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Vol. XII No. 1

FALL NUMBER
1921

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Brandon Colleye Quill

NOVEMBER

November sadly stands, bereft of mirth,
Abandoned, desolate, despairing, lone,
A helpless prey to bitterness and dearth,
While chilling winds across her face are blown
And frozen brittle clods bestrew her earth;
Her pallid lips can scarce repress her moan.

And as she strives to still the doleful moan,
And struggles vainly to forget past mirth,
The dreadful bleakness of the stricken earth
Strikes her again, and yet again, till lone
She covers, shrinking from the blasts ill-blown
That chant their dirge of dissolution dearth.

The wasted fields stall pitiless cold dearth
Frames a blanket stage (Melophomene; Oh, moan;)
The theatre across which to her blown,
Float visions of last hopes, despaired of mirth,
The mocking wraiths that taunt to find her lone
And cheerless as the neutral dull-tinged earth.

No life seems left upon the desert earth
Save that of which she'd gladly suffer dearth;
Sardonic croaking of a crowall lone
And wind-swayed sedges making dreary moan,
A little bird that once had known of mirth,
Now lies inert, midst withered leaves, wind-blown.

Ah, withered wreaths of fruits and blossoms blown;
She scans the sterile, bared, brown, gelid earth,
Ungarlanded now, in her pristine mirth,
Her former wealth, she had not known such dearth,
For Pan's sweet pipes she hears the winds long moan
And harvest vintage throngs have left her lone.

With numbing touch at heart she listens lone,
 Encroaching films as on flat marshes blown,
 Invade her senses; wailing, mournful moan
 Escapes her, lamentation for the earth.
 With tear-drained eyes, she falls bleakest dearth
 And knows no more her swiftly vanished mirth.

While tragic, lone she waits, have pity, earth!
 Pity her blown hopes gone, her utter dearth,
 And drown her moan in coming winter-mirth.

—F. Bernard Preston, Toronto.

The above poem is of a type known as "Sestina" in which the last word of the sixth, first, fifth, second, fourth and third lines in each preceding stanza forms the last word in each first, second, third, fourth, fifth and sixth lines respectively of each succeeding stanza; and in which appears a concluding three-line stanza called "Tornado," which contains the last word of each line in the preceding stanzas.

THE BRANDON COLLEGE MEMORIAL GYMNASIUM FUND

We trust that those who read these columns are aware of the existence of a Brandon College Memorial Gymnasium Fund. A review of those events and ideas which originally inspired the project of a "gym" will perhaps not be out of place as an introduction to a statement regarding the present status of the fund and the claims that the project should make on the friends and kindred of our Alma Mater.

It was at the close of 1918 that the plan of erecting a Students' Memorial, in honor of Brandon College men who fell in battle in Flanders, was conceived. A gymnasium was decided upon as a fitting monument to the type of manhood it was decided to honor. The plan was formulated in the glow of Armistice days. Undoubtedly those who were responsible for its inception thought primarily of rendering "Honor to whom honor is due," rather than of the utility that the completed memorial might have; although certainly the possibility for service that the gymnasium would possess was not scorned. Undoubtedly too, the student body of '18-'19 looked for big and immediate results without once suspecting that the end of the third year of toil would find the gymnasium still a considerable distance from realization.

In those three years some \$13,000 has been raised, almost entirely by the voluntary efforts of the students themselves. This achievement cannot be considered lightly when we remember the multitude of calls made upon a student's time in our college and when we bring to mind the fact that in the past year or two the field of effort of the Memorial Fund workers has been confined strictly to students, alumni and other ex-students, owing to the half-million dollar Greater Brandon College campaign being carried on by the college board. The important point to notice, however, is that in three years we have only been able to raise \$13,000, while in this one year, 1921-'22, we are planning to raise at least \$7,000. Only if the students secure a total of \$20,000, will they be granted an additional gift of \$25,000 by the college authorities, and without that gift it will not be wise to commence building. Can we raise seven or eight thousand dollars? How are we going to do it? What is going to be our incentive?

"Sweet are the uses of adversity." Is it possible that the rebuffs that we seem to have met with can show us truer methods and clearer paths to follow in our efforts this year? Does the past point to anything more clearly than this:—that we, as students, have emphasized far too much the utility the gymnasium might have to ourselves or our friends, and far too little the fact that certain men of Brandon College, who fought and were killed in battle in Europe, are deserving of all the efforts that our student bodies from year to year can expend in an attempt to honor their memory appropriately? How easy it is to forget that fact! Have we not, in the past two years, made this the slogan of our campaign?—"A gymnasium next spring!"—smothering the Memorial almost out of existence. We have made a mistake. Let us admit it and, in the future, forget to inquire when the gymnasium will be ready for our use. Let us rather be concerned with demanding when we will be able to grace this campus with a memorial and a Monument to human effort and service and achievement of the supremest kind. Let us catch some of the spirit that abounded at the time the plan was conceived.

It has been suggested by the writer of this article that student pledges be signed this year on condition that the foundation of the Memorial Gymnasium be laid in the spring of 1922. It is a suggestion to be ashamed of. It is a mockery. If our project has not merit enough in itself to demand enthusiastic support it should not be supported. Hereafter it will not be said that the Memorial Gymnasium will be built next spring, but that it will be built as soon as we, as students, alumni and other ex-students, who can put ourselves in a posi-

tion to help, become convinced that Brandon College is lacking—lacking a monument to commemorate the part played by those of her men who fell in battle in a World Struggle.

What if our student body of 1918-'19 had decided that a block of marble should be erected? Would the plan be supported any the less by us, or would we think it less worthy? Not less worthy, but certainly more poorly conceived. It is a fact that cannot be gainsaid that the best memorial to the sacrifice of vigorous manhood in the past will be of a nature that will help to build up vigorous manhood in the future—for sacrifice? Let us hope that it will not be sacrifice of a similar kind.

More might be said about the Memorial Gymnasium Fund of Brandon College, and how we are going to complete that fund. Its completion is entirely up to ourselves. Let what has been said be an appeal to readers to help the Memorial Gymnasium in its efforts toward securing, let us say, \$12,000 as soon as it is possible. All names of ex-students with their addresses are wanted immediately. Send or give the names of those in your district to the Memorial Gymnasium Committee. All suggestions which might lead to success will be appreciated and every dollar that can be subscribed will assuredly swell the fund.

—E. M. W.

CAMP CHRONICLES

On the plains of Saskatchewan,
 By the shining Carlyle waters,
 There the great tribes came together,
 In the long days of the summer;
 Gathered there in search of knowledge
 Formed there, plans of future tribesmen.
 There each pleasant summer evening,
 When the sun was just departing,
 When the wind came gently drifting
 O'er the lake, its waters rifting,
 Then the tribes did come together
 On the shores beside the water.
 And uprose the queen Lowanna,
 She the wise and noble leader,
 Who had called the tribes together:
 Up she rose and told her children
 Who that evening would address them.

Would come forward and address them.
He would speak to them of matters,
Which concerned each tribesman's homeland,
Or would tell them how they better
Could live peaceably together
Not each striving to be master,
But each living for the other.
Now these chieftains who addressed them
Were all great and mighty leaders,
And had come from far-off countries
At the call of Queen Lowanna.
From the far east, even Toronto,
To our midst came Big Chief Sharman;
He the wise and learned scholar;
He the skilled and wondrous teacher.
From the plains of warm Alberta
Came the mighty warrior Great Fish,
He the swift and skilful swimmer;
He the famous story-teller.
He gained favor with the maidens,
Washing dishes in the wigwam.
Chieftain Scott, and Clark, the stalwart,
Felled the trees and cleared the forest.
Schofield, known as the great jester,
Wandered in from Manitoba.
Other chiefs, MacKay and Westgate.
From the far-off foreign countries
Came to tell them of conditions
In the lands where they were working,
Of the needs of brave young leaders
To assist them in their labours.
Queen MacDonald, from a fair land,
Came across the mighty waters,
And she practised on the people.
All the arts of skilful women
In the planning of the banquets,
And arranging for the supper.
To assist her came the great cook,
Stood before the blazing fire
All day long, preparing supper
That would satisfy the longing
Of the great and mighty tribesmen.

But no one in all these gatherings
Brought more pleasure to his fellows
Than the brave and forceful Thomas;

Bringing from the nearby streamlet
Clear cold water to the wigwam.
In the tents were many maidens,
Many fair and clever maidens;
Not the least among the maidens
Was the princess, Ederwaha,
Who assisted Queen Lowanna
In the camp beside the water.
Many things she taught the maidens
While she talked with them together,
Leading them through Doubting Forest
To the stream of Living Water.
There was smiling Princess Doris,
Liked by all for wit and kindness,
Who had caused the western warrior
Many sighs and wistful glances.
And another favorite princess,
Merlawa, the merry- make;
All the tree-tops rang with laughter,
Caused by this maid's subtle humor.
Every morn and every evening
Gathered round the learned
Listened to their words of wisdom,
Finding in them a new meaning,
For the life that was before them.

When the sun was past the high tide,
Then the tribesmen left their lectures,
Spent their afternoons in pleasure
On the shores or in the water,
Playing games, or swimming, boating
Or enacting in the forest
Many great and heavy dramas.

So the days which brought such pleasure,
Quickly passed until the parting
While enjoyment in full measure
Crowned the work they aimed to do.
As the final days drew nearer
Sadness filled the hearts of many,
For they knew that they might never
Meet again or talk together,
Strengthened then to each go forward,
Knowing that whatever might follow
The great meeting of the tribesmen
And the help of Queen Lowana

By the shining Big Sea Water
Would an inspiration give them.

—Maria Grant.

AFTER EIGHT YEARS

Dear Editor:—

It is with considerable trepidation (whatever that means) that I attempt to write about my impressions of Canada after an absence of eight years. In the ordinary course of events one would naturally expect to find some changes in that period of time, former "gay" young friends are now sedate, married and settled down: maturer friends have turned the corner of the sixth stage or entered that of the seventh, and not a few have passed beyond. But the eight years under review have been no ordinary period, a world Armageddon has torn down and an aftermath of war has rent asunder many of our cherished traditions. The problems of reconstruction engage the serious consideration of every true citizen and to-day no living being (that is one who is really alive) can point to a past era in which such glorious prospects await the true prospector of adventure and advance as in the present day.

No one can return from the Orient without being impressed by the wonderful evolution of womankind in the West. It is true that this is no new thing; we have been preparing for it during a long period, but the fact that at last the dreams, visions and ambitions have been realized; that at last women have been recognized as co-partners with men in national life indicates such a tremendous advance as compared with the status of women in India that it thrusts itself forward upon one's consciousness as one of the most outstanding benefits of Christian civilization. We would not forget, however, that some types of the "new woman" seem to be reverting to our Oriental type, namely in the matter of smoking and method of dress (rather undress): I say these things also impress and depress us on our return to "civilization."

