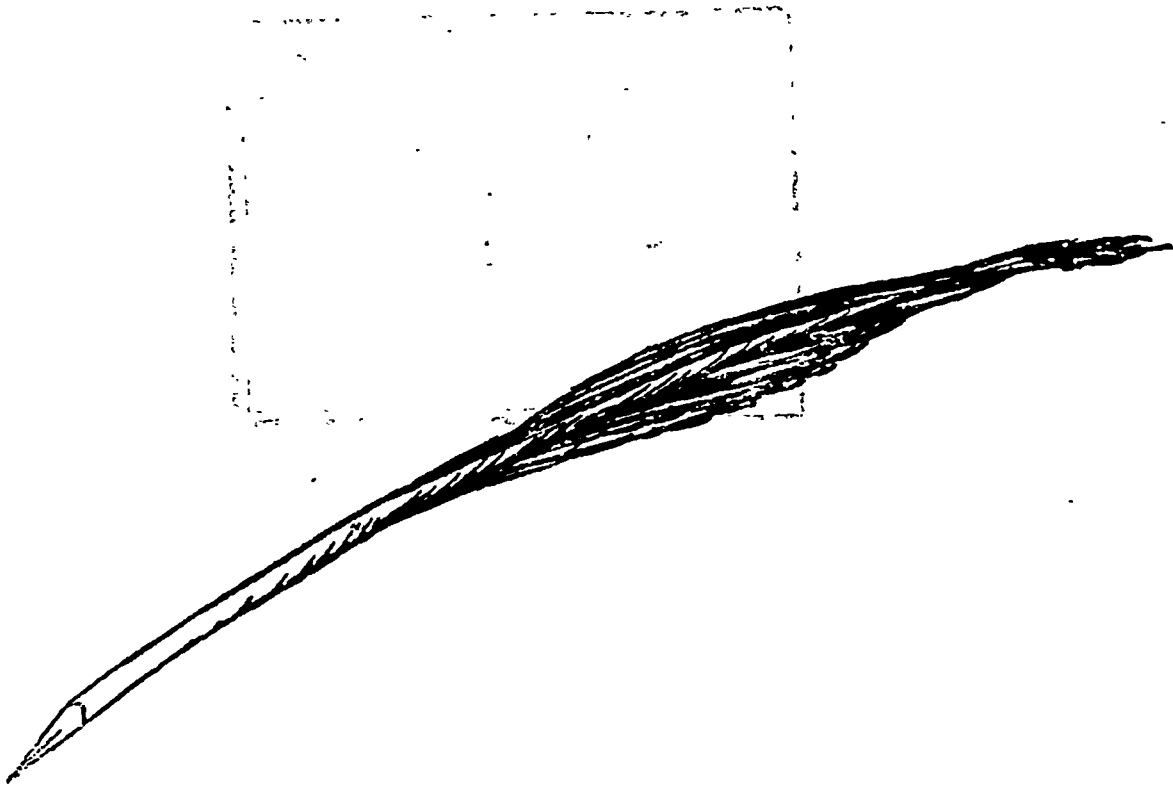


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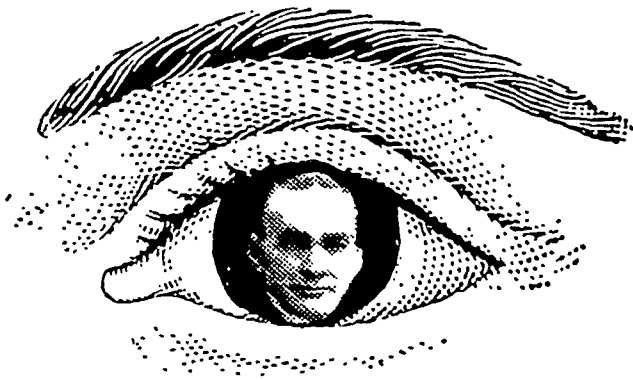
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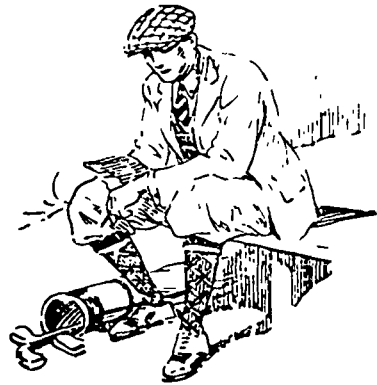
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IN MEMORIAM
President Franklin W. Sweet
Died December 30th, 1924.



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Dean in Arts



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MARIA C. GRANT
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Secretary

CLASS '25 SONG

Air—Unterlanders Heimweh.

We are the students of class twenty-five,
For Brandon College humbly we strive;
Sing we her praises where'er we may roam,
Dear Alma Mater, our heaven and home.
Ties strong and binding together will keep,
Those who are with us in love true and deep;
Days passed together forever will be,
Deeply engraved in heart and memory.
Life lies before us and care we shall meet,
Our recollections will always be sweet;
Deep in our heart of hearts, love keeps alive
Fondest remembrances of class twenty-five.

Class '25 Motto

“Ministrare est vincere”

Colors:

Silver and Cherry.

Class '25 Yell

Twenty-five
Man Alive
Can you beat us
Just you strive;
Silver, Cherry,
Colors true,
Just you try to beat that too.
Twenty-five
Brandon's Best,
We have stood the four years' test,
Rip-Rap-Rec-2-5-B-C!

Brandon College Quill

THREE NUMBERS A YEAR

VOL. XIV

JUNE

NO. 3

BRANDON COLLEGE QUILL is published by the Students of Brandon College, Brandon, Man. Terms: \$1.50 a year, in advance. single issues, 50 Cents. Send subscriptions to Subscription Manager. Advertising Rates may be obtained from the Business Manager. This number is published by the graduating Class of '25.

EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor-in-Chief	Fred. B. Friend
Consulting Editor	Mrs. Wilkins
Business Managers	R. G. McDorman G. H. Warren
Biographers and Advertisers	Members of Class '25

“Let a man contend to the uttermost
For his life's set prize, be it what it will.”

As we leave the shelter of our Alma Mater, and face the infinite possibilities of the future, these words of Browning's should give us food for serious reflection. Ever a master of conciseness, Browning has condensed in these two lines a whole philosophy of life. Their challenge and their implication are tremendous, particularly to those who today are embarking on a new venture in life. That one should contend to the uttermost “for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus” as Paul conceived of it, and as we conceive of it in a broader sense today, none will deny, but—“be it what it will!” The phrase is arresting by its very bluntness and daring, yet the soundness of it is at once apparent. It forces one to an analysis of the whole concept of life and “life's set prize”; it renders it imperative on one to take stock of his ideas, to consider carefully the question of his relationship to his fellows; it demands that he make a definite choice of his norms of conduct and that he take cognisance of the responsibilities resting upon him. In this day, with its spurious individualism on the one hand and its growing spirit of cooperation on the other, with its class and race wars, and its ever intensifying struggle between the forces of moral degeneracy and moral

rectitude the great need is for men of clear vision, possessing definite moral convictions and the courage to defend them,

“Tall men, sun crowned, who live above the clouds
In public life and private thinking.”

The mere fact of education, in its narrow sense, does not create such, but it gives the individual a firm foundation on which to base his thinking, if he choose to use it. It is ours to say whether we shall attempt the heights or be content with the lowlands of life. Which shall it be?

WITH this issue we sever our connection with the Quill, the policies of which it has been our privilege to control during the past two years. Our experiences during this time have been varied, there have been difficulties and notes of encouragement. We are grateful to all who have contributed to the work during this time, particularly to those with whom we have been associated on the Administrative Staff. Their splendid loyalty has been a source of great benefit and inspiration to us. A strong staff has been chosen for the coming year, and we are confident that the standard we have striven to uphold, will be surpassed by them.

A word of explanation concerning the Alumni issue is due to our subscribers. We had planned to publish this issue in April but events forced us to abandon the attempt. Some of the material intended for that issue we have included in this, the remainder we have deemed it advisable to withhold. To those of our contributors whose articles do not appear we tender our sincere apologies.

Much against our will, we have been forced to the conclusion that under existing circumstances it is not practicable to publish four issues a year. Increased cost of production and decreased revenue from advertising, coupled with the difficulty of securing sufficient articles of literary merit render it almost imperative that one issue be omitted. We have recommended this course to our successors, believing that the purpose of the Quill can better be served by three good numbers than by four indifferent ones. Incidentally, the burden imposed on the administrative staff will be considerably reduced, a great desideratum in a small college where duplication of functions is almost inevitable. We trust that the day is not far distant when the student body shall reach numerical proportions that shall make feasible a return to the four issue standard.

MARGARETA MAY BIGGS



“A dancing shape, an image gay
To haunt, to startle, and way-lay.”



None of the acknowledged types can lay claim to Margareta for she is a type all by herself. She is distinctive in every way and not the least is the fact that she is the baby of the class.

This fair haired little girl spent that portion of her life previous to her coming to Brandon College, in Virden, Manitoba. There she astonished everyone by her amazing faculty to absorb knowledge and she spent her spare time reading French—when she was not romping with her brothers.

In the fall of '22, when Class '25 had returned as gay young sophomores, Margareta made her debut in college life, having taken her grade XII at Virden. Though she looked as if she belonged in academy she soon made the rest “sit up and take notice.” Margareta has distinguished herself on the girls' basketball team and the girls' hockey team. As Secretary-Treasurer of the class in her final year she did her duty faithfully. She is a live wire in the class and the college would have been a dull place without her.

What the future holds for Margareta we do not know. Her unusual powers of assimilation and application would assure success for her either in teaching or post-graduate work, while her remarkable achievement in extracting dimes from certain of her impecunious classmates, together with her bent for mathematics, are proof that in the realm of business she would be equally successful. But into what ever sphere she may enter, we know that she will interpret the motto of her class in its fullest sense, and that the traditions of her Alma Mater will receive added glory from her life.

Snapshots:

Aversion:—Rules and regulations.

Chief Occupation:—Juggling dates.

Pet Expression:—“Scat.”

ELMER RAYMOND CARTER



“Thy modesty’s a candle to thy merit.”



If modesty be a virtue, then thrice virtuous is Elmer. So unassuming is he, and so certain that anything he has done is quite commonplace, that he refuses to discuss his achievements, and if it were not that actions speak it is doubtful whether enough information could have been elicited to make this biography possible.

Elmer was born at Strathclair, where he received his primary, and two years of high school education. In order to secure better educational facilities he entered Brandon College as a member of the 1919-20 matriculation class, and returned the next year as a charter member of class '24. He would have graduated last year had he not in March contracted an illness from which he did not recover until after the present school session had begun.

Always a good student, he is by no means a grind and he has held during his college career more important offices than any other member of the present student body. He has been president of his year, of the B.C.A.A., and of Junior Arts. He has served three times on the Play committee, acting as business manager in his third year, was a member of the banquet committee in his freshman, sophomore, and junior years, and has served on the Student Council. As a final tribute to his ability and his untiring service in the interest of the student body, he was made Senior Stick for the year 1923-24.

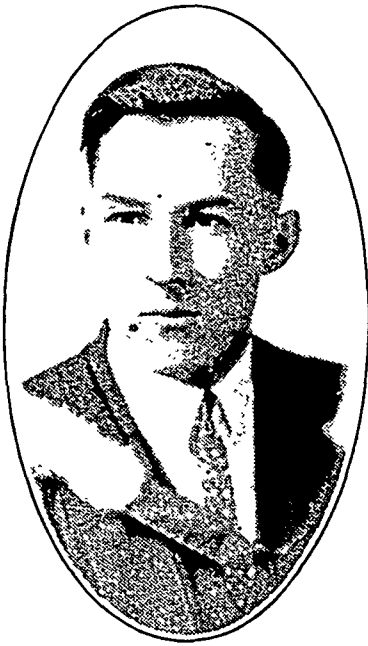
In every field of endeavour,—as a student, as an executive, as an athlete—Elmer has shown himself a man four square, whose aim is to do better today than which he did well yesterday. If his present plans materialize he will one day be a doctor, and our wish is that in this wider field he shall be as successful as he has been at Brandon College.

Snapshots:

Ambition:—To rival Seneca as a Latin scholar.

Vice:—Practicing golf strokes in his studio.

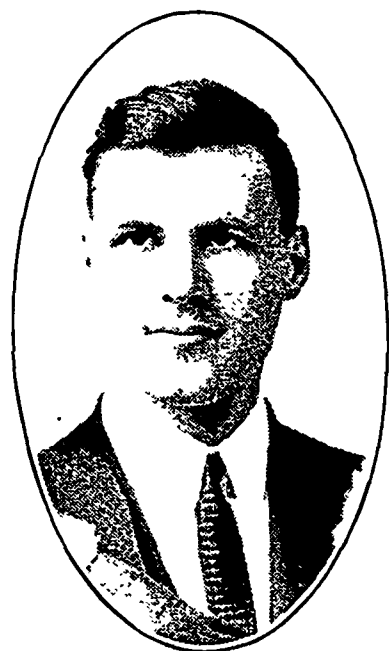
Characteristic Utterance:—I think she’s awll right.



ARTHUR STANLEY ELSON



"We doubt not that for one so true
There must be other nobler work to
do."



Altho he hails from Tangier, Morocco, and on festive occasions sports a voluminous sky-blue native costume and a flower-pot hat, Stan is not a native of that land of brigands and picturesque toggery. On the contrary he is very much of an Anglo-Saxon. As soon as he was of an age he was shipped off

to England, and for four years attended the public school at Bristol. The next two years he spent at Park Rapids, Minnesota, where he completed his primary education. For his high school work he crossed the border to Pilot Mound, Manitoba, where for the past eight years he has made his home.

Ever since he joined '25 in its Freshman year Stan has taken a keen interest in the affairs of the student body. Being the son of a missionary it was natural that he should place major emphasis on the spiritual phase of the college life. In his sophomore year he was secretary of the Ministerial Association, and in his Junior year president of the Volunteer Band. He has always taken an active part in the work of the S.C.M.

Though not of an argumentative disposition Stan has been keenly interested in debating, and in his Junior year was chosen to lead the Junior-Senior team. In the realm of athletics he has not been so prominent, altho he has used his weight to good advantage on the rope at Field Day, and in sundry "pugno's" around the halls. He has however, been a consistent supporter of the class and college teams, particularly basketball.

In the immediate future Stan plans to engage in teaching, but eventually he will join his father in the mission work at Tangier. In both fields we wish him the success his sterling qualities richly merit.

Snapshots:

Chief Failing:—Arguing after "Light out."

Pet Aversion:—The Eternal Triangle.

Greatest Ambition:—To own a circus.

FREDERICK BENJAMIN FRIEND



“Declaring in his thoughts, his life, and that he writ,
Highest conceits, largest foresights, and
deepest works of wit.”

Fred first began to solve the mysteries of life in Northampton, England, but his broadening vision prompted his migration in 1910 to Canada and Calgary.

The war found him back again in the Old Land. He had seen thirteen months active service in France when a shell wound caused his transfer to England where he later transferred to the R.A.F.

Fred joined Academy III in '20 and since then has made no uncertain contribution to student life. A clear thinker and forceful speaker, he has been a leader in debating circles. Fred has devoted himself wholeheartedly to the “Quill” and as Editor-in-chief for two years has produced results which are a credit to Brandon College as well as to his appreciation for and mastery of English. This year he has capably acted in the difficult role as head of the Men’s Student Council. In athletics Fred has taken an equally prominent part. His heady play and aggressive kick would secure him a place on the full back line of any soccer team. He was a member of the famous Senior Arts hockey team and the sore shins of the other side will testify that he alone is in a class with Howard Umphrey.

Fred’s record as a student has not probably been equalled at Brandon College for many years. Four General Proficiency and three Eric Dennis scholarships, and Silver Medal in Physics sufficiently demonstrate that he can place first things first.

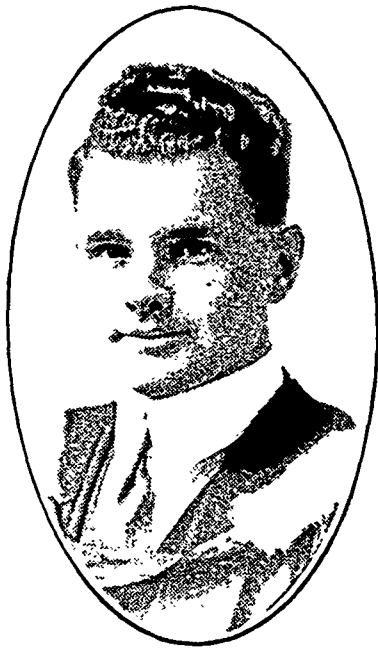
With the ability to grasp a situation quickly and thoroughly, versatile, and with a fund of experience, Fred has been a real leader in College life. His success achieved in the department of Physics assures to him the future.

Snapshots:

Sidelines:—Theology and the Constitution.

Favorite Pastimes:—Class meetings, bringing up “Mag.”

ALEXANDER REGINALD FRITH



“Formed on the good old plan
A true and brave and downright honest
man.”

Reggie's curly locks first twined themselves around his mother's fingers at Carnduff Sask. Here he spent his boyhood days and received his public and high school training. After Normal at Estevan Sask. and a summer's teaching he heard the call of higher learning with the result that September 1920

found him registered in Arts I at Brandon College. After his first year of college he taught school another year and then joined class '25 in its Sophomore year.

During his college course Reg has proved his genuine worth not only as a student but as a worker on all sorts of committees. He has held almost every office from that of curtain boy at class Lits to chairman of the play committee and whenever he undertook to do anything we were sure it would be done well. The class was quick to appreciate his qualities of leadership and efficient management and elected him as class president for two consecutive years.

In his third year Reg held the major office of president of the Debating Society and did much to give debating the place it deserves in our college activities. This year he became president of the newly organized Debating Club and under his capable leadership that organization has had an eminently successful year.

But Reg's contribution to the life of the class and of the college as a whole lies not only in what he has done but also in what he has been. His fine manhood and friendly spirit have made him respected and loved by all.

We do not know what Reg will choose as his life work, but we are sure that he will be successful in the truest sense.

Snapshots:

Chief Abhorrence:—Remarks about his curly hair.

Weakness:—The ladies.

Favorite Occupation:—Singing at the jail.

MARIA CORLETTE GRANT



“She has fun, and wit, and fire.”



Charles G. D. Roberts, the celebrated Canadian poet was heard to remark during his recent visit to Brandon, that a good deal of the salt of the earth came from Pictou County, Nova Scotia. We are not at all surprised, then, to learn that this was the home of Maria's ancestors and that she herself spent part of her life there.

Maria was born near Brandon. She attended school in Manitoba, Ontario, and Nova Scotia and finally came to Brandon College. During her academy course here she discovered herself to be possessed of poetic instincts—a discovery which has given a great deal of pleasure to all those who have seen any of Maria's verse.

As president of the Literary Society in her third year, Maria proved to be an able and an original leader. Her programmes were always exceptionally good. Maria was also an earnest and industrious worker in the S.C.M. She was president of her class in its senior year and piloted it safely through several stormy class-meetings.

We are sure that Maria could coax a laugh from the dourest old Scotchman who ever wore kilts. Her delightful sense of humour and her inimitable laugh have brightened Clark Hall considerably during her College career.

Maria intends to go to the Faculty of Education in Toronto next year. We expect to hear of her, soon, as being one of our great writers—a credit to Pictou County and to Brandon College.

