."

Also from the top flat of Brandon College to the most remote confines of Clark Hall.

The first class of sleepers we find in our catalogue is composed of those who sleep in for breakfast. To this class belong Fred Howard, Leslie Glinz and a certain member of the Faculty on the Brandon College side who loves his beauty sleep better than breakfast. We are sorry, but space does not permit us to mention them.

Class two comprises those who sleep in class. These are headed by Mr. Pullen, the noble editor of this great and famous family journal, with such minor characters as Stott and Reita Bambridge as side partners. We could mention many others, but respect for our elders withholds us.

Thirdly: There are many learned and devout personages in our College who make a practice of attending church every Sunday but sleep in church just as regularly. They form a class of their own. Examples of these devout and sleepy ones are Jean Cameron, C. Cresswell, Zoe Hough and Fred Chambers.

The last in the list is composed of the heaviest sleepers, those who appear to be awake only at very infrequent intervals. We hesitate to raise the question, is Mr. Cook one of

these. Being of a sleepy exterior and countenance, it is hard to tell. We think that—— but no, we shall not commit ourselves. We shall hold our peace.

By way of contrast, some people, such as Chapman, Winton, Clark and Peterson, never seem to be asleep. These gentlemen have often disturbed our editorial slumbers. We wish they would show decent respect when Homer nods.

HOW THE FACULTY SPENT THE SUMMER

President Whidden headed the College canvass, in which he was attended with great success.

Dr. Vining spent the summer on the end of a fork cultivating the simple life.

Miss Whiteside assisted in reducing the number of successful matriculants with great success, marking papers at Winnipeg. Later she visited friends in the East.

Miss Butman returned to Maine, where she spent all her time trying to explain that it wasn't half bad in Manitoba with the thermometer at 40 below.

Space forbids us to tell all of Miss Cline's accomplishments during the summer. See the Clark Hall department.

Dr. MacNeill, assisted in the in the college canvass in the early summer. Later he visited Chicago to try out the University Tennis Courts.

Prof. Evans occupied himself, for part of the summer, collecting geological specimens in Alberta and British Columbia. We understand this was a side line.

Dr. MacGibbon spent the greater part of the summer at Sandy Lake. His time was equally divided between reading Economics and keeping a paternal eye over the cute young persons next door.

Dr. New went East and spent considerable time in study at Toronto.

Miss Leech turned the family residence at Regina into a boarding house, to raise money for the Patriotic fund. We understand the money thus raised will go to the late sleepers. cigarette fund.

Prof. Ross was engaged in Y.M.C.A. work in the city during the summer.

Dr. McKee remained in Brandon and applied the pragmatic philosophy to the bacili solanacearum.

Prof. Lager remained in the West visiting the Swedish churches. He was successful in bringing in a large group of new students.

Prof. and Mrs. Wright were also amongst those who went

East. They didn't stop until they reached the Atlantic. We believe they spent a very pleasant summer in New Brunswick.

Members of last year's C.O.T.C. who took the examination in the spring for Certificate A will learn with regret that Major Duncan Michael of the 79th has been on the missing list for some weeks. The military authorities have as yet been unable to furnish any information as to his fate to his relatives and friends. Of the two other members of the examining board, Major Creelman is in England suffering from multiple wounds and Major Hines is returning to Canada, reported broken in health.

LOST, STRAYED OR STOLEN

From the boys reception room one rug. Any information regarding the recovery of this rug should be reported to Dr. Vining. Suitable reward.

Lieut. Hugh Heatherington, who qualified with the C.O.T.C., has gone overseas with the 203rd Battalion.

Lieut. McIntosh, who also qualified in the C.O.T.C., has a commission in and is qualifying for the Cameron Highlanders in Brandon. He's a very braw boy in a Highland uniform.

DARING ROBBERY

We are exceedingly wroth to report that on October 12th an infamous crime was perpetrated right in the college halls. As Robertson was walking upstairs in his customary dignified manner, to his horror and astonishment he discovered that his watch was missing. The police were at once notified and for the rest of the day the college was in a frenzy. Pinkerton men, plain-clothes men and many a future Sherlock Holmes filled the halls like so many bees in a bee-hive. Toward evening, just as the culprit was about to be apprehended, this low-down type of the human species returned the watch to its owner and made good his escape. Robertson states his intention of keeping his watch chained and padlocked to his person. As the watch is a very valuable one, we commend his good judgment in chaining it to a heavy object.

