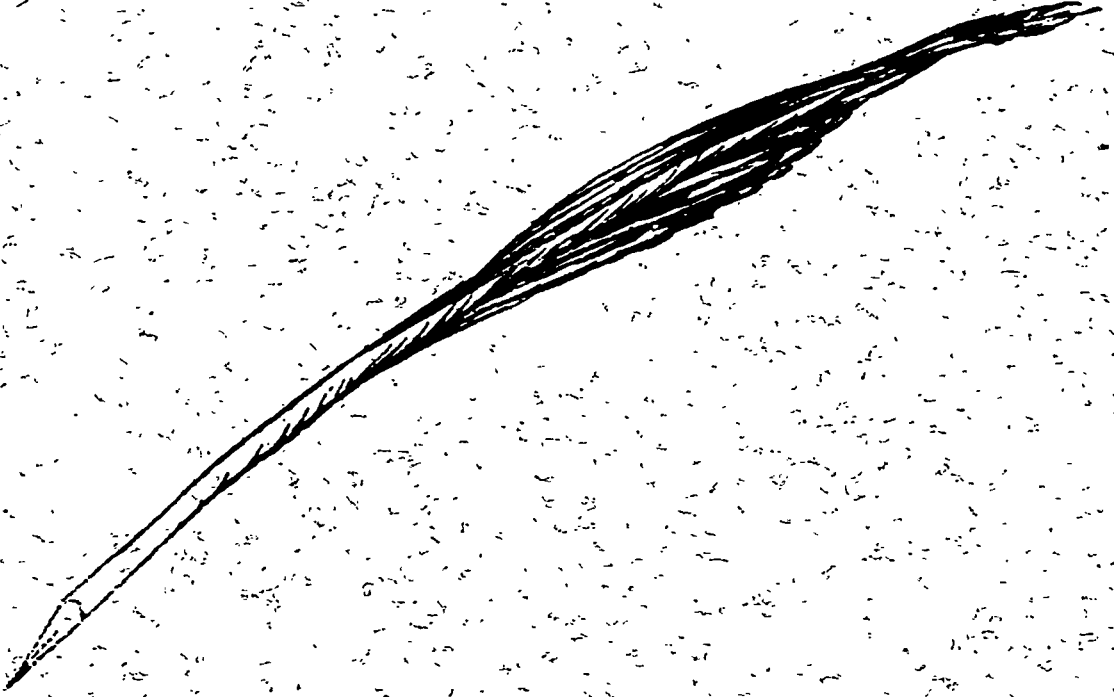


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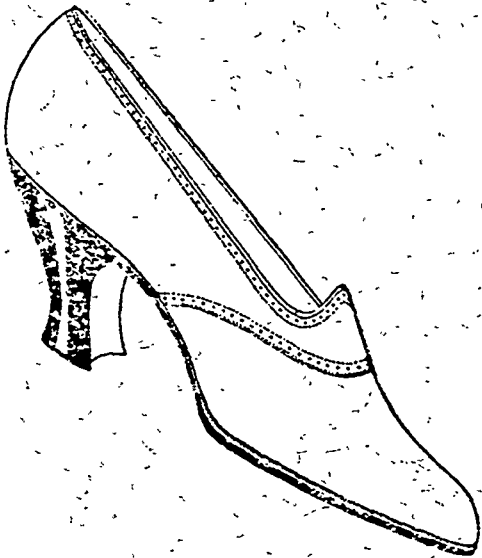
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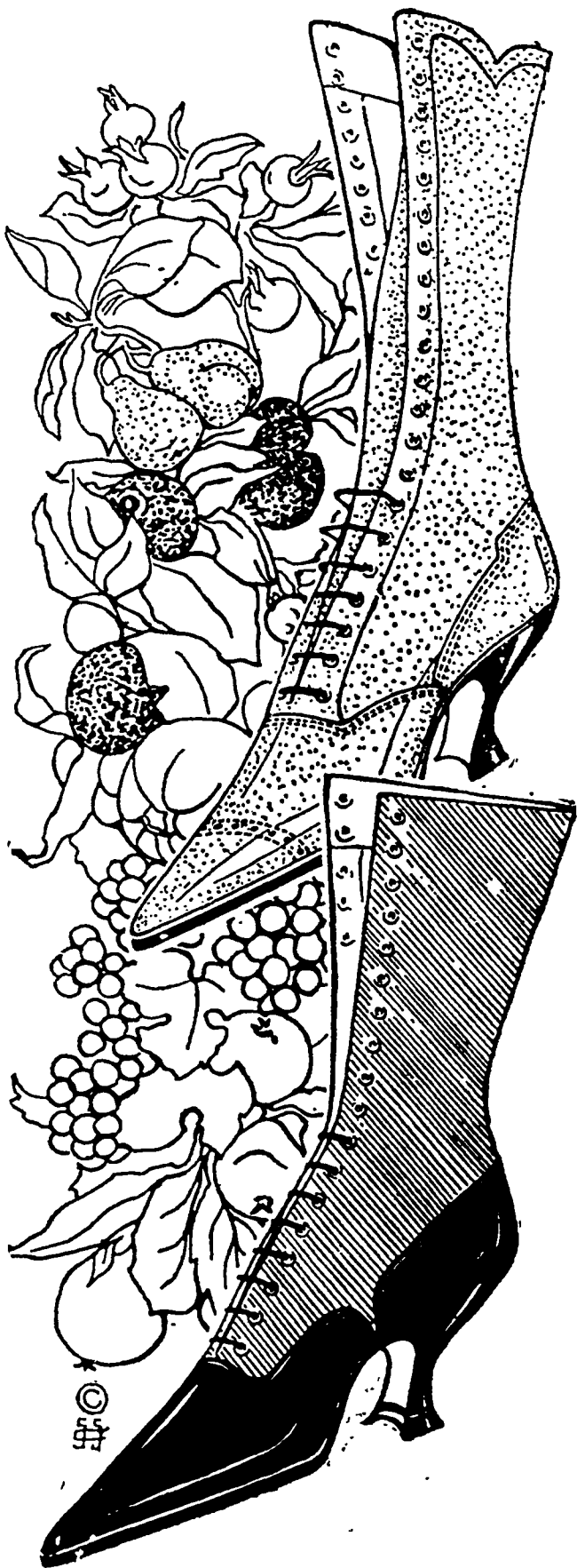
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# Brandon College Quill

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## ROBERT BURNS AND THE FIELD MOUSE

Perhaps no poet since the Psalmist King has achieved such universal conquest of the hearts of men as has Robert Burns. His kingdom is coincident with the readers of English literature and his loyal subjects are of all grades in the social scale. Those who withhold their homage are the small number who have never read or heard his poems and know only the sordid tales of poor Bobbie's life, so harped upon by those whom Burns would have designated as "canting wretches."

In the long list of his well-known poems are many which might be chosen as typical, each great in its own way. The "Cotter's Saturday Night" is so familiar to us that its sweet atmosphere of humble domestic affection requires no commendation. In keen, biting sarcasm and irony few poems have ever matched "Holy Willie's Prayer" as a portrayal of the "Unco' Guid." The pathos of "To Mary in Heaven" endears the poem to all who have ever felt the pang of parting from dearest and best-beloved. His love-lyrics are of course known to all, since so numerous and popular. "Tam O'Shanter" is full to overflowing with rollicking merriment. But of all his many poems, none is more fit to demonstrate the secret of the poet's appeal than that one addressed to the mouse whose home the poet had unwittingly destroyed.

The poet's brother Gilbert tells of the writing of the poem. Burns and a laborer were ploughing, when a field-mouse was turned out of its home by the ploughshare, and

"Crash! the cruel coulter passed, out thro' the cell."

The laborer having in his hand the "pattle" for cleaning the plough, made to pursue and destroy the mouse, when Burns laid a hand on his arm inquiring what harm the "wee beastie" had ever done to him. The poet grew thoughtful and silent throughout the remainder of the afternoon, but in the night he awoke his bed-fellow, the laborer, and recited to him the poem as we have it, asking what he thought of the mouse now.

Whatever the laborer may have thought of the mouse, the poet has endeared himself to us by his attitude expressed in the poem. One who can see in a "wee, sleekit, cow'rin, tim'rous" fieldmouse, a "poor earthborn companion, and fellow mortal" has found the key to human hearts.

Recognizing so close a kinship, it is but natural that the

poet should hold no illwill for the theft by the mouse of an occasional ear of corn. It was but its necessary sustenance, in the granting of which the poet will receive the blessing of the charitable. There is sincere regret that the dominance of man should have interposed a barrier of fear between those who should have been friends.

We are told that on the cold January night in which Burns was given to the world, part of their humble shelter was blown down by the fury of the winter's blasts—meet ushering in of a life destined to be tossed on the billows of fate, the plaything of contending forces and circumstances. May there not be a reminiscence of this incident, doubtless many times retold about the ingle of the Burns' home, in the poet's regret, that he sees

“Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin,  
Its silly wa's the win's are strewin'.”

The tragedy of the mousie's lot is as real to Robert Burns as his own ill-fortune could be. It is the tragedy of wrecked hopes and plans, the dissolution into thin air of great prospects and expectations. How natural that to a mind so constituted as Burns' should come the recognition of the universal experience of the insecurity of any situation. With the race of men as with mice, “foresight may prove vain,” since “the best laid schemes o' mice and men gang aft agley.”

From this it is but a step to the comparison of their respective lots in life, and Bobbie concedes the mouse to be more happily situated than he. His tiny friend has but today with its needs for which to plan. Far different is it with Burns. It is the faith of his fathers which speaks in the lines

“I backward cast my e'e,  
On prospects drear!  
An' forward tho' I canna see,  
I guess an' fear.”

It need scarcely be said that the charm of the poem lies not in its “sermonizing,” nor in any deep philosophy of life presented. The poet has but said what all know. He has felt supremely what all feel in a degree. The charm of the poem, as of the poet, lies not so much in its intellectual qualities, as in its wealth of human sympathy. It is the outpouring of a heart which is atune to the sad sweet music of humanity, and which finds “sermons in stones and good in everything.” It is so simple that a child can grasp its meaning, yet it is far from peurile, or even juvenile. Its simplicity is the simplicity of love and sympathy, a language universally spoken. The word paint-

ing of a Tennyson, or the philosophy of a Browning, or the idolatrous nature-worship of a Wordsworth could not have expressed it more appealingly.

—E. D. R., McM. '14.

---

## MY LADY L'ANNEE

In early spring, the year is yet  
 A little child at play.  
 With flowery frocks and lambs to pet  
 She whiles her time away.  
 She dances o'er the little hills,  
 Steps to the warbler's tune;  
 She sips the sweet wine from the rills:  
 It is the month of June.  
 And then by summer's gentle hand,  
 The year to girlhood grows;  
 She spreads gay laughter through the land,  
 And dons her festal clothes.  
 She decks her hair with garlands bright,  
 And bids us all be gay;  
 She calls to every one in sight,  
 "Let's have a holiday."  
 And then when autumn days declare  
 A maiden fully grown,  
 She gathers in her bounteous share,  
 And builds her harvest throne.  
 But fairest far she doth appear  
 In winter's snowy sheen.  
 She is the crowning of the year  
 A true and lovely queen.  
 With honor shining from her eyes  
 She tells us to be good,  
 So pure and white she typifies  
 The perfect womanhood.

—Maria Corlette Grant.

---

At Christmas-tide the open hand  
 Scatters its bounty o'er sea and land;  
 And none are left to grieve alone,  
 For Love is heaven and claims its own.