Snapshots:

Latest Expression:—Bozo.

Chief Abhorrence: -- Puns.

HELEN CLARE HITCHINGS



* * *

“To those who know thee not, no words
can paint,
And those who know thee, know all
words are faint.”

* * *

How true is this quotation!—We find it very difficult to write a worthy account of one who has by her lovable nature and willingness to help, contributed so much toward the welfare of Class '25.

Helen passed the greater part of her life in Winnipeg, attending public school and high school there. After graduating from Kelvinshe came to Brandon to continue her studies with the members of our class.

She has distinguished herself in every phase of college activity. As a freshman, we see her winning the freshman's medal, and securing points for her class on Field Day. In her second year we find her as an efficient secretary to the Brandon College Students' Association. In her third year as the president of student government she conducted the affairs of Clark Hall in a manner which was a credit to her. As a Senior, she made a charming president of the Brandon College English Club in one of the most successful years it has known.

Her school record has always been one of which she may be proud. She is a faithful, conscientious student and her diligence has been rewarded by two scholarships and by splendid examination results.

Helen is decidedly artistic, and the success of many College undertakings, such as the Bazaar and the Arts' Banquet, has been due in a large measure to the aid and ideas which she has lent to them.

We do not know what the future holds for Helen, but whatever it is, we wish her the success which her faithfulness and ability deserve.

Snapshots:

Favorite Expression:—Hoop-la.

Greatest Dramatic Achievement:—Her impersonation of an ostrich.

ANNA HORNFELDT



“She hath a high and noble
countenance.”



Where the tall mountains of Sweden pierce the sky, in the small village of Trehorningsjo in the province of Angermanland Anna made her first appearance into the great wide world. She began her scholastic career in Sweden but early in life she left her native home, for the “Land of the Maples” where she soon proved herself an apt student. Anna completed her public school work in the new country in one year, leaving spell-bound the pupils of Margo, Sask., who had toiled diligently for eight long years. She had similar success in her high school work in Yorkton, Sask. where she graduated in the spring of '21.

Wishing to continue her studies Anna wisely decided to come to Brandon College, joining the ranks of Class '25 in its freshman year. The first days of getting acquainted soon passed and since then Anna has endeared herself to the hearts of all the members of the class, besides all those with whom she has come in contact. Her talents were not long hidden and these coupled with her willingness to work made her one of the most valuable assets of our college.

She was thoroughly imbued with the spirit characteristic of Brandon College and in a whole-hearted way entered into all her activities. All those who remember the success in which the Student's Christian Movement was carried on in '23-'24, know that the organization owed a great deal to its able leader—Anna. Her work in connection with the Student Volunteer Movement, though probably of a more secluded nature was no less important. During her four years at Brandon, Anna has taken a very active part in this movement.

Anna's future will probably lie in the field of teaching. We sincerely wish her the same success in her new adventure as she has had in her stay at Brandon.

Snapshots:

Favorite Pastime:—Meditating on Lake Louise.

Chief Form of Dissipation:—Burning the midnight oil.

FLORA GRACE IRISH



“She doth little kindnesses which most
leave undone or yet despise.”

“I’ve worked, heaven knows, like any
slave.”

Nothing could be more difficult than to try to characterize Flora in a few words. However, to begin at the beginning, Flora was born in Toronto Ont. At a very tender age she moved with her family to Brandon where she received her early education. Her progress through public school and Brandon Collegiate was marked with the characteristics which accompany a splendid and thorough student. In her final year in High School Flora was president of the Literary Society and in addition to her High School work took a commercial course from which she received an honour diploma. Happily Brandon College was the next field chosen for the pursuance of an education and in 1921 Flora joined the ranks of Class '25.

Flora's activities have not all been along the line of studies, by any means. The cheerfulness and willingness with which she has acted on numerous committees has been decidedly characteristic. The Brandon College English Club has come in for a share of her attention and in her final year she was an efficient member of the Programme Committee.

Then, who can forget the many dinners, parties and teas, not to mention the numberless “after-four lunches” for hungry Clark Hall inmates, at which Flora has been the delighted hostess. The success of the social activities of Class '25, have in a large measure been due to her unlimited hospitality.

Then, who can forget the many dinners, parties and teas, not to mention the numberless “after-four lunches” for hungry Clark Hall inmates, at which Flora has been the delighted hostess. The success of the social activities of Class '25, have in a large measure been due to her unlimited hospitality.

Whatever the future may have in store for Flora, her ability, generosity, and willingness to serve will carry her a long way in life. The Faculty of Education, Toronto, is to claim her next fall and with her will go the heartiest wishes of Class '25.

Snapshots:

Permanent Asset:—Her cheerful smile.

Highest Ambition:—To own a pen that never goes dry.

Chief Abhorrence:—8.30 lectures.

KATHLEEN EMILY KENNER



“The good stars met in your horoscope,
And made you of spirit fire and dew.”



Having had a glimpse of Kathleen's buoyant nature one can readily imagine her as a little pioneer blazing her childhood trails at Pierson, Manitoba. The first layer of her reserve energy had not been touched when she discovered that Pierson did not offer sufficient competition to try her mettle, and that she must blaze new and more difficult

trails. This was the impetus that sent her to Brandon Collegiate to take her Grade XI, and led her a year later into the music department of Brandon College. The following fall she joined Class '25 in its Freshman year and since then her path has led steadily upward.

True to her type, she has utilized to the full these fertile and impressionable years, but she has not allowed studies to absorb all her energy. Throughout her entire course she has taken an active part in the social life of the college, and the various class functions have owed their success in no small measure to her efforts.

But it is in the realm of personal contact that Kathleen's genius lies. Her charm of manner, her unassuming spirit of helpfulness, her sympathetic nature, and her never failing cheerfulness have endeared her to all with whom she has come in contact. It was these qualities that won for her the honor of being chosen Lady Stick in her senior year, an office that gave her full scope for the exercise of her special capacities and her talent for cooperative leadership. The high esteem in which she is held by all members of the student body bears eloquent testimony to her success in this sphere of service.

Kathleen will attend the Faculty of Education at Toronto next fall. Beyond that we cannot forecast her future, but wherever she be, she will be a worthy exponent of the ideas and ideals of Brandon.

Snapshots:

Favorite Pastime:—Hiding the key of the student's cupboard.

Pet Ambition:—To humble Wee Mary in singles.

MARY McLAUGHLIN MACDONALD



“Bonnie wee thing, cannie wee thing,
Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine.”

—Burns.



Scotland, the home of the shorter catechism and oat-meal porridge, has been blessed by a race of sturdy, high-minded, clear-thinking sons and daughters, and she has been very generous in giving to Canada men and women who have formed the very framework of our young nation.

Mary McLaughlin MacDonald is as yet, a little young to be counted among our nation builders—but all that she needs is time. It was a fortunate day for Canada, for Brandon College, and especially for Class '25, when Mary decided to leave her home town Glasgow and seek her fortune amid the greater opportunities of Minnedosa.

Being naturally a canny child, she decided that temporarily she could spend her time to the best advantage getting an education so she attended the local public school. Although it took her a while to learn the language, her characteristic brightness soon carried her to the head of her class and she astonished both teacher and scholars by her wise saws and philosophic instances.

It was during her high school career that Mary started to write poetry, prompted by a keen appreciation of the beauties of nature, a love for the romantic and a natural unborn gift of rhythm.

Since she has come to Brandon College Mary has proven herself a faithful conscientious student well deserving the scholarships which she has won, in second year for Political Economy and in third year for English.

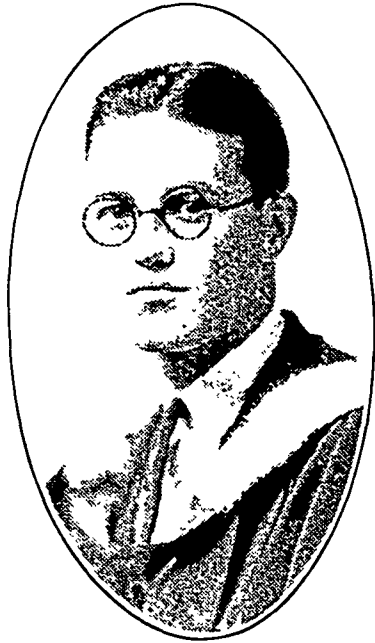
On every committee on which she has served she has worked willingly. Special mention should be made of her work in the C.H.A.A. and in the English Club. Her plans for the future are rather vague, but her Scottish tenacity assures her of success in whatever field she may adopt.

Snapshots:

Ambition:—To take her Ph.D. in Gaelic.

Great Hero's she has known:—Helen and Warren.

ROBERT GERALD McDORMAN



“The skies are painted with unnum-
ber’d sparks,
They are all fire, and every one doth
shine;
But there’s but one in all doth hold his
place:
So, in the world.”

“Scat” is a true product of Brandon, although it was just by chance that the home town of the “Deacon” was not honoured in claiming him as one of her sons. After receiving his public and high school training in this city he stayed out for a year. Realizing the advantages of a College Education we find him entered as a charter member of Class ’25 in the fall of 1921. Since that time he has been an active and popular member of that group.

This young man’s ability to obtain high standing in examinations is no less than his untiring and unselfish efforts to give the best he had to all spheres of College activity. Whether in executive or in athletics he showed himself unexcelled. In his third year he held the position of Treasurer of the Student’s Association where he proved himself trustworthy and efficient in handling Student’s funds. He was also a valued member of various committees.

Perhaps “Scat” is most widely and most popularly known in sport circles. He took an active interest in hockey, basketball, baseball, and, of late, tennis. But he shines most on the Basket-Ball floor. He has been a star-member of the senior Basket-Ball team during his entire course. His insistence on the development of team co-operation at the expense of individual play was instrumental in helping the team win the city championship for 1923 and 1924.

Bert’s future course is uncertain as yet, but he has visions of further studies in physics or engineering. Whatever he may choose, he will be a credit to his Alma Mater.

Snapshots:

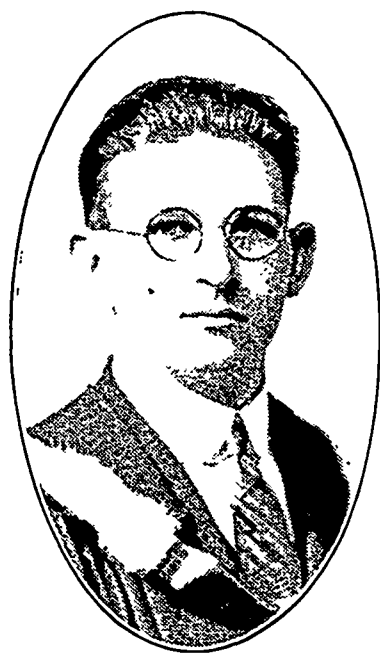
His Earnest Moments:—Initiation day.

Favorite Haunt:—Clark Hall corridor any time after four.

RUBEN MOLBERG



“A mind at peace with all the world.”



Near the town of Rutland, North Dakota in February of the year 1901 was born the one whom we now know as Ruben Molberg. At the age of four years he showed his good judgment by coming to Canada and selecting Midale Sask. as his home town. He took his public school and first of high school work in Midale and in the fall of 1916 he entered Brandon College. He re-

mained two years and then went into the teaching profession. In the fall of 1921 he returned to Brandon College to join class '25 of which he has been a faithful member ever since.

Ruben has selected physics and mathematics as his special course of study and in his second year he distinguished himself by winning the Mathematics Scholarship. As a student Ruben has always been a careful and consistent worker and as a member of the class has always been ready and willing to co-operate.

Ruben has chosen teaching as his profession and we can look forward with confidence to his success in the future.

Snapshots:

Favorite Mountain:—Ida.

Pet Phrase:—“Well—I don’t know now—.”

SVEN JAMES PETRE

• ◆

“Nothing hinders me—
or daunts me.”

• ◆



In Sven Petre Brandon College welcomes yet another of the sons of Sweden who, having spent several years in the educational institutions of Europe, decided to come to Canada in search of further knowledge and experience.

Claiming Hornosand, Angermanland as his birthplace, Sven passed the “student examination” at the gymnasium of Ostersund, Jamtland, in 1919. Following this he studied German at Gothenburg for some time. In 1921 he had to join the Swedish Army, in which he served for two years and a half, gaining the rank of sergeant, and qualifying for commissioned rank. A military career did not appeal to him however, and in the fall of 1923 he sailed for Canada and coming to Brandon, joined Class '24. Having studied but very little English in his own country, he was under a heavy handicap during the first term, but he made rapid strides in acquiring command of our language, and succeeded in getting off the majority of his subjects in the spring. During the summer, and for a great part of the present college year he worked on the C.P.R. but spent sufficient time in college to ensure his graduation this spring.

Next year Sven plans to pursue his studies for the Master's degree, either in Norse philology at the University of Minnesota, or in German at Brandon. That done he intends to spend some time in France, Spain, and Italy in order to improve his knowledge of the languages of those countries, and afterwards to return to his home land to engage in teaching or to enter government service.

We are glad to welcome Sven to Class '25 and to extend to him our heartiest good wishes for the future.

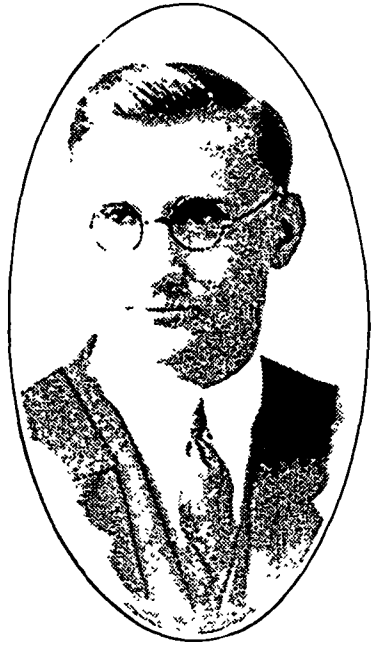
Snapshots:

Favourite Sport:—Ski-running.

Hobby:—Painting.

Pet Aversion:—Anything Hebraic.

ERNEST RIEMER



“His eye begets occasion for his wit;
For every object that the one doth
catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving
jest.”

Ernest Riemer was born in Sanlac County, Michigan. He moved to Vegreville Alberta at an early age and there received his public and high school education. It was not until two years after leaving school that he felt the need of a university education and decided to come to Brandon College and in September 1921 registered in Class '25.

Ernest's course of studies has certainly not occupied all of his time. Of the various offices that he has held, the presidency of the Student Christian Movement was probably the most important. All of us who were in residence in 1923-24 appreciate the “earnest” efforts that he put forth to make the movement a huge success.

His happy faculty of always looking on the bright side of things has made Ernest popular among the residential boys. It seems to be the cheerful smile and helping hand which win humanity and Ernest certainly displays these traits. His interest in his chosen field—the Christian Ministry—has won confidence and respect from all, and we know he will prove a success in his after-college life. His class-mates and friends send with him their heartiest best wishes for the future.

Snapshots:

Pet Saying:—“Aw, I don't feel like studying to-night.”

Efficiency:—On time for dinner and supper and some classes.

BRYCE J. SALLANS



“This honest creature doubtless sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.”

If it is true that variety is the spice of life, the subject of this biography, Bryce J. Sallans, should be well seasoned. The son of a missionary, he was born in Buenos Ayres, in the Argentine Republic, where the first four years of his life were spent. Removing at that age to Canada, he has divided the years

between Saskatchewan, British Columbia and Manitoba, in the latter of which—at Brookdale—he now makes his home.

In the world of education, Bryce has covered almost as much territory as he has done in the literal geographical sense. He obtained portions of his primary and high school education in each of the three provinces in which he has lived. After matriculation he spent five years at Manitoba Agricultural College, from which institution he graduated with the degree B.S.A. Not content with this he decided to complete the work for the degree B.A., and accordingly registered in Brandon College in the fall of 1923, spending the session in attendance. This year however, he has taken his work extra murally, and in addition has secured his first class teachers certificate at the Regina Normal School.

Owing to the brevity of his actual contact with us we have not come to know him as intimately as we would have desired, but we have nevertheless had ample evidence of the sterling qualities that lie behind his quiet, reserved manner.

In the future Bryce plans to combine teaching and agriculture. We wish him the very best of success in his new venture.

ALETA ELIZABETH STEWART



“Many days shall see her
And yet no day without a deed to crown
it.”

“Aleta.” To every student who has passed through the college halls during the past four years this name commands the deepest respect.. All that is noble and best in womanhood Aleta embodies. She has a personality that is so distinctly and characteristically her own that all effort to describe her is

inadequate. She has the happy faculty of taking in a situation at a glance and giving her unbiased opinion. Her fairness in all matters and her readiness to lend a helping hand have combined to make for her many staunch and loyal friends.

In her birthplace Rocanville Sask., she received her public school training. Later she made a wise choice in coming to Brandon, first attending Collegiate Institute and then the College.

From the moment Aleta stepped inside the college halls she has never ceased to make a direct contribution to the life of the school.

Committee work is not her only forte—the stage offers possibilities to this talented young woman. Who will forget the Widow Twankey’s dance? Who will forget her role as Martha in “1200 a year”?

Her exceptional ability, then, has fitted her to hold any position that life may offer to her. Wherever she may go, whatever she may do Aleta will always have the best wishes of her classmates and fellow students. So here’s to Aleta, may the future hold nothing but success for her!

In the year 1921-1922, she filled the position of President of the Literary society so ably, that the following year the girls elected her to be their first Lady Stick—an honor justly hers. Besides these offices this past year she has been head of the Student Council in Clark Hall.

Snapshots:

Pet Phrase:—My top hat.

Favorite Pastime:—Reading the “Saturday Evening Post.”

HAROLD ALEXANDER TROTTER



“If he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find him the best king of good fellows.”



Once again one of Brandon's own sons is honored as a graduate from her college. Harold began his interesting career in Brandon and received all his public school and collegiate training in her institutions.



By nature a gentleman, of an athletic type, and possessing a keen sense of honor, nothing more could be expected than that he should answer his country's call to serve her on the battlefields of France, and in 1916 we find him “doing his bit.” He remained in the army after the Armistice was signed, and was stationed in Germany during the occupation. Harold is very reticent about his overseas service and we are only able to present the simplest facts.

It was not until after his return from overseas that Harold made his debut in Brandon College and commenced to meet and overcome the innumerable difficulties to be met in securing an Arts Degree. From the first he showed himself to be an industrious student. After staying out for a year Harold was welcomed as a valuable addition to Class '25 and has proved himself a worthy member.

Though an industrious student, Harold is by no means a book-worm for he has taken part in many activities outside of the class-room. In the year 1922-23 he held the vice-presidency of the B.C.A.A., and in his Junior year the same office on his class executive. Harold's keen sense of humor, his ready wit, and his industry are sure guarantees of success in what ever activity he may choose as his life work. The best wishes of his classmates go with him into that greater sphere of service—Life.

Snapshots:

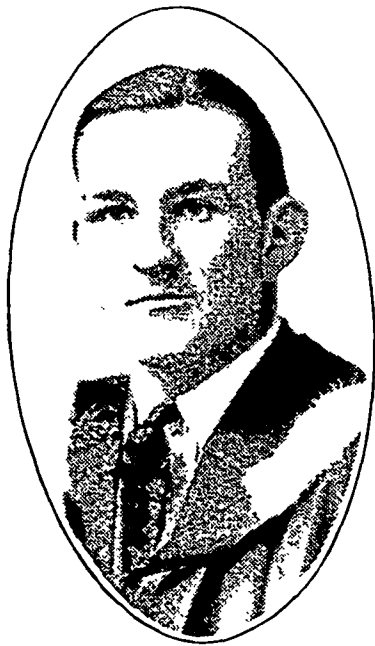
Favorite Saying:—Roll out men! Roll out! Ev-rybody out!!

