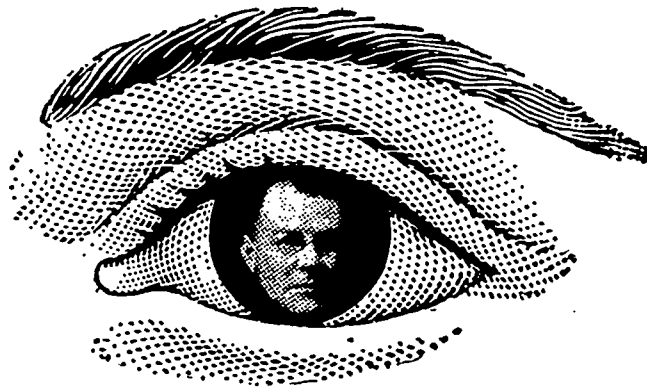


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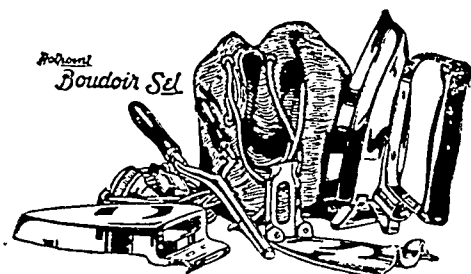
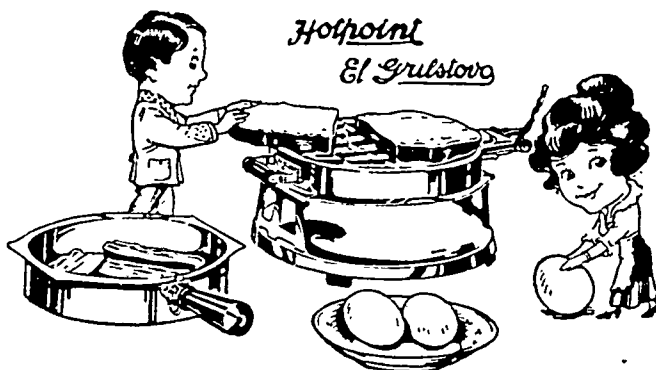
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"ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER"

Brandon College Quill

LE PERE MARTIN.

BY R. SAILLENS. (TRANSLATED BY A. W. V.)

Surely you have heard of old Martin! Although he is only a poor cobbler, he does not live in a garret; he has a little place—drawing-room, kitchen, bedroom, and work-shop all in one—at the corner of Lenche Square and Martegales Street, in the centre of old Marseilles. There he lives, busy and contented, neither too rich nor too poor, mending shoes for the whole neighborhood. For since his eyes began to fail he has ceased to do anything but repair work.

If you do not know him, the fishermen of the district certainly do, and the hucksters in the neighboring market, and the little rascals who swarm past his door from school when four o'clock rings out from the church tower. He has done patching for every one of them. For indeed he is the only cobbler the mothers can depend on to keep in the feet of the little scallawags who need only a fortnight to get through the best pair of shoes ever made.

For some time Martin has had the reputation of being a pious man. It is not that the neighbors make light of him on account of it; but since he began attending the meetings where they sing hymns and talk about God, he seems to have become another man. He does not work any the less or less carefully than formerly—quite the contrary, in fact—and he is never to be found now passing his evenings at the “Argonauts” saloon. If you glance through the window of his little shop you may often find him busy reading in a big book; he seems to be very much happier than he used to be.

Old Martin has had plenty of sorrows in his life. His wife has been dead over twenty years; his son who shipped as a sailor on the “Phocean” ten years ago has never returned. Of his daughter he never speaks; if you ask him what has be-

come of her you will get no reply, but you cannot miss the shadow that crosses his face.

And so it was that even when the old cobbler was in the habit of spending his evenings with his boon companions there always seemed to be something lacking in his laughter. Now, as we have noticed, he seems more happy; the big book appears to be the cause of it.

II.

It is Christmas eve. Out of doors the weather is damp and chill, but in old Martin's shop all is bright and cosy. The day's work is over, he has eaten his supper, and now, seated in his arm chair, his great horn spectacles on his nose, he is poring over the big book. "There was no room for them in the inn." The old man stopped to meditate. "No room," he muttered, "No room for Him." He glances about his own little shop, narrow indeed, but neat in spite of its poverty. "There would have been room for Him here, if He had come! How gladly would I have entertained Him! O why does He not ask here—of me. I am all alone. I have no one to care for. All the others have their families or their friends. Who is there in all the world to take a thought of me? How happy I would be to have Him come and bear me company!

"If today were the first Christmas of all; if this were the night on which the Saviour was to be born into the world; if He should choose my shop for His abode—how I should serve Him! How I should adore Him! Why does He no longer make Himself visible on the earth as He used to do!

"What present should I make to Him? The Bible tells me what the wise men brought: gold and frankincense and myrrh. I could make no gift like any of these, the wise men were rich. But the shepherds—what did they give Him? We are not told that; perhaps they had not time to obtain any presents—Ah! I know what my present would be."

And the old man, in the midst of these musings reached toward a shelf where stood two beautiful shoes—two little baby shoes. "Ah," he said, "this is what I would give Him, my very masterpiece; how glad of them the mother would be—But how foolish I am becoming—as if the Saviour needed either my shop or my shoes."

And Martin sank back again into his chair.

As the evening advanced, the throng became more and more numerous in the street and sounds of the midnight festivities began to make themselves heard. But the old man did not stir; probably he had fallen asleep.

"Martin," said a soft voice close to him.

"Who is that?" exclaimed the old man with a start; but, look where he would, no one was to be seen.

"Martin, you have wished to see Me. Tomorrow from dawn till evening, watch for Me in the street; some time or other you will see Me pass. Try to recognize Me, for I shall not give you any sign."

The voice ceased; Martin rubbed his eyes. In the interval the light had burned out. Midnight was ringing from all the belfries; Christmas had come.

"It is He!" exclaimed the old man to himself. "He has promised to pass before my door. Was it a dream? No matter, I shall watch for Him. I have never seen Him, but often I have looked at His picture in all the churches. Surely I shall be able to recognize Him."

And Martin retired to rest, but yet a long time there kept running through his brain the strange words he had heard.

III.

Long before daybreak the cobbler's lamp was alight. He put fresh fuel on the embers of his fire and began to prepare his breakfast. Afterwards he quickly put the little room in order and anxiously took up his watch at the window to catch the first signs of dawn and to scrutinize the earliest passers-by.

Little by little the darkness lifted and soon Martin saw a figure appear on the corner of the square; it was the crossing-sweeper, the earliest of all the workers of the great city. Martin gave him only a momentary glance; he had more important business that morning than watching a crossing-sweeper.

However, it seemed to be very cold outside; the window-pane would not keep clear of mist. Soon the sweep found it necessary to put aside his broom and warm himself by beating with his arms and dancing a tango on the sidewalk.

"Poor chap," said Martin to himself, "he must be very cold. This is a holiday, but it doesn't seem to be for him. I have a notion to offer him a cup of coffee." As he tapped on the window and beckoned, the sweep came over to him. "Come in and warm yourself," said the cobbler, opening the door.

"I'll do that all right, thanks. What wretched weather it is—one might as well be in Siberia!"

"Will you drink a cup of coffee?" suggested Martin.

"With pleasure I will for sure; better late than never to have a little 'Reveillon' of one's own."

As soon as he had hastily served his guest, Martin resumed his eager watch at the window, wistfully examining every part of the street and the square.

"What do you find to look at out there, partner?" enquired the sweep.

"I am expecting my master," was the reply.

"Your master! Are you a factory hand, then? An odd

time of day for the boss to pay you a visit; you have forgotten that this is holiday, anyway."

"It's another master I mean," replied the cobbler. "A master who might come at any hour, and promised me that he would be passing this way today." And in a few words Martin related the mysterious message of the preceding evening.

"Oh, it's for Him you are waiting," said the sweep. "I have heard something about Him. I haven't much idea that you will see him, but if you do I'd like to hear about it. But I must get back to work. It is early enough yet, but I haven't made as good a start as you have. Good-bye, and thanks for your hospitality." And the sweep hurried away, leaving Martin again peering into the still half-dark street.

IV.

At intervals men passed by whose shambling steps indicated too well how they had spent the opening hours of Christmas day. Martin scarcely noticed them. A little later came the market women pushing their little carts. These he saw too often to give them more than a momentary glance.

After an hour or more had dragged along, Martin's attention was suddenly drawn to a young woman in the passing throng. She was miserably clad, and the child in her arms was surely too ill or else too benumbed to cry. The woman was so pale and thin and so careworn that the old cobbler's pity was touched instantly. Perhaps in that moment the light flashed suddenly for him on a fleeting picture of his own lost child. In a trice he had opened the door, and the woman turned to see the old man calling her. "You are ill," he said as she stopped beside him.

"I am on my way to the hospital," she replied. "I hope they will let me in with my baby. My husband is away at sea; I have been looking for him for three months now."

"As I have been looking for my son," Martin thought to himself.

"He does not come; I haven't a cent left, and I am so sick, I can't keep up any longer."

"Poor woman," said Martin, "Come in and let me get you a bite to eat while you warm yourself—at least a mug of milk for your baby—here's my own cup. I did not want any this morning. Warm yourself and let me hold the little chap. I had children—long ago—I know how to hold them. What a bright looking little fellow he is! Why, you have forgotten to put his shoes on!"

"I haven't any for him," answered the woman, with a sigh.

"Wait a minute; there is a pair here that will be just the

thing for him," said Martin, after a moment's pause, and the old shoemaker, in the midst of mingled protestations and thanks from the mother, took down the little shoes that had been the offering in his reverie. He smothered a sigh at the thought of giving up his masterpiece—the most perfect piece of his workmanship which he could never hope to equal again.

"I don't care," he whispered to himself. "I won't ever need them for anyone again," and he began again to gaze so anxiously into the street that the woman was mystified by his eagerness.

"What are you looking at?" she asked at length.

"I am expecting my master," he replied.

"But she did not understand his answer or was satisfied not to understand.

"Do you know the Lord Jesus?" Martin asked.

"Certainly," she said, crossing herself. "It isn't so very long since I went to Catechism."

"He is the Master I am expecting," said the old man.

"And do you really think that He will pass along this street?"

