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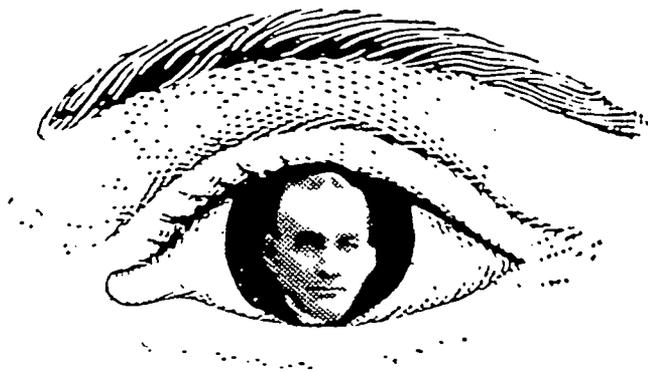
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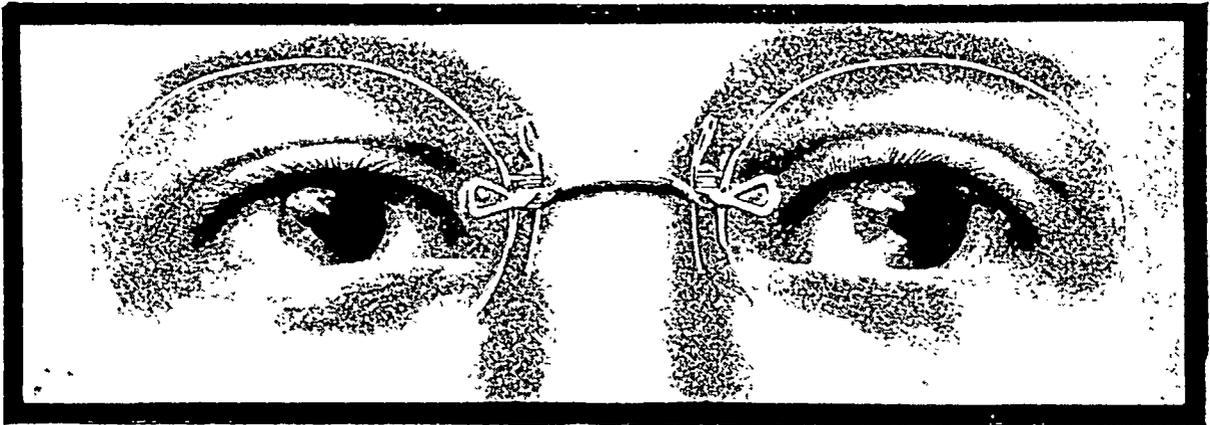
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(CLARENCE COLE '24.)

OVER THE BACK-BONE OF THE CASCADES

The little village of Hope situated on the Fraser river about one hundred miles from the coast—and forty from the thriving city of Chilliwack—is the starting point for all mountaineers wishing to reach the interior of British Columbia by the trail route. It possesses both an abundance of natural beauty and a truly romantic past. For the former is the noble sweep of the old Fraser out of its grand canyon, with the all encircling lofty mountains rising ruggedly above the river's banks; for the latter are the stirring days of gold mining when the town was a great river port for the products of its own environs and of the interior country. A rough trail then led over the natural barrier imposed by the Cascade Mountains between the lake districts of the upper country and their source of outlet at Hope. As the interior developed improvement became necessary so in '61 the famous sappers sent out from England began to survey a road around and over the Mountains. Twenty-five miles were surveyed and then for some unknown reason the project was abandoned. But the trail still continued in use. For almost half a century hundreds of head of cattle were painfully piloted along its winding length to Hope and thence to the markets of the world. With the opening of the Kettle Valley Railway through the Coquihalla Pass the use of the old trail was almost entirely discontinued, except by the few trappers or miners living along it or occasional tourists out to accomplish the extraordinary.

In the past two years this same trail over the Hope or Dewdney pass has come into considerable prominence. For years there has been a deal of mythical talk of an "All Canadian Trans-Continental Motor Highway"—a veritable "a mari usque ad mare" for the patriotic Canadian in a Tin Lizzie or a Chalmers Six. In June 1923 one step towards this was made through the opening of the Banff-Windermere road. This brings the eastern tourist across the Canadian Rockies and into the lake districts as far south as Penticton and Princeton. But there he is balked by a bush-whacker's trail leading over the back-bone of the Cascades to Hope, Chilliwack and the glorious stretch of Fraser valley fertility to Vancouver. So a Motor road over Hope Pass was proposed. Survey parties were sent into the region to discover and blaze possible routes. But the usual wire-pulling has been in progress and latest reports indicate that the road may go by the Fraser Canyon thence through to Kamloops.

A love of exploring the unknown, of seeing the usual from a different angle, led a party of us (mostly pedagogs) to plan an expedition on horseback over this much talked-of Hope Pass for a summer vacation. We were what one might call a non-professional touring party. We had no representatives of the Associated Press, no official Camera-men, no publicity agents—not even a humble (?) reporter. To be plain there were three High School teachers and one book-keeper, severally known throughout the trip as "Long John,"—the tall and stately Iris: "Edrie"—the cheerful one; "The Scribe"—the party's midget; "Tibbie"—the vehement protestor; "Uncle Raish"—chief chaperone and master of jokes and "Uncle Dan," the guide

Securing horses was our most trying preliminary but it was finally accomplished after a most generous use of a Studebaker belonging to Long John & Co. Our only worry in regard to said horses was whether or no they were used to mountain trails. If so—fine! How much per day? Saddle and bridle? And there our curiosity ended. Being green in equestrianism we did not realize that definite horse natures would soon be revealed to us in each one of the steeds to which we trusted our bones and fortunes. As a result of those developments though, I came to the conclusion that horse psychology ought to be chosen by some one as a field for scientific research.

Chilliwack is connected with Hope by the Canadian National Railway so the ladies of our party decided to send the guide and horses, both pack and saddle, over the road a day in advance. The next night the Argonauts boarded the local

in a regular triumphal procession of new breeks, sun, rain and snow proof hats, new hiking boots and new kit-bags. And as the boisterous faces faded and the cheery good-byes petered out my chief thought was:

“There goes a comfortable bed into the limbo of forgetfulness for a good many days.”

Hope arrived once more in a damp cold atmosphere vividly reminiscent of September 1921 when I had landed into it at midnight—a tender green-horn from the prairies astray in her first mountain environment. The night was spent, but very differently, in the same hotel where, on that previous occasion I had sinkingly followed the signing of my name in the register with the magic word “Brandon” and had wondered how far away it actually was.

Awake next morning at five o'clock—all on the “qui vive” to start. But we might have parodied the old song to “How Green are we” and sung it that morning with perfect fittingness. All does not flow smoothly in outings either. A new horse had to be found. One had taken French leave in the night—but only half his rope as he left the other half with us as a souvenir. An extra bridle had to be rounded up (they seemed as scarce as gold mines)—and worst of all, the equipment packed. Then and there we were initiated into a tiny margin of the trials of a packer's life. With unfeigned interest we watched the latter process, at a safe distance it must be confessed, from the vicious heels. All we were to eat, all we were to cook in and sleep in, had to go onto the backs of two ewe-necked pack horses. To a prairie-ite the process was fascinating. It brought faint whispers of days gone by in lands afar—loaded caravans toiling through mountain passes; pack trains of early days in B.C. making their arduous way to distant gold fields. Merely watching a mimic miniature of them seemed to bring those days of labor and romance close. One was brought back to the present by the announcement that all was ready. Like young Lochinvars we made for the saddles—rather anxious to prove our ability to swing nonchalantly upward.

Who should lead? The guide of course—pack horses next. The disposition of the rest of the party we soon found depended upon the traits of our mounts. As the guide once philosophically remarked:

“Horses are like people. Some are aggressive and born to lead. Others are born to follow.”

To our dismay we found that each horse knew its own destiny. No amount of persuasion on our part could make one



Defiance Camp

that deemed it had been born under a leading star, follow. You might be timorous of cougars, harboring dark notions that one could very conveniently drop from an overhanging crag—always on the hindermost man! Therefore you urged your steed to keep in the front ranks. But his destiny was unalterable. He doddered along in the rear quite satisfied if he caught up with his fellow creatures at the appointed feeding times. And you fretted yourself in vain to shake his ego.

Shall we ever forget that first day and the glories it unfolded? We wound up and up along the banks of the turbulent Coquihalla river facing the snowcapped peaks of the Cascade range over which we must somehow go. For a time we journeyed through miles of cedar timber—just a series of shady lanes of browns and greens: dull brown where the dense cedars were, warm brown quivering to translucent amber where the sun came through the cottonwoods. And always either to right or left—the river, a perfect marvel of shifting shades and sounds and colors. Over puncheon bridges shakingly stretched across torrents, through sun-warmed stretches of salmonberry, climbing up, dipping down. So the trail continued.