Chief Abhorrence:—Maths.

HOWARD UMPHREY



“For I never saw so young a body with so old a head.”



In the vicinity of Miami in the merry month of May some years ago, one more voice was added to the chorus of the rising generation. This new member was Howard Umphrey. Howard has changed a great deal since that time but he still retains his baritone voice.

Howard obtained his public and high school training in Miami. In the fall of 1919 he entered Brandon College as a freshman. He found it impossible to carry on with this class but finally returned as a Sophomore in the illustrious '25.

Howard has taken an active part in college affairs. He has been a regular member of the College Play Caste. He first appeared as a Sergeant in “Quality Street,” next, playing the role of Crichton in “The Admirable Crichton,” later, as Chancellor in “The Knave of Hearts” and this year he filled the role of Zsupnik in “\$1200 a Year.” In 1922-23 he ably filled the position of President of the Brandon College Athletic Association. Furthermore he has held an editorship on the Quill staff for two years. In the realm of athletics Howard has upheld a position on the Senior Arts hockey and football teams.

Participation in Mock Parliaments has shown that Howard is no mean debater, that he is well informed on public matters and that he has an excellent wit.

From what we know of Howard we can anticipate for him a successful future in the realm of physics.

Snapshots:

Chief Characteristics:—His virtue and his voice.

Favorite Color:—Mauve or Thistledown.

GEORGE HARVEY WARREN



“This in him was the peculiar grace
That before living he'd learn how to
live.”



Harvey was born at Brandon and here he received his public and high school education. A thirst for higher education and more especially his deep interest in science led him to enter Brandon College and in September 1921, he became a charter-member of class '25.

Above all Harvey has shown himself to be a student and his delight in study coupled with his reserved manner has perhaps hindered many of us from knowing him as well as we might wish. This studious trend of mind has not prevented him, however, from taking his part in the class activities when called upon. Besides his college duties for some years he has been the efficient secretary of St. Mary's Church.

During his high school days Harvey was a good athlete and a fast basket-baller, but in later years his play periods have been confined to tennis and skating.

With his sympathetic nature and his ability to do things we foresee a large measure of success in his future work. Teaching is his chosen profession and next fall when he enters Faculty at Toronto he can rest assured of his classmates best wishes for success.

Snapshots:

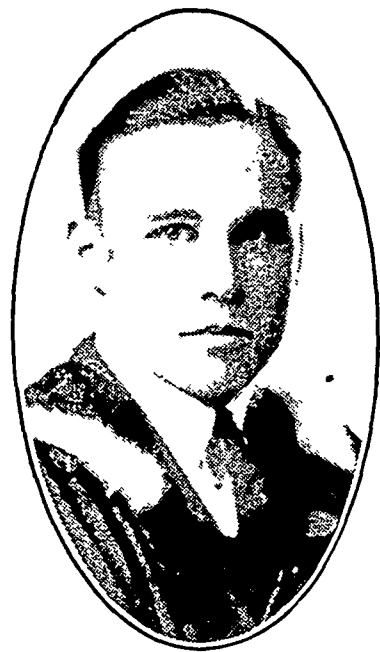
Pet Aversion:—Class Parties.

Pastime:—Skating.

Hobby:—Physics.



FREDERICK JAMES WESTCOTT



◆ ◆
 “Great oaks from little acorns grow.”
 ◆ ◆

None, seven years ago, seeing a diminutive lad trudging along Lorne Ave. and hearing him enquire in a childish treble for Brandon College, would have visualized in him the stalwart youth we know today as Deacon Frederick Jeremiah Westcott, yet such he was when in the fall of 1918 he turned his back on his native city of Douglas and came to Brandon to begin academic work here.

Throughout the seven years of his college career, Fred's work has been of consistently high order. His scholastic record is one of which he may well be proud. In his Arts work he has specialized in Political Economy, and in his final year rounded off his course very fittingly by winning the Special Political Economy medal.

Though of tender years Fred early gave evidence of executive ability and in his academy years held positions on the class executives. In his Freshman Arts he was president of his year, and has since served on the B.C.A.A. executive, play committee, and minor committees galore. It was eminently fitting that he should be elected Senior Stick in his final year, an office the duties of which he discharged in an admirable manner. In dealing with the multiplicity of calls upon him he has exhibited a fine sense of proportion—the true criterion of leadership—neglecting nothing, over-emphasizing nothing and withal has exercised excellent tact and judgment.

In the realm of sport Fred has made a noteworthy contribution to the group life. Proficient in all its branches, he has repeatedly represented his class and college, winning his B in basketball. The spirit in which he has played has been his outstanding characteristic; the traditions of Brandon have never been better exemplified than in him.

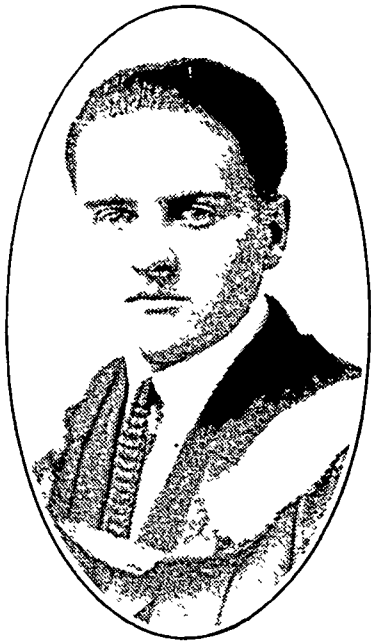
What the future holds for the Deacon we do not know, but we are confident that he will be a credit to Brandon, and an inspiration to his fellows.

Snapshots:

Characteristic Expression:—“Bless my soul!”

Favourite Occupation:—Rose culture.

WILLIAM CECIL WILSON



. . .

“One man is as good as another, and a good deal better as the saying goes.”

. . .

William Wilson almost earned the title of baby of our class by deferring his entrance into this world until November 20th 1903. He was born at Grandview, Manitoba, where he has since resided. Willie was quick to see the great advantage and possibilities of education and began a relentless search for knowledge, a search which he perceives even at this stage to be barely begun. His school career has been eminently successful. He finished his public and high school at Grandview in 1921, passing his grade XI with honors and winning the Governor General's Medal for the greatest all round development.

Thirst for learning caused William to come to Brandon College the same year. While here he has found French the line of his special interest and he is looking forward to continued study in that and other languages. His scholarly ability is indicated by the fact that he took the French prize in his first year and the Philosophy scholarship in his third year.

As an adjunct to his study Willie has consistently followed up the study of music, taking piano and violin. This has enabled him to contribute much to the various programs and entertainments of the college.

As we gaze into future we see Willie, teacher of French in some college, devoting himself with deep insight and thoughtful interest to the great cause of learning.

Snapshots:

Favourite Pastime:--Playing the fiddle.

Highest Ambition:--To study French in Paris.

HAZEL DUNSEITH, M.A.



“Earth’s noblest thing— a woman
perfected.” —Lovell.



The name of Hazel Dunseith is not a new one in the Brandon College Quill. Hazel first made her acquaintance with Brandon College with the Freshman year of Class '21, and after four years of conscientious work she received her B.A. degree. Then she went to Normal and for two years she taught and help-

ed to enlighten the minds of the rising generation. However having heard of the illustrious Class '25 and being desirous to study more closely the sociological problems of our age, Hazel decided to give up her profession temporarily and take her Master of Arts degree at Brandon.

Although she studied at home, we have seen her occasionally and she has been a very welcome member of every class function which she has been able to attend, and none of us is likely soon to forget the interesting address she gave to Senior Arts on the painting of Gericault on the occasion of the presentation of the two beautiful pictures which she gave to the Third and Fourth year class rooms.

The immediate future holds for Hazel a trip to Europe, and the best wishes of the Class go with her now and in all her future undertakings.

JESSIE MAY KEE, M.A.



◆ ◆

“For if she will, she will, you may depend on it,
And if she won't, she won't, so there's an end on it.”

◆ ◆

Miss Kee's early life was spent in Ontario where she obtained her public school education, and finished her course at the Stayner, Ontario, High School. Later when the family took up their residence in Toronto, Jessie entered McMaster University, where in due time she completed her work in special English and History, and obtained the degree of Bachelor of Arts.

After leaving the University she entered the teaching profession and until the summer of 1924 she continued in this work. During the year 1923-24 she occupied a position on the teaching staff of the Estevan Collegiate. It was from Estevan that she came to Brandon College, for a year's post-graduate work in special English. While at Brandon College she has held the position of assistant librarian, and also has taught in the Academic Department.

Although Miss Kee has only been in Brandon for one college year, her geniality, kindness and genuine sense of humour have endeared her to her many friends during her short sojourn here. Their best wishes go with her as she leaves to re-commence her work as a teacher of English.

Snapshots:

Favorite Indoor Sport:—Solving cross-word puzzles.

Pet Aversion:—Bow-ties and curly hair.

Chief Delight:—Rules.

MARY ELIZABETH HENDERSON



“Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony.”



Mary was born in Souris, and at a very early age began to distract the neighbors by picking out pieces on the piano. As soon as she could climb up on the piano stool she began to take lessons. In the fall of nineteen-twenty she entered Brandon College as a senior music student, and throughout her course has always been on the honor list. She took her A.T.C.M. in nineteen twenty-two, and intended to graduate in nineteen twenty-four, but was unable to do so on account of ill health. But she possessed an undaunted ambition, and an unquenchable enthusiasm, which enabled her to continue her work in spite of obstacles, and to give a very successful graduation recital in the spring of nineteen twenty-five, delighting a large audience with her brilliant mastery of the piano.

During her residence in Clark Hall she has been interested in all college activities, and particularly in the Euturpean society. She is a very successful music teacher and a ready accompanist.

What her future plans are we do not know, but we predict that she will achieve a still fuller realization of her ambitions.

Snapshots:

Pet Aversion:—Shop talk.

Pet Ambition:—To be a second Dupre.

Failing:—High scores in tennis tournaments.



CHANCELLOR WHIDDEN

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES

Commencement Exercises, always a source of profound pleasure to the graduates and their friends, were rendered especially pleasant this year by the fact that every member of the classes was graduated. There was no spectre of a fallen comrade to cloud the joy of the survivors, Class '25 preserved its essential unity to the last, adding to its ranks two graduate students and one from the department of music. It was a happy coincidence that in this, the twenty-fifth year of the existence of Brandon College, Class '25 should be twenty-five strong.

The convocation for the conferring of degrees was held in St. Paul's Church on the evening of Tuesday May 26th. The auditorium was filled to capacity. The Rev. Dr. J. G. Miller opened the session with prayer. Dr. J. R. C. Evans presented to Chancellor Whidden the twenty-two candidates for the degree Bachelor of Arts, degrees being conferred upon Howard Umphrey and Sven Petre "in absentia." Professor T. S. Dadson then presented Miss Jessie Kee and Miss Hazel Dunseith for the degree Master of Arts. Professor Wright presented Miss Mary Henderson, to whom Dr. MacNeill awarded the diploma in music.

Following the conferring of degrees, Dean MacNeill presented the medals won by members of the graduating class; Miss Helen Hitchings receiving the medal in English, Fred J. Westcott in Political Economy and Fred B. Friend in Physics.

The graduating classes were then addressed by Dean MacNeill and Sir James Aikens, lieutenant governor of Manitoba, and the convocation address was delivered by Chancellor Whidden. Each spoke feelingly of the loss sustained by the college in the death of President Sweet who had done so much to further the work of Brandon College.

Progress, was the keynote of Dean MacNeill's address. "You have a right," he said "to be congratulated on reaching this milestone, but remember, it is only a milestone. whatever your profession is, take it seriously." The Dean reminded his hearers that Heaven is not reached by a single bound, but by slow, steady and continuous progress. Wishing the graduates God speed in their career, he said: "There is glory ahead. Do your part, play the man, and by the grace of God you will be growing day by day."

Sir James Aikens, in his inimitable manner, stressed the need of vision. "Without vision the nations perish" he quoted, adding: "Without vision you will not succeed." He

emphasized the need for the graduates to develop idealism, to have vision and to be true to that vision. Only thus could they give an adequate account of themselves on their journey through life.

Chancellor Whidden in his Convocation Address dealt with certain phases of Liberal Education. Among other things he said: In order to educate our young men and women today we must see to it that they are led to appreciate the achievements of the race thus far and the present day realities in human affairs. They must also be led into some knowledge of the universe in which they live. It is not enough, he urged, to witness sunrise in the Tyrolese Alps by cinema in exactly ninety seconds as if one were saying "Step lively, there!" to the Eternal. It should be enjoyed personally in the long four hours needed to take it all in or by means of a proxy description on the part of someone who had entered into the complete experience.

A liberal education will also unfailingly make possible for the student a fresh realization of moral and spiritual values of life.

Where necessary, our educational programme should be readjusted so as to ensure the kind of process that is most likely to get the results desired. We have been too slow to revise and revitalize the curriculum of the small college and the university.

Every student should in his undergraduate days establish three important centres, a centre of control, a centre of production, and a centre of faith. He will naturally learn in these formative days to think more clearly, to feel more keenly, to will more justly, and to act more practically.

A GLIMPSE INTO THE CLASS BOOK OF '25

NEARLY every class can lay claim to some tradition or precedent which it has innovated. To Class '13 we owe the tradition of planting a class tree, and the dedication which has become such an integral part of our graduation exercises we owe to Class '21. Class '25 has the distinction of being the first class to keep a book in which has been recorded the activities of the class from its freshman year, with snapshots, programs and clippings all of which recall the many activities in which the class has had a part. This book is very dear to the members of the class and to-day I shall give you a glimpse into its pages.

In the first few pages I am reminded of the large class we were in our freshman year. Most of us were strangers to college life, but an unusually large proportion had taken academy work here and it was to this group that the class appealed for leadership, Fred Westcott being chosen president. Class '25 started its reputation as a hardworking group at the annual bazaar when the freshman booth won honors for making the most money.

No class really develops a class spirit during the freshman year and it was not until early in the sophomore year that Class '25 came to the realization that it was the best class that had ever been. Under the leadership of our honorary president, Professor Argue, and president Reg. Frith, '25 entered whole heartedly into all the college activities and had enough energy left over to plan and enjoy a large number of class activities, mainly social, as the pages devoted to the soph-year show.

Here I see parties after Lit, picnics, and as many festivities out of the bounds of the functions committee as we could manage.

By the end of our sophomore year we had become such a united group that we could not lose track of one another for even a few months. Our circle letter is here, but unfortunately the summer was not long enough to allow the letters to reach everyone in the class before college opened in the fall.

The members who returned in the fall of '23 enthusiastically planned a picnic on registration day—"before the functions committee began to function." The party started out merrily and it was only their bright spirits which kept the hikers from realizing that a storm was brooding overhead. The rest of the story can be imagined, but if the old saying is true that "a bad beginning

makes a good ending," this first party gave great promise of a splendid year. The class, undaunted by this disappointment shortly afterwards enjoyed a wiener roast at Sykes.

Class '25 though not noted for its vocal ability has decided poetic talent and at the Class Lit the modern rendering of Aladdin established Maria and Mary as playwrights.

In our book are reminders of the many class gatherings at Miss Turnbull's whom we were fortunate to have as our honorary president in our last two years. The evenings after church, the parties at her home and the picnics she gave us are some of the happiest times we have had.

We were not only interested in social events but were able to "put first things first" and we have tried to attend to our studies in a measure at least. Pol. Econ. 4, was especially interesting and Maria gives us a glimpse into one of the lectures in one of her inimitable poems.

Class '25 has shown that it possesses great executive ability. In the junior year eight of the eleven members on the main executive were drawn from our class and what is perhaps even more noteworthy is the fact that Class '25 boasts two Senior Sticks and two Lady Sticks.

The Senior year is in many ways the best of all. The thought of leaving makes every passing function more precious. To guide us in our final activities we again chose as our honorary president Miss Turnbull, Maria being chosen president. These last few weeks have been true to tradition—crowded with teas and parties. Here I see accounts of them all—the cross-work puzzle party at Sybil Kerr's, the dinner party at Flora Irish's, the delightful teas given us by Mrs. Weekes, Mrs. Magee, Mrs. MacNeill and Mrs. Kilgour, the luncheon Mrs. Wilkins gave the girls of the class and the evening the girls spent at Maria's home. Here I see the memorable Virginia Jumbo Party given us by Miss Turnbull.

These and many other good times are recorded in this class book and they bring back memories which are precious to us who are leaving college life. Our book is to be left behind us, and we hope it will help to keep Class '25 in the memory of those who are coming after.

HELEN C. HITCHINGS.

CLASS POEM

Think you the blind man who received his sight
At Bethsaida, healed by the light
Touch of the Master's hands upon his eyes,
Could tell to men how much the prize
Of sight meant to his very life and soul;
Or think you he could tell them how the whole
Universe changed, from one black, dismal night
To a world of color beautiful by light;
How the flower he held with almost reverent awe.
Marveling at its perfection and its law,
Did not exist for him while he was blind;
How its name left no impression on his mind?
T'is doubtful. As each object claimed his sight
His heart rejoiced at the Majesty and might
Of the one who had planned with a divine care
The universe, who willingly would share
Its glories and its beauties every part
With lesser creatures, children of his heart.
His spirit sang, His tongue could only say,
"Once I was blind, but I can see to-day."
Even so with us who've dwelt within these halls,
Us, whom even now the voice of duty calls.
How can we say what treasures we have gained
By living here? can values be explained
Which have no price? No. Though our world is changed
By law, like puzzles properly arranged
These values cannot be explained, but learned.
The right to solve the puzzle must be earned.
Guided by instructors whose whole lives were
Sound books of conduct, to which we might refer,
By their example taught to love the truth
More dearly than our lives, and by the couth
To study the unknown, nor leave unturned
One stone till all within our power be learned;
Taught to despise the petty, mean, and low,
The trivial and the foolish—and to know
The value of a life, the dignity
Of living—and its failure's tragedy.
Thus we have lived, have laughed and loved and earned,
Receiving the joys and trials we have earned.
If one should say what good has all this been?
You've spent your years, what profit did you win?
As that blind man we only can explain,
"We, who were blind, can see." All else is vain.

Not by our words, but living we must show
To men the debt of gratitude we owe
To those who brought new worlds and wider views
Before our eyes, who gave us power to choose,
To think, to value, and to reason,
To question, even to doubt, nor think it treason,
To criticize all truth with rational, clear
Mind, to accept through knowledge, not through fear.
To them we owe lives that will always be
A credit to their labor and sincerity,
We are their product, the working of their hand.
We must not fail to fulfill what they have planned,
For in our failure would be their defeat,
Such cruel ingratitude would surely not be meet.
Our best we owe to Brandon, what do we
Expect of her when presently
We're gone? In parting this one boon we ask,
That she will never waver in the task
Of building high ideals, such as she
Has built; that she will loyally maintain
The standards of the past, nor render vain
The efforts of the noble souls, who thought
Us worth their best, who lived, who fought,
That Brandon might be what it is to-day,
The home of honor, reverence, and fair play.
We ask that should we 'ere return again
To these old halls, though we may look in vain
For faces once so well known and so dear,
Yet we will find remaining always here
That spirit which has burned its very soul
Into the past, that spirit which has set its goal
Beyond all past achievement, and which grows
With the growing universe, and with those
Who hold to a growing Christ, a growing world.
Let not the bonds that 'round our hearts are curled,
Be broken by a broken standard which
Will change our college home from halls once rich
In modes and customs we have loved, into
A place estranged and unfamiliar, new.
We plead that this may never be. But may
The future feel its debt, as we today.
No words of ours our gratitude can tell,
How we have loved you, Brandon—Now farewell.

