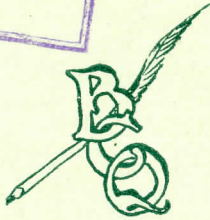


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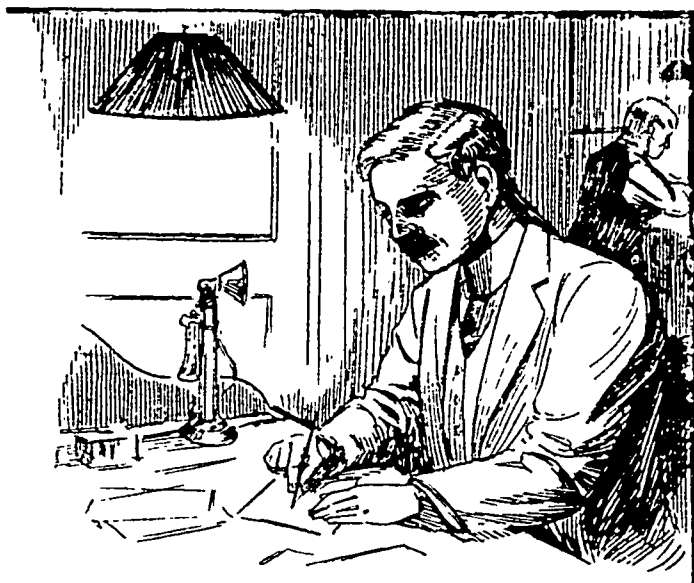
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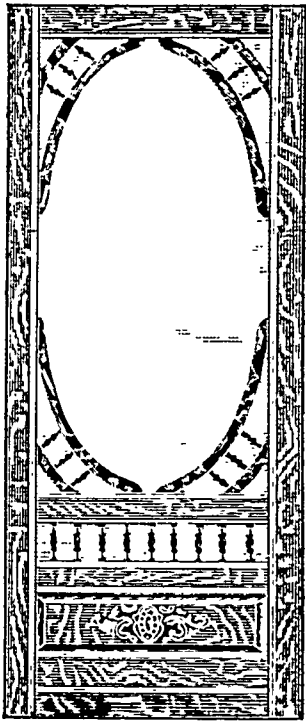
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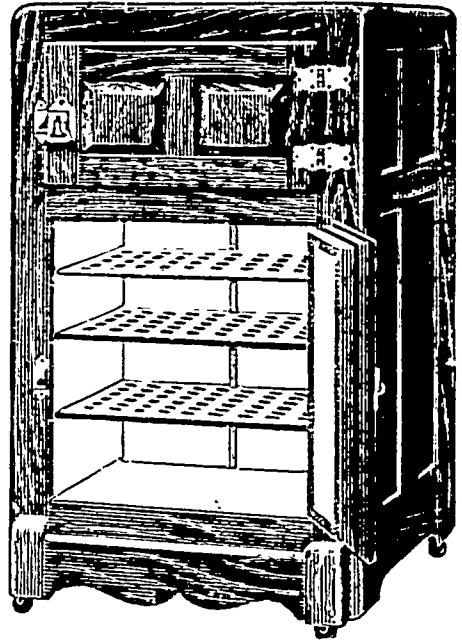
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THROUGH TWO EYES

S. J. COHEN, B.A.

There are two notable ways of looking at a mountain: one is the way of the geologist, who peers at it through a microscope fragment by fragment; but since no known geologist has lived long enough to examine in this way even the smallest mountain, and more, since a mountain consists not of dust and fragments but rather of masses of rock in unification, it follows somewhat inevitably that no mere geologist has ever seen a mountain. The other way is that of the American tourist, who stands away off and gazes with two wide-open eyes and a wide-open mouth; and some Americans have in this way managed to see a mountain and to catch some glimpse of its dreadful grandeur and power.

It has seemed to me that Democracy sees things through two eyes, whereas Aristocracy sees them through a microscope. Of course, no American is ever a mere American, and no geologist is merely a geologist. The American likes the microscope very occasionally, and the geologist can sometimes be tempted from the museum. So the democrat is only a democrat in the main and is appreciative, unconsciously perhaps, of the value of the expert; and even the aristocrats of the barbarous bureaucracies are grudgingly admitting today that the masses know their own pains at least. The Americans are democratic: possibly they are the most democratic people in the world. They see things through two eyes, the tourist gape notwithstanding.

That is why they call their President "Mister" Wilson, with a genial familiarity that is not unmingled with a hearty respect. Even Abraham Lincoln, the national hero, to whom time has endeavored in vain to give that superhuman sublimity with which she endows noble leaders of the past, even Lincoln

is still "Mister" Lincoln, and his memory brings not awe, but tears. Hearty respect is a very rare thing. I am not sure but that it is peculiar to America, and a product of democracy.

A product of democracy it may be; but if so, there are yet choicer fruits. The people of the United States are singularly well informed on matters of diplomacy and international politics—I would go further and say that they are familiar with them. Diplomacy is no "black magic" as a Hague journalist has recently dubbed it, in accord with the outlook of the teeming European millions. Every move brings forth a ready discussion in the press of the conceivable motives that prompted it. The average man can discuss an international situation. Perhaps that is why there is a singular absence of the demagogue, and of a duplicity that can win the blind admiration of the populace. The people can read a speech and judge it; I believe that they re-elected Wilson because apart from a little sentimentality his words were well informed and statesmanlike. The United States citizen looks at the big business of the world through two eyes.

Through two eyes indeed he has looked at the war, the gaunt mountain of human misery that pushes its sharp peak towards the sky. He has watched both sides from the distance, and has pondered every move. Somewhat coldly perhaps he has seen the great khaki and grey-green masses rolling over the battle-wastes. Occasionally a spot of red, big enough even to be seen thousands of miles away, has sent a painful thrill to his heart and his muscles have tightened. On the whole his sympathy has been with the Allies with a considerable margin: there can be no question about that. But he has seen the whole catastrophe through two eyes, and eyes that have hardened as the terrible months have drawn by.

The American is drawing nearer to the war, and already he is bringing out his microscope. The tourist way seems to be useless for seeing mountains when one stands beneath the towering rock. But while one eye is screwed tight, and the other is glued to the eye-piece, I think there will be swimming in the back of his mind memories of the great mass that he gaped and gazed at. If so, he will better understand the puzzling strata whose writhings he examines in his museum, he will the more readily return to the outside world where the sun is warm and the air is fresh and sweet.

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(From the New York "Evening Post.")

ODE TO DOCTOR ABRAHAM FLEXNER.

Just after the Board had brought the schools up to date,
 To prepare you for your Life Work
 Without teaching one superfluous thing,
 Jim Reilly presented himself to be educated.
 He wanted to be a bricklayer.
 So they taught him to be a perfect bricklayer
 And nothing more.
 He knew so much about bricklaying that the contractor made
 him a foreman.
 But he knew nothing about being a foreman.
 So he spoke to the School Board about it.
 And they put in a night course for him
 On how to be a foreman
 And nothing more.
 He became so excellent a foreman that the contractor made him
 a partner.
 But he knew nothing about figuring costs,
 Nor about bookkeeping,
 Nor about real estate,
 And he was too proud to go back to night school.
 So he hired a tutor, who taught him these things.
 Prospering at last, and meeting other men as wealthy as he,
 Whenever the conversation started, he'd say to himself:
 "I'll lie low till it comes my way—
 Then I'll show 'em!"
 But they never mentioned bricklaying,
 Nor the art of being a foreman,
 Nor the whole duty of being a contractor,
 Nor figuring costs,
 Nor real estate;
 So Jim never said anything.
 But he sent his son to college.

—John Erskine.

ODE TO PROFESSOR JOHN ERSKINE.

(In allusion to his Ode to Doctor Abraham Flexner)

Jim Reilly's son Tom didn't know what he wanted to do.
 So he took Latin and Mathematics and hoped they'd discipline
 his mind.

And prepare him for sharing in polite intercourse.
 After three years he knew that two straight lines perpendicular
 to the same plane
 Are parallel to each other.
 And for a short time he could say what were both *sine* and
cosecant;
 But a month after the examination he unhappily forgot which
 was which.
 He had learned a list of diminutives: only *culum* and *bulum*
 remained to him—
 So sweet was their euphony.
 He knew the mute with l or r played a mystic role in the higher
 life,
 Which in moments of depression he felt he didn't grasp.
 An old book by an old man for the old
 Tightened the reins of his youthful spirit.
 When he reached the two gates of slumber at the end of
 Lib. VI
 They gave him ready exit, and he never began Lib. VII.
 But he had the elements of a liberal education, and,
 Like his philistine father before him,
 Whenever the conversation started he'd say to himself:
 "I'll lie low till it comes my way—
 Then I'll show 'em."
 But they never mentioned the caesural pause,
 And rarely the first Archilochian strophe,
 Nor Vercingetorix, nor the mute with l or r.
 He had never got far enough to meet a reflection of Horace's
 About those on whose cradles Melpomene smiles.
 But he knew he couldn't play an Isthmian game as well as T.R.
 Father Jim took him into the office
 He did not seem the worse for disciplining his mind.
 He could make a deal *unice securus* however disadvantageous
 to the buyer,
 And knew the difference betwixt a Martini and a Bronx.
 And appreciated the roundness of a maiden's arm.
 Without the help of Horace.

—J. H. R.

ODE TO PROFESSOR JAMES HARVEY ROBINSON.

When Tom Reilly had grown to elderly prosperity,
 So that he rode down-town in his limousine at ten a.m., pre-
 ceded by six inches of cigar.
 He said to his son George:
 "George, college did worlds for me.
 I don't remember a darned thing I learned there, but

The fellows I played round with are now my fellow-directors,
And my intimacy with them is profitable.
Which college do you prefer?"

