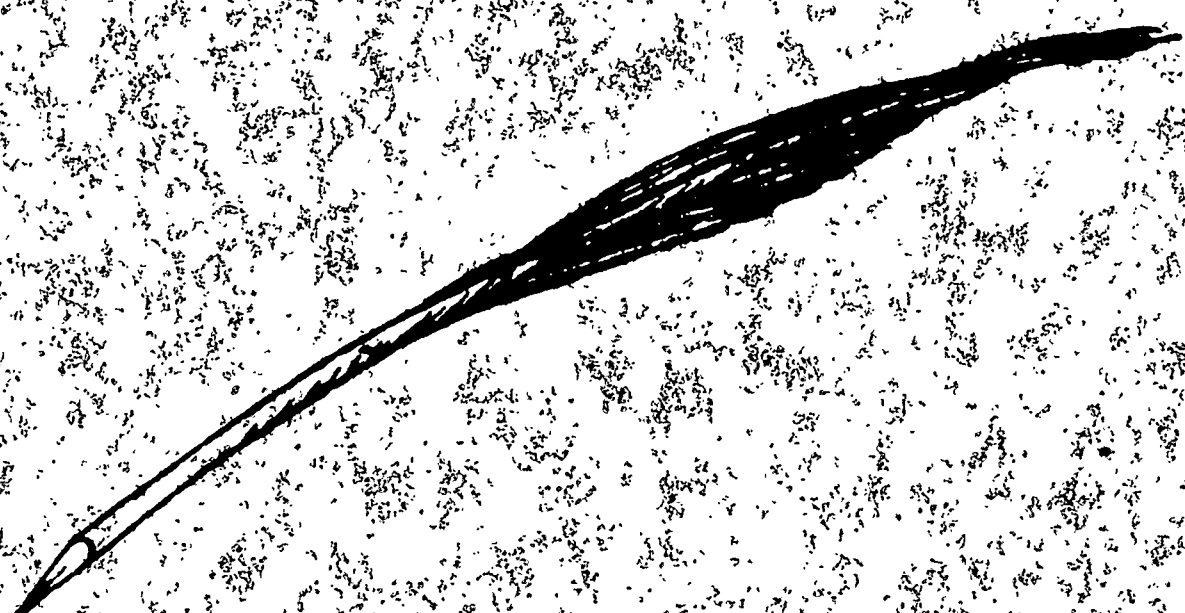


BRANDON COLLEGE QUILL. —



Vol. IX No. 3
**COMMENCEMENT
NUMBER
1919**

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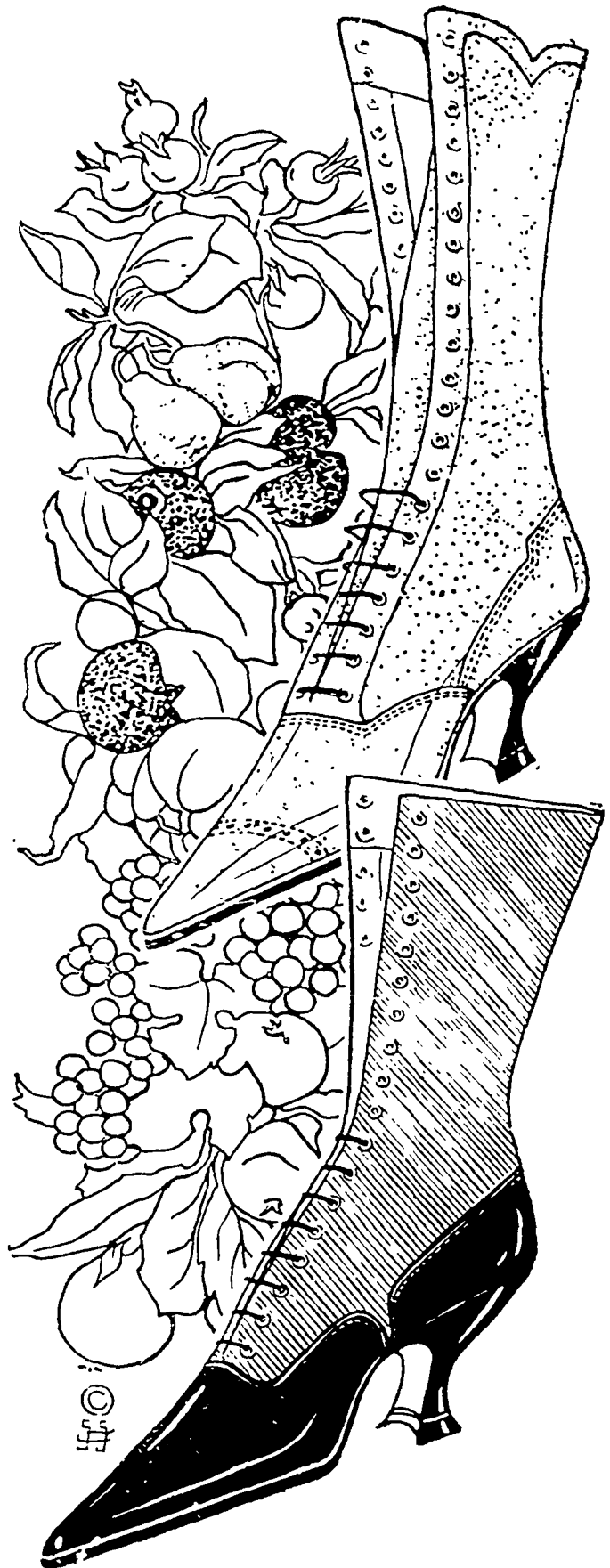
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Stenography and Typewriting

VERNON ORVAL WATTS, B.A.,
Junior Instructor Academic Department

* On leave of absence

‡ On military service in France.

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PRESIDENT'S FOREWORD

The College World is worth living in only as we learn there to go out and live worthily in the big world of action. Education is not an end in itself; it is a means to an end. By being educated we are drawn out in such ways as make possible the developing of strong personalities—men and women who know how to think clearly, feel deeply, and act consistently. By contact with truth and true men and women in College we are led into Freedom. It is because the educated person is FREE that the world needs him so much today. Some nations and many people are just entering into half freedom today. It is for those who are free indeed to read the signs of the times and go forth to take their place in helping to complete the great process of emancipation.

Much in the old order is fast passing. A new order must be established. Do not be chiefly concerned with tearing down or uprooting the old; be a specialist in establishing the new. College men and women are supposed to know enough of the laws of nature and of man to appreciate the great law of development. There must be growth. Have a share in promoting it. Be a part of the creative process.

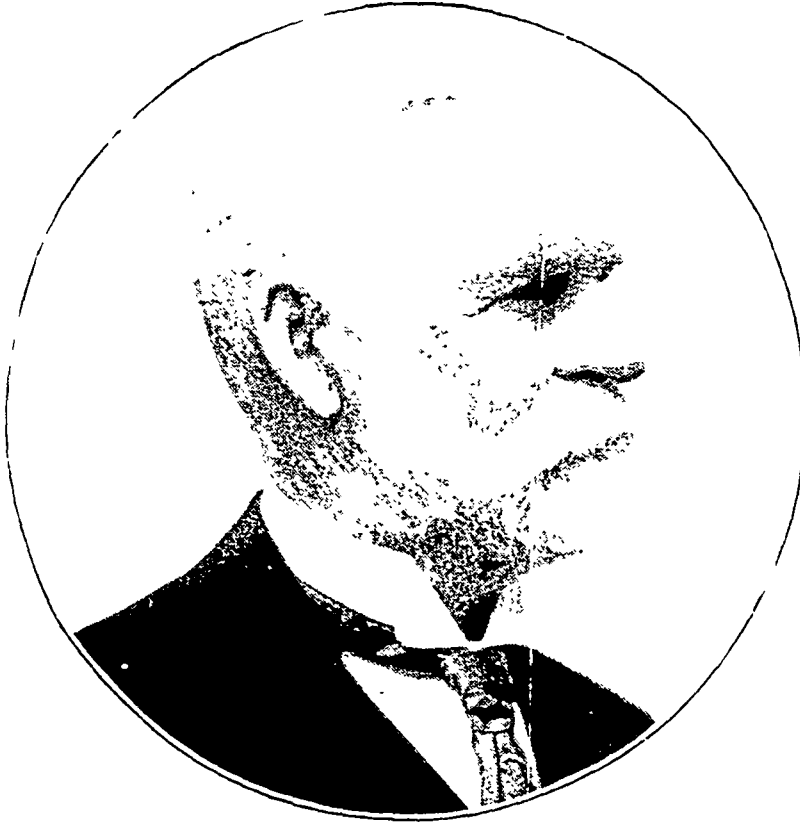
Do not fail to hear the right voice among all that are calling, nor to respond with claims of the best cause. This is your day of destiny. Don't look upon the day's work as done; it is only half begun. Your Alma Mater believes in God and Truth and Duty. Her spirit is that of democratic comradeship and helpful service. As citizens of two worlds you are sent forth to recognize ever the attractions of the ideal and also the demands of the real.



Howard P. Whidden

President

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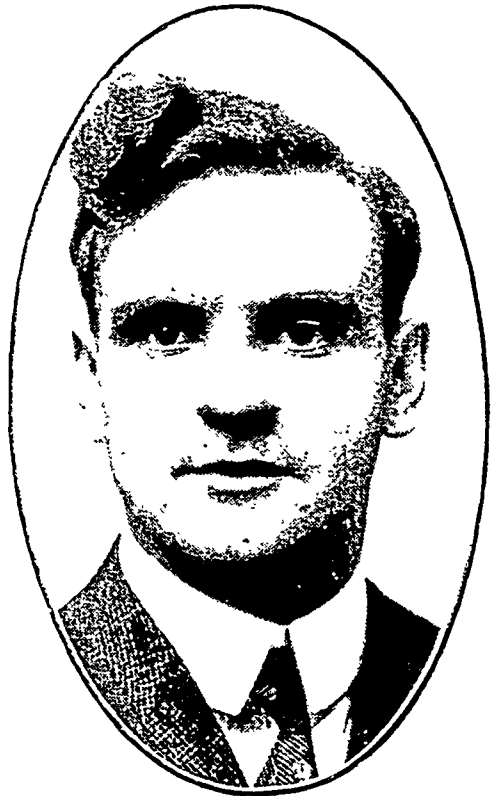
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Brandon College and Clark Hall

COLLEGE SONG

*Hail our College, out in the Golden West,
 Take thou our fealty, now unto thee confest,
 Be thou, Alma Mater, now and forever blest,
 Hail! Hail! Brandon forever! Hail!*

*Through rich valleys rolleth Assiniboine,
 Where sunsets golden prairies as golden join
 Round thy fair prospects fondly the memories twine,
 Hail! Hail! Brandon forever! Hail!*

Brandon College Quill

THREE NUMBERS A YEAR

VOL IX

JUNE

NO. 3

BRANDON COLLEGE QUILL is published by the Students of Brandon College, Brandon, Man. Terms: One Dollar a year, in advance, single copies, 35 cents. For extra copies of this number write the Registrar, Dr. S. J. McKee. Some competent members have already been appointed to the 1919-20 Quill staff, and their Quill will be a good one. If you cannot be a student at Brandon College next term, order the Quill early, send in your subscription during the Summer months, or at the beginning of the term, to Charles G. Whidden, care of Brandon College. Also please write him at any time for other Quill information you may desire.

This number has been edited by Class '19:

Editor-in-Chief	Don. S. Forsyth.
Assistant Editors	Isobel Cumming. Norman Grantham.
Consulting Editor	Miss J. M. Turnbull.
Associate Editors	All the rest of us.

ADVERTISING

Leslie Glinz, Norman Grantham, Campbell McIntyre,
Rae Smale.

O wad some power the giftie gie us
To "dope this out" as others see us.

Carlyle has said that biography is the only true history— We '19's doubt that he had in mind the roseate variety often met with in college year books. However, having his sense of what ought to be in this respect, we consider honesty a profitable policy, both for ourselves and the reader. Since it is likely (modestly) people may read about all of us later, in the Dictionary of National Biography, our frankness now will assist its compilers.

Though we may not tell the whole truth in the following brief appreciations of each other, we will endeavor to speak nothing but the truth, in the kindly and constructive manner we have been accustomed to during our pleasant college companionship.

CLASS '19 SONG

TUNE: "*Marching Through Georgia.*"

Perhaps you wonder who we are,
 Well, here's the answer clear:
 We're that jolly, classy, clever,
 Talked-of senior year;
 All the professors say that we
 Have livened things up here,
 Since we have joined Brandon College.

CHORUS:—

*'19, '19, our girls are fair and wise,
 '19, '19, our boys have brains and size,
 All the freshmen stare at us and say with
 opened eyes,*

"I wish I belonged to Class '19."

*'19, '19 we set the college pace;
 '19, '19, in beauty, wit and grace;
 Even the teachers stop their work and say
 with saddened face,*

"I wish I belonged to Class '19."

Perhaps you wonder what we'll do
 When finished with cribs and texts—
 We'll be filling places of
 Importance quite complex;
 And since the war is over now
 We'll kill the Kaiser next,
 And bring his head back to Brandon College.

Perhaps you wonder where we'll be
 In twenty years or more;
 I see a vast and surging crowd
 At the House of Commons' door;
 And as you all rush forward there,
 I hear the Speaker roar:
 "Stand aside! Enter '19 from the College!"

ARTS '19

YELL.

Vincit qui se vincit.
 Gold and Green.
 Jolly, classy, clever.
 Class '19!

MOTTO

Vincit qui se vincit



J. M. Turnbull, M.A.
 French

OFFICERS

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- Vice-PresidentZoe Hough
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- ProphetessFrances Wolverton
- PoetessMadge Struthers

COLORS

Gold and Green.

DIARY OF A "NINETEEN"

Sept. 25, 1915.