—Margaret Sangster.

## THE FASCINATION OF THE NORTH

Perhaps the most wonderful thing about the North is its fascination. Wherein lies the charm I cannot say, but there is an intangible something about the country, the atmosphere and the people that attracts and holds one.

"Is it so different from the outside?" you ask. Well, no, not exactly. The greatest difference is the distance from other civilization, the feeling of isolation due to the difficulties of travel and the long roundabout routes.

But I will try to give you an idea of how one actually spends the twelve days in reaching there, and of the beauties of one of the most delightful trips in the world.

First, we leave Vancouver in one of C.P.R. Princess boats (always be careful to choose the "Alice"), and sail up that rocky, rugged coast—in and out of fogs, between islands and the coast till we reach Prince Rupert. The scenery has been beautiful so far, but nothing out of the ordinary. Proceeding on our way we reach a rougher and more rugged coastline, and soon come in sight of the mountains that crowd along the coast, pouring the moisture from their snow-capped peaks in rushing torrents. Sometimes the snow crashes down too swiftly to melt and forms glaciers, bits of which break off and float around like spars of a wreck.

The mists, which until now have been too persistent, decide to ease our straining eyes and rapidly disappear. Old Sol shines forth in all his glory and reveals the most gorgeous conglomeration of intermingled blue and greens in the water and sky, islands and coast, with fluffy bits of white clouds lazily floating about, and dazzling white snow-covered peaks. One gazes spellbound.

At last we enter Lynn Canal and approach Skagway. The little town seems almost pushed into its own harbor by the mountains which crowd closely around it, peering over each others' heads to watch the boat approach. How temporary, careless and insignificant the small, rather dingy, buildings look against the wonderful background!

But we must hurry on. Skagway is in Alaska, and we are chiefly concerned with the Yukon Territory, Canada. To reach Canada from the coast one must cross the mountains on a little narrow gauge railway train, which puffs through the main street of Skagway, climbs straight up the mountains, races around impossible curves, leaps across deep yawning gorges on flimsy looking steel bridges, and does other most amazing feats.

Between spasms of wonder and amusement at the little

train, one has time to bathe one's soul in the beauty of the scenery. There are the gorgeous mountains, the chasms, the rushing torrents and falls, the lakes with the flawless reflections, catching the last glow of the sunset. And here and there remnants of the old "Trail of '98" cause one to marvel at man's temerity in attempting that seemingly impossible journey.

At Whitehorse we take the river boat for Dawson, the end of our journey—the Mecca of our dreams. How different is the river boat with its wide flat bottom, and its shiny orange paddle-wheel at the back, from the cost boat. Even now one begins to feel the spirit of the North in the cordiality and friendliness of everyone on board. With what mingled feeling and emotions we approach Dawson! Whatever will it be like? Can we possibly endure to be shut in here all winter? Why are all the buildings closed and the store windows so dusty? Oh, why did we ever leave home! Where are the houses? Is there no place to stay?

These fears were soon dispelled. We found the buildings were certainly not all closed and that there were many most comfortable, warm, homey cabins—log and otherwise—waiting to welcome us. Dawson City had suggested a city with all that the name implies; hence I did not know till afterward that the city had long since disappeared and that I was coming to just plain Dawson. But Dawson is modern enough, even yet, to have electric lights, telephones and waterworks.

The chief industry—the only industry—is gold-mining. The old prospector has gradually yielded his place of importance to the big dredges and hydraulics. There are still many individual miners—plugging along, making enough to live on, and hoping for a "lucky strike" some day. Perhaps the lucky strike has been made a Mayo. It looks like it now. But that is a far cry from Dawson. At any rate, the famous creeks of El Dorado, Bonanza, Hunker and Dominion are still yielding gold in their sands. The dredges still count on taking out from \$5,000 to \$15,000 worth of gold per day during the summer.

The person casually living in Dawson does not come in very close touch with the actual gold or gold producers. Sometimes one is lucky enough to see a dredge in operation. We were fortunate enough to see No. 2 and also to see a shipment of half a million dollars worth of gold in bricks.

The luckiest person, however, is the one who can pan some pay dirt at one of the smaller mines. How exciting it is to see the shining, golden specks appearing as one washes away the gravel!

Yes, it is cold there. One cannot deny it. But the coldness is dry and therefore not penetrating. To show how little the Dawson people mind the cold, the children from Bear Creek motored in six miles to school and missed only one day all last winter. "Motored?" Why, of course, we have motors—many of them. But we don't use them altogether. If one wants to go anywhere aside from the made roadways in summer—one "mushes." A hundred miles or so mean nothing to a Yukoner. In winter one uses dog-sleighs and snowshoes—and for comfortable travelling nothing is better than a good dog sleigh.

It is also dark at times. For six weeks the Dawson people do not see the sun. If it is not cold the sun's reflection is most cheering during the dark days. But, if it is cold, a thick fog hangs over everything, and then there is darkness and gloom. We enjoy the moonlight in winter even if the sun does desert us. The plain, ordinary sunshine cannot compare for romance with the real Northern Lights—those dazzling masses of shimmering rose, green, blue and yellow, flashing across the sky.

You will be interested to learn that despite the coldness and darkness of the winter, in Dawson they have a warm, delightful, bright summer. The vegetation is almost amazing. Such gorgeous wild flowers—far more beautiful than Manitoba could hope to produce. Such beautiful garden flowers, and such vegetables! And the profusion of delicious wild fruits! They have no need there to pay exorbitant prices for raspberries, currants and blueberries. Any quantity of them can be had for the picking. The blueberries are put in cold storage and used fresh in the winter.

The meat supply is almost as easily obtained as the fruit. In the fall the caribou run south to within a few miles of Dawson. The men go out and kill as many as they need, and leave them to be brought in later when the trails are good. There need never be a shortage of meat in the North. Of course, a steady diet of caribou would be most monotonous; but there is also moose meat, mountain sheep, wild game, and beef, mutton, veal, pork and poultry—both fresh and cold storage. All the other food supplies, except fresh milk and eggs, come from the outside.

As for public buildings in Dawson: There are two government schools, with six teachers, and a Catholic school; four churches—fine buildings—but I'm sorry to say rather poorly attended; a Carnegie library, which is well patronized, and two banks.

One need not fear illness or accident in the Far North.



The Yukon Gold Company value their men too highly to trust them to any but a clever surgeon. Also there is a splendid Catholic hospital, where one gets the best of care and attention. I can vouch for it from nine weeks' personal experience.

But it is the people who make Dawson what it is. There is a broadness of outlook, a bigness of heart, a kindness, sympathy and friendliness that draws one to them and makes one fond of them. Perhaps it is the isolation that makes them one big family. Perhaps it is because they are away from the hurry and bustle and materialism of the outside, and have the leisure to be themselves. Whatever it is, they are real people and true friends.

Yes, the most wonderful thing about the North is its fascination, and for me at least that fascination lies in the wildness of the hills, the beauty of the flowers and the big hearts of the people.

—Kathleen Johnston '14.



The Midnight Sun, Dawson

## THE NATIVITY

### DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Mary and the Babe.

Joseph.

Wise Men.

Shepherds.

Angels.

Act. I. Scene 1. The Plain of Judea at midnight.

Some drowsy shepherds are seated silently around a fire. In the distance an occasional howl of a wild beast breaks the silence, while at times the tramp of the camel's feet can be heard nearing the scene. The strangers, who are the Wise men, arrive. They stop their camels to answer the questions of the shepherds.

A Shepherd (giving the fire a poke with a stick): Ye men, what carry ye there?

Wise Men: Something for a great rejoicing.

Shepherds: Would that ye would tell us your secret.

Wise Men (coming closer to the fire): Hearken ye then:

This is myrrh for death.

This is gold for a king.

And this, incense for a Heavenly One.

A Shepherd: Whence came ye?

Wise Men (pointing to the star): See yon star? It hath led us far, by many ways.

Shepherds: Why follow ye it?

Wise Men: To give praise and love.

To praise a mother, and

Rejoice o'er a birth. For we know

That He who is born shall be great among men.

Shepherds (becoming greatly interested): Ye say, ye have come from afar. Where is this place?

Wise Men: Chaldea.

Shepherds: Ye have travelled far, O strangers, on a mission rare. Would that ye take us with you.

Wise Men: Ye are welcome. But let us begone. See the star does not stop.

—  
Scene 2.—On another part of the plain.

Without any stop the travellers have continued their journey. The heavy breathing of the camels and the jingling of goods on their backs, together with the steady tramp of feet, are the only sounds that reach their ears. Soon the faint outline of Bethlehem looms up in the distance. Suddenly the

star stops over a small stone stable, on the outskirts of the village. The travellers, taken by surprise, stop and gaze at it.  
 Wise Men (excitedly): See, the star hath stopped o'er yonder stable. Let us rejoice; we have found the place.

Angels (in the distance, singing): Alleluia! Alleluia!

Shepherds (looking astounded): Heard ye that glad rejoicing?

Wise Men: Yea; but ye shall soon see, and know why this rejoicing.

Shepherds (pointing to the stable): See what mysterious light pervades the place. We feel afraid.

A Wise Man: Why be afraid? For soon ye shall know that He who is born will be the Friend of man. But let us be gone. (Hits his camel with his hand).

—  
 Scene 3. Before the stable door.

A shepherd knocks at the door. A woman's voice is singing a lullaby (within), but stops after the knocking of the shepherd.

Joseph (appearing at the door): Sirs, whence came ye?

Wise Men: From afar—old Chaldea. These from Judea.

Joseph: Seek ye lodgings for the night?

Wise Men: Nay; we have come to see the mother, the maiden undefiled: and give gifts to the Wondrous Child.

Angels: Alleluia! Alleluia!

A Shepherd (pointing within): Are those the ones ye seek?

Wise Men: Yea. It is the king. Let the whole world sing with happiness.

Shepherds: See what beauty wraps the little One in sleep whilst the mother with watchful eye guards her little babe.

Wise Men (turning towards the Shepherds): Ye know now the secret of our wandering.

Shepherds: Aye, we know it.

Joseph (rubbing his hands): Stand ye not there, for the night is chill. (Points to the camels.) See how the breaths of your beasts like smoke to heaven ascends. Let us go in. Be that not your will?

The Wise Men enter, followed by the Shepherds. Joseph gently closes the door.

Angel: Peace on earth, good will to men.

And shining angels do cry, Amen!

Angels: Alleluia! Amen!

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## EDITORIALS

We ring the bells and we raise the strain,  
We hang up garlands everywhere,  
And bid the tapers twinkle fair,  
And feast and frolic—and then we go  
Back to the same old lives again.

—Susan Coolidge.

A Merry Christmas, reader, and a Happy New Year—in case we cannot get at you before then—and do not go too hard on that stuffed goose and plum pudding when you get home. Bring back lots of Christmas feeling with you—not the feeling that obtains after an overdose of dainties, but real old Christmas spirit.

What a beautiful festival is this Christmas of ours, appealing as it does to the highest qualities of man's nature! It brings out his cheerfulness, his generosity, his brotherliness, and also develops in him that gratitude he must have for the greatest gift mankind ever received which came on the first Christmas day. Truly, it is a joyful season. But why could we not have Christmas every day, probably not in just the measure the small boy would have it, but to a certain extent. People seem to be so very human during this season, because of the feelings they seem to radiate. Folks living next door to one another in cities and towns actually bid one another good morning and a merry Christmas at this season. No one is grumpy, a genial smile takes possession of every face and crowds out those hard lines of care. Dad merely grins when the young hopeful shatters the silence of the early morning hours with fearful blasts from his new tin trumpet, and for once in the year people remember that their relations with others are more than regarding them merely as prospects to whom something can be sold. Like the hibernating bear, wakened by the kindly sun in late winter, emerging for a day from his hollow log, we emerge from our hollow log of indifference and heartily enjoy the rays of cheer emanating from humanity in general, but with the fall of evening we crawl back again for another period.