"He told me that He would."

"How I should like to see Him too; but it is too good to be true, and anyway I must hurry on and try to get into the hospital."

V.

Again Martin was alone at the window. Hour succeeded hour. All day long the crowds in the street thronged past, but there was no sign of the Master. At one time a young priest passed by with fair hair and blue eyes, just as they represent the Master in the pictures. But as he passed Martin heard him mutter "Mea Culpa." Certainly the Christ would not be saying that.

Children, old men, sailors, workmen, well-dressed ladies, market women—all passed before his gaze. More than one beggar, taking courage from the old man's look, asked and was not disappointed.

But the Master did not appear.

Martin's eyes were weary and his heart began to sink. The days are short in December. Already the shadows were lengthening across the square and the man who lighted the street lamps was beginning his rounds. Lights began to gleam from windows over the way, and kitchens were sending forth faint odors of the Christmas cheer of happy homes.

And yet there was no sign of the Master.

At last the night closed in completely, chilly and full of fog. It was useless to remain longer at the window; those who

passed in the street came and went like spectres in the gloom, with their faces muffled in their cloaks. The old man turned sadly from the window and began the preparations for his evening meal.

"Perhaps it was nothing but a dream after all," he murmured. "But I had set my heart upon it."

His supper ended, Martin opened the book and began to read. But his sadness would not be put aside. "He did not come, He did not come," it kept whispering in his ears. The hope that had gleamed so bright had left him, and his heart was becoming more and more desolate.

And then, suddenly, the chamber seemed to be illuminated with unusual light, and though no sound of opening doors was heard, the little shop seemed full of people. The sweep was there with his broom, the careworn mother and her child were there, and upon the lips of each was the question, "Did you not see Me?"

Behind them came the beggars whom he had helped, the neighbors to whom he had passed a word of cheer, the children upon whom he had smiled, and each in turn repeated the same question, "Did you not see Me?"

"But who are you all?" cried the poor old cobbler to the eager faces which surrounded him.

Then the child in the arms of its mother leaned forward till its rosy fingers rested on the old man's book at the page where it had opened: "I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took Me in for inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

NEWS AND DIRECTORY OF OUR BOYS IN KHAKI

(Collected and arranged by Ruby McDonald, Isabel Cummings and Dr. A. W. Vining.)

Considering the general interest felt by all students in the College in those of our numbers who have gone to the front, we believe that all will appreciate having a directory to which they can refer. We are attempting to give the names, numbers, and present whereabouts of our boys. We regret that we were unable to procure the number and address of all. It will be greatly appreciated by the *Quill* staff if anyone having this information will kindly forward it, in order that our list may be made as complete as possible in the Easter number.

Charles Edgar Adey.

Sergeant James Allen, 522506,
Canadian Army Dental Corps,
2nd Can. Inf. Training Brigade,
East Sandling, Kent, England.

Report tells us that Jimmie has been seen in London, jolly and fat as ever.

Pte. Morley Armstrong, 910767,
196th Battalion,
Army P.O., London, England.

Pte. Allan Avery, 424528,
Canadian Record Office,
R II. A III.,
Horseferry Road,
London, England.

Owing to serious illness, Allan was transferred shortly after his arrival in England last spring, from the 45th Battalion, in which he enlisted, to the Canadian Record Office. He is engaged in keeping account of the casualties of the 44th Battalion. He has for a "wife" Dave Winton, also well known in Brandon College.

Charles Bailey.

— Bamford, 910757,
196th Battalion,
Army P.O., London, England.

Lieut. David H. Beaubier, 865678,
181st Battalion,
Brandon, Man.

Dave is in barracks for the winter in the Gordon MacKay buildings.

John C. Bowen,
181st Battalion,
Brandon, Man.

Earl Braithwaite, 874682.

Pte. Wilfred Brown,
79th Battalion,
Army P.O., London, England.

The only information we have been able to procure about Wilf. is that he is playing in a big band behind the lines.

Sergeant Percy Bucke, 865111,
181st Battalion,
Brandon, Man.

Percy enlisted in Brandon, but later took training for sergeant in Winnipeg, returning with his battalion to Brandon for the winter.

Pte. Orval Calverley.

We have been unable to get any information concerning Orval. Perhaps some of the boys at the front can help us.

Pte. Thomas Blight, 910782,
196th Battalion,
Army P.O., London, England.

Lieut. Hugh Connolly, 700437,
101st Battalion,
Signalling Base,
2nd. Can. Training Brigade,
East Sandling, Kent, England.

Pte. Kenneth Preston Campbell, 910785,
196th Battalion,
Army P.O., London, England.

Pte. J. Cloutier,
196th Battalion,
Army P.O., London, England.

Pte. Clare Connor, 700891,
16th Canadian Scottish Battalion,
Army P.O., London, England.

Clare is in hospital in England, badly wounded. He may lose his right arm.

Pte. Wilfred Coristine, 529512,
10th Can. Field Ambulance Corp,
Army P.O., London, England.

Wilf. and Stan. Miskiman are working on same stretcher and both are in the best of health. Wilf was hit by a shell on the helmet, but was unhurt.

Pte. Milton Castle Crozier, 910797,
196th Battalion,
Army P.O., London, England.

Pte. Robert Wallace Cruise, 425650.

We all regretted to hear of the death of Bobbie Cruise, one of the first of our boys to enlist, and one of the first to give his life for his country. Bobbie enlisted in the 61st shortly after war broke out, but transferred to the 45th to get to the front sooner. In England he was transferred to a Calgary battalion. He was in the trenches from May, 1916, until September, when he was wounded and taken to No. 9 Casualty Station, where he died of wounds.

Pte. Andrew J. Cumberland, 2791,
3rd Field Ambulance Corps,
1st Canadian Division, B.E.F.,
France.

Andy is now with Field Ambulance as dispatch rider.

Lieut. Gordon Cummings,
46th Battery, 11th Brigade,
3rd Can. Div. Artillery,
Army P.O., London, England.

Gordon has been at the front since early in the war, and has escaped so far without a scratch. Neither he nor any of his company have been wounded.

Pte. Evan Davies, 81937,
30th Field Ambulance,
10th Division,
British Salonica Forces.

On Oct. 23, 1916, he was somewhere with Salonica forces on Eastern front, but had seen no actual fighting, although he anticipated it at any time. The enemy's aeroplanes were plentiful.

Pte. Henry J. Davies, 910769,
196th Battalion,
D Company,
Army P.O., London, England.

Lieut. William J. Deans,
181st Battalion,
Brandon, Man.

Bill enlisted in the 79th, but transferred to the 181st in April. In August he went to Ottawa and took musketry training. At Sewell he took courses in physical training, bayonet fighting, and bombing. At present he is in training in Brandon.

Hon. Capt. H. Dennison, with the Y.M.C.A.,
 Military Y.M.C.A.,
 c.o. Capt. Will W. Lee,
 8 Westminster Palace Hotel,
 London, England.

At present, Henry is in charge of a dugout at the front.

Pte. Roy Doherty, 865198,
 C Company, 181st Battalion,
 Brandon, Man.

Capt. Milton Donaldson,
 Waterloo Place,
 c.o. Bank of Montreal,
 London, England.

Milt. was very severely wounded and has been in the hospital in England for some time, but is so far recovered as to be able to come back to Canada. He will not be able to go back to the trenches for some time. He sailed from England on the 25th of last month, on board the Missanabie, and landed at Halifax on Dec. 4th; so we are expecting him home any time. Welcome back! We are all proud of you.

Pte. Wallace Ross Donogh, 531782,
 11th Field Ambulance, C.E.F.,
 Army P.O., London, England.

Donogh and Staines are at present in the dressing room of the 11th Field Ambulance, working on the same shift.

Pte. J. W. Doucette, with the 10th Field Ambulance.

Pte. Lyle Douglas, 106202,
 1st C.M.R., C.E.F.
 Army P.O., London, England.

We are sorry to report that Lyle has ben missing since June 2nd, 1916.

Pte. Elliott Mead Dutton, 910768,
 196th Battalion,
 Army P.O., London, England.

Pte. Charles Dutton.

Charlie was another of our boys of whom we are so justly proud, who was killed in action.

Pte. Kenneth Elliott.

Kenneth enlisted in the 152nd Battalion, and is now employed in the battalion office in England.

Pte. Leslie Eyres, 551826
 1st Canadian Cavalry Brigade,
 Lord Strathcona Horse, C.E.F.
 Army P.O., London, England.

Sergeant Herman Ferrier,
No. 3 Casualty Clearance Station,
2nd C.E.F., B.E.F., France.

Herman was studying medicine when he enlisted, and has had the unusual opportunity for a medical student in being allowed to aid in administering chloroform and using the X-Rays at the front. He is in the first line behind the trenches, where the wounded are first brought from the field, remain one day, and are sent to various other hospitals. The work is very nerve racking, and in the near future he will have to have a rest back in one of the other hospitals.

Lieut. Fred J. Freer,
196th Battalion,
Army P.O., London, England.

Pte. Herbert Gainer.

Capt. Wilson Mowbray Graham.

Capt. Graham returned to Canada in June to take rank in a new battalion.

Pte. Ernest Norman Grantham, 910760,
196th Battalion,
Army P.O., London, England.

Pte. Lorne Hardaker, 152870,
M.T., A.S.C.,
15th Div. Signalling Corps,
B.E.F., France.

Pte. Tom Hare Harris, 910770,
196th Battalion,
Army P.O., London, England.

Tom reports a very gay and cheerful trip across the Atlantic.

Pte. John Hart, 487372,
11th Reserve Battalion, P.P.C.L.I.,
Army P.O., London, England.

Johnnie has seen some hard fighting in France, but just now is enjoying a well earned rest.

Pte. Ralph M. Harwood, 523621,
c.o. Duchess of Connaught Can. Red Cross Hospital,
Clevedon, Taplow, Bucks. Eng.

Pte. George Henderson, 551835,
Lord Strathcona Horse, C.E.F.,
Army P.O., London, England.

Hon. Capt. Albert Hughes,
Y.M.C.A.

Albert Hughes was declared medically unfit and given a three months' leave of absence during the summer. He is on a home mission field in Ontario at present, but is hoping to be fit to go over in the spring.

Lieut. Arthur David Hosie.