I am prepared to grant Mr. Editor that when I say I have been impressed with the political situation in the present throes of elections, I am stating a common-place expression. But if you will remember that for the last eight years we have been living in a land where there was no politics, no campaigns and no elections (in the sense that we understand such) until the very end of our term. That is, the very first steps towards

“Home Rule for India” under the “Montford” scheme were taken during the three months preceding our leaving India on furlough; and those steps represented the private efforts of more or less prominent individuals in a district to win the support of electors, not to any cause or issue, but to the candidate *ipse*, and to caste community to which he personally belonged. I say, sir, when you compare such an election with the present grave issues at stake in our fair Dominion, I think you will recognize that I have grounds for an impression that may not arise in the thought of the Canadian Citizen. Here we have issues that demand a judgment of the people; parties that claim to be national in their outlook and policies, candidates whose purpose is unselfish (so they assert) but above all else there are the people whose voting powers are unhindered by illiteracy, whose decisions are not prejudiced by caste bias and whose inclinations are for the *summum bonum* of the Dominion welfare. These are some of the features that stand out obviously to one coming from the East to the West. But beneath these conditions are the deeper and more valuable features of a unity of purpose, a consciousness of national idealism, a public spiritedness which as yet are largely lacking among even the best grades of Oriental life. Yea, does it not force itself upon us that the outstanding difference lies in the fact that Canadians are one great family, including as every family does great diversities of gifts and qualities, but nevertheless recognizing the strong bonds of citizenship and brotherhood which make possible the evolutions of a national life?

Another impression that lays hold of one coming into this country after a long absence is the number of monuments and memorials that have been erected since last we travelled across the Dominion. Now, sir, it is not an impression of sorrow that first arises in one's thought, but rather the consciousness of deep pride in the heroism of which the stone or statue is but the emblem. But that heroism was not born in a day. Years of unselfish environment lie behind the brave act of enlistment, decade of progress in the sense of national honor and obligation, spiritual conceptions of duty, all of which testify to the inherent values of Church and Educational work in the development of a people. And our thoughts ramble back to the founders of our faith—the evolvers of our systems—to those men who were prompted by the Spirit of the Eternal to make their contributions for the uplift of man in the annals of time. to the God whose Kingdom means the realization of the material, moral, social and spiritual welfare of all men. These monuments I maintain are new stepping stones upon which we must rise to yet greater achievements. These Honor Rolls

within our Churches, School Houses, and Colleges are but the sign posts directing us forward to nobler ends; lights that give us clearer vision for the task of to-day and for the needs of tomorrow; stimulants that inspire us to press on towards the prize of our High Calling in Christ Jesus. These remarks scarce need the further word that it must be towards our Christian Colleges to-day that the eyes of men turn in their outlook for leaders; leaders in church life, leaders in educational life, leaders in social life, in a word it is toward the personalities with the greatest privileges that the masses turn in their desire for that direction which shall overcome the evil of war with the good of peace.

—A. Gordon.

NEW FACULTY MEMBERS

PROFESSOR T. DADSON, M.A.

Mr. Dadson, our new professor in history, was born at Denfield, Ontario. He received his education at Woodstock College, Montreal High School, McMaster University and finally at the University of Chicago where he pursued Post Graduate work.

Professor Dadson is not a "green-hand" at teaching, as he has taught at McMaster University and Wesley College, Winnipeg.

During the war he did his bit with the Canadian Artillery. He was the "padre" of that division and also wore the three stars of a captain. He made many trips into the interior of Russia and up to Siberia; the longest one being to Omsk on an ammunition train.

Some people attract one by a sort of indescribable magnetic personality. Professor Dadson is one of these people. One feels that behind his quiet and unassuming manner there lies great reserve strength and power; while all who have come in contact with him bear witness of his subtle humor.

We have heard from certain sources that Mr. Dadson is "just a marvelous pastry cook," and we are all living in hopes of his backing up this statement and giving us a real treat.

PROFESSOR W. B. HURD, M.A.

When I entered Mr. Hurd's room, I explained to him that

I was commissioned to interview him for a "write-up" for the "Quill" and this is how he commenced:

"Down in Georgia, there was an old colonel who was supposed to indulge frequently in alcoholic beverages. One day he was being tried for drunkenness on a public thoroughfare. His old coon servant was defending him.

"Rastus," said the judge, in a stern voice, "was your master drunk when he returned home last Tuesday night?"

"No, suh, he mos' suttin'ly was nowhere's near bein' drunk."

"Then, tell me, Rastus, what were his first words upon his return."

"All he dun say, suh, were 'good night'."

"Is that all, Rastus?"

"He also said, 'Wake me up early'."

"So all he said was, 'Good night, wake me up early,' eh?"

"Well, Mistuh Judge, I know fo certain dat he was poifekly sober, but he said: 'Good night, wake me up early, fo I'm tuh be de queen ob de May'."

Now, I can't say whether Mr. Hurd meant that he was like the old colonel or like the darkey who told what he knew, only after much persuasion. However, this is what I finally learned:

Mr. Hurd was born in Brockville, Ont., and educated in a Toronto High School and the University of Manitoba. In his senior year at Manitoba he received the Rhodes Scholarship and subsequently pursued his studies for two years at Queen's College, Oxford.

Mr. Hurd has taught in one or two of Winnipeg's public schools and also in Drumheller, Alta. Now he is teaching us Economics and Sociology.

In 1915, Mr. Hurd joined up with the military service department of the "Y.M." and later became a captain. After the armistice he was Adjutant-Quarter Master for the Khaki University in England and returned home in the latter part of 1919.

We all believe in that good old proverb: "The best goods are in small parcels," and we extend to Mr. Hurd our heartiest welcome.

MISS ISABEL OSBORNE, B.A.

"I lived in a convent in Brussels where I gained a knowledge of French, which I shall never forget," said Miss Osborne.

This is our new French teacher, but do not conclude that

she is French. We are proud to claim her as a real Manitoban, a citizen of Winnipeg, a graduate of Kelvin High School and of the University of Manitoba.

"But you lived in France as a child?" an interviewer inquired.

"Oh, yes! We lived in Brittany when I was ten years old and there I went to the funniest little village school. All the French I knew was "Oui, non, Je ne sais pas." My most vivid recollection of that school is of a group of boys and girls, costumed alike in black sateen, long-sleeved aprons, sabots and coifs, coming lessons at the top of their voices, while the lady teacher continually shouted "Voulez-vous vous taire-r-r-r?" That expression I shall never forget, especially the roll at the end. Later I lived in the convent of Brussels, where I learned the language of the lady teacher with the r-r-r-'s."

"Then you were in Oxford; were you not?"

"Yes, I attended Hughes College."

"What were your impressions of Oxford and of England?"

"I can hardly say. Oxford is fascinating. It lives on traditions. It is dignified and it is a university of real students such as our universities rarely see. Oxford students acquire the "Oxford manner"—that inexplicable, intangible something which one unconsciously acquires and cultivates to the last degree.

"England is orderly and peaceful. Everything is set. It is lovely."

But, in spite of her love of England, Miss Osborne returned to Winnipeg to graduate from the University of Manitoba in 1920.

We are glad to extend to Miss Osborne a hearty welcome to Brandon College. We are not decided as to whether she has acquired that "Oxford manner" or not, but, at any rate, we are going to enjoy her in class and out of it.

PROFESSOR BASIL E. GILBERT, M.A.

McMaster graduates are always welcome at Brandon College and we are glad to extend greetings to Mr. Basil E. Gilbert. Mr. Gilbert was born at Shedden, on the shores of Lake Erie. He secured his high school education and then joined Class '16 at McMaster University, Toronto.

In the spring of 1916 he joined the 118th Canadian Battalion as signalling officer. He went to England with this battalion, but was later transferred to the Royal Flying Corps.

After some months of active service in the battle area he was recalled to England to take charge of a signalling school at Reading.

Since the Armistice Mr. Gilbert has taken his M.A. course in chemistry at McMaster, and has spent a year in chemical research work with the Imperial Varnishing Color Co.

As lecturer, resident master, coach of the Ladies' Basketball Team and other ways, Mr. Gilbert has shown his interest in student life and has won a place in the good esteem of our student body.

MISS GWENDOLYN T. LEWIS

A friendly smile, a charming personality and last, but not least, her marked musical ability, are a few of the assets of Miss Gwendolyn T. Lewis, who comes to us from Seattle as our first piano assistant. She is a graduate in music of the University of Washington. Following this she continued her studies with Helen Wright, who was assistant to the late Madame Carreno.

Miss Lewis has had a great deal of experience in concert work in cities on the Pacific Coast and has toured very successfully for one year under the Western Concert Bureau. Her ambition to excel in her profession led her last year to Chicago, where, under the tuition of Rudolph Ganz and his assistant, Molly Margolies, she spent some very profitable months and acquired a repertoire from which we have already been favored.

If the attitude of pupil to teacher denotes the latter's success, then Miss Lewis is indeed successful, and we are fortunate in having her with us.

MISS LEILA DYKE, A.T.C.M.

The expression department, which, although not conspicuous for its numbers, contributes materially to our college life, is fortunate in having this year as its director an artist of unique personality and exceptional ability, Miss Leila Dyke.

When not yet five, "Leila" made her first appearance before a large audience and unconsciously captivated her hearers with her childish artistry. From that time forward, she was ever in demand during her school and college years, till finally she entered the Toronto Conservatory School of Expression, and in 1917 was graduated under the able direction of Professor

F. H. Kirkpatrick, with whom she afterwards studied repertoire before she entered on a professional career which has since proven so successful.

Miss Dyke is also a writer of no mean ability and some of the beautiful lyrics and entertaining sketches which find a place on her programmes, are composed by herself. In the interpretation of these she displays a clear analysis of character—showing her keen sense of humor, her strong conception of the dramatic, and her fine sense of the pathetic.

We welcome you, Miss Dyke, to our midst, and hope that your work here will not be less pleasurable than it has been elsewhere.

MRS. McMANUS.

The outlook for the vocal department of Brandon College for the coming year is very bright indeed. Mrs. McManus is the newly appointed teacher of voice culture and singing and is a person of rather unusual gifts, and one who has enjoyed more than ordinary advantages. She is a graduate of Ann Arbor University School of Music and a pupil of William L. Whiting of Boston, and of Oscar Saengar of New York. Her studies there were followed by a year in Florence, the beautiful old art centre of Italy, under Luigi Vanuccinni, voice teacher, and Renatao Broji, opera coach. Berlin was next the scene of her activities, a year being spent under the guidance of George Fergusson.

Combining this training with several years practical teaching in Indiana Normal School Conservatory and the Wesleyan University School of Music, Delaware, Mrs. McManus is excellently equipped for the position which she holds. She has also had experience in concert work, having appeared in many recital and concert programmes.

Already she has endeared herself to all by her genial, kindly personality and by her ever ready interest in all student activities.

MR. LINDEN CROCKER

Mr. Crocker commenced life as an Easterner but he is rapidly becoming a Westerner in sentiment. He was born at Millerton, N.B. After having passed through Harkin's Academy he took normal training at Frederickton. He then

returned to Harkin's Academy to teach, and remained there three years. He spent last year in Chicago University.

Mr. Crocker is teaching Academic Mathematics and Latin. He is reported by the Academy students to be a veritable wizard with numbers.

We are glad to observe the prominent interest that he is taking in all our activities and predict that he will prove to be a valuable asset to our college as he becomes better known to us.

BLISS CARMAN

The literary atmosphere of Brandon was surcharged with interest for several days, preceding the visit to our city on November 3rd, of that greatest Canadian lyrical poet, the famous Bliss Carman.

Up to this time, few of us had been given the privilege of seeing a real, live poet. This son of New Brunswick proved to be the realization of our expectations. Tall of stature, with features classical, and crowned with a wealth of flowing hair, a manner somewhat dreamy, and a certain abandon in his attitude. Bliss Carman is at once a striking and an interesting study.

This, the poet's first visit through Western Canada, is being made under the auspices of the Canadian Authors' Association, and his visit to Brandon was arranged by the Women's Canadian Club. Brandon welcomed him with open arms. The city hall was packed with an appreciative audience.