Dear Diary:

What do you think? Mother has at last consented to my going to college. It has always been my ambition to be a "B.A." the letters looked so mystic and learned after one's name. I feel rather frightened at the prospects, as from the outside that big brick building fronting Lorne avenue almost always gives me an attack of hypochondria or something.

Sept. 26.—I went up to register today in pouring rain. It was rather a damp and cold beginning to my bright career. I didn't make any social blunder except to ask the janitor what he taught, mistaking him for one of the professors. And, mind you, at two o'clock we had church with a perfectly good choir sitting behind the minister. It was just like a little country church, but they forgot to take the collection.

Sept. 27.—Well, the first day is over and I just hate the place. I didn't know a soul and no one knew me, but it seemed so funny to see the older students flying around the halls looking so comfy in their gowns. I wonder if I shall ever acquire such grace and poise? By the way, I learned a new word today—fulminate. It must be a favorite up here as every one of the teachers used it as well as exemplified it. There are just six girls in the class and twenty-five boys. Won't we have a good time with four and a-quarter boys each!

Sept. 29.—Oh! Diary dear, I'm not going to write much tonight, as I just came home from a freshman's reception. I met a lot of awfully funny people, but they may improve upon acquaintance.

Oct. 6.—We had a class meeting today and elected our executive, with Stan Miskiman as president. Gold and green are our colors, and we decided on our pins, which one professor kindly called soap-labels.

Oct. 22.—I played in the most peculiar game on field day: they call it "ground hockey." I didn't know much about the rules, but I just went and played as hard as I could, and scored the only goal, too. Tonight they had a promenade. Gee, they're great on social functions up here! And, oh, Diary, the nicest boy brought me home!

Nov. 2.—I got a "soup-ticket" today. I didn't tell mother, because she might think I wasn't studying, and I did. Last week I even stayed in two nights to work.

Nov. 26.—This afternoon we went to chapel, and after a very impressive address from Lieut.-Col. Glen Campbell, the original honor-roll was unveiled.

Nov. 27.—We had our first hike out to to Mrs. Ferrier's tonight. We weren't very dignified, but we had a wonderful time.

Jan. 14.—Exams are over now. Isn't that great? I probably got all "firsts" as they seemed very easy. We celebrated tonight by a snow-shoe hike down the river, and then went back to Isobel's for beans.

Jan. 18.—Oh, Diary, I'm feeling so blue. I just came home from a "farewell hike" for some of our boys. Some of them have faced the vital question and decided that they should go to war; and so we are losing Stan Miskiman, Wilf, Coristine, Ralph Maize and Jim Smith for the present.

April 11.—I had the most exciting time today. Some officers came up to review the 196 Universities Battalion, so of course we had a holiday. It was perfectly thrilling, and the boys looked wonderful in their uniforms.

April 20.—"Tempus fugit." Diary, that means "time flies." You see, exams are here again and I have been studying Latin all day. I'm nearly wild and the family think I'm crazy, as they say I recite German in my sleep, and that if anyone heard me I should be arrested. I guess I shall have to stop studying. Some more of our boys left today—Norman McDonald and Bev. Leech.

May 6.—Tonight was Convocation, and the girl- looked perfectly lovely. Only three more years and we'll be there, too. I hope some of the freshie green is worn off by now.

VOL. II, 1916-17.

Sept. 28.—Once more we are back in the old halls, Diary, dear, and it is certainly great to be a sophomore. Do you suppose we ever did such silly things as those freshies did to lay? Being a sophomore has its difficulties though, as you are supposed to be ever so much more dignified than a freshie, and that seems almost impossible. Our ranks are much depleted this year, as so many of the boys have enlisted, but we have some new members who are going to be very nice, I think. Brandon must have a pretty good reputation to bring Frances Wolverton from British Columbia, Vic. Nordlund from Alberta, Zoe Hough from Saskatchewan, and Don Forsyth from Brandon.

Dec. 20.—This was the last day of school, and Junior Arts had a masquerade tonight. The costumes were "jakealoo." We got partners in the most dignified manner. The girls stood behind a curtain with their feet out, and the boys stepped on the foot they liked best.

Jan. 1, 1917.—I made all kinds of resolutions today. The first and most important one was that from now on I would not go out more than four times a week and occasionally to the rink on Saturdays.

Jan. 11.—Well, here I am again. I have broken every resolution I made.

Feb. 1 —I entered parliament for the first time tonight. It wasn't nearly so dignified as I thought it would be, as all the ladies were knitting "hug-me-tights" and the men were cross about it.

March 2.—Tonight May McLachlan and Leslie Glinz are debating in Winnipeg. Mr. Pepin and Jean Avery debated here against two of the Winnipeg boys, and won out, too. I helped serve at the reception afterwards; but our fun was in the kitchen.

March 17.—Last year the Arts' Banquet was wonderful, but I didn't dream that the students had to work. I haven't slept for a week thinking about my decorating and the speech I had to make tonight. Isn't it funny that a little thing like a toast can spoil a good meal?

May 8 —Convocation is over again, and all the class have left. I am looking forward to next September already.

Vol. III, 1917-18

Sept. 26 —Here we are again, in a more mutilated condition than ever. Evan Whidden and Chris Riley have joined up. Cliff Cresswell has gone to the navy, Carl Hodges to McMaster, and Georgie Nethercutt to normal.

Oct. 8 —The class had a meeting tonight in the girls' reading-room, where we organized. Frances Wolverton is president and Mr. Evans honorary president.

Nov. 6 —Evan Whidden was here on his last leave today, so the class had a special table in the dining-room.

Feb. 16, 1918 —I was at a class party tonight. We stayed until after 12 o'clock, singing, and Clark Hall will be up in arms tomorrow. Georgie came back to pay us a visit and get acquainted with our new class-mate, Leonard Nelson. We wrote

a class letter to Cliff Cresswell, who will soon be on the briny deep.

March 14.—The Arts' Banquet is here again. Those seniors cause a lot of work around here for all the good they ever do. The banquet was very informal and simple this year, but I had even a better time than ever.

April 5.—This was "graduation" night at Literary. Do you know, Diary dear, we had to act like Class '18, and it was pretty hard, as everyone has his idiosyncrasies.

April 22.—Even though it is in the middle of exams, the girls had a special table for the boys. We don't expect to see any of them back next year. Instead of going home to study afterwards, we went up to the reception room for some games and then to a movie.

April 24 —Mr. Evans missed his calling, Diary dear. He should have been a photographer. He kept us outside for nearly two hours posing for class pictures, and then not one of them turned out well.

April 25.—Exams are all over, and Zoe goes away at 3 a m. If Madge and Don only wake up in time they are coming for me and we will go down to see her off. Another year has slipped away.

VOL. IV, 1918-19.

Sept. 26 —Diary, at last we have reached our seniority (at least in college), and now we must be more dignified than ever. Out of the large class with which we started, only five of us are back. It seems rather sad to think of it, but we must keep things going. We certainly were glad to hear that Rae Smale, one of the "returned boys," was going to join us, making two boys. How different from the four and a-quarter apiece of first year!

Sept. 27.—We sat up in the front row in chapel this morning and felt quite conspicuous and self-conscious. All the freshies looked at us with longing eyes.

Oct. 15.—Diary dear, "Flu" has come to town. I guess you aren't acquainted with him yet, but you may be later. We have just learned that we shall have to go in the college to live until the ban is lifted from the city. Won't we be able to do a great deal of work now? Tonight there was a bon-fire on the campus.

Oct. 19 —The four girls of Class '19 are the only ones of the class in residence. We organized today, with Miss Turnbull as honorary president

Nov. 11.—At 3 o'clock this morning we were wakened by the city bells and the college yell which were being used to celebrate the signing of the armistice. It seems almost too good to be true. After breakfast we assiduously practised patriotic songs and decorated; then went to chapel. A snow fort of Berlin was erected which was later stormed and the kaiser captured and bounced. In the evening we had a promenade with "eats." Can you imagine anything more frivolous? But then the war is over.

Nov. 13.—Flu is getting worse and there are only about ten of us left standing. Nursing is great fun when you can *force* a person to take a capsule or some cough medicine. Gwen Whidden is over helping too. Zoe has decided to go home to nurse "flu," so the class planned a little party in Mrs. Wilkins' room. We hated to see Zoe go in one way, but then it gave us a chance to go down to the station under the guidance of our honorary president.

Dec. 15.—The ban has been lifted and everyone is back at work again. In a few days we stop lectures for Christmas, and then "exams."

Jan. 15.—Exams are over, and everyone can be happy until results come out. Since peace was declared, some of the boys have come back from overseas and from Toronto. We now have a class of ten. Won't we have some fine times together? Mr. Cooper is back again, though now a benedict Campbell, McIntyre '17, and Leslie Glinz '18 have joined our class, and John Grant has come back from Toronto.

Feb. 26.—Last fall it was decided that the students should erect a gymnasium as a memorial for the Brandon College soldiers. Mrs. Wilkins, Miss Wilson and Miss Ziegler gave a recital tonight in aid of the fund. Miss Turnbull invited the "'19's" to her home afterwards, where we discovered many original ideas which were lying dormant by telling an impromptu and progressive story. Les. took the bun with his sensational auto runaway—it circled a basin in the mountains so rapidly that it smashed its own tail light.

March 6.—We had a meeting of the "Political Science and International Polity" Club tonight. Isn't that a mouthful? We just love to say it when any of the freshies are around, as they think it is something big, you know.

March 14.—The Literary Society put on a play tonight called the "Varsity Coach." One of the '19's was a leading man, which helped to make the play a great success.

March 18.—The senior girls entertained Senior Arts to tea at the college tonight.

March 21.—Diary. I have just had the most wonderful time in all my checkered career. This was the occasion of *our* Arts Banquet. Can you imagine that? It only seems yesterday since we came up here on that rainy day. All the girls looked wonderful in their new dresses, but, say, the dinner and the decorations were "scrumptuous."

April 5.—I got the most mysterious letter the other day asking me to be at Clark Hall door on Saturday. It wasn't *very* definite, but then I like adventure. The boys had to call for us, however, as it rained, and we all met down in the Prince Edward in the private dining-room. Nothing quite so lovely was ever seen or eaten before, and our boys certainly know how to entertain.

April 10.—I didn't know we appeared so peculiar to other people. Tonight was "graduation" literary, and, to say the least, there is a great deal of room for improvement. Norman Grantham '17 joined our class today. He just came home from service overseas.

May 12.—I have only a few minutes left as today is class-day and a graduate's time is so taken up, and yet it is so serious and sad to think that these are our last college days. After Convocation I intend to sit down and think it all over, but I really have not had time this past week. Such a whirl of activities as we have had. Kathleen and Edith entertained us one evening after Literary. Wasn't it lovely of them? The next afternoon Miss Turnbull had tea for us. Then our picnic—you probably know, old Diary, what a damp picnic it was, but that was just a little of the '19 originality to choose a wet day. We were over at Madge's on Thursday night and at Dr. Whidden's for dinner on Saturday. While there we met Dr. Keirstead and were informally told the glad news of our success. Sunday evening, Mr. Lewis of Regina preached the Baccalaureate sermon, but the serious thoughts which it inspired are too sacred to confide to even you, dear Diary. We went over to Isobel's after church for a sing-song. This morning Dr. Keirstead rehearsed us in the City Hall. We were not more clumsy than other classes, you know, it is merely the custom. Well, I really must leave now and not keep Class '19 waiting any longer.

Farewell! dear College Diary.

—ISOBEL F. CUMMING '19

DONALD STEWART FORSYTH



*"A man so various that he seemed to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome."*

It is true that there are a few members of Class '19 who have travelled farther and come from more distant places, but none have had a more varied career than Don. After a period at business college and Brandon Collegiate, Don decided to see the world, so during the next two or three years he visited some of the cities of Western Canada and the United States.

In 1914, however, the instinctive thirst for knowledge brought him back to Brandon Collegiate where he remained for two years. Then joining Class '19 in its sophomore year, he made himself famous by carrying off the proficiency scholarship. This brilliant piece of work was just a taste of what was to follow, for in the fourth year he captured the scholarship in Political Economy.

Don has in several ways shown himself to be a resourceful organizer, having been the energetic editor of the "Quill" in his junior year and the enthusiastic president of Class '19, as a senior. Perhaps his ability as a public speaker has done most towards winning him a place in the hearts and minds of all who know him. Certainly those who heard him in the valedictory address will agree, that only a thinker and student of character could deliver so worthy a message.

Don expects to continue his studies at Chicago in the near future, and we are sure that his efforts will be crowned with well-deserved success in whatever branch of activity he follows.

Casual Expression: "The son-of-a-gun-ski!"

Hobby: Collecting cuts for the "Quill"

Stimulants: Irish songs and "hamburgs"

JOSEPH EDWARD COOPER

"So is the forehead of a married man more honorable than the base brow of a bachelor."



At Codnor, a quaint little village in Derbyshire, England, began the earthly pilgrimage of J. E. Cooper. He spent his first school days in what was then the only Methodist day school on the map. Two years in technical school later, where he specialized in mathematics and carried off the prizes offered, fitted him for succeeding duties in the offices of a large colliery. During the latter he made preparation for the ministry.

In 1912 Joe decided to explore Canada for clerical opportunities, and soon found the tobogganing good as a sky pilot to the lumber jacks of Northern Manitoba. During the hibernation he decided to load for bear next time, so with spring he came down on the ice floes to Winnipeg. There he commenced matriculation work, which ultimately turned his eyes towards the Arts Course of Brandon College.

During his entire college course he has successfully attended to a Methodist circuit, and yet done very well at studies, winning the scholarships in Hebrew. On account of the many demands made upon him we have missed him in some college activities, but the loss has been others' gain.

June 1918 stands out as a landmark in his history: he enlisted, was ordained for the Methodist ministry and married, all in a single week. With the completion of this course he will bend all his energies to his chosen work. His class mates believe that the race will be straight, but not a too sober one; for he is quite a musical fellow, and wears a merry twinkle in his eye.