It may be that the above statements are somewhat overdrawn, especially in regard to the spirit in our group at this college, but certainly there is a large element of truth in them. This callous attitude towards others' interests is especially noticeable when we read about or hear of the spirit in the Northland such as is spoken of in another part of this issue. It is hard to put our finger on one reason why we are thus. Mayhap, it is because this tendency is innate and is much fostered by our sharp competitive system, in which we are pleasant to others just because by being so they will trade with us again. Let that be as it may, our Utopia is not here yet, and until it gets here the situation can be much alleviated if we carry on our Christmas spirit throughout the year.

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The numerous duties and pleasures of college life crowd in upon our attention with an incessant rush, monopolizing our interests and our time. Our well-filled hours vanish fleetingly and life seems to satisfy because it is full.

Yet wider interests are occasionally urged upon our attention with a vividness that renders them intimately our own. Such was our experience recently when Mr. E. H. Clarke, the National Secretary of the Canadian Students' Y.M.C.A., gave

us a glimpse of Europe as seen through the conference of the World Students' Christian Federation, held last summer in Switzerland. This conference was peculiarly interesting because, among the delegates assembled there, were representatives of the students of those nations which were recently our enemies, and more particularly because the delegates manifested a united determination to cement anew and more permanently those bonds of union violently rent asunder by the resistless torrent of hate released during the war.

Every such effort is an encouraging indication that civilization, rather than some national concept of civilization, was vindicated by the titanic struggle. Only in so far as the war has engendered an unfaltering resolve to prevent its recurrence do its results harmonize with those stirring declarations of sentiment which inspired its grim sacrifices. War unquestionably revealed the pernicious international misunderstandings to which it owed its birth. Will it insure the acceptance of more trustworthy relationships? That question, fraught with terrific consequences for humanity, is yet unanswered.

Unless the world decides this question wisely its bitter lesson will be repeated again and again. It will be repeated until nations learn that their deepest interests are identical and not opposed.

The most progressive forces in the world are struggling for the realization of international reunion and goodwill. The retrospect of history reveals a succession of misunderstandings leading to frequent bloody upheavals. What of the future? It may be that the students of this generation have the determining voice as to what shall come to pass. As students we have no adequate reason for being unless our duty and destiny be ideal.

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"The Quill" extends its congratulations to Professor Wilkins for the splendid work which he accomplished this summer in the world of science. He spent a large part of his vacation in the University of Chicago experimenting in conjunction with Professor R. A. Millikan, one of the leading physicists of today. His work was with Helium gas and his chief results were that he obtained doubly charged atoms of Helium and studied the conditions affecting their production.

Professor Wilkins' experiments are important both because of the discovery that doubly charged atoms may be produced and because the quantitative results throw still further light on the relative distances of the two electrons from the nucleus of the Helium atom.

Professor Wilkins has lately been formally instituted as

a member of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. Brandon College is indeed honored to have at the head of its Science Department one whose excellent work in science has been so well recognized.

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Everyone around the college has undoubtedly noticed that considerable growth has occurred in our science work lately. The amount of floor space devoted to the sciences has been tripled. Between five and ten thousand dollars worth of apparatus and equipment has been added in the last few months; and the number of our science faculty has been increased to six.

Moreover, we are assured that this is but the beginning of things. It has been felt that we are still overcrowded and the College Board has listed a Science Building as one of our pressing needs. We are glad to report that at a meeting of the citizens of Brandon, held under the auspices of the Board of Trade, it was decided to undertake the erection of a new Science Building as the citizens' share in the Program of Expansion which is under way. It is hoped that the first half of this building will be ready for use next Fall and that the increased facilities thus afforded will enable the number of science courses offered to be still further augmented at that time.





L. O. HARRIS '21.

“At Christmas-tide be of good cheer,  
For Christmas comes but once a year.”

Christmas, the great season of re-union and good-will, is once more at hand. Nowhere is its spirit more evident than in Brandon College. Here, as in former years, most of the students are preparing to leave for their homes where they will celebrate the passing of Christmas with innumerable social festivities. Those who expect to remain at the college during this season are also looking forward to a very good time. We are all prepared to share in the merriment which always attends the fellowship of congenial souls, and which is never so evident as it is at Christmas.

Every nerve of the universe is being strained to add to the enjoyment of “the other fellow.” Winter has laid his white mantle of snow across the weeks so that Christmas may pass over to us with untarnished majesty. The faculty are piling more work on the shoulders of the students, for they know the grim face of “Exams” will haunt the reveller if he has a spare moment in his Christmas holidays. The turkeys are no longer filibustering around the farmyards, nor swelling up with pride as they strut about. Latest despatches from Santa’s workshop at the North Pole bring to light that a multitude of orders have been placed with his firm, and these are in the process of being filled. Every student who has completed his registration is to be presented with an all-day sucker and each bachelor with a lemon. The proper Christmas spirit not only abounds at Brandon College, but also, as Fred Westcott says, “wherever civilization has erected its mansion, constructed its residence, built its shack, pitched its tent, or raised its igloo.”

Since the last appearance of the “Quill” we have been favored by the appearance of several distinguished visitors in



the College Assembly. Two very good addresses on Sociology have been given by Dr. Leslie Pidgeon of Winnipeg and Dr. Graham Taylor of Chicago.

Dr. Taylor gave a very illuminating address on Education and its relation to Sociology. "There as no self-made men," said the Doctor. "All are parts of a vast organic whole." The life of the individual was described as intertwined with the life of the species and these two lives were said to condition each other. Education is not confined to books, professors or museums. One is not truly educated until he thinks of himself in terms of his usefulness as a unit of society. Therefore one should "forge himself in the remembrance of others," and aid both foreign and native elements to become efficient Canadians.

Dr. Pidgeon also referred to the individual as a unit in society and as being greatly under the influence of his environment. Heredity determines a man's mental capacity, but environment determines his morals. Therefore, every person is made morally weaker by every degrading circumstance he encounters. Consequently no person should influence anyone else by setting a bad example. No one can commit a private sin. Thus, the best possible education for anyone is to get the idea of his relation to the other members of society, and to let his mind feast on good imagery, which can be obtained from books if not from the individual's environment. It follows, then, that everyone is responsible for his contribution to society, and must put forth an effort to eliminate anything which he would not wish to be a factor in the environment of the coming generation.

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Mabel B.: "What's the translation on that ring you gave me Saturday night?"

Arthur C.: "Faithful to the last."

Mabel B.: "Wretch! you said you were the first."

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Mrs. Ames (in Biology I class): "Where do the bugs go in the winter time?"

Mallory: "Search me."

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Once again the spirit of Brandon College has made itself heard in a pachydermatous manner. On Thursday, November 25th, at 12.30, just as the one o'clock whistles were blowing, a terrible runaway occurred in which Mr. Elmer Haad Beane Mallory covered himself with glory.

In some yet unknown way a milk waggon with the spirited

charger attached, on the corner of Lorne avenue and Seventeenth street, became frightened and tore up Lorne avenue at the fearful rate of four (4) miles per hour. Pedestrians possessing agility enough managed to escape, while others less fortunate were left to their fates. At the psychological moment Mr. Mallory arrived amid the gasps of the crowd. It was a tense moment, but the brave chap never once faltered in the discharge of what he felt was his duty. The horse came rushing on bellowing horribly, but suddenly, as if remembering a date, stopped outside Clark Hall.

A court of inquiry including most of the intelligence of Brandon, in the shape of Mr. Guthrie, Mr. Lambert and Mr. Bracken, has been held over the cause of this catastrophe. They finally decided that it started from causes unknown, but in any case it was a famous victory.

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### ACADEMY I. FUNCTION.

Sleigh rides are all the rage these beautiful nights. Academy I. had their function in this form Thursday evening, December 2nd. The joy riders gave free hand to the driver and he drove them wheresoe'er he listed. The hilarious young people took the customary method of informing the globe of their presence on the streets and twice were mistaken for a party bound for the red building on yonder hill. The drive formed only a part of the evening's festivities, for they were continued in Clark Hall in the form of games and eats..

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Ole, at breakfast table: "Yes, I am getting ready for exams now. I was working hard at 5.30 this morning."

Vic: "Yes. I heard the buck-saw going all right; you must have sawn an awful bunch of wood snce 4 a.m."

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Mr. Hemmes: "Miss Kennedy, do you understand clearly what your difficulty is?"

Florence: "No. I can't sav that I do."

Mr. Hemmes: "That is the difficulty, you see."

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### DEBATE.

The initial debate of the vear was held on Friday, Dec. 3rd, when the representatives of Senior and Junior Arts clashed in dialectical combat.

The question at issue was whether the remaining privately owned railways of Canada should be owned and operated by the Government. Eloise Manthorne and Marjorie McKenzie, representing Junior Arts, advanced arguments in favor of the

principle of nationalization as applied to railways. The Senior Arts representatives, Olive Freeman and Eva Calverly, confidently contended that government ownership invited political corruption and was inimical to industrial efficiency.

While the judges were deciding which side of the vigorous dispute had been most convincing, a short program was presented.

Mrs. Kilgour, who announced the decision of the judges, personally commended the ladies on the excellency of their addresses. After some valuable criticism she announced that the judges had awarded the victory to Senior Arts.

The inter-class debating trophy is now in the possession of Senior Arts, but has to be defended against the claims of Academy. Bring on your Demosthenes, Academy! Senior Arts are not nearly so formidable as they appear to be in their gowns.

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### TO THE BREAD CUTTER.

O thou! from whom our daily bread descends,  
 Divided into slices thick and wide,  
 We honor thee. Thy influence extends  
 Wherever ebbs and flows our empire's tide.  
 Wert thou to languish at thy task and be  
 Indifferent to every mute appeal  
 And idle stand—ah! the world would see  
 The state of students turn to woe, from weal.  
 N. R. McDonald's laugh would hollow ring,  
 McKnight grow wan and white become his hair;  
 No longer in the halls would Warner sing,  
 And Crawford would succumb to dark despair.  
 Thy zeal between us is the strongest bond;  
 When the bread box empty grew, thou didst not shirk  
 Obligation to us, but didst respond  
 By substituting hash of Van and Kirk.  
 Sufficient praise to give, we are unable,  
 To thee. Bread-cutter, thou monarch of the table!

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### MOCK PARLIAMENT.

With a solemnity worthily becoming such an auspicious occasion the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, Mr. E. J. Church, in the name of His Excellency the Governor-General, summoned the newly assembled House of Commons to the opening of Parliament in the Senate Chamber. The message was delivered in the English and French languages, the French translation being clearly intelligible to the English

members of the house. The House of Commons elected Prof. Howe to the office of Speaker and then proceeded to the Senate Chamber. His Excellency the Governor-General, Prof. Lager, with well modulated voice and just emphasis, read the speech from the throne.

Later the House of Commons, on the motion that an address be presented to His Excellency, debated the government's policy. Several members on both sides of the house revealed promise of parliamentary talent in capable maiden speeches. The vigorous criticism of the government's policy, culminating in the formidable assault of the leader of the opposition, the Hon. Elizabeth Greig, taxed to the uttermost the resourcefulness of Premier Cresswell and his followers. The government will require all its dexterity in devising expedients if it is to pilot its policy through the troublous session which is ahead.