Nor shall we any sooner forget the jerked muscle pains and pangs of unappeased appetite that assailed us before camp was made at seven o'clock—there having been (according to trail ranger's rules) no stop for a mid-day meal. A bed on the hay in a trapper's barn was made as soon as supper was dis-

posed of and in spite of the unwelcome visits of a rat our first night in the open passed happily.

During the next few days we passed through scenery more wonderful, if that could be possible, but at the same time more wild and rugged. At one spot we discovered the ideal camping place "Defiance Camp" on the very banks of the Skagit River, fifty miles from civilization. We had heard harrowing tales of the youthful owner of this camp and his Silver Daisy Mine. But fate proved obdurate. A laconic note on the door stated: "I am up at the Mine."

So we had to be content with eating lunch on his door-step and peering through the windows into the cabin's interesting interior. Bear skin rugs, split cedar furniture, deer skin fitted chairs, books! Romance spelled with a capital sat down at the door of our minds. But we had to move on.

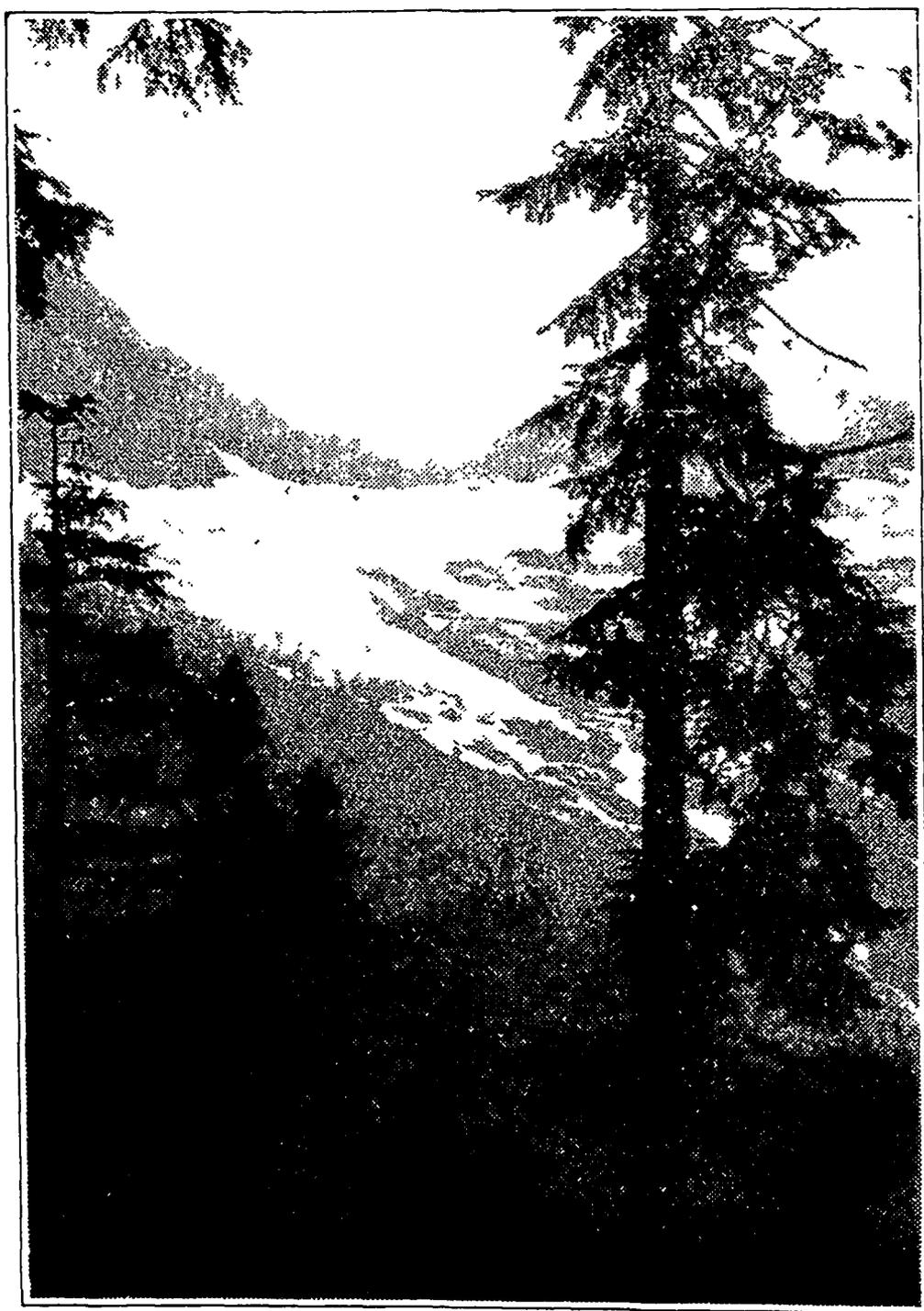
Shortly after this we braved the perils of the Pass itself, a narrow hallway bounded by cliffs thousands of feet high. At one spot known as Skagit Bluffs (a bluff, prairie reader, is a precipitous cliff in B.C.) the trail, a bare 18 inches wide, wound around the shoulder of the cliff, which towered above and dropped sheer away almost a thousand feet to the torrents below. A mis-step of the horse—but we tried to shut such thoughts from our minds. We risked none but led our horses around and listened awe-fully as dislodged stones hurtled downwards. Then at a wider spot we paused to look and the view was worth a vaster amount of danger.

Then came the day long expected. We were to cross the summit and what wonders awaited us there we knew not. Alas for credulous humanity! Never a vagrant breeze drifted over those snow-clad ranges to warn us of what lay beyond them.

Hours went by during which we traversed every type of trail known to man. Lunch was eaten at an altitude of 3700 feet and then came the switch-backs—seventeen in all—which would carry us up the face of the mountain, another 2800 feet. Great snow banks, flowers in profusion, Arctic and Pacific existing well together. Then at last after an extra heavy pull, the summit, the top of the world! The trickling of tiny streams, great piles of whitened rock scarcely distinguishable from the snow-banks, a wide saucer-like depression of meadow land fringed with stunted fir, great mats of rock violets like a fairy's carpet of mauve and grey—those were our most vivid impressions. Two lakes lay close together in the summit's inverted crown and from them streams ran in opposite directions, one becoming the Skagit River which rolls into Puget Sound. From

the edge of the summit could be seen the everlasting hills unrolling themselves for a hundred miles of peak and valley.

We longed to camp on the world's roof for one night but the promise of a heavy snowfall warned us off. The timely forecast proved only too true, for less than five miles down the rain commenced in a perfect deluge. Being on the inward side of the Cascades by this time we had expected to be free from rain. On we plodded in the downpour until long past darkness and eight o'clock. How many years away was breakfast actually? "The staff of life"—much longed for—was torn from its covering by an overhanging branch and scattered to



The Glacier

the four winds before our ravenous gaze. We gathered it up and proceeded on our way clasping a loaf to our bosoms under the protection of slickers and ponchos. No more dreary spot could be imagined than the place we were at last forced to choose—no cedar trees anywhere to spread their covering arms over our dampness and our tent soaked before we got it up.

Thus began our three days ill-luck. Damp and freezing as we were at an altitude of 4000 feet fate had yet another stroke to deal. That night four of our horses broke camp and vanished for native haunts. After long and vain searching we were forced to walk the remaining twelve miles into the mining town of Princeton where hotel meals, beds and baths were welcomed.

It seems a pity to thus summarily dismiss our return trip and its accompanying thrills—of our gallant rescue by the packer of a surveyor's camp—of the two thousand pound bear that "almost" ate two unwary sleepers on the trail—of our wonderful supper at a surveyor's camp—and of our meeting a much bewildered and be-strayed lady journalist from England. But space demands the censor's choosing hand. I must add though that we did see the interesting owner of "Defiance Camp"! The story of the belated capture of our errant steeds must also wait. Our adventures were over. We had covered two hundred miles of the roughest trail from Colorado to Dawson where some day a motor road will run and we were satisfied that for once we had stolen a march on advancing civilization.

CORDEY MACKAY '20.

Life is a game with a glorious prize.

If we can only play it right.

It is give and take, build and break.

And often it ends in a fight:

But he surely wins who honestly tries
(Regardless of wealth or fame.)

He can never despair who plays it fair.

How are you playing the game?

Do you wilt and whine if you fail to win

In the manner you think your due?

Do you sneer at the man in the case that he can

And does, do better than you?

Do you take rebuffs with a knowing grin?

Do you laugh tho' you pull up lame?

Does your faith hold true when the whole world's blue?

How are you playing the game?

CHRISTIANITY AND INDUSTRIALISM

Among the most noticeable features of the Indianapolis convention were a spirit of inquiry into the relation of Christianity to Industrialism and a desire to discover some way of linking Christianity to the problems of our modern industrial world.