Our own Dr. Whidden presided and in some fitting introductory remarks, told something of the early life of the poet, and his college days at the University of New Brunswick.

Bliss Carman's reading of his poems could not but impress one with his intense love for the simpler things of life. The first poems read were of a reminiscient character, the favorite, perhaps, being that little lyric of the Grand Pre country entitled "Remembrance." The poem, "After School," was extremely popular with the many students present, while the revised poem, "The Ships of St. John," had a special significance for them. "I re-wrote this poem," said Mr. Carman, "because I was dissatisfied with the original." Oftentimes we students become discouraged and conclude that we have no literary ability because we find ourselves obliged to re-write and revise. If the poet, Bliss Carman, revises and even re-writes, surely we can afford to do likewise. The concluding

poem of this section, the ballad, "Father Hudson," dealing with the fortitude and persistence of the early settlers of New Brunswick was much appreciated.

The second group of poems read was a collection of flower lyrics. In introducing these, Mr. Carman remarked that he did not consider them great poems, but rather expressions of common occurrences which, thus being made memorable, add to our happiness.

This gives us, I think, the key-note of the poet's character. Simple, unaffected, perfectly natural and yet possessing the dignity of one who has every confidence in his work and himself, Mr. Carman could not but command our love and our respect.

The explanation of the incidents which led to the writing of them were almost as fascinating as the poems themselves. The fact that the poem, "Peonies," was written as a gift to an unknown friend who had sent the poet a volume containing a 14th century reproduction of the peony and that it was suggested by the mediaeval quotation, "the peony has a hidden virtue," adds much to our enjoyment of the lyric.

Bliss Carman is undoubtedly a lover of nature. The modest flower, the old gray wall, the river, the ocean and the forest—all are portrayed in his poems. "But the picture should be accurate as well as pleasing in fancy," he decreed. "No man should be able to say of a painting: 'This picture is beautiful, but the moon is wrongly curved': nor should it be possible for him to exclaim: 'What a beautiful poem, but the bird is described inaccurately.'" We nature students appreciate this common-sense view of our poet.

The program was brought to a conclusion by the reading of a new brief ballad of a legend of Brittany. It proved to be one of the most popular numbers of the evening. However, of all the poems read that entitled "Vestigia" was the prime favorite. Vestigia means "foot-prints" or "traces," the poet explained, "but I used the Latin word because of its significance." Had he written nothing else, Bliss Carman should have won our love because of this poem.

—F. M.

VESTIGIA

I took a day to search for God,
 And found Him not. But as I trod
 By rocky ledge, through woods untamed,
 Just where one scarlet lily flamed,
 I saw His foot-print in the sod.

Then suddenly, all unaware,
 Far off in deep shadows, where
 A solitary hermit thrush
 Sang through the holy twilight hush—
 I heard His voice upon the air.

And even as I marveled how
 God gives us Heaven here and now,
 In a stir of wind that hardly shook
 The poplar trees beside the brook—
 His hand was light upon my brow.

At last with evening as I turned
 Homeward, and thought what I had learned
 And all that there was still to probe—
 I caught the glory of His robe
 Where the last fires of sunset burned.

Back to the world with quickening start
 I looked and longed for any part
 In making saving Beauty be
 And from that kindling ecstasy
 I knew God dwelt within my heart.

—Bliss Carman.

I would be true, for there are those that trust me;
 I would be pure, for there are those who care:
 I would be strong, for there is much to suffer;
 I would be brave, for there is much to dare.

I would be friend of all—the foe, the friendless;
 I would be giving and forget the gift;
 I would be humble, for I know my weakness;
 I would look up—and laugh—and love—and lift.

—Harold Arnold Walters.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole.
 Whole body Nature is, and God the soul.

—Pope.

Rise with the lark, and with the lark to bed.

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OUR AIM

Now that upon us devolves the responsibility of editing the "Quill," we are concerned with reaching some conclusion as to just what our magazine should be.

Ours is a small college and there are few, if any, of us who are restless with an inordinate desire to secure extensive publicity for our philological flounderings. For this reason we must forego any exalted literary aspirations. As a college we might profit considerably by a greater emphasis on literary pursuits. The desirability of developing our literary capabilities is so obvious as to preclude necessity of discussion. What we should constantly have in mind is that success attends persistent effort.

It is our modest ambition to make the "Quill" a worthy interpreter of ourselves to our friends. To this end we solicit the cooperation of everyone.

COLLEGE SPIRIT

Our most valuable legacy from preceding student bodies is the "Brandon College Spirit." This is that elusive spirit of hearty good fellowship which may readily become the distinctive characteristic of a small college. It is not so much a spontaneous growth as a conscious individual and collective achievement. As displayed by the individual, it is seen in the generous estimate of ones fellows, in the solicitous regard for others' feelings, and the desire to be of service. Manifested by the group, it appears as a splendid *esprit de corps*, a bond of mutual sympathy, a happy social unity, and democracy triumphant. This is the most pleasing feature of our educational process and indeed its high product. Almost anyone can plod the pathway leading to a B.A. degree, but not everyone can really know the "Brandon College Spirit."

Newcomer, we welcome you to our fraternity and invite you into our realm of spirit worship.

WELCOME HOME

The dissolution of the late government has released our President, Dr. Whidden, from his parliamentary duties and rendered it possible for him to devote his time more unreservedly to the interests of the college.

We appreciate the honor which was conferred upon him in selecting him to represent this constituency at a crucial period in the history of our country. But we are confident that our college has an indispensable part to play in Canada's program of nation building, and we are convinced that Dr. Whidden's services will be more effectively utilized here than at Ottawa.

During the next few years, while the projected extension scheme is being carried into effect, Brandon College will need those qualities of courageous leadership and sagacious foresight which characterize our President.

TRANSITION

No age is correctly understood except as it is regarded as the child of the past and the parent of the future. In this sense every period is a transition period; but the present time is preeminently transitional: it is surcharged with potency for progress or retrogression. The mighty surge for change is seething with a grim

intensity. A new age is struggling to be born.

Humanity has passed through other renaissance periods but in depth of feeling and breadth of import none are comparable to our day. Never before have the common people been so conscious of their worth and power. Never before has the consciousness of transition been so universal in its scope.

Demands for disarmament and a new internationalism, for a fuller expression of nationhood and a complete political autonomy, for industrial reforms and economic emancipation, for a new interpretation of religion and a loftier social creed; these are a few of the portentous symptoms of transition.

It is good to live in history making days, and to be young is exhilarating. Particularly is this true of the student who is striving to relate himself effectively to his wider social environment. If he aspires to influence and achievement he must of necessity cultivate studiously the open mind. He must accurately evaluate our heritage from the past and discriminate between its intrinsic values and its useless encumbrances. He must relate himself to the growing insistence on progress and formulate judicial opinions as a basis of his action.

If our efforts to educate ourselves are viewed in these relationships they assume a grander and more fascinating significance. Lectures, studies and discussions are revitalized. Possibilities widen. Higher hopes challenge and life takes on an added zest.

It is said that seventy-five per cent. of the world does not read; that ninety per cent. does not think, and that ninety-nine per cent. cannot express thought in writing. Let the elect one per cent. here prove its existence.—McMaster Monthly.

A suggestion for a sign to be posted in dining room: "Don't make fun of our tea or coffee, you may be cold and weak yourself some day."—McMaster University Monthly.



J. R. CRESSWELL '22

“A little word hath ofttimes been the cause
Of ruin or salvation unto men.”

—Sophocles.

We will therefore do our best to be the “cause of salvation unto men.” But lest any word in this department be the “cause of ruin” we remind our readers that the editors are not responsible for the sanity of those contributing to this section of the magazine.

CONGRATULATIONS

During the summer vacation Professor Wilkins spent some time at the University of Chicago, where he passed final examinations preparatory to receiving his degree. We extend our hearty congratulations to Dr. Wilkins.

RECEPTION TO NEW STUDENTS

This time honored custom was celebrated with much pomp and ceremony on the evening of September 30th. A gorgeous assemblage congregated in the Clark Hall reception room which shone with a radiance comparable only to the light in the young ladies' eyes. The long suffering reception line having successfully displayed its joy at meeting so brilliant an assemblage, all other formalities were forgotten and an evening of care-free gaiety followed. In one room a bewildered throng was conducted through the intricacies of that mysterious game “Who sir? I sir.” In another room a jovial company was playing “Musical Chairs.” Here was a merry

circle given over to the frivolities of "Jacob and Rachael," There a gloomy group mournfully muttering that it was "a very sad and sorrowful occasion," tho' the expressions of some belied the statement. Following these games was a program in the chapel where the staid and stately Senior Stick first became known to the new students in his official capacity. He delivered the formal speech of welcome to the new students. The program was brief since the important part of the evening was still to come. This consisted of a sumptuous repast in the dining room. The last feeling being usually the most powerful, the company left with a feeling of much satisfaction.

INITIATION

Secret gatherings of the seniors, ill-concealed mirth on the part of some, forbidding glances on the part of others, uneasiness among the freshmen, all this indicated that some extraordinary event was impending. The morning of October 7th revealed the awful import of these secret conclaves. An invitation was given to the freshmen to remain after four. The horrors of initiations were upon them. After being suitably decorated with green paint, out-turned coats and beribboned hair the freshmen were formed into a procession, a feature of which was a cart drawn by some six of their number and containing one who masqueraded as a skeleton. To this cart was chained one of the more desperate characters. The dinner gong banged noisily, the chain clanked dismally, the freshmen yelled lustily and the procession advanced. They proceeded through the main streets of the town. Every few blocks the party was halted and the fact of its identity proclaimed to the delighted bystanders by means of an emphatic statement that they were "freshmen green as grass."

On their return to the college there was a stand-up supper of which the freshmen were urged to eat heartily in preparation for the further horrors of the evening. First their crimes were recited to them and they were given a stimulating potion to drink that they might better endure the rest of the proceedings. Then in a gloomy corner they beheld a red and glowing iron, smelled the odor of burning flesh and heard the groans of those preceding them in this chamber of torment. In fear and trembling they entered and were branded on the shoulder with a piece of ice. Two stern-faced seniors then conducted them, blindfolded, along a plank thrust through the window. Shrill cries came from many feet below, the quaking

freshmen jumped and assembled their mangled remains after the appalling fall of two feet.

Since their toilet was somewhat disarranged they were given a shampoo of axle grease and flour in preparation for the program in the chapel. Here they were joined by the freshettes and together they were requested to give a program for the benefit of the seniors. After such strenuous exertions all appreciated to the full the bun feed which ended the once-dreaded torments of the day.

ACADEMY OPENING

The formal opening of the Academic Department took place on October 13th. The diplomas and prizes were presented to the Matriculating class and a speech by Dr. MacNeil addressed to them. Then followed a splendid speech by Dr. John MacKay of Winnipeg on "Canadian Ideals."

HALLOWE'EN

The silence of the evening of October 31st was suddenly and rudely shattered by a frightful din. Yells rent the air, and the tramp of many footsteps shook the ground. It was Hallowe'en and the college was "out for gore." First they besieged Dr. Whidden's and levied a toll of apples on him. Then Dr. MacNeill was also aroused and again the graceless gang received apples. Proceeding down town the various lunch rooms were attacked with such good effect that many men were almost entirely disabled by the amount eaten. Altho' heavily laden the line managed to stagger homeward at last.