And George said,

"Thank you, Father,"

And selected the college that had just made a clean sweep in
major sports.

So George went.

He learned lots of things.

Although he didn't catch the sort of cultivation to which occa-
sional contact with the faculty exposed him,

He learned that the most important thing in life

Is that the score on November 20 should be 16—0 and not
0—16.

And the next most important thing is to get by with a C in at
least three out of five courses.

He learned what loyalty to an educational institution is,

To smoke cigarettes on the bleachers and yell at last practice.

He learned that the first and great commandment is,

Thou shalt bet on thy teams and refrain from independent
thinking and look with a skeptic eye on Phi Beta Kappa.

Thus did college instil in George a sense of proportion,

A sense of permanent values.

So he went out into the world,

And he said, "I'll lie low till it comes my way,

Then I'll show 'em."

And it came his way.

He could talk sports and stocks and drinks and motor-cars with
the best of the brokers,

And he got promoted in the bank because he had belonged to
Beta Veta Delta and played left tackle.

Today he has three limousines to his father's one.

And a town house

And a yacht

And a place at Tuxedo

And a camp in the Adirondacks with twenty guest-rooms and
thirty baths.

And when the application blanks for the boat-race come around

He puts fifty dollars on the crew,

And with the words,

"It isn't the studies that count in college,

It's the college life,"

He thanks his father's memory for his education.

—F. L. A.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY, THE HOOSIER POET

(AN APPRECIATION)

There is considerable truth in the statement that poets are born, not made. The claim, however, requires certain qualification. It is quite evident that neither training nor environment can ever be entirely responsible for great poetic efforts. Environment may enrich the life of the individual and waken emotions which result in poetic utterance. Training may develop a sense of form and a standard of taste which would otherwise be impossible. But without the inherent poetic gift the most promising environment may prompt nothing more than a series of discordant notes; while training may make possible fine writing, without contributing anything in the nature of true poetry.

On the other hand, poetic talent in itself is not sufficient. Many poets have lived lives of poverty, suffering and sorrow, and their songs have perhaps contained an added richness as a result; just as the crushed blossom yields the sweetest fragrance. But are not these exceptional cases? Who can doubt that many a "mute inglorious Milton" has been unknown to history because of "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune"? It would seem, then, that poetry is normally the result of both inherent artistic talent and the influences of a favorable environment. As regards either of these essentials, the subject of this sketch was especially fortunate.

James Whitcomb Riley, the Hoosier poet, was born at Greenfield, Indiana, in 1849. His family were of Pennsylvania Dutch stock, with just a trace of Irish blood, which probably accounts for the name. Both of his parents showed pronounced literary tendencies, and his father, a prominent lawyer and politician, was an occasional writer of both poetry and prose. Young Riley acquired his education in the schools of his native town, and had as his teacher Let O. Harris, who was himself a poet, and who is said to have encouraged the development of literary gifts even though it meant the neglect of mathematics and other kindred subjects. After leaving school, Riley followed very much his own inclinations. He had no taste for college life. Neither did he fit himself for any business. His time was spent in studying the people and life of the community in which he lived, and during this period of observation he stored up an almost inexhaustible supply of material for his later work. By his neighbors, who were quite unaware of his latent powers, he was looked upon as a somewhat aimless youth, who wrote verses, drew pictures, or thrummed a guitar, just as the humor seized him.

In order to understand Riley's work, we must know something of the land in which he spent his life. Indiana holds a unique position among her sister states. She is the pivotal state of the Union, geographically, socially and politically. She is neither North nor South, neither East nor West. She unites the characteristics of all sections. Her people combine the courtesy and hospitality of the South with the more materialistic and aggressive traits peculiar to the North; they value and strive for the culture of the East, while yet retaining the freedom and democratic informality of the West. The Indiana pioneers came from the states to the east and south, and were primarily of American stock of Scotch and Irish extraction. Since the first settlement of the country the population has been practically unchanged. The currents of alien migration have flowed around and beyond the Hoosier state, and this has made possible the evolution of a distinct type. The combination of central location and sectional isolation has undoubtedly had much to do with the development of certain Hoosier qualities, not the least of which is the tendency to literary expression. In the State of Indiana it is a common saying that not to be an author is to be distinguished.

It might be of interest to say something in regard to the origin of the term "Hoosier." Several explanations have been offered, but the best authorities believe the term to be a corruption of "Who's here." In an old book entitled "Early Indiana Trials," we find the story told:

"The night was dark, the rain falling in torrents, when the inmates of a small log cabin in the woods of early Indiana were aroused from their slumbers by a low knocking at the only door of the cabin. The man of the house, as he had been accustomed to do on like occasions, rose from his bed and hallooed 'Who's here?' The outsider answered, 'Friends, out bird-catching. Can we stay till morning?' The door was opened and the stranger entered. A good log fire soon gave light and warmth to the room. Stranger to the host: 'What did you say when I knocked?' 'I said, 'Who's here?' 'I thought you said Hoosier.' The bird-catchers left after breakfast, but next night returned and hallooed at the door, 'Hoosier': and from that time the Indianians have been called Hoosiers."

It has been said that poetry is an interpretation of life in terms of beauty. This may be a test of poetry *per se*, but the popularity of the poet will depend largely upon the kind of life interpreted. And this fact offers an explanation of Riley's place in the hearts of his readers. Riley sang of the simple things of life. His poems breathe the hospitality of the humble country homes. They give for the music of the wind in the trees, the songs of the birds, and the prattle of little children.

We may forget his attempts at the more stately or formal measures, but we cherish his songs of the simple commonplace happenings of his boyhood days. We never lose interest in his quaint rustic characters; we delight in his descriptions of the scenes along the Brandywine; and we share in his boyish excitement in the rabbit chase where there are

“Eight er ten
Bellerin’ boys and two or three
Yelpin dawgs all on the trail
O’ one little pop-eyed cottontail.”

Although Riley sings of the commonplace realities of local life, his poetry is marked by a distinct universal element. It is true that his best known characters are not mere romantic figures. They are real beings of flesh and blood with whom he has had intimate acquaintance. But he makes us feel that we really know them as well as himself. As proof of this power, we might mention “Little Orphant Annie,” with her tales of the “Gobble-uns,” or “The Raggedy Man,” who excites the admiration of the small boy because he

“Knows ’bout Giants, an’ Griffuns an’ Elves
An’ the Squidgicum-Squees ’at swallers themselves!”

Riley’s poetry is deeply tinged with provincialism. This, however, is only further evidence of his true interpretation of the Hoosier temperament. Loyalty to Indiana is one of the outstanding characteristics of her sons. The outside world may have its attractions, but that does not alter the Hoosier’s affection for the land of his birth. What is known as the “Indiana spirit,” however, does not exhibit the boastful or objectionable type of provincialism. It is rather a pride of locality which is perfectly serene and contented, and not unpleasing in its peculiar quaintness.

“Well!—I never seen the ocean ner I never seen the sea—
On the banks o’ Deer Crick’s grand enough fer me!”

Riley was a true child of nature. To him the changing seasons were a constant source of joy, while even the lowliest forms of animal and insect life called forth his interest and laid claim to his affection. Note, for example, his easy, natural greeting to the humble hop-toad:

“Howdy, Mister Hop-Toad! Glad to see you out!
Bin a month o’ Sundays sence I see you hereabout.”

He was in such close sympathy with nature that he always attributed to it human feelings and emotions. He skilfully pictures human joy and sorrow as having a definite reaction in

nature. When man is overwhelmed with grief, nature reveals a sympathetic aspect which soothes and comforts the troubled heart.

“They’s sorrow in the wavin’ leaves of all the apple trees;
And sorrow in the harvest sheaves, and sorrow in the breeze.”

The simplicity of the nature descriptions, as well as the close relation between the poet’s state of mind and his natural environment, may be seen in the following lines from “At Broad Ripple”:

“The river’s story flowing by,
Forever sweet to ear and eye;
Forever tenderly begun,
Forever new and never done;
Thus lulled and sheltered in a shade,
Where never feverish cares invade,
I bait my hook and cast my line,
And feel the best of life is mine.”

Riley’s poetry is markedly didactic, and when we turn our attention to this phase of his work we find clearly revealed the singer’s whole philosophy of life. This might be summed up in three words: kindness, contentment, and faith. We may best illustrate all three by specific references. Note the greatness of heart and true brotherly kindness expressed in the following lines:

“When over the fair fame of friend or foe,
The shadow of disgrace shall fall, instead
Of words of blame, or proof of thus and so,
Let something good be said.”

For his philosophy of contentment we have only to turn to his “Wet-Weather Talk”:

“It hain’t no use to grumble and complane;
It’s jest as cheap and easy to rejoice—
When God sorts out the weather and sends rain,
W’y rain’s my choice.”

Something of the same spirit, as well as a certain quiet optimism which was characteristic of Riley, may be noted in the opening stanza of “Kissing the Rod”:

“O heart of mine, we shouldn’t
Worry so!
What we’ve missed of calm we couldn’t
Have, you know!
What we’ve met of stormy pain,
And of sorrow’s driving rain,
We can better meet again,
If it blow!”

How many troubled hearts have been comforted by these simple words of cheer! Riley's religion was a part of his daily life, and he always retained an unquestioning faith in the realities of a world beyond.