It was with the deepest regret that the many friends of Arthur heard that he had been killed in action in October. Arthur has two brothers at the front nobly doing their duty, while the youngest brother is in training in Brandon, preparing to do his bit.

Pte. Clarence Harvey Innis, 523630,
11th Can. Field Amb. Corps, C.E.F.,
Army P.O., London, England.

Sergt.-Major Frederick Richard Julian, 910751,
196th Battalion, C.E.F.,
Army P.O., London, England.

Capt. John C. Kerr,
181st Battalion,
Brandon, Man.

Capt. Kerr began training in the C.O.T.C., and later took his lieutenancy in Winnipeg, in Jan. 1916, and received a commission in the 181st. Later, he took his captaincy in Winnipeg, and at present is in barracks in Brandon.

Pte. Henry Knox,
10th Field Ambulance,
Army P.O., London, England.

Sergeant William Leary,
1st M. M. G. B.,
Canadian Division, France.

Bill has been for several weeks on the Somme and has seen some strenuous fighting, but is glad to have his share in the great work. So far as we can learn, Bill was the first of our students to enlist.

Lieut. Beverly Leech, 910766,
232nd Battalion,
Battleford, Sask.

Bev. is spending the winter in Battleford, and does not find being a lieutenant a bit dull; in fact, he rather enjoys it.

Pte. Duncan D. Lindsay, 910798,
196th Battalion,
Army P.O., London, England

Pte. Charles Little.

Lieut. Philippe Louys,

Prisoner of War,

Hohen, Asperg,

bei Ludwigsberg,

Wurtemberg, Germany.

The latest news we have of Professor Louys is that, though still a prisoner in Germany, he is being well treated. From his picture we feel sure he has not experienced any shortage of food supply. He is, at present, postmaster for his French fellow-prisoners in the old fortress of Wurtemberg.

Trooper Jack Maley, 551140,

Lord Strathcona Horse,

Army P.O., London, England.

Jack has seen action in France with L.S.H., but owing to illness was sent to the hospital in England. He has recovered completely, and has had some very interesting trips to Scotland.

Pte. Ralph E. Mayes, 529613,

10th Can. Ambulance Corps,

Army P.O., London, England.

Mayes has been in a French hospital for a month as a result of shell shock and bad eyes. Later word reports him back at the base, but his nerves have rather failed him, as well as his eyes.

Pte. Robt. Wellington McBain, 529681,

10th Field Ambulance Corps,

Army P.O., London, England.

Recent word reports Mac to be convalescing in England, after severe illness.

Pte. Nelson McBride.

Pte. Earle McDonald.

Earl has returned to Canada suffering severely from shell shock, and is in the military hospital at Coburg, Ont.

Pte. Norman R. McDonald, 531785,

11th Canadian Field Amb. Corps. C.E.F.

Army P.O., London, England.

Mac. has offered to write something for the *Quill*, a few live jokes. He also intimates his intentions of sending in a subscription both for himself and for some one else.

Pte. Daniel W. McEwen, 910791,

196th Battalion, C.E.F.,

Army P.O., London, England.

Lieut. Oscar McFadyen,
No. 2 Canadian Stationary Hospital,
Boulogne, France.

Pte. J. Alden McIntyre, 234024,
C Company, 221st Battalion,
Minto Street Barracks,
Winnipeg, Man.

Pte. Campbell Mabee McIntyre.
The only information we have concerning Cam. is that he is with the Signallers.

Pte. Robt. Allan McKee, 910799.
We are glad to report that Allan is recovering. He is now able to be out driving and expects to spend Christmas in Vancouver.

Douglas Clyde McIntosh.
Went as Chaplain and was stationed at 1st Canadian Command Depot, where he was wounded.

Lieut. Wm. Carey McKee,
196th Battalion,
Army P.O., London, England.

Pte. Frank McKenzie.

Pte. Frazer Reid McKinnon, 910802,
196th Battalion,
"Plunger" was unable to go across seas with the 196th, being discharged as medically unfit.

Millard B. McLaren.

Lieut. Donald McNeil,
Fort Garry Horse,
Army P.O., London, England.

At present Don. is doing good work in France, on the Somme front.

Nursing Sister Jean McPherson.
Jean has just gone across to England, as a nurse, from Brandon City Hospital.

Pte. J. Hobart McPherson, 910777,
196th Battalion,
Army P.O., London, England.

Pte. Ritchie McPherson, 2792,
 2nd Div. Supply Column,
 2nd Canadian Contingent,
 Army P.O., London, England.

Ritchie, or "Bob," as he is more familiarly known, has been in France since September, 1915. Although twice promised leave of absence, both times it was cancelled at the last minute, and he has not yet obtained leave.

Lieut. Alastair Forbes Menzies.

Menzies is drilling troops in England. We venture some of them will get a taste of Alastair's sarcasm they will not forget if they do not step lively.

Pte. A. J. Milton.

Pte. John Stewart Milton, 910753,
 196th Battalion,
 Army P.O., London; England.

Pte. Stanley Herbert Miskiman, 529544,
 10th Canadian Field Ambulance Corps
 Army P.O., London, England.

Stan is still in France, doing his bit, in spite of water and mud up to the eyebrows.

Hon. Capt. H. S. Mallowney.

Capt. Mallowney is chaplain with an Oulons regiment.

Pte. F. Noble, 531781,
 11th Field Ambulance Corps,
 Army P.O., London, England.

Pte. Ralph Philipps.

Lieut. Samuel Howard Potter.

Sam is attached to a Regina regiment which has not gone overseas.

Pte. Elijah D. Pound.

Driver Stanley Riggs, 505153,
 Canadian Engineers,
 St. John's, Quebec.

Corporal John H. Robertson, 922,
 C Company, 210th Battalion,
 Army P.O., London, England.

Sergeant Robt. G. Robinson, 910752
 196th Battalion,
 Army P.O., London, England.

Pte. Leonard Roper, 910800,
 196th Battalion,
 Army P.O., London, England.

Pte. Charles D. Rose, 106524,
 1st C.M.R. Battalion,
 M. G. Sect.
 8th Brigade, B.E.F., France.

Pte. James B. Rowell.
 11th Canadian Field Ambulance,
 Army P.O., London, England.

Jim Smith in his letter says: "All the No. 11 boys were camped beside us for a week. We had a great time. Rowell gave us an exhibition of laughter at a Charlie Chaplin show."

Pte. John Schoenaw.

Corporal Joseph Scott, 551804,
 Cavalry Depot, L.S.H.,
 Shorncliffe, England.

Pte. Wallace Sharpe.

Pte. John Wm. Sleight.

Pte. Rae Albert Smale, 910786,
 196th Battalion,
 Army P.O., London, England.

Lc.-Corp. Archie Ewart Smith, 910762,
 196th Battalion,
 Army P.O., London, England.

Archie is with the machine gun section. He writes that B Company is at Seaford for the present, but expect to be moved soon. They had been drafted to the 100th, but their colonel had persuaded the powers that be to let them remain as a unit for the present.

Capt. Arden Smith.

The last news we have of him is that he went to England in command of a draft, with rank of captain, in September, 1916.

Pte. James Smith, 529660,
 10th Canadian Field Ambulance,
 Army P.O., London, England.

Jim says in his latest letter that he was not wounded, as was reported a short time ago.

Pte. Hubert Staines, 531783,
 11th Field Ambulance Corps,
 Army P.O., London, England.

Pte. Arthur Bruce Steele, 529683,
10th Canadian Field Ambulance Corps.

Bruce at present is in the hospital in London, with a second serious attack of pleurisy. He has so far recovered as to be able to write letters, and reports it very dull at the hospital, where he expects to be for some time yet. His side is still sore, and he is very lonesome. Get busy, people. Present address:

Pte. Bruce Steele, 529683,
No. 13 Ward, University College Hospital,
Gower Street, London, W.C., England.

Lieut. Everett G. Stovel,
8th Battalion, C.E.F., France.

Sigurdson, 874765,
184th Battalion,
Army P.O., London, England.

Lieut. Lloyd A. Stovell,
226th Battalion,
Army P.O., London, England.

The last word we heard of Lloyd was that he was in Halifax on his way overseas.

Sergt. Rob Roy Thompson, 645938,
Left for overseas with his regiment in November.

Lieut. Reuben Trumbell,
181st Battalion,
Brandon, Man.

Pte. Percy Wm. Underwood.

Sergeant Ernest H. J. Vincent, 523678.
A. D. M. C.;
Folkestone, England.

Vinco is at present an assistant director of Medical Office, at Folkestone.

Pte. Victor Clarence Warner, 910754,
196th Battalion,
Army P.O., London, England.

Pte. James Ward Warriner,
79th Battalion,
Army P.O., London, England.

Pte. Frank Watson is with the Fort Garry Horse.

Pte. William Ezra Wilken,
196th Battalion,
Army P.O., London, England.

Pte. David Winton,
 R II. A III. Branch,
 Canadian Record Office,
 London, England.

Dave has been employed in the same office as Allan Avery, being prevented from going direct to France by a serious attack of pneumonia. But he is hoping and expecting to get transferred to the fighting line in the near future.

Pte. Jasper Wolverton, 502907,
 Sec. 2, 8th Field Co., G. E. Engineers, C.E.F.,
 Army P.O., London, England.

At length, after several illnesses, Jap succeeded in joining his company last July in France, where he has since been.

Pte. George Yeomans.

Pte. Cecil Arthur Young, 910755,
 196th Battalion,
 Army P.O., London, England.

Word has been received that the 196th landed safely on November 12, 1916, after a voyage of twelve days. There were four transports, each of which was met by a torpedo boat destroyer. The voyage was rough, and while accommodations were not by any means all that could be desired, our boys made the best of it and enjoyed the trip.

On their arrival at Halifax, the . battalion immediately marched over to the transport, and as soon as boarded, the ship was off for somewhere, which eventually turned out to be England.

An unconfirmed rumor had it that B Company was to be drafted with the 100th, but another later rumor reports that, owing to the intervention of the colonel, the 196th is to be kept as a unit. Further rumor reports that, with the exception of a few of the boys who have been drafted to the fighting line, all those in the 196th will be given training as officers, and as soon as qualified, will be given commissions. This is the best news we have yet, and we are glad that our boys are receiving the recognition due them.