Throughout the debate the Speaker exercised his prerogative with accomplished skill and judicial fairness.

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## ACADEMY II. HIKE.

One of the first functions of the season was held when Academy II took advantage of a beautiful evening on November 24th, to hike out to Lake Percy, under the able care of Mr. and Mrs. Renaud. Lots of games on the ice were played in the light of a big bonfire, and those with skates indulged in that exhilarating exercise of skating.

Later in the evening the party repaired to Miss King's home and there made a perfect end of a perfect party.

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Reg. Cresswell: "I cannot help thinking of the results when an Englishman sings that Xmas hymn Noel."

Derby: "Still that must be a very consoling thought to a person of your character."

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## Y. M. C. A.

A healthy tendency of growth is manifest in the efforts at present being made to more effectively co-ordinate the activities of the various Students' Christian organizations in Canada.

The new organization is to be known as "The Students' Christian Movement of Canada." Reorganization plans have been definitely formulated; and during the Christmas vacation a conference is to be held at which a national representation of students will consider and ratify these plans.

The suggested change commends itself as a means of

securing a united and clarified purpose, with a union of forces to carry that purpose into effect.

Meanwhile, our college Y.M.C.A. is pushing vigorously forward. Under the energetic leadership of Johnnie Hart and his competent executive, excellent weekly programs are being provided. Virile and helpful addresses have been delivered at successive Thursday evening meetings by Dr. MacNeill, Mayor Dinsdale, Mr. H. S. Sneyd of Yokohama Y.M.C.A. and Mr. E. H. Clarke. If this is an indication of what is to follow, each "Y" meeting will be anticipated with interest.

The Bible study groups, led by Messrs. Cresswell, Van Schaick, Peterson and Harris, are an interesting department of our religious educational work. Helen Barret Montgomery's "The Bible and Missions" is being used as a basis for the discussions. The heart of some of the great world problems growing out of racial aspirations may be reached through a study of missions. Come along and participate in an attempt to understand the needs of the world in which we live.

### THE B. A. OF B. C.

The Bachelors' Association of Brandon College is at present one of the foremost organizations of its kind in the world. Since it is so select, most of its rites are secret, but it has as a basis of existence the following creed:

1. All members must remain forever in a singular state.

2. Members must not be seen in the Olympia with a lady, must never take one to a show, nor ever be seen in Clark Hall.

Its members have to undergo severe tests before being admitted and the period of probation is a long and hard one. The incentive for its formation was the awful fate of the poor unfortunate John Hart, who last year got himself entangled so inextricably in the meshes of a hair net and who is irretrievably lost to the advocates of single blessedness.

### CLASS '21:

Howdy, folks! We know that it will be of no use telling you what Class '21 is doing because you follow all our actions with such adoring eyes, but we have a little space given us in the "Quill" and we wish to pass on to posterity, in no legendary, Homeric way, the true story of our activities. We have been reorganized and are fortunate enough to have as officers:

Honorary President—Miss Turnbull.

President—Kelly Stone.

Vice-President—Hazel Dunseith.

Secretary—Joe Wicklund.

We have had our big function, as you know, but as pre-ludes to this grand finale had a lot of half-grown functions which were of the O.K. species.

Our first was after Lit. one night, when the boys received the girls in the Clark Hall reading room with open arms and, better still, a real feed. We did not spend this evening but time stole it from us before we knew where it had gone. Joe, sad to relate, overate and has not been able to look a bean fair in the face since. Second, some brilliant young person arranged a skating party for us out at Lake Percy between 3 and 6 one day. Out there, besides by our own skating, we were entertained by an exhibition of real figure skating by Runy as it is done in Sweden. He ended his performance by a particularly daring stunt. He first threw his feet high in the air, then came down on his left ear, spun around three times thus, and finished by coming down to a sitting posture with a crash. Runy's agility on skates is most remarkable. One unfortunate incident occurred. Jimmy lost his shoes—No. 9's by the way—and it was a long time before he discovered that some mischievous person had hidden them in Mac's boots.

The next good time took place when the girls entertained the boys at a Friday afternoon tea. There were actually poached eggs in the menu, or rather on toast in the menu. The main business of the afternoon was the sewing on of the new colors on the gowns. The boys came out of this fracas rather much the worse for wear.

Now we come to the grand finale which, of course, was a product of Kelly's musical brain. It was an original scheme. We left Clark Hall at seven by team and sleigh with destination unknown, although it was rumored it was Egypt for us.

Right then the hulabaloo started, and Miss Turnbull thought that she must have been transferred by a magic carpet to Ireland.

Jim Smith started all the trouble by stepping with both feet on the prostrate form of Leslie O., who was reclining at the bottom of the box. This caused Leslie O. to emit his fearsome bark, which would throw the bark of Cerebus in Hades into the shade. This was the signal for an attack on everybody by everybody, and each boy was hurled from the sleigh ere long—all except Kelly, and he was all the while skulking in the bottom of the sleigh underneath four or five or even six fellows, but finally he was dragged out by the heels and also cast forth.

The driver drew up at last at Mr. Clark's farm, and there we spent a good old-time social evening which was helped

along by Elizabeth's reading, Kelly's song, everybody's good spirits and the dandy provender.

On the way home those wretches of boys threw out all the young ladies, and even Miss Turnbull had to suffer this ignominy. Their conduct was worthy of barbarians rather than members of the premier class. But all got safely home except Mac, who left his heart out at the farm. For a time grave fears were entertained about Ev's right arm as it could not be seen from the front and some thought that it had been torn off in the fray, but it appears that he had left it hanging outside the rig to make more room on the seat for the young person alongside him.

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### BUSINESS DEPARTMENT.

Again appears in the history of Brandon College the organization of the Business Department. This organization took place on November 19th, and the following officers were elected:

Honorary President—Miss Taylor.

President—Mr. Earl Masterson.

Vice-President—Miss Phyllis Houston.

Secretary-Treasurer—Miss Laura Power.

Convenor Social Committee—Miss Isabel Copeland.

Business, good business, that is what the people of the world need today to offset the tendency of letting their minds dwell too much on the extravagant pleasures of life. By some a business course is considered to be one of the easiest stepping stones to a profession. This should not be. A thorough business course should be taken seriously and earnestly as a training, not merely for mercenary advantage, but as equipment for a life profession. But we need not think it is all a steep and stony path to achievement. Our committee has planned a number of healthy functions for the coming winter term, which will make the way more pleasurable and not less profitable.

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### FRESHIE'S QUERY COLUMN.

1. "What shall I make on my exams?"

"Your average mark will be the square root of the number of hours you have honestly studied."

2. "What are Clark Hall's visiting hours?"

"You can see a member of the faculty at any time, provided you have a reasonable excuse. For further information ask Glen Clark, Room 31, or see the Senior Stick."

3. "Weren't there enough animals in this year for a circus?"

"Most of them were too green to train without taking a special course, or too fresh to be handled with artistic results."

4. "What must one do to join the faculty?"

"Get some 'soup tickets,' and if you wish further advancement miss some classes and join the senate."

5. "Why don't we have prunes?"

"They're out of date. This is peach, pear and gooseberry season."

6. "Can I issue a mortgage on my caution money?"

"It has never been done; you might force a test case. All the students would welcome a ruling on the matter."

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### CLASS '22 FUNCTION.

"Jingle bells, jingle bells,  
Jingle all the way.  
Oh, what fun it is to ride  
In a one-horse open sleigh!"

And oh, what fun it is to ride in a bob-sleigh too! Ask the members of Class '22 and they'll tell you. Vic Warner thought that also when the rest threw him out and he had to walk behind for a mile or so. This class of "jolly good fellows" spent one of the most enjoyable evenings of their young lives at their function, which took the form of a sleigh ride on November 25th.

The happy party investigated most of the good sleighing roads near Brandon, all the while "livening up the town and themselves with yells and songs.

Finally imaginative pictures and odors of beautiful brown beans with a little pork resting nonchalantly on top brought these joy-full but otherwise empty ones back to Clark Hall and down to the gym. Once inside the gym and the beans being in the same condition in regard to Class '22, the party became more hilarious than ever and enjoyed a short program of games and other social festivities. The party broke up by the usual method of cheers, yells and songs, but all under their breath, so as not to disturb their more prosaic fellow-students, as the hour was fearfully late.

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### GREAT SAYINGS OF GREAT MEN.

Earl King: "Come over, you long skinny rascal; I'll make you fat."

Clarence Hembling: "Dear heart, I am always true."



Joel S. Peterson: "Ain't she cute? I love her!"

John R. Cresswell: "Wot rot!"

Hubert Staines: "He consigned me to the last rendezvous of the wicked."

Herman C. Olsen: "Let's get together."

Jim Smith: "When did she write to you last?"

Chris. Riley: "That reminds me of one I heard."

Ernest Church: "I feel like a cathedral this morning."

Gustav Fryklund: "If her lips were a soda fountain I could drink forever."

V. Clarence Warner: "The girls never look at me."

Herb. Rebertson: "Let's study."

Joe Wicklund: "I can't imagine what she sees in you."

The Resident Master: "The world of the savage revolves around his stomach."

Bill Lewis: "I have to stay home and study—I'm broke."

Mr. Hemmes: "Mr. Forshaw, let us suppose you have an idea in your head."

Ole: "Why not start with a more tenable assumption?"

Mr. Logan missed his whistle all last week, but found it when he made his bed last Saturday.

Prof. Howe: "What were the results of the recent B.C. elections?"

Magnusson: "Senior Stick, Herman Olsen, etc."

Derby: "A young lady told me a secret the other day and said I must tell nobody of it."

Westcott: "Oh, tell me then."

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## A PHILOSOPHER

"Those who speak know nothing.

Those who know are silent."

These words I am told

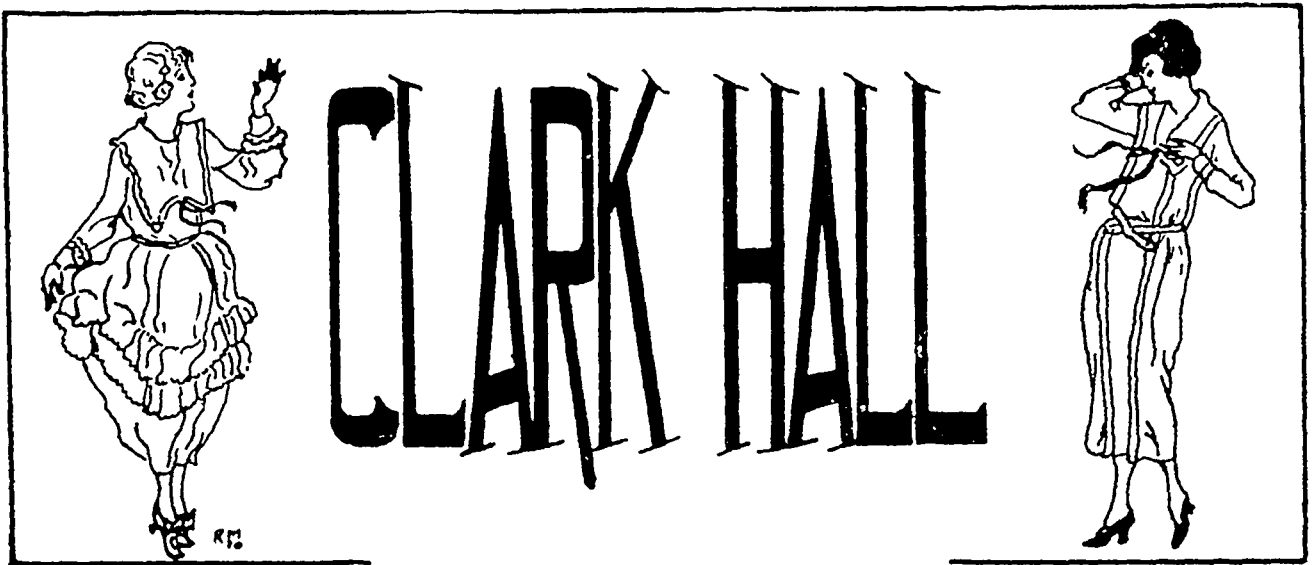
Were spoken by Loa-tzu.