Habitual Phrase: "That is, er-r, I mean to say."

Great Exploit: Matrimony.

Failing: "Home Thoughts From Abroad."

LESLIE ALBERT GLINZ



*"Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look.
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous."*

The later nineties were an epoch of historical importance to the little prairie town of Oak River, Manitoba. Not that the town-folk then recognized the significance of the age, but now they have good cause to do so. Having completed his matriculation at the Collegiate here, Les, modestly introduced himself to Class '18 of Brandon College at its inauguration, and quietly proceeded, until 1917, to obtain the major portion of honors conferred upon it. Then, stimulated by the metaphysical flights in which he had become an "ace" as a junior, he enlisted in the R.F.C. The signing of the armistice, however, gave the signal that sent him on a nose-dive for Brandon College again, where he landed safely at the beginning of the second semester of 1918-19. He was admitted to the Distinguished '19 Order and later decorated with the hood de rabbit-skin.

Les has upheld his college in almost all branches of sport, though he has only a suit-case full of ribbons and medals as testimony of the fact. Winner of the oratorical contest of 1919, and a member of the debating team that went to Winn.peg in 1917, he has proven that in the art of speaking he knows how to use his ammunition.

Other good qualities, among which perseverance is notable, make Les a fellow you would elect to the inner circle of friendship.

In business, economics, or law, he will not be satisfied with superficialities and easy sailing. Such men the world needs

Great Adventure: Losing his lady (caramel).

Latest Joke: Evolved C' 1800 A D

Special Holiday: Cor-day.

ISOBEL FERN CUMMING

✧

*"Th' engaging smile, the gaiety,
That laughed down many a summer
sun
And kept you up so oft till one."*

✧

Florence is known to us chiefly through the great men who originated there. Somewhat akin to that Italian city is the town of Selkirk, Manitoba, since its great claim to distinction lies in the fact that there Isobel Cumming, of present day renown, first smiled good naturedly upon her mundane surroundings.

At three months, the precocious infant manipulated her rattle with such dexterity that admiring friends prophesied a musical career. At five months, she eyed a vari-colored ball with speechless wonder, and they foretold with equal certainty her artistic tastes. The first prognostication has proven true, while the second, we are now convinced, meant that Isobel should become a Baccalaureus Artium.

At a tender age she induced her parents to accompany her to Brandon. Here she accepted a public and high school education, and became a freshman at Brandon College in 1915. During the course, Isobel has obtained a share of good findings, but at the same time has never let study interfere unduly with her education. Whether asked to play on the hockey team or respond to a toast at an Arts banquet, she has been willing to comply. Various offices have been competently filled: president of Senior Arts, vice-president of Junior Arts, twice elected vice-president of Class '19. At present she is financial secretary for our Memorial Gymnasium fund.

In further fields of endeavor, subsequent to a normal course now under way, we know that she will be a credit to Alma Mater, and always remain one of the happiest members of Class '19.

Cheerful Assurance: "I'm going out this evening, but I'll do that tomorrow."

Fond Ambition: To be an M.D.

Relaxation: Motoring



JOHN GRAY GRANT



“—So here I'll lie, my morning calls
 deferring,
 Till something nearer to the stroke
 of noon:
 A man that's fond precociously of
 STIRRING
 Must be a spoon.”

There are periods in the world's history when phenomenal events occur and are witnessed by only a favored few. Some twenty years ago the lusty lungs of John Gray forced upon such a few, notice of his arrival. Since then he has resided in or near Brandon, growing greatly in stature and in knowledge.

Though born on a farm, John, unlike Cicero, was not partial to the pursuits of agriculture, so he determined to prepare himself for law, or banking, or a similar profession, by taking an Art's course. As a result, Brandon College has enjoyed for four years his happy, care-free, and fun-loving disposition. John carries a little sunshine around with him wherever he goes. His musical and still lusty voice help to keep things cheerful.

John's attitude toward study was quite frequently a "laissez faire" one. He avers that too strenuous exertion and too diligent application tend to make one prematurely old. Nevertheless, John Grant has brains of more than ordinary calibre. His mathematical ability is not mediocre. There are very few who at his age are sufficiently developed and sufficiently capable to secure an Arts degree.

John has also spent several months in the training camps of the Royal Air Force at Toronto. At present he proposes to study law. We predict that with a little more maturity he will make his mark in the world as a successful and capable business man.

Greatest Hero: Kant.

Favorite Haunt: (See Smale's.)

Weight Lifting Record: 150 pounds on the mat(tress) before breakfast.

ZOE ELLEN MARGERRISON HOUGH

»
*"Hey ding a ding, ding;
 Sweet lovers love the Spring."*
 ♦



Zoe made her first appearance in Hubbard, Minnesota. When she was eight years old her parents decided to leave the United States and become Canadians, incidentally settling in Central Butte, Sask. Easily making her way through Central Butte schools, Zoe next captured a First Class Certificate in Moose Jaw; thence on to Regina, where she took possession of a First Class Normal Certificate. She continued her journey East in the Fall of '16 and began her sophomore year in Brandon College with Class '19.

Throughout her course she served on countless committees, was prominent on the Y.W.C.A., convened Clark Hall Bible Study, yet found time to take a sisterly interest in the college "Cop," and to make week-end trips out of town. In the Fall of '18 night-nursing was one of her new activities, and Brandon College "Flu" patients testify to her success. She has watched over Class '19 as Vice-President and was hostess of many a jolly "feed" in her room that junior girls will not soon forget. In spite of social duties, pedestrian excursions, and regular movie inspections, she has invariably appeared at the end of the term laden with "firsts." In third year she won the proficiency scholarship and an "honorable mention"; in second year the psychology scholarship.

Zoe is the practical member of Class '19. With her breadth of sympathy and her taste for scholastic pursuits, we know that her proposed work for a Master's degree will be successful and that her life will be one spent well, "in bringing the world one hair's-breadth nearer to the dawn."

Distinctive Utterance: "Well, it seems to me that——"

Corridor L. Echo: "Zoe is wanted downstairs."

Hobby: Night trains.

ERNEST NORMAN GRANTHAM

*"Deep on his front engraven
Deliberation sat and public care."*



Norman is a native of Brandon in whose schools and Collegiate he grew up and waxed strong enough to enter Brandon College with the forces of Class '17. There he climbed the hill of learning in sturdy fashion until the close of his third year, when he transferred to the 196th Battalion in response to the country's call. He played

the game to the finish in France, returning just in time to swing onto the '19 graduation special. We all were glad to welcome Norman with his fine record, to our representative class.

It matters not when Norman cut his first tooth, suffice it to say they are all fairly well cut at present, due to the efforts of his good old Alma Mater. Not that his college did all the cutting—he did his part, and did it well. He has proven a diligent student, a loyal classmate and an all-round good fellow with an agreeable sense of quaint humor. His quiet reserve and thoughtfulness give one the impression that he is stationed in this old world for some good purpose. Thoroughness and fidelity in all offices he has filled augur well for success in the higher accountancy or business administration to which he aspires.

He will go farther because of the fact that he is free from many of the social exertions that matter not a jot, and can take time to be seated and enjoy the companionship of his own thoughts.

Solicitous Interrogation: "Do you understand? See?"

Pleasant Experience: Leave in Scotland.

Setting-up Exercise: Simultaneously studying Latin and eating apple pie.

MADGE LA PRAIRIE STRUTHERS



"What though care killed a cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care."



The name of Portage la Prairie, Manitoba, has indeed been lifted to literary heights through its adoption by a be'impled toddler who took up residence there "umptein" or so years ago. Thanks be to the gods who made this little faery Madge poetic, for she soon recognized the musical cadence of the word Brandon also. She realized, however, that though she could not with propriety prefix it to her surname, she might attach *herself to it*. Presto! she arrived bringing the family.



Here the Madgie worked so well that even after a Third Class Normal, she, perforce, spent some time wishing teaching age sublimina were lower. She waited, taught, then came to Brandon College.

Pedagogical duties had increased the maturity that has solved so many of '19's problems from its youth up. Beshrew me, but her quick wit has shot it through and through. Always proficient in studies, Madge has been put on every kind of committee calling for resourceful work. Her election as president of the Literary Society for 1917-18, conferred the students' highest honor. In every phase she has been proven one of the most dependable of college girls. In future an M.A. in English is probable.

Whether our classmate teaches, keeps house, or writes a thesis on "having children called by numbers until old enough to choose their own names," society will benefit, and her environment be irradiated by a lightsome personality.

Dearest Possession: Her loose-leaf note-book.

Historical Hero: Lord Nelson.

Great Adventure: Receiving chewing-gum from the trustees

FRANCES MARY WOLVERTON

*“Low gurgling laughter as sweet
As the swallow’s song in the South,
And a ripple of dimples that dancing
meet
By the curves of a perfect mouth.”*



Lindsay, Ontario, was the place that Frances Mary decided to honor with her baby yells, but to Brandon fell the honor of her college yells. Having spent part of her early childhood at the

Experimental Farm here, fond remembrances of the Wheat City lured her in young womanhood from Nelson, B.C., to Brandon College.

Class '19, select and exclusive, were at first very dubious about accepting an applicant from the wilds of British Columbia, but in a few weeks Frances, by her frank simplicity and genuine good-fellowship, proved to them that she was a jewel fit for the setting.

During three years with us, though often “weighed” she has never been “found wanting.” On the campus, class executives, and committees ad infinitum she has exhibited willingness and ability to participate to the full in college activities. She has exchanged knocks and bumps with a “staz-on” smile—ask any of her opponents in ground hockey, basket-ball or baseball. The “Quill” can boast of having had her on its staff. So adaptable is she, that we find her equally at home spreading butter with a paper-knife at a midnight “feed” or standing in reception line with the faculty. Further, she was betimes a conscientious student.

Her friends and classmates will remember especially, however, Frances’ lilting melodies. Not only a sweet singer, but an ever-ready one; for if asked at the last moment to assist in an impromptu program, she always cheerfully consented.

The possessor of so delightful a temperament can never fail to overcome difficulties, radiate sunshine and be a success.

Endearing Generalization: “N everything.”

Treasured Trophy: History medal.

Great Obstacle: Le français

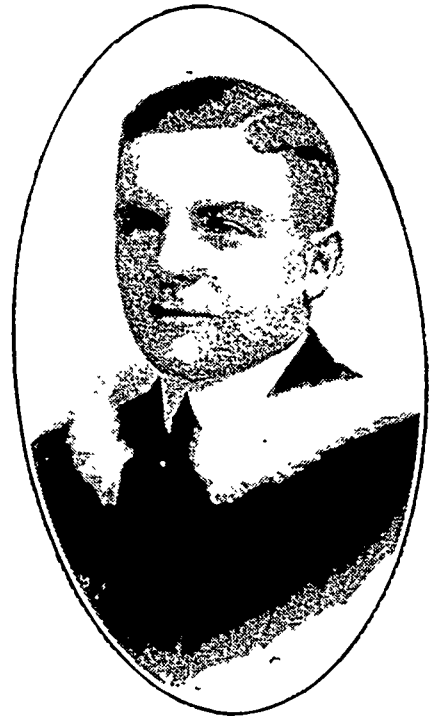
CAMPBELL MABEE McINTYRE



"If he be not in love with some woman, there is no believing old signs."



Cam was born in Winnipeg shortly before the war, where he did some studying at the kindergarten and other of the city's scholastic fixtures. Being a smooth little shaver, he slipped out of town in 1913 a la box-car (?). Finding relief for homesickness in Brandon College he remained there long enough to obtain credit for two years of Arts.



Next year he got as far as Toronto and took third year at McMaster, from which he went overseas in the spring of '16. Two and a-half years were spent in various English training camps and hospitals, with an occasional leave among the Scotch lassies of Edinburgh. However, he returned single after some close shaves, and joined Class '19's final drive.

Cam's cherubic smile, good temper (when aroused?), and his 2-cylindereed moustache proved irresistible—especially to the co-eds; and, figuratively, he didn't take a back-seat with us at any time. He has proven himself a careful and enthusiastic student, whilst a peep into the past reveals a good record in athletics, on the Lit. Executive, etc.

Though somewhat bashful (?) at times, and prone to keep on the windy side of care, he has a deep moral purpose beneath, and a big reserve of power that we expect to see unthrottled in some form of Y.M.C.A. or social service work, in the near future.

Most Effective Joke: Consult Madge's "Key."

Touching Poem: The Rape of the ——— Moustache.

Weakness: Roaming in the Gloaming (en route cinemas).



ALBERT RAE SMALE

"In every deed of mischief he had a heart to resolve, a head to contrive, and a hand to execute."

Close to the end of the last century A. R. Smale was ushered into this great world of ours at Carberry, Manitoba. His first few years at school were trying ones for the teachers who had to control the young rascal. Later, upon moving to Brandon, his kind parents tethered him out at the schools and Collegiate, from which the authorities deported him with a matriculation certificate.

However, realizing a purpose in education, Rae entered Brandon College in 1914. The career was temporarily checked in the spring term of 1916, when he decided upon a European tour and enlisted with Brandon College platoon of the 196th Western Universities Battalion. After some time in the front line, Rae was severely wounded, rendered unfit for further service, and returned home in the spring of 1918. Three cheers for him!

Much benefited by foreign travel, he ardently resumed his course last fall, graduating with historic '19. During the year he has played a prominent part in college activities: President of the Debating Society, head of the Memorial Gymnasium Committee, etc.

Rae is a warm-hearted, vivacious chap of considerable agility both mental and physical. He himself admits that he can do a power of work on a rainy day or when his mother locks him in the pantry. A friend observes that he will be a great help to her when he grows up.

But we know that in the legal profession he will apply the brakes and "get out and get under."

His frank look-you-in-the-eye address should move stony old judges and mahogany topped jurors to sit up and listen, before many years roll by. Here's to the day! say all '19's.

Exclusive Exclamation: —? (Censored).

Favorite Brand of Tailoring: "Navy Cut."

