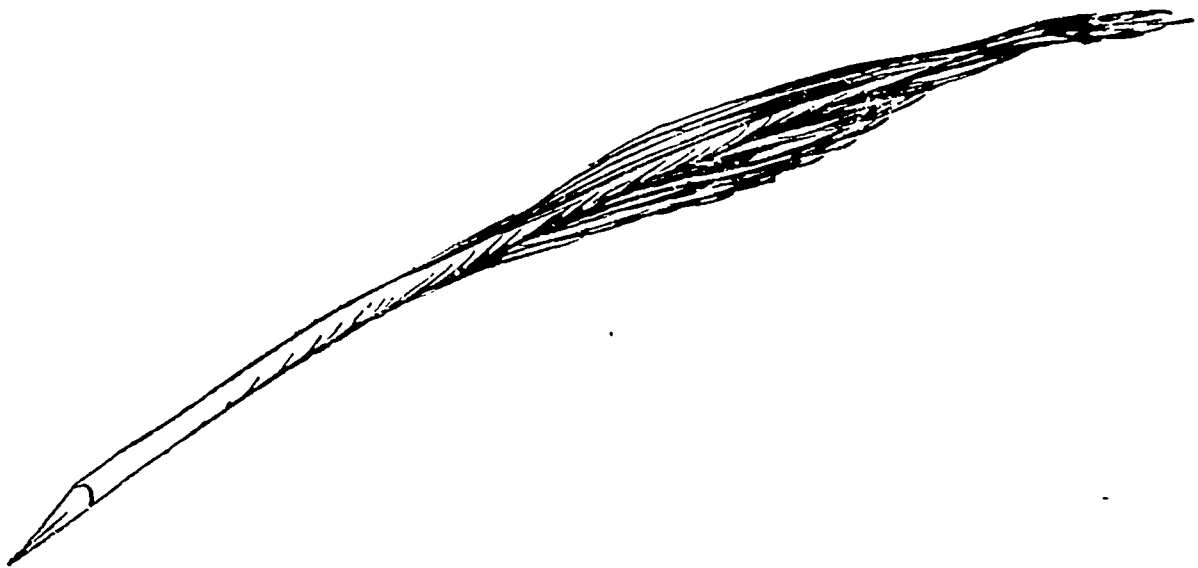


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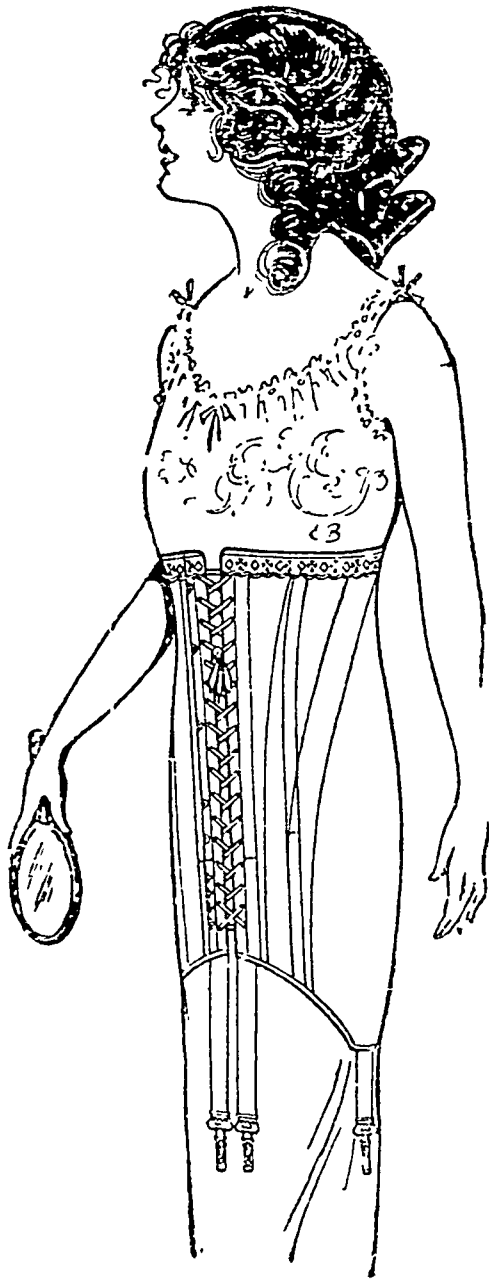


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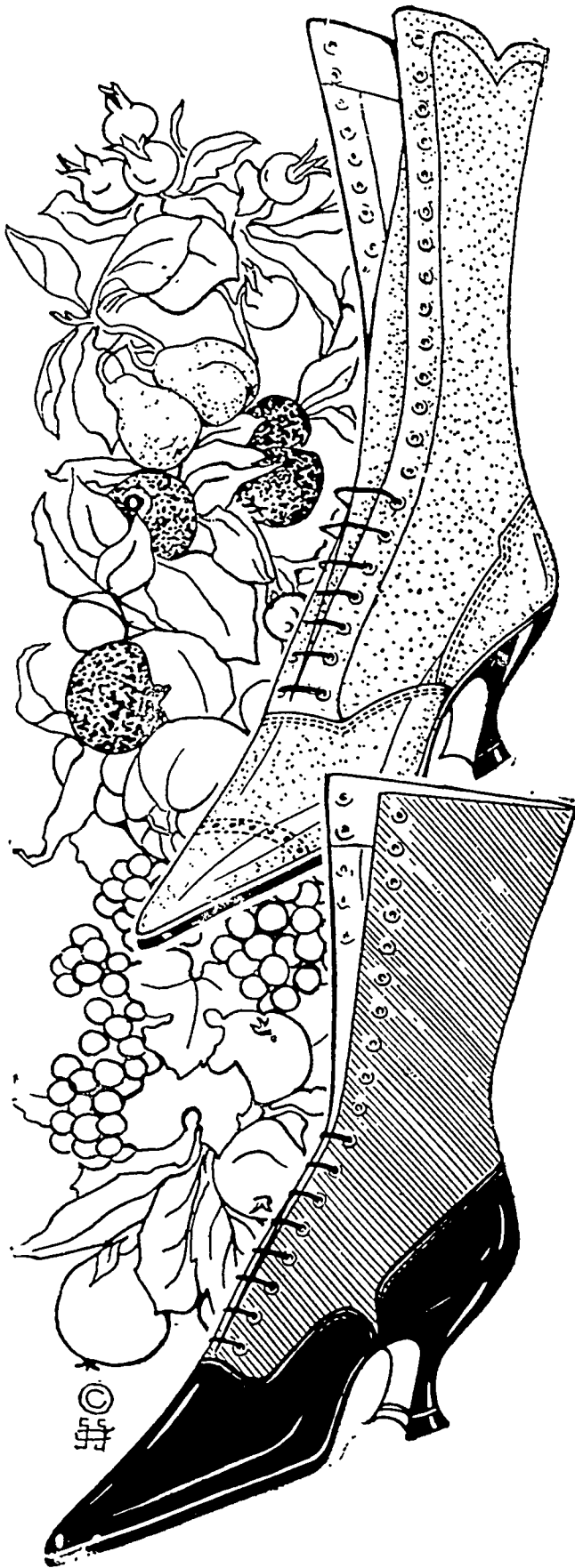
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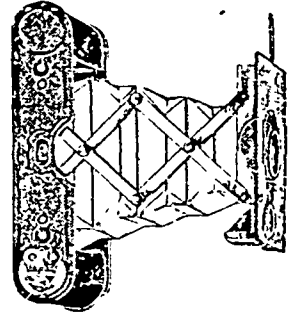
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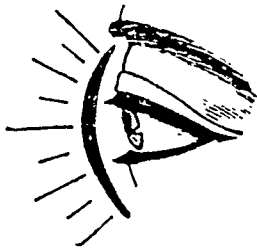
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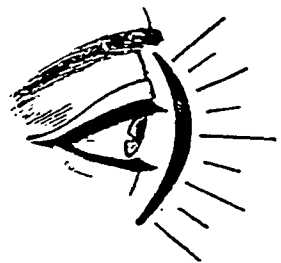
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‡ Prisoner of War in Germany.

"ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER."

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*SING THE SONG OF GREAT JOY THAT THE
ANGELS BEGAN,
SING OF GLORY TO GOD AND OF GOOD-
WILL TO MAN!*

*HARK, JOINING IN CHORUS
THE HEAVENS BEND-O'ER US!
THE DARK NIGHT IS ENDING AND PEACE
IS BEGUN.*

*RISE. HOPE OF THE AGES, ARISE LIKE
THE SUN,
ALL SPEECH FLOW TO MUSIC, ALL HEARTS
BEAT AS ONE!*

"ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER."

THE FIGHTING MEN OF CANADA

"The Fighting Men of Canada," a little book of verse, recently published, especially interesting for us because the poet, Douglas Leader Durkin, was for several years Professor of English, at Brandon College.

Although "The Fighting Men of Canada" is essentially a book of today, the most delightful lines are the simpler lyrics scattered among the more stirring war poems. In these simple, unaffected, wholesome verses abide the hope, the cheerfulness, the joy of all times.

"Sometimes in darkest waters, whitest lilies blow;
The wildest seas hush down to sleep serene.
And sometimes where the deep grey shadows come and go;
The brightest beams smile lovingly between."

Filled with the same spirit of happiness and optimism is the cheerful song:

"Two lovers on the seashore, cheek on cheek against the moon;
A bugler on a hill-top sounding forth a battle-cry;
A gathering of men within a market-place at noon;
A maiden at the wayside where the brown files hurry by;
A forward rush of legions, drooping shapes upon the ground;
A long, low field of broken things all still upon the sand;
A row of mounds and crosses—cross on cross and mound on mound;
A lonely maiden waiting where the wild sea laps the land!"

Sometimes the poet has the power of portraying the vague wide expanses of the West and of permeating the landscapes with the atmosphere of freedom and enthusiasm. "Trails o' Mine" has "the sweep and swing of the breeziness of the free, open spaces of the land in which they were created," where

"There's a wind among the willows, there's a cloud above the shore,
There's a grey sky sloping downward to the plain;
On the hills the gods have spent their tubes of color by the score,
And have washed their long reed brushes in the rain."

The war poems, on the other hand, are full of echoes of other poets, of their words and subject matter, of their manner and rhythms. In ease of versification and in facile command of familiar meters, some poems suggest Tennyson. Too often, however, in the struggle of fitting thoughts into correct, conventional form, the spontaneous flashes of nature have been smothered. Other poems are distinctly imitative of Kipling or

of Service, but lack the true glorification of the men who dare and do, the touches of idealism and of fire, which raise the creations of Kipling and sometimes those of Service to realms of poetry. But at times there are glimpses of real strength. Especially fine is the vivid spirit of "The Father," who through the death of his only son in Flanders finds "dawn and the rising hour of a Day-to-be." Filled with high idealism, too, is "Peace and War."

"All the worth of Life is worthless were it bought with less than Life!"

A LITTLE PHILOSOPHY.

A little rain, a little sun,
 A little shore where ripples run;
 A little green upon the hill,
 A little glade, a little rill;
 A little day, with skies above,
 A little night where shadows move:
 A little work for men to do,
 A little play for such as you.
 A passing night, a coming morn,
 A coming love, a passing scorn;
 Of blackest cloud a little bit
 With silver on the rim of it:
 A little trouble—lots of joy—
 And there you have a world, my boy!

Some poets have communed with nature and have worshipped the mysterious soul of the flower or the river. Others, with extraordinary vividness of perception and exact truthfulness of detail, have filled their poems with pictorial effects and with sensuous beauty. Mr. Durkin, however, selects the simple main line of the landscape and, in the fewest words possible, and with luminous fitness of phrase, with one stroke paints the picture.

"The Ne'er-do-Well," "The Misfit," the man who loved "the name of trouble, who came up at the double and who got the lanky robber in the wind," appeals to Mr. Durkin as the true hero of the war. Perhaps we doubt that the man, who, on the spur of the moment, for the sake of adventure, played the game supremely, but who died with a curse on his lips, will gain God's mercy. Perhaps we do not agree that "it will not matter so much at last" where his soul has gone. Possibly we will not admit that

"Those whose fleeces were as white as snow
 And who framed a little creed for their little souls to heed"

stood white and shivering in time of danger, and that it was only the black sheep of the family who sacrificed his life that others might live in peace and freedom.

"The Fighting Men of Canada" is the revelation of many moods. Sometimes there is a keen spirit of idealism; sometimes a delightful appreciation of nature, poetry, and music; sometimes a sympathetic insight into deep emotions. But at other times there is a slight strain of sarcastic cynicism.

However, when Mr. Durkin has, in the words of the "Prelude"

"Conceived the melody

A new-found strain, sublime, all-perfect, good,"

and added to it "a tear, a smile, a beating heart," he will achieve, indeed, his dream:

How should I spend my three-fold power?"

I wondered in an idle hour:

"If God Eternal could but give

This soul of mine three lives to live.

How should I spend my three-fold power?"