Was himself one who knew,

How comes it that he wrote a book

Of five thousand words?

—Chinese of the Eighth Century.



MARIA GRANT '24.

"It is the merry Xmas-tide."

Merry Xmas, everyone. It seems only a few weeks since Clark Hall was getting settled and acquainted. In those first days Christmas seemed away off in the dim, delightful future, a blessed time only to be talked of on Sundays.

But in a flash, before we have time to realize where we are, here it is upon us. Time flies, and we must of necessity keep pace. A few more days and we shall all be at home holding the household spell-bound with tales of adventures and escapades in Clark Hall.

Let no one forget to make herself the chief heroine of every story. When you hang up your stocking remember to leave a letter for Santa Claus asking for an easy-chair, a rug, a book-case, a box of push-tacks, and many other things that will add much to the comfort of your room.

And then, although we do not wish to develop a spirit of selfishness in you, you might suggest to the family that it is much easier to entertain your guests and friends if you happen to possess an electric toaster, chafing-dish, tea-pot, and sundry similar things.

To the junior girls we would say: Be sure to enjoy yourselves; your examinations are over and you have nothing to worry about. Have a good time while you are young! Soon the cares of this world will crowd in upon you and you will have no more time for fun than the worthy seniors have now.

To the seniors we would say: Be sure to make yourselves merry. Exams will take the joy out of life soon enough. So

"Sing while you may, another day  
Will bring enough of sorrow."

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new." And it was with a great deal of pleasure that the faculty and girls of Clark Hall welcomed the advent of the new musical gong. The gong is a present to Clark Hall from Jean McLaren, who graduated in '16 and was arranged for through the kindness of Miss Whiteside. Its tones are as far superior to the noises of its barbaric predecessor as Professor Wright's playing of "Hark, Hark the Lark" is to the tunes that some of our young hopefuls pick out with one finger on the reading-room piano. Our appreciation and gratitude are called forth three times a day as we gladly answer its summons.

—

All hail to the dear little powder puff girl  
 With her soft dimpled cheek and her hair in a curl!  
 She isn't too short and she isn't too tall,  
 I see her each day as I pass through the hall.  
 On the way down to breakfast she fixes her clothes,  
 And then very carefully powders her nose.  
 As she rushes to class, does she care if she's late?  
 Not a whit, but she says, "Is my powder on straight?"  
 Or "How is my hair?" or "How do I look?"  
 In her worry she's even forgotten her book.  
 My dear little lady, if you could forget  
 How pretty your look, and how cunning, I'll bet  
 You'd find life worth living. Just try it and see!  
 And after a minute, I'm sure you'll agree.

—

BY THEIR "WORDS" YE SHALL KNOW THEM.

Doris Bulloch: "Let's have a tea-party."  
 Lillian Winton: "O! kids, it's h-e-eavenly."  
 Eunice Death: "P-e-t-e."  
 Eleanor Leitch: "I hadn't the heart to say no."  
 Eva Calverley: "Well (long drawn out) have you a current event?"  
 Muriel Bulloch: "Say, Doris, run over to Davy's for me."  
 Ruby Lytle: "Maria, come home and do the room."  
 Hazel Keith: "Oh, shucks."  
 Zetta Greenwood: "Well, I don't care. that's honest."

—

Saturday evening, November 27th, the fourth year girls were the hostesses to the Regina, Clark Hall, Brandon College and Y.M.C.A. basket ball teams. The teams arrived at Clark Hall at 10.30 and found their places at small tables which were set in the reception room. After partaking of a delicious luncheon, speeches were given. Mrs. Wilkins gave an address of

welcome to the visiting teams. Dr. MacNeill said a few words about the two games, Dr. Whidden spoke on the importance of clean sports, and the Regina captain, on behalf of her team, replied to the address of welcome. The reception came to an end by singing the National Anthem.

The girls have indeed been privileged this year in having some very interesting addresses at the meetings of the Y.W.C.A.

A few weeks ago we were carried away by tales of the Yukon, told by Miss Kathleen Johnston in describing the year she spent in Dawson. And when she had finished, practically all the girls decided that their next move would be to that city.

Later, Dr. Jessie McBean, of China, spoke, telling us of the opportunities for work in that country, especially along medical lines. We are now in a rather undecided state of mind as to whether we shall pitch our tents in China or in the Yukon. We are very grateful to both Miss Johnston and Dr. McBean, and hope to hear from them again soon.

Voice at the other end of the line, talking to Bessie Bridgett on the telephone: "Well, I'll call you up tomorrow."

Bessie: "All right! I'll expect a ring then."

Broke, broke ,broke,  
And not a cent to spend;  
Not a girl to borrow from,  
And not a girl to lend.

There was an old maid of Peru.  
Who thirty-one languages knew.  
With one pair of lungs  
She worked thirty-two tongues.  
I don't wonder she's single. Do you?

### "LIT."

"Sailing gaily over the sea,  
Fearless, light and happy are we.  
O'er the billows gliding along,  
Singing our gay and joyous song."

Ship ahoy! We're sailing fine! We have put our trust in Captain Syb. and we are sure she will steer up through. The whole ship is well manned and we have an ever true compass in our "worthy stick."

The good ship "Lit." is well on her way and has not yet encountered a storm. There may be breakers ahead, but the

steady rays from the lighthouses of past experience will guide us past the rocks. The passengers are all happy as they skim over the placid waters. The stars twinkle down their approval, while the moon moves across the sky beaming with satisfaction and delight. At the first port a large number of those on board engaged in a hard time hike, and by the smiling faces and hearty appetites we were assured it was enjoyed.

Two weeks later we again dropped anchor, when we were entertained to a delightful evening of song and drama.

The next harbor was passed by, owing to our officers generously giving it over for Miss Wilson's vocal students' recital.

We are full steam ahead again, and are anxiously watching for the sight of land. Our next resting place promises to be well up to those we have already enjoyed.

"None would wish to leave us, to leave us.

Where can life more beautiful be—

Smiling gaily over the briny deep,

How happy and how joyful are we!"

Let us stay with it through storm and fair, and make the whole round trip "un bon voyage."

---

Hazel Adolph: "Marguerite, who is your favorite writer?"

Marguerite Sexton: "Father."

Hazel: "Why, what does he write?"

Marguerite: "Checks."

---

I heard the bells on Christmas Day

Their old, familiar carols play,

And wild and sweet

The words repeat

Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

—Longfellow.

---

While Thanksgiving has its foundation on Plymouth Rock, Christmas rests upon the Rock of Ages.—C. D. Warner.



E. J. KING '23.

The time of Christmas cheer and merry making is now drawing near and with it come all those vague feelings of uneasiness and longing to be away. When vacation time draws near, students are often wont to forget what is going on around them and to sit back and indulge in reminiscences of former Christmas holidays and in sweet contemplation of what this year's vacation holds in store for them. But not so in regard to athletics in Brandon College, and be it far from me to suppose that any Brandon student would forget his studies in blissful dreams of the near future, for exams lie just beyond that "near future" and —well, he thinks he had better not forget.

No, we have no grounds upon which to suppose that holiday expectancies are in any way detracting from Brandon College sports. On every side we find interest and keen enthusiasm evinced over basketball, soccer, hockey and, in fact, every sport enjoyed in the great "out-of-doors."

Winter has covered all nature with a blanket of snow and the hoarfrost has decked the trees with festoons sparkling in the sunshine. Everywhere we hear the jingle of sleigh-bells and the swish of toboggans. The steel-shod skaters skimming over the hard ice impress upon us that winter, with all its good times, is indeed here at last.

But cold weather and snow have in nowise put a stop to soccer, and basketball is every day revealing new and fast developing athletes. Indeed, tennis seems to be the only game which has suffered; even then some highly imaginative in-

dividual has suggested that we flood the courts and play on skates. (Thanks, Mastberg; you always did have brilliant ideas.)

The first cold snap saw Lake Percy covered with skaters, eager to see if they had forgotten how to stand on their steel blades and anxious to try out their new outfits. Several very enjoyable skating parties took place before a heavy fall of snow hopelessly obliterated all signs of the sheet of ice.

---

An energetic athletic executive is a very necessary bit of machinery in connection with Brandon College sport life. In fact, it is the big word; for we live in a day when even athletics will go only when there is an extra amount of initiative and persuasion behind them.

Well, we have it!—just the kind of executive who not only realize fully what sport means to us here from the standpoints of health and athletic prowess, but who are ready to put thought and enthusiasm into their program for our year of sport. Here they are:

Hon. President—Dr. H. L. MacNeill.

President—E. J. King.

Secretary-Treasurer—L. Smith.

Football Representative—F. Friend.

Hockey Representative—C. Crawford.

Tennis Representative—E. Carter.

Basketball Representative—D. Johnson.

Field Day Representative—R. Cresswell.

Track and Field Representative—A. Derby .

The main thing, in the minds of the executive for this year's sport is not simply senior teams in the various sports that will beat the world, though they do want that our teams shall stand to the fore; but they are anxious that our sport shall be so arranged and conducted that every man in the college will be able by means of proper exercise, to keep in shape physically and will be given an opportunity of developing what athletic ability he has in him.

But, say! Gentlemen! The Athletic Executive would like if they had the opportunity, to whisper in our ears that they cannot make athletes out of fellows who have no more ambi-

tion than to excell in the art of balancing hat, gloves, cane and tea-cup in one hand.

They would say: "If we are to be free from epidemics this winter, and if we are to win out in the various leagues, then all you young dandies! when four o'clock comes, have enough of the real original he-man in you to get your togs on and get into the game."

The Executive would also say that the improvements in this year's program and much of the enthusiasm in the sport life so far this year have come from the splendid work done by Mr. Evan Whidden, president of last year's executive. It was his negotiations with Mr. Hunter before college opened this fall that made possible the splendid accommodation we are receiving at the city Y.M.C.A. this year.

We can thank him for the idea of carrying out the inter-department schedule in sports, and he is the silver-tongued gentleman who is responsible for Mr. Spark's splendid gift. Then there was the separate Field Day idea, and many others. Thank Ev. Our sport life will continue to bear the imprint of your work.

—

## TENNIS.

The tennis season of 1920 is gone but not forgotten. Many have been the exciting contests waged on the courts, and keen has been the enthusiasm displayed. What better indication do we want of the interest taken, than Evan Whidden and Jim Smith playing off the finals of the double tournament against Vic. Mastberg and Tim Mallory, on a frozen court with plenty of snow to be seen? Yes, tennis is gone, but has left with us happy recollections of hours of enjoyment spent on the sunny courts to the south of our building.