MARIA CORLETTE GRANT.

CLASS PROPHECY

Clark Hall, Brandon,
January 31st, 1935.

Dear Mary:

I received your last letter a week or so ago. You must be having a hot time down there among your natives. Well! you asked me to tell you what the various members of the class are doing. Don't you ever read the newspapers? The class is famous now and the members are frequently mentioned in the press of the world.

It is perhaps useless to tell you that Howard Umphrey is Premier of Canada. He has shown a tendency to climb ever since the day he painted the flag-pole at Brandon College. Flora and Elmer are also in Ottawa. Flora is the head of the new Social Service department and Elmer is the chief government analyst. He has made some remarkable discoveries in chemistry.

Margareta and Bert are living in Honolulu now. Bert has a pineapple farm and has recently managed to introduce a new kind of pineapple which grows in slices. He has received the monopoly of supplying pineapples to Brandon College. Margareta endeared herself to the natives immediately by teaching them a new method of dancing.

Stan left for Africa immediately after convocation as you know. Just last year he led an expedition into the Congo district and has not been heard of since. We are very much afraid that something has happened to him and efforts are being made to discover his whereabouts.

I am enclosing a programme of the recent recital given in Queen's Hall, London by Mary Henderson and W. Cecil Wilson. The players were personally commended by the King and it was impossible to find seats for all those who wished to attend.

Aleta and Maria are both in New York. Aleta married a millionaire and she recently built a new dormitory for girls at Brandon College. Maria is Editor-in-chief of the Literary Digest.

Miss Kee created a sensation just after you left. She was leading a very quiet life, teaching in Brandon College when suddenly the world was electrified by the news that she had eloped with a Russian prince. They are now living very happily in Chicago waiting until it will be safe for the prince to go home and claim his throne.

Mr. Petre returned to Sweden and has recently been awarded the Ski championship of the world. Bryce Salans is the principal of the Brookdale Collegiate and his recently introduced a new method of training pupils.

Of course you know that Freddie Westcott is president of Brandon College which has grown under his capable management. He is very young to be president but he is so successful that not even the usual critics have been able to make remarks about him. He is a confirmed bachelor although he still believes in coeducation.

Helen is here too. She is the wife of the philosophy professor. I have her come up once in a while to talk to the girls in vespers. I have promised the girls that you will tell them something about the South American natives if you ever come back to see us.

Harold Trotter is in the city too. He is a noted specialist and his miraculous operations have made him world-famous.

Anna has gone back to Lake Louise. She is married and is living in a delightful spot up there. She is planning to make a toboggan slide from the top of one of the highest mountains. She thinks that the impetus given to the toboggan when coming down the slope will carry it for several miles when it reaches the bottom.

Fred Friend is the Editor of the new Journal of physics which was started a few years ago. Harvey Warren is one of the physicist-reporters. Reuben is on the staff too. He has taken up his abode in Siberia where he is teaching in a college for confirmed murderers.

Reg. Frith was a doctor for a time. He went up to the Yukon and carried on his practice there. However a movie director came up to film a picture of the wilds. He saw Reg's curls and immediately offered him a salary of \$200,000 a week. Reg is now kept busy autographing copies of his picture for his numerous admirers. He has become more popular than Valentino ever was and he has remained in the movies in spite of the constant admonitions of Ernest who does not take kindly to Reg's new occupation.

You will see from this that Ernest is a very staid and serious minister. He has recently started a movement for the abolition of the usual endings of movies. He is pastor of the First Baptist Church in Douglas and his new campaign necessitates trips into Brandon to see every new movie.

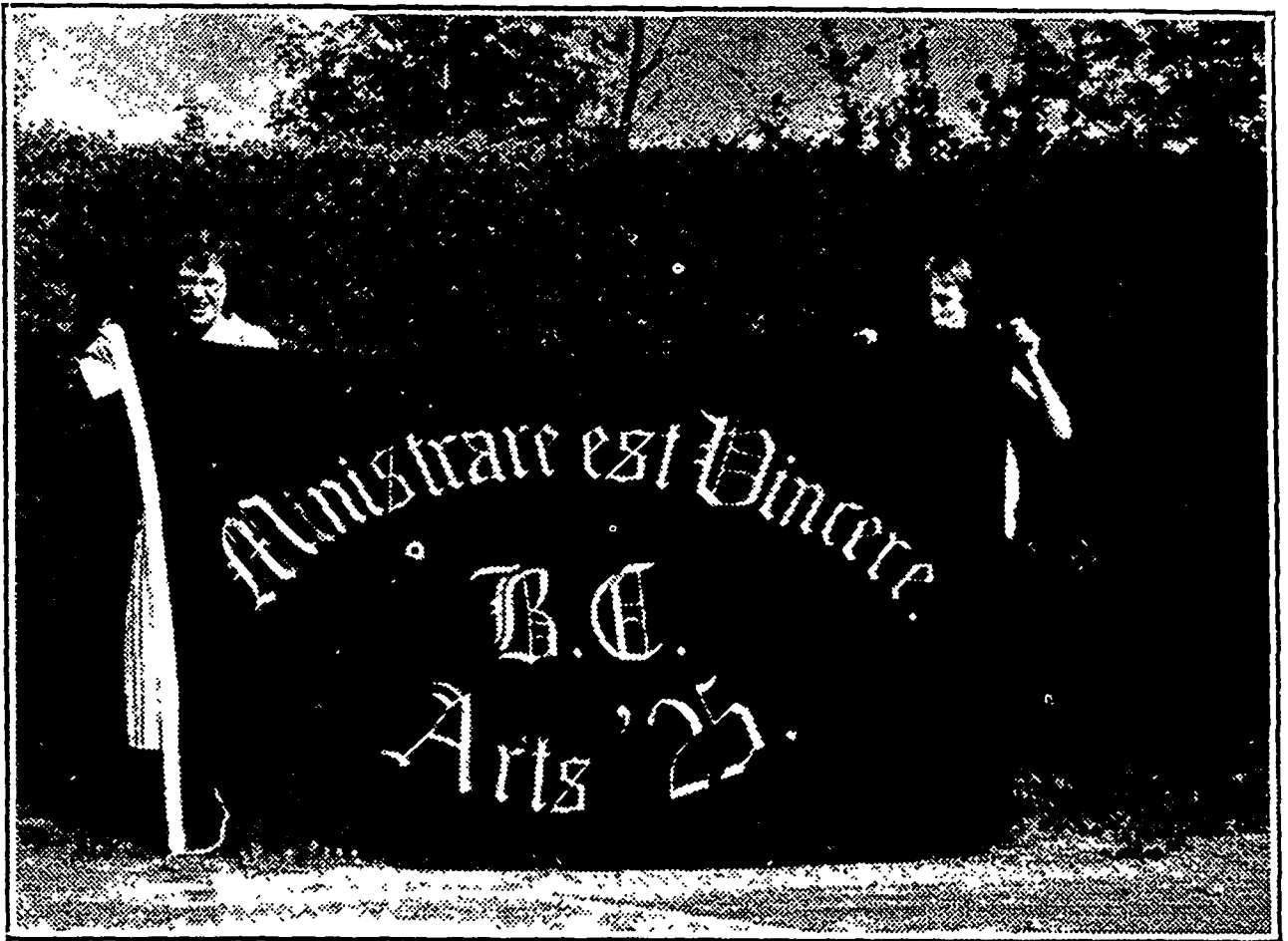
Hazel Dunseith has just completed her new book on "Sociology and practical methods of Teaching it." It is being used as a text-book in Brandon College.

Well, Mary, I must stop now. Since you don't seem to be willing to return to civilization I'll leave you among your natives.

Sincerely,

Kathleen Kenner.

MARY McL. MACDONALD.



THE ARTS BANQUET

The Annual Banquet in honor of the graduating classes was held in the Prince Edward Hotel on March 10th. Despite the inclemency of the weather an unusually large number of guests was present. The room and tables were very effectively decorated in the class colours, cherry and silver. After full justice had been done to a delicious repast Dean MacNeill proposed a toast to the King, following it by a toast to our Heroic Dead. With this toast, in simple yet touching language, Dr. MacNeill coupled the name of our fallen leader, Dr. Sweet. His words made a profound impression on his hearers and brought the spirit of our late President very close to us.

The programme was as follows:

King and Country.

The Chairman, Dean MacNeill God Save the King

Our Heroic Dead.

Graduating Class.

Miss Ruth Willey '27 Reginald Frith '25

Alma Mater.

Miss Marjorie McKenzie '24 Dr. J. R. Evans

Vocal Solo—Dr. E. S. Bolton.

Our Ladies.

Harold Batho '26 Miss Irene Drysdale '27

The concluding features of the programme were the rendering of its song and yell by class '25 and the college yell, led by the graduating class.

TOAST TO THE GRADUATING CLASS

As I view the present scene I am led to think of the bard of old who was wont to delight his hearers, gathered around the festal board, with tales of chivalry and valor. He sang of gallant youths and maidens fair and caused the hearts of sires and maidens to swell with pride. My theme to-night is no less noble and I would that I had the power of utterance that was his so that I might present it with the beauty and force which it deserves.

As I pondered upon the deeds of the classes in whose honor we are gathered here to-night, like Sir Launfal "a vision flew into my soul." I beheld the chapel deserted and silent. A stream of pure moonlight formed a luminous pathway across the room and brightened the face of the quiet-eyed woman whose portrait has hung on the west wall for years. I was struck by the singular beauty of her

expression. Never before had I noticed the sympathy and humor in her deep blue eyes. As I gazed her lips began to move and silvery tones broke the stillness.

“Come, sleepy echoes and dusky-faced shadows who bear me company in the long night watches, gather around me that I may unburden myself of pent-up thoughts and feelings.

“You have heard, no doubt, of the classes whose members are about to leave these halls and go forth to participate in the tasks of the world. It seems only yesterday that they took their places in our midst. I think I see them now as they sat in the far end of the chapel that bright September morning nearly four years ago.”

“As she spoke she looked straight down the bar of moonlight. I turned my eyes in the direction of her gaze and was astonished to see pictured there the scene which she was describing.

“What timid, hopeful faces are theirs and with what mischievous glances they duck their heads as the wise and seasoned professor tells of the dire calamity which will befall those who indulge in idle talk.

“In that carefree group I was able to distinguish two who had taken academic work here and I was glad to see again their happy faces. But there were many whose faces were unfamiliar and who I learned to know and love as time went on. Among the latter were two who were not so carefree for they had witnessed scenes on the fields of France which had given them food for serious thought.

“The personnel has changed since then but the essence of good cheer and practical common sense has remained throughout the years. Rarely has been found in one small group such initiative and executive ability.

“What picture is this? Oh, yes, this is the scene which I witnessed on that morning a year ago, I remember it so well, when I heard for the first time the basket-ball players cheered for their splendid work the previous evening. Some of these players are members of the departing classes and the team will sustain a great loss when they leave its ranks. I have wished that I could see those games. I know they must be wonderful. There is the yell leader dashing wildly from side to side. I often feel like laughing aloud as I watch him, but how can I when I see the seriousness and enthusiasm with which the students respond to his imperious gesticulations. Young folks are queer, very queer, but so interesting my dears.

“The picture which I now behold is a more recent one for it is the one I saw the night the Senior Class presented their Lit’ last fall. There is the editor interviewing reporters, biographers and aspiring playwrights. There are the old-fashioned photographs which reminded me of my family album with its numerous tin-types. There is the interesting play and the thrilling court scene. I am captivated by the ready wit, the sparkling humor and refreshing originality displayed upon such occasions. It is on these nights when I am privileged to see behind the scenes and witness the friendly cooperation and spirit of loyalty which actuate one and all that I become really acquainted with the individual members and learn to love them.

“Here is another scene which I dearly love, these S.C.M. meetings in which the religious side of student life becomes evident. I am impressed by the sincere, devout attitude of all present and particularly of those taking active part. By entering so heartily and sincerely into these religious services the senior students have not only broadened and deepened their own spiritual natures but have influenced the students of junior years to give thought to the more serious things of life.

“When I think of the happy hours I have spent with these students and realize that they are soon to leave these protecting walls I am sad. But I must not be selfish, I must remember that though we are bereft the world will be blessed. Perhaps in future years I will see some return to their Alma Mater and cast in their lot with ours. I see in this group potential statesmen, doctors, teachers, scientists and theologians. My only hope is that I will be allowed to remain in this dear old room and hear the reports concerning their activities in the outside world and be able to welcome back any who may see fit to return.”

The sweet voice ceased, the moonbeam vanished, the echoes and shadows crept back to slumbers and I was left once more alone with my thoughts.

I had been enabled to get a true perspective of the activities of these classes and I realized as I had never realized before how great a part they play in our life, just what their example has meant to us.

I wish to say to you, the members of the graduating classes, that the lady of the portrait truly expressed the feelings of those who are being left behind. We thank you for your kindly cooperation and for the splendid standard

which you have set for us to follow. We wish you success and happiness as you leave our midst to enter upon your chosen work.

R. W. '27.

GRADUATION RECITAL IN PIANO

On the evening of January thirteenth, the Collegiate auditorium was filled to its capacity with eager and appreciative listeners who had gathered in spite of one of the worst storms of the winter, to hear the graduation recital in piano, of Miss Mary Henderson, pupil of Mr. W. L. Wright.

Miss Henderson's rendering of the various numbers of her well-arranged programme, proved her possession of technical skill and fine interpretative powers. The interest of the audience was keen throughout, was even enthusiastic over many of the selections.

Miss Henderson was charmingly and graciously assisted by Mrs. O. A. C. Wilkins whose beautiful voice was never heard to better advantage than on this occasion.

Both artists were the recipients of beautiful flowers and at the close of the recital Mr. and Mrs. Wright entertained in their honor in the drawing-room of Clark Hall.

The programme was as follows:

PART I

1. Concerto in A Minor, Op. 54 Schumann
(First Movement)
(Orchestral accompaniment on second piano)
2. Sonata Op. 2 No. 3 Beethoven
Allegro con brio
Scherzo, Trio
Allegro assai
3. Adieu Forets
Recitative and Aria (Jeanne d'Arc) Tschaikowsky
4. (a) Melody Rachmaninoff
(b) Polichinelle (Clog dance) Rachmaninoff

PART II

5. (a) Song (Sea Pieces) MacDowell
(b) Waltz, E Minor Chopin
(c) Angel of Beauty Schubert-Liszt
6. (a) Bid Me Discourse Bishop
(b) Du bist wie eine Blume Liszt
(c) L'ete (Summer) Chaminade
7. Hungarian Rhapsody No. 12 Liszt
God Save The King.

ALUMNI LUNCHEON

The evening of Saturday, May 23rd was the occasion of the annual banquet of the Brandon College Alumni Association. A large number of graduates with faculty and guests gathered in the dining-room of the Prince Edward Hotel to celebrate the event. The tables were originally and tastily decorated with Marsh-Marigold and blue candles to represent the college colors, while along the wall were draped in array the flags of graduating classes '21 to '25.

First in the order of the events of the evening came the partaking of a most satisfying menu which had been provided. This was merely a setting to the excellent program which followed under the direction of Rev. C. J. Stone '21, President of the Association. A new feature, in the form of a sing-song, introduced and ably led by Mr. Stone served to remove any suspicions of reserve or undue formality which may have lingered about the gathering. This was followed by the regular business part of the meeting including the announcement of the names of the newly elected officers of the Association for the coming year:

Honorary Presidents	Dr. A. P. McDiarmid
	Chancellor H. P. Whidden
President	Dr. J. R. Evans '13
First Vice-President	Miss G. Whidden '18
Second Vice-President	Mr. J. A. Wicklund '21
Third Vice-President	Mr. A. J. Kennedy '24
Secretary-Treasurer	Miss S. Kerr '23

The first toast of the evening, the toast to the king was responded to by the singing of the National Anthem. In a few fitting words the President then gave reminder of the great loss sustained in the death of our President, Dr. Sweet and a silence toast was observed in his memory. The toast to Alma Mater in which the Rev. W. B. Freeman '05 gave in a very interesting manner reminiscences of early college days was responded to by Dr. McNeill in his usual forceful way with a word of hope for the future greatness of Brandon College. Dr. Evans '13 in his toast to the graduating classes of '25 spoke in high terms of their contribution to the life of the College during the four years of their stay within its walls, and welcomed them into the Alumni ranks. Fred Westcott '25 in reply expressed the devotion of the members of the classes to the high ideals of Brandon College, and the determination of himself and his class members to worthily represent their Alma Mater in the world at

large. Miss Vera Leech '13 then gave the toast to our guests. This was responded to by Miss M. Sweet, Dr. J. J. Ross of Vancouver and Chancellor Whidden. It was a special pleasure to have with us Chancellor Whidden and to receive from him a message of unbounded faith in the high destiny of our Alma Mater. During the course of the evening, two very pleasing numbers, a solo by Miss Esther Moore '13 and a reading by Miss Leeman were greatly enjoyed. The evening's program was brought to an end with the singing of "Hail Our College."

The luncheon was not only in numbers an unusual success, but it evidenced a spirit of interest and devotion which clearly demonstrates the growing importance to graduates, of the association as an organization which helps to link them up with Alma Mater and the other members of that evergrowing body of young men and women, who as graduates of Brandon College are leaving their Alma Mater for the bigger life in the world without.

A very interesting ceremony took place on the afternoon of May 14th when Class '25 assembled outside of Brandon College for the purpose of planting a class tree. A hole had been dug previously and the members of the class gathered around it. After the tree had been placed in position each contributed a shovelful of earth to the filling. The names of the class members were written on a card and buried at the roots of the tree. May they inspire it to live and grow to such an extent that those members of the class who chance to return years hence may point to its outspread branches with pride and say: "Behold the tree of Class '25."

Following the convocation exercises a reception was held in Clark Hall, the friends of the graduates being the guests of the college Board and Faculty.

After the reception the final meeting of Class '25 was held. Several points of business were discussed. The question of the class gift was raised, it was decided that each member should give \$50 to the Memorial Gymnasium Fund. A reunion five years from July first was planned and in order to keep in touch with each other a circle letter is to be started this year. The permanent executive was elected, Miss Turnbull being Honorary President, Bert McDorman President, Maria Grant Vice-President and Helen Hitchings Secretary.



DEDICATION SERVICE

Sunday morning, May 24th although bright, was decidedly chilly, but despite this a large number of the Faculty, students and friends of the graduates gathered on the college lawn to participate in the dedication service conducted by the graduating class. Promptly at ten o'clock the graduates, led by Miss J. M. Turnbull, honorary president of the class, filed from Clark Hall and took their stand under the flag-pole. Miss Maria Grant, the class president, had charge of the ceremony, which was opened with the hymn, "The Son of God goes forth to War," all present joining in the singing. The scripture passage, Romans 12, was read by Anna Hornfeldt and Stanley Elson led in prayer. The class flag, bearing the motto "Ministrare est Vincere" was then raised by Kathleen Kenner and Harvey Warren, after which the dedication hymn "Lead on, O King Eternal" was sung by the class.