AS WE GO TO PRESS

The elections for the presidency of the Lit. are on. Miss E. Beaubier and Miss R. McDonald are the candidates. As this is an independent journal we withhold our sentiments, though we do have some. The results will be reported in the next issue. However, we are assured of this that whoever gets in, the high standard of our Lit. will be maintained, for have we

not with us the violinist, Mr. Bystedt, Miss Wolverton and Miss Morgan in the vocal line, and Miss Ross, the elocutionist? With a line-up like this, we predict many a pleasant Friday evening at the Lit.

The C.O.T.C. has reorganized for the year with Lieut. Evans as O.C. and Lieut. MacGibbon second. The first drill took place October 30th.

Y.M.C.A.

Our Brandon College Y.M.C.A. has begun its work again this term under the leadership of our president, W. A. Bennett, and his executive. The mission class is being held on Sunday mornings with A. H. Pullen as leader. A Runeman has organized the Bible study classes, and these are being carried on each Wednesday evening. Prof. Lager leads the class for younger boys, whilst the seniors appoint a leader each week for the following Wednesday, and enjoy round table discussion on the Gospel of Mark.

At the regular weekly meetings we have listened to J. E. Dayton, Inter-collegiate Secretary of the Y.M.C.A., our delegates to last summer's conference at Lumsden Beach, Messrs. Cooper, Bennett and Pullen; the Rev. A. E. Smith, and Rev. Newcomb, our new Baptist minister, whom we have been glad to welcome to our city and college from the East.

*I love all beauteous things,
I seek and adore them;
God hath no better praise,
And man in his hasty days
Is honored for them.*

*I too will something make
And joy in the making;
Altho' to-morrow it seem
Like the empty words of a dream
Remembered on waking.*

—Robert Bridges.

CLARK HALL

REITA WOOD BAMBRIDGE '18.

*"Sow,—and look onward, upward,
Where the starry light appears—
Where, in spite of coward's doubting
Or your own heart's trembling fears,
You shall reap in joy the harvest
You have sown today in tears."*

Clark Hall again! Another year! How much it holds for us and how much there will be to look back to at the end! Each year has something so individualistic about it, something so much its own that it is important for us to make that something worth while. It is to be a year, the record of which, when Miss Whiteside turns the pages of her Clark Hall work, will be dainty and sweet-scented; one about which tender memories, ghosts of merry laughter and the unseen presence of work accomplished, will linger and bless. The beauty of Clark Hall means more to Miss Whiteside than it does even to us, and it is ours to give her that which is so sure to make her happy.

Where were we all last summer?

Ruby McDonald teaching at Scotch Bay on Lake Manitoba.

Kathleen Moffatt teaching two pupils the C scale and taking in Brandon Fair.

Mildred and Marjorie Sherrin trying to dry up the Souris river.

May McLachlan staying at home all summer to write letters.

Jean Cameron plugging French and visiting Lumsden.

Gwen Whidden keeping house for her father and the boys.

Reta Willmott at home improving her mind, then near Dauphin improving their minds there.

Eleanor Beaubier, Beatrice Hall, Georgia Neithercut, Eleanor Maley, the Turnbull girls and others, keeping Brandon from losing all "college spirit."

Clara Molberg persuading her brother to come to B. C. Good work, Clara!

Marie Cameron holding down the ranch with Katie and Evan.

Jean Avery, Cordie McKay, Stella Bolton and Madge Struthers, teaching Saskatchewan ideas were to go, and piling up work to start at late.

And what of the Faculty?—

Miss Whiteside spent the summer visiting with her mother and brother in Ontario.

Miss Butman shoving a Ford around Maine.

Miss Moyle farming for her brother out west.

Miss Cline enjoying Ontario—Toronto, Hamilton, Georgia Bay, and so on.

Miss Wright here in Brandon until after the Fair and then renewing acquaintances in Brampton, Ont.

Miss Leech giving the C.P.R. between Banff and Winnipeg reason for running special trains—almost!

We welcome to our midst two new members of the Faculty. One is new to the Faculty but not to us. Edith is Miss Gerrand this year but dignity sits well on her graceful shoulders, and piano students will progress under her, we know.