It will be greatly appreciated if any boys at the front will send any information concerning those mentioned, or of any others belonging to the College whom they meet, in order that the list may be as complete as possible, and that we are able to tell our readers where all our boys are and what they are doing in our Easter *Quill*.

MY MIGRATION FROM SWEDEN

R. LINDQUIST, Ac. I.

(The Winning Essay in the *Quill* Academy Contest.)

I was only ten years old, when I remember hearing my parents speaking of going to America. Where this was, I had no idea: all I knew was that it was very far off.

Soon afterwards, trunks were packed, and a sale was held, where everything that we could not bring with us was sold. A sad farewell followed, and we were off. I remember the people crowding at the station and quite a few were crying. I saw my parents do likewise, so I did too. Of course I had no reason, but I liked to do as they did.

I loved riding on the train, so I wished I could have stayed there all my life, but at last we reached Gothenburg, the Swedish seaport. Here we stayed overnight to await the arrival of the steamer which was to carry us over the North Sea. I remember following my father to a steamship agent, where he exchanged his Swedish money for English. He also bought the tickets.

On the afternoon of our second day in Gothenburg, the steamer was ready for departure, and so was I, for I longed to get on the water, having no idea of seasickness. We took an automobile which brought us to the harbor. We went aboard and took possession of the assigned cabin. Now we were ready to cross over to England.

I ran around and played at first, but pretty soon I got dizzy, and hurried to bed. I was now seasick, the first touch only. I was very sick for a few hours, but on recovering a bit, I went on deck to find it quite calm again. The rest of the journey I enjoyed, not taking the food into consideration.

As I was amusing myself on deck, I saw land in the distance, and on inquiring heard that it was England. Finally a city could plainly be seen, and I was told that this was Hull. We glided into the harbor and were taken off and brought to a train which was to take us to Liverpool.

The journey across the country was delightful. We went through many tunnels, past cities, rivers and lakes. The pretty meadows, with the grazing cattle, attracted my attention.

Finally Liverpool was reached. I did not like the place, as all the buildings were so dark. The reason for this, I was told, was on account of the numerous factories burning coal. The streets seemed so narrow. The thing my attention was drawn to was the large horses and the monstrous loads they pulled.

We had our dinner there, and were then taken to the har-

bor, where we had to pass a medical examination. The people were lined up and marched on very slowly. I was very scared when the doctor, with some instrument, turned my eyelid inside out. I was relieved by him saying, "All right," Of course I did not know what that meant. We then went aboard and were led to our bunks.

Now we were ready to start off for our journey across the Atlantic. I feared it this time, because I had had enough of seasickness to know that it was no joke.

After we had left the harbor I saw that the waves were fairly large, but had no effect on the gigantic "Empress of Britain," as the steamer was called. The two first days were delightful. I ran around and played, feeling quite at home; but the worst was yet to come.

On the third day, when I came to the dining room, I found that all the dishes were fenced in on the table, and from the waiter's explanation I found out that a storm was coming—and it came.

I could not notice anything but a small cloud and several hours elapsed before anything happened. The sky was clouded over at last and a furious storm broke out. All were chased below and the decks cleared, because soon the waves were washing over the decks. Nearly all felt sick. I was no exception. The grip was tossed from one side of the room to the other. You had to hug your bed tightly, or you would roll out. By this time I was so sick that my only wish was either that I could die or that the storm should stop. After a couple of days the storm slackened a bit, and being very hungry I went to eat, but before I reached my destination my appetite was entirely gone. Passing the different cabins and hearing the groans of seasick people took the appetite out of me, and would you, too, I think.

I started to recover after having walked around, and soon we were allowed to go on deck. This seemed fine, but the air was cold, and in the distance I saw shapes in the mist which, on nearer approach, were found to be icebergs. This was a beautiful sight. The steamer moved slowly past and soon they were lost in the distance.

We were now nearing America. We were to stop at Halifax to leave the mail and then continue on to St. John. At last land was sighted and finally the city of Halifax was seen. The harbor was full of vessels, and being met by a pilot we glided into the still waters.

Everyone was anxious to see the city, so many climbed on the masts. The sailors soon brought them down by throwing their hats into the water.

We did not stay long there, but pulled out for St. John.

The journey was not very long and the sea still. On arriving there we were taken to a hall, where we ate and had our trunks examined, and, if required, paid duty. From there we went to the station, where the train for the west awaited the emigrants. We were bound for Calgary. Many cities were passed, the names of which I then did not know.

By this time I was tired of travelling, and longed to get to Calgary, where my uncle awaited our arrival. When we finally arrived there, we went directly to our home, which was arranged beforehand. I think this was on a Saturday morning, in the month of April, 1911.

I was anxious to learn the language at once, so, with the great supply of English, consisting of "Yes" and "No," I started school the following Monday. Time went on and I gradually learned a few words, till now I can understand partly and make myself partly understood.

[The essays received in the *Quill* contest this year were not up to the standard which, it is felt, the Academy is capable of attaining. An effort will be made to have the attention of the students concerned called to the contest earlier next year, so that more time will be available. We take the opportunity here of reminding all those interested in this annual contest, that it is taken for granted that the essays handed in are to be the unaided work of the contestant.]

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Softly sang Madonna as she soothed her new-born babe in Bethlehem's stable, her dark pensive eyes answering the wonderful gaze of the stars which peeped through the chinks in the roof. How far into the reaches of the future were her thoughts roving? Perhaps no further than where the light of Calvary glistened upon the distant sword which was to pierce her heart: so many mothers stop at that! Mary did not see us millions who call ourselves by the name given to her son, us who now look forward each year with such joyous anticipation to the anniversary of that far-off event.

How long will Christmas continue to be celebrated? If the imagination plunges on and out into the future, not by centuries but by ages of a thousand years, it soon finds its freedom diminishing, its scope limited. But force it on. In that day when civilization has swept around the earth again, when forces undreamed of by us are discovered and harnessed to the will of man, when human beings shall ponder over the ruins of New York, when perchance Israel again hears a divine voice and proclaims anew a divine message, when the word "king" becomes but a term in chess, and when the West has converted and in its turn been converted by the East half a doz-

en times, will this festival still be observed, this Christmas day? It is to be supposed language will have changed, and theology too. It is difficult to believe that man-made systems will not change; difficult to believe, too, that men will return in their conceptions whence they started out: evolution being the law of progress, and not revolution. Then ideas about history, nay history itself, will be altered, since no period of history seems ever regarded in just the same way in any two later periods.

To say that we would be very surprised could we see the religious ideas of our race in, say, another fifty thousand years, is an absurdly mild statement. Rather, we could not bear it. we were not made to bear it. Incidentally, then, it is an excellent arrangement that everybody in the world will be dust again within a hundred and fifty years.

But we would like to think of Christmas as a perpetual event. We would like the church-bells to ring on every Christmas eve forever, as long as there are bells, and churches over which to hang them. And Christmas trees, and Santa Claus, and puddings—yes, and Christmas shopping, we would like these things to be always. Surely, however, the deeper significance of Christmas must outlast these! As long as the impact of the Galilean is effectual upon the race, as long as there is a star to lead to the divine in man, as long as the mothers of mankind sanctify by their presence the hearths of the world, so long must that great idea live in the minds of men which underlies that mystery-word Christmas.

To us who are fortunate enough to be
THE SMALL COLLEGE here in a small college, the following extract from the Comment on the Week of *The Nation* will be of interest:

The resignation of President Sharpless of Haverford College . . . gives occasion for comment on the value of the small college—the college that not only refuses to enter into the general scramble for numbers, but also refrains from attempting the role of a university . . . No universal rule can be laid down for the guidance of young men choosing a college; but there are unquestionably many for whom a college like Haverford would be best, and who simply drift with the tide in going to the big universities. As the *Philadelphia Inquirer* says, “Dr. Sharpless has always set great store on having students come into close contact with the professors, something which is impossible in the large institutions. He thinks this makes for individuality and for a better developed character . . . The ideal would seem to be to have young men and women take their purely college course at small

institutions, and go to the universities for higher training.”

We at Brandon are indeed fortunate in being able to come into close contact with many of our professors. Many of us have come to realize that they have a valuable contribution to make to our characters outside the lecture room as well as in. We realize that extravagant words are easily penned—far more easily than careful expression; yet we believe it is by no means too much to say that, more than any other one human factor, the enjoyment of our sojourn within these walls is due to the sociability and genuine interest of the individual members of the faculty of our Alma Mater. We feel that those who have left the institution will entirely concur with this honest tribute.

The *Quill* takes this means of expressing its sympathy for Dr. Gordon on the loss of his son, Sgt. Walter Gordon, who made the supreme sacrifice “somewhere in France” a few weeks ago. Sgt. Gordon, who was a successful newspaper man, respected and admired by all who knew him, answered the call to arms about a year ago. He gave himself vigorously to his new work and by exceptional bravery earned the D.C.M. a few weeks before his death.

We know that Dr. Gordon will feel very proud, but at the same time very sorrowful. We are sure that every student who was at Brandon College during recent years share these feelings in some degree at least. We all miss Dr. Gordon’s kind interest and inspiring presence, and our hearts go out to him especially at this time.

COLLEGE GOSSIP

H. C. HODGES '19

*“Of all the seasons of the year,
The one to each and all most dear
Is Christmas, joyful Christmas.”* —Selected.

This is the one thousand nine hundred and sixteenth time that Christmas has been celebrated. In this time much has been said, and on the whole so well said, that I will not occupy the time needlessly. Surely we are all very familiar with Christmas sayings. However, this does not stop us from wishing our friends a Merry Christmas.

Merry Christmas! to every one of you, gentle readers, and may your holidays be pleasant and helpful—this last, of course, only refers to students “cramming” for the exams. in January.

We would like to call the attention of the reader to the fact that we used the expression “gentle reader” not because it is original or clever, but because everyone who pretends to be able to write, can’t get on without it.

The following is an original composition sent in by an unknown author:

My room-mate (Would that he were dead!)
Is selfish as can be.
He takes the middle of the bed,
And leaves the sides for me!

ADVICE TO HOLIDAY MAKERS.

It is a very difficult task to give advice, and only by using tact can offense be given. As most people have a superabundance of tact, hard feelings always arise as a result of giving advice. Owing to the inward proddings of our editorial conscience we feel it our un-Christian duty to advise our readers as to their conduct at Christmas-time. We shall, of course, avoid using all tact.