Too often the Christ life has been spoken of as an utterly impossible ideal. It ought not to be, but until we learn how to accept Him implicitly and unreservedly as our standard, not only for part of our life, but for all of it, it must be. Our religion and our everyday life have been parcelled off into different compartments and while we theorize about the Christ like way of living, in our actual thoughts and actions too many of us think of our religion as something connected with our church and the few hours during the week which we devote to prayer and bible study, while the rest of our everyday tasks are in an utterly different class. As long as we act in this way our lives as Christians are bound to fail. We must find out for ourselves what it means to apply Jesus Christ to the problems of life. This is what the students at the convention are all seeking to do, and once we have found the secret, our international and individual problems alike will come to a solution.

All of us see the need for a missionary to apply Christ to his life, and to sacrifice everything if necessary to live up to his Christian ideals. But if we expect our generation to accomplish all that we set before us as our task, must not our business men and our professional men and women set themselves the same standard? At present it is undoubtedly harder, as Mr. Endicott emphasized in his address to the conference, for a young man entering upon a career on Wall Street to maintain his high ideals and invariably to practice them, than it is for a missionary sailing for China or Africa. Yet is it not just as important to live the Christ life in the midst of the problems facing our complex business systems of Canada as it is to live it as an example for heathen peoples? What must they think of a continent which professes itself Christian, and seeks to convert other nations to Christianity while in its own cities, business in all its varied forms is carried on utterly ignoring Christian ideals, and while hundreds of thousands of her so-called Christians spend all their time in a mad chase after pleasure and the almighty dollar?

As Dr. Blanchard emphasized in his address "Human Relationships and Modern Industry" the modern industrial problem of America is a Christian one. What modern industrial-

ism has done to human wealth is evident—the results are apparent on every side. One third of the wealth of the world, and one half its gold are concentrated in the United States alone. How is this wealth divided? Vast riches lie in the hands of a few while some of the lower classes exist in fearful conditions of poverty, moral, social and economic. Wherever these conditions exist, unlimited luxury side by side with unutterable poverty, there lie the germs of a vast upheaval. Is it any wonder that the United States has had more labor troubles and strike crises than any other country in the world's history? The church has been too long in realizing the power of these industrial evils to ruin the souls of men.

Sherwood Eddy, just back from a world tour, brought us a vivid picture of the conditions in Europe. Everywhere are signs of revolt against the old social order among the youth of the old world, and the birth of a liberal movement against autocracy, militarism and materialism. Japan is bursting from a shell of caste and ancient custom; the Philippines are revolting against autocracy; China and Korea show the same spirit as did the United States in 1861; the soul of India is swept by this great tide of unrest. This same movement is at work among the student youth of Europe, trying to bridge the gulf between the masses. Russia stands today, a fearful warning to America not to drift unmindful of her social problems.

And yet in the face of all this, as Sir Edward Grey pointed out, most of our Canadian and American colleges are so bound up in their own activities that they fail to search for a better way, and are too content to overlook the responsibility facing them. Our civilization can only be saved by being permeated with Christ, and the only possible way of accomplishing this is for the student life of our colleges to set out with an indomitable determination to lay the foundations of modern business on principles of cooperative goodwill and justice rather than autocracy and materialism. It has been said that "the continent of America is God's last chance to save the soul of the world," and upon the rising generation rests this immense responsibility. How are we going to meet it?

M. K. '26.

The constant duty of every man to his fellows is to ascertain his own powers and special gifts, and to strengthen them for the help of others.

—*Ruskin.*

THE GIRL OF TO-DAY

The evolution of woman, if we peek into its history, seems to have been developing patiently and inconspicuously but it would not be feminine if there were not a few cataclysmic outbreaks. The present certainly seems to be one such period. I will not attempt to go into lengthy and frantic denunciations of the modern girl—that may be found in almost any current magazine—nor will I go definitely into her defense, for most broad minded people understand her in a kindly, sympathetic way, and the others do not really matter. But does the modern girl understand herself? Does she, I wonder, appreciate the responsibilities which are the inevitable accompaniment of freedom? Our great grandmothers were custom bound to “sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam,” they could afford to be feather brained, but the girls who are going to take their proper place to-day must be capable and responsible.

This unprecedented liberty is undoubtedly a reaction to the war. How could the girls who carried on while the boys were overseas, or least of all, those who ran canteens under shell fire, be expected to settle down again into meek-eyed, mouse-like creatures? No, indeed! They had felt the thrill of accomplishment and were not to be deprived of it. But when the conservative reaction comes, which history claims is inevitable to all radical movements, what will be the position of women in the new and settled order? Will she have shown that freedom meant to her only license, that to all sane thinkers, women, as the East Indians, are not yet ready for self government? This is a question which cannot be considered too seriously and one which must reveal responsibility to every girl. We think of all the wonderful things being done by girls to-day for the first time in centuries, perhaps ever. Can you imagine a crinoline girl playing basket-ball or hockey? Can you imagine co-educational universities in Henry VIII time? But this physical development and this practical mental development are not the only advantages of emancipation. There is also the thrill of equality in responsibility—and that is the pleasure too often overlooked in the mad desire to exercise freedom from convention. Oh, may it not be a “red-capped” liberty but may the girls realize that in sharing privileges they must also share political, economic and social responsibilities.

In the first place our political rights must be seriously considered. We must value them not because it might be rather fun to vote but because through it we are enabled to correct such man-made laws as those which ignore the rights of women

and children. Imagine a law such as existed until a few years ago under which a man could will everything, even to her own children, away from his wife! Nor can we afford to sit complacently back and feel we have acquired political freedom and relief from false conventions, for there are many things yet to be done in the interests of women. All those poor little souls in India and China, hopelessly bound down by ignorance and custom are but samples of what yet remains to be accomplished. These are just a few of the questions in which women's foresight and sympathy may be of more value than male reason and are therefore, a few of the reasons for which women's political freedom must be valued and exercised with reason, foresight and sympathy.

Then economic independence too, has its obligations. The present standards must in no way be lowered and to maintain economic freedom women must be capable, for they are competing with men who as a class have had generations of training. Stability, reliability, intelligence and capability must therefore, be developed and exercised.

But this brings us to the social problem of marriage. Marriage presents an entirely different aspect to the economically independent girl. She will not be to her husband an intellectually inferior person to whom he has generously supplied a home, one who's rather ornamental perhaps, as are his pictures, but nothing more! Companionship and friendship are taking an ever widening place and with them comes to the girl the responsibility of keeping intellectually apace with her husband. Her interests must remain broad and alive. Having gained equality she must put forth every effort to maintain it.

Free in intellect, manner and thought the girls of to-day have the glorious responsibility of belonging to a transition period in which women's rights to equality are being tested. Of course there will probably always be a few women with the type of brain so abhorred by nature, but that need not make us as a class inferior to men! But let us hope the girls do not become mannish! Nothing could be so frightfully monotonous as a whole world of navy blue serge. Feminine daintiness of dress and manner and even a few feminine frivolities are so delightfully refreshing and add so much to the color in life. The new woman is not to usurp man's place, that is not our aim, but she is to be one who, developed to the fullest possibilities in natural, mental and moral capacity, is prepared and eager to take an active part in every sphere of her domain.

“JUST SOMEWHERE”

Playlet

THE SCENE.—In the Land of Beautiful Colors, just where a pond lies calmest under the forest trees. The paths to this beautiful land are hidden from the eyes of those who do not drink deep of nature's beauty.

THE HOUR.—When all nature seems drowsy in her quietness and the ancient oaks throw their dark shadows behind them.

THE CHARACTERS:—BLUE-IN-THE-FACE.

YELLOW-MITE.

WILLIE RED-FACE-GNAT.

COLOR-EYE.

As the curtain rises on this woodland scene, to the right appears a knoll of old oaks, which gradually declines to the edge of the pond, to the left. On the opposite side of the pond are stately bulrushes bathed in sunlight. Before an old oak, sits Blue-in-the-Face, watching the bulrushes. He holds in his hand a red painted bow and arrow. Passing around the oak a path winds up the gentle slope and disappears in the distance.

BLUE-IN-THE-FACE. The sun does not set for hours, but I will wait. This arrow shall go straight into the heart of Willie Red-Face-Gnat who stung my child as he played by the river. He is hiding in the bulrushes, no matter, I will wait. (The humming of a bee is heard.) Listen, Willie Red-Face-Gnat, listen to your funeral dirge. (A dark cloud passing across the face of the sun casts a shadow over the scene.) Look, Willie Red-Face-Gnat, that is your shroud. (A crying child is heard approaching.) Yes, and so will they weep for you when my arrow pins you to a tree, Willie Red-Face-Gnat.

Suddenly two fairy children appear making their way down the path towards the oak where sits Blue-in-the-Face. Color-Eye, the older, carries under one arm, the petal of a white rose on which she has been painting a picture. The other arm is around a smaller child who is crying. They stop before the oak.

YELLOW-MITE. I'm sorry, Color-Eye.