Miss Wilson has come to be our vocal teacher, and you should hear the vocal students rave about her! Also we, who are not privileged to work under her know how to appreciate her presence about the halls. Miss Wilson came from Scotland to Chicago, then from there to us, having taken up work in various parts of the world, Norway, Dresden, Germany, and Chicago. What is more, she brought her mother with her, who resides in the city. May we see her, too, often among us.

Then between Faculty and girls we have Miss Whidden, the new stenographer, who is taking the place of Mrs. Spratling (née Miss Grace Moon). Miss Whidden is a niece of Dr. Whidden's from Nova Scotia, and is residing in the College. Miss Whidden in the day time, she is Eunice at night over here, and we are glad she is one of us.

We welcome the new girls with open arms. Come on girls! Clark Hall is yours too; we are one, not half and half. Be new girls the first then no longer, and we will be merry together.

And what of those who left us? Those who were here last year and have not returned?

Bertha Morris became so interested in the infants or—— at Leo, Alta., that she could not tear herself away.

Vera Mills is teaching at Hazenmore. Vera meant to send her sister to fill her place but sickness prevented.

Helen Honeyman went through not long ago to take a school at Buchanan, Sask., so as to find time for fancywork.

Jeanette Grant is attending the Normal in town here until Christmas.

Daisy Fenwick spent a glorious summer in Ontario, but is back now at her sister's.

Marjorie Stovel is attending Branksome Hall in Toronto.

Lavona and Ethel Mitchell are both teaching.

Miss Skillen is on the High School staff of Chicago.

Clark Hall Y.W.C.A. elected its new executive recently. This being a strong one, things ought to go briskly, as we feel sure they will.

Honorary President	Mrs. Wright
President	Jean Cameron
Vice-President	Zoe Hough
Secretary	Kathleen Moffatt
Treasurer	Helen Wedin
Conveners of Membership . .	Maria Grant and Tena Turnbull
Pianist	Frances Wolverton

Mission Class seems to be somewhat connected with the Y.W.C.A., in one way, at least, for the President of one is leader of the other.

At present we are studying "The Renaissance in India," and expect to derive much profit from this interesting study. The meetings are held every Sunday morning in the reception room at nine o'clock and are well attended.

The annual census of soldier pins has been taken and up to date the number has come to eighty. The tax will be quite heavy this year as necessities are numerous and funds are low. It will be levied per pin, rather than per girl, so some will suffer rather heavily. Miss Butman, May Mcachlan, Helen Wedin and Lillie Coutts, for instance. We will assist Lillie to pay her tax if she will pay us back with her "Black Watch" pin from France. It is a rarity.

Clark Hall athletics are progressive and interesting. Each department has a definite leader who is interested in it and anxious to make it "go." They all unite under the competent convenor, Miss Gwen Whidden. Miss Bessie Turnbull has charge of the tennis, Miss Tena Turnbull of the hockey, Miss Frances Wolverton, of basket ball, and Miss Maria Grant, of croquet.

After the winter really sets in we hope to get at ice hockey, for on the ground hockey field when Mr. Evans was breaking in the girls, so many said: "How are we to remember the difference between this and real hockey?" "Oh, I've played the other hockey, but not this," etc. That sounds promising doesn't it?

There is no doubt that we are interested in the 196th. We insist that we are. Does the Auxiliary not meet here for its monthly meetings, and do not many of us belong? Of course, we don't say much about the sudden increase in the membership just awhile before the reception held here for the boys of Platoon 8, B Company, but a lot of us belonged before, and were working, too.

We hope to be able to do much and more for them from now on, too. We were also glad to be able to augment Brandon College's share in the 196th fund. We miss them, we will miss them, and we want to miss them.

Mention has been made around the halls of the gifts made to Clark Hall by people interested in it. Further mention in The Quill's pages is only a pleasant duty. Mrs. Wolverton, of Nelson, Libbie Ross, Helen Honeyman and Marie Cameron are among the number. Their gifts have been put to good use.

Miss Jean McLaren gave her graduating gift to Clark Hall, rather than to the College, as is usual. The fifty dollars is to be used for some one thing to beautify or add to the efficiency of the Hall. Miss Whiteside said opinions wavered between a Davenport and a musical dinner gong, but as she put her hands to her ears while Vic Mastberg played a rhapsody on the present instrument, she said she felt sure it would be the gong.