The dedication address was delivered by Ernest Reimer, who, basing his remarks on the scripture passage read delivered a stirring message, drawing a sharp contrast between the idea of conquest by force and the Christ ideal of conquest by love. He called on his fellow class-mates to dedicate themselves to the higher life of service, service to their fellowmen and their Master.

The ceremony was concluded with the benediction, pronounced by Dean MacNeill.



CLASS DAY

Monday, May 25th was the day set aside as the day for the class exercises. Miss Turnbull, the Honorary President, was chairman and gave a very inspiring address to the graduates. The class history by Helen Hitchings gave the audience a glimpse into the Class Book, which is precious with memories for Class '25. A violin solo by Bill Wilson was greatly enjoyed. Maria Grant read the class poem, and the prophecy was given by Mary Macdonald. The valedictory was delivered by Fred Friend. A firm faith in the future of Brandon College was established and the class through their valedictorian bade a final farewell to their Alma Mater.

Class '25 proved themselves very adept at working out cross-word puzzles when they spent the evening of April 2nd at the home of Sybil Kerr of Class '23. Partners were arranged for and each couple was given a cross-word puzzle to work out. The vocabulary of class '25 was considerably enlarged and many heretofore unthought of words were conjured up out of the 26 letters of the alphabet. Ernest and Aleta with the aid of Webster's and the "Who's

Who" column succeeded in completing their puzzle first and were the recipients of a basket of chocolate Easter eggs. A very dainty lunch was served later, Miss Turnbull presiding at the tea table and Miss Muriel Shewan assisting the hostess in serving the guests.

The graduating class were the guests of honour at a very delightful tea on April 3rd at the home of Mrs. F. W. Weekes. Mrs. Kilgour and Mrs. Shewan presided at the prettily appointed tea-table while the Misses Ruth Clement, Marjorie McKenzie and Mamie Matthews assisted in serving the guests.

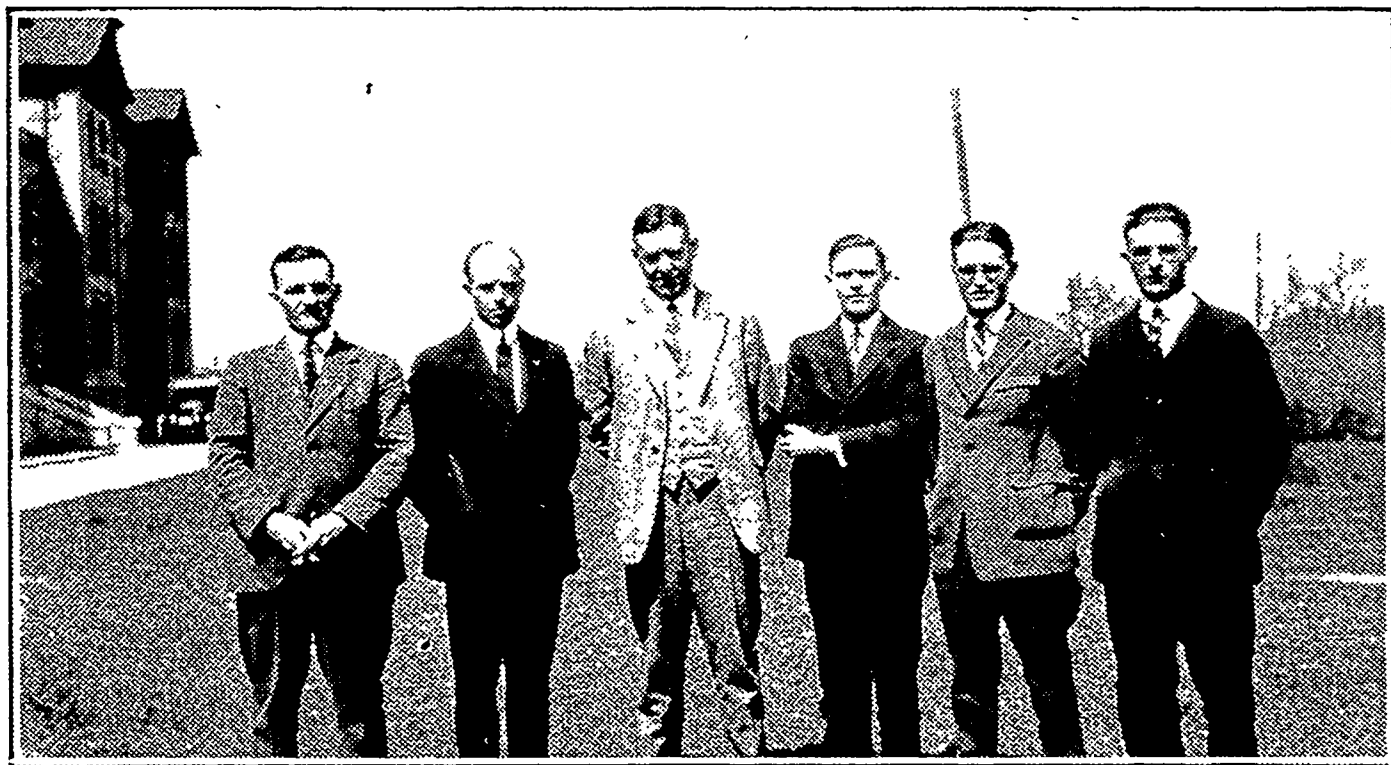
On Thursday April 9th Class '25 attended a delightful tea given in their honor by Mrs. Magee, 236 Seventh Street. Miss Maria Grant presided at the tea table. Misses Marjorie and Ruby Magee assisted in serving the dainty refreshments.

One of the best evenings that Class '25 has ever enjoyed was spent on Saturday April 4th when Mr. and Mrs. Irish and Flora entertained the class to dinner at their home on Dennis Street. The tables were very effectively decorated in the class colours. A sumptuous repast was served by several of the girls from the college, and afterwards games were indulged in. Dr. Evans and Miss Turnbull received particular benefit from these, Dr. Evans adding considerably to his knowledge of anatomy while Miss Turnbull received several lessons in the subtlety of French pronunciation, especially in such fine distinctions as between "cheveux" and "chevaux." The Deacon demonstrated his ability as a stock salesman and incidentally discovered a new method of discriminating between sugar and salt.

A sing song in which all joined heartily rounded off the evening, which will remain with the members of the class as one of their most cherished memories.

Sunday, April 26th was the occasion of a delightful luncheon in honour of the girls of the graduating class held at the home of Mrs. Wilkins. The class colors of cherry and silver were prettily carried out in the table decorations.

Small leather bound copies of standard and classic literary works, tied with silver and cherry ribbons formed the favours at each girl's place. The girls of '25 will always remember this as one of the happiest and most delightful occasions at which they were the guests of honour. The kindest wishes from Class '25 go with Dr. and Mrs. Wilkins.



Dr. Wilkins and Special Physics Class

The members of the Special Physics class spent a very pleasant evening early in April, when, with Mrs. Sweet, they were the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Wilkins at dinner. The last of several such occasions, this will remain in the memory of the class as one of its most cherished recollections. The generous hospitality and sincere friendliness of the host and hostess, the reminiscences and animated conversation in the firelight's soft glow, the homelike atmosphere created by the crackling of the logs, lent wings to the evening hours. The best wishes of the class will go with Dr. and Mrs. Wilkins as they leave to continue their work in other fields.

Dr. and Mrs. MacNeill, so dearly loved by every student who passes through college halls, held a delightful tea on Thursday May 14th. It was in honor of Dr. and Mrs. Wilkins and the graduates of '25.

Mrs. Wilkins and Miss Maria Grant assisted Mrs. MacNeill in receiving the guests. Mrs. McManus and Mrs. Kilgour presided at the tea table during first hour while Miss Turnbull and Mrs. Darrach did the honours the second hour. The Misses Kathleen Condell and Katherine Kilgour assisted in serving the guests.

Class '25 has always looked forward with eager anticipation to spending an evening at Miss Turnbull's home and they were not disappointed when on May 19th they gathered there for a Virginia Jumbo Party. Dr. and Mrs. MacNeill and Mr. and Mrs. Wright were among the guests. Partners were arranged and two groups were formed for contests which occupied the greater part of the evening. A peanut hunt and a stabbing contest—peanuts being the victims—aroused great enthusiasm as, too, did the doll-making contest. Almost every walk of life was represented by these dolls of peanuts and crepe paper, from Diogenes and his lantern to the circus clown. After the judging of the dolls by Miss Turnbull and Mrs. Wright a delightful lunch was served. The rendering of the class yell brought a splendid evening to a close.

On Thursday, May 21st, Miss Turnbull and the girls of the graduating class motored out about eight miles to Maria's home. After some trouble caused by an apparent attack of hay fever in one of the engines, and by the sympathy and solicitation of the occupants of the other car, the party arrived and were welcomed by Maria's aunt and father. Everyone was almost famished, but Miss Grant had a wonderful dinner prepared, and when she saw the amazing appetites of the girls it would not be surprising if she said with the poet:—

“Now good digestion, wait on appetite,
And health on both!”

After dinner Aleta presided at the piano, and everyone sang old favorites with great gusto and more or less harmony. All too soon the time came to go home and each left with a feeling of regret but with sincere gratitude to the Grant family for having so royally entertained them.

On May 22nd, Miss Margaret Kilgour of '26 entertained Class '25 at tea. Mrs. Kilgour and Miss Kilgour welcomed the guests. Mrs. Shewan and Mrs. Matheson presided at the tea table, while Misses Katherine Kilgour, Norma Watts, Rose Vasey and Edith Irish assisted in serving the dainty refreshments.

Harold Trotter entertained the class in a very unique and much enjoyed way by arranging for a ride in the big Blue Line Transportation Bus. After the ride the class enjoyed tea at Harold's home, the only regret being that we had to leave early in order to be at the college in time for the Class Day exercises.

The graduating class enjoyed a delightful evening at the home of Miss Turnbull after the Baccalaureate Service. Chancellor Whidden, Dr. Freeman and a number of the alumni were present. A dainty lunch was served by Miss Tena Turnbull and Miss Sybil Kerr, after which Rev. C. G. Stone and Miss Beatrice Clendenning sang several delightful songs.

One of the last, and certainly one of the most delightful events of convocation week, was the reception given by the Lieutenant Governor and Lady Aikens on the afternoon of convocation. The graduating class, their friends, and the board and faculty of the college, were graciously received in the drawing room of the Prince Edward Hotel by Sir James and Lady Aikens and Miss Betty Aikens, whose warm hospitality during the afternoon was certainly appreciated by their guests.

BACCALAUREATE SERMON

The First Baptist Church was taxed to capacity on the evening of Sunday May 24th, when the Rev. J. J. Ross of Vancouver, preached the baccalaureate sermon. The graduates occupied the front seats of the centre section, the remainder of which was filled by the faculty and students. Dr. Whidden, who led in prayer, and Dean MacNeill, who introduced the speaker of the evening, shared the platform with the Rev. C. G. Stone, pastor of the church, and Dr. Ross.

The service was greatly enriched by the beautiful solo "The Voice in The Wilderness" sung by Mrs. Wilkins, and by the rendering of the anthem, "Sun of my Soul," by the choir.

The essential divinity and essential humanity of Christ were emphasized by Dr. Ross, who based his sermon on John I. 1-18.

CHRIST INCARNATE THE ETERNAL WORD OF GOD

"In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. The same was in the beginning with God. All things were made by Him; and without Him was not any thing made that was made. In Him was life; . . . And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us (and we behold His glory, the glory as of the only Begotten of the Father), full of grace and truth."

John 1:1-4, 14.

WHAT we have in the first eighteen verses of this chapter is commonly called the "Prologue" of the Gospel by John. In this Prologue or introduction John summarizes the contents of his book and presents, in a very condensed form, an abstract of the history he is about to relate in detail. That the Eternal Word, in Whom was the life of all things, became flesh and manifested Himself among men: that some ignored while others recognized Him and some received while others rejected Him, this is what John desires to exhibit in his Gospel, and this is what he outlines and states in this compact and pregnant introductory passage. He briefly describes a Being Whom he names repeatedly the Word; he explains the connection of this Being, first, with God, and then with created things; he tells how He came to the world and dwelt among men, and he remarks pointedly upon the reception accorded Him. He also states the connection of the Word with those who receive Him by affirming "to as many as received Him, to them gave He the authority and the ability to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name."

At this time I want to call your attention to the Glory of the Incarnation as presented to us in these wonderful passages. We will concentrate our thought upon two parts of that subject, noticing first, The Nature of the Being Whom John Declares Became Incarnate; and, second, The Incarnation of that Being Described here as The Word. These two thoughts will help us to get a glimpse of the manifested glory of Christ as the Eternal Word of God.

In the first place we will notice The Nature of the Being Who Became Incarnate. John makes no apology nor explanation in giving that Being a title that was commonly understood by both Jews and Greeks at that time. This name is peculiar to John in the New Testament. He designates this Being as "The Word," three times in the first verse. In the First Epistle of John (1:1) He is called "The Word of Life." In the Revelation (19:13) He is called "The Word of God." The Greek is "Logos" and means, first, "thought" or "concept," and, second, the "expression of thought or concept." In this title we have a most felicitous designation of Christ. In expression Christ is the Being through Whom God the Father manifested His thought, feeling, will and power. In Christ was embodied all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge. Now, what does John declare or distinctly state concerning "The Word"?

First and foremost, John declares in this passage The Eternal subsistence or existence of the Word, "In the beginning was the Word." Or, read it this way, "In the beginning the Word was." Some tell us that the word "beginning" refers here to eternity before time, which had no commencement. That may be true. But the thought actually is that before time had a commencement, or things began to be, "the Word was." He antedates then the beginning of all things. He Himself did not become or have a beginning. Here we have the eternity of the Word emphasized. The fact of Christ's pre-existence is stated in many other verses. For instance, we are repeatedly informed that God sent His Son into this world (Rom. 8:3; Gal. 4:4) and the implication is that, before He sent Him, He already was. Referring to His pre-incarnate subsistence, the Apostle declares, "He was rich." (2 Cor. 8:9). In order for Him to be rich in the eternal ages before time, He already was. This is borne out clearly by our Lord's own statements, as when He said (John 8:58), "Before Abraham was, I am." The Saviour also prayed (John 17:5), "Father, glorify Thou Me with the glory I had with Thee before the world was." According to His own statements, He existed before the time and life of Abraham and had glory with the Father before the foundations of the earth were laid. In order for Him to have glory before the world was He already had and was having existence. It is clear from this passage, and from many passages in the Scriptures, that the Word, Christ, had an eternal pre-existent life as the Everlasting Fellow of Jehovah.

Not only have we here the eternal existence or subsistence of the Word, but also the eternal inter-communion of the Word with God. "And the Word was with God." This language is fraught with the richest significance, "The same was in the beginning with God." It is difficult to penetrate to the depths of its meaning. It requires the experience in order to fully appreciate its significance. It does not merely describe co-existence with God; it is something more than that. What is here touched briefly upon is active relation of intercourse as a fellow-companion. God the Father had intercourse in thought, feeling and will with the Word, and the Word had intercourse with God the Father in thought, feeling, will and activity. He Who was from all eternity was also in communion with God. Though He was, in a sense, second along with God, yet He was not separate from God in His feeling, thinking and willing. His tendencies were all toward God the Father, and in the feeling, thinking, and willing of the Father, His tendencies were all toward the Son. There was then a happy and harmonious social life, as far as the Son and the Father

were concerned in eternity, between God Jehovah and Christ, the Eternal Word of God.

Not only have we here the eternal subsistence of the Word, and the eternal inter-communion of the Word with God, but we also have His eternal identity with the Father as well. "And the Word was God," that is, in substance and essence God. In the New Testament there are three definitions of God, but taking them altogether they are not a complete definition of Jehovah. Christ defined God in this very book as "Spirit," saying, "God is Spirit," meaning He has not a physical form, not visible, not tangible. John elsewhere described God as a God of love and a God of light. The author of the Epistle to the Hebrews, speaking under Divine inspiration and referring to Christ (Heb. 1:8), said, "Thy thorne, O God, is forever and ever." There Christ is called "Jehovah." He was Jehovah in His pre-existent state and life. In referring to Christ John (1 John 5:20) said, "This is the true God." The Apostle Paul has a very significant way of describing Christ. He does not call Him God, but says that He was in the "form of God." (Phil. 2:5.) His exact words are: "Who being in the form of God." The word "being" has the significance of existing or subsisting, the reference being to His state and life prior to His Incarnation and humiliation. In this passage the language used is as strong as it possibly can be made. Not only was Christ God prior to His Incarnation, but He was "in the form of God." What is the form of a thing? The form of a thing is all the characteristics that go and combine to make up the object designated. We speak sometimes of "the form of a spade." This describes all the characteristics that go to make up that instrument called a spade. We say, "It was in the form of a sword," and we mean by that all the characteristics that are necessary to that instrument, such as substance, configuration, point, edge, hilt and handle. The "form" of a sword is a sword in all of its qualities. When Paul says Christ subsisted before the world was in the form of God it means that He had the substance, the essence and all the attributes of God. What are attributes? They are Life, Personality, Self-Existence, Immutability, Truth, Love, Holiness, Eternity, Immensity, Omnipresence, Omniscience, Omnipotence, Faithfulness, Goodness and Justice. Yes, Christ, as The Eternal Word, subsisted before time was in "the form of God." He was God from all eternity, not separate from the Father, but with the Father, equal to the Father, and in the bosom of the Father.

Yes, Christ, as the Eternal Word of God, existed before all things, enjoyed communion with God, and was Himself identified with God throughout all eternity. But there is something more presented to us here. It is the work of Christ when time and things began. This is not the work of Christ in redemption, but the work of Christ in creation as the Eternal Word. "All things were made by Him and without Him was not anything made (brought into being) that was made." This is a plain and positive denial of the eternity and non-creation of all things that exist which was held by the whole thinking world outside of Judaism and Christianity at that time. The proper creation of all things that exist was never so much as dreamed of at that time save by the sons and daughters of revealed religion. There was absolutely not one single thing that came into being without the exercise of the infinite wisdom and unlimited ability of the Eternal Word. The Eternal Word was the "first-born of all creation," not in the sense that He was the first One created, but rather in the sense that He was prior to and produced all things that came to be.

In comparison with creation, He is superior to it. Another passage says that the Eternal Word was "the beginning of the creation of God," not in the passive sense, but rather in the active sense, exercising His power and putting forth His will and thus becoming absolutely the Agent of creation, the Sphere of creation, the Life of creation, the Bond of creation. "For by Him were all things created that are in heaven and that are in earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones or dominions or principalities or powers; all things were created by and for Him; and He is before all things and by Him all things are held together."

Thus the whole universe of God is set in one class and the Eternal Word of God, Christ Jesus our Lord, is set over against it. How near this should bring us to Jesus Christ! He created all things by the Word of His power and the whole course of human affairs and all natural processes is directed by Him; not only Who was with the Father before the world was, but by Him Who died upon the cross and rose again. The helm of the universe is held by the hands which were pierced for us. He is the Creator, the Lord and the Mover of all things and He is the One on whose love we may pillow our aching heads. He comes to us with all the blessedness and fulness of His grace into the storm, or out of the storm, and we hear Him say, "It is I: be not afraid."