Athletic Proficiency: Doing Fido stunts with his ears.

"JUST TWENTY YEARS AGO"

(An article appearing in the "Historical Number" of "Brandon University Quill," 1939.)

"It is our purpose in this Historical Number to review the outstanding events that mark the wonderfully rapid development of Brandon University from the early stage known as Brandon College with an attendance of only a few hundred, to the flourishing centre of knowledge, the home of so many of us students today.

With the completion last fall of the magnificent conservatory in our botanical gardens, and the installation a few weeks ago of a large equatorial telescope in the new observatory, our pride in Alma Mater is well-nigh complete. From the "Quill" editorial and press rooms in the mechanical building one's view across a wide stretch of campus, in olden days the site of Brandon City athletic grounds, meets a stately pile, John Grant Hall, the men's residence. Fronting the quadrangle on either side various buildings of modern architectural design look down upon winding driveways bordered by velvet lawns and green hedge.

As we write the voices of water nymphs are wafted through the open window from the gymnasium, for this happens to be Arts girls' night at the swimming pool. These are but a few reminders of the many advantages our university affords us, and we are led to remember with gratitude all who have helped make it possible.

Among these, perhaps none have been greater factors than the illustrious members of Class 1919. It was their unflagging class loyalty and the enthusiasm with which they inspired the Alumni Association which set so high a standard for many succeeding classes. The phenomenal growth of our university since that year is largely attributed to their unstinting efforts in its behalf, increased by nation-wide influence in their individual professions.

As most readers are aware, there is a department in Glinz Library conducted by the Alumni Association, in which records of the achievements of renowned graduates are filed. From this source we have been fortunate in securing the following interesting items for publication:

Extract from the "Souris Double Dealer," Sept. 1, 1928:

"Rev. J. E. Cooper, B.A., B.D., former pastor of the Cosmopolitan Tabernacle, Edmonton, Alta., arrived in the city today to commence his duties as lecturer in history at Souris

College. The college is to be congratulated on securing the services of the author of the epoch-making book, "Though Sinn Feiner's Called 'Shin Finer.' Is He?"

The following article appeared in a recent number of the American Medical Journal:

"Dr. Isobel F. Blank, F.A.C.S., head of the Bacteriological Department of the Pathological Faculty, University of Yale Lock, has recently made another valuable contribution to therapeutics. After long experimentation on the basis that bacteria thrive in an acid environment, she has proven conclusively that the surest prophylactic is a sweet disposition cultivated by regular, hearty laughter. The Doctor maintains that adult germs are so terrified of air vibrations set up by the optimistic laughter, that the boldest will not venture within 19.2 mm. of their source."

Toronto Globe, Nov. 10th, 1926.

"D. S. Forsyth, Ph.D., of the Department of Political Economy, University of Chicago, delivered a vigorous address at today's session of the Canadian Labor, Capital and Consumers' Congress in this city, on the advisability and means of introducing some form of labor-copartnership in a few sections of industry, such as the staffs of certain college magazines, in which pleasure and profits are yet shared unequally."

The following is an extract from the "Rapid City Distorter's" report of proceedings of the Fall Assizes held there in 1938:

"In the case of a man convicted on the charge of wilfully swiping the last lady caramel from a comrade's coat pocket, Judge L. A. Glinz after severely reprimanding the prisoner, thus concluded his scathing address:

"... Again I charge you, that unless you stop shearing the sheep that lays the golden egg, you'll run the pump dry. You have certainly thrown the apple of discord into our midst which, had it not been nipped in the bud, would have started a conflagration that would deluge the world. Avaunt! avaunt! ye scoundrel! lest the odor of your personality leave a leaden taste in the public eye."

"Cairo Daily Snooze," July 30th, 1930:

"John G. Grant, the large manufacturer of this city, has just placed on the market another of his numerous inventions, which has been subjected to years of careful testing. It is a novel device in the form of a couch covered with awning and fitted with an electric punkah. The occupant, through an ingenious device, is able to comfortably partake of cooling bev-

erages whilst in a reclining or supine position. The proceeds from sales, Mr. Grant announces, will be donated to one of the universities he attended some years ago."

"Brandon Moonshine," Sept. 12th, 1930:

"Birthday congratulations to E. N. Grantham! expert government accountant, whose invaluable work has rid the country of the last of the beef barons. During his untiring investigations of the operations of cold storage plants in the Dominion, a number of despicable frauds have been exposed. In one notorious case of stock-watering, Mr. Grantham discovered that, though the capitalization was placed at one million dollars, actually only twenty-five per cent of this was subscribed paid-up stock: the remainder being sustained in mid-air in warm vapor form, which would inevitably be condensed and precipitated upon innocent investors."

The wife of a well-known foreign missionary, who will be remembered by many Alumni as Miss Zoe E. M. Hough, has successfully organized a progressive branch of the Y.W.C.A. with headquarters at Nord-Lund-Tse, Formosa. This branch under her efficient leadership is completing arrangements for a world convention of the organization at that place in 1940."

"Winnipeg Free Trader," Nov. 11, 1932:

"Campbell M. McIntyre, B.A., who has been engaged for several years in extensive Y.M.C.A. work in Turkey, arrived home today on furlough. It will be remembered that Mr. McIntyre through his popularity as a physical director, induced the Young Turks to substitute athletics and gyrations in the gym, for the five daily periods of prayer. Though they have adopted Christianity, they playfully call their respected leader '*Allah Mac*.'"

Since a perusal of voluminous information on hand concerning the career up to date of A. R. Smale, K.C., we find our space will permit of only a brief summary. Some years ago, after an extensive tour, on which he visited Old Mexico, Honolulu, the Porcupines and Kemnay, gathering scientific data, he was elected to represent a western constituency at Ottawa. Today, student debating societies are making good use of his brilliant speeches in Hansard which unquestionably won the day for free trade between Canada and the United States.

The MacMillan Publishing Co. announces that Madge La P. Struthers, M.A., whose writings have become quite popular in American literary circles, has two new books ready for publication. One of these is a critical treatment of Canadian lyric

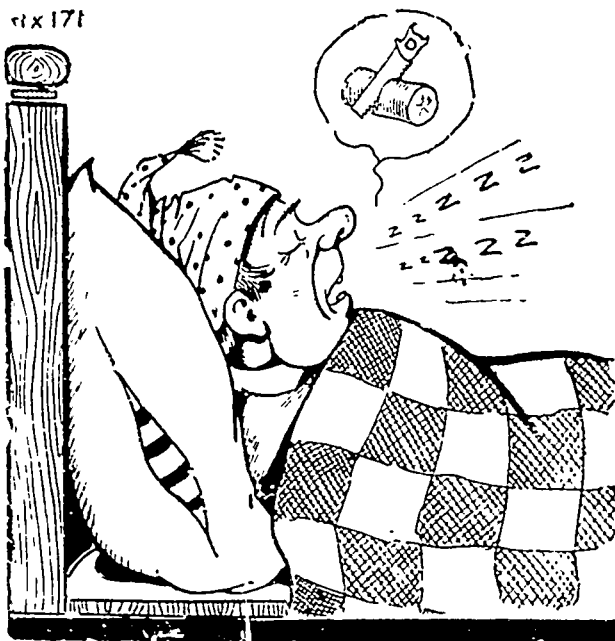
poetry; the other a dissertation in support of the right of a maiden-lady to wear a gold ring for every proposal of matrimony she has received. Miss Struthers further promises to have a little volume entitled "Key to Obscure Jokes" ready for press in the early future.

Excerpt from "St. Giles Ladies' College Monthly," June 1928:

"It is with deep regret that we regard the closing days of the term, since we shall soon bid farewell to our esteemed Principal, Miss Frances Wolverton, M.A., who will leave early in July for her home near the Skootenay Lakes. Our best wishes go with her for constant happiness in the new sphere which she is about to enter."

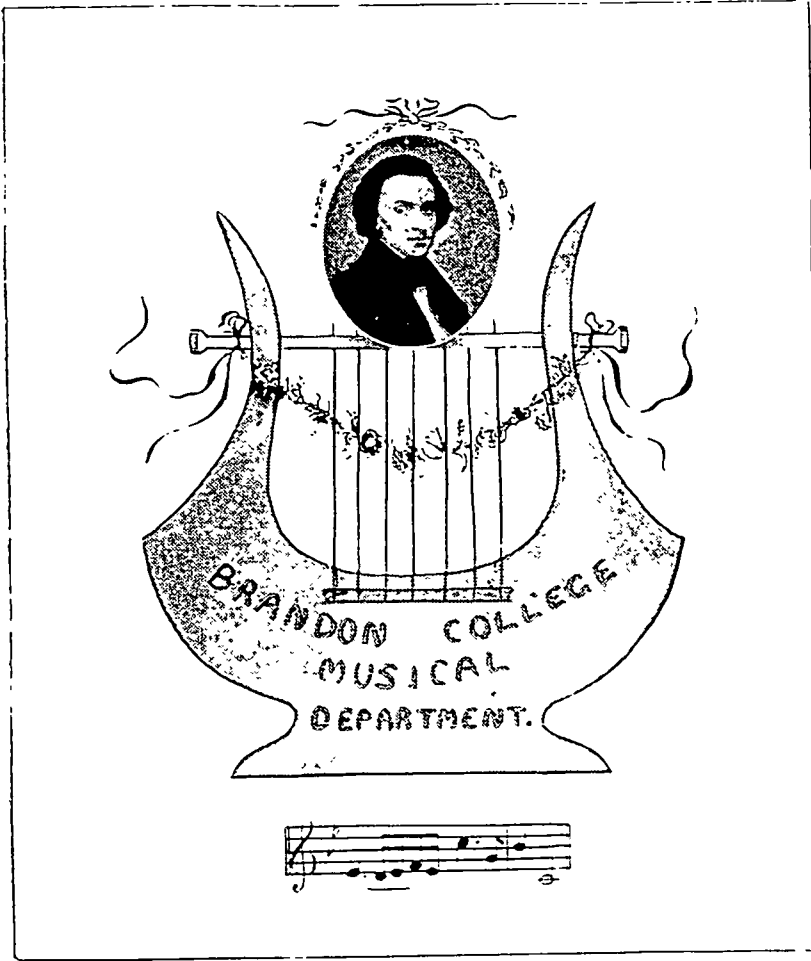
—FRANCES M. WOLVERTON '19.

PUZZLE PICTURE



This restful rustic scene reminds us so pleasantly of the placidity of temperament and retiring habits of one of our genial members that we cannot refrain from publishing it, though without a title.

You may call IT Tom Sawyer or what you will—it matters not (before 11 a.m. at least). Please guess the identity, though we GRANT you, it is very enigmatical. Correct answer will be given in the "Quill" in 1939.



1919



William L. Wright, B.A.
Director of Music

EDITH MARY GERRAND



—*Music's melting, mystic lay;
Slight emblem of the bliss above,
It soothes the spirit all to love.*

Readers of Brandon College Quill need no introduction to Miss Gerrand, since she made her bow as a graduate in the Commencement Number, 1916. Closely following upon her graduation in May of that year, she was successful in obtaining her L.T.C.M. degree in piano. In the fall she came back to

Brandon College as Junior Assistant in the Piano Department, in which capacity she has since faithfully discharged her duties. "You cannot get too much of a good thing," Miss Gerrand interpreted to men "you cannot get too much *musical training*." So while teaching she has pursued her studies, and in January of this year gave her post-graduate piano recital, which from standpoints of technical skill and artistic interpretation is deserving of much praise.

Miss Gerrand assures us that the end is not yet—that she intends to follow on from what she terms a beginning. Perhaps she will teach, or tour Canada giving public recitals, as she has been wont to do during summer vacations; but some there are who incline to the belief that another vocation is calling her, and that she will not have the heart to refuse. Well said!—"Things and actions are what they are, and the consequences of them will be what they will be." "Come what come may." Miss Gerrand has our esteem and best wishes, for "where she succeeds the merit's all her own."

Chief Delight: Attending faculty meetings.

Absorbing Interest: The "spud" crop.

Disposition: In the morning quite cheerful, in the evening HARRISED.

MARY KATHLEEN MOFFAT



*"The dew-drop trembling to the morn-
ing beam
Is like thy smile, pure, transient, heaven
refined."*



The subject of this little sketch was born on a farm in the Elgin district, Manitoba. For several winters she lived in California and British Columbia, where the climate, less rigorous than that of Manitoba, was an important factor in establishing her health.

In spite of the setbacks attendant on frequent change of residence, she pursued her public and high school studies, successfully passing the examination for Second Class Teacher's Certificate. Kathleen's love for music was evidenced very early in life, and she made good progress from the very beginning of her study along this line. At the age of eleven she played the little church organ for the Sunday morning services. Five years ago she came to Brandon College to continue her beloved study in piano and music theory.

She has been an honor pupil all through her course, obtaining first class honors in the Associate Examination of the Toronto Conservatory of Music in 1917. Since that time, she has completed the work in English and French required for Brandon College graduation, and in her public piano recital on May 6, gave convincing proof of the excellence of her musicianship.

In the life of the college, Kathleen has been active in many lines, but especially in music. Happiest of musical virtues!—she was always ready to contribute a solo, the gods willing, or to sportively improvise an accompaniment for the stunts of young Carusos. She had the honor of being the first and a capable president of the Euterpean Society.

Whatever Kathleen's future may be, we can truly predict that she will dispense sweet music that will enrich and uplift the lives of those who hear it.



Vaulting Ambition: A wider reach.

Dearest Diversion: Playing accompaniments to the violin.

Linguistic Versatility: Speakin' verra broad Scawtch.