To all who expect to write on the January exams, for goodness' sake don't study, but have a good time. Obey the scriptural text, "Think not of the morrow, but let the morrow take thought for itself." This may not be quoted correctly, but you get the idea.

Of course we must give the customary advice not to eat too much dressed and fatted turkey. If you do there'll be groans as a result of—well, we would like you to profit by our experience. We have often passed that painful and awful time from three to five o'clock Christmas afternoon.

If you have been taking Latin for the past three months don't *do, das, dat, damus*, etc., or your parents will think you have learned to swear at college.

To freshmen: Don't impress people with your own foolishness. We do not want the name of our fair college tarnished.

Don't tell people of your adventures at college. You know you never had any.

When you come back don't forget to say you have done no studying, though you have been plugging hard, ten hours per day, or else people will think you aren't clever.

Don't forget to make at least twenty New Year's resolutions you never intend to keep. For example, be sure to resolve that you will keep up with your school-work; it's very helpful, don't you know.

Most important of all: Don't forget to get lots of cash from Dad. This is also very helpful.

Howard: "Miss Cline, can you tell me the difference between a fort and a fortress?"

Miss C.: "I'm sure I don't know."

Fred: "Well, a fort is hard to silence, but a fortress is harder."

"I am delighted to meet you, Dr. Vining," said Mr. Grant.

“My son took Algebra from you last year.”

“Pardon me,” said Dr. V., “he was exposed to it, but he did not take it.”

HIKE.

Armed with wieners, brown bread, pork and beans, and an axe, a select crowd of boys and girls, headed by Dr. MacGibbon, started out on a tour of exploration, intending to follow the Assiniboine to its source, and thereby add a store of knowledge to the science of geography. After a couple of hours' steady tramping, our explorers called a halt and decided to have supper. Having lighted a fire, they put the cans of pork and beans in it, to warm. One of these exploded and the beans, now let loose, made a concentrated attack on Dr. MacGibbon's moustache.

As it became evident that they could not locate the headwaters of the Assiniboine, they decided to return. From a geographical point of view the exploring party was a failure, but was a huge success considering the good time they had.

[Since reading the last issue of the Critic, we have developed a great abhorrence to the word enjoyable. Instead we used the word delightful.]

MORE HIKE.

Have you heard of the “W.D.” Club? If you haven't, they are the Waddling Ducks. On Saturday, Nov. 18th, the Waddling Ducks asked the Waddling Drakes to go on a hike with them. Of course the drakes were glad to go. Assembling at Mrs. Maley's, they proceeded to hike it out to the cemetery, where enough noise was made to wake the dead—almost! Returning via the Fair Grounds to Mrs. Maley's, they had lunch, followed by games and singing. About 11 o'clock the party broke up, all having had a most “enjoyable,” no, no, we mean delightful time.

We find this quotation in a certain journal, and we are glad it cannot be said of Brandon College society:

“Society is now one polished horde,
Formed of two mighty tribes,
The bores and the bored.”

ELECTIONS.

[Being a faithful record of the 1916 elections as found in a Freshman's diary.]

Wed., Oct. 24—Wanderin' round the halls tryin' to get somethin' to do. (Common complaint of Freshmen). Went down to chapel to see Miss McDonald and Miss Beaubier get nomenated, but they never done nuthin' to them.

Thurs., Oct. 26—Great excitement. Everybody tawkin' their heads off. Went to at least harf a dozin meatin's and a great big one in the afternune where both candid-dates spoke. Don't see as how anybody heard anythin', for everiebody was yellin' and cheerin' somethin' terrable.

Fri., Oct. 27—More excitement, more meatin's and worser noise. In afternune the electshuns came. Sum noys! Everybody was hollerin' an' scrappin' an' blowen horns an' poundin' dishpans an' makin' a horrible row. Hope I voted right, but if I didn't it was becuz of that horrible row outside. That night at the Lit. we got the results of that hollerin' an' noise:

President—Miss Beaubier.

1st Vice—Mr. McIntyre.

2nd Vice—Miss Moffatt.

Secretary—Miss Neithercut.

Treasurer—Mr. Mastberg.

Editor of Critic—Miss B. Turnbull.

Pres. of Debating Society—L. Glinz.

I liked the elexshuns and all that noise, but what I can't get thru my dome is what did they do it for.

POLITICS.

On Friday, Nov. 17, the first session of the Brandon College Mock Parliament was held, in Arts I. room. After speeches had been given by Dr. New and Dr. MacGibbon, the leaders of the government and of the opposition explaining the purpose of the parliament, Dr. Vining was elected speaker. The subject debated was, "Resolved, that conscription is advisable in Canada at the present time." Many took part, and both Dr. New and Dr. MacGibbon made splendid speeches. When the vote was taken, the measure passed by a small majority. This first session of the Brandon College Legislature passed off very successfully.

HALLOWE'EN.

Wild and weird in appearance was the troupe which gathered in the chapel on Hallowe'en. After Clark Hall had been paraded with solemn, silent and funereal step, the classic halls of the dramatic art in our city were visited, permission having been first obtained from the managers of the theatres. The audiences appeared highly interested in the songs and yells to which they were treated, and joined in with the cheers given for the 196th, 181st and the King.

One old lady, on being told that the boys were the future brains of the nation, remarked: "Well, I'm glad they have sense enough to relax from arduous labors once in a while." For further comment, see local press—(bow wow!)

On the parade grounds Dr. MacGibbon had been vainly trying for the last two hours to lick into shape his squad of boys. At last he gave it up and delivered the following lecture:

"Boys, when I was a little boy my mother gave me a box of wooden soldiers. They were the delight of my life. Then, somehow, they got lost, and for a while I was unconsolable. In her efforts to comfort me she said: 'Never mind, Duncan; those wooden soldiers will come back some day.' Boys, that was many, many years ago, but at last"—he paused to let his words sink home—"and, worse luck, I have found them again!"

CHRISTMAS SUGGESTIONS.

For Bambridge—an axe to defend himself against his creditors.

For Miller, Hainer and Moffat—packages of "Old Chum."

Misses Gibson, Evenden and Burton—copies of Coleridge's "Table Talk."

Runeman and Cook—maxim silencers.

Riley and Pullen—Scarborough maps.

Mildred Sherrin—a photograph of a friend.

Geo. Craig—ditto.

Clif. Cresswell—a pair of white spats with black buttons.

Fred Howard—a new radiator in good working order, also a foot-warmer and hot water bottle.

Chas. Whidden—a Chinese dictionary.

Dr. Vining—another pigeon pie.

SENIOR ARTS.

One of the most enjoyable (beg pardon!—*delightful*) gatherings of the term was the taffy-pull held one evening not long ago, in Miss Wilson's studio. Miss Reita Bambridge was the efficient hostess of the party. Games and pastimes of a novel character were enthusiastically participated in by all, especially the "profs" who were on hand. Refreshments concluded the evening's entertainment, and "having invoked the gods," as per usual, the party broke up.

Another event in which the Seniors made themselves heard recently was the "special table" in the dining-room on Nov. 15. To quote from the Critic's comment on the occasion: "Perhaps never before was such a galaxy of intellectual giants gathered round the same board in Western Canada. Many celebrities were present—(and absent). The conversation was so brilliant, the wit so scintillating, the speeches so dazzling, that the waiters had to wear dark glasses when approaching the festive board."

Hikes are all the rage of late, owing to the splendid wea-

ther. On Nov. 30, Classes '17 and '18 had an all-round good time at Lake Percy. Most of Class '18 were there, and it is said Class '17 looked very becoming in a white toque and muffler. Notwithstanding the cracking and internal rumblings of the ice a few bold spirits skated, while the remaining members of the party built a fire, the ring of their axes awaking the silences of the moonlit lake-shore, and interrupted now and again by thunderous crashes as the noble monarchs of the forest were laid low. Inappropriate as it may seem from a literary point of view to turn from monarchs of the forest to toasted wieners, this, worthy reader, must be. The "hot dogs" were very welcome, along with the bread and butter, apples and coffee. A better night could not have been chosen. The moonlight on the lake was superb, the weather not too cold, and the walking good.

Les: "Can you tell me why the new Fords don't make so much noise?"

May: "You can search me!"

Les: "Well, you see, they've taken the brass band off the front."

THEOLOGY.

The theological classes are now organized, and have appointed the following officers:

Hon. President—Dr. New.

President—Mr. Riggs, B.A.

Secretary—Mr. Peppin.

Their class colors are red and gold.

Scottie (home for Christmas): "Auntie, have you got good teeth?"

Auntie: "No, dear; unfortunately not."

Scottie: "Then I'll give you my walnuts to keep until I come back."

Our new executive of the Literary Society has started in a way that omens well for future Friday nights. At recent Lits second and third year Arts have made themselves in their class screeches. A little squall from first year is expected along shortly.

CLASS SONG OF '19.

(Tune—*Marching Through Georgia.*)

Perhaps you wonder who we are,

Well, here's the answer clear:

We're that jolly, classy, clever

Talked of Second Year.

All the professors say that we

Have livened things up here,

Since we have joined Brandon College.

Chorus—

Nineteen! Nineteen!
 Our girls and fair and wise,
 Nineteen! Nineteen!
 Our boys have brains and size.
 All the Freshmen stare at us,
 And say with opened eyes,
 "I wish I belonged to Class '19.
 Nineteen! Nineteen!
 We set the college pace
 Nineteen! Nineteen!
 In beauty, wit, and grace.
 Even Seniors stop their work
 And say with saddened face,
 "I wish I belonged to Class '19!"
 Perhaps you wonder what we'll do
 When through with "cribs" and texts;
 We'll be filling places
 Of importance, quite complex.
 And if the war is raging still,
 We'll kill the Kaiser next,
 And bring his head back to Brandon College.
 Perhaps you wonder where we'll be
 In twenty years or more.
 I see a vast and surging crowd
 At the House of Commons' door;
 And as you all rush forward there
 I hear the Speaker roar,
 "Stand aside! Enter '19 from the College!"

CLASS SONG OF '18.

(Tune—*There is a Tavern in the Town.*)

There is a band of noisy folk, noisy folk;
 You think perhaps they're just a joke, just a joke;
 But we think they're just the best has ever been;
 And people call them: "Class Eighteen."