This leads us to a consideration of The Incarnation of the Being spoken of here as The Word. "And the Word was made flesh." You will notice that the word "made" is used four times in these passages. It says, "All things were made by Him and without Him was not anything made that was made." In the fourteenth verse the reading is, "The Word was made flesh." Sometimes when we use the word "made" we mean "fitted," "formed" or "shaped." The idea suggested is that of a formative process. This is what it means when we read that God "made man" on the physical side of his nature. We have this use of the word at least three times in this Gospel. We read, for instance, that Christ "made" disciples. This does not mean that He created a new order of beings; it does mean, however, that He took an old order of beings, sinful men and women, and so touched them within that He changed their dispositions and made them new beings in their thinking, feeling, willing and acting. We also read that He made a "scourge" of small cords. That is, He picked up the cords that had been used for the tying and the binding of the sacrificial victims, and wove these cords into a whip or scourge. It was not a creative, but rather a formative act.

We also read that He made "clay," which means that He took clay, softened it by His own saliva, and then fashioned it into a poultice and applied it to the eyes of the blind man. This also was a formative act. The word "made" in our text does not describe formative process. It is the word "became" and is thus rendered in the Revised Version. Christ came to be in flesh. This does not mean that the substance of God was turned into the substance of flesh. It means rather that the Word assumed flesh or entered into flesh, remaining the same in essence and substance all the while. There are many other passages that refer to this act. For instance, we read (1 John 4:2) that Christ "came in the flesh." We read in another (Gal. 4:4) that in the fullness of time God sent forth His Son "made of a woman, made under the law." In still another passage (Rom. 8:3) we are informed that God sent forth His Son in the likeness of sinful flesh and, as an offering for sin, condemned sin in the flesh. And still

in another passage (Heb. 2:14) we read that "as the children are partakers of flesh and blood," that is, perishable human nature, "He also Himself took part of the same." Furthermore, in another passage we read that when Christ assumed human nature He took the form of a servant, the likeness of men and was found in fashion as a man. (Phil. 2:6-8.) When it declares that the Word became flesh it means that He assumed human nature in its frailty, weakness, dependence, limitations. There are several things about this act now that we must notice.

We must notice first that the act of Incarnation on the part of the Eternal Word was voluntary, "The Word became flesh." He was not formed, fitted or fashioned into flesh as if by the agency of another; He chose to become flesh Himself; He desired it and willed it and finally accomplished it all Himself. There is another passage that emphasizes this thought. (Phil. 5:2.) It says: He made Himself of no reputation, He took upon Himself the form of a servant, He made Himself in the likeness of men, He humbled Himself and became obedient unto death, even the death on the cross. Concerning His death He said: "I have power to lay down my life and I have power to take it again." He had the authority and the ability to assume human nature and He assumed human nature by His own will and choice.

Notice further that the act of Incarnation was complete. "The Word became flesh." This does not mean merely that He became something physical, material, tangible and visible; it means, rather, that He became humanity in its entirety. Paul, speaking of this, says: "He took the form of a servant." The word "form" conveys the idea of all the characteristics necessary to a human being. Now notice that the Eternal Word became flesh, not man, not woman, not child, not infant, not any particular race or member of any particular tribe or nation, but simply and inclusively flesh. All that is tender, sweet and beautiful in childhood was assumed by Him. All that is pure and modest and winsome in womanhood was assumed by Him. All that is strong and noble and commanding in manhood was assumed by Him. Every individual of the human race, every family, tribe, nation and people in the whole social order was represented in Him. He assumed flesh, not in the general sense, but in the particular sense; that is, unfallen, individual human nature in its completeness and its finality. Christ was truly a man, in body, soul, spirit, will. He was in the likeness of manhood and lived under the conditions and the circumstances of manhood, knowing poverty and wealth, weakness and power, intelligence and ignorance. "The Word became flesh."

This leads us to notice that the act of the Incarnation of the Eternal Word was supernatural, being in itself beyond the known powers and laws of human nature. It is important that we should notice that here. We will read the verses, "But as many as received Him to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name." Christ did not "become" in any sense the Son of God, in title, in privilege or in nature. He always was the Son of God in nature, in title and in privilege. We become sons of God through faith in Christ, in nature, in title and also in privilege. We become sons through receiving Christ as Saviour and Lord. Notice now the next verse. It says, Which or Who, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, was born, but of God. Four different times in this verse we have the little word "of," which means "out of." It says here that these sons of "out of God." The particular thing

that the writer is God and this Christ of God were born of God, meaning emphasizing here this, that in no sense, or in no way whatsoever, did the Eternal Word, Christ, becoming Incarnate, come out of bloods, such as the combined bloods of natural human parents, nor out of the impulses of human nature, nor out of the will, choice or efforts of a man as a husband and father, but rather out from God and by the sovereign power of God. Christ did not come out of, nor was He evolved from human nature when He became Incarnate. He rather came out from God into human nature by the supernatural agency of the Holy Spirit. This is emphasized in many other passages, especially the first and second chapters of the Gospels by Matthew and Luke. The Creed has it, and has it correctly, "Conceived of the Holy Ghost and born of the Virgin Mary." The birth of Christ was natural, being accomplished by the operation of the laws of nature; the conception was supernatural, nature being passive, and God the Holy Spirit being the sovereign operating Agent. It was in the conception of Christ by the Holy Ghost when and where the biological miracle was performed. The method of this wondrous act is not described in our passage, and it is not described in any other passage in the Word of God, though the agency of it is repeatedly suggested and stated. What took place when Christ became Incarnate in human form is the norm of what takes place when men and women are born spiritually of the Holy Ghost today.

Moreover, the thought is forced upon us and suggested by the passages before us that the act of the Incarnation was and is mysterious, being beyond human intellectual comprehension. Paul realized this to be a fact when he said, "Great is the mystery of godliness: God manifest in the flesh." There is not much given to us concerning the entrance of the Eternal Word into human nature. Mary was told by the heavenly messenger that she was to become the mother of the Messiah. On hearing this announcement she asked: "How shall this be?" It was beyond her reasoning ability. Nature, as she understood it, said it could not be; human reason said it could not be; God said, "It can and it will be," and so it became. Then the angel went on to speak plainly to her by stating, "The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Highest shall overshadow thee. Therefore, also, that Holy Thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God." This was the promise. There is only one small passage in the Gospel by Luke that gives us the fulfilment of that promise, and it says: "She brought forth her first-born Son and wrapt Him in swaddling clothes and laid Him in a manger." There are those who tell us that they cannot believe in the miraculous conception of Christ into human nature because they find it impossible to think it through in all directions. They claim to find difficulty with it and that it transcends their reasoning powers. Who can think it through in all directions? Who can think it through in any direction? Who is there that has not found difficulty with it? Angels cannot think it through. They inquire into it, and, because of its wondrousness, they worship God on account of it

The high mysteries of His name
 An angel's grasp transcend:
 The Father only—glorious claim!
 The Son can comprehend.

There are depths in Christ, and especially in the great event of His entering into human flesh, that only the Father fully understands, for "no one knoweth the Son but the Father." With us there are many

things, the simplest things about us, that we cannot think through because they transcend our reasoning ability. We cannot think through our own existence; we do not fully understand our nervous system, or how the mind reacts upon the body, and the body in turn reacts upon the mind. We do not understand the processes of food when we take it into our bodies and part of it goes into bone, muscle, skin, nerve, hair and brain. We are not going to deny ourselves food until we understand the processes. We do not and cannot understand the process by which the Eternal Word became flesh. That was an eternal, Divine accomplishment. It transcends our reasoning powers, it is truly mysterious or incomprehensible to finite personality, but, thank God, we believe it all the same.

Still another thing that is brought out clearly in the teaching of the Bible on the subject of the Incarnation and that is the assumption of human nature in its entirety by the Eternal Word was purposeful. We are informed that God planned, from all eternity, that in Christ as the Incarnate Word the totality of the Divine attributes should reside. In order for that plan to be carried out and the promise fulfilled unto Christ it was necessary for Him to become, in time, completely human. It was also foreordained that He should die. As the Eternal Word subsisting before things began to be it was impossible for Christ to die. God does not, God cannot die. Christ took our nature in its completeness that through death He might destroy Him who had the power of death. If it were ordained that Christ should die, and He Himself chose to die, it was necessary for Him to assume that in which He could die, even human nature. Not only was the purpose of the Incarnation that He might become the possessor of the fulness of God, and that He might die for men, but we are also distinctly informed that He was born of a woman, in order that He might redeem them that were under the Law that we might receive the adoption of sons. There would have been no redemption and no adoption had Christ not assumed human nature and died the death designated for human nature. It was in the death that He died, married to human nature, that He became a ransom for all. And furthermore, Christ entered into human nature, died in human nature, and rose again in human nature, in order that He might be a merciful and faithful High Priest in the most Holy Place. The proper humanity of Christ now at the right hand of the Father as Advocate and Intercessor forms the basis of His successful Mediatorship between God and man.

There is one thing more of importance that we must call attention to and that is, when the act of the Incarnation was accomplished the nature of the Eternal Word was uninterrupted. When Christ entered into human nature He did not cease to be what He had been from all eternity. In no sense did He empty Himself of His divine nature or perfections. John makes this very plain and emphatic when he immediately adds, "We behold His glory, glory as of the only Begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth." The glory that John saw in Christ was not divined nor imagined nor merely believed, but perceived, looked upon by him with wide-open eyes as something wonderful. The glory of Christ in the Incarnation came with Christ from the eternal world as He assumed human nature. Again and again, while in the flesh, the star of empire was seen upon the breast of the Eternal Word. The glory was full of grace, or, as the Old Testament would have it, "mercy and truth." "Grace" and "truth" were promised in the Old Testament and floated about in shadowy forms, but now the repeated promise of the Old Testament was fulfilled, and what was in

shadow or symbol in the Old Testament became a reality in fulness. This glory was surpassing grace, love, tenderness, wisdom and power. The power of God was seen again and again operating through the Eternal Word while in the flesh. In Christ, the Incarnate Word, we have a wonderful series of contrasts when we look upon Him as both truly God and truly man. We see majesty and meekness, richness and poverty, power and weakness, intelligence and ignorance, attracting and at times ravishing those who believe. When the Eternal Word entered into 'human nature in its entirety He continued Jehovah throughout. When born in Bethlehem's manger He was God; when presented in the Temple He was God; when, with His parents, He fled into Egypt, He was God, and while in Egypt, sheltered by a hostile power, He was God. While going to school and learning His trade in Nazareth He was God. While performing His miracles, teaching the ignorant and dying upon the cross, He was God. His Divine nature was not transmuted into human nature, but human nature was assumed by Him as something additional, and so, the essence of what He was from all eternity continued when He truly became man.

Finally, we notice that when the Incarnation took place that event was permanent and final. "And dwelt among us." The word "dwelt" is "tabernacled." This word is peculiar to John in the New Testament where he uses it five different times. (Rev. 7:15; 12:12; 13:6; 21:3.) The word "dwelt" describes a permanent stay. This is given to us in other forms in the teaching of the Scriptures. When Christ entered into the tabernacle of human nature, He entered "to go no more out." When He assumed human nature, He assumed it to hold it forever. There are those who do not believe this today. Christ was truly human and completely human from the moment of the beginning of His life in mortal flesh. He was born like a man, grew like a man, ate, learned and practiced His trade like a man. He thought like a man and experienced hunger, thirst, fatigue and sorrow and joy like a man. He died like a man. His body was laid in the grave like that of a man. There are those who tell us that His death ended His humanity, and that there He put off humanity never to associate with it again. But on the first Easter Sunday He rose from the dead and He remained upon earth in that Resurrection Body for a period approximating forty days. During that time He demonstrated to His disciples that He was truly a man. They saw Him, heard Him, felt Him, talked with Him and ate with Him. On the fortieth day after His Resurrection He led His disciples out as far as to Bethany, and while there with them, with His hands extended in benediction upon them, He ascended and went home to God. But some tell us that when He disappeared from human vision in the heights He threw off humanity and went back to God a mere immaterial, intangible and invisible spirit Being. Paul wrote concerning Him several years after the Ascension, and said: "There is one Mediator between God and man, the Man Christ Jesus." According to Paul's Christology, Jesus is still a man at the right hand of the Father and he will be a man, that is, entirely human though glorified, when He comes again, for the same Apostle said, looking forward to that event: "God hath appointed a day in which He will judge the world in righteousness by that Man Whom He hath ordained, and hath given assurance thereof in that He hath raised Him from the dead." Christ became Incarnate when he was conceived of the Holy Ghost and born of the Virgin Mary; He was Incarnate here in human mortal life; and He was Incarnate after He rose from the dead, He was Incarnate when He ascended home on

high; and He is Incarnate now at the right hand of the Father, will be Incarnate when He comes again and will abide Incarnate forever and ever.

Yes, it is true, according to the Word of Revelation, that the Eternal Word, Christ, existed in all eternity, held intimate communion with the Father and was identified with the Father. Moreover, it is true that He became, while in that eternal pre-incarnate state, the Agent for the bringing into existence of all things, the Source and Fountain of all life. It is true that He became flesh and dwelt among us, that He died, rose again, went home on high, intercedes there now upon behalf of those who are His own, and will come again in glorified human form some day in the future. The tenth verse of our chapter says: "He was in the world and the world was made by Him, and the world knew Him not." This is a wonderful thought and, in some respects, a terrible and tragic thought. Think of it, Christ ignored, persecuted and homeless in His own world! By His Incarnation He became an inhabitant of the world and was bound up with it. He brought the world into being and afterward was rejected by it. "The world knew Him not." Think of Him Who created the world becoming an infant, conceived in the womb and borne in the arms of His own creature! He breathed the very air that He had created, He trod upon the ground that He had made. He was supported by the food which He had given being, He was the Creator of the very men and women He came to seek and to save. He walked upon the earth that was His own; He climbed the mountain and could say, "This is Mine; I made it." He ate the fruit from the tree and could say, "This is Mine; I made it." He walked and sailed upon the sea and could say to those with Him, "This, too, is Mine; I made it." At night time He could look up into the heavens, knowing their immensity and their number, and could say, "All of this is Mine; I made them." He came to His own people, the people whom He had created and redeemed, and they received Him not, but utterly rejected Him, casting Him out, and ultimately crucifying Him. These people were His, for He made them. He walked amidst all the elements of nature, the diseases of men, evil spirits that surrounded Him and even death itself, and He was Lord and Master of them all. He knew the secrets of the human heart in all their number, subtlety and malignity, and He was Despot of every one. Though He was in the world, an inhabitant of the world, and being married to the world by reason of His glorious Incarnation, yet He was ignored, despised and rejected by the world. What a commentary on human nature in its fallen and depraved state! He came to "His own"; that is, His own property and possession, such as His own land, city, temple, Messianic rights and privileges and people, but His own peculiar people would not have Him. They received Him not as God's chosen witnesses for Him.

But there were some who received Him. There are many today who receive Him and they are given the authority and the ability to become, as He is, the sons of God. "To as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name." What are we going to do with this Christ, the Eternal Incarnate and glorified and coming Word of God? Are we going to ignore Him, despise Him, reject Him, crucify Him? Or, are we going to humbly and submissively receive Him by faith as Redeemer and Master of our lives and our destinies? Are we going to go forth trusting Him, obeying Him, serving Him, witnessing for Him, and suffering in His behalf? He is worthy of our fullest confidence,

supremest love and highest honor. In faith and reverent love let us look unto Him and confess:

Thou are the Everlasting Word,
 The Father's only Son;
 God manifest seen and heard,
 And Heaven's beloved One:
 Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou,
 That every knee to Thee should bow.

In Thee most perfectly expressed,
 The Father's glories shine;
 Of the full Deity possesseed,
 Eternally Divine:
 Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou,
 That every knee to Thee should bow.

True image of the Infinite,
 Whose essence is concealed;
 Brightness of uncreated light;
 The heart of God revealed:
 Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou,
 That every knee to Thee should bow.

Throughout the universe of bliss,
 The centre Thou, and sun;
 The eternal theme of praise is this,
 To Heaven's beloved One:
 Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou,
 That every knee to Thee should bow.



VALEDICTORY

IT is with a strangely complex feeling that on behalf of Class '25 I rise to bid "farewell" to the members of the Board, the Faculty, and the student body of Brandon College, and to those friends of her's whom we have come to regard as ours—a feeling compounded of gratitude that this privilege has fallen to me, and of regret that my task is what it is.

For four years we as a class have struggled by varied and arduous paths to a common goal, graduation; but today, as we prepare to attain this and press on to others, more nebulous and diverse, yet perchance more lofty, there comes to us a voice from the past—soft, yet insistent and compelling—whispering of the days that have gone, whispering that this day, too, will soon have slipped away and Class '25 will have become but a memory; and with this thought there comes a touch of ineffable sadness. But we would not have it otherwise; rather we prize this as an evidence that our existence as a class has not been barren, we recognise in it the assurance that our recollections of Brandon College will ever be pleasant, and that time shall bind us to her with ever closer, stronger bonds.

Ours is a great privilege today. Never has there been a time when the claims of society on the individual came with such impelling force, when the responsibility resting on the individual was as great as now. We are living in a time when the world order is changing radically and with almost incredible speed. Customs and institutions that have stood for centuries are being swept ruthlessly aside by a great flood of humanity surging on to what it believes to be a closer approximation to that ideal state in which each shall control his own destiny and enjoy his maximum of happiness. To the student of history the fact of change in itself occasions no surprise. In the social as in the physical biological and ethical realms change is the condition of existence. The history of society is a story of evolution, of growth from small to great, of development from extreme simplicity to extreme complexity. From the family unit of primitive man to the great nations of today is a far cry. The transition has not been effected by even, uninterrupted progress, there have been maxima and minima, periods of rapid advance and of apparent stagnation. There have been the stirring days of Greece and Rome, and the Dark Ages of mediæval Europe; the deadening years of ecclesiastical despotism and the glorious periods of the Renaissance and

the Reformation. Today we are riding on the crest of a movement unparalleled in history, a movement unique in that it is universal in range and nature, embracing all races and all aspects of life. It is in this fact that the significance of the age lies. Centuries of comparative insularity had bred in the peoples of the world an essentially nationalistic mind, but a shot fired in Sarajevo ten years ago awakened them to a full and bitter realization of their close inter-relationship. For a time it seemed as though the lessons learned from four years of wars would lead eventually to that dream world of Tennyson's in which

“.....the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm
in awe,

And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law.” but it is becoming increasingly apparent that the fires of national and class prejudice are burning with unabated intensity, and are threatening the precarious peace that has been maintained during the past few years. In a word, while economic, political, and scientific development have created a world unity, the social mind has not adjusted itself to the new order. In the final analysis, the consummation of this adjustment is the problem confronting the world today. It is essentially the problem of Canada with its heterogeneous population, and of every thinking citizen to whom the concept citizenship holds more than a personal meaning. It is intensified today by the modern drift toward individualism, and by the disrespect for laws concerning certain moral issues which has been particularly in evidence both in this country and our southern neighbour since the war. The solution of the problem rests finally, not with governments, but with those upon whom falls the task of moulding the ideas and ideals of the community. Granting the truth of this, the implication is self-evident that to those most fitted for the task the greater responsibility accrues. To the college graduate, with his debt to the past and the present, this challenge of the future comes with especial force. It is our privilege today to accept the gage, to match ourselves with this stirring hour, and to test our metal in the conflict for truth and humanity.