Clark Hall "Inmates" hereby tender hearty thanks to the boys who so gallantly carried trunks and trunks and trunks.

Marjorie (after reading from a letter referring to McBain) "What does he mean by 'Blighty'?"

Reita: "He means either Heaven or England, I don't know which."

Marjorie: "Oh, Heaven, I guess, for the letter says: 'He, (McBain) was preparing to leave for Blighty, but protested against being sent, as he feared being severed from his unit.'"

*There are waters blown by changing winds to laughter
And lit by the rich skies, all day. And after,
Frost, with a gesture, stays the waves that dance
And wandering loveliness. He leaves a white
Unbroken glory, a gathering radiance
A width, a shining peace, under the night.*

—Rupert Brooke.

ATHLETICS

A. F. NICHOL '18.

"College eat 'em raw!"

At the opening of college our athletic executive was sadly depleted. However we have some very efficient men handling affairs now, and judging by the success of everything that they have so far attempted the future for athletics is by no means dismal.

We have an experienced and progressive Honorary President in Prof. Evans. Our Secretary too, C. Cresswell, is a good man in the right place, having a head for business. The vice-president, A. Nichol, who for the time being is acting president, pending the arrival of Wilfrid Moffatt, is a sport from the ground up. Finally, viewed from a financial standpoint, our association is quite safe with its funds in the hands of E. Whidden.

Under the guidance of this executive we have made a good start in athletics for the year. The great drawback to sport so far has been the unkindly countenance of the weather-man. But in spite of his unpropitious conduct, all kinds of games have been practised—football, baseball, tennis and basket-ball.

FOOTBALL.

The College captured its first scalp this season at the expense of the Brandon Collegiate. With admirable speed and aggressiveness they tomahawked the ambitious head of the opposing team. One scalp at the College belt augurs well for their hunting in other fields. Our team, headed by Profs. Evans and Ross, aided by such veterans as Whidden, Glinz and Wilkie, and by the freshies, Cook, Clark, Hainer and others, proved very efficient in quenching the fiery darts of the opposing tribe. In spite of their lack of practice our fellows displayed good team work and succeeded, for the greater part of the time, in monopolizing the ball. Nothing serious happened in the first half with the exception of a few shins being barked and a tremendous clamor issuing from our damsels on the horizon. Are the Clark Hall girls good sports? We should smile! There is no need to worry about the success of our sports with such backing. But to return to the game. It was plain that the College had the better of the play, though unable to locate the goal.

In the second half things became more lively. Individual rushes came to be very popular. At last something happened. The ball came to Prof. Ross, who was playing his usual scientific game, waiting near the Collegiate's goal ready to rush.

With one sure, straight kick he established in goals the lead we had previously shown in ability, and won the day for our Alma Mater.

Now that we know that we have some football players, why not keep up the good work when the ground gets fit, by having some inter-class football? Here is a chance for someone with a little "pep" to do his college a real service. Keep the fellows at a game that riles the blood and drives physical stagnation from the system.

BASEBALL.

With the lust for blood upon us we determined to challenge the Collegiate to a game of baseball. Under the leadership of Fred Howard we managed to get a crowd out to practice at the Athletic Grounds. All indications were that a really good team could be mustered. Then the previously mentioned and much loved weather-man had to come along with his unsmiling face and ask up to play our game in the snow. We refused, and so shall probably have to postpone the display of our baseball ability until next spring. But there are good prospects for some games with the soldiers and the Collegiate then. Just wait, you baseball fans, you'll see something.

TENNIS.

Tennis is coming to its own in the sport life of Brandon College. We feel the day is not far off when such names as Whidden and Howard will be as often on the lips of racket fans as in the days gone by the names of our expert puck chasers were heralded through the halls.

The standard of play is excellent, only surpassed in the province by that of Winnipeg. The courts are good, and enthusiasm was never on a higher level. The Athletic Association has acknowledged the high importance of the game in offering medals for winners of the men's singles and mixed doubles tournaments. At the time of writing the first round of the singles has been played and preparations made to start the doubles, both waiting for the disappearance of "Madame la Neige." It is probable that a team will be picked in the spring to uphold the College against any outsiders, so we can live in expectation of good tennis times ahead.