COLOR-EYE. You are indeed, Yellow-Mite.

YELLOW-MITE. Oh why did I trip and put my foot through your Moth-wing palette, O why did I!

COLOR-EYE. Don't cry, Yellow-Mite, we shall get another somewhere, then I shall be able to finish the picture. Sh— (pointing to the oak) someone is behind the tree.

BLUE-IN-THE-FACE. Yes, children, come here and tell me your trouble.

COLOR-EYE. What is your name may we ask?

BLUE-IN-THE-FACE. My name, children, is Blue-in-the-Face. I live by Lily Creek, under the roots of an ancient oak.

COLOR-EYE. You are Blue-in-the-Face?

BLUE-IN-THE-FACE. Yes.

YELLOW-MITE. We know about you, Blue-in-the-Face. You like children, don't you?

BLUE-IN-THE-FACE. They are worth more to me than all the golden dust the bees collect in our dale.

YELLOW-MITE. Could you help Color-Eye? Her palette is broken.

BLUE-IN-THE-FACE. Perhaps. But before I try you must promise me one thing; that you will never cry again.

YELLOW-MITE. Why, Blue-in-the-Face?

BLUE-IN-THE-FACE. Because children should never cry. They are made to be happy; to smile; to run and play all day among the flowers and on the grass. If ever anyone makes you cry you must come and tell me.

YELLOW-MITE. We will.

COLOR-EYE. Oh there is Willie Red-Face-Gnat!

BLUE-IN-THE-FACE. Where?

COLOR-EYE. He has gone back into the bushes.

BLUE-IN-THE-FACE. The villain! I am waiting for him. He stung my child and made him cry.

YELLOW-MITE. He did?

BLUE-IN-THE-FACE. Yes. They say that in the land of human beings, men like Willie Red-Face-Gnat, make children cry, and are never punished.

COLOR-EYE. They do?

BLUE-IN-THE-FACE. Yes, they keep them shut up all day long in factories where there is no sunlight.

YELLOW-MITE. What would we do without sunlight, Color-Eye?

COLOR-EYE. Die, Yellow-Mite.

BLUE-IN-THE-FACE. Those children never see the flowers open their petals to the sun.

COLOR-EYE. Never?

YELLOW-MITE. Nor ask the dragon fly to carry them across the pond, along a shaft of sunlight?

BLUE-IN-THE-FACE. Never. They toil all day like men and when they have finished their work the sun has gone and it is time to rest.

COLOR-EYE. Then I shall not cry again, when my moth-wing palette is broken.

YELLOW-MITE. Nor I when the wind carries away my beetle-back boat across the pond.

BLUE-IN-THE-FACE. You paint pictures, Color-Eye?

COLOR-EYE. Yes, Yellow-Mite and I like to paint the colors of the rainbow.

YELLOW-MITE. And the tiny shadows under the violet leaves.

COLOR-EYE. Or find some old spider web suspended between two blades of grass, and paint pictures on it all day long.

YELLOW-MITE. Oh Mr. Blue-in-the-Face, look at the pretty picture Color-Eye was painting of the moss by Melody Spring. See the pretty white flowers.

BLUE-IN-THE-FACE. Yes. Beautifulbut it is not finished.

YELLOW-MITE. No, I broke her palette when I tripped.

BLUE-IN-THE-FACE. Then we shall find another.

COLOR-EYE. Oh, I wish we could! I would go back to Melody Spring, where the moss is so green and is dusted with tiny white flowers, and finish my picture.

YELLOW-MITE. And I would sit so quiet, Color-Eye's palette would never again be broken by me.

BLUE-IN-THE-FACE. Blue-Moth lives beyond the pond and the dale. He is a good man and just for a smile will give you children all the colors you want.

COLOR-EYE. (Joyfully) He would?

BLUE-IN-THE-FACE. Yes. But he lives far away.

WILLIE RED-FACE-GNAT. (Calling from the bulrushes) Mr. Blue-in-the-Face.

BLUE-IN-THE-FACE. What do you want, Willie Red-Face-Gnat?

WILLIE RED-FACE-GNAT. May I help you find a palette for the children?

COLOR-EYE. Do let him.

WILLIE RED-FACE-GNAT. If you let me I'll never make any more children cry.

YELLOW-MITE. He wants us to be happy, Blue-in-the-Face.

WILLIE RED-FACE-GNAT. I once used to laugh when I made them cry, but now I have children of my own and a child's cry makes me unhappy.

COLOR-EYE. Let him live, Blue-in-the-Face. It would make his children cry if he were killed.

BLUE-IN-THE-FACE. So it would. All right, you may help us find a palette for Color-Eye and Yellow-Mite.

WILLIE RED-FACE-GNAT. (Flying over the pond.) Then we are friends again.

BLUE-IN-THE-FACE. Yes. Sometime you must tell me about your family. You know how I like children.

COLOR-EYE. Find me a moth-wing palette Willie Red-Face-Gnat. I will paint a picture for each of your children.

YELLOW-MITE. And some night I will tell them what it is all about.

WILLIE RED-FACE-GNAT. Splendid! In Primrose Vale lives Golden Butterfly. He has palettes of butterfly wings of colors rarely seen. But, if you want one, you must agree to paint a picture which will make someone happy.

YELLOW-MITE. You can, Color-Eye, you always make me happy with your pictures.

BLUE-IN-THE-FACE. Listen, child. Every day you have been painting beautiful pictures in your mind. To-day you yourself are those beautiful pictures blended in one. A beautiful living picture, so beautiful you make us all happy. So there is, I am sure, a butterfly wing palette for you.

COLOR-EYE. For me—a butterfly's wing with all its pretty colors. Now, Yellow-Mite, I shall be able to paint a true shimmering sheen spread o'er a pond, across which you can lead Gnat's children to slumberland.

YELLOW-MITE. And the smile of a pretty babe at play, and all things that count.

COLOR-EYE. Yes.

WILLIE RED-FACE-GNAT. Then I'll away to Golden Butterfly.

BLUE-IN-THE-FACE. Meet us at Melody Spring.

WILLIE RED-FACE-GNAT. As you say. (Exit)

BLUE-IN-THE-FACE. Come children or Willie Red-Face-Gnat will be waiting for us at Melody Spring.

J. H. F. '22.

God give us men! A time like this demands
 Strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and ready hands.
 Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
 Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
 Men who possess opinions and a will;
 Men who have honor, and who will not lie;
 Men who can stand before a demagogue
 And scorn his treacherous flatteries without winking.
 Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog,
 In public duty and in private thinking.

—Josiah Gilbert Holland.

BROWNING RECITAL

The English Club is congratulating itself on the success of its first appearance in public. Miss Edna Sutherland of Manitoba College, was a happy choice for this event. To Brandon audiences and to the West in general Miss Sutherland needs no introduction. As lecturer and reader she has won for herself an enviable reputation and wherever she appears is certain to command large audiences. Her interpretation of Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird" is superb and it is through that that she is best known. Her "Passion Play" is becoming increasingly popular. A Browning recital is, however, a different matter and it was a daring undertaking for the English Club to present Miss Sutherland in a subject which makes so small an appeal to the general public. But the success justified the venture.

In spite of the difficult subject a splendid audience of Browning lovers greeted Miss Sutherland in St. Paul's Church, Thursday, March 20th. The club president, Miss Marjorie McKenzie, in a few well chosen words explained the aims and activities of the club and introduced the speaker.

Through the medium of beautifully colored lantern slides Miss Sutherland conveyed her audience to and through the lovely and romantic old city of Florence, stopping now and again to see the delicate perfection of sculpture and fresco on the cathedrals, to view the grace and grandeur of the interiors, and to stand in awe before the marvellous works of Angelo, Raphael, Fra Lippo Lippi, and many others. With her charming personality, her rich melodious voice, and her fine sense of humour, coupled with an exact and detailed knowledge of places and things dear to the Brownings, Miss Sutherland was a delightful guide.

The climax of the evening was reached in the magnificent renderings of "Old Pictures in Florence" "Fra Lippo Lippi" and "The Guardian Angel". Miss Sutherland is entirely lacking in affectation and ornamentation, and her readings were simple but intensely sympathetic. Her finest achievement was, perhaps, her impersonation of Fra Lippo Lippi which left nothing to be desired.

The following morning Arts '24 English students were privileged to hear Miss Sutherland again. She was very generous and her interpretive readings of "Rabbi Ben Ezra," "My Star," "Home Thoughts from Abroad," "Prospice" and other Browning's finer short poems, were delightful.

Friday noon Miss Sutherland was the guest of honor at luncheon given by the club in the Prince Edward. Again she delighted the members with her store of humour and her gift of charming conversation. Following the luncheon Miss Sutherland entertained the club in the drawing room with many fine pictures of Florence, paintings, frescoes and statues and as a conclusion to a very happy afternoon read that most delightful of all Browning's dramas "Pippa Passes." Her reading was powerful and intensely dramatic particularly in the scene between Ottima and Sebald.