I thought, "In one I'd long to hold

A world of music in my soul;

I'd play such harmonies as roll

The spheres of heaven—majestic, bold!"

"Then," thought I, "in the second one,

I'd learn the Master Stroke from God

And paint a face that men would laud

And love until the world was done!"

"And when the third should come to me,

I'd be a poet—last but best!

Or let me wish, back all the rest—

I'd be a poet in all three!"

—J. F.

At the Rex. "Look here, Charlie, we can't get any of the waiters to take our orders."

Charlie: "Beg pardon, sir, but in view of the present shortage of help our waiters no longer take orders; they receive requests."

THE NEW MEMBERS OF THE FACULTY

Mrs. T. R. Wilkins, our new Lady Principal, has already won for herself a high place in our regard and esteem. Clark Hall is indeed fortunate in having such a worthy successor to Miss Whiteside, who for twelve years gave herself so unstintingly for the welfare of our girls.

Mr. T. R. Wilkins, our Professor of Mathematics and Physics, has already demonstrated his ability as a teacher and his keen interest in the future growth of our college.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Wilkins graduated from MacMaster in 1912. In 1913 they were married and went to Woodstock. Here Mr. Wilkins taught in the college and Mrs. Wilkins was soloist in the First Paptist Church.

On leaving Woodstock, they moved to Chicago, where they both studied at the University, practically completing their Ph.D. work. During this time they were both on the University faculty—Mrs. Wilkins teaching Freshman English, and Mr. Wilkins, Pedagogy in the College of Education. Mrs. Wilkins also sang as special soloist in many of the large churches in Chicago.

In the summer of 1917, Mr. Wilkins enlisted in the American army and was transferred to the National Research Council at Washington. He expected to go overseas, but later was forced to give up his project. He was then appointed section head of war research work in the Washington Electric Co. in New York.

And now with such splendid records we welcome both Mr. and Mrs. Wilkins to Brandon College and Clark Hall. As the days go by we are learning to appreciate their fellowship more and more.

—

Miss Jean Fraser, our newly appointed lecturer in English, brings with her a splendid record, both as a student and a teacher. She received her Arts degree from North Dakota University, graduating with Phi Beta Kappa standing, which with us is practically equal to first class honors throughout the whole four years' course.

Miss Fraser is also a graduate of Bryn Bawr, but even after drinking freely of this fount of knowledge she found her thirst still unquenched. With determination to seek pastures new, she crossed the line and entered the University of Manitoba. Here she was evidently satisfied, for the time being at least, and after receiving her M.A. degree she was persuaded to share her knowledge with the youths and maidens of the Carman Collegiate, Manitoba. She remained there four years,

but at the end of that time she heard the cry for help at Brandon College, and we are glad to say she answered the call.

We all appreciate Miss Fraser's help, both in the college and at the Annex, where she makes a most gracious hostess and a kind protectress for shy young Arts and Academy students.

Miss Jennie Turnbull needs no introduction to Brandon College circles. She has been a member of the fold for a number of years.

As a former student we must confess that she always insisted on taking almost more than her share of firsts. However, considering what she did for the college in return, we must try to forgive her for seeming selfishness. Nobly she responded when at different times during her college course she was asked to serve as vice-president of the Literary Society, vice-president of the Arts classes, president of Clark Hall Literary Society, and President of Class '15.

Miss Turnbull then strayed away from the Brandon College fold and joined herself to a new flock known as the Regina Normalites. After a brilliant sojourn with them, she fled to the quiet pastures of Roland, Man., where she sought to shepherd a new flock, and make straight to them the crooked paths of French and Latin. Soon, however, she tired of the plains and next we find her in the lake region of Killarney. Here, her helpful and ever ready shepherd's staff was greatly appreciated and soon all the flocks round and about Killarney promised to call her shepherd if only she would remain with them. But she had heard the call of another flock, back in the home fold of Brandon. So, picking up her staff, she bravely pushed forward. We are glad to welcome her back, not merely as a former member of the fold, but as one of the strong and worthy leaders of the flock.

Miss Alice Hoskin was born in the State of Wisconsin, U.S.A., of British descent. She is a graduate of the University of Wisconsin, where she specialized in British History. After graduating, she taught in the High Schools of Lake Geneva and Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, and in the Willis College in Ottawa, Ont., before coming to Brandon College.

Miss Hoskin is a V.A.D., but has been unable to serve overseas on account of the ill-health of her mother, whom she could not leave.

Before going to University, Miss Hoskin took up a course of stenography in order to take her lectures in shorthand; and

one of her aims is to help to secure the recognition of shorthand as a cultural study and a valuable help to those engaged in professional work as well as to those in business.

Miss Lucille Ziegler, First Assistant in Piano, comes to us from the home of the Stars and Stripes. She was born in Sioux City, Iowa, and still considers this city as her home.

Both Miss Ziegler's parents are musical, her father being an orchestra director, as well as a choir conductor, so it is not surprising that she should possess marked musical ability.

For two years after graduating from the New England Conservatory at Boston, Miss Ziegler was head of the Piano Department at Straight University, New Orleans. During the summer months she studied with Mme. Durno and also coached with Guisseppe Farrata.

New Mexico next attracted her attention, and she accepted a position in Alamogorda at the State Institute for the Blind, where she had the unique experience of teaching music by the Braille system.

Miss Ziegler makes a specialty of accompanying and directing orchestras. During the past summer she played with the Heilman trio, most of their playing being done for Red Cross and Community work.

Her favorite pastimes are playing the 'cello and instructing Canadians in the singing of "The Star Spangled Banner."

MEMORIAL

To create a lasting monument to the boys of Brandon College who have fallen in the service of their country, was the impetus behind the movement to build a memorial gnasium in connection with their Alma Mater.

The one outstanding point about this movement is that the students are themselves the initiators. The students realize that some memorial should be erected, and what would be more fitting than a gymnasium? It is the most practicable. The future of the college depends upon some such building. The war is over, reconstruction is commencing. Brandon College must be ready to receive the share of the returning men. It must have something more to attract than the mere opportunity to receive an education.

The pessimist may say: The task's too great, the scheme is colossal. But is it? With the backing of the student body, the solid support of the faculty, Alumni, and Board of Directors, there is no reason in the world why the scheme should not be a success. We cannot fail: our faith in Brandon College is too great.

LUCY ELEANOR BEAUBIER



It was with a sense of overwhelming and benumbing loss that we received the word that Eleanor Beaubier '18 had passed away on the fifth of November. So energetic, so able to do big things, so inseparably bound up in our thought with the idea of splendid leadership, Eleanor and death seemed very widely separated. How unfathomable is the mystery that surrounds us!

In our grief we were tempted to ask, "Why this great loss when the need is so acute?" But our sober thought brings back to remembrance countless other young lives given in

heroic sacrifice for the good of fellow creatures, and do we count them loss? No, all glorious gain.

Eleanor's was truly heroic service, none more so on the battlefields of the Empire. She died, as we are sure she would have wished, in the service of others. She had been teaching near Tribune, Sask. Her school was closed on account of the Spanish influenza epidemic; but instead of returning home she, in her characteristic generous fashion, went to nurse where families had been stricken and were without help. In the discharge of her self-imposed duties she gave herself, as always, freely, unsparingly, until she too was stricken. Her father hastened immediately to her bedside, taking with him a trained attendant, but in spite of all that could be done, the young life passed out.

During her college days, Eleanor was always a leading spirit—and with good right. A sentence or two culled from her biography in the Commencement Number of the "Quill" 1918 is conclusive proof of this:

"When a little bit of 'originality' was needed, a little bit of push, she was there to give it."

"Second year brought more committee work, for people knew that Eleanor could be depended upon to carry things through successfully."

"Third year brought her the unique honor of being elected the first lady president of the College Literary Society."

Brandon College is very proud of this bright young spirit who gave herself at all times so freely for others and has thus

crowned her womanhood with the highest possible gift—her life. We shall always hold her memory in highest honor, as we lovingly and proudly enshrine in our hearts the remembrance of her friendship.

“Nobly she thrust aside the sweets of life
At life's green threshold. Thus nor gold nor shame
Can cloy her soul: surrendered in the strife,
She gained thereby all lost—new life, sure fame.”

—A. E. W.

WILLIAM CAREY MCKEE



Lieutenant William Carey McKee, who paid the supreme sacrifice on August 26th, 1918, was the son of Dr. S. J. McKee, and a graduate of Brandon College of the year 1914. During his undergraduate work, Carey took an active and prominent part in the college sports and activities. His forte in sports was the mile run, in which he made several wins. He made an excellent record also in his studies. Not content with the B.A. degree, he took his M.A. degree in Sociology the year following graduation. He thus laid a solid foundation for the work of Law, into which he went later.

During summers of his college course and after graduation, he tried his fortune in business, first as salesman for the John A. Hertel Co., of Chicago, and later for the A. E. McKenzie Co., of Chicago. For the former he handled the book “Business and Law.” After a brief effort he became discouraged and turned to teaching, but was persuaded to try again. The result was that among hundreds of college students, Canadian and American, he was first prize winner as the most successful salesman for that summer. After a brief but successful experience in teaching, Carey turned to his choice of profession and entered the law firm of Hon. Rutherford, Jameson and Scant of Edmonton. Leaving this office, he joined the 196th Battalion as a private, took his lieutenancy at the Calgary Military School, was called to the Brandon College Military Committee to take charge of the Brandon College platoon in the 196th Battalion, and finally went overseas with them.

Lieutenant McKee was transferred to the First C.M.R.'s

and served with them in many battles, among them that of Vimy Ridge. He was invalided to England owing to an attack of appendicitis. When recovered from the operation, he returned to France again with the C.M.R.'s. as lieutenant of "B" Company.

In the attack at Arras his company had gained their first, second and final objectives, and owing to the retreat of the enemy were taking the risk of continuing their advance, when the enemy made a determined stand with protected machine guns, and Lieutenant McKee and his men were forced to retire and seek protection in shell holes. Lieutenant McKee had noticed that one of his men in the next shell hole was apparently badly wounded, and with his sergeant risked going to his aid. Just as they arrived a huge German shell brought instant death to all three, Lieutenant McKee, his sergeant and the wounded man. This happened August 26th, 1918.

William Carey McKee was a young man of sterling worth and character, somewhat reserved indeed, but nevertheless a real leader and always ready to take his part in worthy activities, whether athletic, social, Christian or military. He was a member of the First Baptist Church in Edmonton, active in the work of the Young People's Society there. He organized the English Department of the Khaki College at Bramshott and taught in it for a few months. Many tell us that the effect of the war experiences upon our young men is that those who were morally strong become better, and those who were weak become worse. It would appear that Carey McKee became stronger in character and influence and leadership as the war wore on. The Lieutenant-Colonel Commanding the First C.M.R. Battalion writes as follows to Dr. McKee: "Your son was a great favorite with his men and brother officers, and by his quiet and unassuming manner had won the liking and respect of every one, and had proved himself a brave and efficient officer." One of the members of the Brandon College platoon says that "his (Carey's) platoon had grown to look upon him as a chum and a leader, and his company officers respected him as a gentleman and a conscientious officer." A lieutenant of the First C.M.R.'s., writing to Lieutenant Robert Cunningham says: "But Carey was a son to be proud of, for he was in battle as he was in civil life—a clean and fearless man." The career of Carey McKee is one that reflects honor upon his own name and upon Brandon College.

"Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori."

—H. L. M.

"AVE ATQUE VALE"

While sincerely and gladly welcoming the new teachers to our college halls and life, we feel that this first issue of the "Quill" for the year 1918-19 would not be complete without a word of appreciation of those who have so recently left us.

Miss Margaret Butman came to Brandon in the Fall of 1915 to be first assistant in the Piano Department. Her winsome manner as well as her ability both as a pianist and teacher won for her a high place in our regard, and it was with a deep sense of regret that we heard of her decision to leave us.

Although we are sorry not to have her back with us in Clark Hall, we admire the artist ambition that takes her for a further period of study in the pianistic art. Miss Butman is at present pursuing a course of study with Mr. Paul Wells of Toronto, and we wish her every success in her work.

In Miss Vera Leech, Brandon College found a faithful and efficient teacher. She was one of Class '12 graduates in Moderns, but was not content to let her educational attainments rest there, she completed the work of the Master course, and next year received the M.A. degree.

After a year's experience of Collegiate teaching in Saskatchewan, she came back to Brandon in the Fall of 1914 to take charge of the work in French.

Thoroughly conversant with the traditions and spirit of her Alma Mater, she was ever loyal and faithful in maintaining and teaching them; and having been so recently a student herself, she fully appreciated the conditions of student life in all its joys and difficulties. The girls claimed her as one of themselves and many and sincere were the expressions of regret when it was made known that she was not to return.

Miss Leech is at home with her parents in Regina at present, and has been very busy acting as volunteer nurse during the influenza epidemic there. What she will do next she has not confided to us, but whatever it be her many friends in Brandon wish her the truest and highest success.