"The sun that cheers our pathway here
Shall beam upon us—*there!*"

It is probable that Riley is best known as a writer of dialect poems. Some of his best work, however, was written in pure and elevated literary English, without any trace of the dialect. An example of his skill and felicity in this field is found in "The All-Golden":

"I catch my breath, as children do
In woodland swings when life is new,
And all the blood is warm as wine,
And tingles with a tang divine. . . .
O gracious dream, and gracious time,
And gracious theme, and gracious rhyme—
When buds of Spring begin to blow
In blossoms that we used to know,
And lure us back along the ways
Of time's all-golden yesterdays!"

For depth of feeling, and simplicity of statement, perhaps no finer lines could be selected than those written with reference to an Indiana soldier:

"I cannot say, and I will not say
That he is dead—he is just away!"

One more example may be given. Here we have a power of poetic imagination, a wealth of imagery, and a felicity of expression which one associates with the work of Coleridge or of Edgar Allen Poe. The lines are from "To Leonainie":

"'Leonainie!' angels missed her—
Baby angels—they,
Who behind the stars had kissed her
E'er she came away;
And their little, wandering faces
Drooped o'er Heaven's hiding-places.
Whiter than the lily-vases.
On the Sabbath day."

The voice of the Hoosier poet is stilled, and Indiana mourns for one of her best loved sons. But the work of Riley remains, and his cheery messages will continue to gladden the hearts of men and to give them new courage for the struggle of life. In conclusion, we can add no more fitting tribute than the lines written by Mr. C. W. Snow, on the night of Riley's death:

"A thousand valley-lilies, golden-belled,
 Moved by a mild March wind, would charm the ear
 No truer than the lyric notes that welled
 From Riley's heart, our common life to cheer;
 A thousand hearts that never knew the peaks
 Adventurous bards attained on wings of song,
 Have found deep solace through the weary weeks,
 Among the meadows that to him belong;
 He knew the music of the leaves in spring,
 He knew the clear fresh bloom of childhood's hour,
 He knew the poetry that love could wring
 From unresponsive hearts; and through love's power,
 Revealed those hearts in all their homely grace.
 And earth became a sweeter, holier place."

—J. M.

*How vain is life—
 A little love,
 A little strife—
 A fleeting smile,
 A passing sigh,
 And then—Good-bye.*

*How brief is life—
 A ray of light,
 A cloud of gloom,
 A gleam of hope
 To make it bright,
 And then—Good-bye.*
 —Old French Song.

FURTHER INFORMATION OF OUR BOYS IN KHAKI

(Collected and Arranged by Ruby McDonald and
Dr. A. W. Vining).

We have been able to procure further information concerning some of our Brandon College boys at the front, and we wish to give our readers the benefit of this, and also correct some mistakes that occurred in the last issue.

— Attridge.

He was seen by Mr. Evans in Camp Hughes during the summer, but we have been able to procure no further information. It would be appreciated if any one could forward this to the *Quill* staff.

George Bamford, 910757
196th Battalion.
Army P.O., London, Eng.

Pte. Charles Bailey, 34260
Canadian Ambulance Medical Corps,
Granville Canadian Hospital,
Ramsgate, Kent, England.

Hon. Capt. John C. Bowen.
63rd Battalion,
Army P.O., London, England.

A mistake was made in last issue by the statement that Capt. Bowen was in the 181st Battalion.

Pte. Leonard Boulton, 115848
11th Brigade. B.E.F.,
Army P.O., London, England.

Pte. Earl Braithwaite, 874682.
184th Battalion.
Army P.O., London, England.

Capt. Chas. W. Burns,
Army Medical Corps.
Winnipeg, Man.

Pte. Orval Earl Calverley, D.C.M., 148446
2 C.T.M. Battery.
12th Brigade. B.E.F.,
Canadian Contingent,
Army P.O., London, England.

We are very glad to report to our *Quill* readers concerning the splendid work of Orval. In Nov. 1915 he enlisted in the 78th Battalion. In Winnipeg he took a course in bomb throwing in which he won for his battalion the highest marks at the session and for himself the privilege of attending the bomb-throwing college in England. He left for the trenches with the 12th Brigade in July 1916, and has been making havoc among the Germans ever since.

We quote from a letter sent by a comrade in the same company. He writes: "Last week the battery was in action in a very hot part of the front, when Fritz became very much annoyed apparently at our trench mortar activity. I must say that Calverley was the chief agitator, as he had personal charge of one of the guns, and this particular gun was retaliating at an average of twenty shots to Fritz's one. This naturally made a nasty mess of the German line of communication trench in Calverley's line of fire.

"However, the following morning the Huns came back with artillery and trench mortar very heavily indeed, and apparently made our gun placements his target, and unfortunately made some particularly direct hits, and put out of business the gun next to Calverley's.

"Calverley immediately told his crew to go below to the dug-out, as the shells were falling pretty thick, endangering the lives of any who stayed above ground, but he himself stayed with his gun, with one man to help, retaliating to the Germans' fire.

"I am glad to tell you that he has been recommended for decoration, and sincerely hope he will get it, as he is courageous and very cool in danger. We are proud of our comrade."

Later word assures us that Orval had received the D.C.M. in February. We most heartily congratulate you and hope you may continue to do your part so nobly and soon return to our College halls that we may show more clearly our appreciation.

Pte. James Kerfoot Chambers, 461279

P.P.C.I.I.,

Army P.O., London, England.

He was present at the battle of Ypres and later at the Somme, where he was severely wounded. He was in the hospital in England, where he was doing fairly well by our last account.

Sergt. Fred Clarke, 1072164

250th Battalion.

Pte. John J. Cloutier 910776
 196th Battalion,
 Army P.O., London, England.

Lieut. George A. Coldwell.

Lieut. Hugh Connolly, 700437
 Signalling Base,
 2nd Canadian Training Brigade,
 East Sandling, Kent. England.

Pte. Eldon Corrothers,
 Canadian Army Dental Corps,
 Army P.O., London, England.

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

Clare has been invalided home, and passed through Brandon recently.

Pte. Earl Dixon, 523700
 1st Can. Training Brigade Hospital,
 Upper Bibgate, Shorncliffe, England.

James W. Doucette.

Pte. James A. Drennan, 2765
 2nd Can. Divisional Supply Column,
 France.

Enlisted in the First Contingent and trained at Valcartier under Major McLaren. Later he joined the motor transports and has been in action since early in the war. Has had one leave of absence in eighteen months.

Pte. Fred G. Earl, 475829
 3rd University Co., P.P.C.L.I.,
 Army P.O., London. England.

Pte. Russell Thompson Ferrier,
 249th Battalion,
 Saskatoon Sask.

Pte. John A. Fisher, 2114810
 C.A. Service Corps,
 Fort Osborne Barracks, Winnipeg, Man.

Pte. Nelson Gilchrist,
 79th Battalion,
 Army P.O., London, England.

Capt. H. B. Harrington,
 181st Battalion.
 Brandon, Man.

Pte. George Anton Gregga, 693269
 174th Cameron Highlanders,
 Minto Barracks, Winnipeg, Man.

Lieut. Robt. James Hosie,
 79th Battalion,
 Army P.O., London, England.

We are delighted to learn that he was awarded, in January 1917, the Military Cross, but are sorry to learn that he was wounded shortly afterwards.

Bugler Walter Russell Hosie,
 181st Battalion,
 Brandon, Man.

Lieut. Albert Reg. Hurst,
 Dental Corps, 181st Battalion,
 Brandon, Man.

Pte. Frank Sterling Irving,
 181st Battalion,
 Brandon, Man.

Pte. Orrin Jones, 622845
 1st Canadian Mounted Rifles.

Orrin was officially reported missing in September 1916. no word of him having been received since the disaster to the 1st C.M.R.'s on June 2nd, 1916.

Lieut. Frederick Richard Julian,
 196th Battalion,
 Seaford Camp, England.

Pte. Henry Knox 529508
 10th Can. Field Ambulance,
 Army P.O., London, England.

Corporal W. Leary,
 1st Canadian M.M.G. Battery,
 France.

Pte. Charles Edward Little. 215
 2nd P.P.C.L.I.,
 Army P.O., London, England.

Little was wounded in the arm in June 1916. but has recovered and transferred to Machine Gun Section.

Pte. C. Mathewson, 402
 No. 3 Canadian General Hospital,
 B.E.F., France.

Corp. Nelson G. McBride, 106420
 Canadian Record Office,
 Branch R II. U.C.
 Green Arbour House, Holborn, London, E.C., England.

Pte. Daniel W. McEwen, 910771
 196th Battalion, C.E.F.,
 Army P.O., London, England.

Pte. Hamilton McFadden,
 Lord Strathcona Horse,
 Winnipeg, Man.

Pte. J. Alden McIntyre, 234029
 C Coy., 221st Battalion,
 Minto Street Barracks,
 Winnipeg, Man.

Pte. Campbell Mabee McIntyre, 504548
 Signal Co., Canadian Engineers,
 Sussex, England.

Pte. Robt. Allan McKee, 910799
 Brandon, Man.

In February, 1917, Allan was discharged as medically unfit. He has been offered his degree of Bachelor of Arts this spring, but he has refused, preferring to take his work next year.

Pte. Millard B. McLaren, 13127
 Woodcote Park,
 Epsom, Surrey, Eng.

Millard has been at the front from the time of the arrival of the First Contingent. He has been in several of the big battles, and has been wounded several times and twice buried by explosives. Since the battle of Ypres, almost a year ago, he has been in the hospital in England.

Pte. Wm. Lovell McNair, 1037256
 D Coy., 238th Battalion, C.E.F.,
 Army P.O., London, England.

Nursing Sister Jean McPherson,
 2 A I.M.N.S.,
 Wharnccliffe War Office,
 Sheffield, England.