Any to whom the game looks inviting, but who are dazed by the flashing rackets of the experts, just remember that many of them started their career at Brandon College, and with a little practice and a lot of pleasure have risen to their present positions, which you with a little more practice and much more pleasure, have every chance to take from them. Don't be afraid to try. They say it is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all.

FIELD DAY.

Field day this year proved as big a success as ever. On account of weather conditions we had to hold it in the Arena, so that the results could not be as good as if it had been held on the campus. The girls' ground hockey game between Arts and Hash was first on the program. Both teams were equally determined to win, with the result that neither team succeeded in scoring a goal. The girls, much to the satisfaction of the boys, displayed a certain amount of that animal ferocity and enthusiastic vigor which is supposed to be peculiar to the male species. Sparks flew, and their brilliance illumined the game with interest.

The 60 yards dash came next. In this Glinz carried off first for Senior Arts, while Hodges and Howard managed to get second and third respectively for Junior Arts.

In the first heat of the tug of war Junior Arts, though it took a lot of grit and staying power to do it, came out victorious.

In the 220 yards Howard cleaned up for Junior Arts while second place was won by a Collegiate boy. Cook succeeded in coming in third for Senior Arts.

In the shot put Biloz, Wilkie and Grant were the winners. Biloz exceeded last year's record by three feet.

The 440 yards proved a surprise when Hodges pulled down first place, Cook second and Glinz third.

The pole vault was another first for Glinz, Morgan being second and McPherson third. Both Glinz and Morgan are novices in the science of pole-vaulting, but both show really great possibilities in this direction.

The ladies' race took place at the same time. The winners were Miss Wolverton, Miss Gibson and Miss McLaughlin. Miss Wolverton fairly eating up the ground, here nobly upheld the traditions established for her family by her illustrious brother "Jap." Evan then saved the medal for the College by winning the mile race from an outsider, Cook again coming in third. In the running broad Glinz got away with first, Wilkie second and Morgan third. Junior Arts again distinguished themselves by defeating Senior Arts in the tug of war. The spirit of true sport for which Brandon College is noted received admirable expression in the way in which Bessie Turnbull yanked with the Senior Arts boys to complete their team. In the standing high jump Morgan carried off first, Nichol second and Forsythe third. Hash at the same time won out in the nail driving contest, Senior Arts being second. In the peanut race (a new event), Miss G. Whidden won out for Senior Arts, Miss Mitchell was second and Miss Hough third.

Chambers managed to win the running high jump, while Grant and Morgan tied for second place. The ladies' walking race almost developed into a trot. Miss Irwin came in first, Miss Gibson second and Miss Bambridge third. Miss Bambridge earned second, but the judges said she stopped a few feet before reaching the finishing line. In the tug of war final, Hash managed to get second place. Cook won the half mile, Evan getting second and Glinz third. The standing broad jump next took place in the twilight. Morgan again got first, Nichol and Forsythe winning second and third respectively. The running of the relay race then completed the day, Junior Arts winning, Senior Arts getting a proud second and Hash a close third. Thus ended the ninth field day as far as sports were concerned.

After supper came the promenade and the programme, with the presentation of medals and ribbons. We must congratulate Pat Morgan, who in his first year at College succeeded in winning second in the individual championship contest. Mr. Cook was awarded the freshman's medal. L. Glinz won the individual championship, and the medals for the two open events, the 220 and the mile, were both won by college fellows, E. Whidden and F. Howard.

FUTURE PROSPECTS.

Now let us take a peep into the future. What about hockey and skating? Charlie says he will have the rink in shape. All he desires is a little co-operation from the students to keep the snow cleaned off.

Although we won't be able to have any No. 1 hard hockey this year there is no reason why we can't have a good inter-collegiate team. We still have Prof. Ross, E. Whidden, Mastberg and Glinz of last year's team. Parks and Turnbull will be back, and there ought to be a few good players among the freshmen. So get your enthusiasm ready, you hockey fans. You are going to have something worth while to use it on.

BASKET-BALL.

What about basket-ball? Are we going to have a team this year, such as we have always had to uphold the name of the college against all comers? Now is the time to get out and whip a team into shape, and an encouraging start is being made in this direction.

The success of a team depends largely upon the spirit and method with which training is begun. Our opportunity is here now to get a right start in our winter sport, which has always meant so much to college in every way. "Opportunity knocks but once at every man's door."

ALUMNI-ALUMNÆQUE

VERA LEECH, M.A.