The Club feels that its first venture was well worth while, and hopes that it was the means not only of discovering those that already love Browning but of creating new lovers of one of England's greatest poets.

Butterfly

Flutter by
 Butterfly,
 Nor take heed to such as I,
 Moving light against the sky
 Knowing not a care or sigh,
 Banished gloom
 Finds no room
 Near the delicate perfume
 Of the rose's lovely bloom
 When you drink its fragrance rare,
 Then you waver in the air
 Like a maiden's silken hair,
 How I wish that I could be,
 Butterfly, as gay as thee,
 Unrestricted, happy, free,
 Little creature light and gay
 You will only live a day,
 Is the world too harsh for play,
 Are you quite afraid to stay?
 Why do pleasures die so soon,
 Born at dawn and gone by noon?
 Sorrow's years are long and slow,
 Why do pleasures quickly go?
 Soul of Joy I ask you why?
 Butterfly
 Flutter by
 Nor take heed to such as I.

self. The continued business depression has made it extremely difficult to procure advertisements, and publication of the last two issues have been greatly hampered on that account. To meet this situation it has been decided to raise the subscription rate to a dollar and a half. This will enable us to publish more promptly and—we hope—to publish a better "Quill."

DEBATING The extremely poor attendance that has characterized our Mock Parliaments and to some extent our debates this year presents a problem of serious import to the student body. These functions, constituting as they do practically the only opportunity we have of developing our powers of debate should receive the whole hearted support of every student. The fact that they do not is indicative of one of two things, either we as a student body are not cognisant of the great value of this phase of our training, or the system at present in vogue is at fault. We are of the opinion that the latter is largely the case. It is extremely difficult to arouse interest in a few widely scattered and disconnected discussions of topics that are of no real concern or practical value to anyone, and under our present system it is virtually impossible to secure the continuity essential to success. The result is that our debates are but sparsely attended and our Mock Parliaments degenerate into mere "fillers."

The prevalent misconception of the "*raison d'être*" of the debating society is a logical product of such a system as ours. The emphasis should be placed, not on the department, but on the individual. It will matter little to a man ten years hence that his department won the Inter-class banner if he did not help win it, but whether or not he can express himself logically and convincingly will concern him intimately.

The programme of a debating society should be such as to afford to every student opportunity and encouragement to develop his debating ability. Such a one is that of the Oxford Union, a modification of which could very well be introduced here. Under this a fusion of Mock Parliaments and debates would be effected. At the beginning of the year parties would be formed, a cabinet selected and a program outlined. At stated intervals the Parliament would assemble for the discussion of a given subject. The first ten minutes would be devoted to "questions," and at the expiration of that period the debate would commence, the procedure being governed strictly by Parliamentary rules. At the conclusion of the debate a division would be taken, the government standing or falling on the result of it. If so desired, for the purpose of inter-departmental

contests the first four speakers at any debate could be chosen to represent the departments concerned and judges appointed to decide upon the relative merits of their contributions to the debate.

The benefits that would accrue from the adoption of such a system are so obvious as to need no enumeration. The net result would be the development of a group of debaters who could, should occasion arise, represent Brandon in an inter- varsity debate. At the present time we should have difficulty in raising even one two-way team. We cannot urge too strongly that this problem be given serious consideration.

Here And There

Here

The snow comes seldom:

All the fields

Are little gardens,

Hedgerows running everywhere:

Thrushes, tits and robins

Still are with us,

But strangely silent,

Wondering how Spring could ever go

From England.

There

The level snow

Spreads mile on mile

Right to the arching sky,

Silent too, calm: but pregnant

With a Spring tomorrow

Full of buds and flowers,

And Maple sweet,

Bursting in triumph that Winter's day is o'er

In Canada.



HOWARD UMPHREY '25.

ELECTIONS

It is with a feeling of relief not unmixed with regret that we announce that elections are over for another year. The annual election has for many years been "the event" in student activities and the one just past was no exception to the rule. As usual the excitement centred around the candidates for the position of Senior Stick, who this year were Mr. Fred Westcott and Mr. Bert McDorman, better known in College circles as "The Deacon" and "Scat."

The election speeches, delivered in the chapel on the evening preceding election day were fully up to the standard of former years. Owing to the heterogeneous nature of the B.C.-S.A. it was found necessary to provide each candidate with three speakers in order that an appeal might be made to all types of mind. For instance, Messrs. King and Stordy speaking for Westcott, and Mr. Brownridge for McDorman advanced rational arguments the cold logic of which appealed to the more serious minded men, but since there is a preponderance of ladies in the student body logic alone could not suffice. Misses Godley and Calverly for Mr. McDorman, and Miss Willey for Mr. Westcott were therefore entrusted with the task of impressing on the ladies the necessity of marking their ballots for the candidate having the fewer freckles, the smoother hair and the more attractive smile.

For the most part the campaign was conducted in a sportsmanlike manner, but it was marred by one rather shady act. Mr. Westcott, who until this time had been the very soul of honor, appeared on the platform with his feet encased in a glittering pair of socks knit from the same yarn as Joseph's coat, and brazenly displayed them before the eyes of the gullible Clark Hallites. From that time forward McDorman's chances

were practically nil, for no daughter of Eve could withhold her allegiance from Westcott in the face of such strong inducement.

The voting took place from four to six on Friday, March 28th. In the evening, following a very interesting and instructive lecture on "Gothic Architecture" by Mr. Marshall the results were announced by Mr. Derby in that clear and concise manner which has become characteristic of him. The students are to be congratulated on the choice of the following:

Senior Stick	F. J. Westcott
Lady Stick	Miss K. Kenner
1st Vice-President	Miss R. Vasey
2nd Vice-President	Mr. H. F. Batho
Treasurer	Mr. Don Freeman
Secretary	Miss Ruth Clement
President B.C.A.A.	Mr. E. King
President C.H.A.A.	Miss E. Calverly
President B.C. S.C.M.	Mr. T. Stevens
President C.H. S.C.M.	Miss M. Kilgour

THE PLAYS

The presentation of the three plays "The Twelve Pound Look," "The Florist's Shop" and "The Knave of Hearts" on February 29th and March 1st was a high light in the activities of the college year. Modesty forbids the remark that these plays were faultless, but it must be admitted that they were far from amateurish. Lack of space forbids more than the mere mention of a few of the artists who showed an especially keen appreciation of the characters they were playing.

In "The Twelve Pound Look" the conceited, pompous Sir Harry Sims was excellently portrayed by Mr. Booth, while Miss Cameron made a beautiful and majestic Lady Sims. Miss Willey as "Kate" supplied the disturbing element in Sir Harry's life in admirable fashion.

The "Florist's Shop" furnished us with the complete details of the florist "beeziness." Miss Watts delighted her audience by her clever interpretation of "Maude," a bookkeeper in the shop, and such phrases as "Hallo-o-o, Yah! Dis is Slosky's" not only provoked roars of laughter but also revealed Miss Watts' dramatic ability. Slosky's enthusiasm for business, his resentment against Maude in her romantic moments and his peculiar interests in every "affaire de coeur" were well portrayed by Mr. Westaway. An interesting "affair" was that of "Miss

Wells" (played by Miss E. Ball) and "Mr. Jackson" (Mr. Wilkie) her devoted fiancee to whom she had been engaged for fifteen years. Despite the long engagement Miss Wells seemed to have borne up under the strain and won our affection and sympathy by her undaunted faith in Mr. Jackson.

"The Knave of Hearts" was delightful. The costumes, the sweet-faced court ladies, the heralds and good "Pompdebile" carried us back to our fairy-story days. Mr. Maxwell and Mr. Umphrey as "Pompdebile VIII," and the "Chancellor" led the audience into paroxysms of mirth. The playlet was greatly enhanced by Miss Edmison's presentation of "Lady Violetta" and by the court ladies Misses Hitchcock and Grant.

The production was under the direction of Miss Leeman, assisted by a committee the chairman of which was Mr. Alexander MacIntosh Derby. Miss Leeman and her committee are to be congratulated on the success of the undertaking.

While the activities of the S. C. M. have not been prominent on the list of College functions for the year, much has been accomplished in a quiet way, especially by the Bible Study groups of which there are three meeting regularly in each of the two units.

The open meetings, though few in number have been inspirational and very much worth while. Who can forget the report of the Indianapolis Student Volunteer convention presented by Miss Margaret Kilgour and Mr. Joe Gayton, and who among us, as we sing the old familiar hymns, can forget that illuminating address given by Dr. Stewart, on the subject of Christian Hymnology.

We were very pleased to have Ernest Clark with us for two days, but unfortunately his coming was at a time when there were so many other meetings scheduled that it was found impossible for him to address the student body. In spite of this handicap however, his visit was by no means fruitless.