Jean was asked to take charge of a hospital, but refused. She is now in a hospital in Sheffield containing three thousand patients.

Sergeant Arthur O. Millions,
221st Battalion,
Toronto, Ont.

Pte. Alfred Milton, 231417
A Coy., 202nd Battalion, C.E.F.
Army P.O., London, England.

Pte. Edwin C. Miskiman, 115948
11th Brigade, 4th Can. Division, B.E.F.,
Army P.O., London, Eng.

Hon. Capt. Philip J. Moon,
229th Battalion,
Moose Jaw, Sask.

Pte. William Jas. Munn.

Pte. Duncan Albert Munroe,
179th Cameron Highlanders,
Army P.O., London, England.

Pte. Arthur Orriss, 2114809
C.A.S.C.,
Fort Osborne Barracks, Winnipeg, Man.

Pte. Charles Orriss. 152603
1st C.M.R. Battalion,
Army P.O., London, England.

On January 17th, Charlie was in France, in good health.

Pte. Ralph Philipps, 187768
90th Battalion.

Ralph was sick from exposure in the trenches with acute nephritis, and in November he was removed to a hospital in Chichester. His present address is: Grayhugswell Hospital, K.C.I., Chichester, Sussex, England.

Pte. Harry Pickard, 1250108
76th Artillery,
Army P.O., London, England.

Pte. Elijah D. Pound, 531749
11th Canadian Field Ambulance,
Army P.O., London, England.

Pte. Robert Rabe,
100th Battalion,
Army P.O., London, England.

Sergeant John Pickard,
Canadian Army Dental Corps,
Army P.O., London, England.

Pte. Wm. J. Ross,
 195th Battalion,
 Regina, Sask.

He was quarantined when his battalion went overseas, so was not able to accompany it.

Pte. James B. Rowell, 531784
 196th Battalion,
 Army P.O., London, England.

Sergt.-Major Herbert L. Rutherford,
 Special Service Co., 190th Battalion,
 Winnipeg, Man.

Pte. C. S. Saunders, 216748
 11th Reserve Battalion,
 St. Martin's Plain, England.

Shortly after reaching England he took machine gun training course at London. He was then drafted to France, but was turned down on account of his eyes. He has now been told that he cannot go over to France before May 1917, when he will be nineteen years old.

Pte. John Schoenau,
 184th Battalion,
 Army P.O., London, Eng.

Lc.-Corp. W. C. Scott, 151230
 43rd Cameron Highlanders,
 Army P.O., London, Eng.

Pte. Guddman Sigurdson, 874765
 C Co., 184th Battalion,
 Army P.O., London, England.

Pte. John William Sleight, 911429
 C. Co., 196th Battalion,
 S. Seaforth Camp, England.

Sergeant Russell W. Speers, 904290
 194th Battalion
 Army P.O., London, England.

Part of his battalion has crossed over to France, and he expects to go at any time. At present he is at Bramshott Camp.

Pte. Frank Squair,
 61st Battalion,
 Army P.O., London, England.

Pte. Arthur Bruce Steele, 529683

Hamiota, Man.

Bruce has been invalided home. He arrived in Winnipeg on Feb. 20th, where he was met by his father. They came on to Brandon on the twenty-second, where they were heartily welcomed by all the old students. Class '18 welcomed him in a body, and afterwards repaired to Aagaard's for dinner. All agree that Bruce has grown taller, and although not as robust as we could wish, he looks well. Bruce is not entirely well, by any means, but we hope after he undergoes treatment in Winnipeg for the next four months he will be stronger than he ever was and able to come back to rejoin us in college.

Pte. Joseph Bedford Thompson, 187816

90th Regiment,

Army P.O., London, England.

Sergt. Rob Roy Thompson, 645938

158th Battalion,

Army P.O., London, England.

Pte. Percy W. Underwood, 523052

8th Canadian Field Ambulance Corps,

Army P.O., London, England.

Hon. Capt. Thomas S. Watson.

Pte. Charles Cromwell Williams, 276312

217th Battalion, D Coy.,

Regina, Sask.

Pte. David Winton, 425780

R II. A III. Branch

Canadian Record Office,

London, England.

Pte. George Yeomans, 523764

4th Canadian Field Ambulance Corps,

Army P.O., London, England.

Since September 1916 George has been regularly employed and is unhurt and well.

We make a further appeal to any of the boys at the front, or any friends or relatives of any Brandon College boys who have joined the colors, to send all the information possible, their number, rank, battalion, date of enlisting, promotion, date of leaving Canada, to Dr. Vining, Brandon College. This information will be thankfully received and will greatly facilitate the task of getting a complete record of all our boys.

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REALITIES AND APPEARANCES

One of our contemporaries, The Gateway (University of Alberta), has been printing week by week short articles contributed by men prominent in the public life of the province. answering the question: "What is the one thing Alberta needs most today?" In the issue of February 6th, the answer of the Right Rev. Henry Allen Gray, Bishop of Edmonton, is given: "What is the one thing Alberta needs? Not money nor wealth, but, what is of greater value, a better understanding of the seriousness of life, its purposes and opportunities and responsibilities, and a desire *to be* rather than *appear* to be; a desire for *realities*, not *appearances*."

Noble words these, and well warranted for the whole Dominion, rather than for one province alone; yes, compelling the attention of all in these grim days. Not a few new-comers to this country have remarked the silly pretentious custom some of our builders have of attempting to make their wooden edifices appear higher and larger than they obviously are by erecting the front away above the roof line. Vain their efforts, for somehow we seem always to know that behind the super-

fluous planks there is nothing. 'Tis thus in men. Perhaps in the older countries, life being a sterner thing, people are less artificial. But, however it be with them, we are surely conscious that with all our talk of the "bluff frankness and clean-cut sincerity" especially of the West, Canadian life tends to be cursed with superfluous and feebly deceitful "dummy second stories"—like the ambitious emporiums and barber-shops of our mushroom townlets—behind which is vacancy or the gibbering of a few silly little birds. Insincerity, like most vices, is more readily detected in, or attributed to, others than "Number One." As a rule (though not always), Number One sincerely takes it for granted he is sincere. But each must suspect himself until at last, through constant consciousness of genuineness, he loses the consciousness in the habit of truth. Surely in the last analysis nothing but unreality can ever be damning! Stopping our ears as best we may to the farrago of ethical controversialists, we silently assure ourselves that all virtue is the offspring of sincerity. He who is not himself is nothing: if you are not sincere you are not.

S'LONG, BILL! As elsewhere stated in this issue, pastures new have enticed from our city and from our magazine staff our untiring and invaluable business manager. There is no doubt that the majority of students who accost us from time to time with: "When's the Quill out?" and who—their dollar paid—have nothing else to do, when the Quill does come out, but to sit down and read it, have little idea of the amount of labor involved in putting an issue through the press. Somebody has to do the work, and the somebody who has done most willingly what is a not very interesting part of the work is Mr. Wm. Kahlo. There is no doubt that in so far as our magazine has been a success this has been largely due to this indefatigable worker. Good luck, Bill, in your new sphere!

Although some weeks have elapsed since the award in this year's "Hart, Schaffner & Marx Prize Essays" competition was first announced, it is possible that some of the readers of the *Quill* are not aware of the distinction which that award has conferred upon our genial consulting editor and upon Brandon College. And in any case we could not be expected to neglect the pleasant duty of congratulating Dr. MacGibbon on his success, and the occasion of enjoying together a little of the reflected glory.

The "Hart Schaffner and Marx" prizes are offered by the

well-known Chicago firm in an effort to draw the attention of American youth to the study of economic and commercial subjects. The prize of one thousand dollars won by Dr. MacGibbon was the first in Class A for the year ending June 1916; the title of his essay was, *Railway Rates and the Canadian Railway Commission*. Twice previously this prize has been won by a Canadian scholar. In neither case, however, did the successful study embrace a topic purely Canadian in scope. Dr. MacGibbon's book will be the twenty-third volume published under the Hart, Schaffner and Marx fund, and it is expected that it will be issued in September by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin Co.

A portrait of Dr. MacGibbon is supplemented to this issue.

A friend! What is a friend? My friend is he who laughs with me, who weeps with me: one who encourages, praises, rebukes; who eats terrapin and turkey or bread and salt with me: who comes to me at the wedding feast, or stands with me beside the coffin: who listens to my hopes, my fears, my aims, my despair: who rejoices in my successes: who does not despise me in my misfortunes.—Chicago Tribune.

COLLEGE GOSSIP

H. C. HODGES '19

*Lo! where the rosy-bosom'd hours,
Fair Venus' train appear,
Disclose the long-expecting flowers,
And wake the purple year!*

—Thomas Gray.

Since the last issue, most of the teachers, doctors, lawyers, preachers embryo have written upon multiple examinations. In spite of these terrors of the students' dreams, we have found time to look over past issues of the *Quill*, and have discovered that nothing has been said about exams. except in a light and frivolous manner. In view of the fact that the future holds new terrors and frightfulness in store, we think it wise to expatiate upon them and to really find out what they are.

If you take the trouble to look in the dictionary you will find that an examination is the testing process of one's knowledge. Now, we think the man who compiled that dictionary hit the tack on the head when he called it a process, but he didn't go far enough. He certainly was not a student. We would rather define it as that process which takes place at the end of the college year and by means of which the life of the student is made mean, miserable and short: incidentally, knowledge is extracted by cruel examiners through a most torturous and nerve-racking process. Oh, yes, it is a process all right. It not only lasts for two hours and a-half, but for the whole year. If you are daring enough to leave your studies for a few hours, you are haunted by that dreadful spectre the exam. Talk about German systematized frightfulness—why, it's not in it with systematized exams! The old things fill one with fear and trembling. They are awful, yes fearful; yes, we will go further and we state it with conviction, having the knowledge of the student world to back us up, they are inclined to be tedious.