Since the last appearance of this department of the Quill the ranks of Alumni Alumnaeque have been augmented by the 1916 reinforcements. To them, the heartiest congratulations upon attaining their new "rights and privileges," and the most cordial welcome from the veterans.

It is the desire of the editors of this magazine to conduct this page by the alumni for the alumni. Will you please feel that this is your department and help the management to increase, first, its value, by sending in any news items of interest; second, its circulation, by sending the names, or better, the subscriptions of former students who are not receiving the Quill.

During the summer an active campaign has been carried by the Alma Mater committee of the Alumni Association with a view to raising from the members of that society, one thousand dollars to be devoted to the maintenance fund of the college. This seemed the most practical way in which the loyalty of the graduate could be expressed at this time. The amount desired has not yet been quite reached, though the results have been quite encouraging, and the committee is confident of attaining four the figure mark before the end of the year.

The news of ex-students who have seen their duty and gone to perform it on the battlefields or in the hospitals of Belgium and France is so important that a special place has been assigned to it in this issue. For the remaining number who come within the scope of this section, with the exception of several marriages, life seems to be passing very much as scheduled.

Of the newest alumni—Miss Maynard Rathwell has been appointed to the city school staff. Miss H. McDonald is attending "Faculty" in Toronto, Miss F. Fraser expects soon to be raised to a managership in the B.N.A. Bank; Miss Ross is teaching at Virden, Miss McLaren at Edgeley, Mr. Robinson at Isabella. Mr. Leask has entered a law office at Brandon, Mr. Linton continues to preach at Reston, and Mr. Widen at Midale, where he is to be ordained November 12. Mr. Coen is attending the Jewish Theological Seminary in New York.

Congratulations to the Collegiate and to Miss M. Bucke, '14, who has this year joined the staff of Brandon Collegiate.

Speaking of '14, Rev. H. C. Harris, Theology '14, was married by Dr. Whidden in the Clark Hall reception room, early in August.

Robert Harvey, '13, after a post-graduate year in Chicago, is now in charge of the Presbyterian church at MacAuley, Man.

A June wedding of interest to most readers of this section was that of E. H. Clarke, '12, to Miss Carrie Dunnett, formerly a student secretary of the Y.W.C.A., Toronto. After a brief trip west, Mr. and Mrs. Clarke sailed for India via New York and London. Mr. Clarke has undertaken important Y.M.C.A. work among the troops in Mesopotamia, during which time Mrs. Clarke will remain in India.

And while reporting weddings, that of Miss M. W. McCamis, '13, to Lieut. G. Edgar Hunt, of the 232nd Battalion, was solemnized on August 16 at the bride's home, Arden, Man. Mrs. Hunt recently spent a week-end in Clarke Hall and expects to be in Saskatoon for the next few months, where Mr. Hunt's battalion is to be quartered for the winter.

Another member of Class '13 to change from the teaching to the housekeeping profession recently was Miss Willa Speers, who on September 27th was married to Mr. Robert Brandon, one of Regina's young lawyers. Mr. Brandon, though not himself a Brandon College man, will be known to many ex-students through his sisters, Misses Edna and Belva, who spent several years here.

Miss G. Little, '12, is teaching in the Virden Collegiate this year and reports very pleasant working conditions. Miss E. Simpson '13, is assistant and principal of the Elkhorn continuation school.

J. R. McKay '14 has been appointed to the staff of the Saskatoon Collegiate, where R. T. Ferrier '12, has also been teaching for the past year.

Recent ordinations to the work of the Baptist ministry were those of A. H. Johnson '16 and A. Nordlund '16, at Camrose, Oct. 14, and A. Carlson '16 at Port Arthur, Oct. 22. The most sincere wishes of the Alumni will be with these in their chosen work.

Greatness and goodness are not *means* but *ends!*
 Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
 The great good man? *Three* treasures, *Love* and *Light*
 And *Calm Thoughts*, regular as infant's breath:
 And three firm friends, more sure than day and night,
 Himself, his Maker, and the Angel Death!

—Coleridge.

LATITUDE AND LONGITUDE

MAY McLACHLAN '17.

"'Tis well to borrow from the good and great."