We could wish that our working knowledge of our mother English were of a higher order and that we were gifted with a ready pen, that we might the more adequately express the feelings that lie deep within our hearts when we think of our beloved Miss Whiteside. For twelve years she presided over our college home, planned for our well-being, guided our erring feet into right paths, and ever, by precept and example, held before us the ideals of a Christian gentlewoman.

As the girls, in turn, came to leave Clark Hall, they felt, in looking back over the days of their life in residence that to have known Miss Whiteside and to have come under her influence was indeed a liberal education, and we venture to say that in homes all over this great West of ours, there are girls and young women whose lives are counting for a great deal more than they otherwise would have done, because of the contact of their lives with hers. Her influence will continue to be felt in an ever widening circle, and "her girls" will continually "rise up and call her blessed."

We know that our loss is Moulton's gain, and we know that already she has made a splendid place for herself in the hearts of Moulton's students, but we also know that she will not forget the West and Clark Hall, and we assure her that her image and impress shall never be effaced from our memory.

Another teacher to sever connection with the college this year is Prof. F. S. Nowlan, who was the mathematics and physics instructor for year 1917-18. Being with us but the one year and not in residence, we did not get to know him very well outside of the classroom.

In his chosen field—Mathematics—he is an authority, and those who studied in his classes realized that they were under a master.

Mr. Nowlan has gone to Bowdoin College, to take charge of the Mathematics there, and we wish him every success in his work.

It was with great regret that we learned of the death of Mrs. Olive at the Brandon General Hospital, on October the 18th. Mrs. Olive had come to Brandon from Calgary to teach in the Business Department of the College. She had just recovered from influenza and contracted pneumonia on her way to Brandon. She was taken directly to the hospital, but passed away after a few days' illness.

"A little gain, a little pain,
 A laugh, lest you may moan;
 A little blame, a little fame,
 A star-gleam on a stone."

—Service.

GET INOCULATED

Speaking about the epidemic, do you know that there is something of that complexion prevalent among students? *Examina-phobia*, an acute type of it, has distressing symptoms with danger of a relapse of cramming ague. The trouble, lack of "the power of thought—the magic of the mind," is caused by the unhygienic surroundings of disorderly mental procedure.

The only serum and prophylactic is *thought culture*. Give yourself a psycho-physical examination at once, and if not assured that you are making the most of lectures, texts and other educational opportunities, get inoculated! In the hope that a little concrete encouragement may help, we shall discuss briefly a few essentials to prolonged and effective thinking.

First some physical essentials: Since mind and body are interdependent, the mind to be reflective in earnest must be kept as free as possible from outside sensations.

Keep your room at the lowest temperature consistent with physical comfort. Excessive warmth checks both physical and mental action. Physical comfort does not mean physical indulgence, however. Nothing is more destructive of mental energy than excessive indulgence of the physical appetites. (Frame this please!) Heavy eating induces sleep, and many would-be thinkers eat and sleep themselves into a state of coma. And to digress—just at this point we have visions of packages bearing the village baker's coat of arms, yea, also various brands of confectionery taken as mis-directed before and after meals and at bedtime.

And may we draw the analogy of throwing mud in the furnace after you have kindled a bright coal fire. Many a resolution for a "spare fast that oft with gods doth diet"—kind of an evening has been given the K.O. by a "box from home." Further, certain of the jaunty youth by a few gaseous inhalation occasionally roast brown the delicate blood-purifying system of the lungs; but we will take Socrates' generous view—"ignorance."

Vigor and speed in thought can be developed by vigor and speed in mental action, because physical activity is merely an external sign of a dictatory mental activity. The type of physical activity which will be most helpful is not the routine action well mastered, but a variety of vigorous sports requiring skill and a constant novelty of mental processes. You should cultivate quickness and despatch in all the activities of life, e.g., when writing (legibility assumed) try to keep your pen

in sight of your thought.

Training one's self to think amid confusion of sights and sounds is desirable and often necessary, but such a thinking environment rarely equals solitude. Don't spoil both your thinking and your social life by trying to mix them. Have some part of the day for strict privacy and reasonable quiet. When you get the glimpse of a good idea, don't let it be frightened away, but jot it down wherever you may be.

Contrary to physical action, as mental work proceeds the quality often improves; and when tired, the mind is more quickly refreshed by the diversion of its activities to new fields than by cessation of them.

N.B.—That whatever affects the general health affects the mental faculties. It will pay in scholarship to attend to the laws of hygiene.

Brain tissues, like the muscles, must be exercised to keep them from getting weak, and to do this you must obey definite psychological laws. To be most effective for self-improvement these must be learned while the brain is plastic; so get busy! else you may have to "soak" the container of yours later on.

In the development of the memory, for example—you have other mental faculties—you must get first clear perceptions of facts by the exercise of attention, then work in the light of the laws of Association, viz., Contiguity, Correlation, Repetition, etc. Space will not permit us to dwell on these separately, so just a few general conclusions drawn from them.

First, as regards thought culture, it isn't so much *what* is studied but *how* it is studied that matters. Thought is essentially comparison and the noting of likeness and differences. In your reading and note-taking learn to select—read more prefaces and tables of contents—try to strain the marginal from the salient and focal features, in order to get a powerful seizure of a thing as a whole. Though some books are merely to be tasted, you must always take time to digest the thought.

In taking notes from texts, read far enough—making your mind go out to meet and grapple with the ideas—to get the important fact; then turn from the text and make the note in your own words. Copy verbatim only what you would quote. This is good memory culture. Have an eye to a suggestive and systematic arrangement. Nothing helps the mind so much as order and classification.

For clear concepts—never use a word until you can define it well; for words and facts as often used are merely a mask for ignorance, and cripple thought.

Don't leave unconquered forces behind. Take time to

turn over new material in your mind until you have thought all the vagueness out of it. Digestion, both mental and physical, takes time. Skimming over a subject to pass an exam. brings no permanent results, since little mental nutriment can be derived from thoughts that pass through your mind on the double.

Don't expect too much of your memory; plan for systematic review. The old rule. "repetitio mater studiorum" reminds us that reams of notes are orphaned at a tender age. And, by the way, would it not be well to review the preceding term's work during summer vacations, while somewhat familiar, rather than to seek "the strange and new"?

And having done all these things from your freshman year up, you will find, as Beecher says, that "the outward book is but a body and its soul and spirit are flown to you."

Watch daily-thought habits, and exams will take care of themselves! Get inoculated!

—D. S. F.

Brandon College Quill

THREE NUMBERS A YEAR

VOL IX

DECEMBER

NO. 1

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Again the old-time greeting, "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!" and to the prospective holiday-maker an added word of warning, "Go easy on the feasting, that you may have no vain regrets!" This year the phrase takes on a deeper meaning from the new hope which has arisen in the hearts of so many people. We can look forward to a "happier" if not an altogether "happy" New Year. And so at this coming Yule-tide there may be more rejoicing, though many homes are saddened and the way before us is not yet all clear.

Four times has the New Year been ushered in under the heavy pall of battle smoke. Yet always at the Christmas season the hearts which had well-nigh given up hope, took fresh courage at the thought that "next" Christ-

EDITORIAL

mas would be truly one of peace. That "next" is now about to be realized—the Star of Peace has at last returned.

And of those who have made its return possible for us:

"Bid us remember in what days they gave
All that mankind may give,
That we might live."

Can we in face of their heroic struggle and noble sacrifice fail to lift their fallen torch and "carry on"? Our opportunity is great but greater still is our responsibility. If we neglect the one and shirk the other the future of our country will be endangered. With us rests Canada's new place among the nations. Are we preparing for the task before us? The first months, and even the first years, of peace will not be easy, for many problems before unthought of will arise and await solution. Already we are entering upon the transition period—the period of reconstruction—and we can make of it what we will. The cessation of hostilities has not ended the struggle, but it has created another situation needing all our foresight and powers of endurance. The Canadian troops will soon be on their way home. Let us at least have them come home to a Canada of prosperity and opportunity.

Much, but not too much, has been said of the Brandon College spirit. It is also the true spirit of our western prairies—a sort of all-the-year-round Christmas atmosphere. May our College boys when they return find that spirit unchanged, so that they will feel here still is their Alma Mater.

The "Quill" staff have to announce the formation of a new department in our College paper. A Literary Department has been organized under the editorship of Don. S. Forsyth. The staff have felt that for a paper which was published at most four times a year, the "Quill" was devoting too much of its space to news items and too few of its pages to more purely literary contributions. It is to make good this deficiency that this Literary Department has been formed. In addition to making the "Quill" a more complete journal, the staff also wish to give the students a chance, and encouragement, to try their hand at literary production. Until one has the ability to express his thoughts in lucid, concise prose, and even on occasion attaining something of beauty as well, one can have no claim to a liberal education. The "Quill" offers you an opportunity of obtaining this phase of education which it is difficult to obtain along more formal lines. It is sincerely hoped that the students will avail themselves of this opportunity of training themselves through self-expression. Contributions from outside persons and faculty will be published,

but the Department exists for the student reader and the student writer.

As in former years, the "Quill" offers a prize of ten dollars for the best essay, not exceeding 1,500 words, written by a student of the Academic Department. All entries must be handed to the Editor before February 20th. The winning essay will be published in the Easter number.

The "Quill" is also enabled to offer two new prizes this year as a special inducement to contributors to the new Literary Department. These prizes will consist of books to the value of five dollars in each case. The first prize is offered for the best short story not exceeding 1,500 words in length, to be judged on the basis of technique of the plot, the attractiveness of the subject, and the ability displayed in the use of language.

The second prize will be awarded for the poem on any subject which is judged best in thought expression and poetic construction. Both of these contests are open to students of all Departments, and prizes will be awarded for contributions of merit. All entries must be in the hands of the Editor not later than February 20th.

So to the one long-sweeping symphony
 From time remote,
 Till now, of human tenderness, shall we
 Supply one note,
 Small and untraced, yet that will ever be
 Somewhere afloat
 Amid the spheres, as part of sick Life's antidote.
 —Thomas Hardy.

"Can't you give me something left from your last meal, ma'am?"

Mrs. — (boarding-house lady): "But, my dear man, you can't eat prune stones."

HONOR ROLL

This list of the Brandon College men who are on military service is as correct and complete as we are able to make it with the material at our disposal. The Overseas Department of the "Quill" would be grateful for any further information regarding Brandon College boys who have enlisted, in order to complete records:

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| Abey, Wm. J. | Clark, V. G. |
| Adey, C. E. | Clarke, F. |
| Allen, J. | Clarke, Roy |
| §Armstrong, Morley, Lieut. | *Cloutier, J. |
| Atteridge, A. F. | Clyde, Charles |
| Avery, A. | Coldwell, George |
| | Connolly, H. |
| Bailey, Charles | †Connor, Clare |
| Ball, J. B. | Connor, P. J. |
| †Bamford, G. | Cooper, J. E. |
| †Beaubier, D. H., Lieut. | Corestine, W. C. |
| Beer, J. W. | Courtice, L. |
| Bertrand, O. H., Flight
Commander | Craig, George |
| Biggs, M. | Cresswell, Clifford |
| Bisson, E. J. | *Crozier, M. C. |
| Blackwood, C. C. L. | *Cruise, R. |
| Blight, T., Lieut. | *Cumberland, A., Flight
Lieut. |
| Bolton, Wm., Lieut. | Cumming, G., Capt. |
| Boulthbee, L. | *Cunningham, W. B. |
| Bowen, J. C., Hon. Capt. | |
| Braithwaite, Earl | Davies, E. |
| Brown, W. H. | Davis, D. R. |
| Brydon, J. C. K. | *Davis, H. J. |
| †Bucke, Percy | §Deans, W. J., Lieut. |
| Burns, C. H., Capt. | De Mille, H. |
| Bystedt, J. A. | Dennison, H., Hon. Capt. |
| †Cairns, A. | †Dixon, Earl |
| Calverly, O. D.C.M., M.M. | Doherty, R. |
| Cameron, N. | §Donaldson, M., Lieut. |
| †Campbell, K. P., Lieut. | †Donough, W. R. |
| Carrothers, E. | Doucette, J. W. B. |
| Chambers, C. K. | Douglas, G. |
| Chambers, W. F., Flight
Lieut. | §Douglas, L. |
| Chanin, R. | †Drennan, J. A. |
| Chapman, Robert | Dunbar, I. M., Flight
Lieut. |
| Clark, Dr. J. S. | Dutton, E. M. |

- *Dutton, Charles
 §Earl, F. G.
 Elliott, K.
 Elliot, S. M.
 Elmsely, J. H., Capt.
 Eyres, L., Flight Lieut.
 Fairbairn, A. H.
 Fenwick, F. H.
 §Ferrier, H.
 Ferrier, L.
 Ferrier, R.
 Fisher, F.
 †Fisher, Jno.
 Forshaw, H. J.
 †Freer, F., Lieut.
- Gainer, H.
 Gilchrist, N.
 Glinz, L.
 Graham, M. E.
 Graham, W. M., Major
 Grant, J.
 Grantham, E. R.
 Greggs, G. A.
 †Guild, C. K., Lieut.
- *Hainer, C.
 *Hallam, E. W., Capt.
 Hamilton, W. T.
 Hardaker, E. R., Flight
 Lieut.
 Hardaker, L., Flight Lieut.
 Hardy, C. D.
 Hargreaves, A.
 Harrington, H. B., Capt.
 Harris, L. O.
 †Harris, T. H.
 Hart, J.
 Harvey, R.
 Harwood, R. M.
 Henderson, G.
 Hooper, C.
 Hornby, S.
 *Hosie, A., Lieut.
 *Hosie, R. J., Lieut., M.C.
 Hosie, W.
- Howard, F.
 Hughes, A.
 Hurley, C.
 Hurst, A. R., Lieut.
- Innis, C. H.
 Irvine, W.
 Irving, F. S.
 Irwin, H. A.
 Jackson, J. L.
 *Jones, O.
 Julian, F. R., C.S.M.
 §Kerr, J. C., Capt.
 Knox, H.
 Koester, C.
- Lang, R.
 †Lattimer, G.
 †Lattimer, J.
 †Leary, Wm. Capt., M.C.
 Leask, H.
 †Leech, B., Lieut.
 *Lindsay, D. D.
 Little, Charles
 *Logan, R. A.
 Loughhead, A. R.
 Louys, Philippe
 Lunn, R.
- †MacNeill, D. G., Lieut.
 MacPherson, R.
 §Maley, J.
 Mathewson, C.
 Mastberg, V.
 Mayes, R. E.
 §Mayse, A. W.
 McBain, R. W.
 †McBride, Nelson
 McDonald, E.
 McDonald, Kate (N.S.)
 McDonald, N.
 McDonald, Roy
 §McEwen, D. W.
 McFadden, H.
 §McFadyen, O., Lieut.
 McGibbon, D. A., Lieut.