ST. VALENTINE'S.

We never had heard of the Delta Gamma Sigmas, but that didn't bother us much when we got the "bids"! We just went and we had some time; at least, you could hardly call it lacrimous. Games followed one another in quick succession. Tearing out paper donkeys came first. Don's certainly was a most asinine creature, while you couldn't tell Scottie's from a chicken. Next, we perambulated round the room trying to solve the

most baffling mysteries at the same time, trying to be engaging to our partners—a feat which is, to say the least, well-nigh impossible. Then followed blind man's buff and other guessing contests, and many other games too numerous to mention. Last, but very important, came the "eats" and the usual libations to the gods.

—

“OF INTEREST TO ALL.”

—Local Press.

Vic. Nordlund has taken to driving, partly for diversion, partly for exercise. So have other people. Reminds one of “O what fun it is to ride in a one-horse open sleigh!”

Riley thinks he can form a platonic friendship with a girl without falling in love. Let him try it!

Bisson reads, marks, learns and inwardly digests his studies.

On the top flat of Brandon College there is a room which goes by the name of “Damfino.” Here midnight concerts, pugilistic contests, wrestling matches and sham battles on a small scale are held. Admission: innumerable kicks on the door and from ten to twenty yells. “Coming in! Open up!!”

Howard thinks that when he dies the transition from life to eternal slumber won't be very marked. We think so, too, Fred.

The other Fred thinks he will keep on hopping about after death. We hope he doesn't get in the same one with us in the many mansions!

A valuable addition has been made to the noteworthy collection of reptiles owned by Academic I. It consists of one large and magnificent tadpole several inches in length. We strongly urge all interested in zoology to go in and view this monster of the deep. We also guarantee lots of excitement if you stir him up with a pen or some such instrument.

George Craig and Chris. Riley have gone on a business trip to ——ah! we forgot, we must not divulge secrets.

Mr. Pepin has taken to buying flowers for the table. We wonder why.

Reita Bambridge has a great desire to go to “Gretna Green.” (We understand Gretna Green is the place where the blacksmith marries you, and doesn't ask for a fee).

Not long ago a sad accident occurred on the corner of Rosser and Tenth street. A Ford automobile was stepped on by a lady of uncertain age who was pursuing her way absent-mindedly across the street. This was not mentioned in the daily press because the editors, who have a little of the milk of human kindness, refrained from making a scoop, as they

wished to spare the feelings of both the owner and the lady's family.

"Jean told me you told 'Marge' not to tell that secret I told you not to tell."

"Oh, isn't she a mean thing! Why, I told her not to tell you!"

"Well, I told her I wouldn't tell you she told me; so don't you tell her I told you."

(Did you ever hear the like of it?)

A "WAR-TIME" DINNER.

On Tuesday, February 13th, the theological classes celebrated by having a war-time dinner. The "festive" board (of course it is compulsory for us to use the word "festive") was graced by the presence of the members of the theological faculty and their wives, by representatives of senior and junior arts, and academy, together with the theologs and their friends. The celebration took place in the gym, which was tastefully decorated, the class colors being very much in evidence. "Cordy" MacKay was there—looking "sweet and serviceable," as Pepin says—and as a side line represented Junior Arts. The strain was too great for her, but we are glad to hear she is better now. Bisson seems a different man since. It is wonderful what jealousy can do. The usual toasts were given, the ladies, we have reason to believe, being toasted on both sides by mistake. Miss Cline gave a splendid reading. Mr. Stott performed stunts with his voice. Messrs. Stott and Pepin rendered the duet, "I'll Sing to You." (Chorus, Mush! Mush!)

A pleasant evening was brought to a close by the singing of "Auld Lang Syne," and our grave and staid theological gentlemen, who can relax once in a while, retired wondering what mischief they can pull off next.

Jim at the Table: "Can you tell me why the boy in Casabianca stood on the burning deck?"

Mrs. Vining: "Why, really I couldn't, unless it was from a sense of duty."

Jim: "Oh, no; that's not it. It was too hot for him to sit down!"

W.D's.

"We'd rather be foolish than wise;

We'd rather eat muffins than pies.

And as for a name when we're seeking for fame,

We'll just take a yeast cake and rise."

This doesn't apply to us any longer because we have

already risen, and since this institution will not very much longer contain our wit, beauty and intelligence, we hereby make our last will and testament. We do bequeath to the faculty our patience and longsuffering; to the "Delta Gamma Sigma," our great popularity; to the D.D.'s, our wonderful voices; to the R.S., our beauty; to the Ministerial Association, our mirth; to the Clark Hall Literary Society, our large bank account; and to our dear old Alma Mater, the memory of our great deeds.

Signed this day under our lawful seal—The W.D.'s.

Witnessed by us, the undersigned and lawful executors of this last will and testament—Harry Lauder, Josephus Daniels.

THE SOCIAL.

It took place on the evening of February 23rd. The assembly was composed of the most brilliant lights of Brandon society. The ordinary every-day hardwood benches of the chapel were removed and the hall was transformed into a luxurious drawing-room.

Partners arranged, games were conducted in the chapel and reception room. The two groups changed rooms and met each other in the hall, the one impetuously charging, as one of Caesar's far-famed legions, and the other marching with slow and lugubrious step, like a funeral procession. Then with the liveliest interest, the inhabitants of the better half of Brandon College guided the boys through the treacherous labyrinths and dark abysses of Clark Hall, the aforesaid young gentlemen opening their round large eyes wide with wonder. After the inspection of rooms, many of which were artistically decorated and adorned with flowers, edible substances of a delicate nature were consumed in the "gym." Scottie thought that the girls were "awfully lovely," though we must admit he was not the only offender in this matter. Ye cold intellectual editors, even, admit susceptibility to ye charms of ye fair young creatures, though of course are more obdurate than the common run of humanity. After this successful function had been brought to a close in the usual formal manner, it was effectively closed in the usual informal manner: hand shakes and the usual social phrases, and—well, we'll stop; there was nothing more.

IT HAPPENS ONCE IN A BLUE BLUE MOON—

That you see Grant or Fitz working on the rink.

J. B. working, or really sick.

Scotty not behind with his work. (Somehow he gets firsts.)

Hainer or Miller in a quiet frame of mind.

Isobel, the wife of Ahab. (We have reason to believe she is dead.)

That you find a judge at a debate who can give a decision in less than twenty minutes.

That a dyspeptic is discovered in college. (We heard of one once. We think it was in Europe some place, but it was a long time ago. He's dead now.)

That people don't make a noise in the room above when chapel is in progress.

That Dr. Lager tells a good joke.

That you see these ads:

HOCKEY MATCH.

Vicious Sluggers vs. Murderous Kickers. Everybody come. Lots of excitement. Killing to commence at 8.00 p.m. sharp. Admission: Willingness to look on.

Let us instal our automatic self-freezing radiator in your home. Used in all up-to-date colleges. We positively guarantee them not to heat. Swearing made easy if you have our radiators. Easy terms. Inconvenience Radiator Co.

Send your boy to Do-Little College, for a good time. Hard work of all kinds is considered injurious and absolutely forbidden. Will feed him on richest and heaviest of foods. For terms, apply to—Dr. Thinksheknowsital, Principal.

A PARABLE.

And behold it came to pass that there was a man in that country that had several sons. And the eldest of them said to his father: "Father, give me a portion of that allowance which is due me next month." And he gave him half of it. And the next day the eldest son took his journey to a social gathering not far thence, where he met a certain maiden. And it came to pass that as the evening waned that he took his journey to a distant part of the city, as did also the aforesaid maiden. And as the journey was long and the night cold and stormy, he said: "My dear young lady, it is cold, and I am afraid that it is too severe for your delicate constitution. Let us take a street car." And they took a street car which was passing that way, which deposited that youth and maiden at the house of her father. And he fain would have entered that house, but she bade him not. And when the young man found he was "broke," he returned to his father and said: "Father, give me some more cash, for I have spent that portion of the allowance which thou gavest me in car fares." Then said the father to the son: "Son, thou hast foolishly spent ten cents in car fares. Nevertheless, I

forgive thee. Here is a five-spot." And the heart of the young man was filled with joy.

It happened at Christmas when Chappy visited his grandmother. One day she said to him. "Now, Charles, I'm going to make a nice little pie in a saucer for you. Don't you think I'm pretty good to take so much trouble?"

Chappy said: "Well, grandma, mother said not to be a bother; so, if it's going to be any bother, you may as well make mine a regular size pie."

The week ending March 3rd is known the world over as the Students' Week of Prayer. In common with other colleges and universities, special services were held in Brandon. On Sunday, February 25th, a service for all the students of Brandon was held in the First Baptist Church, at 4 p.m., when Rev. W. Smalley, of Portage la Prairie, one of our graduates, gave a powerful and stirring address. On the three succeeding evenings, special meetings were conducted by Dr. Patterson, of First Baptist Church, Winnipeg. His addresses were very helpful and much appreciated by the good student-audiences which attended. The meetings were followed by great success.

A REUNION.

On February 22nd, everyone in the College, but especially those of Class '18, were very glad to welcome home again Pte. Bruce Steele, who enlisted a little over a year ago. He was met at the station by a large crowd of students, but Class '18 monopolized him. The class then had a reunion dinner at Aagaard's, where you may be sure there was no weeping done, unless there were a few tears of joy, which is quite within the realm of probability. We all extend to Pte. Steele a very hearty welcome, and hope that next year he will sign up again with the jolly crowd at Brandon College.