GRADUATION RECITALS

Extracts from the "Brandon Sun." 1919:

"An exacting and representative program that set a high standard of musical attainment and that should be an inspiration to young pianists, characterized the post-graduate recital given Thursday evening, January 17th, by Miss Edith Gerrand, L.T.C.M. Miss Gerrand captivated her audience with her charming personality, combination of technique and intelligent appreciation. The opening number, the stupendous B flat minor Concerto by Tschaiikowsky, was rendered with dynamic force, technical execution, and a clear instinctive musical understanding. The popular Beethoven Sonata (Op. 53 "Waldstein") was interpreted with the scintillating brilliance that it requires. Brightness and delicacy of touch and a clear singing tone characterized the five lighter numbers on the program. . . . In the concluding number the Liszt transcription of the Mendelssohn Wedding March and Dance of the Elves, Miss Gerrand again impressed her audience with her variation and brilliancy of tone."

"Five hundred Brandon music lovers gathered Tuesday evening, May 7th, in the Collegiate auditorium to listen with the keenest appreciation to the Graduation Recital given by Miss Kathleen Moffat, A.T.C.M., pupil of Prof. Wm. L. Wright, B.A. . . . Miss Moffat is a young woman of attractive stage presence and unusual musical ability. Throughout her varied program, she played with freedom, easy control of technique and intelligent emotion, which was nevertheless held in reserve so that it never approached sentimentalism. The Schumann Concerto, with its mysteriously interwoven themes, was handled with an instinctive feeling for rhythm and melody. . . . The discriminating taste of the player was evinced in her finished rendering of her Beethoven Sonata Appassionata. . . . Delightful delicacy of touch, exquisite shading, and a velvet pianissimo that never sacrificed clarity characterized both the Chopin numbers and also the interesting fifth group. . . . Throughout, the striking features of the young artist's playing were thoroughly intelligent interpretation, efficient technique, grace of touch and real beauty of tone."

Miss Maud Wilson assisted upon each occasion and it is doubtful that she has ever been heard to better advantage in Brandon. Her very happy selection of songs greatly appealed to her audience. Professor Wright accompanied with his usual fine sympathy and taste.



Rev. Joe Cooper



"Tootsie" Robertson



"Lillie" Reid



"Babe" Smith



"B.A. (BY)" Cunningham



"Bonnie" Glanz

'19's

In Days



"Toodles" Smale



"Dorothy"



"Dottie" Struthers

Gone by



"Gorby" Cunningham



"Mollie Fox" McNamee



"Zadie" Hough

THEOLOGY '19



The history of Theology '19 would be more easily written were it not that the members of '18 apparently decided to run a relay race through college, Pepin finishing on time, and Scott, after dropping out a lap, carrying on to breast the tape in '19. We wonder who's next. Perhaps Scott wished to keep in sight of the green bunting of Arts '19. At any rate, we were pleased to have him galloping down the home stretch with us.

Many of the class achievements, in which Reid, Stott, Pepin, Scott et al. had a hand, have been recorded in the "Quill" before; and were so varied in character we couldn't hope to recapitulate in full. One great event, however, took place in 1916—Julian and Scott held the bridge successfully against the Winnipeg debaters. We doubt that the latter will ever forget Scott's heavy artillery. May he long be able to use it with as good effect!

Although they are theologues, we found them quite human and on the whole good fellows. Here's to the future success of each one of them.

Jeremiah, Hezekiah,
 Matthew, Luke and Paul;
 Theology, Theology,
 Hallelujah Hall,
 Faith, Hope and Charity,
 Long coats and poverty,
 A-ah-men!

JOHN SCOTT



*"Unpractised he to fawn or seek for
power
By doctrines fashioned to the varying
hour."*

His title is somewhat of a misnomer, for John was born near Bally Castle (no slang intended), a beautiful summer resort with historic surroundings, County of Antrim, in the land of "spuds."

After a few rounds of primary education, young Scott entered the home-town post office, later being transferred to the G.P.O. at Belfast. There he evidently hit a fast pace after working hours at the P.O., for, inspired by the work St. Pat had done near Bally Castle some years earlier, he engaged during four years in slum mission work and local preaching; did high school work, and took a course in matrimony by private tuition and night classes, being so successful in the latter as to win a fellowship for life.

One fine day he got mixed up in the Canadian mails and landed in Montreal, where for two years he preached, and studied in preparation for theology. Then Westward Ho! to Brandon College in the fall of 1915. During his years in the English Theological course here, he has been student pastor at Hartney and Reston.

Mr. Scott is of a quiet if not retiring disposition, but he can enjoy a joke as well as the next one, and his sympathetic nature is manifest to all who catch a smile. Deliberate and forceful in public speaking, and having had a fairly wide acquaintance with life in its aspects, poetical and otherwise, on both sides of the Atlantic, we believe that he has the ability and desire to give a liberal interpretation of the deeper issues, in future fields of service.

Usual Query: "Have you seen Mr. Lager around?"

Chronic Excuse: "I'm sorry, but I have to go home to Reston tonight."

Athletic Diversion: Teaching the "Little Scots" to play "dibs."

HI-AWA-THAWTS

In the dark and gloomy library,
In the library dimly lighted,
Where the ghosts of former graduates
Stared from cobweb shelves above them,
Met the members of Class '19,
Learned members of Class '19,
Met in mighty consultation,
Met for final consolation,
Ere they took their separate journeys,
Embarked on their different warpaths—
Gitchee Don Forsyth, the Mighty;
Big Chief in the tribe of Nineteens,
Rigid, motionless, undaunted
Sat he head among the Seniors;
And he gravely spake and chided
All the joking and the jesting
Of the flippant minor members,
And this paragon of learning
Called them straight to rigid order;
Speaking words quite unfamiliar,
Words which he had excavated
From the library's huge editions,
Spake to them in tones sonorous,
Gave them advice stern and rigid
On the merits of gymnastics,
On the joys of calisthenics,
On the benefits of diet:
All derived from simple living,
Next to Big Chief, in her glory,
Sat the pride of all the Seniors
Tallest she among the maidens,
Isobel the ever-happy,
On her lips the smile of gladness,
Drove away the evil spirits:
Drove away the gloom and dullness
From the hearts of all the Seniors,
Brave and stalwart in their warpaint,
The three warriors, Campbell Mabee,
Pau Puk Smale and Wah Tah Grantham,
Late returned from tribal warfare:
From the lands across the ocean
Where they met the Kaiser's warriors,
Slaughtered them by tens of thousands,

Till, renowned for thirsty darings,
Back they came to Brandon College
Where, by tales of bloody fighting,
Tales of No Man's Land and trenches,
Held their spell-bound classmates speechless
Till they lauded all their exploits:
Proud that three from out their number
Had returned with trophies laden
From the glorious field of battle.
Frances Wa-Wa-To, the warbler,
She the maiden always willing,
Sang at all the camp-fire meetings,
Sang with wondrous understanding;
Till with misty eye, the huntsman
Saw the Glen—the deer before him,
As she sang of rock and woodland:
Sang of glens and running water,
Sang of glens, both wild and woody,
Sang of glens till tears of gladness
Came from eyes of dreamy listeners.
Present also was the joker,
Jester he among the Seniors,
Very listless, slow and dreamy
Was John Grantus of the Seniors;
And the Nineteenites all loved him,
Ever merry and good-natured,
Never gloomy, pessimistic,
Nothing cared he but for pleasure,
Nothing saw of care or trouble
From his optimistic outlook.
Foremost, too, in tribal functions
Was Zoe Ellen Margerrison,
Far renowned for her cognomens;
Names as wondrous and as numerous
As her feats and firsts in college,
With her bobbed and ribboned headcrest,
And her answers slow and ponderous,
As, "I think," and "So it strikes me,"
And, "If I interpret rightly."
From the time she joined the Seniors
She had conquered all before her
Till at last her final triumph,
The rich height of her achievement,
Robbed the Juniors of their Victor
When all other fields were lacking.

And the famous two musicians,
Kathleen M. and E. Gerrandum,
Connoisseurs in bass and trebles,
Worked in mystic black-tailed staff notes;
Wrought they harmony among them,
Taught them how to B-sharp natural,
Taught them how to shun all discords
By their melodies of gladness,
By the pathos of their music,
By the sweetness of their playing.
Honor be to Coopercewis!
Honor be to Scottawaba!
Medicine men and melancholy.
And these ministerial members
Called the tribes of men together.
Where they held their brethren speechless
With their wise and learned orations,
With impassioned exhortations;
Gleamed like Ishkoodah the Comet,
And with finger pointed earthward
Traced a straight and narrow pathway,
Saying to them, "Tread ye therein."
Leslie Glinz, the learned orator,
Was known to all men for his triumphs,
Very smooth was Leslie's diction,
Limpid, clear as running water—
And his breast bedecked with ribbons
Oratorical distinctions,
Medals he had won at college
In debates and speaking contests,
Last of all sat the Madge—ician,
Sat with thoughtful eye and serious,
For the tribe called her the poet:
And to her lot fell the poem
For the Graduation journal,
Ever-watchful and collecting
Raw material, and correcting
Faulty manuscripts before her,
While the sweat of consternation
Stood upon her brow of anguish:
Worked she ever at her story
That the history of the meeting
Might be handed down through ages
To the tribes of the Hereafter.
Thus this weird conglomeration

Sat in serious meditation ;
Sat in gloomy rumination,
Sad and silent cogitation ;
Sat there till the sounds without them
Died away upon the stairway,
And the muffled sounds like thunder
Came from regions just above them.
Sign that all the other warriors
Now roamed free from care and sorrow,
Dreamed in Happy Hunting Regions.
And heart-rending were the wailings,
Weird and dismal were the moanings.
As they sadly left the council
After whispered words of farewell,
After smothered sighs of parting.
Thus departed all the Seniors,
All the Seniors, so beloved:
Some to heights in Brandon College,
Some towards the iron portal,
Through the shadows of the hallways,
Through the gloomy spectral chapel,
Some to paths that journey homeward,
Thus, forever, left the college.
Soon to battle with the problems
Of the life that lay before them ;
Soon to put in sterner practice
The ideals that they had treasured,
The ideals that they had gotten
From beloved and thoughtful teachers
Left behind in Alma Mater.

—MADGE LA P. STRUTHERS, '19.



Stanley Park

ARTS BANQUET

The Arts Banquet in honor of the graduating classes in Arts, Theology and Music, was held in the College dining-room Thursday evening, March 21. The dining-room was artistically decorated with the class colors, gold and green, which were reflected also in the various courses of a delightful menu.

The hearty thanks of the graduates is due the members of all committees and those who took part in the following program, for one of the pleasantest events in '19's history:

PROGRAM

KING AND COUNTRY

Chairman, Dr. MacNeill "God Save the King"

GRADUATION CLASS

E. Greig '20

C. McIntyre '19

J. Scott '19

K. Moffat '19

VOCAL SOLO

Mrs. Wilkins

OUR CITY

V. Nordlund '20

Alderman McDiarmid

ALMA MATER

B. A. Tingley, B.A.

Miss J. Turnbull, M.A.

VOCAL SOLO

Ruth Morgan

OUR SOLDIER BOYS

Mr. Orchard

E. Whitehead

OUR LADIES

D. McNaught '21

C. MacKay '20

A PUN-ISHMENT

While musing on the cause of h—gs,

Said ERNEST NORM, one day:
"Dost DON on you, though worry-
bugs

Will never turn JOHN GRAY,
That other mischief-making mites
Might 'get' such fellers gay:

For instance, ZOE, as you'll agree,
Won't long remain a-HOUGH,

And I know LES, I must confess—
But there, I've said enough!

Yes, "since all doggies have their"
flea

Which gets 'em feelin' gaby,
It doesn't take a sap to see

That even CAMPBELL MAREE.
Now let's suppose there IS-OBEL,
Some naughty Western girlie,

Who'll smile on SMALE so cun-
ningly

His heart will go awhirly—
That MADGE LA PRAIRIE chicken
sees

And thinks her lucky pickin's,
And whispers to a parson bold
To hustle like the Dickens.—

See what I mean?—the only way
To bag this "chiclet" proper,
Would be to "fork" a bale of
"hay,"

And Rev. JOE ED. COOPER.
Then all '19s would shout 'HER-
RAE'!

To see a catch so wary;
We evermore should happy be,
And little FRANCES MARY."

BACCALAUREATE SERMON

On Sunday evening, May 11th, the Baccalaureate Sermon was held in the First Baptist Church. As usual the students attended in a body, and the church was well filled with citizens and friends. Rev. M. L. Orchard led in the invocational prayer; Dr. Whidden conducting the devotional part of the service. Mrs. Wilkins sang very sweetly and effectively "Fear Not Ye, O Israel." The Baccalaureate sermon, delivered by Rev. A. S. Lewis, of Regina, was one of the finest Brandon has ever had the pleasure of hearing.

The discourse was based on two passages of scripture: "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of things he possesseth," and "A man's life is more than meat, and his body more than raiment." In introducing his subject, the "making of a life," the speaker pointed out that Christ did not believe in a life of indolence. The world does not owe a living to anyone. It is necessary that each make a living yet, while we are busy with the affairs of the world we must build a life. There are three great factors essential to the building of a life:

The first of these is "choice fellowship." Happy indeed is the young man or woman who can cultivate a few good friendships. All people naturally yearn for social relationships. A great friendship will arouse latent forces, and give life and energy to cold, dead intellects. We should conduct Jesus Christ into our lives and cultivate the one great friendship.

Next to "choice fellowship" is a "high ideal." Just as the engine must have steam to do its work, so must the soul have a high ideal to impel it forward. It will elevate life and swing men upward into greatness and honor.

"A great cause" is the third factor in life-building. It is needed to challenge the possibilities that lie within our own hearts. Feudalism, autocracy and slavery have been abolished, but there are great things challenging faith today. Ideal relations between man and man must be established; stumbling blocks must be taken out of the way. The law of competition must be renounced and the conditions of life redeemed. "A moral atmosphere must be created."

With these very practical suggestions of fields of labor given by Mr. Lewis, we each felt the call of our day a very personal one. May we carry with us so vivid a remembrance of the words uttered with such appealing sincerity by a gracefully accomplished speaker, that we will endeavor to apply their truth in our future "life-making."