As we stand on the threshold of this broader life for which she has laid the foundation, the conviction is strong in us that we are fortunate in claiming Brandon College as our Alma Mater. Education, whether received in college or not, is conditioned very largely by the personalities with which one comes in contact from day to day; by the

traditions which one inherits, by the ideals, which consciously or unconsciously, one accepts as standards. Those afforded by Brandon College are of the highest order. Her history is in itself an inspiration. Her founders, those who have guided her destinies, and those who have sacrificed unstintingly to maintain her during her twenty-five years of existence have set examples of vision and service that must call forth a response from all who come within her sphere of influence. To those with whom we have come into more intimate contact—her faculty—we acknowledge an especial debt of gratitude. It was our good fortune to begin our course during Dr. Whidden's administration, we rejoice that circumstances permit of our renewing the acquaintanceship with him whom we honour as a Christian gentleman and sincere friend. In his successor, Dr. Sweet, we found, too, a sympathetic leader and friend, one whose high ideals and unswerving loyalty to the cause of Christian education fitted him pre-eminently for the task to which he was called. The memory of his tragic death in the closing hours of the old year still leaves us with a sense of desolation. It was a staggering blow to Brandon College, one, I venture to say, from which she will not soon recover. Its immediate effect on the student life was softened by the admirable manner in which Dr. McNeill and the members of the administrative staff and faculty stepped into the breach. The intimate relationship between students and faculty which has ever been our proud boast was never more in evidence than during this crucial period. It is no mere platitude, but the expression of a deep, abiding truth to say that the richest and most vital factor in our college experience has been this friendship with men and women fired by the Christian ideal of service. If I might venture to offer a word of advice to those who are to follow us, it would be that they guard jealously this custom, which is the heart and soul of the tradition and spirit of Brandon College.

It was with great regret that we learned that two members of the faculty who have given years of unselfish service to the college are severing their connection with her at this time to fit themselves for yet greater service in their respective fields. Those of us who have had the privilege of studying under them, and particularly those whose major work has been in their departments will cherish as the dearest recollections of our college days the memory of their deep interest and generous hospitality. Our best

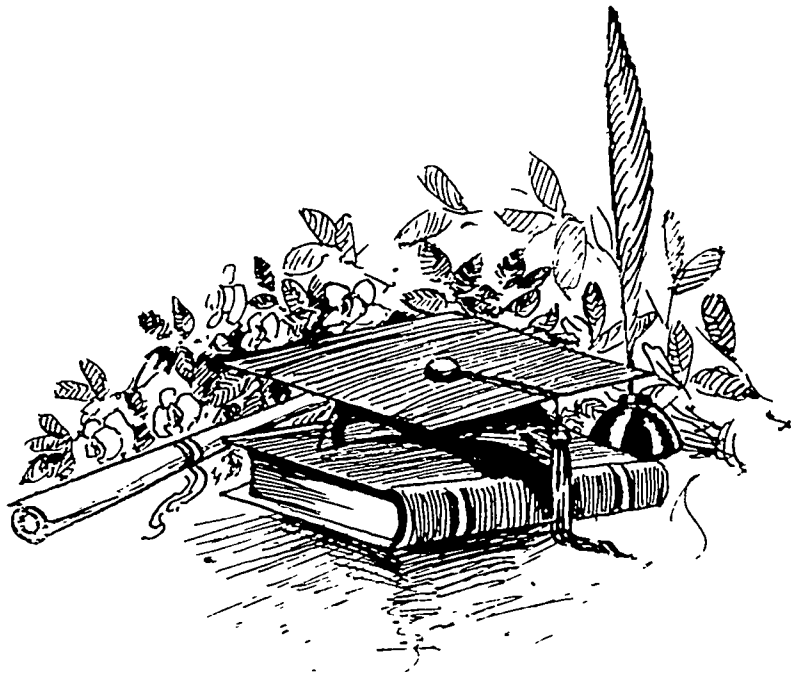
wishes for success and happiness go with them as they embark on their new venture.

Fellow class-mates: On the eve of joining the company of those who have gone forward into life bearing the impress of her lofty, yet eminently practical idealism we are faced with the question: "What shall be our relationship to the future of Brandon College?" It is not my intention to dwell on the obligation resting on us to embody her ideals and to radiate them into the everyday world around us. Four years ago we adopted as ours the motto that floats today at the head of yonder standard, "Ministrare est Vincere", "To Serve is to Conquer." I am persuaded that it was no idle whim that led us to the choice at that time, but whatever may have been our conceptions of life and service then, they have been broadened and infinitely enriched under the benign influence of our Alma Mater. Words of mine would be powerless to express the meaning the concepts hold for us now, life—and nothing less than life—can do that adequately. But as we resolve the question in our minds the conviction must be borne in on us that if she is to fulfil her glorious mission, she must be free to develop and to fashion her policies in accordance with the needs of her constituency. Fifteen years ago it was deemed advisable to affiliate with McMaster University, and the intervening years have given abundant evidence of the wisdom of that decision, but the time has come when she must leave the shelter of the mother institution and spread her wings in independent flight. The campaign to secure the endowment necessary to permit of this has been under way for some years. We have followed its course with deep interest. We have followed, too, the obstructionist campaign that has been waged by certain individuals with a doctrinal axe to grind. For the most part it has been based on misconception and ignorance of fact, but the tactics adopted in some few cases do not allow of so charitable an interpretation. All who are acquainted with Brandon College and the work she has done, and is doing, will treat this latter propaganda with the contempt it richly deserves, but in the far-flung constituency from which she must draw her support and her students there are some to whom the wolf-cry of unorthodoxy is particularly disturbing, earnest and sincere people who in any other matter than this would weigh the evidence carefully and base a rational opinion on their conclusion. It is inevitable that some of these will be given a false impression of Brandon College—that their support

will be alienated from her if this campaign is allowed to continue unchecked. Fellow members of Class '25, as we leave her halls today to tread the path of life our duty to her is clear; we must re-affirm our uncompromising allegiance to our Alma Mater, and our absolute faith in the integrity of her faculty and in the ideals they seek to inculcate: and further, we must combat this pernicious propaganda wherever and whenever it appears. Our Alma Mater has borne us thus far along life's journey, and now, as we face the future confidently, in her strength, her appeal comes to us. If I have estimated aright the spirit that has characterized this class during the past four years, it will not come in vain.

Members of the Board, Faculty and Student-body, it is with unbounded confidence in the future of Brandon College that we bid you farewell.

F. B. FRIEND.





STUDENTS ASSOCIATION EXECUTIVE

H. Batho '26, Debating; F. B. Friend '25, Quill; D. Freeman '26, Treasurer; J. B. Thompson '28, B.C.A.A.
 Margaret Kilgour '26, C.H. S.C.M.; Kathleen Kenner '25, Lady Slick; F. J. Westcott '25, Senior Slick; Rose Vasey '26, Literary;
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QUILL PUBLICATION COMMITTEE

H. Umphrey '25, College Gossip; F. Bridges '28, Subscriptions; J. B. Thompson '28, Athletics; Ruth E. Clement '27, Latitude and Longitude.
 Sybil Kerr B.A. '23, Alumnae-Alumnaeque; Mrs. Wilkins B.A., Consulting Editor; F. B. Friend '25, Editor-in-Chief; Eileen M. Ritchie '26, Assistant Editor; Ruth Willey '27, Clark Hall.



SENIOR BASKET-BALL TEAM—CITY CHAMPION 1924-25.
I. Gayton; W. Gayton; E. Rac; Dr. Evans, Coach; A. Stade; L. Miller; R. Wellwood.
L. Herbert, R. G. McDorman, Captain.

WHAT TO DO WITH MURPHY?

HIS name is Ed. Murphy. Remember it. You may meet him someday. He will wander into many a Western Canadian town before his life ends.

This is his description and it must be in negative terms. He is not Irish—except perhaps in name and nationality—for he carries neither fire nor brimstone, wit nor humor. In fact he is characterless; that is why he is ‘a character.’ Not a sign of virility appears in either form or feature. He is not tall; he is shapeless and podgy. His face is the color of pale cheese. His hair is black and his eyes dark, but there is no rebellion in the hair and no flash in the eyes. He smiles often but blankly, and as a man who smiles at a joke he has not listened to. His words flow from him limped, colorless and indistinct. They seem to emerge from a dim inner recess where you suspect thoughts might forever creep about purposely and endlessly. The story of his mind would be the ‘legend of the sleepy hollow.’ I saw him many times under many conditions but never caught him really awake. Poor Murphy! Was it any fault of his? Perhaps not; for what Robert Louis Stevenson whimsically said of himself, “After all God made me,” Murphy too could say. It might be suggested that he burned out his life in the excesses of youth and thus merits his present state, but I fancy that at the most he is only in part responsible for his condition. People in general put him down for a dope addict, but the doctors proclaim him hopelessly and incurably anaemic.

Now the question is, can a man without blood be expected to have character? Can he be blamed and condemned for the lack of it? Can he be judged by the same standards as other men? Assuredly it might be said with some truth, “Better for this man if he had never been born!”

So far all well, but it is not so easy as that. Murphy is an awful liar, a successful and chronic beggar and a perverted and, it would seem, hypocritical prayer and hymn singer. I met him first at a church service at which there was some tittering even while I was holding forth with what seemed to me to be unusual power; and I learned immediately afterwards that the cause of the disturbance was Murphy. He had slept and had nodded his head over a tight celluloid collar and a fat neck and had succeeded in generating during a large part of the sermon a hybrid sound consisting of a continuous choked gargle staggered

with a homely snore at each intake of breath. But Murphy met me after the service and told me how much he enjoyed my sermon and how he thought the Lord was using me, and what is more asked me to go with him the next day to pray with an old man who was nearing his end.

I went with him not only the next day but several times after to pray and read scripture with old Dad Teel, and Murphy could pray and quote scripture and read with just as innocuous a spirit as he could do anything else. I have often wondered what the Lord did with Murphy's prayers. It seems an incontestable fact that he was praying for the most part to me for financial blessings for himself rather than to the Lord for blessings on Dad Teel's soul; and yet I doubt that he was conscious of the glorious hypocrisy of the process. It was his honest trade, and it is now just as instinctive in his life for him to turn to his religious constituency with his purring prayers and pious portions of Holy Writ with the assurance that the use of them will guarantee him material blessing, as it is for a confirmed political huckster to turn to his constituency with the cheap cries of liberty and justice with the assurance that the magic of their name will bring him the emoluments of office. There is no sense of guide in either case.

Murphy got a few dollars out of me as well as out of a merchant or two in town and a few soft-hearted people who doubted his stories and prayers but in the meantime believed in his needs. Within two weeks of his appearance the town knew him. Word drifted in of his exploits as cook for a couple of threshing gangs. He lasted two days on each cook car and, it seems, barely found time to wash the dishes aside from cooking altogether. He secured a job in town as shoe-black and chore-boy in a barber shop but found the work pretty heavy. He hired a boy to pump the water for the baths and shortly he gave out under the strain of handling the shoe brushes and resigned. He had had a distinguished past and everybody knew about it. He had been a successful chef and proprietor of several thriving restaurants in Western cities and had sent his wife home to Nova Scotia with fifteen or twenty thousand dollars in her handbag. Under no consideration would he send for any of that money; for had not his wife chided him that without her by his side he would go under? No, he would not cry to her for help. He would succeed himself. Yes, and he would pay back every cent that he borrowed, he protested that he would. And in such protests there was

the only faint glimmer of vehemence that I ever detected in his character. It speaks much for his wife—if indeed she is not fictitious. He borrowed money to go to the next town to take charge of the hotel kitchen. In two days he was back. All had gone well, he said, until night-time when a lot of terrible people gathered at the hotel and got drunk. He could not stand the risk of stain from contact with such wickedness and so he had left a disappointed hotel-keeper in the lurch. Bootleg whiskey had been flowing that night to be sure but if the story of the hotel-keeper (who is not famed for his honesty) is to be credited Murphy drank more than his share and besides destroyed twenty-five dollars worth of the ingredients of pastry without producing a single edible product.

Now what to do with Murphy? An atrocious liar! a delightful hypocrite! and a charming beggar!—but then he was a man whose blood test registered thirty-five or forty when it should have stood at ninety!

There was at least one thing to do and that was to try to point out to him the error of his ways, and so over the tea-mugs I told him that his life was an open book and that his wiles and deceits were known to the world. Nothing but a dull stare and a half hearted denial was the response; no shame, no resentment. I tried to rouse the “Irish” in him by informing him bluntly that he lied to live and lived on lies. He raised a few sighs to heaven and exerted himself to a mild protest. Did he really believe that he was being abused and maligned? Had he lived this way so long that he had come to consider it a respectable and normal mode of life? I could easily be persuaded that he was one who did not know when he lied and when he told the truth. The question of what to be done with his body was soon settled even if the matter of his soul had to be left for future handling. The doctors got tired of him and advised him to go to the city where a general hospital might do something for him; and the town policeman got tired of him and gave him a meal ticket and a single fare to Regina. He went away somewhat abashed and concerned (*mirabilis dictu*) for he carried a goodly rent in the seat of his trousers and no amount of pleading could avail to wheedle out of anyone money for a new pair. The abashment was really a singular display of character and perhaps deserved reward. He was merely advised, however, to keep his overcoat on until he reached his destination.

Just a few passing biographical sentences. Practical-

ly every town along our line, I have reason to believe, has experienced Murphy in a somewhat similar manner to the above. His prayers and his little marked Testament truly work wonders. When he reached Regina he was accepted in the hospital and Christian folk treated him royally. He was given a transfusion of blood, any amount of Christ-was cheer, and when he got on his feet, a purse and a promise of a job. Out of sheer gratitude he skipped town and started to work the southern line again. His physical malady, it should be fairly and can be safely said was found incurable by the hospital authorities.

Now for the last time, what to make of Murphy? is the question I ask. The state makes no provision for such as he, nor even the Salvation Army; and no man could be asked to employ him. He is truly flotsam. Might not the suggestion of a famous American doctor made a few years ago that the aged and infirm should be "chloroformed off" be well applied in this case? What a fiendish thought for even this merciless and utilitarian age! At all events they would use chloroform and not an axe—and not starvation, but—. Well, we commend his soul to God and his body to the care of simple credulous folk until that day when soul and body separate. Perchance someday we may meet a different Murphy in a different world.

E. M. W. '21.

“HOW A VISIT TO THE HOLY LAND CONFIRMS FAITH IN THE BIBLE”

A visit to the Holy Land, always of great value, is especially so at present for the light which it throws upon the great question, now so much discussed, of the authority of the scriptures. In company with my wife, I have recently returned from a visit to Palestine with faith in the scriptures strongly confirmed, and that in part for the following reasons:

The geographical location of the land in which the book was written, indicates divine design. While Palestine is today on the outskirts of civilization, one realizes in visiting it and the lands round about, that at the time the Bible was being written, Palestine lay at the very heart of the world's interest. As you re-people in imagination the international theatre of Bible days, you see clearly that the ground upon which you are now standing was the very

centre of the stage. Lying athwart the grand highway connecting the mighty empires on the Euphrates and the Nile, Palestine was destined to become the thorough-fare of the nations, on whose soil they nearly all in turn contended for the mastery. It is by no accident that her famous plain of Esdraelon is the classic battleground of history and that its acres were the scenes of almost ceaseless conflicts while the Bible was in the making. Thither must Greece also come to establish an empire in Asia and leave a language, of all tongues the best adapted as a vehicle of expression for the deep and delicate shades of scriptural truth, and here too must Rome make her entrance, and unconsciously become the servant of Jehovah in literally laying down highways for our God. One feels as you waken to a second existence the world of Bible days how literally true it was, that "I have set Jerusalem in the midst of the nations that are round about." Added to its centrality is the high elevation of the land, making it, "the Alps of Asia," a sort of high bridge over which the nations passed to and fro, a great mountain sanctuary from which Israel looked out upon the peoples that encircled her. If God were to make a revelation to mankind, it was from here that His lines could go out most directly to all the earth and His words unto the ends of the world. Palestine bears unmistakeable signs of being a divinely built pulpit from which the Creator purposed to speak unto the nations.

This indication of design is emphasized by the singular variety of structure, climate and modes of life within its narrow boundaries. Such contrasts as are found between tropical valleys and Arctic mountain peaks in South America; between desert and green field in Egypt; in the alternation of sea and land in Greece; between wild hills and cultivated garden spots in England, are within the limits of Palestine all combined. On a hot day in August we passed over the plain of Beka with heat so intense that it marched in visible columns across our path, yet just above was snow capped, ice crowned Hermon; from Hermon's heights you pass along the Jordan valley to the Dead Sea which is the lowest spot on the earth's surface; in a few moments you can leave the conflicting currents of cosmopolitan Jerusalem and be in the wilderness of Judea; Esdraelon's thousand spectacles of pageantry, lie just under the fifteen rounded hills which conceal peaceful and secluded Nazareth. Jesus could leave the busy haunts of men at Galilee and be alone almost at once amid the wilds of

Gadara or His own Galilean hills. The roving Bedouin, the peasant, the merchant, the sea faring man, the barbarian and the highly civilized man, were all alike at home, and still are within this little country. It is as if God, who selected the location of the Bible land had likewise furnished it with this diversity of features that a rich variety of imagery might be at hand so that the Bible when written might speak of things and in terms familiar to all men. Where else could the Bible have been written and be so universally intelligible?

Conviction is also deepened by noting the faithful correspondence between the land and the Book. Arriving at Joppa and attempting to make a landing in those turbulent waters, predisposes one toward a literal interpretation of the Book of Jonah; stand upon the house-top of Simon the Tanner, where Peter had his vision and his call to a Gentile ministry, and what place so likely for the infant Christian Church to become conscious of its western destiny as from this place which looks out across the waters toward Europe and the West? As you attempt to protect your eyes against the merciless Syrian sun at high noon on the road to Damascus, you do not wonder that if Paul saw a brighter light, he was smitten with blindness. At Nazareth you cannot fail to notice the precipitous hill behind the village, doubtless the spot from which the angry villagers were about to hurl the Master. Coming to Tiberias you are warned to protect yourself against malaria, more prevalent here than elsewhere in Palestine, and you remember that it was upon these shores where Simon's wife's mother lay sick of a fever. The mountains of Ebal and Gerizim built like choir lofts suited for antiphonal song, fit in so well to the description of that solemn inaugural reading of the law from their slopes. Near Bethel, the limestone rocks are of peculiar formation, appearing as if they had been carved by the hand of man to form a regular colossal stairway reaching toward the heavens; it was here that Jacob saw the ladder, or stairs with the angels of God upon them. The southeast corner of the Temple site as you ride round the city walls on donkey-back, is here most dangerous, where to cast oneself down from the pinnacle of the temple would be most dramatic; and so we might continue indefinitely, but as you pass from scene to scene, one says with a new confidence, "We have not followed cunningly devised fables", but in the scriptural records, we are reading the testimony of eye-

witnesses to the majesty of God. The Bible unlike other so-called sacred books, rests upon historic facts.

On the other hand, faith is further confirmed by a feeling which comes upon you, that while the land everywhere testifies to the reliability of the records, it cannot, of itself, account for the Bible. Dean Stanley has pointed out that it is quite possible to account for the Greek mythology by the enchantment which hovers over that land whose soil supplies nourishment for poetic fancy, but it is otherwise with Palestine, which like the Holy of Holies seems to have been left well nigh barren of this poetic enchantment, and says to the traveler that while the Bible came by this route, its origin is not in this soil; not from beneath but from above. This, that the excellency of the Book might appear to be not of the soil nor the soul of man, but of God.