Dr. MacGibbon never keeps a joke to himself; he invariably passes it on. The other day when he came into class, he said: "Can any of you tell me in what respect a class is like a Ford?"

Silence.

"Well, there's a crank in front, and about twenty or thirty nuts behind!"

On Sunday morning many of the fellows are so hungry, they could eat the jam off the door.

Riggs to His Wife: "My dear, there are two periods in a man's life when he doesn't understand woman."

Mrs. Riggs: "What are they, honey?"

Riggs: "Before and after marriage."

THE LIT.

In the past few months the popularity of our fortnightly entertainments has been steadily on the increase, as is shown by the splendid attendance. Each Friday evening some novel feature is introduced by the competent executive. In spite of the depleted ranks, the standard of the Lit. is not only being maintained, but is being raised. At the last few meetings the different classes, commencing with the serious seniors and ending with the Academic III. and the freshmen, have given their various class songs. In addition, illustrated songs have been innovated and other unusual stunts have been successfully pulled off. Many times have we heard that an individual or a society must either advance or retreat, progress or decay. It is impossible for it to stand still. We believe our Literary Society, in spite of the loss of some of our best students, is not decaying but is becoming more and more successful.

It might interest our readers to know that, after the regretted resignation of Miss Moffatt, Miss McDonald, the president's staunch and nearly successful opponent, is now working hand in hand with Miss Beaubier on the Lit. executive.

THE INTERCOLLEGIATE DEBATE.

The annual debate with Manitoba University took place Friday, March 2nd. Miss May MacLachlan and Mr. Glinz upheld the College's honor at the "Peg," and Miss Jean Avery and Mr. Pepin formed the home team. The resolution debated was: "That the 'League to Enforce Peace' provides a feasible scheme to ensure permanent world peace." In Winnipeg two of the three judges decided in favor of the Varsity team, whilst a unanimous decision was given for the College here in Brandon. Thus we are justified in feeling that, though both the visiting teams lost, we came out a little ahead of our worthy opponents. It is only just to say that the affirmative of the resolution was exceedingly difficult to uphold, as this claimed for the league in question more than its actual supporters and promoters claim for it. The contest in Brandon was a very interesting one, Miss Avery making as good a speech as has been delivered from a Brandon College debating platform for some time. In Winnipeg the debate was keener, and we hear our representatives acquitted themselves very worthily.

CLARK HALL

ZOE HOUGH '19

*"Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee,
Jest, and youthful jollity,
Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks and wreathed smiles;
Sport that wrinkled care derides,
And laughter holding both his sides."*

Clark Hall speaks: "For nearly three months I had been cheered and quickened by the presence of laughter and merriment. Even although the tripping of the gay feet did at times destroy the fine plaster which covered my walls, I was content. Then the bells rang, and as if in answer to a clarion call, my occupants departed. For two weeks my halls were deserted. but soon—(they said too soon!)—my youthful inmates returned more resolute, though none the less joyous than before. and once more did my ceilings descend in blessings on their heads."

Clark Hall has spoken truly. We were indeed absent, but managed to survive the pitfalls of Yuletide festivities and the debilitating effects of New Year's resolutions. Thanks to those lectureless days and studyless nights we were enabled to withstand the onslaught even of mid-winter finals. Aye, and all our resolutions were required. Here even the most vigorous were shattered by the fury of the attack. But Clark Hall girls have ever been believers in luck only in so far as it is dependent upon "U." and for this reason none of us were unduly tested.

Several of the girls of last term's fame are no longer with us and we miss their cheery faces.

Mildred Sherrin is at present taking first class Normal training in Calgary.

Muriel Robertson has removed with her family from Moline, Man., to Vancouver, B.C.

Mary Underhill has been quite ill since Christmas, but is now better, and is at her home at Underhill, Man.

Annie Mitchell—commonly known as "Annie Rooney"—is telling her friends at Douglas, Man., of the wonders of Clark Hall.

To offset our loss in the absence of these girls, several others have entered our charmed circle. We hope they will enjoy the time spent among us and see fit to prolong that stay as long as possible. Here's to their health, their wealth (when we are collecting mission money), and their happiness even in study hours.

Overheard in Arts II. Latin Class:

Francis (translating Virgil): "Sub medio aequore—in the middle sea—"

Dr. MacNeill (in surprise): "Why 'middle C,' Miss Wolverton? This isn't a piano lesson."

Our Sunday morning mission class is continuing to be very instructive and helpful. Not only are we learning something of the "King's Highway," but we are learning to tell others what we have learned. Ruby McDonald has taken over the leadership of the mission class to relieve Jean Cameron, who as president of the Y.W.C.A., was already sufficiently taxed. We know that the work which flourished so well under Jean's care will not make less progress under Ruby's efficient management.

Nor has our Y.W. been inactive. On February 14th that organization put on a simple but inspiring little drama, entitled the "Challenge of the Cross." This was held in the chapel and was well attended by the members of the college Y.W. and Y.M., and also by many of our down-town friends. We have had also the pleasure of listening to a very helpful missionary address given us by Mrs. Newcombe, and a talk by Miss Whiteside which had for subject, "Gems from My Reading." Miss Hamill, our student Y.W.C.A. secretary, spent several days with us, and anyone who has known Miss Hamill personally can understand how we were cheered and uplifted by her presence. Miss Hamill was not able to be with us for our midweek meeting, but spoke to us in mission class Sunday morning. With such representatives coming to us it is certain that we will not soon forget the great world movement of which we form a part.

Yerriah needs one hundred "share-holders" to keep him. If he doesn't get to school next year, it may be your fault.

D E L T A
G A M M A
S I G M A

Of course you don't know what it means, but then we don't intend you to know, though we reckon you know who we are all right. Class '18 girls! This society is to be a permanent, lively and recognized society in the future, at least, to the few who happen to meet us.

As a debutante effort we were delighted to be able to entertain our sisters in agony, the W.D's with a few of our mutual friends. Wait a while and you will know more of us.

REMARKABLE COINCIDENCE!

Time—9.30 p.m.

Dramatic Personae—All first floor girls.

Setting—Vespers being held in No. 9.

Beginning of Action—Reita Bambridge sent to summon two studious maidens who were playing truant.

Further Development—Reita returned with the delinquents in hand.

Conclusion—Through the keyhole she heard those already assembled singing, "Bring them in, bring them in."

—

Professor Lager is endeavoring to coin an English word which means the same thing as "au revoir." So far he has thought of nothing more suitable than "toodle-oo."

—

Let the feeble-hearted pine,
Let the sickly spirit whine;
But to work and win be thine.

—

Hockey is the game of the hour, and rousing yells and derisive hoots may be heard at almost every hour of the day. The ice has suffered from several collisions with the players, but some of it is still there. Not even the strenuous cleanings it undergoes and the blizzards immediately following, can in any way detract from the popularity.

CLARK HALL REQUIREMENTS.

A supply of cornmeal on the front steps to prevent the wayward feet from falling, especially at 11.15 p.m.

An automatic bell ringer so that the rising bell may continue till 7.30 instead of being stopped at 7.15.

A tax collector who has neither head, heart nor substance. None other need apply, as money and patience are a scarce commodity.

Two volcanoes, three earthquakes and a barrel of black cats, to check Elizabeth Greig's optimism. Also ten million additional stars in her crown, and a large piece of prune pie for her longsuffering roommate.

An Edison phonograph with a blank record in Room 20 to conserve for after ages the brilliant sayings of Mabel Gibson and Reta Willmott.

A corner of the reception room be partitioned off, in which Jennie Olesen and Gertie Stromgen may set up their establishment as "connoisseurs in the gentle art of writing letters."

ATHLETICS

A. F. NICHOL '18

*"Carry on!—there's the man of God's choosing;
The man who can fight to heaven's own height
Is the man who can fight when he's losing."*

—R. W. Service.

Here we are in the midst of our winter sports: hockey, snowshoeing, curling, and a little tobogganing. Though many are glad to see the snow go—as glad as they are to see it fly in the Fall—still, no one can deny the charm of a Manitoba winter. What about sundry frozen toes, ears and noses, say you? Yes, but the Manitoba winter sprite is not the only charming young thing that freezes you. Very often the more charming they are the more they are likely to cut you dead—but this sounds more like "Aunt Edith's Advice to the Lovelorn" than Athletics (though probably the latter would be the best answer to the kind of people who require the services of the former).

But though this Winter has been a cold and long one, yet when we look back from a hot lazy day of next midsummer, the memory of these keen bright days, when the sky is clear and suppressed energy is in the atmosphere, will come to us striking a note of longing, perhaps, in which frost-bites and "forty below" winds will be forgotten. Then here's to the bracing breath of Winter, the most glorious incentive imaginable to healthy and virile activity!

CURLING.

Every year there have been a solitary one or two of our number who have sought out and enjoyed this game, but never before have so many curlers been amongst us. This is doubtless largely due to the new curling rink erected across from the college in the Athletic Grounds, and the Patriotic Bouspiel being held there. More games have been won in curling than in hockey this year by members of the college. Both students and profs. have acquired a keen interest in the game. Novices have been initiated into its mysteries. Dr. Vining has been seen to leave the dining-room early, missing part of his dinner in his enthusiasm, and even our sallow-faced editor has been heard groaning over a stiff shoulder due to his strenuous attempts to obey the oft repeated injunction of "Sweep her up—sweep her up—swee-ee-ee-p!"