The outstanding event of the year was a series of special meetings conducted by the Rev. M. L. Orchard, Secretary of the Western Baptist Union. The opening service was held in the First Baptist Church on the evening of Sunday, February 10th. On the four days immediately following, Mr. Orchard met the students each day at chapel, and again at an evening meeting. Mr. Orchard is a speaker of outstanding ability, and by his vivid and clear-cut addresses, he helped us to clarify our minds, and to recognize the essential things of life and of

religion. Each of the evening meetings was opened by a hearty song service led by the Rev. C. G. Stone.

As the end of another college year approaches, the minds of a great many turn to thoughts of the Summer Conference. Particularly is this true of those who have previously attended such an assembly. Let us plan this year, to send to Carlyle a bigger and better delegation than ever before.

Debating

On Friday evening, February 1st, the second debate of the year was held in the Collegiate Auditorium. The debate together with several items provided by the Collegiate Literary Society furnished as pleasing an evening's entertainment as one could wish.

The Academic team for the first time in recent years was able to bring back the honors from the Collegiate, and Mr. Lowe and Miss Bowering receive our hearty congratulation for having so splendidly represented the College. Mr. Chidely and Miss Condell debated for the Collegiate and presented their arguments, especially Miss Condell, in a very forceful and pleasing way. The subject was: "Resolved that the pulpit has a greater influence on the civilization of today than has the press," the College supporting the affirmative.

Inter-Department Debates

Throughout the past term, as has been the custom for several years, a series of two inter-department debates was held. In the first debate, held on February 15th, the resolution:—"Resolved that capital punishment should be abolished"—was upheld by Miss Fielding and Mr. Elson representing Senior Arts, and opposed by Miss Willey and Mr. Batho, representing Junior Arts. The arguments advanced aroused keen interest among the audience, and both Seniors and Juniors felt confident that the decision would be given in favor of their respective departments. The verdict as given by the judges, Mr. Dennison, Dr. Sweet and Dr. MacNeill, was to the effect that in their estimation, the Negative had put forward the better argument.

In the second debate, held on March 17th, Junior Arts, the winners of the previous debate, met the Academic representatives, to decide to whom the final honors should be given. The affirmative of the resolution—"Resolved that the Dominion

Government should at this time, vigorously prosecute a campaign to attract agricultural immigrants to this country"—was upheld by Mr. Lowe and Mr. Bridges of the Academic Department.

Speaking in favor of the negative, Miss Godley and Mr. Batho, the Junior Arts representatives, attempted to show that such a policy at the present time would be detrimental to the best interests of the country.

The judges, Miss Johnston, Mr. Dadson, and Mr. Kilgour gave their decision in favor of the Negative.

Mr. Crocker, the honorary president of the debating society was then called upon to present the medal to the representatives of Junior Arts. In a few well chosen words he expressed his appreciation of the efforts of the debaters of all three teams, and congratulated the winners upon their splendid achievement.

A Building

I

God gives you something to build today,
It may be a palace or a back lane wall
Whatever it is, with a heart that's gay,
Go, build it all!

II

Don't leave out part of it: aim faith high,
With pride in your heart, remembering still,
That kindly plannings above you lie,
And a kingly will!

III

And if it's a wee little cottage you rear
And folks laugh long at its humble grace,
Just cry, "My architect's plans were clear,
He needed the place!"



MARGARET EAKER '26.

"The year's at the spring."

R. BROWNING.

Spring has come again, and Spring is always symbolic of new life, fresh hope and awakening interest. Spring is also characterized by a vague, but all pervading feeling of restlessness. We feel a nameless desire to do something different. All nature is striving upward and outward. Perhaps it is because we mortals are not so far removed from nature that we experience every spring that strange feeling, that urge within us to forge ahead. Just now, Clark Hall seems to offer a very good illustration of these principles of Spring. The atmosphere is fairly vibrant with restlessness and suppressed energy. Since it is spring, "the year's pleasant king," more than ever,

"Let us, then, be up and doing
 With a heart for any fate
 Still achieving, still pursuing,
 Learn to labor and to wait."

Reflections of a Mirror in Clark Hall

I am really the most liked and most popular piece of furniture in Clark Hall. I am certainly the most generous, for everything which is given me, I immediately return. But my generosity is not always appreciated. In spite of the fact that I give back exactly what is given me, I am often met with a frown and made to feel that I have done something wrong.

On bright, sunny mornings, the faces of many girls greet me on their hurried way to breakfast. As the day advances,

many return for a passing look, or perhaps to see if I am clean. For I am well-bathed and cleaned each day. Often times I am in disgrace, and my name is put down as dirty. At noon there is a general rush of rearranging hair and sprinkling of perfume here and there. The most important event of all is to see that the nose is properly powdered, and when this serious ritual is finished, everyone casts a look at me to see if it be in my accordance. Seniors, Juniors, Sophs, and even Freshies stand looking at me to see if everything is in place.

Later in the day I receive only quick glances now and then from faces grown weary and more serious. The sober, thoughtful consideration of some earnest worker, though mayhap, of short duration, pleases me far more than the longer, self-satisfied, admiring gaze of some more frivolous co-ed.

To all who consult me, I tell the truth. Association with me when not too constant, is always beneficial. I never thrust myself or my tell-tale reflections on anyone, but always remain very quiet, hanging on the dresser in the room, ready and happy to be consulted in time of need.

Social News

On Wednesday night, February 27th, Doris Heath entertained the B. D. 7s, seven gentlemen of Brandon College, Miss Moore and Mr. Crocker, the occasion being her birthday. In the course of the evening the gentlemen presented her with a token of their regard and wished her many happy returns of the day. A guessing contest was held, which was won by Peggy Eaker and Dunc. Campbell. Suitable prizes, consisting of a toy balloon and a powder puff were awarded. After delicious refreshments had been served, Mr. Crocker proceeded to demonstrate a very complicated puzzle, which involved a great deal of apparatus and preparation. When the hour of "No Men Allowed" arrived the gentlemen departed, and the opinion of all was that it has been a "pretty cute" party.

It has been said that a woman's crowning glory is her hair. Whether it is or not, her style of coiffure, the length of the hair itself, certainly makes a marked difference in her appearance. Moreover, a woman's hair is her greatest source of experimentation. It affords her amusement. It causes her distress. It is a great asset and was one of her most powerful weapons in the art of conquest. Was, for the most and best of

us no longer "stoop to conquer." Whenever a girl remarks that her hair is terrible and that she can't do a thing with it, may she only think what she would look like without it!

Perhaps it was for experimentation that lately many damsels have altered the length of their tresses and the style of their coiffures. The idea seems to have been originated by the occupants of Room Four, and was carried out behind closed doors. "How great a fire a little flame kindleth." Three hours later a long line was to be seen on first corridor waiting impatiently outside the door of Room Four. They all came, the fair ones, the dark ones, the tall ones, the short ones, the thin ones, the fat ones. The snip of shears, moans, laughs, giggles, shrieks of despair and mirth were to be heard. What was going on behind those doors? "Snip, snip," went the sharp and mighty shears, wielded by our String who was valiantly supporting the cause. "Snip, snip" and another maiden was rejuvenated. "Snip snip" and a "King Tut" became a Buster Brown. Snip, snip, and bangs flourished where they never were before. As Tennyson says, "The old order changeth, yielding place to new." The new order is certainly a decided improvement, and marks another milestone in the onward march of progress.

(As to this however, opinions differ. Ed.)

A SECTION TAKEN FROM THE UNABRIDGED DICTIONARY OF BRANDON COLLEGE

Classroom—Enclosed sleeping porch. Entertainment offered free by some instructors. In other classes there is very little opposition to the Morphean urge. An excellent place to prepare for the next hour.

Convocation—Penalty for attending college. Speeches by famous men are given, beginning, "This is the greatest opportunity I have ever been honored by——" and ending "I know you have the real stuff in you that real men and women are made of. Students, are you going to make the most of your talents."

Dean of Women—The supreme authority under the jurisdiction of the Supreme Court. There is no higher appeal.

Examination—A memory test consisting of questions on subjects which the applicant has never heard of before.

Student's Council—A group of men and women with the power of making things hot for those who stray from the narrow path. Their judgments are always correct and their decrees always just.

“WHAT SAMANTHA JANE THINKS OF THE
WEAKER SEX”

Some men tell the truth; others are popular.

The less men think, the more they talk.

Once upon a time there was a man who never spoke unkindly to his wife. He was a bachelor.

(We apologize for this one. Evidently Samantha is a cynic.)

The man who gets a divorce is no sport. He doesn't believe in a fight to the finish.

The average man is proof enough that a woman can take a joke

When a woman is in love, she acts like a fool. When a man is in love, he isn't acting.

Women's faults are many
Men have only two
Everything they say, and
Everything they do.

BY THEIR WORDS SHALL YE KNOW THEM

“String”—“Well, I should think so!”

Maria—“Of all the stupid things!”

Helen H.—“Oh say—”

Marge and Myrtle—You crazy Dumbell. Well, for Heaven's sake. Myr—tell!