In order to hasten the completion of the tournament it was found necessary to close the courts to mixed doubles for the greater part of each week. It might be added that Leslie Harris was the chief offender in the violation of this rule. But despite Leslie's persistence in playing with the ladies, together with other difficulties, the tennis tournament was completed. After several preliminaries Hash decided to entrust the honor of their department to a team composed of Fred Westcott and Lorne Smith. Great was the humiliation and disappointment of the Academy, however, when their two picked players went down to defeat before the superior play



of Mastberg and Mallory of Junior Arts. Flushed with victory, the two Sophs stepped confidently out to play Senior Arts. But E. Whidden and Jim Smith displayed such masterly skill in the use of the racquets, that the Juniors were forced to a second place in the honors.

Winter is here and with it come new sports and new branches of athletics. However, we can call up memories of last fall as we start the ping-pong balls across the table after our Xmas dinner. And though wooden bats and celluloid "bubbles" may be poor substitutes for a good racquet and tennis balls, yet they may add to our Xmas cheer by bringing back happy memories of warmer days.

---

## HOCKEY.

A good season of hockey is anticipated this year. Crawford, our hockey convenor, assures us that we have many real players in our midst and he already has a possible line-up for a team to be entered in the City Junior League. Owing to the non-return of the most of our last year's hockeyists, it was impossible to enter a team in the Intermediate League, although Tim Mallory, our star player, is still with us. Tim, however, promises that real live inter-department hockey will not be lacking. Practice arrangements have been made with the Rink management, and Wednesday afternoon has been secured for general skating.

---

## SOCCER.

Yes, nature has cast o'er the scene her ameliorating mantle, but this has only added to the enthusiasm of the Soccerites. That good old games of soccer that adds strength to our bodies and vigor to our minds has been in nowise slighted. "Everybody turn out" is the slogan we often hear shouted from hall to hall.

Football is everybody's game. In order to give the young boys a chance a league was formed consisting of three teams, namely the Reds, Whites and Blues. Although no games have as yet been played, enthusiasm is keen because of the fact that the losers, while suffering the humility of defeat, are bound to give the winners a bun feed.

Severer weather is in all probability coming, but to offset

this all that we must do is exert more strenuously some of that latent prowess which is surely present in the most of us.

Many efforts have been made to secure games with outside teams. They have, however, shown no inclination to hazard their reputation on a snow covered field and have rejected all our challenges.

---

### BASKETBALL.

Good old "Hippi Skippi" sounds in the "Y" gym. and "Whiski-wee-wee" informs our opponents that they are about to be "eaten raw" by the College quintette. And indeed "College eat 'em raw" is proving to be no idle threat, for our senior team is determined to take no second place in basketball this season, and woe unto the team which steps too confidently onto the floor to meet the boys wearing the blue and gold striped jerseys.

As convenor of basketball this year, we have Dwight Johnson, and to say that he is the ideal man for the job is putting it mildly. Dwight has certainly worked up some keen enthusiasm over the old game and has college teams entered in both the Senior and Intermediate leagues. Arrangements have been made for practices in the Y.M.C.A., and with old material improving and new players appearing every day, all indications are that we are in for a real good season of basketball.

The first schedule games were played on the night of November 23rd, with the College Intermediates stacking up against the Mohawks, and the Seniors against the Y.M.C.A. On the senior team Riley and Cranston guarded, Whidden and Beaubier played forward and Dwight Johnson held down centre position.

In the senior game both Y.M.C.A. and College put up a good fight, and from the outset the play was real fast, beautiful combination work being the strong point of the College quintette. Both teams, however, were weak on shooting, and although Whidden and Beaubier dropped in some very pretty baskets, the number of shots far exceeded the scores made. Johnson played a good game as centre and Cranston showed us some of the nicest combination plays we have seen on the "Y" floor. He has the knack of juggling the ball around the heads of his opponents and passing it to any part of the floor he chooses. Riley furnished the sensational shot of the evening, when he dropped the ball into the basket in a beautiful throw from the centre of the floor.

At the end of the first period the Collegians were leading eighteen to nine. The Y.M.C.A. tried to stage a come-back

in the second half, but though they got the first score, their triumph was short lived, for the College five began passing the ball across the floor with such swiftness and accuracy that the "Y" team, "mazed, knew not which way to turn." The final score was twenty-six to seventeen in favor of the College.

The Intermediate game, however, was not such a success—at least not for our side. The Mohawks, by splendid combination and good shooting, had the best end of the score throughout the entire game. Our team showed their lack of practice in passing the ball and in finding the net. However, they are determined not to be beaten again, and to that end are getting all the practice possible.

Several outside games are planned. 'Varsity, M.A.C., and the University of Saskatchewan teams will probably play here this winter. Our Seniors are determined to wipe out the defeats inflicted by 'Varsity last year, so the games should be real fast and prove to be big drawing cards.

---

England was Merry England, when  
Old Christmas brought his sports again.  
'Twas Christmas broach'd the mightiest ale;  
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;  
A Christmas gambol oft could cheer  
The poor man's heart through half the year.

—Scott.



## CLARK HALL ATHLETICS

HAZEL KEITH '23.

Hurrah! The basket ball has been tossed up! We're off! Clark Hall is in one of the fastest basket-ball seasons of her history. The enthusiasts are not satisfied with practice just twice a week, but all the same they are swiftly getting into first class shape. Not only the team, but all the girls seem to have the basket-ball bug, and deserve merit as good sports. After the closely contested Regina game all are looking forward with enthusiasm to the game with the M.A.C.'s on December 11th. It is planned that return games will be played with Saskatoon, Regina and possibly Winnipeg during the early part of the second term.

Ice hockey has been organized under Capt. Annie McLeod. But owing to the fact that the Arena is not yet ready for use, no practices have been held so far. However, prospects of an A1 bunch of "puck-chasers" are in view and all are anxiously waiting the time when they can get on the ice.

---

### COLLEGE vs. REGINA.

On Saturday, November 25th, 1920, the first girls' basket-ball game of the season was played between Clark Hall and Regina. The "Y" gym. was packed with enthusiastic on-lookers, and when the teams came on the floor every one knew that a speedy and interesting game would be staged.

The Regina girls wore dark middies and their colors streamed from their shoulders in bright array. Our girls looked charming in their new middy suits of blue and gold. Grim determination as well as vim was displayed early in the game, promising fast and furious play throughout.

The teams were very evenly matched and the game exceeded all expectations in speed and combination play. We could not but be proud of the fast combination play especially, and our first goal was secured by fine team work. The ball started out from a guard play, passed on by the centres to Ella Clark, who netted the ball. A foul by Regina added another point to Ella Clark's credit. Two more points were scored by our team by Hazel Keith before the end of the first half. After half time, Regina came back as though they had been sprinkled with a little pep, and made up seven points. The tables were turned in this period and they carried off the victory. Although our team did not win, we were very proud of the game they played and expect great things from them in the future.

# LATITUDE & LONGITUDE

LOIS STRACHAN '23.

Be merry all, be merry all,  
With holly dress the festive hall—  
Prepare the song, the feast, the ball,  
To welcome Merry Christmas!

—Spencer.

The following exchanges have been received since the last issue of "The Quill": McMaster Monthly, The Argosy, The Ubysey, The Manitoban, The Sheaf, The Gateway, The Johnian. To these, and to our many other exchanges, we wish a very Merry Christmas and a Prosperous New Year.

Dr. MacNeill and the Time-table:

"The time is out of joint—O cursed spite,  
That ever I was born to set it right."

—Hamlet.

This year is the Centenary of St. John's College, Winnipeg, and there are several very interesting articles in the November issue of the Johnian, telling of the growth and progress of the college since its founding in 1820. We are given a glimpse of the hardships and difficulties which had to be overcome by the pioneers in the work. The following is an extract from a letter of John McCallum, one of their early leaders:

"Persevere, I beseech you, in pursuing the path of well-doing, however great the difficulties you may have to combat. In due time you will reap your reward. Silence and perhaps neglect will be the proximate result; but, depend upon it, merit will ultimately attain its level."

The long-wished for, and long-worked for, came to pass

when Wallingford Hall, the ladies' residence of McMaster University, officially opened its doors on September the 28th, 1920. The Alumnae Association was chiefly the means by which the dream of having a women's residence became a reality.

—

Maybe you think it's easy,  
 Maybe you know it's hard;  
 But writing exchanges  
 Is some job, pard.

To always say something different,  
 To try and say something worth while,  
 Makes us wish for a little grey matter,  
 To say something bright with a smile.

To try not to criticise harshly,  
 As we scan each magazine through,  
 And "temper our justice with mercy,"  
 Yet, give every fellow his due.

I've met with some awful things lately,  
 And I've met with some things mighty fine;  
 But the worst I've encountered, I'll tell you,  
 Just me—busy writing this rhyme.

—Exchange.

—

In the October number of McMaster Monthly is an article entitled "The New Tower of Babel," translated from "La Esperantisto," by E. J. Bengough.

In the opening paragraph, he gives a picture of the confusion of tongues as the people tried to build a tower to defy God's power.

He shows how the "gift of tongues," bestowed on the disciples on the Day of Pentecost overcomes, for at least that one day, the confusion of tongues begun at Babel. Then he says:

"What is the profound significance for us of these two pictures presented to us as the beginning and end of a world-embracing evolution? Is there not embodied in them a great thought shining like a torch to all times, including ours? In the years through which we have just come has not humanity suffered a second time the fate of the men of Babel? Has not the speech of the heart become confused afresh, so that men are unable longer to comprehend one another?"

"Let us examine more closely how this second Babel catastrophe has come. The men of the nineteenth and twentieth

centuries desired also to build a tower which was to reach the clouds. With great flourishes of trumpets they unceasingly proclaimed throughout the world that a new culture was coming, the like of which had never yet been on earth. Never more self-confidently than in these decades has humanity boasted about its knowledge, about its inventions, about its technical progress; never have humanity's leaders had prouder imaginings concerning the immense heights to which the human spirit had already lifted itself. The Tower of Babel, this technical miracle which the ancient people wished to construct, appears to us as a prophetic foreshadowing of our century of technics from which so many credulous men looked for an unheard-of efflorescence and an unexampled felicitation for the whole human family.

"Truly our building bravely progresses. Oh yes. But the people who labor upon it are distraught, they become estranged, they fight against each other, and now stand, after the fury of war, bleeding from a thousand wounds, and with tear-covered eyes facing each other with hearts full of bitterness. Alas, there took place not the hoped-for blossoming of humanity, but only a terrible debacle of culture.

"And what is now capable of drying these tears, healing these wounds, and nullifying this Babel confusion with its abysmal enmity and estrangement between man and man? Only a new Pentecostal miracle can accomplish this. Only that spirit is able to do it, which burns in tongues of fire, not on the heads, but in the souls of men—only the spirit of love. Reason and intellect have failed as bringers of happiness to humanity. If humanity desires to reach happier times then it must raise to the Throne the other and long-neglected power of the soul—the power of sentiment. A new culture and sentiment must be commenced; it only is the cure for the crudities and the savagery which were brought by the war to the light of day.

"In the biblical Pentecost the enlightenment came from without; the new Pentecost of the peoples can come only by enlightenment from within. But it is the same Divine Spirit which will now, as it did then, remove the curse of Babel—the spirit which speaks not from the mind but from the heart."

---

Once with midnight studies sickened,  
I was pondering hunger-stricken  
Over many a bounteous breakfast  
I have chewed in days of yore.

And I thought of the tomorrow,  
 With its usual dole of sorrow,  
 With its bitter tale of sorrow,  
 Sorrow present evermore.