- McIntyre, C. M., Hon. Capt
 *McIntyre, J. A.
 McIntosh, D.
 *McKee, W. C., Lieut.
 §McKee, R. A.
 McKenzie, F.
 §McKinnon, F.
 McLaren, M. B.
 §McLaurin, W.
 McMillan, J. C., Capt.
 McMillan, T., Lieut.
 McNair, Wm. L.
 McNaught, D.
 McNeil, A. II.
 McPherson, Jean (N.S.)
 §McPherson, J. H.
 McPherson, K.
 Menzies, A. F., Lieut.
 Miller, L.
 Millions, A.
 Milton, A. J.
 §Milton, J. S.
 Miskimon, C. E.
 †Miskimon, S. H.
 Mitchel, N.
 Moon, P. G., Hon. Capt.
 §Morse, C. K., Hon. Capt.
 Mowat, H.
 Mowat, O.
 Mallowney, H. S., Hon.
 Capt.
 Munn, Wm. J.
 Munroe, D. A.
 Nelson, Leonard C.
 Nichol, Alexander
 Noble, A.
 Noble, F. J.
 Neild, J., Lieut.
 Nordlund, V.

 Oliver, W. H., Lieut.
 Orris, Arthur
 Orris, Charles

 Parke, John
 Parker, A.

 Philipps, Rolf
 §Pickard, J.
 Pickard, H.
 Potter, S. H., Lieut.
 §Pound, E. D.
 Pullen, Arthur
 Rabe, R.
 Riggs, L.
 Riley, C.
 Robertson, J. H.
 Robertson, W. II.
 Robertson, II. A.
 §Robinson, R. G., Lieut.
 †Roper, Leonard
 Rose, C. D.
 *Ross, Wm. J.
 §Rowell, J. B.
 Rutherford, H. L.
 Rutherford, Wm., Lieut.
 Saunders, C. L.
 Schoenau, Jno.
 *Scott, Joseph
 Scott, Wm. C.
 Sharpe, W. J., Major, Croix
 de Guerre.
 Shillington, N. G.
 Shuttleworth, S.
 *Sigurdson, G.
 †Sleight, J. W.
 §Smale, Rae. A.
 Smith, A. E.
 †Smith, J.
 †Smith, A. L., Capt.
 Speers, R. W., Lieut.
 Squair, Frank
 Staines, Hubert
 §Steele, A. Bruce
 Stovel, C., Major
 §Stovel, E., Lieut.
 §Stovel, L. A., Lieut.
 Stone, C. G.
 Strachan, C.
 Strome, Charles
 Stromgren, D.

 *Thompson, J. B.

Thompson, Leslie	Watson, T. S., Hon. Capt.
Thompson, R. R. M.	§Watson, Frank
Thorpe, A.	Whidden, Evan M.
Turnbull, C.	Wilkin, Wm. E.
§Trumbell, R.	Wiklund, J.
	Williams, C. G.
*Underwood, Percy	Winton, D.
	Wolverton, Jasper M., Lieut.
Valens, H. K.	Wrye, L.
Vincent, E. H. J.	Yeomans, George
	*Young, C. A.
Walton, L.	Young, J. A.
†Warner, V. L., Lieut.	
*Warriner, J. W.	

* Killed or died of wounds. † Wounded.
§ Invalided home.

“Then shall the bonfires burn,
To tell the message of their glad return.
Ho. porter wide the gate, beat loud the drum,
Up with the Union Jack. they come. they come!

And there are those who come not. But for them
We sing no dirge, we chant no requiem.
What though afar beneath a distant sky
Broken and spent, shall their torn bodies lie:
And the soft flowers of France bloom once again
Upon the liberated soil above the slain
Who freed it, and her rivers lave
As with their tears the unforgotten grave.
Whilst thou, Oh Land of murmuring lake and pine,
Shall call in vain these vanished sons of thine.
They are not dead. They shall not die while still
Affection lives and Memory fulfils
Its task of gratitude. Nor theirs alone
The sculptured monument, the graver stone;
The Commonwealth of Freedom that shall rise
World-wide shall tell their noble sacrifice.”

—Stephen Leacock.

COLLEGE GOSSIP

RAE SMALE '19

"I have no doubt at all the devil grins
As seas of ink I spatter:
Ye gods, forgive my "literary" sins—
The other kind don't matter." —Service.

Gossip has been well defined as putting two and two together and making it five: so be kind, gentle reader, and if perchance some phrase should overstep the mark of truthfulness, remember that a certain degree of leniency is admitted to the College Gossip.

Merry Xmas to all! A little premature, perhaps, but better too soon than too late. Truly, we have reasons enough to be merry this Xmas of 1918. No longer need we have any compunctious feelings about enjoying ourselves. The war is over. Let's all be happy! The boys are happy over there. Everyone is happy, except, perhaps, W. Hohenzollern and a few of his satellites, who really don't count. The task of four long years is over—brothers, husbands and sons are coming home; so let's make this Xmas one of thanksgiving and real happiness. Don't you think we ought to? Why, surely!

"If happiness has not her seat and centre in the breast, we may be wise, or rich, or great, but never can be blest."—Burns.

The members of Senior Arts are still very much alive, even if their ranks have been depleted by the allied evils of war and "flu." Not long ago they met in Arts IV. room to organize, and the officers chosen were:

Hon. President—Mr. Mackintosh, M.A.

President—Isobel Cumming '19.

Vice-President—Corday MacKay '20.

Secretary—Frances Wolverton '19.

Treasurer—Rae Smale '19.

SKATING.

Despite the "flu" epidemic and quarantine, warm weather and sore throats, good times were spent on Lake Percy again this year. The first trip to the lake took the form of an exploration party and a report that the ice was in good shape resulted. Preparations were at once made to organize a skating party and after splendid efforts on the part of Miss Cline and Mr. Mackintosh to round up a sufficient number of "non-fluities" and germless students, a party was formed and left shortly after lectures, November 18th.

The trip to the lake was nothing less than a Marathon, so anxious were the members of the entire party to have their first skate of the season. Very little time was spent in getting skates on, knives being utilized to cut offending knots left in the laces last year. On the ice everything went off fine. The usual games were played, and except for a few ominous crackings which caused everyone to race for the centre and comparative safety, nothing very alarming occurred. When the word came from Mr. Mackintosh to "off skates," the reluctant party made its way to the pile of cold boots on the bank.

Far different from the coming was the return—the thought of missing supper preventing the weary pleasure-seekers from taking frequent rests along the way. At last the college loomed in sight, and to quote from the departed Mr. Virgil, "Just as the horse on nearing home quickens his pace, so did the weary party of skaters quicken theirs."

On reaching the college, the first sound to greet their ears was the roll of the supper gong. A few minutes later, those who could show anything like a presentable appearance hurried to the dining-room, and full justice was done to the supper, perhaps too full, but that's a delicate question. It ended one of the liveliest and best outings of the season, and all expressed a fervent wish that while the ice lasted as many skating parties as possible might be enjoyed.

ARTS ORGANIZATION.

On November the 23rd, a meeting of Arts was called to elect an executive for the coming year. The following were elected to office:

Honorary President—Dr. New.
 President—Madge Struthers '19.
 1st Vice-President—Adelia Sanford '20.
 2nd Vice-President—H. C. Olsen '22.
 Secretry-Treas.—A. George '21.

It was decided that if possible the Arts would resume their monthly meetings.

We are still here! Arts '21! Although greatly diminished in numbers.

In the early part of October the class was re-organized. Our former president, George Craig, having been called to duty, the Vice-President, Miss B. Clendenning, occupied the chair. The following officers were elected:

Honorary President—Dr. MacNeil.
 President—Penn Johnson.

Vice-President—Florence Kennedy.

Secretary-Treas.—Helen Cline.

What a charge! with so many of our class mates separated from the college and scattered from one end of the Dominion to the other. Leslie Harris is dipping his feet in the Halifax harbor. Coming farther west, we stop for a moment at Long Branch and find there Cecil Strachan, George Craig, Glen Clark and Joe Wicklund, still keeping up the spirit of Class '21.

In the west we find Royal Frith, Joe Peterson and Jim Bambridge doing their bit by keeping the "home ploughs going." But here the college halls resound with only a few voices of the once large and happy class.

If one could see through a periscope into the many homes of Class '21, one would find their heads bent in deep anxiety over their books. But kind Alma Mater forgets not her children although separated from them by the "flu," and faithfully instructs them through the mail.

INITIATION.

Webster says the following regarding our subject. It is the "Taking of the primary steps"; Instruction in any art, mystery or doctrine"; or "Introduction to any system of esoteric teaching." He gives as a definition of esoteric: "Confined to a select circle." The Freshman's definition is "Terrible."

The old students of Brandon College decided to give some of the new members of the said body the "Introduction to a system of esoteric teaching." The court assembled in room F at 22:08 one Saturday, when each member of the Freshman Class had to appear before His Honor the Judge in answer to certain charges regarding his short-comings which were laid against him. The Crown Prosecutor proved to be a man possessing wonderful talent. His evidence proved disastrous to all who appeared before the court. In fact, it is said that no prisoner was able to disprove to the slightest degree any of his statements.

The sentence handed out by His Honor were in the 1st, 2nd and 3rd degree. These were carried out under the supervision of the mechanical horse doctor, specialist for all head troubles, who proved a most successful executioner. Then after the casualties had been looked after, they paraded on the "College Lawn," led by the Brandon College Brass Band. The wind-up came Monday night in the form of a feed. Some members of Clark Hall, upon hearing there was a possible short-

age of eatables for the occasion, very graciously sent over two pounds of cheese, a box of broken biscuits, and some grapes. Many thanks for your contribution, girls.

—

On Nov. 15th. the members of Class '20 met and organized. The following officers were elected:

Hon. President—Mrs. Wilkins.

President—Ethel Bolton.

Vice-President—Elizabeth Greig.

Secretary-Treas.—Adelia Sanford.

The class is looking forward to a successful year under this executive.

—

Five jolly Seniors,

Would that there were more!

One went home to fight the flu.

And now there are four.

And it was Zoe! How we all hated to see her go, but all the same it was a good excuse for a surprise party—and for ice-cream and chocolates, our first indulgence in four years. The farewell was held in Mrs. Wilkin's sitting room on Wednesday night at ten o'clock. In the midst of a very weighty discussion the incandescents blinked and as no further light could be thrown on the subject the party adjourned to dish-washing. But we met again at 2 a.m., and under the supervision of our honorary president, escorted our masked departing member to the station, where masked yells and masked farewells were in order.

—

Freshie (in the library): "How on earth do you decline 'victus'?"

Zoe: "Oh, that's easy—Victus, victi, victo, victum, victi, Victor."

—

Junior Arts was organized on November 25th, when the following officers were elected:

Hon. President—Prof. T. R. Wilkins.

President—Jessie Venables.

Vice-President—A. George.

Secretary—Ruth B. Taylor.

The year promises to be one full of activity for Junior Arts.

—

Spanish influenza has furnished most of the College gossip for this session. Whether it be the chronic grouch, the

incurable punster, or just the ordinary male combination of grumbling and cheerfulness, that you hear talking, you may rest assured that it is flu that has furnished the subject. Influenza almost becomes like a war; one wonders what the topic of discussions will be when it has been finally wound up.