CLASS DAY 1919

"It is more blessed to give than to receive." That is the principle that underlies the enthusiasm and zest of class day exercises. Having freely received lectures, degrees, sermons and advice in quite incredible quantities, Class '19 felt so much more the satisfaction in making some return. In all other graduation exercises the class is being operated upon; on class day the class performs its own operations.

As Convocation effects a consummation of a course of study, Class Day completes a period of group-fellowship—fellowship unobtrusive, yet all-pervasive, which remains in the very fibres of life after much else of college acquirement has disappeared.

The honorary president of the class, Miss Turnbull, graciously presided over the exercises, which drew a large number of students and friends to the chapel. The Class History, read by Miss Cumming as the "Diary of a Nineteen," bore testimony that even in troublesome times '19 made "life not gray but rosy" (for it is rather a matter of "making" than "finding" . . . Miss Struthers' Class Poem, following anapaests of Hiawatha and ingeniously parodying its repetitions, dealt brilliantly with a brilliant subject. Fine thought underlay careful workmanship. The Class Seer, Miss Wolverton, dreamed dreams and "saw the visions of the future all the wonders that would be." Truly the members of Class '19 were filling "places of importance quite complex." The Valedictory given by Mr. Forsyth was entirely successful, where success is difficult. It avoided mere formalism, yet retained the ever necessary "high seriousness." Its dignity bespoke a lofty conception of the ties between class and college; its evident sincerity an abiding affection for the Alma Mater who bestowed a portion of her life upon Class '19.

But the seer, as in times past, was also a singer, as Miss Wolverton's solo, sung with her usual sweetness of voice, evidenced. "High seriousness" also was not an alternative but a complement to cheering levity as Mr. Forsyth's clever impersonation of "Mulligan" and its enthusiastic reception proved.

The Class Song and Yell brought the exercises to a close, but not before Class '19 had succeeded, as well as may be, in sketching in permanent colors the passing rainbow of college fellowship before it faded in the mingled cloud and light of the world's work.

—W. A. M.

VALEDICTORY

Today the members of Class '19 stand upon the threshold of Brandon College about to begin the journey which will separate them from the familiar scenes of the varied activities of the past four years. These years which in prospect appeared so long and filled with work have rolled swiftly by. We can scarcely realize that the goal toward which we eagerly set our faces is already within our reach.

We shall be proud to receive tomorrow the mark of our Alma Mater's approbation: though not without perceiving a tinge of sadness in the thought of leaving so pleasant a home. Yet we are thankful that the raging martial storm has ceased and we are permitted to set out in the calm sunshine of peace. We are mindful of the splendid privileges we have enjoyed in receiving a training which has rendered us more confident and fit to accept the high challenges that will meet us on every hand.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen of the Faculty:

Whatever of value we have accomplished during these years can largely be attributed to the guidance and inspiration you have given us. We believe that you have tried to apply your teachings in private life; and through your impartial, ungrudging efforts on our behalf, in and out of the lecture room, we have come to know you, not merely as doctors who would prescribe for us, but as interested and sympathetic friends.

Some of you we have not got to know as fully as we could wish. Perchance we have not always exhibited to you the best that we know to be potential in us. If at times we have been apathetic when we should have been responsive and alert, we would express our apology, not alone in mere words, now—future actions will speak more eloquently. We will endeavor to live so in harmony with the worthy principles you have been able to disclose to us, as to prove the fact that the seed has not been sown on barren soil.

Gentlemen of the Board of Directors:

We appreciate the spirit of public service which leads you to play so large a part in guiding the destinies of our college home. We know that you have faced and overcome great difficulties in your efforts toward the attainment of the ideal—a larger and stronger manhood factory.

We, too, hope to contribute something—though but a hum-

ble brick at first—that will be of aid in raising these walls until they shall meet the eyes and beckon to increasingly larger numbers of Western Canadians.

Citizens of Brandon:

We thank you for the kindness extended to us during our stay in your pleasant city. Memories of our foster mother and it, her home, will remain indissolubly joined.

Here, as students, irrespective of our beliefs or denomination, we have found in college only the impartial kindness of a little democracy. In Brandon itself many of us obtained our first glimpse of city life; and whether these first vivid impressions be favorable or otherwise, largely rests with Brandon's citizens. Through the reports of many of us who locate in more distant sections of the Dominion this city will receive blame or fame.

Brandon College means Brandon *City's* College: there should be, and is, mutual support. You have been large hearted and prudent enough to perceive this truth in a measure—we thank you. May your sympathetic assistance in college expansion continue to develop.

Fellow Students:

We leave your society for a time at least, though we should like to remain and cultivate our acquaintance more deeply. But we shall meet again, I trust, on common footing, in the broad plains of life; since our modes of thought will have been cast in the same mould.

To you we pass on the duties and privileges of a college of which one of our former professors in writing from a large Eastern institution says, "everything there is clean and wholesome." See to it that this may always be so. We would say to you, don't be discouraged by the apparent immensity of the task ahead: if you but utilize aright the accepted time, the present, have no fear for the outcome. Profit by our mistakes—where we have failed, you succeed: where we have done well, you do better.

Classmates:

The ranks of our class are soon to be broken: as individuals we must take up our respective tasks. Yet these pleasant associations in the past of '19 have furnished valuable material with which, in the laboratory of the mind, we shall continue to experiment and to discover more of the richest truths of human fellowship.

Several who were of our happy number in earlier years have answered other calls and, though not with us at this time, we hold them in affectionate memory. We, glad to be here, are not afraid of the future, for we have learned the pangs that result from dawdling, and the rewards of systematic, hard work.

We have measured ourselves and gained confidence—a confidence that will be modified by an attitude of tolerance toward the views of those who have not been privileged to climb the ladder with us. We have ascended far enough to realize our own responsibility, to see the dangers of hasty generalization, yet learn the necessity for prompt action.

Classmates, if some of our high ideals have become rusty in the atmosphere of the uncertain past, we must now burnish them and set them before us with a new determination. We are a part of all that we have met during these formative years; we could never be happy long in a life out of harmony with the spirit of Christian brotherhood which has surrounded us here.

Though we enter so soon upon physically divergent paths, the warmest ties of an understanding friendship will, I hope, always unite us. This fellowship of kindred minds will be a mutual support which will give us courage to dare to be in the right with two or three—no matter the cost.

“Vincit qui se vincit”—let us live up to our motto—he conquers who conquers himself.

“Life is a sheet of paper white,
Whereon each one of us may write
His word or two, and then comes night.
‘Lo, time and space enough,’ we cry,
‘To write an epic!’ so we try
Our nibs upon the edge—and die.
Muse not which way the pen to hold;
Luck hates the slow, and loves the bold;
Soon comes the darkness and the cold.
Greatly begin! Though thou have time
But for a line, be that sublime.
Not failure, but low aim, is crime.”

*Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen of the Faculty, Gentlemen of the Board of Directors, Friends, Fellow Students:
Farewell!*

—DON. S. FORSYTH, '19.

ALUMNI LUNCHEON

The eighth annual luncheon of the Brandon College-McMaster Alumni Association was held on Tuesday, May 13, in the college dining room, which was appropriately decorated. After a toothsome menu in which Class '19's colors were obvious and proven tasteful to all, the roll was called by Miss J. Turnbull. Toasts and responses followed.

W. C. Smalley '12, who was to have proposed the first to "King and Empire" being unable to be present, J. R. C. Evans, toastmaster, ably filled the breach. In Dr. Whidden's response to "Alma Mater," given by Miss R. Bambridge' 18, he pointed out impressively that as with one's natural home, there could be but one Alma Mater for each of us. Following his address Miss F. Wolverton '19 delighted the company with a vocal solo.

Miss V. Leech '12 toasted "Our Guests" in so cordial a manner as to make more than one new-comer feel himself not quite a stranger in a strange land. Dr. Keirstead responded, and it is safe to say that no more interesting, informal and altogether delightful address was ever listened to on such an occasion. A pleasing piano solo by Miss I. Cumming demonstrated for the second time that afternoon the high musical ability of versatile '19.

In proposing "Class '19," W. G. Rathwell '15 heartily welcomed the new recruits to the association, and took occasion to present some of its high ideals and to exhort them not to forget their college, as graduates are prone to do in the rush of life vocations. L. A. Glinz replied in fitting spirit on behalf of '19.

Through all of the speeches ran a tone of patriotism and gratitude that the shadows of recent years were lifted, mingled with pride in the splendid contribution to the country's cause made by college and association. Special honor and tribute were paid to those members and prospective members of the latter, who made the supreme sacrifice overseas. Emphasis was laid upon the great role that must be played by university men and women in the days to come.

At the business session the following were elected:

NEW EXECUTIVE

Honorary President	Dr. A. P. McDiarmid
President	Mrs. R. Brandon, '13
1st Vice-President	Miss J. M. Turnbull, '15
2nd Vice-President	Miss Rita Bambridge, '18
3rd Vice-President	Mrs. E. Selby, '05
Secretary-Treasurer	Miss Vera Leech, '12

ALMA MATER COMMITTEE

Leslie A. Glinz, '19, Chairman Miss Helen McDonald '16
 D. George Cook, '18 Rev. W. C. Smalley, '12

REPRESENTATIVES TO SENATE

Robert McQueen Rev. C. S. Elsey, '08

RETIRING IN 1921

Don. S. Forsyth, '19 Rev. W. C. Smalley, '12

"THERE IS A TIME TO WEEP"

"In truth, 'tis so." assented the members of Class '19, and forthwith purchased a cut-leaf weeping birch to gracefully perform that function in keeping green their tender memories of Brandon College days.

The somewhat devout procedure planned being delayed, however, by the mysterious wanderings of the youthful arbor, Convocation had passed and several '19s gone ere the birds dictated the action; yet those who remained as a garrison, in spite of the fewness of their number, at a fixed time and with fitting rites spread out the roots of the sapling in fertile soil and turned the shoots ad caelum on a site previously excavated by Cam. and John with great labor, circum five cubits south of Clark Hall entrance.

Then, a mound having been formed around the trunk and stamped firm, the planters, Don and Madge reverently crossing the spades above and Norman pouring out a vessel of refreshing rolling Assiniboine the while, sent up a shout of "Vincit qui se vincit," which was cheered by those who stood near and Prof. Wilkins on the farther landing until it echoed and re-echoed from the overhanging towers.

Finally a stake was driven beneath bearing the inscription: "Class '19, 5-12-19." Let all mark well the spot! Though callous carriers of water may as yet believe and avow they water but a painted stake, heed not, good birch!—bravely weep on when we are gone: until the orioles nest in thy branches and thy delicate sweeping sprays symbolize the grace and beauty of the souls of students whose uplifted eyes shall be soothed by the tint of thy bright verdure.

CONVOCATION EXERCISES, 1919

At eight p.m., May 13th, the City Hall was crowded to capacity by the many friends of the College who assembled for the annual Convocation exercises. The usual time-honored university customs were followed. The procession was led by the graduating class, followed by the Faculty, Board and Senate members, prominent guests (including a number from out of town), the President, and the guest of honor, the Pro-Chancellor, Dr. Keirstead.

The formal exercises were opened with prayer by the Reverend A. S. Lewis, of Regina. Then followed the conferring of degrees. The eleven graduates in Arts were presented by Professor Mackintosh, and knelt before the Pro-Chancellor, who pronounced the ancient formula admitting the candidates to the degree of Bachelor of Arts in McMaster University, with all the rights and privileges pertaining thereto. Amid hearty applause each graduate received his diploma from the President, the girls receiving in addition beautiful bouquets of flowers. Tribute was paid by Dr. Whidden to the late Robert Alan McKee, and a post-obitum diploma presented to the father, Dr. McKee. Professor Lager introduced the graduate in theology, and Professor Wright the graduates in music for their diplomas.

After announcing the winners of scholarships and medals, Professor Whidden gave his brief but inspiring address to the graduating class, recalling their honorable records both in college halls and in military action, and urging them on to further endeavor as they went forth into the world to become leaders of men.

Dr. Keirstead, professor for eighteen years at Acadia and for fourteen years at McMaster, and known throughout Eastern Canada for his fine literary style and strong, kindly spirit,



Elias M. Keirstead, M.A., D.D.

proved a most delightful and interesting speaker. He congratulated the City of Brandon on possessing a college that had so rapidly won for itself a place of distinction, and looked forward to a not far distant materialization of a University of Brandon. With graceful personal references to old and new friends on the Faculty, Dr. Keirstead proceeded to his special message concerning the function of the university today. He pointed out the great contributions of the university to the material life and wealth of the world, especially through the development of science, which in giving man an understanding of nature, has placed in his hands the control of great natural resources. The university has also through the ages led in great movements of thought, giving a common cultural and educational basis for the advancement of learning and civilization. But a nobler function than either of these belongs to the university of today. To it we must look for a higher and more spiritual conception of life. "The university is like a great eye which mirrors the universe for us and sends a shaft of light through humanity." The war, said the speaker, has taught us much, and inspired us to new endeavor. We now stand at the threshold of a new era, confronted by a challenge for higher motives and nobler achievements than ever before. The spirit of the soldier—courage, discipline, and self-sacrifice must be the spirit of today and the future. It is the duty of university graduates going out into the world to take up the task begun by our soldiers, and to consecrate their services to the moulding of a higher life and greater Canada. Thus the old saying will be fulfilled, and the path of duty will become the way to glory.

Following a brief announcement by the President, of the coming campaign for a greater Brandon College, the meeting was brought to a close by the singing of the National Anthem, and hearty class and college yells.

A reception to the graduates, their friends, and friends of college was afterward held at Clark Hall, where President and Mrs. Whidden, Dr. Keirstead, Mr. Darrach and Mrs. Wilkins received the guests. Refreshments were served by the girls of Academy III. At the close of the evening, once more the Class '19 yell, the college yell, and cheers for President Whidden, were led by the graduating class, who then formed a receiving line under the flag by the stairway, and said good-bye to their many friends.