Finally, the influence of the Book upon the land. This, we regret, is today not much in evidence. Though Palestine gave us the light of revelation, it has for the most part lost it. This is nowhere so perfectly typified as at the "Jews Wailing Place" where by the suffrage of the Mohammedans they have been permitted through the centuries to kneel and kiss the stones which they believe to have been the foundation of their former temple. Their wailing at this place has been continual through the centuries. Where else do we find the judgments of God upon a degenerate church so solemnly manifest as here? Failing to walk in the light while they had the light, darkness has overtaken them and it is very deep. There are, however, patches of light, and these are co-extensive with the influence of the book. Among these is the Samaritan people on Mt. Gerizim. Here for more than three thousand years with their first five books of the Bible, they have taught their children this fragment of the law and have been careful not to intermarry with those who have not their faith. At once you note the venerable countenance, the more cultured profile, the clearer trace of light and of the divine image upon the face of the Samaritan Priest, standing out in inspiring contrast to the aimless vacant countenance of the lesser breeds about them that know not the law. And how this impression is deepened as you pass from lands in which the Bible is unknown into countries where it has been given a chance to recreate our fallen civilization! It is like moving from midnight toward the dawn. Queen Victoria was right in placing her hand upon the Bible as the explanation of the contrast. On reaching Westminster Abbey or Spurgeon's

Tabernacle, one bows with new gratitude to God for the ministry of the Word.

It is to be hoped that the future trend in education will be toward a greater concentration upon a knowledge of the Bible.

ROBERT McCAUL '09.

Washington Avenue Baptist Church,
Brooklyn, New York, U.S.A.

GREETINGS FROM ALUMNI

Class '12

As president of the first Brandon-McMaster graduating class it falls pleasantly to my lot to send greetings to all the Alumni within reach of "The Quill"—and may they be many!

In quest of inspiration of this task I have been glancing over our old graduation "Quill" and while failing in the specific object of my search, have been none the less well repaid. How old and wise were we twelve—nearly thirteen years ago! There have been larger and cleverer classes since but I am sure none more impressed with the weight of responsibility of spreading abroad what of "sweetness and light" had been shed upon us in our Alma Mater.

I feel I have been remiss in my duties during the last few years—can add little about our members not already known to Quill readers. If I might use this column as I should like I should close thus—

Wanted—News of and from all members of Class '12, one time the backbone and mainstay of Brandon! All such items to be sent to the undersigned at Regina Collegiate.

VERA LEECH,
President Arts '12.

Class '14

To the Brandon College Quill: Greetings!

Scattered though we are and somewhat out of touch, varied as are our occupations and interests, I know that Class '14 are as one in our affection for our Alma Mater and our interest in all that affects her.

Then from each and all of us accept our heartiest greetings.

Signed on behalf of Class '14.

KATHLEEN JOHNSON BOWEN.

Class '15

Through your humble servant the undersigned, Class '15 extends to all readers of this Alumni edition of the Quill: Greetings. As I dictate these sentences there comes out of the past a flood of memories. Memories upon memories. The quiet tree-shaded streets of the Wheat City; the familiar silhouette of the College buildings against the western sky; the class rooms, the dining room enlivened with happy social inter-course; the chapel with its morning hour of devotion touched by the presence of God and the dear beloved faces of professors and classmates of years gone by. I read again the motto engraved upon the class ring on my finger: "Esse et Facere," noble slogan as yet very imperfectly attained. Class '15 owes a great debt of gratitude to Brandon College and Clark Hall. Through the medium of this number of the College paper we say:

Hail our College out in the golden West,
 Keep thou our fealty now unto thee confest,
 Be thou Alma Mater now and forever blest,
 Hail! Hail! Brandon, forever hail!

OLIVER U. CHAPMAN.

Baptist Temple,
 Windsor, Ontario.

Class '17

There may be inspiration in large numbers and a larger possibility for outstanding successes; but not infrequently from the small group issue influences that encircle the globe and change the entire current of history. Because of this fact, the class of '17 dreams that it may be the source and inspiration of forces that will give to it a place wholly worthy in the long line of classes that have gone forth from Brandon College.

Although our pathways have led us to the far parts of the earth, ever and anon our thoughts are turned back to Brandon College, and we recall days that are marked as among the best in all our life's experiences.

We believe that we will attain to worthwhileness, and perform tasks worthy of a high calling because we caught a great vision within the walls of our Alma Mater. It does not matter what tasks come to our hands now, we approach them in the light and ideals of Brandon College. We shall always love Brandon College, even though we may make

the acquaintance of other schools, because of the unique and wonderful spirit of our Alma Mater, that not only ushered us into the inviting realm of knowledge, but also opened for us the mighty things of the soul. That Brandon spirit is ever with us to assist us in meeting and solving our problems.

We desire in this way to express our never-dying appreciation of Brandon College, and the noble, large-hearted men and women who formed her unrivalled faculty.

All hail to our Alma Mater.

For the Class of 1917,

ERNEST H. J. VINCENT.

Class '21

Being life-president, Great Khan, or something like that, of a graduated class in Arts has, up to the present, seemed a pleasantly honorable position with a modicum of the responsibilities so often attendant upon such. Therefore, a surprisingly sudden invitation to sound a blast on the old trumpet and to convey the greetings of Class '19—"Gold and Green" to all present readers of the Quill is quite welcome, since it arouses an almost defunct sense of self-importance in this respect.

Class '19 may be designated as "The Victory Class" of Brandon College—it was the first bed of intellectual buds to blossom forth after the passing of the cyclonic storm of war. "'19"!—seems a long time ago when you say it reflectively. No, it isn't so long either for, giving ourselves the "once over" we find that we are as young as ever in most ways, or even more so. That's explained by the fact that "we live in deeds" (not years) and maybe some of us haven't done very much. However, in quite the modern fashion, I'll advance a few statistics and let the reader draw his own conclusions.

In the first place, I am happy to announce that at least 100% of this grand old class are still regarded (by themselves) as resident in the land of the living—and "while there's life there's hope" for us. Originally, about 36% of our valiant crew were of the feminine persuasion and the rest were boys—until the feminines persuaded some of them and they were married. Exactly 29% of our boys are married now. Gone, but not forgotten! Of the girls of the class, I find after careful calculation that 75% are in

the same category. The other one is teaching. The deduction one may make from the great disparity in these two percentages is that the boys didn't do so well at their studies as the girls. To sum up this aspect of the investigation: we are all self-supporting citizens, or married.

In professional life 71% of the boys have elected teaching as their field of service. The other 31 are practicing medicine, and it would seem that after they have practiced a little while longer they will become good doctors, for "practice makes perfect." Thirty-one did I say? Yes, that's right. Big class, '19, you know.

But, all in all, by and large, fore and aft, etc., though we're as busy or busier than we ever were in college, I hear no regrets of our undergraduate days wafted to me from my classmates in their far-flung battle lines. No, we have all retained aspirations gained there which still will lead us on. Friendships made there have stood the test of time. Knowledge acquired there has been a power. Best of all, habits of careful research and the ability to suspend judgment, first formed at Alma Mater, have become amplified with the flight of seasons.

I am unhesitating in saying that each of my esteemed classmates will join very heartily with me in exercising this privilege of wishing the members of the present student body at Brandon Bon Voyage! and to all other readers, scattered as they are to the four corners of this spinning globe, many long and happy years.

DON. S. FORSYTH,
President, Class '19.

CLASS '21 GREETING

Class '21 is glad of the opportunity presented in this special Alumni issue of the "Quill" to send greetings to all its readers and to each of the members of an increasing body of graduates of Brandon College.

We are eighteen in number. One of our members, John Hart, is in India, two are in the U.S. and the rest of us are in Canada. We show considerable of a tendency to gravitate together. Three of us are in Weyburn, Sask. and five are in Brandon. We are proud to belong to this Alumni body, we think of you often and we hope you are enjoying life as much as we are.

Here's to you individually, to the Association as a whole, but most of all, to our College.

C. G. STONE.

Spring! To some it suggests that winter sports are over; to the lover of the great out of doors it means that mother nature is very busy beautifying this world of ours, and to those within the college halls the thought that exams are near at hand.

Perhaps it is because of the remembrance of Convocation which comes round during this season, that we graduates are more prone to appreciate our Alma Mater in that it developed our spirit of investigation and made us feel its moulding influence.

Alma Mater, you are the feather, and the Quill keeps us in touch with one another. We graduates are the barbs, locked together by common interests and old associations. The members of Class '22 which form a part of the barbs, send greetings and good wishes to all the others.

R. LYTLE '22.

Class '23

About two years ago we found ourselves embarking on a great adventure. We were saying good-bye to our Alma Mater and were commencing a new experience. We expected that the experiences individually would differ, but ings of love and respect toward our Alma Mater, and such we hoped that as a class we might always experience feel-has been the case. With so brief a period of time our experiences have not been startling.

Mr. Hurd, our Honorary President, is still Professor of Economics at Brandon College. A number of us attended Normal at Winnipeg and Regina. It was certainly edifying to see Hughie teaching the difficult parts of that masterpiece.

“Jack be nimble
Jack be quick
Jack jump over
The candle stick.”

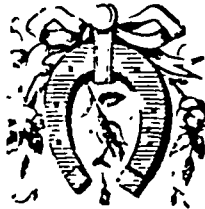
Ethel, Alex and Karl took a course in pedagogy at Regina this winter. Two of our members are taking further work. Earl is working in the field of chemistry and according to Hazel has turned out to be “Her ideal of a boy.” Len is studying medicine at Manitoba University. Mabel, Dick and Harold have forsaken single blessedness.

Memories of splendid times at Brandon are still green in our minds. We as a class are delighted with the interest which is being taken in the Alumni Association, and in its efforts to keep in touch with all the members. The letters which we receive are interesting and instructive.

To all members of the Alumni Association we send Greetings.

D. G. McKNIGHT,

Class '23.



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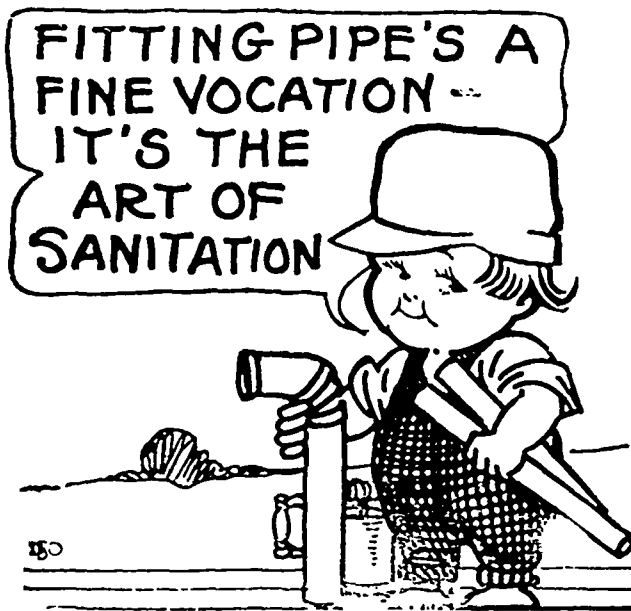
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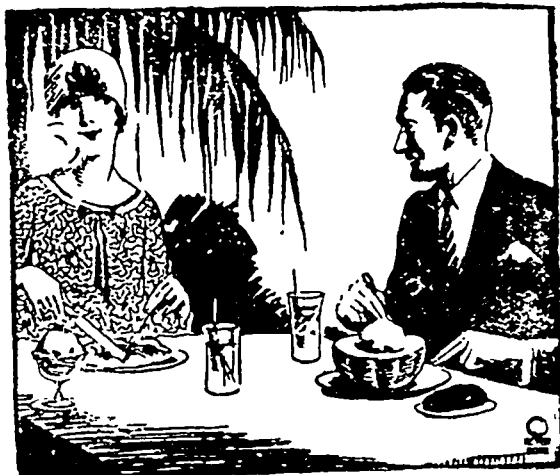
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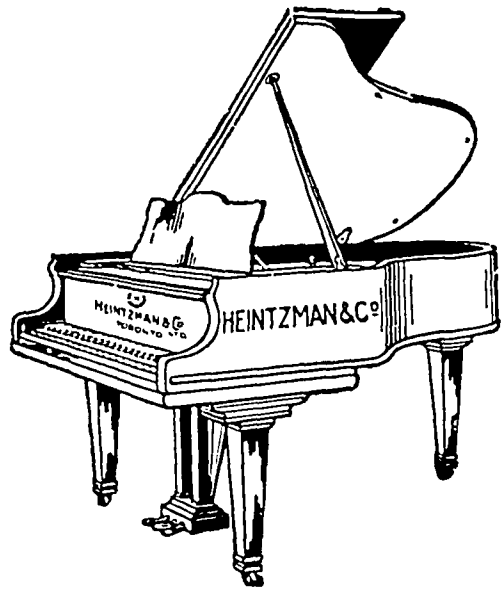
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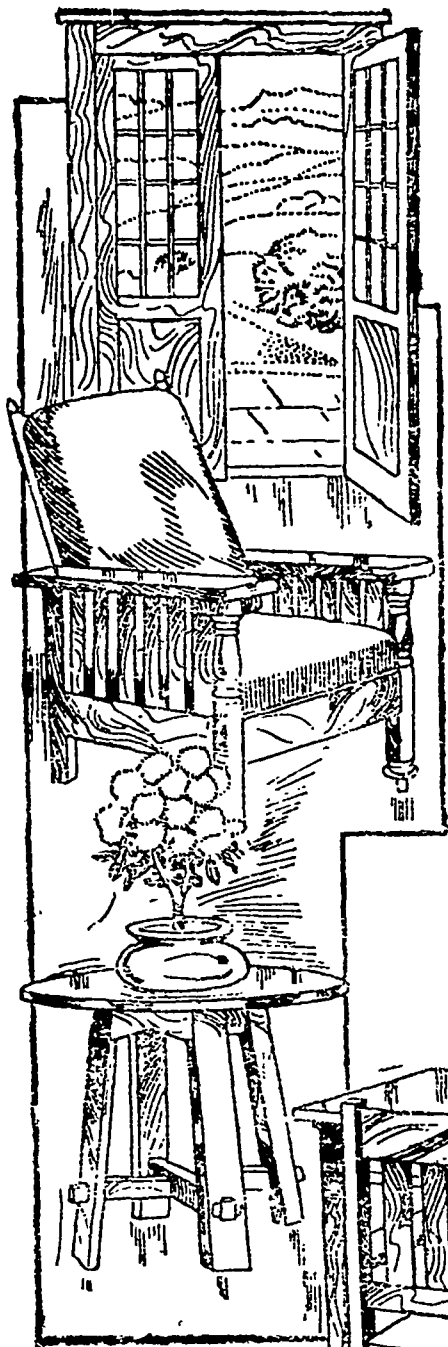
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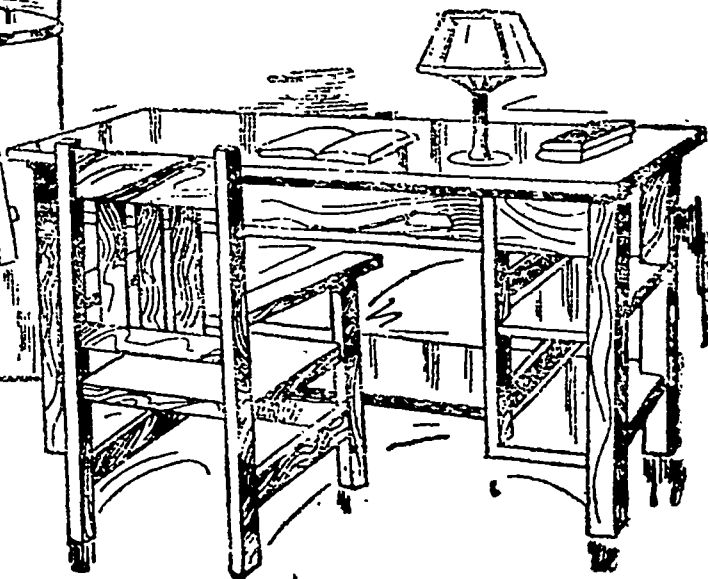
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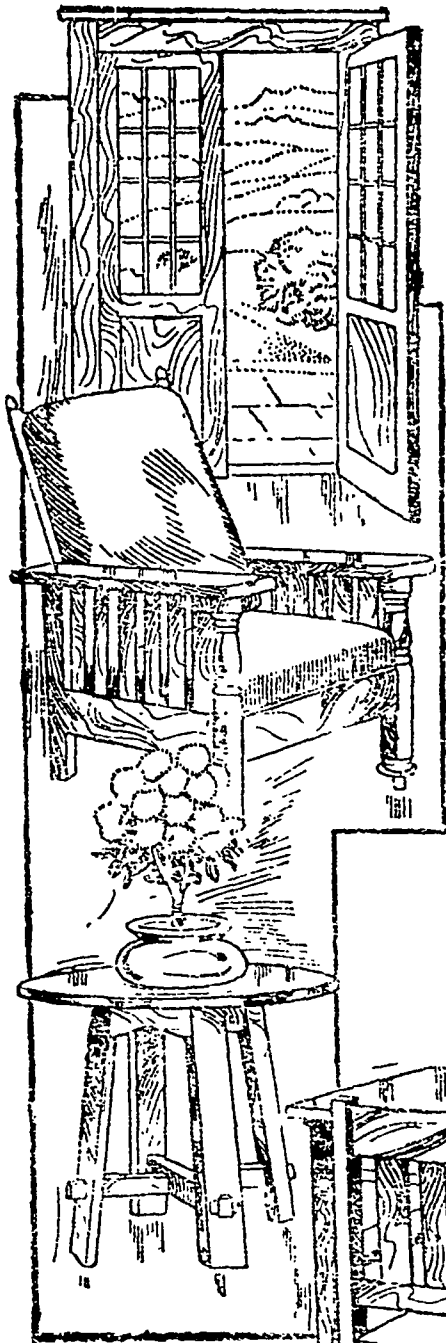
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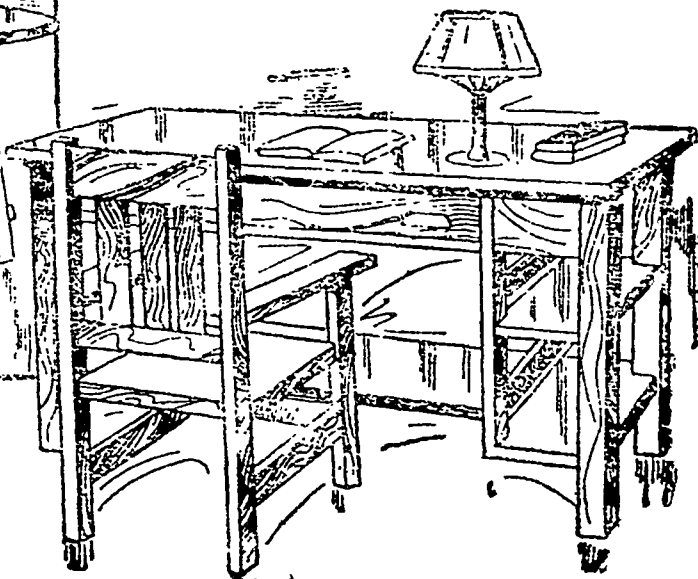
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