“Never,” said I, comfort scorning,  
 “Do I rise up in the morning  
 With my smiling face adorning  
 At the breakfast, as before.

“Now exams loom huge before me,  
 And the curse of books is o’er me,  
 And I find no satisfaction  
 As I blindly look them o’er.”

Things mundane my sight escaping,  
 I can do no idle prating,  
 For my nerves are sadly grating—  
 Au revoir.

—The Manitoban.

Jim: “I’ll have to work hard next year.”

Jam: “Why, aren’t you coming back to college?”

—The Ubysey.

The Jazz fever has broken out among the Eskimos of the Far North. Mounted policemen report that dancing occupies all the spare moments of the northerners, and that a great ingloo, presumably of ice, has been built on Coronation Gulf for a dance hall.

—The Gateway.

Concerning college football teams,  
 Too oft it comes to pass,  
 The man who’s half-back in the field  
 Is ’way back in his class.

—The Ubysey.

Here is a little bouquet for our College magazine, in the Exchange Notes of the Johnian:

“We have on hand a copy of the Commencement Number of the Brandon ‘Quill,’ and find this number up to the usual standard. The articles on the graduates are indeed very interesting and the personal characteristics of each add strength to the issue.”



Wisdom—(a) Having a lot to say.

(b) Not saying it.

Youth—(a) Being foolish.

(b) Not knowing it.

Prohibition—A measure to encourage home industry.

—The Sheaf.

## I WISH YOU A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

I wish you a Merry Christmas,

'Tis good to be merry, you know;

I wish you a welcome reception

Wherever to visit you go.

I wish you delight in your meeting

The friends you now cherish as dear;

I wish you a Merry Christmas,

I wish you a Happy New Year.

I hope the old year may have added

To your joys and your pleasures and friends;

Or if the old year has deceived you

The new one will make you amends.

Let prudence but guide your endeavors,

And away with repining and care,

'Tis the way to be merry at Christmas,

'Tis the way for a Happy New Year.

—Old English.



# ALUMNI ALUMNI

MISS J. M. TURNBULL '15.

Silent night,  
 Holy night,  
 All is calm, all is bright,  
 Round you Virgin Mother and Child.  
 Holy Infant so tender and mild,  
 Sleep in heavenly peace,  
 Sleep in heavenly peace!

The singing of Christmas carols as they are sung in the older countries, is a very beautiful custom. In Canada, generally speaking, we sing them at religious services or in our homes, and less frequently in the city streets. In spite of the differences in these customs in various countries, the carols have the same message for each nation—"On earth peace, good will toward men."

We have been glad to welcome quite a number of ex-students and Alumni as visitors among us. Even though their visits were brief, they each had a message for us as they were duly clapped up to the dining-room archway for a speech. Among these guests were: Mr. E. H. Clarke '12, National Secretary of the Canadian Y.M.C.A.; Rev. R. Harvey '13, of Holland, Man.; Mr. F. McKinnon, of Portage la Prairie; Mr. D. McNaught '20, and Mr. O. Calverley '20.

Miss K. Johnston '14 recently addressed the Clark Hall girls on her experiences in Dawson City. In a most charming and interesting way, she told us of the Northland—how to get "in" and "out," of a few noted characters of the Yukon, of the people in general, of their educational system, of the country with its hills and numerous creeks, of the caribou run, of the weather, of fox-farms, of trips by dog-train—illustrating her talk by a large number of snap-shots and views. She was a

most welcome visitor, and the warmth of personal experience made the facts which she told us very real and interesting.

---

Joe Sampson, now of Blythe, California, has been made an Eagle Scout, the highest rank that can be conferred by the Boy Scout organization. This is no small honor, there being less than three hundred Eagles in the United States. In order to obtain this rank, Joe had to pass Tenderfoot, Second Class and First Class tests, and qualify for the Advanced Merit badge and for the rank of Life and Star Scout.

---

Wright—Ovens. On September 20th, at the home of the bride's cousin, Mr. Othal Bentley, Miss Julia May Ovens was married to James Percival Wright, of Thackery. Rev. H. Pepin officiated.

---

Misses Clare and Esther Molberg and Helen Coram are teaching near Midale, Sask.

---

Mr. A. H. Pullen and Miss Elsie Dorsey are on the Brandon Public School teaching staff.

---

Mr. Ira Dunbar is taking his senior year dental work at Toronto University.

---

Miss Margaret Milton and Miss Bessie Wood are attending Normal in Portage la Prairie.

---

Miss Gladys Campbell is located in her work as stenographer in Regina, while Miss Jean Reid has a similar position in Estevan, Sask.

---

Mr. Jack Van Norman is attending school in Wingham, Ontario.

---

Miss Kathlyne Jones is teaching in Minto, Man.

---

Born—To Rev. and Mrs. W. Arnold Bennett, Vancouver, B.C., on October 10th, a daughter, Frances Elaine.

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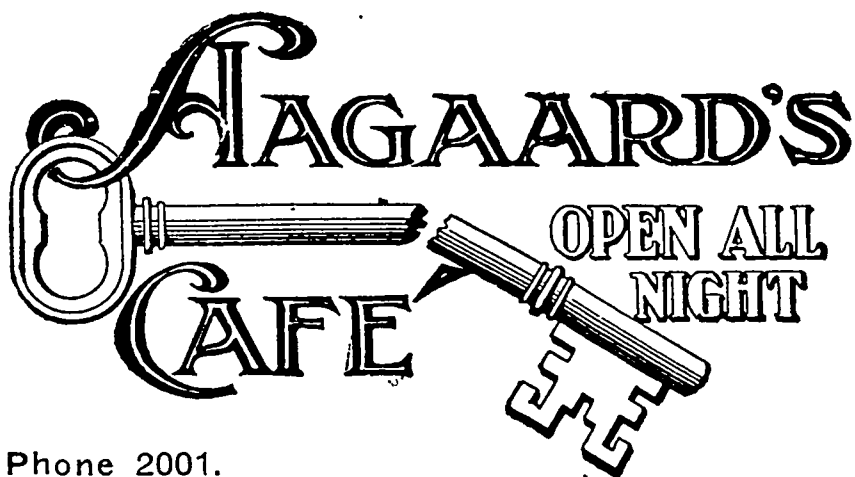
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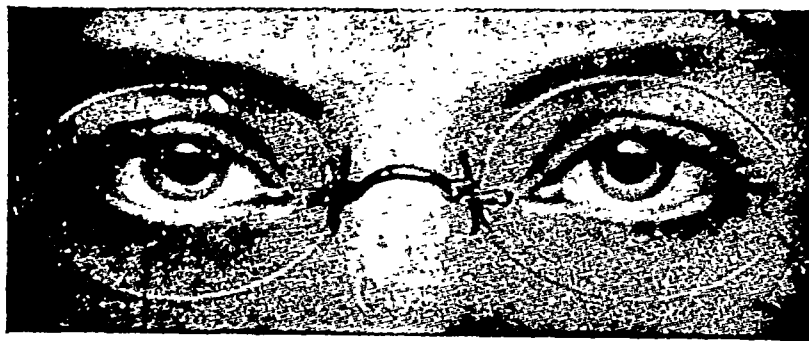
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WE'LL BE PLEASED TO SEE YOU.

**W. S. GOODEN**

COR. SEVENTH STREET AND ROSSER AVENUE

LET "THE QUILL" TELL YOU WHERE TO SHOP.

ALL THE BEST ADVERTISE IN "THE QUILL."

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**DENTIST**

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Opposite Post Office

Brandon, Man.

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**The BOYD**  
**Electric Co.**  
**LIMITED**

Electric Fixtures, Wiring,  
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Repairs

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Toasters

Office and Show Rooms:

27 Tenth Street, Brandon

**COAL AND**  
**WOOD**

We carry a complete  
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**Wood of All Kinds,**  
**Sand, Gravel, Cartage**

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**TAILOR**  
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# HADDON'S BOOK SHOP

140 Tenth Street

WE CARRY THE FOLLOWING LINES:

Fancy Goods	Sheet Music
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Latest Fiction.	
Waterman's Fountain Pens.	

All the Latest Sheet Music always carried in stock.

# SCOTT'S GROCERY

The Store of Quality and Service.

We Solicit a Trial Order.

Cor. of First Street and Princess Avenue

Phone 3234

# *Sun Publishing Co., Ltd.*

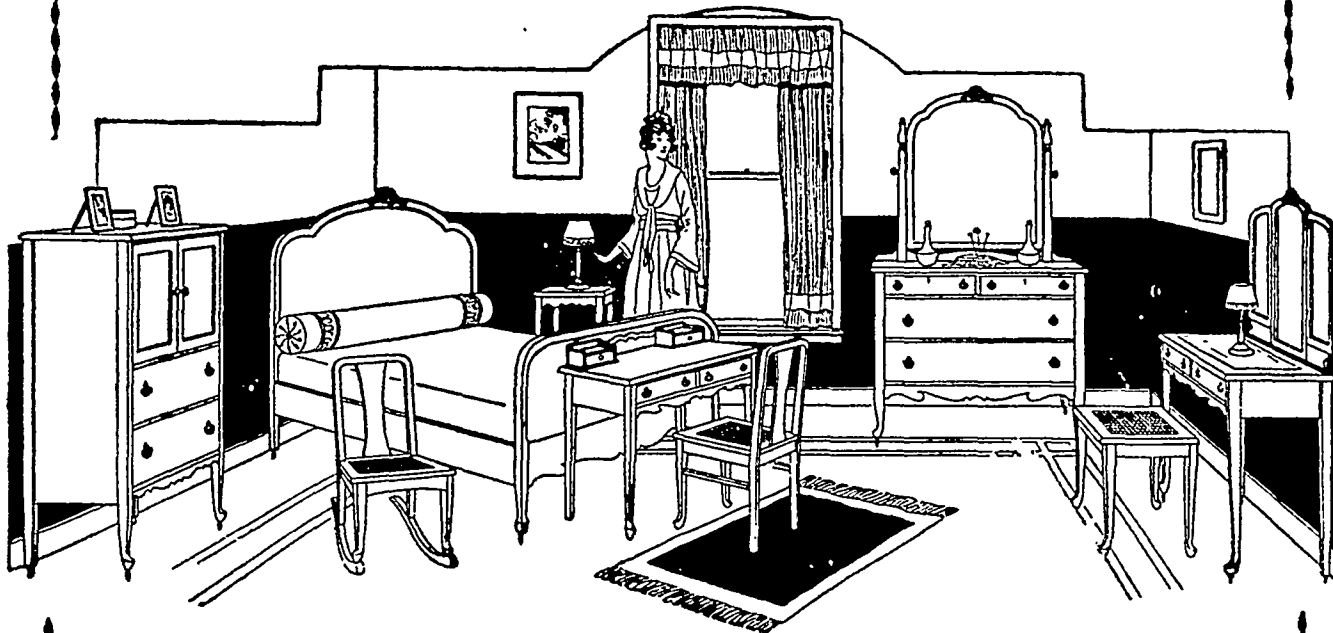
BOOK BINDING,  
RULING, PUNCHING

*Job Work in all its Branches*

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LET "THE QUILL" TELL YOU WHERE TO SHOP.

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## Make Your Home Worthy of your own good circumstances

Many people are living with furniture which fills the need for something to sit in, eat from, and fill up space, but which does not reflect the good circumstances of the owner, nor make the home a place of beauty and comfort, and a joy to live in.