—O. A. C. W.

Madge L.P. Struthers
Feb. 12.

John
Jan. 16.
Campbell M^cIntyre
June 14

Leslie A. Kling
April 4th
Ladell S. Lumming
March 10.



Don S. Forsyth
Nov 10th

Francis M. Wolventon
Nov. 13
Joe E. M. Hough
Dec. 30.
E. Norman
Sept. 12.
A.B. Mable
Aug. 29.

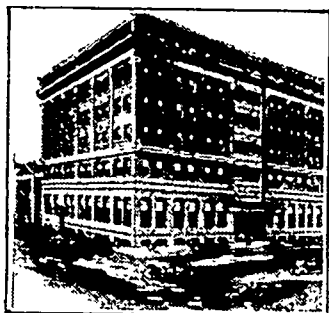
Joe E. M. Hough
Dec. 30.

"To be a well-favor'd man is the gift of fortune; but to read and write comes by nature." As for our "writing," we will "let that appear" to each other on our birthdays."

OUTSIDE THE COVERS

Mrs. Gammon was the hostess at an informal reception in honor of Miss Gerrand after her recital, when many of her friends gathered to offer their congratulations. Misses Kathleen Moffat, Eunice Whidden and Adelene Bailey served the refreshments.

On Tuesday evening, Feb. 25th, Miss Turnbull entertained Class '19 and a few friends after Miss Wilson's recital. Miss Turnbull made a charming hostess and this was just one of the good times spent at the home of our Honorary President.



“The Greens” were most gracious hosts to “The Golden Girls” on April 5th, in the Prince Edward Hotel, when they entertained in the private dining-room. The menus, place-cards and decorations were most original and all in gold and green. After a sumptuous dinner and a rousing toast list, the party retired to the drawing-room, where the time passed quickly with instrumentals and songs. “Mulligan,” with his inimitable Irish songs, made his initial appearance, the '19's being delighted with their discovery. According to the story of the class future, as told that evening, many wonderful inventions and worthy deeds will dazzle this old world in the next half century. The evening given by the '19 boys will long be remembered by the girls of their class.

The Arts graduates and their friends were entertained by Miss Gerrand and Miss Moffat on Friday evening, April 10th. The evening's entertainment was very original, as each person was required to make a book containing the life-history of his partner with pictures cut from magazines. Dainty refreshments rewarded the labor of production.

On Saturday afternoon, April 11th, the Senior, Junior and Sophomore girls spent a very pleasant afternoon at the home of Miss Turnbull. The decorations, place-cards and refreshments carried out the scheme of Class '19 colors.

Kathleen Moffat was the guest of honor at an informal reception held in Clark Hall Tuesday evening, May 6th, after her

graduation recital. Many friends gathered at this time to wish Miss Moffat a bright and melodious career.

About 3 o'clock on Wednesday afternoon, May 7th, three well-laden cars left Brandon with the "jolly classy clever" '19's on a picnic to Souris. After calling for Frances en route and patching a blow-out, we finally arrived in Souris in the rain. As our spirits at least were not dampened, we proceeded to seek shelter down by the river. No one ever knew before how good coffee is which is made from river water used to heat bean cans. Many thanks are due to the owners of the tent in which we had our lunch. Don there decided upon his future career, which is to be "raisin' pies." And still it rained! or rather poured! To say the least, the journey home was rather wet in spots; yet this did not prevent '19 songs from wasting sweetness on the evening air.

Class '19 was once more entertained at Madge's home on Thursday evening, May 8th. The menu of Brandon College was used to great advantage in the guessing contest. Amidst a general and enthusiastic admiration of baby pictures, a very dainty lunch was served. The party dispersed in the "wee sma'" hours of the morning after inflicting class '19 and college yells upon the neighborhood.

Miss Edith Gerrand and Miss Kathleen Moffat were the guests of honor at an informal tea on Saturday afternoon, May 10th, given by Miss Adelene Bailey. During the afternoon several musical numbers were given by Miss Moffat and Miss A. Burchill. Miss J. Henderson assisted the hostess in serving the guests.

Through the windows of Dr. Whidden's home on Saturday evening, May 10th, one might have caught a glimpse of what would delight the eyes of any man: A very jolly and good-looking crowd were seated around small tables enjoying a unique progressive dinner. They were "jolly" because they had just heard that they had successfully passed their examinations; "good-looking" because they belonged to Class '19. Class colors were daintily arranged in the decorations, and dinner proved delicious! Dr. Keirstead, who had just arrived from Toronto with Dr. Whidden, won all our hearts with his kindly and humorous words.

Misses Eunice Whidden and Leila Smith assisted in serving.

After dinner Class '19 betook themselves to a corner to hold a class meeting, in which it was decided to elect a life executive and also, that each member should write to each other member on his birthday. This pleasant evening was terminated by the usual '19 volley of yells, declaring Mrs. Whidden a hostess in a thousand.

A short and happy class gathering was held in Clark Hall reception room on Monday evening, May 12th, to present Miss Turnbull, our Honorary President, with a class picture. Our president, Don Forsyth, after a few fitting remarks made the presentation. Miss Turnbull then expressed her surprise and appreciation, completing our pleasure by accepting nomination as Honorary President for life of Class '19.



MEMORIAL GYMNASIUM FUND

To bring the announcements made in the last issue of the "Quill" up to date, we may state that the General Gymnasium Committee has appointed an Executive which will have its headquarters in Brandon, and which will carry on the work of the main committee during the summer months. Student subscriptions should be sent to Mr. Darrach, Court House, Brandon, or to Miss Isobel Cumming, 430 Thirteenth street.

The Alumni Association at its annual meeting showed its sympathy with the project by setting a liberal objective, to be reached by contributions from its members.

A prize of \$10 in books has been offered to the student who, during the summer, earns the largest sum for the Gymnasium Fund, apart from his personal subscription.

After it, students, every one of you! Don't go to sleep during the summer and leave the job to a few on committees! Work up your talking points carefully to show the folks of your community what Brandon College and this gymnasium mean to them and you.

We've got the need, the ground, the plans, the enthusiasm—all we need is more *money*. Tell 'em what we ourselves have pledged. Get a few good starters on your list, look and talk business-like, and in three shakes you'll be shooting basketball in the old gym, itself.

ANNOUNCEMENTS



Just a few to Alumni readers on behalf of their association and — our humble selves. The membership of this association now includes one hundred graduates in Arts alone, and quite a large number of Theological graduates. Class '19 brought the Arts total up to the century mark — a splendid start for the thousand! You'll excuse our seeming egotism: it's just '19's natural optimism.

Judging from all we have read, heard and seen of Alumni members during four years, we believe that we would like to meet and get acquainted with every last one of you. We would qualify for a full part in Association activities and traditions. We feel that you are all just as proud of Alma Mater and each other as we are and want to express the sentiment. We wonder if present means are adequate for so doing?

It has been reported recently at Brandon College on good authority, that some well-known residents of this city itself were unaware until this year, that our college has an Arts department. Lamentable ignorance! you'll agree: but are Alumni members blameless? There's a remedy! Unionism is in the air these days; let's make our association a "One Big Union" actually!—it is so nominally. Would an Alumni pin help forge the link?

It has been customary with classes at graduation to select class emblems which, though suitable as an expression of class unity and pride in its achievements, since of different design, material, etc., do not seem to afford evidence of sufficient interest and fellowship in the larger group, our association.

With this in mind, the Alumni business session appointed a committee giving undergraduate years representation, of which J. R. C. Evans is secretary, to secure designs and submit them to you. This committee believes that the pin must have intrinsic aesthetic value and be of such a nature as to be permanent. This suggests a very conservative size, a quite distinctive design, and superior finish. Plain gold seems most suitable for all. The minimum lettering required would be "BRANDON," and the year of graduation. Though a number of designs have been received, the committee wishes your

individual ideas before making final selection. Will you kindly enclose a sketch therewith, no matter how rough, to Mr. Evans, care of the College. We trust you will show your interest by responding promptly.

We need not elaborate our belief that the members of this association, with their common training and kindred interests, can reach many worth-while objectives if they but co-operate. To get acquainted is to foster this, and convention seems the best way. The attendance at annual Alumni gatherings has not been good—perhaps the season and distance are the obstacles. Can we not arrange a jolly two or three-day congress in the general holiday period, say July, at a more central point? A perusal of the list of members' addresses shows the most accessible spot to be in Western Manitoba or Saskatchewan. A resort with hotel accommodation and good out-of-door facilities should make possible a varied and delightful program. This could be secured at a nominal figure outside of motoring or railway expenses. Alumni members interviewed up to date are quite enthusiastic about the idea. Katepwe and Lumsden beaches have been suggested.

The executive are now busy getting information, and if arrangements can be made for an outing this year, you will be communicated with. Please think it over. Miss Vera Leech, 2253 Cornwall Street, Regina, and John R. C. Evans, Brandon College, will welcome any of your good suggestions.

THE CLASS GIFT

If each member of Nineteen were a millionaire we would lavish our wealth upon Alma Mater so that she would feel that in leaving her halls and lecture-rooms, we are not absolutely forsaking her. Although such ostentation does not lie within our power, we are bound to her by ties no less strong and lasting. We feel that the undertaking of the student-body to erect a gymnasium in memory of Brandon college students and Alumni who fell overseas, is most praiseworthy. So we decided in view of the urgency of the need in this branch of Alma Mater activities, to make our class gift take the form of a subscription of \$650.00 to the Gymnasium Fund. May every success attend the efforts of those directly responsible for the erection of such a memorial, and may they have loyal co-operation and willing assistance given them by all friends of the College.

KINDLY COUNSEL



Dear College People:

Before closing this good-bye number, may we mention a few principles that have been verified during our course. We would offer them in a spirit of friendly interest without dogmatizing, with the hope that they may be of some guidance to your character - building efforts. We must be brief. We leave their intelligent elaboration to you.

Since we enter college as young men and women, each must at once realize personal responsibility for success. Professors have not time, and could not spoonfeed and dog one to it—there is no "royal road." Throughout the course and at its termination, the greatest satisfaction comes with the consciousness of having done good work, and of possessing the reserve power to continue to do it. Each is his own judge after all the plaudits: if he can say "I have done my best," it is well.

First then, have a goal—a chosen life's work. Ascertain what activities are essential to its attainment. Learn how to perform these most effectively. Finally, develop the will-power to live up to this knowledge. Having a pole-star to guide, you will not get "fed up" with study; you will not be one of the drifters who register for subjects "just to make up the required majors."

Whatever the aim, a many-sided development seems best if one would become a well-socialized being. Therefore, don't forget the body-building side: mind and matter are "helpless each without the other." Neglect will certainly produce "Bolshevistic" organs later. And in your general health regimen, capitalize DIET. Excesses in this are absolutely inimical to a firm will and successful study. Remember that when new students enter, yours is the duty of helping them to find their place and keep it, in these various respects.

Next, learn the "how" of study. It is not just like shoveling sand or piling lumber. Plan the task always, before commencing; and allow for reviews, and reflections upon it. Try to find a purpose in every subject, now: because with present

use comes interest, which makes study a "glad-game" every day and not an ordeal.

Be ever critical and inquisitive. Don't be satisfied with getting opinions on life's great issues ready-made, like clothing. No text-book is final. Rather, melt the thought of others in the mental crucible, and amalgamate it with some of your own. "Genius finds its own road, and carries its own lamp."

Further, study is a group-game: there should be co-operation with classmates. Do not hesitate to expose your ignorance after thinking the proverbial twice at least: intelligent questions are a mutual help in the lecture-room. Be generous and honest in competition. All the scholarships from her to Oxford will yield little pleasure, if won by "keeping things dark" from the other fellow: saying "I don't know," when he needs a lift; "beating him to" "reserve books," copying others' work, etc. If you know good methods of study, share them. "Help thou thy brother's boat across and, lo, thine own has reached the other side."

"Regularity in work" is a motto to be tacked on the study wall. The time-table must be so arranged, that not even family relationships can interfere with periods of concentration followed by purposeful recreation. When it is kept up to date, study's yoke is easy and its burden light; but with what distaste does one approach a mass of debris that has accumulated during a period of slacking.

And do put some brains into even your amusements. Any Chinaman can buy a ticket to a movie; but college people should be able to entertain themselves and others in many beneficial ways.

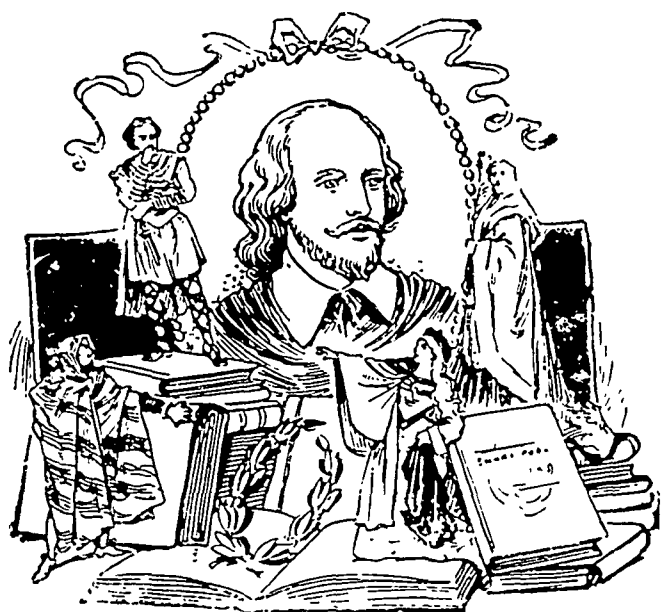
Such a schedule does not preclude a good share—what can be done well—in the worthwhile activities: athletics, literary contributions to the "Quill," dramatics, etc. Learn how to organize and take a part on the various committees and executives. Such training seems needful in public endeavours today. In this, give every student a chance to develop: do not let a few "hog the puck," nor the willing horse pull all of the load.