Irene Sutherland—“Say, kiddo!”

Doris Heath—“Oh, you like little Doris, don't you?”

Olive Moors—“Oh fish”

Ada—“Oh, I do too!”

Teddy—Poof-poof!

Norma and Margareta—Blah for you!

i think - dingy little

A visitor in Clark Hall the other day, asked if the awful strain some of us seemed to be under was in any way connected with the proximity of the music practice rooms.

Spring is here. There are two kinds of girls in Clark Hall who would like to dress in the latest Spring modes: those who have the price and those who haven't.



GORDON BROWNRIDGE '26.

Basketball

Well, it's all over for another year, almost! Once again Brandon College has demonstrated that its students are just as good on the Gym floor as they are in the classroom. With a finished style of play and in no uncertain manner the senior basketball team won the Cornell cup, emblematic of the city championship.

Taking up the story where we left it in the last Quill, the College on December 5th turned in a win against the Tigers with a score of 45-10, and on December 19th defeated the Shamrocks, securing the first half of the league by winning five out of six games.

The second half of the league opened with the College playing the Shamrocks on January 23rd. The Christmas-vacation and the exam period affected their play however and they took the short end of a 38-29 score. They smothered the Tigers on January 30th by 40-22 but again on February 13th accepted defeat at the hands of the Shamrocks.

This gave the Shamrocks the second half of the league and rendered a play-off necessary. This was a three game series, the winner of two out of the three taking the championship and the Cornell cup. Before recording the result of this series however we must speak of the inter-Varsity games.

On February 2nd the boys played a team from Wesley College, Winnipeg and found the going good. Score 45-15. Two weeks later they went to Winnipeg and defeated the M.A.C. 24-22. The following night they took a second game from Wesley College 27-25. On March 5th the M.A.C. came to Brandon and again the College were victors by 32-23. In all these games the team made an excellent showing.



Brandon College Senior Basketball Team—Brandon City Champions 1923-1924.

J. Gayton, Right Guard. W. Gayton, Centre. Dr. Evans, Coach. A. Stade, Guard. R. Wellwood, Left Guard
 L. Dorrett, (Capt.) Right Forward. R. McDorman, Left Forward

The first game in the play-off for the Cornell cup took place on March 13th. In a well played and fairly clean game the College won 23-18. The crucial game came two days later. It was easily the fastest and hardest game of the year. Especially are the various members of the team to be congratulated on the manner in which they reacted to the rough tactics of their opponents. Credit is due them in that their only retaliation was the scoring of more baskets. With an unbeatable style of play and in spite of minor injuries they won the game 45-20. This gave them the series by 68-38 and incidentally the right to meet the Winnipeg Toilers in a sudden death game for the Manitoba Championship. All honor to the boys for bringing the Cornell Cup to Brandon College for the first time.

The Intermediates were unfortunate this year. They put up some good games and also some games not so good. This was partially due to a continual change of players. It is hoped that next year our intermediate team may be more fortunate. More of us should get into the game. We should have a group of players of first calibre.

Glimpses Of The Players

Warren Gayton.—Centre. Calm, cool and collected. A regular Dead-Eye Dick when it comes to getting baskets. All-round player.

"Scat" McDorman.—Forward. A tricky, fast player. Always in the game and a dangerous man around the basket.

Leslie Dorrett.—Forward. Captain of the team. A good shot. An all-round efficient player.

Joe Gayton.—Guard. A clean fast player. Plenty of weight and a hard checker.

Bob Wellwood.—Guard. Has weight which he uses to advantage. Keen player and a hard man to get by.

Armand Stude.—Forward-Sub. Big but efficient. Plenty of speed. A good man for rough games.

Fred Westcott.—Sub. Good Intermediate player. A promising Senior.

On the whole they are a team which will be hard to beat for the Manitoba Championship. A great deal of credit is due Dr. Evans their worthy coach and we offer him our congratulations on the success of his team. Here's hoping he comes back from Winnipeg with the Dyson Trophy, emblematic of Manitoba Championship, under his arm.

Hockey

Interclass hockey was followed with a great deal of interest this year. Especially was this so during the first half of the schedule when there was only a point or two difference between the three departments. At the close of this half the standing was: Junior Arts, five points; Senior Arts, four points; Hash, four points.

The second half was not completed owing to the early thaw. It was fairly evident though that further games would not have affected the standing of the teams, which for the second half was: Junior Arts, six points; Senior Arts, three points; Hash, one point.

A goodly number of students availed themselves of the opportunity afforded to learn the game again, or perhaps for the first time. We hope that next year even more will take part in the interclass hockey.

A representative team met the Collegiate boys twice during the winter. They succeeded in taking the first game 4-3, but in the second game lacked the punch and were defeated 4-0. It is hoped that a City Intermediate League will be formed next year. Let us have a good team to represent us in this league.

CLARK HALL ATHLETICS

MARY MACDONALD '25.

The winter season is drawing to a close and with its ending comes the cessation of all the sports we have been enjoying for the past three months. However, spring offers new possibilities for athletics. Tennis is popular and if you don't know how to play it you are offered a splendid opportunity to learn. Let us make the spring season as successful as the other two have been and uphold our College in this form of athletics as we have done in others throughout the winter months.

Basketball

The basket ball team has been playing according to boys' rules this season and there has been a marked improvement. Constant dieting at the training table and really hard work at practices, have made of them a new team. After a series of defeats in the city league they managed to win from the Normal on February 20th with a score of 8-7.

The team went to Winnipeg on February 15th. While there they played the girls of the University of Manitoba but were defeated. On Saturday the girls of the Winnipeg Y.W.-C.A. won from them, in a very closely contested game.

The final game of the season on March 11th proved also to be the best. Our opponents were the Winnipeg Normal team which included in its line-up two former members of our own team, Jean Doig and Bessie Bridgett. The game was marked by very close checking and really good combination on both sides. Our team had slightly the better of the argument, their play near the baskets especially being more finished. The final score, 8-4 in our favour, is a fair indication of the play.

We regret that the season has come to an end. From their form in their last game, we are convinced that the team has at last got into its stride, and will give a good account of itself in the future.

Hockey

A great deal of excitement was caused by the first appearance of the Clark Hall girls on the ice one day in January. It is true that the boys laughed but there was no need for laughter. This was the beginning of the Clark Hall hockey team which has since won for itself so much fame.

Mr. Crocker diligently coached the team and on February 20th full of confidence, he with Miss Moore, escorted it to Hartney returning next day. Our hearts fell when we saw the girls coming up the walk. This was not the victorious band that we had expected. Instead there came a battered remnant of what had been a perfectly good hockey team. They were all limping and all displayed bandaged heads or wrists. After much talking we managed to get from them the news that Hartney had won the game 2-1. Sympathetic onlookers assisted the team down to dinner. After the meal we discovered that the whole thing was a hoax and that it had been merely a bright idea of Norma's which had caused all the bandages to appear.

On February 28th our girls played the Collegiate girls at the Arena. In spite of the strenuous efforts of both teams neither side managed to score.

On March 7th the Souris girls paid a visit to our rink. They carried off the victory with a score of 4-0.

This game marked the end of the season. Although short, it has been very enjoyable. We hope next year to profit by the lessons and experience of this year and to turn out a winning team.

ALUMNI ALUMNAE

MISS J. M. TURNBULL '15.

.....in the soft flicker of the fire's dim light
Old shadows steal before my sight.

WILFRED CAMPBELL.

During the Christmas vacation, Dr. and Mrs. T. R. Wilkins gave an informal reception at their home, Lorne Avenue, Brandon, to those members of the Alumni Association who were in the city for the holiday season. The guests of honor were Dr. and Mrs. Sweet and a very happy evening was spent making the acquaintance of our new college president and his wife and renewing acquaintances with each other. The hostess was assisted in serving by Miss Marion Hales '22 and Miss Margaret Sweet.

Prof. J. E. Moffat '14, of the department of Political Economy in the University of Indiana, is spending a year's leave of absence from that institution, in London, England, in research work.

Miss Flora Fraser is teaching in the high school in Oak Lake, Man.

Friend-Dolman. At Calgary on March 24th, Miss E. Dolman was married to Mr. H. J. Friend Theol. '23. Mr. and Mrs. Friend are residing in Medicine Hat.

Misses S. Kerr '23, J. Doig '23, B. Bridgett '23, L. Strachan '23 and Mr. L. McIntyre '23 are attending Normal School in Winnipeg.

Mr. A. M. Derby '23 is doing M.A. work in history at Brandon college.

Miss B. Hall '23 and A. J. McLeod '23, Messrs. W. Lewis '23, H. Staines '23, D. G. McKnight '23, L. O. Harris '21 and A. R. Smale '19 are attending Normal School in Regina.

Mr. F. J. Howard is on the collegiate staff in Moose Jaw.

Miss G. May Reid '14 has been appointed as instructor of social case work in the school of social workers of McGill University and supervision of field workers for students in the school.