The first real exhibition of College curling took place at Alexander. A rink composed of Dr. MacGibbon, Howard, Moffatt and Nichol flung the gauntlet into the teeth of the natives of Alexander and proceeded to make good their vaunted boast, with such form as to astonish the whole world—er—we mean the whole of Alexander. The first game took place in the afternoon and, *mirabile dictu*, the natives, being much more accustomed to the ice and the rocks, were able to win out by the narrow margin of two points. Nevertheless, our men were not discouraged, and determined to show their superiority in skill in the evening. The first few ends of the evening game were very close, but our men having consumed a goodly supply of nourishment at supper time, were beginning to exhibit their wonted good form. Nevertheless, Howard, having had too many peanuts, which were supplied for him in abundance by Dr. MacGibbon, was at times inclined to be off his game. Besides, he was somewhat diverted by the spectators, who were “too numerous (and charming?—Ed.) to mention.” But Moffatt, having burned his usual share of incense, was able to curl an excellent game, making several hair-raising draws with his last rock. When the score was officially announced, it was revealed that the natives had been beaten by two points. Thus the aggregate score was a tie.

As we go to press the latest reports on our rinks in the Patriotic 'Spiel is that Howard's rink did very well, but lost out in the eights. The rinks in which Dr. Vining, Dr. MacGibbon, Pullen and Thompson played were retired before reaching the prize list. Just now we noticed a cloud of smoke coming down the street. Then came the report that Moffat's rink, composed of Prof. Evans, McNaught and Nichol has won the third prize (four boxes of cigars). Pass around the smokes, boys!

SNOWSHOEING.

Although since Christmas there has been plenty of snow, there have been no large college snowshoeing parties. It seems as though skating and curling are crowding out this ancient college sporting activity. The girls are so busy practising hockey in their spare time that they have no time for tobogganing or snowshoeing, and of course the boys are not fond of tramping around the country in stag parties.

HOCKEY.

Although we still delight in the old pastime, and still have some of the old enthusiasm, yet on account of drill and other war-time activities we have not been able to work up a

team to equal that of former years. Nevertheless, Brandon College has still proven able to hold its own with any other team they have met. We have all the different qualities of hockey, from the Young Heifers (les enfants) up to our best C.O.T.C. team.

The C.O.T.C. represents what is known to outsiders as our real Brandon College team. Wherever they play they leave a lasting impression of their fine work on the ice.

On a Saturday in February they played their first game, defeating the famous Virden septette in an out-of-town match by a score of 6—4. The game was marked by strenuous play throughout, and in spite of the restrictions offered by the small sheet of ice, showed occasional flashes of speed. Close checking, combined with individual and follow-on rushes, netted the C.O.T.C. their six goals. Prof. Evans was pounded from every corner of the rink, and it was due to his excellent work in goal that our team were able to maintain their lead. Mastberg handled the bell in Brandon College style and gave satisfaction to all.

Another great match to go down in the annals of Brandon College hockey, was a very pretty little game between one of the lesser College teams and the Collegiate. It was like a painted match upon a painted sheet of ice. This resemblance was due to the fact that no one moved around very much. Now and again you would see someone fall, so that you would judge they must have been moving to lose their balance. The only excitement was caused by the large number of enthusiastic rooters. The rivalry between the rooters was decidedly more keen than that between the teams. The Collegiate scored a victory in the ratio of 4 goals to 2. But we are not down-hearted over that. We expect to clean up next time, even if we have to put on our star players, such as Glinz, Mastberg, etc.

Our College rink occasionally echoes the din of its battles of the past. Junior Arts and Academy have met in the first game of an expected inter-class series. Hard ice and dull skates, drifting snow and screaming girls, and barrels for goal-posts, all tended to make the game exceptionally speedy. To their gloating glory Academy defeated their seniors by a score of 3 to 1.

We cannot tell but that there may be an inter-class girls' hockey series started, if the boys can't heat the Academy.

Another match of interest was that played between the Intermediate team and the Presbyterian Sunday School. This game was fairly fast, though through lack of practice there was little combination. The College won this game, 2—1.

REASONS WHY THEY WON'T SHOVEL THE SNOW OFF THE RINK.

Fitz: "I'm a conscientious objector when it comes to such a cold job."

McNaught: "I would, you know really, but, honest now, I haven't the time; some other time. Why, sure thing, I'll be only too glad," etc.

Scotty: "Let's see—well, no; I've got to go down town."

Nichol: "You go out and wait till I come. (Sotto voce): You'll have *some* wait!"

Hardy: "Can't really; I'm out of 'Old Chum.' Must go down to Wilson's."

Bambridge: "No, I want to hunt up Johnson and borrow two bits."

Jack Grant: "Cumming!"

Riley: "Ah, you go to Sam Hill! It's not my night, and, anyway, there's nobody out there!"

Pullen: "Let 'em as skates shovel. The *Quill's* enough for me."

THE FIRST BALL GAME OF SPRING.

The game was played between the visitors and the home team on the local diamond. There were many spectacular plays made by each side. For the visitors, Cigar was in the box with plenty of smoke. Match was striking, and old Ice was as cool as usual. Cabbage lost his head at times. The crowd simply roared when Trombone made a slide and got safe on second. The way they roasted Peanuts was a shame. Meat was put out on the plate. Then you ought to have heard Ice Cream when Spider caught the fly. Rabbit scored the only run. After the game, Door said that if he had pitched he would have shut them out.

N.B.—Don't forget to bring back your tennis racquets after Easter, and when the snow goes do your bit in fixing the courts up.

ALUMNI-ALUMNÆQUE

VERA LEECH, M.A.

*Old winter has cast off his mantle
Of wind and of cold and of snow,
And has robed him in finest embroidery
Of green' neath the vernal sun's glow.*

—Charles d' Orleans.

The old poet goes on to aver that there is neither beast nor bird which in its own tongue does not now laugh and sing—and this being the Easter number of the *Quill*, can not all we who read its pages summon a song to greet the changing season!

Mr. W. Kahlo '16 and Mrs. Kahlo have left Brandon to take up their residence in Mortlach, Sask., where Mr. Kahlo has gone into business.

Miss Nettie Ross of the same class is spending the winter in Saskatoon and, it is understood, incidentally attending the First Class Normal session in connection with the University there.

Miss Jean McLaren, also of Class '16, is in charge of a heavy school at Edgeley, Sask., where, to judge from all reports, she is finding opportunity to use her well exercised ability for hard work.

Rev. W. C. Smalley '12, of Portage la Prairie, was a recent visitor in Brandon, giving the special address to the mass meeting of all students of the city in connection with the "World's Day of Prayer for Students."

Among those graduating in the special course from Manitoba Medical College in December last were two former Brandon College men. "Charlie" Burns and R. E. Boyle will be remembered by all old-timers of '07-'09. Dr. Burns carried off two prizes from his class and has been acting as medical officer in connection with a Winnipeg unit while waiting to go overseas with the next draft. Dr. Boyle has already established a flourishing practice at Alliance, Alta.

A very interesting letter from Rev. A. Gordon, Vuyyuru, India, has reached the city. As a result of crop failure, etc., the "hard times" are being keenly felt by the natives among whom Mr. and Mrs. Gordon are working, thus complicating the problems of the missionaries. Those who knew the "Gordons"

in college days know that there will be no faltering in their courage in facing difficulties. Indeed, in the same letter Mr. Gordon writes of plans for a new girls' dormitory in connection with their school, where there were then eighty-two resident pupils.

A November wedding of interest, details of which did not reach the *Quill* in time for the Christmas number, was that of James Robinson '13 to Miss Viola Grace Allen, of Moosomin. The bride and groom have taken up their residence in Regina, where Mr. Robinson is connected with the law firm of Balfour, Casey & Co.

Christmas Day saw the marriage at Oakville, Ont., of Miss Elsie M. Adolph to Rev. O. U. Chapman '15. The college friends of the bride and groom will wish them every happiness. Their home is at 89 Inkster Avenue, Winnipeg, Mr. Chapman being pastor of Tabernacle Baptist church in that city.

Miss Kate Winton and Miss Bessie Lind, formerly students in the Commercial department here, are in Regina offices at present, Miss Winton being with the Saskatchewan Grain Growers' Association.

S. H. Potter '12, who has been a lieutenant in the 249th Battalion almost ever since its organization, has recently completed his captain's training in Winnipeg. He is in charge of the 249th division at Swift Current.

According to the Regina Leader of recent date, W. B. Hartie '10 and Mrs. Hartie of Young, Sask., attended the opening of the legislature in Regina, Mr. Hartie really being in the capital to attend the meetings of the Law Society of Saskatchewan.

Students of "way back," '07 or so, will remember General Middleton Grant, and be glad to know that he has recently been admitted to the Bar and has opened a law office in Saskatoon.

A letter received recently at the college from near Kut-el-Amara tells something of the work of E. H. Clarke '12, who has spent some months in Military Y.M.C.A. work with the British forces in Mesopotamia. Mr. Clarke, assisted by a staff of under-secretaries and native helpers, was in charge of the work in the permanent base hospitals and rest camps at Sheikh Saad.

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. Whitby Kerr, Brandon, February 5th, 1917, a son.

Died—On Sunday, February 25th, the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Whitby Kerr.

Miss Hazel Bucknam, a graduate of the expression department in '09, is now a sophomore at Wesley, having taught at Fiske, Sask., until Christmas and taken her first term work extra-murally.

Miss Mildred Sharpe, Ac. '15, who has been in training in the Morden hospital, is now engaged in private nursing, though she expects shortly to return to complete her hospital training.

Percy Underwood '15, who is a Red Cross man now at the front, has had the experience of being fired at several times while engaged in carrying in the wounded and supposedly protected by the white flag.