Chorus—

There are some who may be teachers,
 Lawyers, doctors, writers, preachers;
 Oh, what brainy, brainy creatures
 Are this Class Eighteen!
 You'll see them soon throughout the world, all the world;
 Dark Ignorance will be down-hurled, be down-hurled:
 Yes, this gallant tribe immortal will shine,
 And on their banner, this design:
 This class consists of damsels fair, damsels fair,

With shining eyes and silken hair, silken hair,
 And boys who think these girls are the whole cheese;
 (I beg your pardon, did you sneeze?)
 We don't call this much of a song, of a song;
 It's neither good nor very long, very long;
 But if you think our brains are rather few:
 Kind friends, we think the same of you.

Let us again advise our readers not to work too hard during the Christmas holiday. Follow the example of Mark Twain who, when a boy attending school, was told, along with his classmates to write an essay on "Faith, Hope and Charity." A valuable prize was offered for the best composition. Mark Twain entered the classroom and immediately proceeded to go to sleep. After half the time had passed, one of his companions woke him up. He wrote steadily for a very few minutes and then handed in his paper. He had written: "I have faith that I will get the prize. I hope the examiner will have charity enough to give me the prize." Mark Twain got the prize. This story is true. We advise you to follow Mark Twain's example—(maybe!)

CLARK HALL

JEAN AVERY '18.

" You must burn
 The substance of your being. If you stay
 The impetus of life you will not learn
 The simples of salvation." —E. Lee.

Christmas! The time associated with evergreens, presents, and last, but not least, cramming. Be of good cheer, comrades! Hold your breath! Close your eyes! Leap forward into the labyrinth of all those tortures invented for the purpose of proving the supreme optimism of student-kind. Hike! Skate and be merry! For tomorrow are exams. upon us, and no one knows what she shall do in that dread hour.

These days are ones of wrapping, unwrapping, sewing up in cotton and painting weird letters on the very outside of it all. Pleasant little cards, pieces of red ribbon and shreds of white tissue paper fill the air with suggestions of secrets. Eva McNaught is doing her level best to compose a love poem in Latin in answer to one she received, which goes somewhat like this:

Amare est periculum
 Vincere est dulcis, etc.

Miss Leech is knitting a mysterious article called a hug-me-tight, announced in Mock Parliament to be for the service of the country. What next?

Eunice in Sunday school class was telling the story of the prodigal son and read thus:

“Amid all the rejoicing, there was one to whom the feast brought no joy; one who did not approve, to whom the feast brought only bitterness, and who did not wish to attend. Now, who was this?”

Small voice, eagerly: “Please, ma’am, the fatted calf.”

BASKET-BALL.

Aren't we glad that Brandon has Park School and that Park School has a gymnasium all ready waiting for us to play in? With our three teams, A, B and C, and our general overseer, Frances Wolverton, we certainly do have some fine times. The only things which mar our fun are that Bessie Turnbull is so short that she can't possibly put the ball into the basket, and Sybil so small that we tramp on her. Our excellent playing saves expenses, for we need no artificial light, with all the glamor of our speed of play. Wouldn't you like to play also?

The last escapade of the famous criminal Ruby McDonald was to get out at three o'clock in the morning—a most unearthly hour, which proves her criminal tendencies—and put down the window. The thawing out of her wife was the worst result of this action.

“W. D's.”

A real live mystery! and it walks! The truth of this last fact was demonstrated on a cold Saturday evening when these peculiar specimens hiked out to the graveyard. A real ghost mystery and no one has yet unearthed the secret! The refreshments—supplied by Prof. Evans—were rather more sticky than ghostly. In fact, they made themselves very much observed, for when people began to shake hands they couldn't let go. The funeral procession coming back accidentally (?) arrived at Maley's, where they had a swell time. The coming of the dawn chased them out and in again, for what ghost can face his majesty the Sun?

Dr. Vining, in Physics: “What is the difference between lightning and electricity?”

Zoe Hough: “You don't have to pay for lightning.”

Y. W. C. A.

This part of our Clark Hall life is increasing in its interest and meaning to us with every meeting. We have an active president in Jean Cameron, and the convenor of the programme, Zoe Hough, not only prepares inspiring topics, but also shows us how it should be done. After Christmas we are to put on a small play. Watch for it and keep that night open.

Who said that Clark Hall girls were slow? The germs of life are still within us, and the following is the itemized story of how one girl proved her loyalty to us and gave our College a helping hand:

| | |
|---------------------------------------|--------|
| Found | .15 |
| Picking and selling currants..... | 1.35 |
| Picking and selling saskatoons | 1.00 |
| Cleaning the school | 2.50 |
| Mending a glove for her brother | .25 |
| Washing for harvest help | .25 |
| | <hr/> |
| | \$5.50 |

Would many of us be so willing to use our opportunities?

Have you heard about our Choral Society? Well, you will some day hear us, and hear about us, too. Then you will wish you belonged. We intend to do some fine work, and no one is better able to show us how than Miss Wilson. If you don't belong you are missing an opportunity which may never come again.

Mrs. Nesbitt, one of our Clark Hall girls of this year, has gone to join her husband in England. No news has been received of her arrival, but we are wishing her a safe journey and many friends in the Old Land.

Things move so fast nowadays that after a man says, "It can't be done," he turns around to see somebody doing it.

The Clark Hall Literary executive has been appointed for the coming year, and although we are conserving our talents for the "big Lit.," we still have our own business affairs in our hands. The officers are as follows:

Hon. President—Miss Leech.

President—Gwen. Whidden.

1st Vice-President—Mildred Sherrin.

2nd Vice-President—Eva McNaught.

Secretary—Helen Coram.

Treasurer—Beatrice Hall.

Convenor of Reading Room—Libby Ross.

Convenor of Athletics—Teena Turnbull.
 Convenor of Socials—Isabel Cummings.
 Convenor of Decorations—Corday MacKay.
 Convenor of Receptions—Ruby McDonald.
 Editor of Breezes—Reita Bambridge.

Vic. Mastburg was discussing the basket-ball team, of which he was a member, and said to Frances:

“You know Chris. Riley? Well, he’s going to be our best man before long.”

“Oh, Victor,” she cried, “what a nice way to propose!”

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

On a beautiful Fall day—not the Sabbath—a few survivors of Economics, Philosophy and Special French wended their way peacefully towards the ocean called Percy. Having run over a motor truck and used it to reach the shore of the ocean, they at once chased away all the little Indians and skated thereupon. Not being herbivorous animals, they were forced at last to return. Figuring that the smallest one present would have less surface to hurt if she should fall, they sent her first over the mighty chasms and wire barricades. Many autos passed them on the way home, but as they were too slow—the cars, of course—the pedestrians hiked on and on, up and up until they reached first floor back in Clark Hall.

Just listen to the coal man now.

His bread and butter earning,
 Advise us, with a courteous bow,
 To “Keep the Home Fires Burning.”

Said he: “You do not bake the bread

Like mother used to bake.”

Said she: “You do not make the dough

That father used to make.”

MOTHERS.

When we get a box from home, even when it’s not a birthday; when a new dress travels along, or a big fat budget of home news, we realize what mothers mean, or we think we do. But how about remembering it all the time? How about our fat budgets home? Don’t let studies or merry times, or anything else in this wide world, make you forget your mother. And if you want to do honor to her name, remember what someone has said:

“The best monument that a girl can raise to her mother’s

memory is that of a clean, upright life, such as she would have rejoiced to see you live.”

Corday MacKay, exploring a country general store, and anxious to find something they didn't have, asked for a copy of Browning.

The young clerk thought; then said regretfully: “Miss, I'm sorry; we have blacking, and whiting and bluing, but no browning.”

Filled with delight Corday rushed home to her boarding place and retailed the joke. The old lady looked at her and said: “Why didn't you ask for varnish in the first place?”

Some of our girls are very much against woman suffrage. Perhaps they feel a trifle like the farmer's wife who, when asked if she wanted a vote, replied:

No, I certainly don't. I say if there's one little thing that the men folk can do alone, for goodness' sake let them do it!”

“Is your Mississippi river very much larger than the Thames?” asked Mr. Cook of Jean Cameron.

“Why, bless your soul, man,” responded that indignant young lady, “there isn't enough water in the Thames to make a gargle for the mouth of the Mississippi!”

Lake Percy has become a popular skating rink, and it certainly is a gift of Providence to all the weary, hard-working girls of Clark Hall. The Red Cross have sometimes helped us out in the refreshment line, and we are all glad of having some fun and contributing to a good cause at the same time.

Certain members of Clark Hall have been wondering what Mr. Lager has done with his curls. Dark rumors concerning Miss Wilson's black beads have been floating around, but the majority are firmly convinced that he keeps them in a stone casket guarded by an iron key “kept for future reference.”

Stella Bolton stood watching the hired man milking the cow and seemed so intensely interested that at last the hired man asked her if she thought she could milk.

“Why, I think so,” said Stella. “I could do the milking, I think, but when you want to stop, how do you turn it off?”

The grass and the leaves now begin to dry up, in which respect they differ somewhat from some humans.

ATHLETICS

A. F. NICHOL '18

"Play the game all the time."

—Ty Cob.

Great weather, man! Great weather! The kind that makes you want to shake hands with yourself, or some one else, every now and then. Bright sunshine, hard ground beneath your willing feet, no snow to speak of, a keen, frosty nip in the air—the cook knows it! Kind of weather that makes you ache to get out when you're in, and to kick a football or chase a rabbit when you're out. The kind of weather we should imagine, from all accounts, is typical of October in England—when the blood of that interesting and lively animal, the healthy English schoolboy, runs high and hot, as he chases the "rigger-pill" over the playgrounds of Eton, Harrow, Rugby, and a hundred English Public Schools. As for us, such sports have to be largely renounced and our physical exercise takes a more martial turn. But we appreciate the splendid weather. Thank God, the war cannot raise the price of sunshine, fresh air, health, and a true sporting spirit, or any of the few things that really count.