Rev. W. C. Smalley, Theol. '12, who has been the indefatigable Superintendent of Baptist Missions in Manitoba, has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Fourth Avenue Baptist Church, Ottawa. Rev. Smalley will be greatly missed in the West and our good wishes are with him as he enters upon his work in the East.

Rev. Helier Pepin Theol. '18, is pastor of the Baptist church in Moosomin, Sask.

Rev. H. Widen '16, Rev. E. J. Vincent '16 and Rev. A. J. Nordlund '15 recently held a small but enthusiastic reunion of Brandon College Alumni at the home of the latter in Boston, Mass.

Miss Reita Bambridge '18 is teaching in the high school in Kenora, Ont.

The sincere sympathy of a host of friends goes out to Rev. C. G. Stone, upon the bereavement that came to him on March 27th in the death of his father.

New times demand new measures and new men,
 The world advances, and in time outgrows
 The laws that in our father's day were best;
 And doubtless after us, some purer scheme
 Will be shaped out by wiser men than we,
 Made wiser by the steady growth of truth.
 The time is ripe, and rotten ripe, for change:
 Then let it come, I have no dread of what
 Is called for by the instinct of mankind,
 Nor think I that Gods world would fall apart
 Because we tear a parchment more or less,
 Truth is eternal, but her effluence,
 With endless change, is fitted to the hour:
 Her mirror is turned forward, to reflect
 The promise of the future, not the past.

—James Russell Lowell.

LATITUDE & LONGITUDE

MARGARET KILGOUR '26.

We wish gratefully to acknowledge the following publications:

Acadia Athenaeum; McMaster University Monthly; Managra; King's College Record; Vox Lycei; The Viewpoint; McGill News; The Brambler; Western U Gazette; Dalhousie Gazette; Campus; Oakwood Oracle; Gateway; Ubysses; Sheaf Queen's Journal.

A newcomer on our exchange shelf worthy of special mention is the charming little magazine published by Sweet Briar College, Virginia, under the quaint name of "*The Brambler*." From cover to cover it is full of fun, intermingled with artistic and spicy literary articles.

As usual the *Acadia Athenaeum* brings something new and interesting to our notice. An article in the November issue on "Teaching Laziness" in our modern school system presents a rather different aspect of our public school life. If the author's suggestions were followed it would be interesting to see just what a change would be wrought in our higher schools.

The editor of the *McMaster University Monthly* is decidedly optimistic in his belief in the average writer who is no genius. He says: "He thought that ideas came into clever people's heads by a kind of spontaneous germination, without parentage in the thoughts of others or the course of observation; for as yet he believed in genius of which he well knew that he had none, if it was the fine frenzied thing he thought it was." This however is not the editor's opinion at all. "Contrary to popular opinion, so-called original ideas are not a monopoly restricted to one or two, but may be cultivated by anyone who will set about it in the right way. This was the discovery which Butler's hero in "*The Way of All Flesh*" made when he began to contribute to the Cambridge University Magazine.

He did not understand that if he waited and listened and observed, another idea of some kind would probably occur to him some day, and the development of this would in turn suggest still further ones. He did not yet know that the very worst way of getting hold of ideas is to go hunting expressly after them. The way to get them is to study something of which one is fond, and to note down whatever crosses one's mind in reference to it, either during study or relaxation, in a little notebook kept always in the waistcoat pocket. He has come to know all about this now, but it took him a long time to find it out, for this is not the sort of thing that's taught at schools and universities."

When the Wheels Stop Turning

When I am gone let it be written that I have worked earnestly and honestly—that I have deeply loved and true—and that I have died gamely—

But write, write that I have lived—lived gloriously—that I have tried to play the game by its rules like a sportsman—and before I left, that I built something of which it may be said that I tried to make the things I touched just a little better.

J. D. GESSFORD.

The year's at the spring,
 And day's at the morn:
 Morning's at seven:
 The hill-side's dew-pearled:
 The lark's on the wing:
 The snail's on the thorn:
 God's in His heaven—
 All's right with the world.

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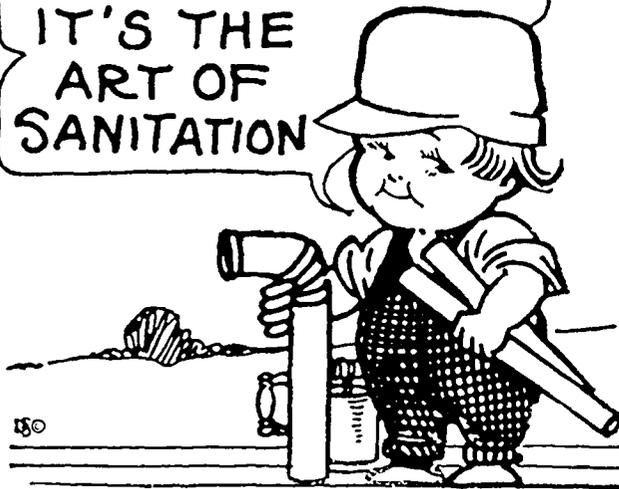
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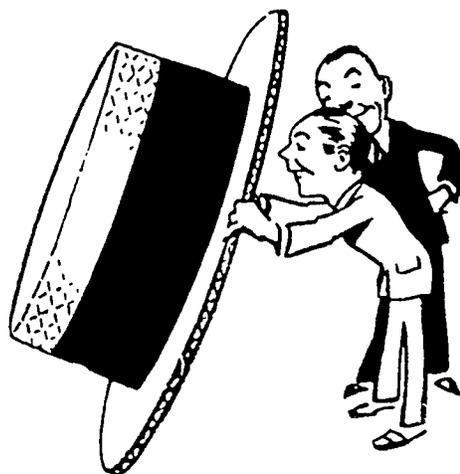
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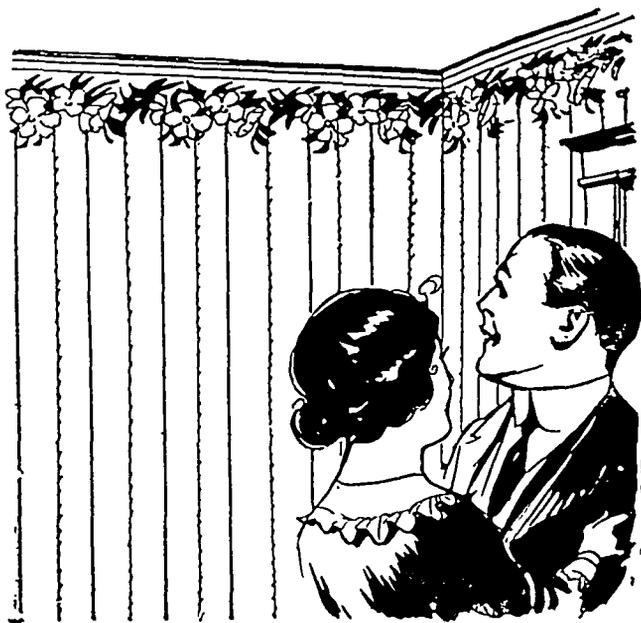
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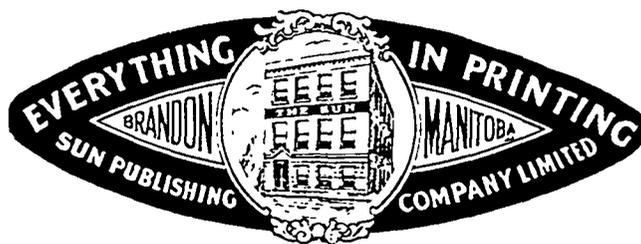
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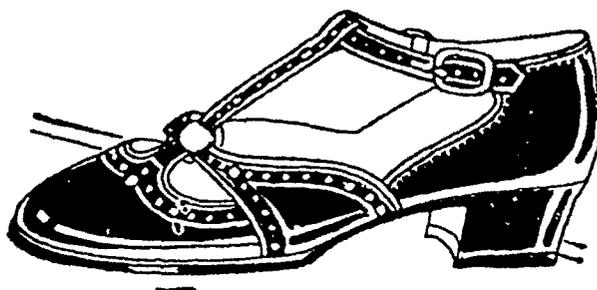
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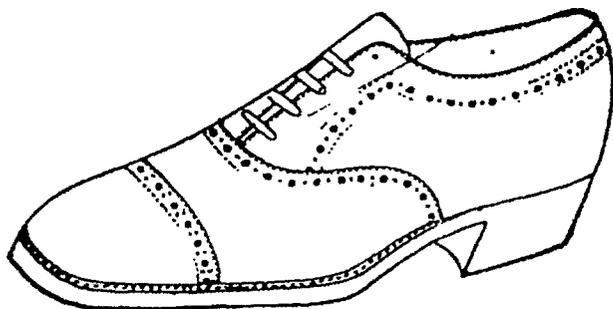
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