Whether, however, we look upon this epidemic with fear or resentment, or as more or less of a humorous incident in the college session, there is but one mind among the chosen victims of that malady in Brandon College upon the treatment and care that was unstintingly given them. Every one who was on their feet and able to help was ready to undertake any work that offered, whether taking temperatures or sweeping floors, carrying soup bowls or administering doses at three in the morning. A new experience in college life brought to us a new realization of some of the better qualities, all of which we had not suspected, in the make-up of some of our fellows.

Very especially the boys have to thank Mr. Evans, who gave so much of his energy and strength to the others that he himself succumbed to a serious illness as a result of his inoculation, and Mr. and Mrs. Wright, who did so much in their unobtruding way to help those who were ill and to make convalescence a little less wearisome. Not only the influenza itself, but the irksome confinement to the college grounds would have been much more serious and much more unbearable if it had not been for the thoughtfulness of those members of the faculty. "Eats" and music on Sunday evenings and additional luxuries when ill are not the only ways in which a boy's appreciation can be aroused, but we do, one and all, appreciate the kindness and 'understandingness' that lies behind such outward acts.

On November 12th, Class '22 was duly organized with the following executive:

Hon. President—Mr. J. R. Evans.

President—Herman Olsen.

Vice-President—Beatrice Hall.

Secretary—Donalda McDonald.

Treasurer—Robert Wellwood.

Class '22 expects to be one of the foremost of the organized classes, and to uphold its motto, "Semper Paratus," and class flower, the gladiolus.

CLASS '19 ORGANIZATION.

Here we are, here we are, here we are again! Who? Why, don't you know? We're that "jolly, classy, clever, talked of"

senior year. Perhaps you wouldn't recognize our class in its present mutilated, diminished, delapidated, shell-shock condition; but there are still some survivors who are always smiling (at least we intend to start when the quarantine is lifted).

"Perhaps you'll wonder where they are, the rest of Class '19, Oh, they have enlisted and in khaki they are seen.

But yet we feel where'er they are, they'll fight for gold and green,

We hope to see them back in Brandon College."

In spite of this, we actually had the "'19 itedness" to organize on Wednesday, Nov. 6th, and have already set sail on that maelstrom of seniority under the able guidance of the following crew:

Honorary President—Miss Turnbull.

President—Don. S. Forsyth.

Vice-President—Zoe E. M. Hough.

Secretary-Treas.—Rae Smale.

Class Poetess—Madge la P. Struthers.

Class Prophetess—Frances Wolverton.

Class Historian—Isobel Cumming.

Class Motto: Vincit qui se vincit."

Class Yell—

Vincit qui se vincit

Gold and Green;

"Jolly, classy, clever,"

Class Nineteen.

Class Knock—? ? ! ! ? ? ! !

Class Password—* * ! ! ? ? * * ? ?

Juniors, sophomores, freshmen, lend us your ears. You will hear from us again in the very near future.

"FLU."

All Gaul is divided into three parts (some people seem to have at least two of these parts), but Brandon College is divided into two parts: flus and non-flus. There have always been the great social groups of the "haves" and the "have nots," but only in the past month have the "haves" had the flu.

There are worse things to have than flu. That is, if one likes soup. If one does not like soup, then we give it as our judicial opinion (and we have reason to believe that Eddie Sundt has been heard to corroborate this opinion) that there is nothing worse, even unto the plagues of Egypt. (We were going to give the number of the plagues, but we have forgotten during the long recess from Bible I.) No one can faintly imagine what this malady is like who has not had it. Descrip-

tion is futile to convey the experience. You know what it feels like to have a boot that does not fit; well, try and imagine what it would be like if your flesh and skin did not fit your bones. You have no doubt touched a hot stove, try to imagine what the stove feels like. Did you ever listen to the clock tick? What if every time it ticked you had to either take cough medicine or a capsule? But there is no use wearing out your brain, for you can't know the flu unless you have it, so you had best remain ignorant. (We offer you this advice free, for you will probably remain ignorant anyway).

Those who know us now would hardly have known us in our fluid days, when we were biting the ends off thermometers. To walk down the corridor of the lower flat is not like promenading on Flu ave, or taking the afternoon sun on Seven Year Itch Alley. Soup Street now has a very ordinary appearance, while no one would ever dream in gazing on the uninteresting scene of Will Power Alley that it had once defied millions of germs, and by the strategy of making wide detours at the approach of the enemy had won a brilliant and notorious victory. One looks back with regret upon these "dear dead days," "the days that are no more" Tennyson called them. (Privately, we think that if Tennyson had been with us he would have been jolly well glad that they are no more; there were quite enough.) There are still a few traces left, for flue is apt to leave some bad after effects, such as Mr. Wilkin's puns on the subject.

The first sound one used to hear in the morning was the sound of a march up the stairs and the faint rattle of a few dishes. One had scarcely noticed that the door of the room had opened before a burly form with a bandaged head which bothered one to know whether it reminded one more of a turbaned Hindu or Jim Jeffries after his black brother had finished with him, abruptly thrust something hard between one's teeth. We thought the first morning that it was a three inch nail, but we found out afterwards that it was a thermometer and that we got our temperature from it. (We had quite a bit of it, so it was nice to know where we had got it from). The form with the bandaged head examined the thermometer very judiciously to see whether our temperature was high enough or not, and if not it tried again. The second trial was usually quite successful. Next entered another form, smaller than the first, but in the same dilapidated condition. This person was evidently only convalescent after his bout, for he was attired in pyjamas. His function was to bring to us the flowing bowl, which we were told contained our breakfast. It was really unkind to deceive invalids in that shameful way, for we state

upon our honor that we drank all the liquid in the bowl every morning and we never found a breakfast in it at all. There may have been some mistake, but it seemed to us like a clear case of graft on the part of those who carried the trays up the stairs. Whether or not it was graft, we know positively that it was clear and that nothing solid was ever discovered in that bowl. After this morning deception, one was left in peace for about an hour, which was usually spent in trying to determine why that particular pattern had been chosen for the wall paper. This question always filled a lot of time and was never solved. We are convinced that no answer can be found for it. Next came the smaller attendant, again bearing on a charger a small oblong object that "was so small and smooth and round." This we found out was called a capsule, and that the purpose of giving it to us was in order that we might not suspect the poison that was being administered. We were greatly worried at first because we thought that the capsule was made of glass, and we knew that there was something in the Bible about things in glass houses. We discovered on making a thorough investigation into the subject that it was not common glass but isinglass. So long as it was not common or vulgar, we do not mind. This little glass log we floated to its destination on the full tide of a thimbleful of water. Sometimes, however, it was stranded by the way and then there was a dickens of a lot of gulping before the jam was finally broken. A moment's peace and then cough medicine that carried one back to the fond memories of soothing syrup and the bitter remembrances of other remedies. We lay thinking thoughts till noon. Flu is very stimulating to thought. One thinks a lot, chiefly about the doctor and the nurses. But we will not write down our thoughts; that was why we were sick. At noon one heard the same procession, the same tremendous, thunderous rattle of the dishes, and after all this preparation (in the meantime we had our temperatures raised again), after all this commotion, there appeared our dinner. Did ever Enoch Arden or Robinson Crusoe look at a ship with the longing that we bestowed upon our dinner? When we had returned thanks, we lifted the lid and found SOUP! and were straightway sorry that we had been so premature. We remember when we were in Latin I. translating the first book of Stephen Leacock and reading there of a family dining on a wonderful concentrated food. So concentrated that all that was placed on the table was a bowl of hot water and a tiny pellet of food served on a poker chip and covered with a thimble. We were very much like that; only when we had lifted the thimble there was nothing on the chip, and we were left with the bowl of hot wa-

ter. Some six hours later, we had another "souper," another round of capsules and cough medicine, and then we settled down to the quiet stillness of the night. The night was full of ghostly horrors. About midnight the door of our room stealthily opened and appeared before our bedside a tall lean figure sheeted from head to foot and nought but the ghostly gleam of eyes to be seen. The silence is broken (very badly) by a deep sepulchral voice. (One could hear it bump along on the journey from the feet up): "Will you have some cough medicine?"

The bare request of such a nightly visitant is as a dread command, and we gulped the offered dose without a whimper. We have not cleared up these nightly visits yet, but somewhere or other we were left with the impression that Dr. MacNeill had joined the KuKlux Klan. We would not like to let out any of the Dr's. secrets, so you had best keep it quiet.

But now our fluid days are past. Our soup bowl grew to a tray, and we found that the rattle in the corridor was the noise that the chief dietician was making as he stood in his natty new uniform dividing the nourishment into unequal portions. We moved from our tray to the dining room, and it was over. Where was flu? We called the question out to the heavens and echo answered. "FLU"!

"NOVEMBER ELEVENTH."

The eleventh of November was indeed a day to be celebrated, and right democratically did Brandon College register it in its annals by the undestrained expression of joy at the attainment of the end of the weary longings of four years. The armistice terms meant peace—peace the lifting of the clouds, and the dawn of a new day and a new chance. Thought enough to intoxicate a college with joy!

From 3 a.m. everyone was tingling with excitement, except some few somnolent spirits who as late at 7.45 sleepily wondered what there was about a breakfast of oatmeal porridge, toast and coffee to cause the whole college to sing, "Praise God from Whom all blessings flow." Their more wakeful neighbors, however, soon informed them that the world had not paused in its motion during the night and that there was news to be known and enjoyed. Even the progress of the halt and blind through "The Star Spangled Banner" did not damp the general good cheer.

No one declared a holiday. It was "un fait accompli" before the powers ordained thought of it. Some holidays are thrust upon us; this holiday above others was spontaneous. Any

opposition would have meant a revolution; and those (if there were such) who had secret objections, found a strategic retreat distinctly healthy.

An hour's work completed the decoration of the chapel, and quite fittingly the first formal exercise of the day was the regular chapel service at ten o'clock. It was the regular service, but with a new infusion of fervor. All the national anthems that we could sing were sung; those that were unfamiliar received their recognition in Professor Wright's rendering of them at the piano. In his usual terse and lucid style, Dr. New pointed out some of the significant aspects of the day, with its varied bundle of hopes and responsibilities, with, as Bishop Blougram says, its "faith diversified by doubts."

As soon as chapel was dismissed, a "preparedness" movement seized the college and with all the alacrity of a company of Field Engineers fortifying Verdun, the erstwhile civil population transformed the campus into fortified territory, with the north end heavily entrenched and bristling with ramparts, and the south end with its open country and frozen terrain offering innumerable opportunities for the display of strategical finesse in organizing an offensive. Remembering Napoleon's wise saying about the relation between an army and its stomach, hostilities were postponed until afternoon, and the noonday activities in the dining-room seemed to offer ample proof of the appetite-creating powers of snow-ball rolling.

"These things being done," as we crudely translate the late departed Caesar, and the finishing touches having been put to the fortifications, a great offensive was launched and under the command of Generalissimo Evans (we do not know why the Latin should be in the dative case!), the firing line went over the top sharp at 3.03. With admirable persistence the thin red, blue and green, in fact, the multi-colored line, came on through a deadly barrage. The fierce and desperate stand of the defenders took heavy toll and many a gallant attacker fell (though some had to be told twice). Only by the courage of despair, however, were the garrison upheld. Their ammunition ran low. They were hopelessly outnumbered. (Besides this, they knew that it would be quite out of place for them to win. It was not expected of them). When the second wave of supports came sweeping onward under the command of Brigadier General MacNeill, and reached the very ramparts of the redoubts, with all his men fallen around him, the Kaiser himself appeared on the walls of the fort and held out the white flag. In a short time the armistice was signed and besieged and besiegers took active measures to cope with the problem of food shortage.

In the evening a brief meeting was held in the chapel at seven o'clock. Once more, and this time with less hesitancy than in the morning, "O Canada," "Rule Britannia," "The Marseillaise," and the "Star Spangled Banner" were sung. In a short address marked by vigor and an acute perception of the factors involved, Dr. MacNeill pointed out some of the aspects of peace which had peculiar applicability to ourselves and some of the lessons of the past years of war. Mr. Mackintosh followed and briefly suggested a few of the individual responsibilities that arose out of the conditions in all countries at the time of the peace settlement.

With the singing of the National Anthem the meeting was brought to a conclusion, but not so the celebration, for all who had not wearied in peace-making repaired to the dining room where a program of games had been arranged. After some time had been spent in games, Miss Cline gave a selected reading from her chef d'oeuvre, "Polly Anna." Needless to say, it was appreciated by all. Miss Wolverton followed with a vocal solo, sung with her usual freedom and sweetness. Then, as the day began with breakfast so did it end with an evening lunch, for people can make neither peace nor war when hungry. This brought to an end the formal celebration of the great day, but for the memories of November eleventh and all its opening hopes there is no end.

GETTING INTO PARLIAMENT.

"Better to hike and skate for health unbought,
Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught."

Animated by the above spirit the students of B.C. set out in full force for Lake Percy under the direction of Mr. and Mrs. Wilkins as chaperons. November 22 was an ideal day, and the general enthusiasm let loose in breaking away from the too familiar campus, was sufficient to ensure a good time, even had the day been less perfect than it was.