Since our last number the annual elections of the Athletic Association has taken place. We now have a complete and efficient executive. Prof. Evans, our most enthusiastic and progressive sportsman, is again honorary president. The president's chair is occupied by Chas. Whidden, who with Ev. Whidden as vice-president will keep things alive, athletically speaking. Our meetings will be brought to the remembrance of posterity through the records of our secretary, Clif. Cresswell, while Geo. Craig will see that nobody vamooses with the kale. "Kiv," alias Vic., Mastberg, is on the job with the rink committee, and is a bear at getting out a squad of workers. Les. Glinz (no connection with Les Miserables!) is convenor of the hockey committee. He spends his time sizing up the available puck-chasers—needless to say, he has nothing else to do. C. Riley, convenor of the football and basket-ball committee, is keeping the pot a-boiling as far as the latter is concerned. We will have to wait until spring to give Fred Howard a chance to distinguish himself in the line of tennis and baseball. Last, but not least, comes our worthy Faculty representative, Prof. Ross, an ancient and famous "has been colt."

In spite of the ever-changing weather, we managed to finish up the "Men's Singles" competition in the tennis tournament. Dr. McNeill again proved himself to be by no means

a "has been," by winning from Fred Howard in the finals. The prize for the competition was a gold watch charm. To those who did not win out we might say that there are still two medals to be played for next spring. Stay in the game; you may be the winner next time.

ODE TO ONE OF OUR PAST STAR PITCHERS.

He used to pitch a ball with lots of smoke; and the stock of curves his caried was no joke. In the days of yesteryear he could burn the atmosphere, as he made the slugging biffers swear and choke. But the sizzling speed has left his ancient wing, and he throws a floating ball that doesn't sing. - Yet he fools the swatters still with his hesitation pill, smiling grimly as the clouters fail to bing. All the stuff he has is just a dinky curve, with a clear head and a lot of sand and nerve; but the way the batters fall for his foolish looking ball shows he's still a winning hurling-hill reserve. He lobs his forkhand floaters o'er the plate, and the batter sees 'em forty minutes late. Though with every lazy pitch he can count each blooming stitch, yet you find the batter swinging like a gate. Ah! this famous hurling guy totes a pitching noddle crafty, wise and sly. Slip the old pal a flock of praise for he's still there forty ways when he climbs the slab to curb the batting eye. In his palmy days he worked without fatigue, mixing speed and curves with clever box intrigue. 'Mid the college bleachers' cheers through his former pitching years, he kept his team from dropping out the league. And when you learn that he is on his way, oh! rise, ye fans, and cheer him while yet you may. Tho' his innings may be done, pay your tribute, everyone, to the slow ball slabbing king of Balldom's fray.

HOCKEY.

It doesn't look as though we will be able to have much hockey before Christmas. But prospects are very bright for an inter-collegiate league being formed in the New Year. Judging from the old material we have and what new material we expect, we should be able to furnish one of the strongest intermediate teams that the College has ever known. Our motto is: Wait and find out. In the meantime, we can be anticipating such exciting games as those with Rivers, Douglas, etc., last year.

BRANDON COLLEGE C.O.T.C.

Our Canadian Officers' Training Corps is still going strong. We have now four very efficient sections, two of which are composed largely of business men of our city and two of College students.

Although this is not a branch of sport, we often have much sport while going through the various manoeuvres. It is quite interesting to listen to the different pitches of the voices of the officers when they are called out to take charge. They range all the way from A—G. It is also entertaining as well as educational to listen to the varieties of remarks heard—some military and some otherwise. *Par exemple*:—

Private Nordlund, in charge of a group of raw recruits, gave in loud, stentorian tones the command, "Form fours!" *Mirabile dictu*, there was no response from the aforesaid grinning, gaping, gawking gang. With a touch of peevishness in his voice, and an air of superior knowledge he repeated the command. One of the recruits finally plucked up sufficient courage to remark that there were only three in the squad. "Well, blimey," roared Nordlund, "threem threes, then!"

A command of Mr. Forshaw's: "Hey, there! By the gods of war, where are you off to?"

Lieutenant Evans, training a new squad: "Attention—As you were!" "Left turn—as you were!" "About turn—as you were!"

A brilliant member of the awkward squad, commenting in an undertone on the nature of these commands: "Strikes me that fellow doesn't know his own mind!"

BASKET-BALL.

Alive! After one whole year in the tomb, the Brandon College Basket-ball team has resurrected. How it happened, nobody knows. Probably because the weather-man deprived us of outdoor sport, or perhaps because Mastberg and Riley had nothing else to do.

A league has been formed, composed of Brandon College, two teams from the Y.M.C.A., and the Collegiate. The College has played two league games up to date, winning one and losing the other after a strenuous five minutes' overtime to decide a tie. Captain Riley gets his men on the gym. floor three times a week, and uses his brawn and brains to whip them into shape. This same "Cap." Riley is quite a player himself. In basket-ball terms he is known as a running guard. The Tigers say that he has just emerged from the glue-pot, which is not at all unlikely. He sticketh to his man closer than a brother. Perhaps his one fault, which is common to the other four players also, is that of holding the ball too long before making a pass. "Pat," our centre is, without doubt the best in the league. He is all go, and no "sarj" shoots so well. However, not too often when under the basket Pat! Morgan has a grappling hook reach, a sure pass and fine all-round basket-ball form. A

long and lanky Victor plays right-forward. Woe to a pigmy who guards him. Mastberg, with a possible exception of Morgan, is our chief "goal getter." At times he lets his guard catch the ball for him, but when the "pill" is in his hands he knows how to pass it, or where to put it, when shooting season comes around. Whidden plays the other forward position. He keeps on the move, gets into a good share of the passes, shoots like a German with his eyes closed, but at the same time makes sure that his guard is forced to do the same thing. What do the Trojans say about our stalwart guard? We can't repeat it here. Suffice it to say that they said it and will be forced to say it again. The floor and Clif's feet are closely attached, although the same cannot always be said about the ball and his hands. However, if the ball is sometimes seen to bound away in a most disconcerting manner, it is usually accompanied by a certain "somebody else." A brick wall with a firm foundation best describes Turnbull.

Now you know who and what the team is. Games will be played every Thursday evening. The boys need support as well as practice. So kindly take the hint and lend your voice and influence in a good cause.

"SCRUBS"

More battles have been lost on the field of hockey-ice because of lack of support on the part of the "scrubs" during practice than for any other reason. A first class senior team is impossible without a first class second team. In Brandon College a position on the second team has often been considered a good-for-nothing burden. If not the first team, not at all, has been the attitude, merely because the holder of such an attitude has gone into the sport in the first place with the idea of winning a halo of glory for himself, while the idea of "Brandon College" has been lost somewhere crossing the *pons varioli* of his brain. A few will make a senior team with ease, many more by hard practice, and some not at all. If you are of the latter class, remember that you contribute as much to Brandon College by playing spare man for its "scrubs" as does the captain of the senior team, and your loyalty is certainly of as deep a sort, and as much credit to you. If you count it an honor to be a "scrub," or have the loyalty to be a "scrub," or the grit to be a "scrub," you are worthy to be called a son of Brandon College: The success of our hockey team this winter depends largely upon the "scrubs." Who wouldn't be a "scrub"?

ALLUMNI ALLUMNÆQUE

VERA LEECH, M.A.

*Oh! be thou blest with all that Heaven can send,
Long health, long youth, long happiness—and a friend.*
—Pope.

As a Christmas greeting to every child of Alma Mater need anything be added? North, South, East, West, wherever Brandon College men and women find themselves at this time, this sentiment will be echoed, for when one has been truly imbued with what is vaguely termed the Brandon Collegé spirit, time and distance seem only to weave the spell more surely, though more subtly. And particularly at this the friendliest season of the year kindly thoughts will be turned upon college days and college comrades. Greetings, then, from all to all.

Sergt. Russell W. Speers, who will be remembered by all '08-'10 students, has left with his battalion for England. His bride (formerly Miss Kathleen Harkin of Edmonton) is spending the winter with Sergt. Speers' mother in Brandon.

Mrs. R. A. Cunningham (nee Mildred McKee) has also left for England to join her husband and brother, Lieut. Cunningham and Lieut. Carey McKee of the 196th Battalion. Mrs. Cunningham sailed from Montreal Nov. 25th on the "Gram-pian," of the Allan Line.

Miss Esther M. Moore, L.T.C.M., who last year completed her post-graduate course in music here, has several very large classes at Olds, Didsbury and Carstairs, Alta. Miss Moore, with Dr. Hodgson, Mus. Doc., formerly director of music in Regina College, recently gave a most successful recital in Calgary.

Rev. Chas. Baker '13, after four years of very successful labor in Yorkton, has accepted a call to the First Baptist Church, Lethbridge. We understand his decision so to do was largely due to Mrs. Baker's ill-health. That Mr. Baker's absence will be keenly felt in Yorkton was emphatically expressed by the citizens and members of his church at a farewell gathering. The *Quill* can only wish that Mrs. Baker's health may be quite restored in the southern city, and that Mr. Baker may have equally good results in the continuance of his work.

Miss Lavona Mitchell and Miss Ethel Mitchell, of last year's Academy classes, have both joined the teaching profession, the former at Gilroy, Sask., and the latter at Claydon, Sask.

It is rumored that Earle Masterson, also of last year's Academy fame, is now "running" a hardware store at Le Pas.

Miss Elise Simonson '10 is teaching near Wetaskiwin, Alta.

One of the recent marriages of interest to ex-students was that of C. Kyle '10 to Miss Claribel Walmsley, a Clark Hall girl of a few years ago. The marriage took place in Winnipeg in October.

Miss Lula Pettigrew, a graduate of the Business Department last year, has accepted a very good position in Winnipeg.

Lloyd Shewan, Ac. '14-'16, is attending St. Andrew's School in Toronto this year.

Rumors are afloat that at least four of the Alumni-Alumnae are to be married at Christmas time. It is to be hoped that the full particulars will be forthcoming for the next issue of the *Quill*.

Judson Munn, a Matric. student of three years ago, visited the college recently. He has been teaching near Estevan and is now moose hunting at Mafeking.

"Dug" Campbell is reported as a successful farmer at High Bluff.

Born—At Dunrea, Nov. 3rd, to Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Herbert, a son—Garnet McMillan. Mrs. Herbert will be remembered as Miss Gladys Morris '15.

Since the last issue of the *Quill* death has beckoned one who for several years has been connected with the college. Mr. Ole Nordine passed away on Nov. 5th at Stockholm, Sask., where he had been teaching. The sympathy of friends at Brandon College goes out to Mr. Nordine's family in Saskatchewan.