The *Quill* is indebted to the President of the Alumni Association for the following items of interest:

R. G. Edwards, Theol '13, who has since graduating been pastor of the Didsbury Baptist church, has moved to Ponaka and taken charge of the Baptist church there.

The Canadian Baptist in a recent issue contains the report of the annual meetings of the Baptist churches of Essex and Forest. Both churches have enjoyed signally successful years. The item is of interest as their pastors are members of our Alumni Association. Rev. A. S. Parnell of Essex graduated in Arts '05, and H. E. Green of Forest in Theology '13.

The '12 class in Theology had a happy re-union in Calgary last January. All four members were in attendance at the Baptist Union meetings held in that city. Of the class, W. C. Smalley is the only one who stayed in Manitoba; L. E. Brough is pastor at Red Deer, C. Baker has recently settled in Lethbridge, Alta. J. L. Jordan has been in Calgary since graduation. "Jimmy" is contemplating a change in his domestic affairs—fuller announcement will be made later.

The members of the Alumni Association will be pleased to know that at the Baptist Union meetings Dr. McDiarmid's services to the union were specially mentioned. Members of this association do not need to be informed of the worth of their Honorary President, but are glad to know that his life and work are being deservedly appreciated.

H. S. Bagnall, a member of '08 Arts class, but who graduated from Acadia, has given up his work as missionary in the Peace River country and has accepted a position as secretary of the Alberta Social Service Council.

Among the Brandon students at the Union meetings in Calgary were, Miss Leslie Ward '13, Mrs. H. Lancefield, nee Carrie de Mille, Rev. R. H. Standerwick Theol. '08, Rev. H. S. Bagnall, F. A. McNulty, and Class '12 Theol. en masse.

The Alma Mater fund has not yet reached the thousand mark, and the Alumni executive wishes it to be understood that the fund is still open and all contributions will be gladly received up to May 1st.

The death occurred on February 22nd, at Saskatoon, of Mrs. Adam Clarke, mother of E. H. Clarke '12 and of Mrs. W. E. Wilkin. The sincere sympathy of Brandon friends goes out to these bereaved.

*It isn't the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you leave undone,
Which gives you a bit of a heart-ache
At the setting of the sun.
The tender word forgotten,
The letter you did not write;
The flower you might have sent, dear,
Are your haunting ghosts tonight.*
—Margaret Elizabeth Sangster.

LATITUDE AND LONGITUDE

A. PULLEN '18

"Prove all things: hold fast to that which is good."—Paul.

We cull the following from the McMaster Monthly, perhaps the most welcome of all our regular exchanges:

"——The everlasting problem: 'What shall I talk about?'

Conversation, you and I have read, is an art, a lost art. You and I do not converse. We chatter. Maybe! And who is to blame? I know a woman from a backwoods town who can talk on more subjects than most women think about. She talks about bridge building, pink cats and canoeing with such a delightful versatility that the nonsense is as acceptable as the more serious thought. She is a word artist, and yet not what casual judgment would term clever. But years ago she set herself purposefully to her task, observing, listening, and reading zealously with the aim of making herself interesting. And she has succeeded."

Delightful young lady! If folks in company would but spend as much time in thinking about their conversation as they do of personal appearance and social etiquette, the result would be the creation of an atmosphere in which exchange of genuine ideas would take the place of forced and thread-bare conventionalities, and ready wit and spontaneous repartee that of third-rate puns so weak they have to be supported by inane sniggers.

Speaking of conversation, the following is from the *Vox Lycei* (which has some really good jokes in the last number), and is by no means a travesty on English "as she is spoke" around us today:

"Hlo, Bill."

"Hlo, Charley."

"Whatsatchagot?"

"Evininpaper; lasdition."

"Lessee it."

"Take it. Nothininit."

"Papesezrain."

"I canallustell."

"Howzat?"

"Bonesake."

"'Squeer."

Vox Lycei, a word in your ear!! We thank you for your criticism of us. It is probable you are correct in stating that

we develop our paper "along one line"; whether "entirely too much" so depends on the ideal which the staff has before it. We frankly confess the object of our magazine is *not* merely to amuse. To those with whom this evidently is the chief aim we may seem somewhat lopsided. *Vox Lycei* is an entertaining magazine. In our opinion your pen-sketches fulfil this function rather than enhance the appearance of the last issue: the same might be said of your cover design.

Officer: "Any complaints about the soup?"

Private: "Yes, sir. The cook forgot to take the collar off the dog."
—Vox Lycei.

The Arcadia Athenaeum is a good type of college magazine. It is the kind one readily reads. Doubtless the fine large print has something to do with this. The range covered by this periodical is extensive, yet happily very varied selection does not result in a hotch-potch collection. We take from the last number of the *Athenaeum* the following extracts from a very interesting comment on Jack London, the American novelist and story writer, who recently passed away:

"He was born in the working class at the bottom of society, and for the first years of his life was in succession newsboy, oyster pirate, sailor, longshoreman, roustabout, a worker in canneries, factories and laundries, between whiles doing odd jobs at mowing lawns, cleaning carpets or washing windows. Then sickened by the round of eternal toil he became a tramp and begged his way from door to door, wandering over the United States in slums and prisons. But he kept the power of thinking that had been scared into him by what he saw in society's cellar, and remained awake and growing during the brutal actualities of such a life. He saw that brain, not muscle, commanded the higher price, so for several years he struggled for an education, working hard at the same time at manual labor to pay his way. His early work was written at this time, but it failed to bring in financial returns, and he had to go back to the trail.

"His mental outlook was enlarged, his power of observation keener, and his zest for life sharper than ever. Up north the trail led to the Klondike of peril, sudden death and as sudden fortune. From this experience came his first literary success. Fortune was kind, and Jack London had arrived.

"His works lack polish and technique. After he has sketched the important things he doesn't go back to fill in details. During his short life Jack London tried many kinds of writing, and the portrayal of many characters. He is most successful, because most natural, in his short stories.

“Jack London is one great example of a man living to the full every moment of life, and at the same time giving the joy of his achievements and adventures to the rest of the world; for in spite of his many faults, the not too critical can find much true enjoyment through reading one of his stories of the “Out-of-Doors.” ”

The January number of *King's College Record*, in the department, “Among the Books,” contains a brief comment on war-time poetry. Most of the article is devoted to Dr. Logan's recently published collection of verse entitled, after the first poem in the book, *Insulters of Death*. As the writer of the article says: “The output of poems and collections of verses, good, bad, and indifferent which the war has occasioned, shows no signs of diminution, and I suppose will not for some time after peace has been restored.” There is certainly a lot of war verse, and it is doubtful whether most of it can be given the name of poetry. There are a few, however, who, in these latter days of tragedy, have made a permanent contribution to English poetry, pointing often to the bow in the cloud, not with flippant commonplace optimisms with which the brows of the shallow-souled are smoothed, but with, and because of, a transcendent faith in the goodness at the heart of the universe. It is a mootable question whether Dr. Logan can justly be said to be among these serene and upstanding poets. From the selections “The Bookman” submits we would judge J. D. Logan to be in the same class as John Oxenham, whose pen has been very prolific of late, and who, both in “*Bees in Amber*” and the yet more recent collection, “*The King's Highway*,” conveys the impression that he has little to say and says it in a good many different ways. However, the undeniable sincerity of these men is probably somewhat of a redeeming feature in their work.

In our opinion no collection of war-poetry, and perhaps no article on the same would be complete if it overlooked Rupert Brooke's sonnet, “The Soldier,” to be found in one of the latest anthologies entitled, “Poems of Today”:

“If I should die, think only this of me:
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is forever England. There shall be
In that rich earth, a richer dust concealed;
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware.
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam.
A body of England's, breathing English air,
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.

“And think, this heart, all evil shed away,
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given;
Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;
And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness,
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.”

The pages of the McMaster Monthly were particularly interesting last month. The extract from Max Ehrmann's "Jesus: a Passion Play" seems to display unusual insight into the real nature of the one of whom it speaks. We quote a few lines. Joseph of Arimathea is apostrophising the Galilean seer whose body he has begged from Pilate:

“Farewell, strange youth, farewell! But two days thou wast a flaming scythe that mowed down the weeds in the temple. Now, how still thou liest! What will they say in Galilee when thou comest not again? They will miss thy sad sweet face, thy soft voice in the evening, and thy dreaming eyes that looked into the kingdom of God. The poor will miss thee: they have so few to care for them. Thy image will come to them in the twilight, and in the night-time they will dream they touch thy hand. A little while only will the world remember thee. It has always been so. Thou, Jesus, hadst thou known better the ways of life, it might have gone less ill with thee. But thine eyes were in the stars. Thou wast love and fire and storm and love again. God made thee to strive. A flame he set within thy breast. Thou couldst not quench it. Thou wast a harp the world smote roughly, a reed the harsh winds broke in twain. Oh, Israel had need of thee and the better world thou didst see in dream! Grasping and disputing priests and senseless ceremonies have made her loveless. Thy heart was full of love, but thou art dead. Farewell, sweet ardent youth: the twilight hills will miss thee, and the sunlit lanes of villages will not again kiss thy sandaled feet.”

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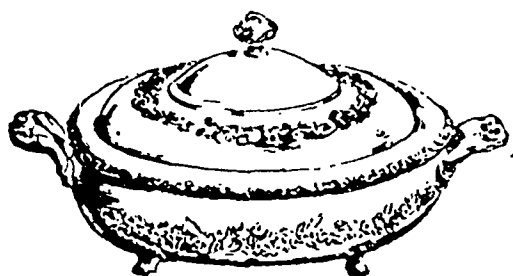
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