As to outward appearances, we know you will not show affectation in dress or manner. If anything gives one "a pain" it is this disease, which would be particularly obnoxious in college people. In our opinion, a hearty hand-clasp (not a clammy limp dish-cloth variety) and an ingenuous glad-to-meet-you-no-matter-who-you-are smile are the most winning accomplishments on earth. Let's all try them!

Ever, yours for the highest success.

CLASS '19.

DRAMATIC PRIZE



Shortly after the excellent performance of the "Varsity Coach" by Brandon College students at the City Hall in March of this year, Dr. Crowe of the city offered a special annual prize of \$25.00 for the best play written by a Brandon College student, in compliance with the following regulations:

1. The contest is open to all students now attending Brandon College, and all who register up to Nov. 1, 1919.
2. The plot of the play should preferably deal with Western Canadian college life.
3. The play must be suitable for production.
4. All manuscripts must be in the hands of the judges by November 1, 1919.
5. If the judges consider none of the plays of sufficiently high merit, the prize will be withheld.
6. There must be at least eight competitors.

Whether or not you have ever before tried to write a play, try now! College life, as you all know, offers unusual opportunities for romance, humor, and pathos. Use your own experiences, or those which you might have had. Put on your thinking-cap! Discover your latent talents! Write!

"FAREWELL, BUT NOT FOREVER"

Toot! Toot! One by one we're away, with an ever dwindling number of '19s to give us a send-off. Zoe, in characteristic fashion, led off, choosing a two a.m. train. The whole class after the reception in Clark Hall on Convocation night held a watch-meeting until time for her departure, when as a body-guard we escorted her to the depot. There, long-suffering tourists were treated to an eye-opener in our tuneful rally calls. Incidentally, we had the opportunity of cheering Dr. Whidden, as he began his return journey to Ottawa.

The following morning at the same unearthly hour we gave Frances our farewell salutes, and so on down the line, until we're plenty scattered o'er a smiling land. It's just a little family custom of Arts '19 that we have enjoyed at parting each year; for though some go here and others there, yet, master, we're eleven, and ever sha-all be!



"There's a long, long trail a-winding"
 —And we must away!
 Good-bye! Good luck to you all!

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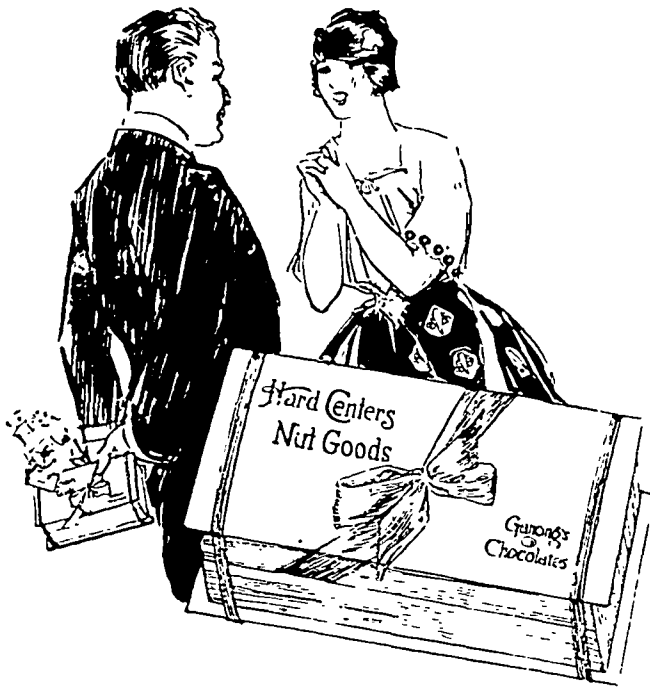
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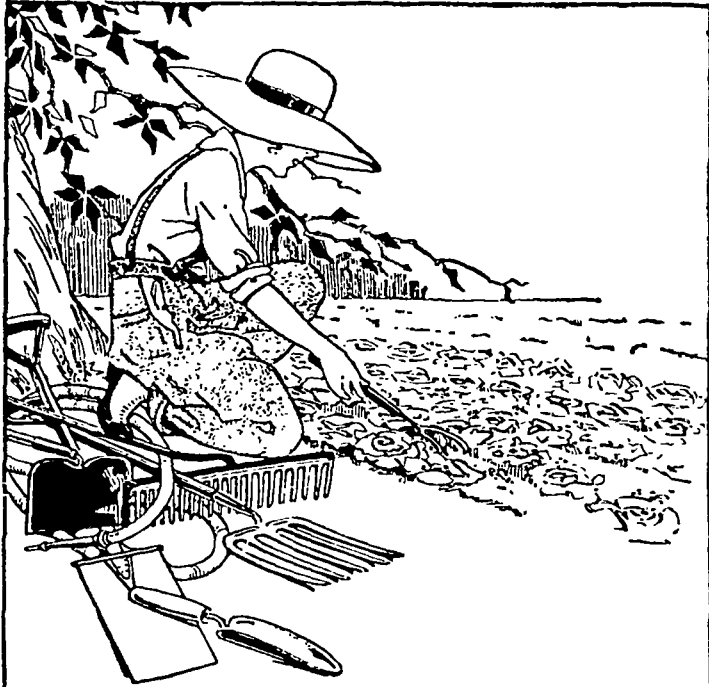
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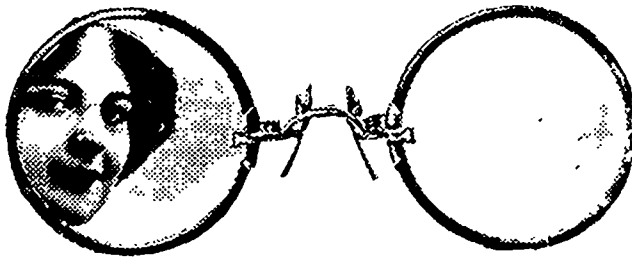
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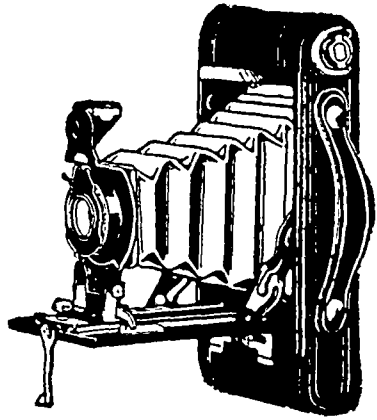
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must naturally pride itself on the quality of learned educationists produced inside the walls of such an institution—

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on the quality of our eatables, knowing full well that the experience taught our customers by our "chef" will redound to our credit. Our quality means *the best we can buy* cooked in a wholesome manner, tastily served by waiters knowing their business.

THE METROPOLITAN CAFE

OUR COFFEE IS THE BEST

911 Rosser Avenue.

Courtesy Always.

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Are you as particular for your Fancy Sundae Dishes, Delicious Drinks and Home-made Candies as you are in your class at the College?

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We Specialize in Chocolates

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My lady's favorite Tea Room
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Acts as Executor, Administrator, Trustee, Guardian, Liquidator, Financial Agent, Etc.

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NEW SUITS MADE TO ORDER.

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Government Standard FLOUR

Manufactured by

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In the new model, plain, square and oval designs in either ladies' or gents'. When engraved with a nice monogram these are the last word in up-to-date merchandise.

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JEWELERS

LIMITED

WATCH INSPECTOR TO C.N.R.

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**Fruits, Confectionery
Tobaccos and Cigars, and
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Ice Cream Parlor and Tea Room

WM. BERTRAND & CO.

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BRANDON HARDWARE

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REFRIGERATORS,
HAMMOCKS, FREEZERS,

LAWN MOWERS, GARDEN TOOLS,
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MEET and TREAT
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We have the most delicious
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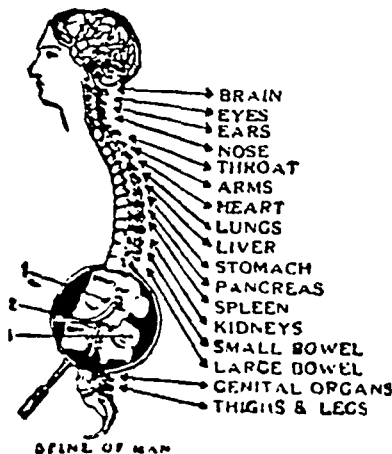
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CHIROPRACTIC SPINAL
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WILL REMOVE THE CAUSE

For particulars consult

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SCOTCH GRANITE

MONUMENTS

HEADSTONES

MARKERS

TABLETS



We have the largest stock of Scotch
Granite in Canada.

See our display before ordering.

Material, Work and a Square Deal
guaranteed by



SOMERVILLE & CO.

Brandon

Manitoba

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Try CARTER'S for
Confectionery, Ice Cream and Tobaccos

New Management

ACROSS THE CORNER FROM THE PRINCE EDWARD

C. A. POWERS, D.D.S., L.D.S.

Dentist

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DO YOU REQUIRE SIGNS?

Go to—

F. MUNCEY
122 TENTH STREET

THE ONLY EXCLUSIVELY SIGN SHOP.

HOUSSAIN BROS.

Wholesale and Retail Dry Goods

Specialize in Men's. Women's and Children's Wear.
Suits, Coats, Dresses, Crepe de Chine and Georgette
Blouses of the very Newest Models.

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JOHNSON & THOMPSON

Can satisfy the most exacting taste.

Up-to-Date Millinery Parlors

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an old established business
in a Bright New Home

Staple & Fancy Groceries

We carry a complete stock and cater to the wants
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QUALITY AND SERVICE THE BEST.

Three doors East of our old stand.

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When going back to College from
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The Canadian Stover Gasoline Engine Co.

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Engines, Farm Machinery, Dry Cells, Belting, Auto Tires, Tubes and Accessories, Circular Saws, Waggon. Buggies, Garden Seeds, Harness, Plow Shares, Grinders, Straw Cutters, Poultry Supplies, Etc.

Prices Right.

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Joe's Barber Shop

TWO CHAIRS

120

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Service plus personal attention make a combination hard to beat.

For all your requirements in
Drugs, Perfumes
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When at the Allen Theatre don't forget to drop in and try our "Good Eats."

THE BOSTON CAFE

Next door to Allen.

Good Service Assured. 117 EIGHTH STREET

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High Class Wallpapers a Specialty.
Phonograph and Record Exchange
Opposite City Hall

Imperial Bank of Canada

Head Office: Toronto, Ont.

E. HAY - - - - - GENERAL MANAGER

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Capital Paid Up	7,000,000.00
Reserve Fund..	7,000,000.00

GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT

Interest allowed at current rate on deposits from date
of deposit.

J. WALKER, Manager

BRANDON BRANCH

A. L. CHURCH, D. D. S., L. D. S.

Phone 2442

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Brandon

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Satisfaction and a Welcome Always Await You at the

REX CAFE

WE NEVER CLOSE
PHONE 3183

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Knowlton's Boot Shop LTD.

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FOOTWEAR

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Barristers, Solicitors, Etc.

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When in need of anything in the
Grocery, Vegetable or Confectionery Line

Call or Phone

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160 and 162 First Street.

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Wedding Cakes and Dainty
Lunch requirements a specialty

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MACINTOSH'S BAKERY

Opposite City Hall

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We make a specialty of supplying Rural and City Schools
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MAPS, GLOBES, ETC.

We also handle a large line of Teachers' Books, Keys to
Classics, and other School Books.

CHRISTIE'S BOOKSTORE The Largest Book-
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Students of Brandon College

May your holidays be happy and profitable.

The North American Life will welcome you back in the Autumn.

And when requiring Insurance, write to or call on us.

J. E. MATTHEWS

District Manager

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Starr Phonographs New Scale Williams Pianos Latest Records



FIVE DEMONSTRATING PARLORS

Largest and most select stock of Phonographs and Records
in the city.

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SECOND FLOOR

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Opposite Woolworth's

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Cycling is Fashionable

Society started it in the Southern winter resorts and now they have it back to the North.

Cycling is popular at Vassar, Smith and other Ladies' Colleges in the United States and Canada. A general recognition of the pleasure of cycling is evident among people of taste, and vogue has decreed in our Spring styles in sport clothes that they be suitable for bicycle riding.

Get the habit, it's quite the thing, and ride an up-to-date Cycle like the

BRANTFORD
(RED BIRD)

W. HUGHSON

222 Tenth Street

Phone 2799

Clothes that have the
"PERSONAL TOUCH"

That not only fit every line
of the wearer's person, but
becomes a part of his person-
ality as well, are made by

SEMI-READY Tailoring

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Brandon.

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DEERING and McCORMICK

Farm Implements can be relied upon to give good service. They are backed by a reliable concern and fully warranted to perform well the work for which they are intended.

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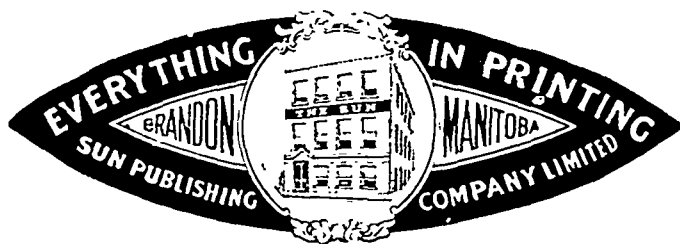
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Write us for information and literature on goods in our line in which you are interested.

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Fine Period Furniture

Which will add dignity and refinement to your home.

Our stock included such styles as William and Mary, Queen Anne, Jacobean, Adam and Colonial.

We invite your inspection of these fine reproductions of the genius of the old cabinet makers.

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The Store that Saves You Money

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Young Men!

An habitual neatness of appearance encourages an upright athletic bearing and prompts self-confidence.

Our Proper Clothes are First Aids

in the plan for neatness of appearance and the service value is in keeping with their style value too.

H. W. BALL & CO.

OUTFITTERS TO MEN AND BOYS

712 Rosser Avenue,

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