In attempting to take charge of this section of the Quill we naturally turn to previous editors to find out if possible what our task involves. The first editor and originator of this page stated it thus: "It will be our constant endeavor to bring before our readers in this department, the brightest, the breeziest and the best that we can find from our exchanges, together with a generous sprinkling of criticism, new items, and merited commendation. In return we invite the criticism of our friends." This we would adopt as our aim and purpose and strive to attain to it.

Few exchanges have come to hand thus far, but we gratefully wish to acknowledge the following: "The Tallow Dip," "St. John's College Magazine," "Argosy," "Acadia Athenaeum," "Vox Wesleyana," "The Sheaf."

"Students of Shakespeare the world over, even in Germany, will be interested to learn that 'Hamlet' was recently put on the boards, or at least portions of the play, by soldiers of the British Expeditionary Force within a few hours' distance of the firing line. Hamlet has been produced in all kinds of places, from palaces to barns during the last four centuries, but this revival of the melancholy Dane will probably go down in literary history as the most remarkable of all.

"Hamlet will be long remembered," writes an eye-witness of the strange event. - "The proceedings were brought to a close by Henry V., clothed in all his shining accoutrement before Harfleur. Flashing his great sword he cried out the famous speech before the battle:

Once more into the breach, dear friends, once more,
Or close the wall up with your English dead—
and so on, right through breathlessly to

The game's afoot, follow your spirit

And upon this charge,

Cry, God for Harry, England, and St. George!

"The effect was electrical. Had the bugle sounded the charge every man would have rushed out of that building, on the instant, as he was. All the latent warrior spirit of our race seemed to leap to flame. As we went out into the still night our hearts were stronger, our minds brighter, our courage high, and in the quiet stars above brooded the certain promise of victorious and lasting peace."—Vox Wesleyana.

“A wise man once said to his son,
 ‘Whenever you think of a pun,
 Go out in the yard
 And kick yourself hard,
 And let me begin when you’re done.’ ”

Of all the magazines on our table, “The Tallow Dip” is the most artistic in its general appearance. Its cover, hand sketches, and the quality of paper and printing are good.

The “Sheaf” contains many interesting articles, among them one on “Life and Literature.” The writer points out that man must know the world and also his own life. Knowledge of the world is obtained through science and knowledge of man’s own life and capabilities through literature.

“The value of literature for life, is from this point of view obvious. A man’s—or nation’s—most vital and perplexing problems lie not in life’s environment but in life itself. Germany has not failed in reading nature—in her science—but she has failed in reading life—in her literature. In fact, so subtly is life constructed, that her very success in the conquest of nature has contaminated her vision of life itself, has led her to apply the physical laws and limits of nature to the spiritual problems of life.

“Germany has gone astray in the primary aims of life itself, and that in spite of her own best poetry and philosophy. Literature, the best literature, leads to a knowledge of these primary aims of life, becomes a guide to right thinking and to right and steady action.

There is no treasure the which may be compared unto a faithful friend;

Gold soon decayeth, and worldly wealth consumeth and wasteth in the wind

But love once planted in a perfect and pure mind endureth weal and woe

The frownes of fortune, cometh they ever so unkinde cannot the same overthrowe.

—John Payne Collier.

The Argosy contains an interesting article on “How Canadian Women are Meeting the Needs of the War.” It points out that women are needed who have the same characteristics as the soldier. The world applauds the Canadian soldier, yet his bravery is often duplicated in the lives of women left behind. “All service ranks the same.” “They also serve who only stand and wait.” Slowly but surely the slogan of “Service and Sacrifice” is increasing. Quoting from the closing