Nearly everyone skated and in spite of a chilly breeze, the time allowed for skating seemed all too short, hadn't it been that the promptings of the inner man, and the persistent rumor spread by someone who had investigated, that supper was nearly ready, were stronger even than the lure of a clean sheet of ice and soon a hungry mob was stampeding the open space around the camp fires, each endeavoring to secure a just allotment of beans, brown bread and coffee. Even Mr. Lager footed the two long weary miles to the lake, in anticipation of this part of the program, and as for those who had whetted their appetites

with two hours' skating, another word than appetite will have to be coined.

Then came a dilemma—to walk two miles or to ride in a hay rack? Some perforce chose one and some another, but all arrived at the college before eight o'clock.

Why eight o'clock? Mock parliament! On November twenty-second, at the hour of eight in the evening, the Parliament of Canada was summoned to meet in the chapel of Brandon College! The opening of parliament lacked nothing of the pre-war grandeur and stateliness; indeed, we doubt whether any former gentleman Usher of the Black Rod ever bore himself and his message with quite the gravity and native solemnity which distinguished the present holder of that office.

The speech from the throne intimated that important and weighty matters were to be laid before the members of the House of Commons during the ensuing session, and the government endorsed the raising of the influenza ban, the extradition of the Kaiser, the League of Nations, and condemned the policy of an economic union against Germany. Armed to the teeth with arguments in favor of their platform, the Front Bench of the government side backed the resolution endorsing the speech from the throne. The prime minister, Miss Wolverton, marshalled her forces nobly against the scathing criticisms of the opposition under Miss Olson. With a personnel entirely new, the House upheld its ancient reputation for dignity and keenness in debate, and Speaker Evans met a shower of points of order, privilege and information with the coolness of a veteran. Each party met check after check in parliamentary tactics. Mr. Mackintosh called Dr. New to time for not having informed the House that he was sitting for East Hamilton, while the latter soon laid bare the fact that the honorable member who had just spoken had forgotten the constituency for which he had been elected. The Minister of Finance was called upon to explain to the House the exact connotation of the term "jake," and upon his lucid explanation Mr. Speaker pronounced the term parliamentary. The leader of the Socialist party created some consternation by claiming more members as his followers than the result of the subsequent division seemed to warrant. The House was undecided as to whether he should come under the discipline of the House, but it was finally determined to leave him to the mercy of his indignant followers who did not follow.

The division on the question found the government sustained by a majority of six. The House adjourned until the next sitting, when the opposition confidently expect that the administration will be thrown out.

“Reading maketh a full man.” and a skating party and mock parliament make a full evening. Yet we strongly recommend to the House at Ottawa, that a daily skating party prior to the sitting would do much to preserve the keenness and enthusiasm of its members.

The annual elections of the Brandon College Literary Society were held on Friday, November 30th. Though not quite so lively as in former years, yet keen interest was shown during election week. The opposing factions met in the chapel on Thursday to hear their candidates expound the planks of their platforms.

On Friday night the results were announced as follows:

Hon. President—Dr. MacNeill.

President—Adelia Sanford.

1st Vice-President—Charles G. Whidden.

2nd Vice-President—Helen Cline.

Treasurer—D. G. MacKnight.

Editor of “Critic”—Maria Grant.

President Debating Society—Rae Smale.

Convenor of Reading Room—Reginald Cresswell.

ATHLETICS

H. C. OLSEN '22

The morrow's cheering dawn proclaims
The feats of manly strength and annual games.

Some time before the fall term of the College begins plans are made in the minds of the students for athletics for the coming year. The same plans were made this fall, but it seemed as if the college would have to abandon one of its former strongholds because of the absence of so many of our sport enthusiasts.

In spite of this the survivors determined to do their best. Football, of course, was impossible, but to forget it was also impossible, as was shown by the sight of a few old-timers chasing a ball around the campus with all the enthusiasm of a big league game. Attempts at baseball were made, too, but tennis proved to be the game of the hour. Here at least life was not lacking, for every evening eager crowds surrounded the courts to witness exciting “love” contests. The annual tournament was in full swing, and had almost reached the finals when the ban was placed on the college.

GROUND HOCKEY.

Ground hockey has taken a prominent place in campus activities of the past few weeks. Hitherto the co-eds had monopolized this game, but this fall the boys also decided it might be a good game. One evening it was rumored that Clark Hall had challenged Brandon College to a game. Though fearful of the outcome the boys accepted and at 4 p.m. the following day the opposing forces were lined up on the campus in battle array. Woe to the boys!

The line-up for Clark Hall was: F. Wolverton, I. Cumming, V. Webb, E. Maley, J. Olsen, O. Smith, M. Carlson, and R. Taylor; and for Brandon College: C. Whidden, H. Gibson, J. R. Evans, H. Smith, O. Magnuson, Mr. Ross, A. Runeman, Dr. MacNeill. Mr. Wilkins refereed the game.

The signal was given and the play began. The game which followed was, to put it mildly, fast and furious. The referee's whistle was kept busy for the fouls were numerous and original. When Frances dislodged Runie's hat a foul was called, and another when Myrtle succeeded in knocking one of the professors completely off the line of play. Many good plays were made on both sides, and at the wind-up the score stood 4—3, the boys carrying off the honors and also many bruises.

FIELD DAY.

After a request for bright sunshine for Friday, October 18th, had been forwarded to the Weather-man, it was formally moved and seconded that our annual Field Day be held on that date. But before the day arrived, we found ourselves in quarantine, fighting to keep the "flu" beyond our gates. In fairness to the large number of students who were unable to come into residence, during quarantine, it was decided to postpone the real Field Day, but to hold a special one at which any records that might be broken would not receive official recognition.

The Weather-man was apparently grouchy, for the day dawned raw and misty. Nevertheless, all the sports were carried through. The first event, the field hockey contest between the Arts and Academy girls, was full of thrills, but Arts obtained their objective, as the final score of 6—0 indicates.

The usual series of races and jumps aroused general interest and enthusiasm. Then came the shot-put and the throwing of the baseball. In these, at least, one direct hit was made and several narrow escapes were recorded among non-combatants, nearby. The obstacle race was the piece de resistance of the afternoon. Excitement ran high among the spectators as they cheered on the brave girls who vaulted or tumbled over fences, made feverish haste to thread very coarse thread

through fine needles, wriggled under the net, and having conquered all obstacles, dashed for the tape.

The afternoon was full of fun. Who will forget the wild scramble for peanuts as Professor Evans tried to feed the hungry multitude? Or who will not often recall with laughter the game of tag in which a certain very petite young lady so valiantly endeavored to catch a certain long, lanky professor, who seemed to stride as though he wore the traditional Seven League Boots.

In the evening, the regular meeting of the "Lit" was given over to the presentation of prizes. The usual ribbons and medals were reserved for the regular field day, but a handsome group of special prizes were donated. These were presented by Dr. Whidden amid great applause. Mr. Gibson won the aggregate, Mr. Taylor the freshman, and Miss Webster the freshette prizes. Field Day 1918 will be long remembered.

GROUND HOCKEY.

Ground hockey has been the vogue of the season. Many a fierce conflict has been waged on the lawn in front of Brandon College. Even while the "flu" raged within, the few survivors of Clark Hall battled daily against all Brandon College men who had sufficient strength of will to keep in the land of the active. In the skirmish, we admit, they showed considerable courage and skill in their single-handed play, managing to cause black eyes and innumerable bruised ankles. The games were so close, however, that the boys called for the assistance of the professors, but even in spite of this the only score we need mention was 5—5 in favor of Clark Hall.

MILITARY DRILL.

"Form squad! Squad attention! Form fours! As you were!"

The "flu" victims rushed to the windows expecting to see a khaki-clad regiment guarding the gates of the campus. Much to their amazement, they beheld only the bloomer-clad survivors of Clark Hall, conscientiously plodding through the manoeuvres of military drill under the efficient command of Capt. Evans. Little did we think when laughing at the boys' first attempts at drill last year that the laugh would soon be turned on us. The ranks were so sadly depleted day by day as the members "flew," that it was necessary to grant leave for an indefinite period. However, one and all are hoping to renew this branch of our athletics, although we hardly expect to surpass the boys in their own line.

TENNIS.

The tennis court must certainly have felt itself deserted during the past few weeks, when the girls have been engaged in other activities such as nursing. During the early part of the term, the court was put into excellent condition by the combined efforts of the girls, and a lively interest was taken. A tournament was well under way, when the inevitable happened, i.e., all "flu." We are hoping, however, that this tournament may be completed another season. As soon as the opportunity comes, we are looking for many new participants in this sport. Girls don't hesitate to try the game; just remember that the wonderful skill which you see exercised on the courts is the result of practice and that you with as much practice and a great deal of enjoyment may also reach the desired haven.

"All that's great and good is done, just by patient trying."

With the return of many of the boys next term prospects are good for hockey and basket-ball. Success in any undertaking of this kind lies not only in the team, but in the support and co-operation of all. Don't follow the line of least resistance! Get an interest in it! Talk basket-ball and talk hockey. Boost it, and we'll have it!

Winter is here and with it ideal skating weather. Already the weary, hardworking students have several times hiked to Lake Percy, returning with glowing reports of excellent skating and good times. Enjoy them while you may, for exams will soon be upon you and all thought of merriment will vanish in that terrible hour.

CLARK HALL

ZOE HOUGH, '19

The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
A perfect Woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of celestial light.

And it came to pass that in the latter part of the ninth month of the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and eighteen, a multitude of damsels began to gather together at a certain place, and the name thereof was Clark Hall, where instruction was wont to be given. This has been the meeting-place in this generation of all those who love the straight and narrow path which leadeth to knowledge, and seek to walk therein. In the midst of the multitude was one fairer and lovelier than all the rest whose name was Mrs. Wilkins. And seeing the multitude, she opened her mouth and taught them, saying: "Verily I say unto you, blessed are they who remember the rules of Clark Hall to do them." Afterward, came also other damsels saying, "Open unto us, for we would enter Clark Hall and enjoy the privileges thereof for a season." But she answered and said, "Verily I say unto you, I know you not, for ye know neither the day nor the hour when the flu breaketh out. Seek ye first the Annex and its isolation, and in five days all these things shall be added unto you." Then did they as the Lady Principal had spoken unto them, and great was their rejoicing because of the entrance which was to be granted unto them. And now abideth in the midst of this multitude of maidens the spirit of our Alma Mater, singing, "Hail, our College!" and leading us on to a still further understanding of the ideals of womanliness and service which Clark Hall will reveal unto us.

Of the Clark Hall girls who were with us last year, quite a number have not returned and we miss their joyful faces and their words of wisdom from our charmed circle.

Jean Avery, Reita Bambridge, Ruby McDonald, and Marj. Sherrin have passed to the ranks of Alumni, and their present occupations will be told of elsewhere in this issue.

Jean Cameron '19, early in the fall, volunteered her services as a nurse, expecting to be called sometime before April. In the meantime, she accepted a position on the Calvin teaching staff, but we of Clark Hall are hoping that now with peace

bells ringing Jean may return to us.

Eunice Carlson is taking Grade XII at Calgary Collegiate.

Valley Carey has been teaching the home school at Foam Lake, but her school, like many others, was closed because of flu conditions.

Ethel McLachlan is attending Brandon Collegiate, where she is taking First Class work.

Helen Coram and Lily Coutts, it is rumored, intend coming to Brandon Normal School after Christmas.

Clara Allingham of last year's fame is now a Freshman in Wesley College.

Of last year's Business Department Mina Webb, Myrle Lamont, and Alice Wright are all doing stenographic work in Regina. Vanda Neilson is in the post office at Minnedosa, and Elsie Williams is in a law office at Estevan, Sask.

—

The old girls, so to speak, who have returned to tell the tale of their summer vacations, have most interesting experiences to relate.

Frances Wolverton, at Nelson, B.C., was manipulating a motor boat with wonderful success: while Bess expounded to the admiring natives the mysteries of Clark Hall.

Elizabeth Greig, on a farm at Riding Mountains, brought a bit of laughter and of the sunshine of life to sober-minded cows and sedate setting hens.

Helen Cline, at Georgetown, was equally busy, but her field of endeavor was confined chiefly to Brandon College boys of the R.A.F. on leave and to the interesting trio of B's next door.

Violet Webb's summer was spent in places too numerous to mention: she reports a good time, however, which is the main thing, as do also Jessie Venables and Jeanette Menzies.

Ruth Taylor spent an interesting week at Lumsden Beach, to say nothing of an endless amount of other work accomplished.

Jennie Olson, at Shaunavon, Sask., was occupied during most of the summer in training young hopefuls in the way which they should go. Madge Struthers, at Admiral, Sask., was somewhat similarly employed. We should like to ask both if they taught the summer through without an interruption, and if not where that interval was spent.

—

On the twenty-fourth of September, Brandon College was opened with the usual friendly welcome to the new students. The appreciation of such a reception can be felt but not aptly expressed in words.