Born—To Rev. and Mrs. A. J. Radley, at Chicago, March 22, 1916, a daughter—Grace March.

Born—To Rev. and Mrs. H. E. Green, at Forest, Ont., March, 1916, a son.

At the 99th Convocation of Chicago University, held on March 21st, two former Brandon men received their Master's degrees—J. E. Moffat '14 in Political Economy, and Prof.

McKendry, who taught here the year of '13-'14, in Hebrew. At the summer Convocation of the same university Robt. Harvey (who by the way received his M.A. from McMaster September 1915) was granted his B.D.

Prof. E. A. Miller, for the past two years principal of the Academic Department, is this year in charge of the Department of Classics in Pembroke Collegiate.

Born—To Rev. and Mrs. John Linton, a son.

Mr. Linton has recently gone to Toronto to fill the pulpit of Parkdale Baptist church.

The sad news has just reached Brandon of the death from pneumonia, on November 16th, of Mrs. A. W. Ward, of Calgary. All College friends of her only child, Miss Leslie Ward '13, will wish to extend to her and Mr. Ward the deepest sympathy.

LATITUDE AND LONGITUDE

MAY MCLACHLAN '17

*Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife,
To all the sensual world proclaim,
One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without an aim.*

Years ago a lonely student in Germany wandering aimlessly around on Christmas, eve saw within the cheery homes, candle-lit trees, happy children, everything that belongs to Christmas festivities. The following year he was home in New York. But now he saw as never before the hundreds and thousands of lonely souls to whom "merry Christmas" was a mockery. Why not have a tree for the community, excluding no lonely or friendless soul?

And so it was. Every year a huge Christmas-tree is placed in Madison Square. Gifts are sent from unknown friends all over the city. No one is excluded. The poor of the city feel it to be their own and call it the "Tree of Light."

From city to town and from town to village the idea spread. Now every community, no matter how small, has its Christmas-tree, around which one and all gather and share in their common Christmas joys.

The Customer: Surely these eggs are very small!

The Shopkeeper: Yes, mum, perhaps a little—owing to the war.

Oh, this life on the prairie enthralls me,
 Where the test of a man is his worth.
 Position and rank count as nothing,
 And money's the last thing on earth.

The wheat grower calls it a gamble,
 For as soon as the grain's in the ground
 Frost, heat, gophers and windstorms assail him,
 While droughts are as frequently found.

But for me, I must needs love the prairie,
 With its vastness, so free and so grand;
 And its carpet of gaudy wild flowers,
 Which are surely the work of God's hand.

And its sunsets ablaze in bright glory
 Of orange and purple and red,
 And the great gleaming pennons of splendor,
 That wave from the frozen North dead.

They say that the prairie's a magnet,
 And of it the school marms do sing;
 Though money may be an attraction,
 Far greater the hopes of a ring.

The houses I know, are not mansions,
 But love in a cottage is best.

And when life at "Brandon" is ended,
C'est moi for the "wild woolly west."

(With apologies to E. M.)

"What would be more sad than a man without a country?"
 feelingly asked the literature teacher of her class.

"A country without a man," responded a pretty girl just
 as feelingly.

The largest college is in Cairo, Egypt. In normal times
 it has on its register each year 10,000 students and 310 teachers.

We should think just as though our thoughts were visible
 to all about us. Real character is not outward conduct, but
 quality of thinking.—The Dalhousie Gazette.

John Bright used to tell how a barber who was cutting
 his hair once said to him: "You 'ave a large 'ead. It is a good
 thing to 'ave a large 'ead, for a large 'ead means a large brain,
 and a large brain is the most useful thing a man can 'ave, as
 it nourishes the roots of the 'air."

WAR TIMES.

Sandy: "What for does Donald tak sic lang strides noo o' days?"

Geordie: "He says it disna wear oot his shoes sae quick."
—McMaster Monthly.

—

On August 4th, the second anniversary of the war, I was present at a very beautiful and impressive service in honor of our brave and noble dead. The service was held in the military cemetery near the hospital base. Ten men from each unit in the district were chosen as a special guard of honor, and these were drawn up in the formation of the British square. Fifty orderlies from the different hospitals carried wreaths, and in the order of service placed one on each grave. The cemetery looked like a huge flower garden, so beautiful and neat are the graves kept.

In the background could be seen the tall pines standing like silent sentinels guarding the sacred dead. . . . Immediately outside the cemetery and surrounding it officers, N.C.O's and men attended in large numbers to pay their last respects to fallen comrades. The service was simple, but beautiful in its simplicity. . . . The grand finale came when ten bugles blew "The Last Post," during which the parade stood at the salute. Shortly after the sun sank in a sea of gold, and so ended Aug. 4th, 1916.—Vox Wesleyana.

—

Officer: "I don't know why the men grumble. This soup is really excellent."

Sergeant: "They wouldn't grumble, sir, if the cook would admit it is soup. He insists it is coffee."

—

"MY SENTIMENTS."

How dear to my heart is the thing they call Latin,
When fond recollections present it to view;
The clauses, the phrases, all dressed in their satin,
And every loved ending that makes us feel blue.
The high-sounding doo-dals and outlandish diet,
The slave with a spear and the Roman who fell,
The verbal gerundive, the noun crouching nigh it,
Are hidden in Latin which I love so well.

The time honored Latin,
The iron bound Latin,
That moss-covered Latin,
Which hangs on so well.

—Queen's Journal.

“Are you laughing at me?” demanded the professor, sternly, of his class.

“Oh, no, sir,” came the reply in chorus.

“Then,” asked the professor, even more grimly, “what else is there in the room to laugh at?”

WHY WE OPPOSE POCKETS FOR WOMEN.

1. Because pockets are not a natural right.
2. Because the great majority of women do not want pockets. If they did they would have them.
3. Because whenever women have had pockets they have not used them.
4. Because women are required to carry enough things as it is, without the additional burden of pockets.
5. Because it would make dissensions between husband and wife as to whose pockets were to be filled.
6. Because it would destroy man's chivalry towards woman, if he did not have to carry all her things in his pockets.
7. Because men are men, and women are women. We mustn't fly in the face of nature.
8. Because pockets have been used to carry tobacco pipes, whiskey flasks, chewing gum, and compromising letters. We see no reason to suppose that women would use them more wisely.

— The McMaster University Monthly.

God give us men! A time like this demands
 Strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and ready hands.
 Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
 Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
 Men who possess opinions and a will;
 Men who have honor, and who will not lie;
 Men who can stand before a demagogue
 And scorn his treacherous flatteries without winking.
 Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog,
 In public duty and in private thinking[

—Josiah Gilbert Holland.

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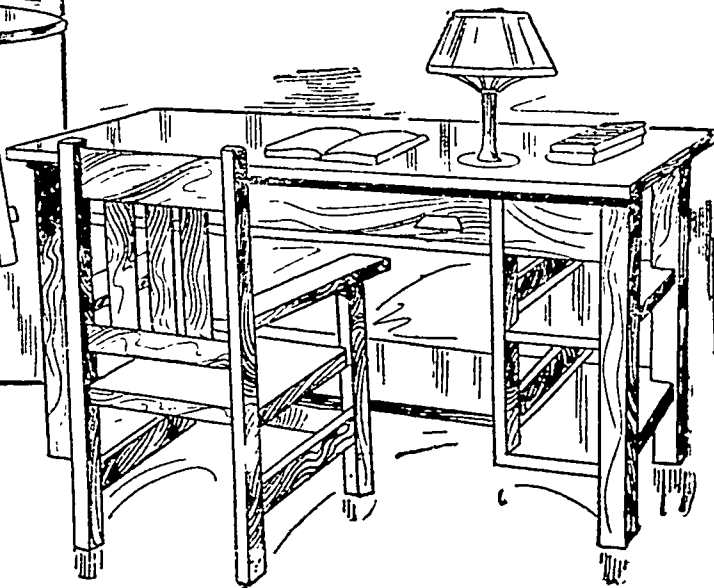
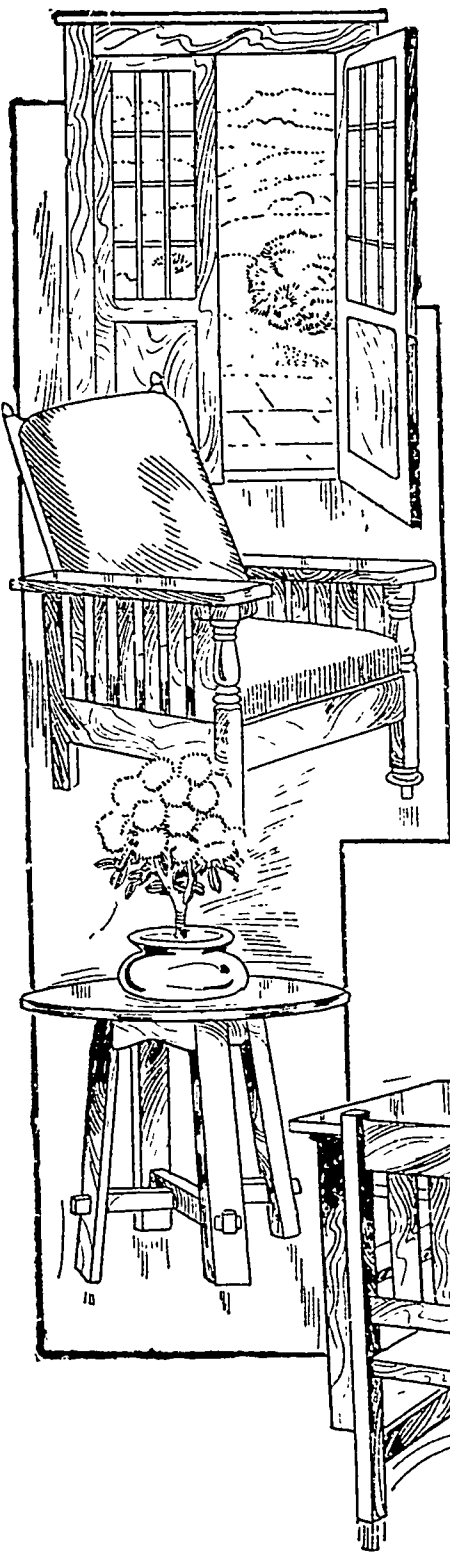
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