To beautify and bring the home into keeping with modern, progressive standards of living is not an expensive undertaking. An entire house can be refurnished with beautiful, artistic furniture for no more than a good motor car would cost.

And, even if you think you cannot afford to refurnish the whole house, you can start with a single room. A suite of lovely bedroom furniture or a handsome dining-room suite is obtainable for the price of a set of good furs.

After you have refurnished one room with attractive, modern furniture, the appearance of refinement and beauty created will make you enthusiastic about refurnishing the entire house.

OUR STOCK OF FURNITURE, RUGS, LINOLEUMS AND  
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# MACPHERSON & BEDFORD

THE FURNITURE PEOPLE

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839 Rosser Ave.,

Phone 2442.

Brandon

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For Choice Fruits, Chocolates,  
Biscuits in large variety, and  
Stock of High Class Groceries

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DAVID WILSON

Phone 3384.

1608 Princess Avenue

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## C. W. HARRISON

Everything in Clothing and Furnishings.

Hats and Caps.

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# The Joy of College Life

last a lifetime if you keep a record with an

## Autograph Kodak

Vest Pocket to Postcard Size.

Prices \$10.00 to \$30.00

And Films for Any Camera Always in Stock.

### Developing - Printing - Enlarging

Satisfaction and Twenty-four Hour Service at

## McCulloch's Drug Store

CORNER ROSSER AVENUE AND TENTH ST.

UNLESS YOU HEAT  
THE MODERN WAY -  
MUCH OF YOUR HEAT  
WILL GO  
ASTRAY



If all the heat that was wasted in this world was arrested and locked up on a charge of vagrancy and thereafter properly distributed to shivering souls who needed it, a lot of suffering would be abated. Don't waste fuel. Let us install the proper heating equipment.

*Yates' Little Plumber*

## JAS. E. YATES & CO.

SANITARY AND HEATING ENGINEERS

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# BARBER SHOP

Electric Hair Cutter

Two Chairs

Violet Ray

Safety Razor Blades (all makes) Sharpened.

**GUS. QUIGLEY, Proprietor**

Opposite City Hall

833 PRINCESS AVENUE

BRANDON, MAN.

COLLEGE

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When going down town  
leave your

### BOOT REPAIRING

at

## R. SAIRS'

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

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AND PRINCESS AVE.

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## J. S. HICKS

### CUSTOM TAILOR



CLEANING, PRESSING  
AND REPAIRING

# JOHNSON'S

UP-TO-DATE GROCERY

CORNER TENTH ST. and LOUISE AVENUE

A full line of staple and fancy Groceries, Fruits and  
Confectionery.

Quality and Service our Motto.

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Prompt delivery to all parts of the city.

LET "THE QUILL" TELL YOU WHERE TO SHOP.



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ASK YOUR GROCER FOR

Cream of the West

FLOUR

Manufactured by

Maple Leaf Milling Co.

LIMITED

Phone 2949.

Brandon, Man.

STUDENTS

FOR

BUNS, PASTRY & BREAD

FOR YOUR

BUNFEEDS, HIKES, ETC.

TRY

STONE'S BAKERY

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PHONE 3282

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DR. W. J. SANDERS  
DENTIST

Clement Block.

Phone 3210.

THE  
HOME  
BAKERY



131 NINTH STREET  
PHONE 2618

Herbert & McGregor

Cash and Carry Grocery

The Headquarters of Good  
Things to Eat.

Always a Fresh Stock of Bis-  
cuits and Fruits in Season.



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STRAND BLOCK

BRANDON, MAN.

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# PIANOS, PHONOGRAPHS AND VICTOR RECORDS

Hear them all under one roof.

Nine different makes of Phonographs.

Five different makes of Pianos.

SHEET MUSIC          PLAYER ROLLS

DRUG SUNDRIES, ETC.

## KENNEDY'S

The House of Quality.

724-730 ROSSER AVENUE

PHONE 2880

## WE ARE PREPARED

To give you the most up-to-date service and style  
you may demand. Just give us the time and we'll

fit your feet to perfection.

We also Repair your Old Shoes at the

## AMERICAN SHOE STORE

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# COLLEGE STUDENTS

We know by test that College students always like THE BEST, and it's the kind the Olympia manufactures and stocks nothing but the best.

When you are prepared to buy your Xmas gifts, remember us. The place where they keep the best of Chocolates in fancy boxes, and smokers' sundries. Our Tea Room is always ready for your disposal.

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## The Olympia

PHONE 3099.

110 TENTH STREET

My Lady's Favorite Ice Cream Parlor and Tea Room



THE

"DELECTO"

ASSORTMENT

IS TRULY

"THE FINEST IN

THE LAND."

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Ganong's  
Chocolates

YOU NEVER TIRE

OF G.B. CHOCOLATES

LET "THE QUILL" TELL YOU WHERE TO SHOP.



## NEW SHOES FOR FALL AND WINTER

Don't forget when needing new Shoes to call at

### **BLYTH'S SHOE STORE**

147 TENTH STREET

We carry a full line of Felts, Rubbers and Overshoes.

Athletic Shoes, Outing Shoes, etc, in all colors.

Expert Shoe Repairing.

Phone 3317.

## Did You Ever Read—

The reasons given by Wannamaker  
for carrying between him and his son

### **Six Million Insurance**

No young person's education is complete until he has digested those reasons.

I am always pleased to explain our plans clearly and definitely.

### **J. E. MATTHEWS**

District Manager

North American Life Assurance Co.

15 Clement Block

Brandon, Man.

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ALL THE BEST ADVERTISE IN "THE QUILL."

WHEN YOU WISH TO OBTAIN



Cut Flowers, Plants  
Designs or Bouquets  
Reliable Seeds  
Trees or Shrubs

DON'T FORGET THE

Patmore Nursery Co.

138 EIGHTH STREET.

PHONE 3120 OR 3123

Men's "Shop of Quality"

John A. McDonald & Son

OUTFITTERS

Fashion Craft Clothes

Christie Clothes

Broadway Clothes

Proper Clothes

FOR YOUNG MEN.

Cor. Ninth and Rosser Ave.

Brandon

LET "THE QUILL" TELL YOU WHERE TO SHOP.

ALL THE BEST ADVERTISE IN "THE QUILL."

Long Distance Phone or Telegram given prompt attention.

GARAGE IS OPEN DAY AND NIGHT.

Open or Closed Cars, Taxi Cabs and Touring Cars at short notice. Charges moderate.

— Farm Lands for Sale —

## WEIR'S LIVERY GARAGE

A. B. WEIR, PROPRIETOR

2 Ninth Street. Brandon, Man.

Telephone 2811.

# Hughes & Company

123 Tenth Street

## FIRE INSURANCE

In All Its Branches

We Sell Real Estate of Any Kind. Listings Solicited.

Financial Agents.

Money to Loan.

# Season's Greetings

TO YOU ALL!

Accept our thanks for your patronage, which we appreciate very highly.

## G. A. MORIN

DIAMOND MERCHANT AND JEWELER

LET "THE QUILL" TELL YOU WHERE TO SHOP.



# Central Meat Market

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We have opened an up-to-the minute Butcher Shop, where we will carry everything usually to be had in a first-class Butcher Shop.

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**P. J. PETERS**

306 Tenth Street.

Brandon, Man.

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# ORCHARD HARDWARE

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We have received our stock of  
Seasonable Goods

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FRENCH IVORY  
CUT GLASS  
PERCOLATORS  
SKATES

COMMUNITY SIL-  
VER WARE  
TABLE AND READ-  
ING LAMPS  
HOCKEY STICKS

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Phone 3710.

146 Tenth Street

ALL THE BEST ADVERTISE IN "THE QUILL."

# CHRISTMAS PRESENTS



EVERYONE  
KNOWS  
THAT  
ROGERS  
1847  
GOODS  
ARE  
HIGHEST  
QUALITY

FROM far off  
Flanders  
comes the in-  
spiration for  
the Louvain—  
the newest pat-  
tern in "1847  
ROGERS BROS."  
Silverware.

Like all this  
ware — "The  
Family Plate for  
Seventy Years"  
—it is made in  
only one quality  
—the best.

*See it and  
be pleased.*

ROGERS  
1847  
SILVER-  
WARE  
THE  
SILVER-  
PLATE  
WITH  
A REPU-  
TATION

Also a varied assortment of  
Seasonable Goods.

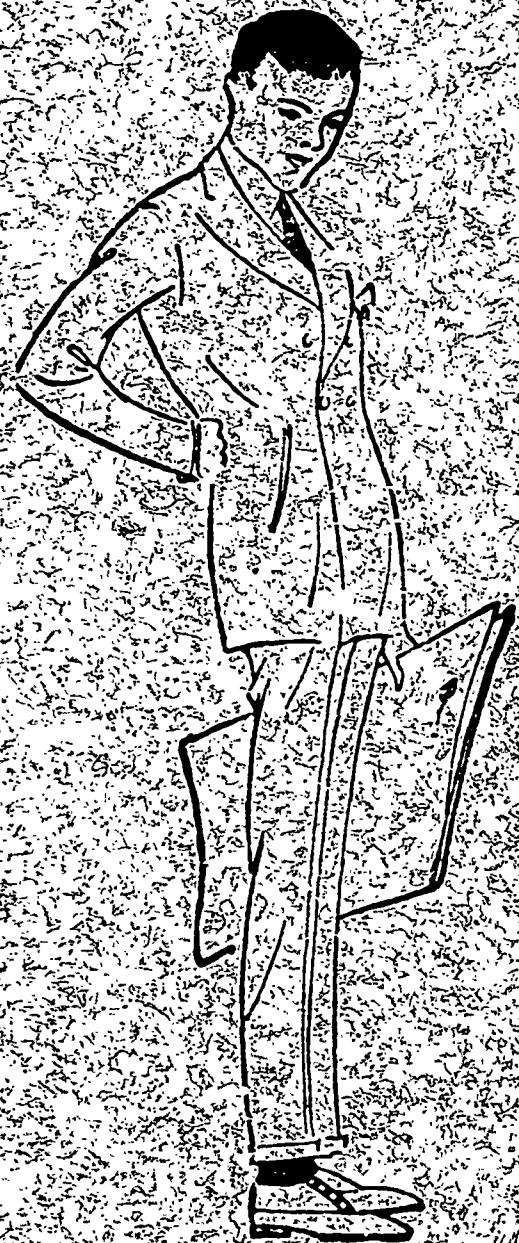
## JOHNSON HARDWARE CO.

CORNER NINTH AND ROSSER

LET "THE QUILL" TELL YOU WHERE TO SHOP.

ALL THE BEST ADVERTISE IN "THE QUILL."

# There's Youthful Punch



IN THIS DOUBLE  
BREASTED MODEL.

Is it any wonder we like to sell these clothes? Any wonder we like to tell their good points in type? Any wonder we like to show you one model and material and color after another? Don't we know that a man who will examine these clothes will sooner or later become our permanent customer and friend?

Let us show you our range of smart new models for winter.

## S. A. THOMPSON

933 Rosser Ave.

LET "THE QUILL" TELL YOU WHERE TO SHOP.

ALL THE BEST ADVERTISE IN "THE QUILL."

# THE CHRISTMAS GIFT STORE

FOR MEN AND BOYS

WISH

YOU

ALL

A Merry Christmas

and

A Prosperous and

Happy New Year

---

## HARRY W. BALL & CO.

THE XMAS STORE

FOR MEN AND BOYS

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712 Rosser Avenue

Brandon

LET "THE QUILL" TELL YOU WHERE TO SHOP.