We were especially welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. Wilkins,

Dr. and Mrs. MacNeill, and Miss Frances Wolverton.

After the formal reception, we mingled in a friendly way by playing games.

Following this, a pleasing programme was rendered, with Mr. Johnston as chairman. A piano selection was given by Miss Ziegler, solos by Misses Wilson and Wolverton. We were also greatly favored with a number of old Scotch melodies by Mrs. Wilson.

Miss Wolverton, representative of the old students, assured us that we were needed to assist in the activities of College life and welcomed us to that phase. Miss Marion Hales responded in our behalf. The evening was brought to a close by the singing of the National Anthem, and each of us felt that we had come to a college full of congenial friends with whom it would be a pleasure to work and play.

The week beginning November 16th, being Y.W.C.A. students' week of prayer all over the world, the students of Clark Hall took charge of the vesper services. A general idea of the work of the Y.W.C.A. in the different continents was outlined, followed by special prayer.

The Y.W.C.A. will, we are sure, have a successful year under the able leadership of Jennie Olson. All her efforts will be well seconded by the Y.W.C.A. executive:

Vice-President—Ruth Taylor.

Secretary—Doreen Guthrie.

Treasurer—Violet Webb.

Mrs. Wright is Honorary President of the College Y.W., and we are confident of her invaluable assistance. It would seem that with such an able executive we cannot fail to have a great influence for good. The degree of success which we attain, however, will depend largely upon each individual girl who is a member of our Y.W. It has been said that a chain is only so strong as its weakest link, and is not the Y.W. merely a chain, an association of Christian girls all over the world? May it be the desire of each girl in Clark Hall to live up to the highest ideals of right thought and right living, to learn to think less of self and more of the other girl until in our Y.W. there shall be no weakest link, but only those such as we may be when we are worthy of ourselves.

INITIATIONS.

Backward, turn backward, O Time in your flight.

Take me to "Initiations," just for tonight.

For several years the custom of having initiations in Clark Hall has been dropped. We need not explain the term,

for those who did not previously understand it, knew it after the night of November 19th, when the students who had entered Clark Hall for the first time in the Fall of 1918, had to undergo all kinds of torture. On this eventful evening all the students assembled in the lowest regions of Clark Hall. In the gymnasium the new students were mesmerized, then they were requested to do an aviation stunt, "Ride the Airship." After their ascent they had to descend to a most menial task, that of pushing a bean across the floor with no less an instrument than the nose.

Thus the evening passed until finally the last and most horrible punishment, "the electric chair," the power of which some of the strongest students were able to withstand.

"Eats" ended the programme of the evening. Three cheers were given for the old students, which were followed by three cheers for the new students, with the assurance that they were all good sports and worthy residents of Clark Hall.

The Clark Hall Literary Society has organized with Helen Cline as president and other officers as follows:

Hon. President—Miss Turnbull.

Vice-President—Beatrice Hall.

Secretary—Pearl Wedin.

Treasurer—Marjorie Forke.

Convenors of Various Committees—Muriel Carey, Violet Webb, Alma Londry, Grace Mitchell, Ruth Taylor.

It has been rumored that the Clark Hall Lit. is to hold regular sessions every lit. night at 7 p.m. in the chapel. There are murmurs afloat, too, concerning divers divorce cases, murder trials, and breaches of etiquette to be tried thereat. The public is warned that this announcement is unofficial, and that you would be unwise to change your present mode of existence without some further notice.

As a sequel to the above, there follows also its sister poem. The following is an accurate account of the party given to the "non-flus" by the "flus" in the gymnasium, and is entitled:

WHEN THE FLU FLEW.

The non-flus stood in the lower hall
 All outwardly serene,
 When suddenly to their surprise
 A ghostly crowd was seen.
 All dressed in white from head to toe,
 With turbans and with masks,
 Self-sacrifice shone on each noble brow
 As they started to their tasks.

Two fluites flew at one non-flu,
On the non-flu they did pounce,
Persuaded them they were very sick.
Must go to bed at once.
And so in groups of two or three
They down the steps did go.
And took those poor non-fluites
To the hospital below.
And there upon a downy couch.
Which lay upon the floor.
Composed of mat and pillows.
And comforter—nothing more.
They put those patients right to bed
And started operations.
For all the fluites were afraid
Of serious complications.
Nurse Corday Moyle in gown of blue
Took full possession then,
And told those fluites what to do.
And how and why and when.
You should have seen those nurses
Relieving beds of pain.
And patting brows of anguish
To smoothness once again.
They scoured them and washed them.
(The fluites thought it fun).
Another came with nice white towel
To dry what they had done.
They thumped them and they tested them,
And then with look of sorrow,
Gazed at their tongues, and prophesied
That they would die ere morrow.
They gave them capsule candies.
And this I know is true,
Some hid them 'neath their pillows
As the fluites used to do.
And then arrived the soup bowl
To relieve the gnawing pains
Of hunger, and they found therein
Of barley just three grains.
In spoons they served the cough mixture
Of syrup sweet and brown,
They all agreed that it was good,
And swallowed it right down.
Then came the dose of candy pills,
They vanished in a trice,

The non-flus all declared that they
Were really rather nice.
They made the beds and cleaned the rooms,
And dusted round the floor,
And when the doctor's car appeared,
They dusted them some more.
Nurse Cline she seized the duster,
And started things a-joltin'
While Nurse Moyle went from room to room
To find Nurse Ethel Bolton.
Nurse Gwendolyn passed down the hall,
With step both soft and light,
Not with the rush and slam and bang,
Of a B.C. Eighteenite.
Nurse Greig she made her presence known
By many a kindly token;
Nurse Turnbull slyly tried to hide
The thermometers she had broken.
Nurse Hough, she grabbed the sprayer,
"Let us spray," was Nurse Hough's text,
And when the other things gave out
She sprayed the patients next.
Nurse Grant pulled up her cheesecloth mask,
For do, it never would
To let the doctor see her mouth,
Though patients, of course, could.
Doc. Carey came in wondrous suit
With piercing eyes and keen,
He took his satchel and produced
A huge X-ray machine.
And as he passed from bed to bed
And eased this one and that,
So wrapt was he in professional skill,
He forgot to remove his hat.
He thumped the girls upon the chest
With apparatus grand,
And then for five long minutes
He held each pulse—and hand.
He took his huge thermometer,
It really was a wonder;
And with a pair of plyers
He pryed their lips asunder.
After each patient had been seen
Before he left that night,
He said for supper they might have
Refreshments "very light."

And so refreshments were passed round.
 Thus was the evening spent.
 And later in roof-raising cheers
 Exuberance found vent.
 They cheered the nurse and doctor.
 The flus and non-flus, too.
 And then in desperation,
 They even cheered the flu!

ALUMNI ALUMNAEQUE

JENNIE M. TURNBULL, M.A.

"He, too, was a friend to me."

To each and all of the Alumni Alumnaeque, to every former student of Brandon College, we give our greetings. It may be some time since we have met, but in this department of "The Quill" let us find a common gathering-ground where we may sound forth our opinions, exchange bits of gossip, or deliver any message to "Quill" readers.

Christmas vacation approaches. Recollect what that means to a student, O Alumni, and think of us! We in turn wish that this may be a very happy Christmas for you. Four long years of war are past, and the day should mean much to us, though sadness and gladness be mingled in it.

Miss Leech has recently been helping in homes in Regina, where there was the greatest need for assistance during the epidemic of influenza there. Unfortunately, she herself contracted the disease, but we are glad to say, using her own expression, that she is "again able to manage four good square."

Class '18 will be proud of the successful work of Mr. D. S. McIntyre '18, under whose leadership the Victory Loan committee for Miami and district outdistanced their objective by comfortable hundreds.

Miss Jean Cameron, during the summer, decided that her duty lay in training for overseas nurses' work, rather than in finishing her course of study in Brandon College. We hope, now that peace is in sight, we may soon welcome her back.

Miss Hazel Richardson spent a day or two in Brandon in September, on her way to Melita, Man., where she is assistant principal of the high school.

Mr. Harley Hughes '15 is back to Brandon once more,

slowly convalescing after a long-drawn-out attack of influenza.

Wedding bells rang out in the city of New York on July 21st, when Mary Freedman and Victor Coen—both well known to Brandon College students—were married. Mr. and Mrs. Coen have taken up their residence in the metropolis.

Miss M. Bucke '14 is one of the high school staff in Outlook, Sask., but at present is giving very practical assistance in the "flu" hospital there.

Miss Marjorie Sherrin '18 is attending Faculty of Education in Toronto, and incidental to her course has been trying out the Spanish influenza.

The Misses Marie and Katherine Cameron have registered at Manitoba University for first year medical. From all reports the girls are true to the traditions of their family and are greatly enjoying this work.

Mrs. R. Brandon '13, of Regina, spent Thanksgiving in Brandon. Many friends were glad to welcome her to her home city.

Miss Bessie Freedman, formerly one of Professor Wright's promising pupils, is continuing her study of music in New York.

Upon request the Brandon College boys in military training at Long Branch have sent a message to "The Quill." Here it is:

"For the information of the uninitiated we would like to say that we have been returned victors in the various encounters at Jesse Ketchum. In passing, it may be mentioned that one of our number found a place on the casualty list in the conflict with 'flu.' He was rushed to the base hospital on the morn of our departure from that field. At present he is among the missing (missing here, but present at another camp). That particular enemy was not satisfied with one victim, but here we have had three and a half casualties, the half is so because he bravely withstood the attack and did not reach the hospital. Even the 'flu' has its compensations, as a convalescent leave usually follows.

"At present we are all on equal basis in a military, social or any other sense. For a time a number of us either were considered better than the others or were in some way contaminated—it is not known which. As a result these were

isolated, closely guarded, and marked by a gay red band worn on the right arm.

"For the greater part of the past six weeks we have been prisoners of war. The imprisonment took the form of a camp quarantine, our old enemy 'flu' having gained a temporary advantage. On being released, we made our way to the city for a glorious week-end, such as can only be spent after a lengthy confinement. While there we met several B.C. boys, and this made our leave all the more enjoyable."

We are glad that the boys found time in the midst of military routine to give us this peep of their activities in the East.

Early one morning in June, 1918, a very quiet wedding was solemnized in Brandon, when Vera Long and Lieut. W. Deans were married. The groom had returned but shortly from overseas unfit for further service. Our congratulations and best wishes are with these popular ex-students of Brandon College, as they take up their residence near Macnutt, Sask.

Miss Jean Avery '18 is attending Regina Normal School during its fall session and is honored with the office of President of the Literary Society there. We know that the activities of this organization cannot but be successful under Jean's leadership.

Miss Evelyn Simpson '13 is greatly enjoying her work in the Macleod High School, Alberta.

Miss Kate McDonald, Clark Hall '07-'09, is doing splendid V.A.D. work in the Queen Alexandra military hospital at Cosham, England. She was in charge of a number of "flu" patients until a few weeks ago, but is now on night duty in the surgical ward.

NEW YELLS.

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. Schooley (nee Miss Bertha Morris), May 28th, 1918—a daughter, Margaret Jean.

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. H. Widen, Midale, Sask., October 31st, 1918—a daughter, Hope Olivia.

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. G. D. Herbert, Dunrea, Man., June 29th, 1918—a son, Donald Morris.

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. A. Gordon, India, in October, 1917—a daughter, Hypatia Marie.

LATITUDE AND LONGITUDE

ALEXA FORSYTH '21

November woods are bare and still;
 November days are clear and bright;
 Each noon burns up the morning's chill;
 The morning's snow is gone by night.

In spite of a rather premature fall of snow, November has succeeded in giving us one of those pleasant surprises which are all too infrequent out here in the golden west. We were prepared for winter and she gave us spring, or at least something so closely resembling it that we find ourselves unable to concentrate on anything harder than two or three meals a day; content to just drift along, to bathe in this luxuriously warm sunshine, drink in this clear pure air, and enjoy the calmness and beauty of these moonlit nights. As we listen often to a merry party out sleighing we are reminded of Poe's rhythmical and melodious poem, "The Bells":

"Hear the sledges with the bells,
 Silver bells!

What a world of merriment their melody foretells!

How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,

In the icy air of night,

While the stars that oversprinkle

All the heavens seem to twinkle

With a crystalline delight:

Keeping time, time, time,

In a sort of Runic rhyme.

To the tintinabulation that so musically wells

From the bells, bells, bells, bells,

Bells, bells, bells,

From the jingling and the tingling of the bells.

(We forgot to mention that the recitation of this poem is considered a perfect test of sobriety and clearheadedness. If you don't think so, try it just before an exam. In the good old days loco' engineers used to have to recite it before leaving each station, and we believe that it's the next ordeal R.A.F. candidates have to go through after taking the chair-test.)

We regret that we have only received one exchange as yet. The McMaster University Monthly, which we here gratefully acknowledge; but trust soon to hear from many other colleges, which we presume, like ourselves, to have been "flu" victims.