SENIOR ARTS FUNCTION

Senior Arts, Senior Arts
Rah! Rah! Rah!

This dread cry announced the fact that Senior Arts were on the war path and about to make a concerted attack on a fowl supper at Little Souris. The chaperons, Miss Osborne and Mr. Hurd very considerately preceded the rest of the party in a car by themselves. The group arrived too late for

the first tables and was forced to wait outside for a time. But this delay only served to increase the desire of wreaking vengeance on the supper when once they were seated. The table literally groaned under the weight of food, but by the continued efforts of Mr. Hurd, Pete and Ross McDonald, it was soon relieved of a considerable portion of its burden. Much time was lost in the attempt to get McKnight away from the table; he was casting piteous glances at the various viands still remaining and loudly lamenting that he could eat no more. There was a glorious full moon arising as the party proceeded homeward and accordingly the more sentimental members of the classes had a very enjoyable time. Finally the party arrived at the Normal School. Here they were enjoyably entertained by Miss Marion Hales and some fair assistants. The party then gradually broke up, and it was generally agreed that they could scarcely have spent a more pleasant evening.

JUNIOR ARTS FUNCTION

Following the example of Senior Arts, Junior Arts also proceeded to a fowl supper at Carrol. Miss Taylor and Mr. Gilbert very ably chaperoned them by keeping as much in the background as possible. The boys very gallantly stood back while the girls were installed in the cars first. The result was that the girls assembled at Carroll uncorted until the rest of the class shyly arrived. The girls not wishing to embarrass the boys, filed in along the south side of the table, while the boys draped themselves along the north side. Howard Umphrey, perceiving the instability of the table under such a weight of food, relieved the situation as quickly as possible by disposing of everything within reach. The action of others proved that they believed in the maxim, "the more you eat, the longer you live."

. After startling the natives by various wild cries, of "Cannibals, Cannibals," or "Eat 'em up, Chew 'em up," the party left for the home of Miss Edmison. Here a delightful evening was spent in again eating and drinking. In spite of this continuation of "refreshment" the classes indulged in some games and enjoyed a very pleasant evening. The party then dissolved. Though the Clark Hall door was locked, an entrance was soon obtained in a manner worthy of a professional house-breaker.

PROMENADE

For several days, grim warfare had been waged with mop, broom and rag upon the accumulated dust of centuries in the rooms of the college. Slowly the scene of dusty desolation was changed to one of beautiful brightness. All this strenuous exertion was in preparation for the annual promenade on the evening of October 21st. The first promenade was through Brandon College. Then were the toils and trials of the boys more than repaid by the delighted exclamations of the girls at the appearance of the rooms. It was even evident, that H. C. Olson had mopped the floor of his room, from the bits of mop-fuzz still clinging to it. But even such a room as this was excelled by the splendour of the corridor. Here was a cheerfully glowing fireplace, surrounded by comfortable arm chairs: there a Victrola discoursing sweet music. Along the usually bleak expanse of wall were witches, grinning pumpkins, and yellow jack o' lanterns. But soft! What a romantic moon-light scene is this! A beautiful maiden clad in flowing white, and surrounded by monstrous vegetables—evidently the spirit of Thanksgiving.

The gay throng then proceeded through Clark Hall to the strains of a quartet of skilled musicians. Here the halls were decked with the flowered arches and icy-hung trellises of a gorgeous Japanese garden. Canaries sang merrily, parrots muttered amiably and doves cooed softly. Three guardian spirits arrayed in shining silks and satins, carrying gay parasols, still further heightened the Oriental effect. The delighted crowd could have lingered in this fairyland much longer but a program in the chapel called its attention. Following this came refreshments in the dining room. The evening ended with the usual enthusiastic yells after which the silence of the night was broken only by the groaning of the long-suffering clean-up committee.

A return to the ideals of beauty of primitive man is displayed in the barbarous decorations of the Arts IV. gowns. We would advise the men to wear also some bright embroidery down the side of each trouser leg.

HIKE AND PICNIC

November 4th was the occasion of a Grand Hike, the first event under the direction of the new Literary executive. Huge bonfires cast a flickering uncertain light on the trees which

seemed to bend forward towards the blaze as if they also, like the hungry multitude around, smelt the appetizing odor of "hot dogs." After the crowd had satisfied its voracious desire, they played various games. Ernest Church, apparently endeavoring to combine the studies of biology and astronomy, collided violently with a tree and for a moment clearly distinguished several new stars. But altogether, the affair was immensely enjoyed. May it be an indication of the success of future programs.

ELECTIONS

After several days of impassioned eloquence, animated discussion and fluent oratory, the fateful election day drew near. The final campaign meeting was filled with an enthusiastic mob of supporters of both candidates. Supporting Mr. King, Bill Lewis swamped the assemblage with a deluge of prodigiously long words. But his speech might well have never been delivered, when Eva Calverly arose to support Mr. Derby. With words of winning sweetness she speedily won the hearts of the whole electorate and easily persuaded them to Mr. Derby's side.

But the war of words was but preparatory to the dreadful conflict on the following day. To the clanging of cymbals, bray of trumpets, and yells of rage, "a glorious band, the chosen few" of King's supporters took possession of the chapel. Their bright colored banner "streamed afar." Fifteen valiant men, "their hope they knew, and mocked" the fierce hordes of Derbyites before them. As a rushing mighty wind the cloud of warrior descended upon the stalwart few. In the tumultuous scuffle which followed King's standard bearers went down—on the floor—to a glorious defeat.

In the evening a short program was given in the chapel: short, because of the atmosphere of tense expectation to hear the election results. Under the skilful manipulation by Mr. Carter of various letters on a string, this attitude of strained anxiety was prolonged until finally he made his bulletin board to read as follows:

President and Senior Stick—A. Derby.

1st Vice-President and Convenor of the Literary Committee—Miss Eunice Death.

2nd Vice-President and Convenor of the Literary Society—Wm. Lewis.

Secretary of the Association—Miss E. Ball.

Treasurer—D. G. McKnight.

S. C. M. NOTES

Better to stem with heart and hand
The roaring tide of life, than lie
Unmindful, on its flowing strand,
Of God's occasions drifting by.

Better with masked nerve to bear
The needles of this goading air,
Than in the lap of sensual ease forego
The God-like power to do, the God-like aim to know.

Under the aggressive leadership of Alex. Derby, the S.C.M., is attempting to put into practise the spirit embodied in the preceding two verses. Religion is not a thing apart from everyday life, but as Dr. MacNeill showed, it is an integral part of the "roaring tide of life." Rev. A. Gordon, in a following meeting, indicated some of "God's occasions" in India. Finally the report of Ernest Church concerning the Carlyle Conference emphasized the fact that students throughout Western Canada were not inclined to remain in the "lap of sensual ease," but felt an impelling "power to do" a "God-like aim to know."

An innovation has been introduced in the method of organizing Bible study groups this year. Previously considerable effort has been expended in inducing people to attend Bible classes under a burdensome sense of duty. The teacher idea has received too much emphasis and timidity has imposed too many restrictions to honest enquiry.

This year there has been no solicitation whatever, though as a result of a conference a goodly number of men have gravitated into groups and are meeting for weekly discussions. Each group determines the nature and scope of its own discussion, and the aim is to discuss rather than evade difficulties.

This method promises to develop a spontaneous interest and provide, not a finished philosophy of religion, no student expects that, but a sifting of opinions and a rediscovery of essentials.

Hazel Keith—"I don't think I'll make any purchases today. I'm sorry to have troubled you, but I was just standing here looking for a friend."

Clerk—"That's all right, ma'am. If you think your friend might be in one of these last two boxes, I'll open them too."

MOCK PARLIAMENT

Our Debating activities were commenced in good style by a very successful mock Parliament held November 12.

The session, opened in an auspicious manner by Mr. Church, Usher of the Black Rod summoning the House of Commons to meet in the Senate Chamber. The Speaker was elected and the Speech from the Throne read. After some cross-questioning by the opposition as to the action of the Government in erecting such public utilities as tooth-pick stands, to be used as a receptacle for their tooth-picks until they should again be retrieved, the discussion began upon the motion that an address be presented to His Excellency, the Governor General offering the humble thanks of the House for his gracious speech. The chief issue was the reduction of the tariff, supported by the Progressive Party, led by Mr. Fred Friend. Mr. Crosswell, leader of the Opposition, attacked this policy fearlessly, but it proved unavailing as the vote demonstrated the fact that the House still had confidence in the Government. While the question before the House was being discussed Mr. Umphrey, dressed as an unsophisticated farmer, provided considerable amusement for the spectators by his appearance and ready wit.

Because of the unpalleled success of this Mock Parliament, due to the fact that a considerable number of people took part in the discussion, the Debating committee feels that this very important phase of our college activities has a great year ahead of it.

Hembling—"Ignorance, they say, is bliss."

Edna Rand—"Oh, that accounts for that happy, contented look you usually wear."

C.N.R. Conductor—"Well sir, if you don't like the way this train is run, you can get off and walk."

E. Church—"I would, only my folks don't expect me till this train gets in."

It was an Irishman who said, when asked what his religion was: "May the Lord forgive me for saying it, but I'm an Atheist."



LOIS STRACHAN '23

O Autumn! Why so soon
 Depart the hues that make thy forests glad:
 Thy gentle wind and thy fair sunny noon,
 And leave thee wild and sad?

—Bryant.

Once more Clark Hall has opened her motherly arms to her children of 1921-22. She looks in vain for many of the well-loved faces of former years, but smiles, and is comforted by the sight of the group of girls who have come for the first time, eager to enter upon this new adventure, to give and to receive in full measure of all that College life promises. As she scans each face, radiant with youth, hope, and the joy of living, her mother-heart prays for every girl, that her vision may not be dimmed, that she may remain true to her ideals and live the four-square life.

Those of us who have been here in previous years welcome you, new girls, and we hope and believe that we are going to spend a very happy year together.

RENOVATIONS

We are quite pleased with ourselves over the artistic and comfortable interior decorations of the Clark Hall rooms this year. Many of them have been freshly papered and since their owners have arranged their furniture, cushions and pictures—not to mention books—each “home” looks truly inviting. Indeed, Dr. Whidden and Mr. Darrach were heard to remark on the night of the Promenade that “the Clark Hall rooms have never looked better.”

FIRST IMPRESSION OF CLARK HALL

WRITTEN BY A FRESHIE

"Postie" brought me last July,
 When the air was hot and dry,
 Calendar of Brandon College,
 Where the teaching's wide and high.

This I inwardly digested
 Till my mind was all congested
 With the vivid luring pictures
 That were therein manifested.

Then an inspiration seized me.
 Swiftly from the "Peg" they drove me
 Just to see this place of learning
 And Clark Hall—my home-to-be.

Fancy all the aspirations,
 Fondly dreamed by fond relations,
 How their Jean would grasp ambition:
 Realize great expectations.

Spacious bedroom, rug and rockers,
 Great Gymnasium with lockers,
 Reception room all rugged and curtained—
 These my dreams—Alas! What mockers!

Fancy then, how desolation
 Wrapped me in its isolation,
 When my dreams of Brandon Clark Hall
 Shattered were at destination.

Lo, Reception room was shrouded
 All in dust, and it was crowded,
 Crowded with a dreary vacu'm—
 Huddled chairs and rolled up rugs.

Curtains none bedecked the windows,
 No one 'round—not even Hindoos:
 But I smiled, for I was s'posed to—
 Queer how what you must you "kin do."

Wisdom said: "'Tis but July—
 "Wait, my child, and do not cry—
 "Time may improve this Brandon College,
 "Where the teaching's wide and high."

So we made all the arrangements,
 Planned for family estrangements,
 Where I'd live in Brandon Clark Hall,
 To improve my mind's derangements.

I was lonesome, bet your mitten;
 How I longed for my wee kitten!
 Not a girl but me around,
 And my heart with grief was smitten.

But this sorrow lasted solely
 For a day and night—and lonely
 Never more was I in Clark Hall,
 Nor my home I wanted only.

For the girls came trooping in
 One by one, with happy grin—
 First I liked them; then I loved them,
 And their friendship tried to win.

Freshies all we stand together
 Thicker than the thickest heather,
 Look with awe upon the seniors,
 Smile in every kind of weather.

The Brandon College boy's a good sport,
 When to "Prom's" we can resort
 And we then can smile upon him
 Without fear of black report.

And the teachers—Ah, the teachers!
 Such winesome, watchful, learned creatures:
 All respected for their knowledge;
 Loved, respected for their features.

How I love each Clark Hall law:
 Obeyed them soon as once I saw
 Disaster came whene'er I failed to—
 Brandon College, Rah! Rah! Rah!

Leader of Farmer Party—"Down with the big interests!
 We denounce them as unwarrantably watering their stock."
 Farmer Member from Hicksville—"But, say, if yuh got
 any stock yuh certainly gotta water it"

MISS NOBLE, R.N.

We welcome to our ranks this year a daughter of the Old Land, in the person of Miss L. Noble, our new nurse.

The early part of her life was spent in London. Here Miss Noble attended a church school where she won a scholarship which entitled her to a three-year course in Grey Coat school. Later she attended Cambridge University, but, due to ill-health, she left at the end of the first year and came to Canada. Here, in Weston Hospital, Montreal, she took a nurse's training course. After graduation, Miss Noble carried on the work of her profession in Saskatoon, where she was the efficient president of the Nurses' Association.

Miss Noble has decided that she prefers Canada to the Old Land. "Here you value a person for his ability, not for the money he has," she says.

"The sicker you are, the better we like you," Miss Noble once confidentially remarked. This sounds encouraging for those who, perchance, will require her care in the days to come. She has proved a kind and efficient nurse to the few who have already required attention. We hope she will enjoy her work among us; even if we do not become as ill as we might.

 S. C. M. NOTES

With increased enthusiasm resulting from the reports of our delegates to Carlyle, the Clark Hall branch of the Student Christian Movement is looking forward to a most successful year. We are conscious that as individual members of the organization we have failed to grasp its significance and the opportunities it presents. We realize that it is essential to the fullest appreciation of student-life that we take an active part in the Christian movement.

Especially in our Bible study are we realizing the need of definite individual effort and preparation in order to achieve the best results. In our groups we have commenced studying the life of Jesus as recorded in Matthew, Mark and Luke.

In addition to Bible study weekly assemblies are conducted at which helpful addresses are given by students or other speakers. We invite the interest of all our readers in this important phase of College activity.

The executive committee for the year is as follows:

President	Velma Johnson
Vice-President	Bessie Bridgett
Secretary	Marion Marshall
Treasurer	Jean Doig

THE JUNIOR HIKE

If you had looked into Clark Hall on Saturday, the 29th of October, you would have seen a group of about fifteen girls eagerly waiting for the hands of the clock to mark the hour of three. Accompanied by Miss Dyke, the girls set off down Eighteenth Street, some walking at a brisk pace, while others strolled along more leisurely.

When the Bridge was reached, cameras were produced and the girls "looked pleasant, please," after which they made the air ring with the good old college yells.

Proceeding from the bridge, they soon reached their destination, namely, the Industrial School. The matron kindly showed the girls through the building, whose large Dormitories and long dining tables form a marked contrast to the rooms and smaller tables in Clark Hall.

The hikers fell quite in love with several of the pretty little Indian children and again the cameras were called into use. Miss Dyke found it hard to break the girls away from their interesting conversations with the school-girls and it was with deep regret that they bade farewell to the Industrial College

PARTY AT MARGARET RIXON'S HOME

On Monday, October 31st, that memorable night, Hallowe'en, when ghosts and goblins haunt the great outside, Miss Margaret Rixon lightened the hearts of a number of her college friends by inviting them to take part in a Hallowe'en treat at her home on 15th Street. Needless to say, all were delighted and, after some consideration, decided to appear at Miss Rixon's home in Costume, much to the surprise of their hostess. Representatives of many nationalities and characters were present and not least among them was the Rev. H. Umphrey, whose presence caused dignity and restraint to reign wherever he went, especially at the table.

After a supper, comprised of all kinds of good things, a period of joyful entertainment and merry-making followed and when the party finally broke up, many were heard to exclaim, "Quel beau soir!"

Huge Interest—"I say, fellow, can you tell me the quickest way I can get to the station?"

He, of the Farmer's party (after regarding him closely)—
 "Well, I'd think your best plan is to lie down an' roll over 'bout twice."

FACULTY DINNER PARTY

Something new in the way of dinner parties was enjoyed by the resident faculty at the Ladies' Annex on October 29th.

Invitations had been issued several days previous and all the gentlemen of the faculty had been in a state bordering on eager anticipation and dire suspense. The time came at last: the guests arrived: the enjoyment began; first there was the table, a thing of beauty, with its bowls of pansies and trailing vines of smilax. The colorful place cards with their gay decorations added much to the brightness of the scene. The guests were seated and the dinner began.

So far "quite ordinary," you say, but wait a moment—when the first course had been partaken of Mrs. Wilkins read from a legal document, "While Miss Moffat plays some suitable music on the piano, Messrs. Hemmes and Lager will remove the plates." Mr. Hemmes declared that no other music would do but "Mary, Mary," so his wish was granted, and to the accompaniment of these uplifting strains the dishes disappeared as if by magic. The meat course was served by Misses McIlquham, Taylor and Smith. This course finished the announcement came. "With Mr. Wright at the piano, Messrs. Dadson, Wilkins and Hurd will remove the plates." It sounds like a bald statement but you should have seen them. Never while memory lasts will those present forget the agility, dexterity and grace displayed by the said gentlemen.

In due time desert and coffee were served by Messrs. Gilbert and Crocker under the direction of Misses Moffat and Dyke.

With many a jest and funny story told by Mr. Dadson and others, the party broke up, each returning to his or her lighter tasks.

HALLOWE'EN PARTY

"Who-oo-oo-oo B. Y's! Beg, borrow or steal a costume and come to the Gym at 9.15 o'clock, October 31st." Thus did Junior Arts invite the Juniors to an impromptu Hallowe'en party. Promptly at the appointed hour the guests arrived at the Gym. Varied and beautiful were the costumes worn, some displaying elaborate care and patience in the designing of them, while others—well, "'Nuff Sed."

After a pleasant evening spent in games and music, a dainty lunch, consisting of one apple and two all-day suckers was served. Miss Kathleen McNaught thanked Junior Arts on behalf of the Juniors for the good time, and the evening came to a close with the usual College song and yell.

THANKSGIVING PARTY AT ANNEX

While those students who went home, or to someone else's home, were consuming as much turkey and pumpkin pie as possible, the studious ones who remained were not poring over massive volumes all the time. One of the occasions for which they managed to tear themselves away from their studies was Monday night, when the fair maidens at the Annex invited all the College people to a social evening.

The first event was a promenade through all the rooms. A match puzzle in Room 4 rather congested the traffic for awhile, but, nevertheless, caused much amusement and concentration of brain power.

A fortune-teller in the front hall was greatly patronized and no doubt many who sought her advice are eagerly awaiting the great successes and conquests she foretold.

One of the most popular games played was Charades, in which those taking part displayed great wit and histrionic ability.

Pop-corn and the students' favorite, "all-day suckers," had their place and after having sung and yelled lustily, the guests departed, all declaring that they had spent a most enjoyable evening.

SIGNS OF WINTER

Snow! Ice! Skates!

The Seniors add ribbons and colors to their gowns, to furnish additional heat.

Mr. Hurd dons his spats.

Clark Hallites shorten their winter coats.

Many breathless ladies and gentlemen come late to supper, attired in pull-over sweaters.

Mr. Lager gets his hair cut.

The Clark Hall line moves at an increased rate of speed.

Miss Osborne has a pet snow-drift in her room.

It was with surprise and sorrow that we heard, on returning to Clark Hall this fall, that Mrs. Wilkins was in the hospital. We watched her progress eagerly and were all exceedingly glad when she was able to resume her old position as Lady Principal. During her absence Mrs. Wright more than capably performed the duties of acting Lady Principal.

INITIATIONS

Almost two weeks of the College year had passed when a notice was posted asking the new girls to assemble for advice, as they were about to be received.

The proffered advice was eagerly sought as it concerned "la toilette" of the Freshettes who were soon to appear in public. Extraordinary as that toilette was, it has not left the slightest impression on the fashion-sheet, but will not fail to influence the course of history.

In festive array, the Freshettes, accompanied by their thoughtful hostesses, demurely made their debut. As the company paraded Lorne Avenue, shrill, treble voices piped out the Freshettes' yell.

After supper there followed a programme of indoor sports. The first ordeal through which each trembling debutante had to pass was a solemn trial, presided over by a black-robed judge, lawyers and jury.

Then each Freshette was blindfolded and courteously conducted into the Electric Chamber, where she miserably wiggled under the trunk carrier, not daring to touch it for fear of being electrocuted.

The operating room was the next to receive the guests. From the operating-table the sharpening of knives could be heard. A slash across the throat, and water-drops of blood flowed freely. Touches of color were added to each pallid cheek and as a stimulant, a capsoline foot-massage was administered.

A high stepping dance, of which the finale was a sensational splash in cold water, worked wonders as a restorative. A dark, quiet room proved a suitable ward for convalescence.

After some appropriate exhortations had been given, the Freshettes joined the Freshmen in the Chapel and charmed the beneficent Seniors with an impromptu programme, after which a little nourishment was served to both the entertainers and the entertained.

At the end of this perfect day the girls emerged, no longer Freshettes, but full fledged Clark Hall Co-eds.

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Pete—"Why are you crying, dearest? Did I offend you with my proposal?"

She—"Oh, no, dear. It's not that. I'm crying for pure joy. Mother has always told me that I was such an idiot. I couldn't even get a donkey for a sweetheart, and now I got one after all."

RECEPTION FOR BLISS CARMAN

A unique opportunity was afforded the citizens of Brandon on the evening of November 3rd, when Dr. and Mrs. Whidden gave a reception for Mr. Bliss Carman, the eminent Canadian poet. The reception room of Clark Hall was crowded with those who had truly enjoyed Mr. Carman's recital in the City Hall earlier the same evening, and who were sincerely eager to meet the man who had awakened new thoughts, and new ideas in the souls of those who listened to his "Wayside Flowers," "The Stone Wall" and many other poems—of varied nature—but all throbbing with life's ideal—the utmost for the Highest.

 NUTTY ADVICE

(BY A. SQUIRREL)

Be thoughtful—Save the staircase by missing every third step.

Be courteous—Remember that your speech is always the most important and should come first and often.

Be polite—Think of others after you've served yourself.

Be punctual—Breakfast is at 7.30. Therefore, try to leave for the dining-room by 7.39 at least.

Be useful—When trunks are to be transported to Third floor, have a pressing engagement down town.

Be neat—Always remember that any food left on the table gives an untidy appearance.

Be studious—Spend as much time as possible standing around the halls and pass the remainder visiting your neighbors.

 THINGS THAT WON'T GET YOU ANYWHERE

Trying to go up the Clark Hall stairs noiselessly when coming in after 11 p.m.

Asking for the corridor lights to be turned on, also heat.

Trying to see through the Gym windows which have been newly frosted.

Attempting to consume an all-day sucker silently.

Mistaking the hours in which you have lecture periods

Leaving a box of eats from home unguarded.

Waiting on the corner of Rosser and Tenth for a street-car, five minutes before College mealtime.

MUSIC

MARY E. HENDERSON

“The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds:
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils”

—Shakespeare.

With the opening of Brandon College for the fall term, the work of the music department is again well under way. We have more special music students than we had last year; and under the efficient leadership of Professor Wright we are confident of a very successful term's work. Judging from the melodious and harmonious sounds issuing from all parts of Clark Hall, the students of both piano and vocal departments are working earnestly and steadily toward greater proficiency. Few, outside of the music students themselves, realize the careful study and long hours of practice required to obtain even a moderate degree of success. Such a high standard has been set for us by music graduates and students in the past, that we feel we must do our very best to maintain it.

We are glad to welcome the two new members of the music faculty, Mrs. McManus and Miss Lewis. May they enjoy a long and pleasant sojourn at Brandon College.

Besides the usual work of the music department a Girls' Glee Club has recently been organized under the leadership of Mrs. McManus, who has had a wide experience in this work. The club has a membership of over twenty, and promises to be very successful. This part of our musical activity should prove of general interest since it offers to all interested in ensemble singing, a great opportunity to study the beautiful in song literature.

Rehearsals have commenced and the Glee Club expects to give a concert early in the spring. The organization of a Men's Glee Club is soon to follow, and there will be opportunity for trio and quartette work in both clubs. These organizations should prove valuable additions to the musical life of our college. They will be in demand to furnish entertainment for literary and social functions of the college; and also for the musical and social events of the city.

Brandon College was well represented at the convention of the Manitoba Music Teachers' Association, held recently in Winnipeg. Miss Lewis, Miss Moffat and Professor Wright attended, and report a very interesting and profitable time. This is the first time that a convention devoted solely to the interest of music has been held in this province. Its success augurs well for the future progress of this art in Manitoba. Professor Wright contributed to the programme with a paper on "Interpretation," which, according to the newspaper reports, was received with generous appreciation.

Mr. Ernest Hutcheson, the eminent virtuoso, pianist and teacher, was the artist, and was heard in two delightful recital programmes.

Mr. Watkin Mills of Winnipeg was elected president of the association for the coming year, and Mr. Wright of Brandon vice-president.

We congratulate Miss Gwen Davies and Miss Essie Hindorff, who were both successful in obtaining honour standing in the recent Toronto conservatory examinations for the associateship (A.T.C.M.) degree in music.

Someone has said, "A tennis enthusiast's idea of a 'low-brow' is a person who calls a racquet a bat." From a music student's point of view one might say that a 'lowbrow' is one who says in tones of greatest surprise "Oh, what course are you taking, not just music?"

"There is a reach to music which the other arts have not; it seems to get to you in an exhausted mood, and quiets and refreshes where a book or a picture is not so sure."

— Charles M. Schwab.



F. B. FRIEND '25

The value of athletics to a college student is a much debated question. Time was when sport was looked upon as more or less of an evil, to-day, the tendency is to swing to the other extreme by making the college team a thing of supreme importance. We, in Brandon, endeavor to strike a happy medium. We believe that athletics has its place, in the scheme of things, but only as a means to an end, not as the end itself. For this reason we prefer to develop a group of average athletes rather than one star performer; we would rather see every man in the college doing something in the inter-class sports than we would our basketball team, say, win the city league cup. Why? Because we believe it to be the duty of every man to develop himself during his college course in the fullest sense of the word, and to do this he must get out on the campus. Dr. Mc'Neill's periodical announcement that we must "get down to business" and his dire predictions of future tribulations if we fail to do so, coupled with visions of invitations to visit one or more of the faculty members in the near future may have caused some of us to do a little extra work lately. If so, all well and good. Don't do it between four and six. Burn the midnight oil if you must, eschew the Allen and the Rex, but don't fail to answer the call "Everybody out." Get behind your class team, or better still, get into it. Now is the time when we must get our teams lined up for the spring's work. We have already seen what the majority of the new men can do, but we want to get every one into some part of our athletic programme.

Although many of our last year's stalwarts did not return this fall, the season's activities have got away to a good start. Earl J. King, with his usual pep, corralled his executive in Room F, and when the storm of thought subsided and the dust settled, a very complete schedule had been drawn up. All departments immediately got busy unearthing the hidden talents

of their members, and have met with considerable success. We are pleased to see so many of the freshmen taking an active part in the various branches of sport; with such promising material to draw from the prospects for the year are exceedingly bright.

It is particularly difficult to forecast the future of the various phases of sport this year. The loss of most of our best men, especially Johnny Hart, Kelly Stone, Chris. Riley and Tim Mallory has left us rather up in the air. However, Ross McDonald assures us that his basketball team is a "corker," and it is whispered that several star puck chasers are just waiting for a chance to astonish the natives by their prowess with the stick, so we have great hopes for the winter.

FIELD DAY

The Fourteenth Annual Field Day, held on October 14th, proved to be a success in every way. For once the weather man smiled on us; conditions were admirable for a track meet. The girls' events were run off on the Campus in the morning, and the men's at the Exhibition Grounds in the afternoon. Stade, as was expected, duplicated his splendid record of last year. Muir Barber, one of our last year's stars, had the misfortune to break his wrist while training, and was unable to compete. We extend our sympathies to him, he would undoubtedly have given Stade a good race for premier honors, but for this unfortunate occurrence. Collegiate boys ran off with the laurels in the mile and two-twenty, but the College team was successful in the four-forty relay.

The events were as follows:

120-yard dash—1st, A. Derby; 2nd, A. Stade; 3rd, J. Strahl. 13 seconds.

Standing Broad Jump—1st, D. Bourke; 2nd E. Reimer; 3rd, A. Stade. 9 ft.

100 Yards Dash (Boys)—1st, M. Moffat; 2nd, O. Magnessen; 3rd, G. Magnessen. 14 seconds.

Running Broad Jump (Boys)—1st, M. Moffat; 2nd, D. Simpson; 3rd, J. McClellan. 15 ft. 6 in.

220 Yards Dash (Open)—1st, L. McPhail (Collegiate); 2nd, A. Stade; 3rd, J. Strahl. 25 3-5 seconds.

Pole Vault—1st, T. Knighton; 2nd, Dorrett; 3rd, F. R. Carter. 7 ft. 1 in.

Shot Put—1st, A. Stade; 2nd, F. Friend; 3rd, Shaw. 27 ft. 2 in.

Mile Run (Open)—1st, D. Wirth (Collegiate); 2nd, F. Van Schaick; 3rd, Crawford. 5 min. 26 sec.

Running Broad Jump—1st, C. Reimer; 2nd, J. Strahl; 3rd, D. Bourke. 16 ft. 8 in.

Tug-of-War—1st, Hash; 2nd, Junior Arts.

Running High Jump—1st, A. Stade; 2nd, Dorrett; 3rd, D. Bourke. 4 ft. 9 in.

Hop, Step and Jump—1st, A. Stade; 2nd, S. Elson; 3rd, J. Strahl. 38 ft.

Relay (Open)—1st, College; 2nd, Collegiate.

After supper a short program was rendered in the chapel, at the conclusion of which Dr. McNeill presented the following medals and cups.

Grand Aggregate Medal—A. Stade.

Second Aggregate Medal—M. Moffat.

Freshmen's Aggregate Medal—E. Reimer.

Mile Race Medal—D. Wirth (Collegiate).

Relay Race Medals—A. Stade, A. Derby, E. R. Carter, F. Van Schaick.

220 Yards Dash Medal—L. McPhail (Collegiate).

Individual Championship Cup—A. Stade.

Interdepartmental Cup—Academic Department.

Following the presentation refreshments were served in the dining hall.

The success of the day reflects great credit on the chairman, J. R. Cresswell, and his committee.

TENNIS

There is every indication that tennis is becoming the most popular sport of the year. As the autumn days pass by we cannot look out without seeing the courts occupied, and two or three couples waiting their chance to get a game. We are especially pleased to see the freshies getting into the game; some of them will make Dr. McNeill look to his laurels before the spring term ends.

At the beginning of the term the new court was rolled and taped, and is now in better condition than the old one. With two good courts available, and almost ideal weather prevailing, the enthusiasm shown is not surprising. If Madame la Neige does not interfere some experts will probably be developed this fall for the spring tournament.

The tournament held this fall was greatly appreciated by all the contestants, and some real games were enjoyed. This

was an interdepartment doubles tournament. Junior Arts copped first place, with Senior Arts a close second: Hash being somewhat in the shade.

A mixed doubles tournament is planned for the spring, and it is expected that Clark Hall will be well represented, so come on, Brandon College, and get into the game.

SOCCKER

In spite of the revival of Rugby, Soccer still holds premier place in the college sport. Although we have lost many of our last year's senior team we have hopes of building up another for the spring. Several promising players have been discovered among the freshmen, particularly Knighton, Cameron, Langford and McIntyre.

The interdepartment schedule is well under way, and but for the fact that some games had to be postponed, would have been finished before now. The first game in the series was between Jr. Arts and Sr. Arts. The former proved to be no match for the Juniors, and went down to defeat, two to nothing. Poor shooting by Junior Arts' forward robbed them of several goals.

The Seniors next clashed with Hash, and came very near to converting them into one. They exhibited a much better brand of football than on the previous occasion, and were decidedly unlucky to lose by the odd goal in three. Dr. McNeill, as usual, proved to be a tower of strength at full back for Sr. Arts, while Evan Whidden put some punch into their forward line. Hash had slightly the better of the game, but their work lacked finish, especially in the goal mouth.

In the next game Jr. Arts met with defeat at the hands of Hash, who appeared to have improved since the last game. Jr. Arts seemed to miss the support of Cameron and Knighton. Hash developed some good combination, and succeeded in scoring the odd goal.

The fourth game saw the dignified Seniors again humbled by Junior Arts. Carter took a mean advantage of Oley and Tyke, kicking the ball through Oley's legs while he was endeavoring to untangle it from his feet. Tyke's chivalry led him to cross the goal mouth to assist his distressed comrade, with the result that he was in the wrong place at the right time. Sr. Arts, who had been playing a weak team up to this point, were shortly afterwards reinforced by McIntyre and Dr. McNeill, the former going in goal. Against these two the attacks of Junior Arts forwards clashed incessantly, but in vain. Mc-

Intyre making some exceptionally good saves. Jr. Arts' forwards played a fine combination, the presence of Hugh John Kennedy at inside left undoubtedly being largely responsible for it.

The fate of the Spark's Cup will be decided this week, weather permitting. A battle royal is promised when Hash and Jr. Arts meet in the final game of the series, for on it depends the possession of the cup, which at present is held by Senior Arts.

RUGBY

After so long a time spent in obscure retirement, rugby has again made its appearance in the world of College athletics and the hearts of the old timers are gladdened by its return. The College team made its first bow to the world at large on Saturday, October 22nd, when it met the "Tigers" on the local grounds and led them to the wire. Being an initial performance for both teams, and for most of those on the teams, it was not to be expected that the play would be the finished work of veterans of the gridiron, nevertheless there were some decidedly thrilling moments and some excellent runs and bucks.

The College team lined up as follows:—Wm. Lewis, centre; with King, Cameron and Trotter on the left wing, and Shaw, Carter and Maxwell on the right. Stovel played quarter-back with Bourke, Whidden and Stade at half, and Derby at flying wing. Dr. Wilkins presided over the game to the satisfaction of every man on the teams.

The first quarter showed a shade of advantage for the College team, but the second period put the College out in the lead with a two touchdown score.

From this point the decision was never in doubt for a moment, the Tigers being unable to imperil the College lead at any time, though they tried gamely to the last minute to even matters up, or at least hold the winners to a small score. Each period of the game added to the winners' lead, the final score standing 25-0 in the locals' favor. Of these points Stade ran two touches over the line, bucked for two more, while Derby kicked one on-side touch. None of the five touches were converted.

Some facts regarding the game seem to call for special notice. First it was a clean game throughout. Perhaps the teams were new at the game and had not learned the tricks that make the game disagreeable, at any rate the referee handed out no penalties for foul work. One or two showed an inclina-

tion to "scrag," perhaps because they were not sufficiently sure of their ability to try a dive at the more elusive legs. On the other hand some showed an aptness for tackling which bespeaks either former experience or promise of future good work.

The punting by both teams was poor, seldom carrying the ball far enough down the field to make an effective gain. The College had rather the best end of it at that, Evan Whidden getting in a few tricks that gained a considerable number of yards. This is a phase of the game that might be practiced to advantage even when ground and weather conditions do not permit line work-outs.

A particularly interesting feature of the game was the running and line bucking of Stade and Whidden. When Stade got away to a clear run the Tigers "ran also," but to little effect. Evan exhibited fine speed and skill in dodging while carrying the ball, and showed as well an effective use of the straight arm, while running at top speed. While plunging through the line, Stade reminded one of a huge Newfoundland tossing around quite playfully, a yard full of small, active but helpless canines.

Finally condition tells! This was strikingly illustrated by the state of the two teams in the closing minutes of the play. The College aggregation on the whole seemed equal to going another quarter, just as strong as they had the last two, while the visitors were ready to seize any opportunity for a rest, and succumbed to minor injuries more readily than the local team. The moral is obvious.

The second game of the season was played on Thanksgiving day, when both ground and weather conditions made for slow play, hard running and tackling and danger of fumbling. The Tigers were again our opponents and again were taken into camp by the College team. It was a proof of hardy makeup on the part of the players that there was a game at all in such weather, but the game was assuredly not up to the quality of the first one. The score stood 26-1, again in the College favor, at the close of the game, and represented the relative performance of the teams. The Tigers were handicapped by the absence of two of their regular players, and two of the College spares played in the Tiger line. The College team had profited by the experience and practice of the former game, and easily handled their opponents, scoring in the first part of the first fifteen minutes, and almost at will afterward. The game was clean, on the whole, but an unfortunate disposition to "wrangle" over decisions made it anything but pleasant for the referees.

The play of the College team was much better in several details, especially in the tackling, where Trotter, Derby, Maxwell and McDorman showed promise of good material, Maxwell managing to slip through the opposing line and repeatedly get the player behind the line, almost as soon as the ball was in play, while the College scrim held fast when the ball was in their possession. Altogether, another year should see the College with a fine team.

It is unfortunate that there is not more opportunity for matches especially with stronger teams, for more of the game can be learned from defeat than from victory, and the instruction of such a lesson would greatly help to perfect our Rugby Machine at this juncture.

BASKETBALL

After a very successful fall in rugby, football and tennis, athletic activities are now turning to basketball. Strong teams have entered both in the Intermediate and Senior divisions of the City Basketball League, and competition promises to be keen. The teams are practicing faithfully and are rapidly rounding into shape. The Intermediates are out for the leadership of the league, while the Seniors have as their aim the annexing of the Cornell Trophy.

The success of the teams depends in no small measure upon the support and co-operation of all. The teams will do their part. See that you do yours. Don't follow the line of least resistance. Get interested; talk basketball; boost it, and we'll have it.

HOCKEY

The weather is now favorable for the freezing of the ice, and the hockey enthusiasts should now be sharpening their skates and be preparing for action. A league is being formed among the College, Collegiate, Tigers and perhaps a fourth team from town. We have many real players in our midst and with the old players there is no reason why our Alma Mater should not enter a team worthy of wearing the blue and gold. We are anticipating a good season and are sure a team will represent the college that will carry off the honors.

Now let's go, boys, for a good season!

CLARK HALL ATHLETICS

HAZEL M. KEITH '23

Well girls! We're outward bound: once more launched on a sea of Athletics. Are we interested in the Clark Hall Ship? Decidedly yes! We believe that deep down in her heart each girl, no matter how indifferent she may seem, wishes that she might take some part in athletic "stunts" as she sees her associates performing them.

Girls! Girls! Don't worry whether you can do it now or not. Get outside and learn. You cannot begin sooner. If you wait until to-morrow you may be old and stiff and unable to put "pep" into your exhibitions.

There are many fields to choose from. Tennis and basketball are popular at present, but later there will be tobogganing, snow-shoeing, skating and hockey.

Girls! Get out and take your place and do your share of the rowing to keep our boat afloat, and ahead, on the Sea of 1921-22.

So far the most outstanding sport is basket ball. The fall programme of outside games has been drawn up and gives every promise of a prow-to-prow race for first place as mistress of the sea. Games have already been arranged with three Winnipeg teams—Y.W.C.A., November 26th, at Brandon; M.A.C. and Varsity Arts, December 2nd and 3rd, respectively, at Winnipeg.

The spring term holds a possible return game with Saskatoon Varsity.

Inter-collegiate games with the Normal, Collegiate and City Ladies' teams are already arranged for. With the efficient guidance of our energetic captain, Jean Doig, and pilot, Prof. Gilbert, the basketball marine is sailing on to victory. The game between Normal and C.H., on November 12th, finished with a score of 7-3 in favor of C.H.

Every girl on deck—get behind your team and pull for the shore. Let's make every port at top-notch speed. Then pull for the seas again.

Ship-ahoy! We're off!

FIELD DAY

Anyone who doubts that the athletic girl has fully arrived should have been a spectator at our field day events. He would then have become duly modernized.

On the morning of Friday, October 14th, when Prof. Renaud appeared on the college campus armed with a megaphone the girls were already keenly waiting to display their powers. The students of the various departments assembled in force to yell for their representatives, thus adding gusto to the contests.

The very first event, throwing the basketball, brought some of the rivals for the championships into prominence. The result was—1st, Annie McLeod, 68 ft.; 2nd, Bessie Bridgett, 48 ft.; 3rd, Helen Hitchings, 43 ft.

The 75-yard dash resulted in a very close finish and some thrilling moments—1st, Annie McLeod; 2nd, Hazel Keith; 3rd, Helen Hitchings.

A walking race is usually a problem for the judges, but in this case they required a repetition before announcing the following decision—1st, Eva Calverly; 2nd, Helen Hitchings; 3rd, Mable Gibson.

The relay race occasioned a display of keen departmental rivalry and ended as follows—1st, Senior Arts; 2nd, Hash; 3rd, Junior Arts.

Baseball throwing gave rise to fears concerning the windows on the other side of the campus. Nothing was broken, however, except Bessie Bridgett's last year's record. This Bessie did herself—1st, Bessie Bridgett, 152 ft.; 2nd, Annie McLeod; 3rd, Edna Rand.

The following results were attained in jumping:

Standing broad jump—1st, Hazel Keith, 7 ft., 2 in.; 2nd, Helen Hitchings, 7 ft., 1½ in.; 3rd, Annie McLeod, 6 ft.

Running high jump—1st, Hazel Keith, 3 ft., 9 in.; 2nd, Helen Hitchings, 3 ft., 8 in.; 3rd, Annie McLeod, 3 ft., 6 in.

Running broad jump—1st, Hazel Keith, 12 ft., 10 in.; 2nd, Annie McLeod, 11 ft., 10 in.; 3rd, Edna Calverly, 11 ft., 6 in.

The last event of the morning was the ever-popular obstacle race. In this diminutive physical dimensions seemed to be at a premium: Results were—1st, Edna Calverly; 2nd, Bessie Bridgett; 3rd, Annie McLeod.

The honors of the day were presented by Dr. MacNeill in the chapel in the evening.

Highest Aggregate Medal—Annie McLeod.

Second Aggregate Medal—Hazel Keith.

Freshman's Medal—Helen Hitchings.

Interdepartment Cup—Senior Arts.

LATITUDE & LONGITUDE

MARGARET RIXON '22

We wish to acknowledge with gratitude the following exchanges—"The McGill News," "Acadia Athenaeum," "King's College Record," "The Round Table," "The Argosy," "Wellesley College Magazine," "Vox Wesleyana," "The Fallow Dip," "The Manitoban" and "The Sheaf."

In the Graduation Number of "The Argosy" is an article entitled "Clippings," a short, informal treatise on war poems dealing with aviation. The writer's collection would seem to be a fairly representative one, the poems showing varying degrees of seriousness, and a wide range of thought—One which he quotes in part is called "Bird Critics to Birdmen" and begins—

"What do you think a skylark thinks
When he meets an I. E. 3?
He greets your bus with a friendly wink
And says to the pilot, 'Gee!
You high-browed fellows are full of beans,
Now you've started on the wing—
Your cab can fly—with a petrol feed—
But I'm hanged if she can sing—"

To continue quoting from "Clippings."

"The next poem suggests the freedom of the air, the exhilaration experienced. When flying you have an overwhelming desire to sing—anything and everything—as long as you sing. The next poem is entitled "Freedom" and the first stanza is as follows—

"Freedom at last
From the shackles that weigh me down,
Earth-bound no more
I am free as the bird to soar
In the liquid blue of the skies at morn'
I can wing my flight
O'er pathways bright
With a joy new-born."

In this same number are timely and very well written articles on The Coal Strike in Great Britain, and The Royal Northwest Mounted Police.

“Shall I brain the young fool?” the first hazer said,
And quickly the victim’s courage, it fled.

“You can’t, he’s a freshman,” the other one said—
You’d better just hit him real hard on the head.”

—Yale Record.

“The June number of “Acadia Athenaeum” contains a very good discussion of that much-mooted subject Eugenics. The writer makes a warm plea for eugenical control and in concluding his article says—

“There would be less misery, disease, insanity; society would, therefore, be in a better condition for progress; there would be fewer inefficient: there would be better conditions, greater possibilities for advancement, and a happier community in every way. These arguments we think indisputable, the facts cannot be disproved. Partial legislation in the United States has already proven its feasibility—why not apply the principles of eugenical control universally in our own country?”

While more conservative-minded people would hardly go so far as to advocate a control “universally” in the immediate future, more knowledge of the subject and a lessening of the natural prejudice against it would certainly be to the advantage of society.

The June copy of the “Round Table” has a very good collection of articles and poems written by the students. Especially noteworthy is an article on the history of the Mount Holyoke college magazine, tracing its various departments through the thirty years of its life. A fragment of verse entitled “Goldfish,” written by another of the students, merits quotation in full—

“A crystal bowl,
Inside three living streaks of reddish gold,
A fluffy line of green,
And shining through is moonbeam sheen.
Deep down—blue silver
Where lies the rainbow shell,
And all around outside
The pale blue glamour of the moon.”

ALUMNI ALUMNAE

KATHLEEN MOFFAT, A.T.C.M.

"Thy sons and daughters fair, of former years
Are lab'ring far and wide 'mid smiles and tears."

—John Hart '21.

With the years, the number of those associated with this column increases. Since the last issue of *The Quill* the "Twenty-ones" have joined the veteran forces and we most cordially welcome them and extend congratulations. May the years increase their fame.

Although the departure of fourteen devoted children caused a heart ache to Alma Mater she rejoices to have under her parental care this year several, who having loved her, have returned to pay respect and seek more of her counsel. Of these we proudly give first place to Rev. and Mrs. Archibald Gordon, who since 1913 have been engaged in missionary work in India. Mr. Gordon is at present acting pastor of the First Baptist Church of this city, while Mrs. Gordon is registered at the college as a vocal student. Brandon College extends a kindly hand to her grand-children, Elsie and Patty Gordon.

David Beaubier '20 is back in Brandon and engaged in M.A. work in Political Economy.

Evan Whidden '21 is persuing M.A. work in History. He is also Secretary of the Memorial Gymnasium Committee in addition to conducting the Young People's Society and a Young Men's Sunday School class at the First Baptist Church.

Mr. A. I. Runeman '21 is a sistant librarian and is engaged in Post-Graduate work in Sociology.

With an eye, all admiring, Alma Mater views the progress of the newest alumni.

Sir James Aikins, LL.D., has recently accepted another five-year term of office as Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba.

Rev. C. C. McLaurin, D.D., while travelling in connection with his work as Superintendent of Baptist Missions of Alberta, was a guest at the college during the last week of October.

Miss Jennie M. Turnbull, M.A., honorary president of Class '21, has settled in Paris after an extended tour of the British Isles and Western Europe. She is at present continuing her study of the French language at La Sorbonne.

Chilliwack, B.C., is fortunate in having on its High School teaching staff, as lecturer in English, Miss Corday MacKay, M.A.

May those whose minds were in doubt as to the field of labor, which should attract Miss Elizabeth Grieg, M.A., be set at rest. She has assumed the responsibilities of High School teaching at Columbus, N.D. She also directs the dramatics of the town and superintends the Sunday School.

George D'Arcy Cook, M.A., continues to hold the pastorate of the Baptist Church at Neepawa. He expects soon to pay a visit to England.

Beatrice Clendenning is in attendance at the Faculty of Education, Toronto University.

Hazel Dunseith is teaching at Ravenscrag, Alta.

Tena Turnbull is teaching in the High School at Humboldt, Sask.

Edna McVeety is principal of a consolidated school at Pinkham, Sask.

Jessie Venables is teaching at Rose Town, Sask.

Harriet Hall is teaching near Minnedosa, Man.

James Smith is engaged in Post-Graduate work at Chicago University. He is also coaching the University Soccer Team.

Kelly Stone is attending a theological seminary at Rochester, N.Y.

Joseph Wicklund is teaching at Roche Plain, Sask., and is doing extra-mural Post Graduate work in sociology.

Norman McDonald has taken to the study of Law and is pursuing his course at Estevan, Sask.

John Hart is on his way to India. En route he expects to visit Scotland and will probably arrive at Bimlipatam by Christmas. He will spend some years there in the study of the Telagu language before commencing his more active missionary work.

Chris. Riley, now at home in Celesta, B.C., expects to return to the prairies soon to enter the teaching profession.

Leslie O. Harris is in charge of a school of New Canadians near Togo, Sask.

Glen Clark is administering knowledge and the rod at a school near Portage la Prairie.

Adeline Bailey, A.T.C.M., is teaching a promising class of young pianists in Brandon and has commenced her Post Graduate work in piano at Brandon College.

Miss Gwen Whidden '18 and Miss Isabel Cumming are taking Post Graduate work in History at Smith College, Northampton, Mass.

Hart-Cameron:

We are pleased to record the marriage of Rev. John Hart '21 to Miss Jean Cameron '20. The wedding was held on September 1st, 1921, at Calvin, N.D. Mr. and Mrs. Hart are well known to many of our readers because of their active part in student activities here during recent years. Our prayers and good wishes follow them and their missionary efforts in India.

Allen-Lewis:

Mr. Allen, whose marriage to Miss Fanny Lewis of Tusket, N.S., took place on July 28th, 1921, was teacher of Academic Mathematics and Science during 1919-20 and 1920-21. At present he is teaching science at Weston University, London, Ont.

Moffat-Jones:

James Ernest Moffat '14 is well known to "Quill" readers. We are pleased to send congratulations and announce his marriage to Miss Marion Jones of Bloomington, Ind. At Present Mr. Moffat is Assistant Professor of Economics in the State University, Indiana.

Brady-Shorey:

At Hillsboro, Missouri, September 14th, 1921. Miss Netta V. Shorey, a former student of Brandon College, to Mr. Raymond H. Brady, Hillsboro, Missouri.

Laman-Smith:

On June 29th, 1921, at Winnipeg, Man., Miss Lina Smith was united in marriage to Mr. Frank Lamar, of Vancouver, B.C. Miss Smith was a graduate in Music in '16.

White-Litch:

On October 14th, 1921, Miss Eleanor Litch of Vancouver, B.C., was married to Mr. Edward Murdock White.

Ling-Wedin:

At Eryke, Cal., on October 19th, 1921, Miss Pearl Wedin was united in marriage to Mr. Houston Ling. Mr. and Mrs. Ling will reside at Eryke.

Miss Helen Corman and Miss Clara Molberg, former Matriculation students, are training in Winnipeg General Hospital. Both are student volunteers and expect to go to India after graduation.

Miss Eunice S. Whidden is taking a course in Social Service at Toronto University.

Three associates of Brandon College are travelling on the same Canadian Chautauqua circuit. They are the Misses Evangeline and Helen Cline and Miss Esther Moore.

Mr. Donald Forsyth '19 is teaching Commercial work at Brandon Collegiate.

There are now three Brandon College graduates on the Collegiate staff, the other two are Miss "Peggy" Bucke '12 and Miss Kathleen Johnson '13.

Miss Madge Struthers '19 is teaching in one of the schools in Brandon.

We are pleased to report that Miss Jean MacLaren is making favorable progress towards recovery after a recent operation. At present she is at her home in Clan William, Man.

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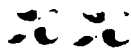
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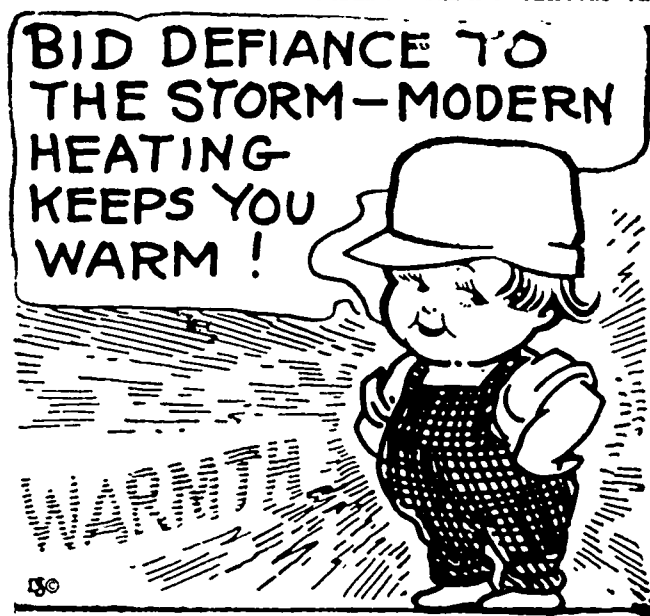
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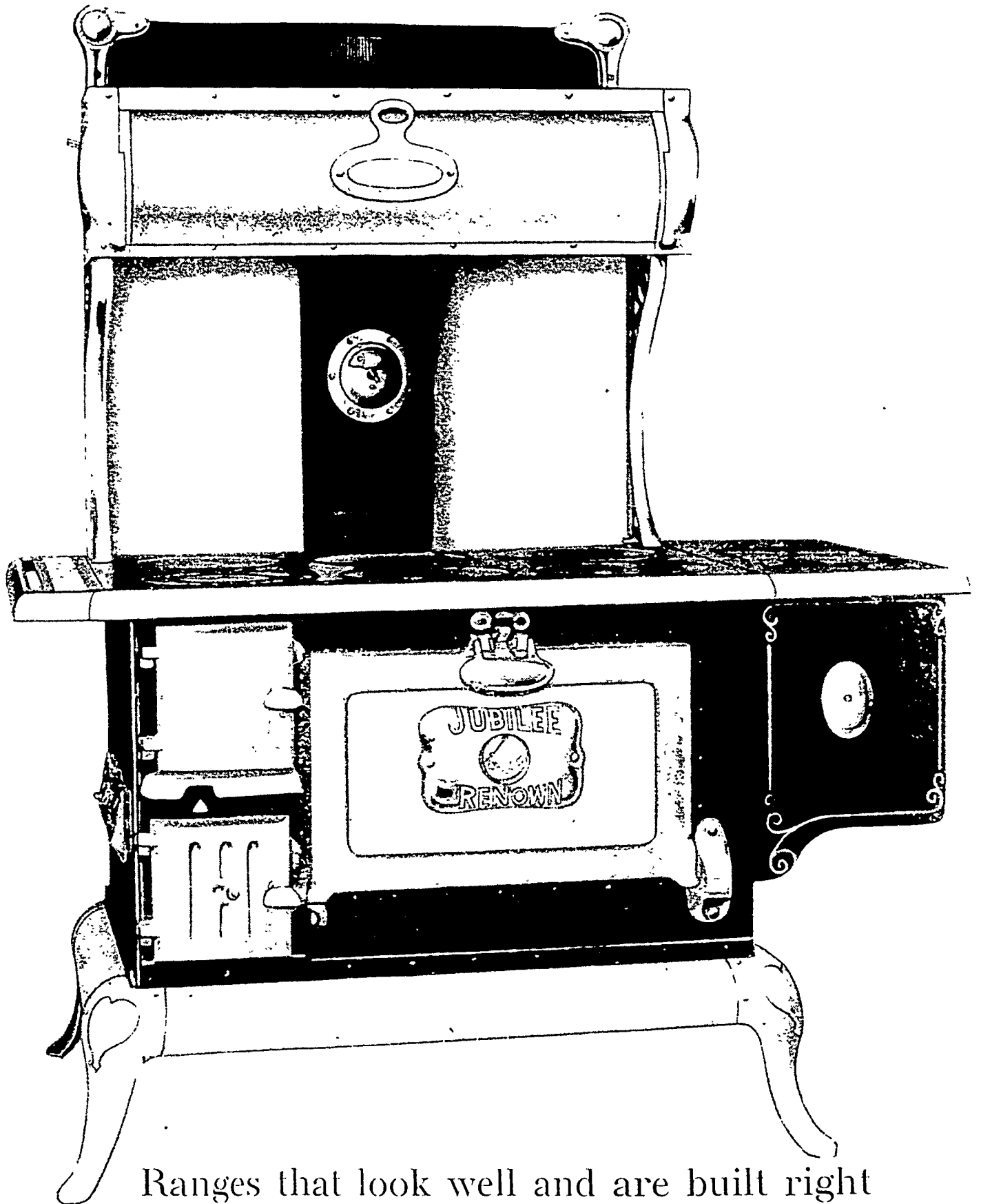
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