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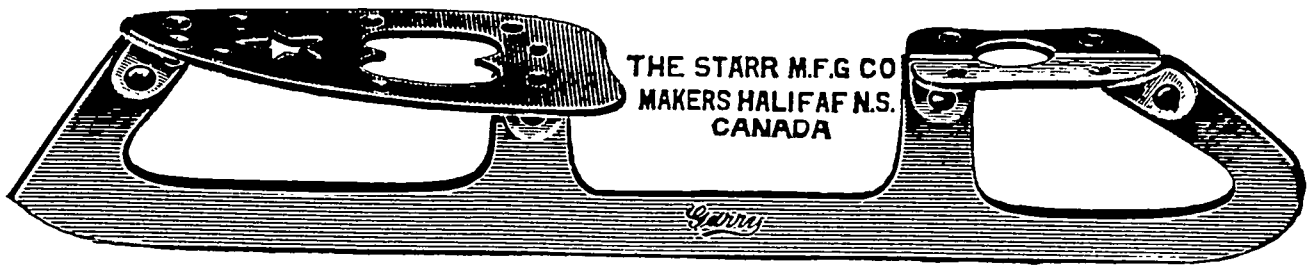
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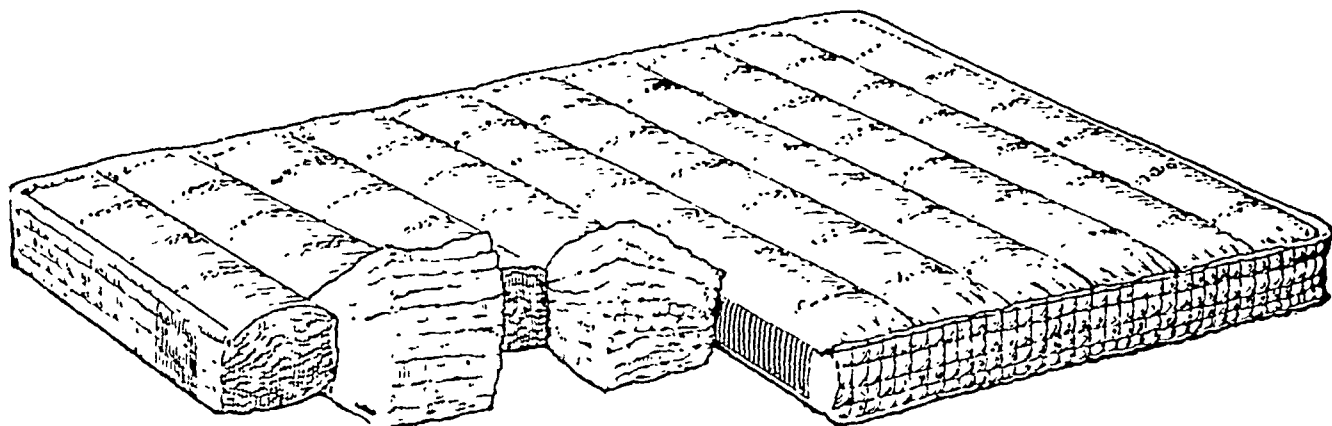
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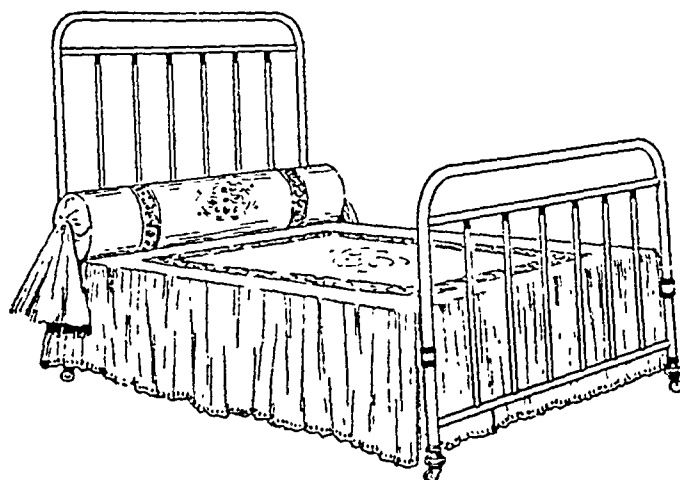
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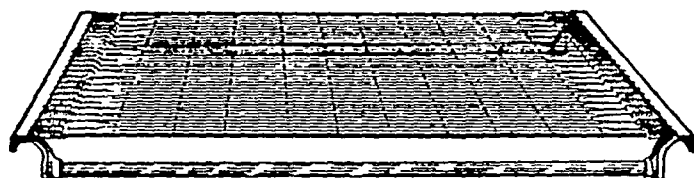
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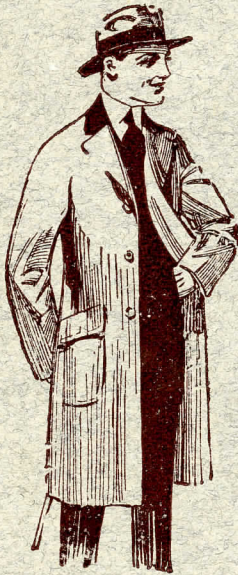
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