Those of Brandon College students and teachers who had

the pleasure of knowing Dr. D. A. MacGibbon both professionally and socially, during the years he spent here as a member of the faculty, will be interested in this excerpt from a recent letter. Dr. MacGibbon enlisted and went overseas last June. Following a short description of the beautiful scenery around Surrey and the places of historic interest visited, he says:

"After a short leave, which I spent in Scotland, we were sent to Dorset to a big Tank centre. I am at present driving tanks. I am encased while at work in much greased overalls, and meet with indifferent success in trying to keep my fingernails out of deep mourning."

—McMaster Monthly.

So much has been said and written or otherwise expressed, concerning Freshmen, that we hesitate almost to voice our feelings in the matter, choosing rather to let another do it for us. The following sonnet shows such a careful study of the subject that we consider it requires neither comment nor criticism:

"A group of aimless wanderers from afar,
 They come: a motley crowd of verdure green.
 With strident laughs and self-assumed sheen.
 Gaze fixed apparently upon some star.
 Youthful complacency! How great a bar
 To wisdom's boundless stores. And yet I ween
 That, though there be somewhat of self-esteem
 In that first meeting with the Registrar,
 Fate lurks hard by and dreadful dooms await
 The rustic youths. Fostered in darksome den
 Mischievous plots are laid of wild and weird
 Design. Slowly the iron hand of Fate
 Descends. They sink beneath its force and then
 Emerge as Sophs, humbled but more revered."

—McMaster Monthly.

Yes, and here's another poem about the poor little—guesed it, didn't you? One would think that considering how it has been so behrymed, written up and talked down, laughed about, joked about, sung about—and knocked about, it would die of sheer self-pity, but it doesn't seem to. And the whole trouble is that people expect some marvellous product, a combination of grace and beauty and utility and all for—well,

it doesn't matter. We can picture a prospective buyer as saying:

"I could not love you dear so well,
Loved I not green-backs more."

However, here's the verse:

"Yes, Tin, Tin, Tin,
You exasperating puzzle, Hunka Tin,
I've abused you and I've played you.
But by Henry Ford who made you.
You are better than a Packard, Hunka Tin."

—Georgetown College Journal.

An interesting article from Scribner's is entitled "The American College and the War," and is a tribute to the college product no matter where found. After describing the abuses and scurrilous journalistic attacks received by the college of a decade or so ago, the writer says:

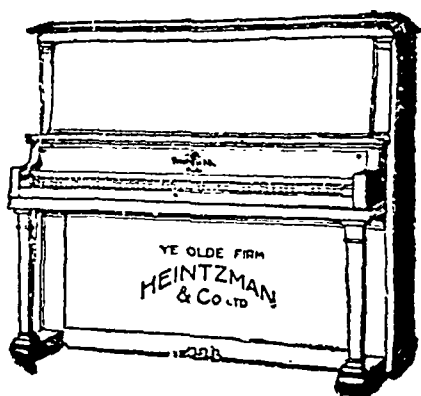
"And then the war came making an immediate appeal everywhere. It shook the colleges to their foundations. How highly sensitive and how thoroughly responsive college men were was demonstrated in startling fashion. College men had the training of body and mind and conscience. The leaders required must be men of personality, character and comprehension. Technical training in military matters, the college men did not have, but they had the capacity to learn quickly. The government instinctively turned to the colleges in their search for the elemental qualities which guarantee man-power. It was an official vote of confidence in an institution whose product the day before was called impractical and visionary."

"The heights by great men reached and kept,
Were not attained by sudden flight;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward thru' the night."

Two thoughts are uppermost in the minds of most people just at present—peace terms and "flu." The former is likely so to continue for some time, but the latter has become, for Clark Hall, merely a dream, and not altogether an unpleasant one at that. To preserve it in our minds we are reproducing an account of the flu written by a "Fluite."

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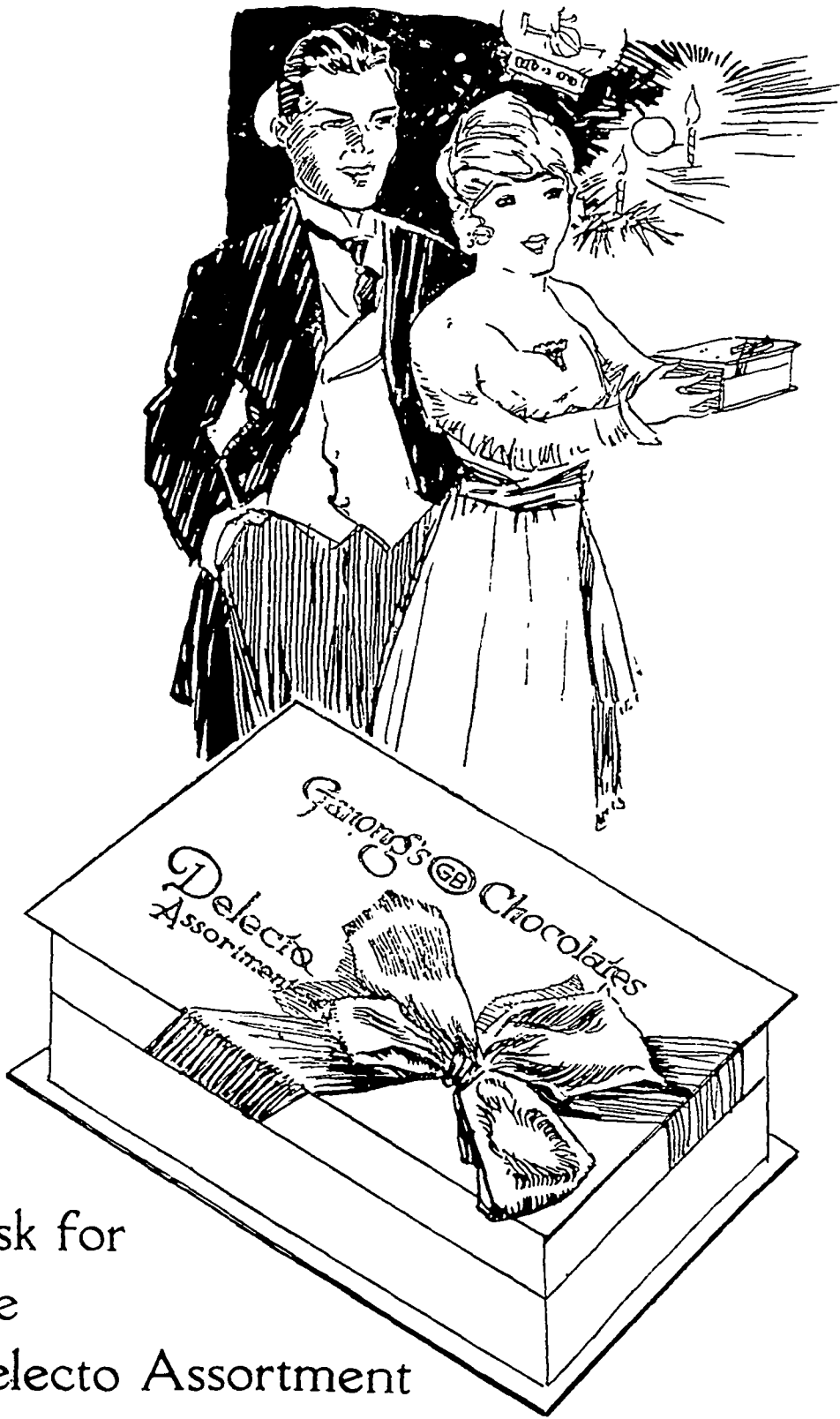
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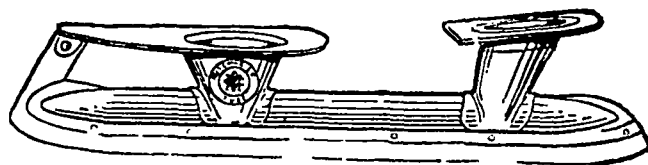
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But I can't drop it if I tried."

—Kipling.

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15 Clement Block.

"ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER."

ASK YOUR STOREKEEPER IF HE ADVERTISES IN THE "QUILL"

E. W. JACOBS

TAILOR
AND FURRIER

158 TENTH STREET

PHONE 2850

So now is come our joyfull'st feast.
Let every man be jolly;
Each room with ivy leaves is drest,
And every post with holly.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR

Government Standard **FLOUR**

Manufactured by

Maple Leaf Milling Co., Ltd.

AND CONSERVE FLOUR FOR THE ALLIES.

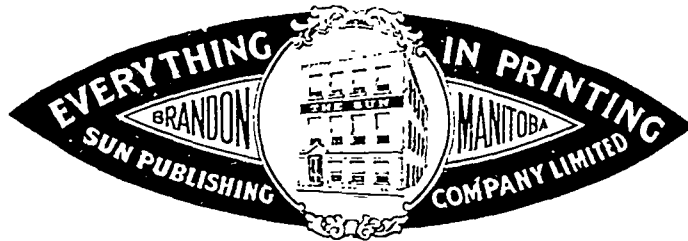
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Brandon, Man.

"ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER."

ASK YOUR STOREKEEPER IF HE ADVERTISES IN THE "QUILL"

THE PRINT SHOP



WHERE MOST OF THE
BEST PRINTING
COMES FROM

COLLEGE STUDENTS

We thank you for your past patronage, and no doubt you will continue to give us all your business in the cold winter days. Don't forget our Home-made Candies and Fancy Boxes. All sizes, running from 25 cents to \$5.

REMEMBER THE PLACE

THE NEW LYCEUM

638 Rosser Avenue

Phone 2979

The West End Milliners and Dry Goods

For Smart and Up-to-the-minute Styles in Millinery we still lead.

Ladies' Ready-to-Wear Waists, Corsets, Neckwear, Gloves, Hosiery, Underwear and Fancy Goods.

130 TENTH STREET

PHONE 2049

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ASK YOUR STOREKEEPER IF HE ADVERTISES IN THE "QUILL"

Kilgour, Foster & McQueen

Barristers, Solicitors, Etc.

110 ELEVENTH STREET

BRANDON, MAN.

Satisfaction and a Welcome Always Await You at the

REX CAFE

WE NEVER CLOSE

PHONE 3183

119 TENTH ST.

BRANDON, MAN.

Phone 2541

W. E. CRAWFORD

JEWELER

Issuer of Marriage Licenses

833 ROSSER AVENUE

Brandon

Manitoba

Joe's Barber Shop

120

TENTH STREET

Service plus personal attention make a combination hard to beat.

"ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER."

Let The New SEMI-READY STORE

Dress You and Your Boy

Semi-Ready Tailoring needs no introduction to Brandon. Its fame is Dominion-wide. Everybody knows that Semi-Ready Clothes hold the height of perfection aimed at but never achieved by makers of other brands.

Everybody will soon learn that the new Semi-Ready Store carries a fresh new stock of Men's Furnishings that equal in merit the famous Semi-Ready Suits and Overcoats.

Your patronage is invited on no other plea than quality and an assured square deal.

SEMI-READY STORE

Cor. Eight and Rosser

ASK YOUR STOREKEEPER IF HE ADVERTISES IN THE "QUILL"



CHESTERFIELDS & EASY CHAIRS

Covered in Tapestry

Here is your chance to be comfortable during the winter evenings at home when you spend more time with your favorite authors.

We have received a choice assortment of beautiful Chairs, Settees, Lounges, and Chesterfields that are worthy of a place in your home.

The designs and colorings are in harmony with modern furnishings.

Our prices are consistent with quality.

Macpherson & Bedford

THE FURNITURE PEOPLE

716 Rosser Avenue,

Brandon, Man.

"ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER."

ASK YOUR STOREKEEPER IF HE ADVERTISES IN THE "QUILL"

Always look at least as Smart as you Are



A young man with the biggest part of life ahead of him should never let his knowledge of other things overshadow the importance of personal appearance.

It isn't only important to know things to succeed.

It is almost as important to look as though you knew things.

A good appearance is magnified as an asset when you consider that the investment required to maintain a good appearance is little greater than the cost of dressing poorly.

We aim to dress successful men by always giving the younger man the kind of furnishings and clothing that will help him to gain the respect of all with whom he come in contact.

S. A. THOMPSON

The Fit-Rite Store

933 Rosser Ave.

"ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER"

ASK YOUR STOREKEEPER IF HE ADVERTISES IN THE "QUILL"

Christmas Suggestions

Handkerchiefs, 10c, 15c, 25c, 50c 75c \$1.00.

Neckwear, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.50.

Mufflers, \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$3.00.

Socks, 50c, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50.

Gloves, \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$4.00.

Braces, 50c, 65c, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.25.

Sweaters, \$3.50, \$5.00, \$6.50, \$7.50, \$9.50, \$13.50.

Suits, \$20.00, \$25.00, \$30.00, \$35.00, \$40.00.

Overcoats, \$20.00 to \$50.00.

GIVE HIM SOMETHING USEFUL.

H. W. Ball & Co.

OUTFITTERS TO MEN AND BOYS

712 Rosser Avenue,

Brandon, Man.

"ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER."