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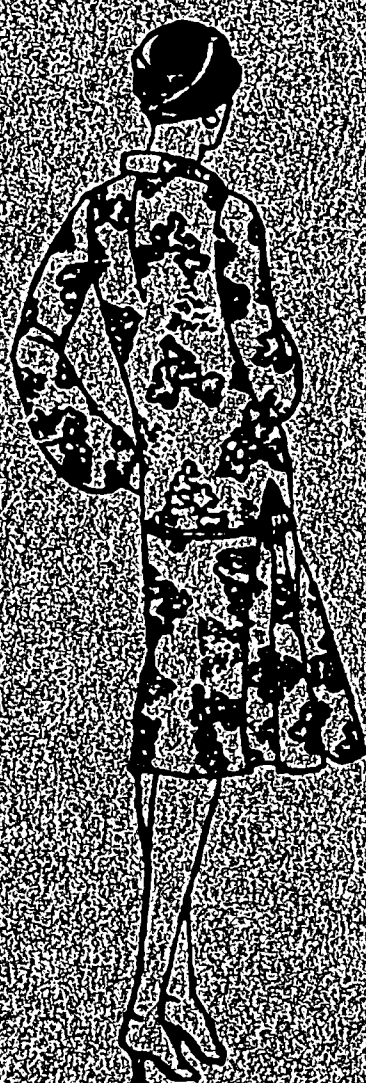
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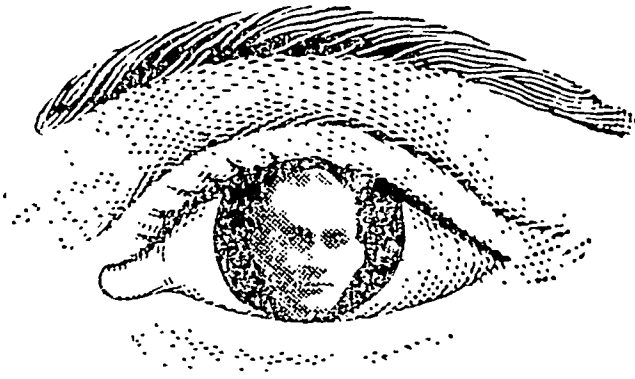
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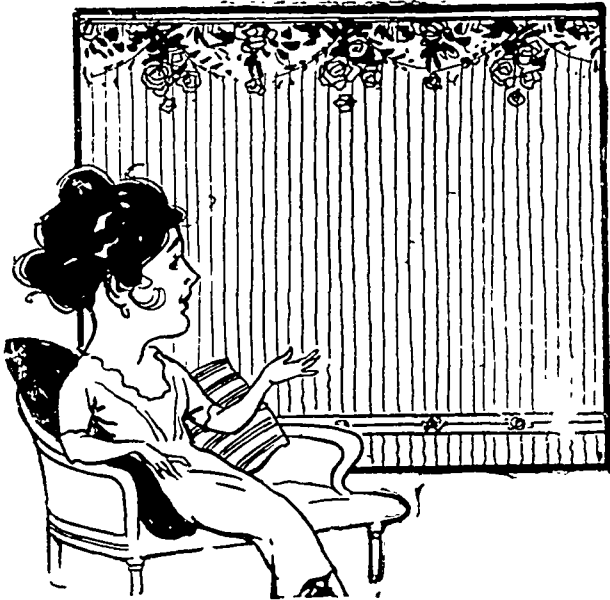
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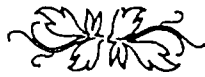


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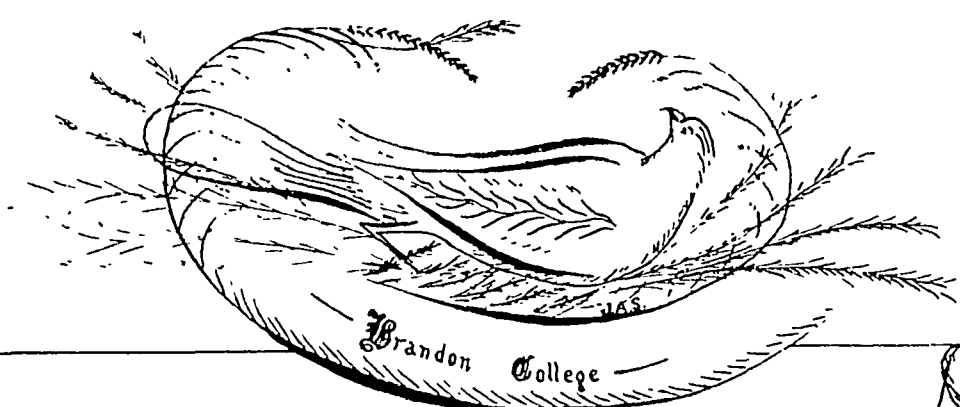


Hail Our College

VINING

Hail, our col- lege, out in the gol- den west, Take thou our fealty, now un- to thee con- fessed. Be thou Alma Mat- er, now and for- er- er blest,
Through rich valleys rolleth A- ssin- i- boine, Where sunsets golden, prairies as gol- den join; Round thy fair pros- pects fondly the me- mories twine,

Hail, hail, Brandon, for- ever hail!
Hail, hail Brandon, for- ever hail!



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THREE NUMBERS A YEAR

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ON THE SHELF

I sat in an easy chair in my fashionable club in London after four years absence, but realized that a change had occurred, and I was not the same man, but merely a shattered shadow of my old self, shattered by a memory that continually haunted me. If I could only get away from the hateful war atmosphere and forget the tragedy. But, even as I gazed out of the window, into the dreary street, the drizzly rain and the dark gray sky brought back to my mind recollections of a similar day in France. I could see, from where I sat, Hyde Park ploughed up, a bomb shelled building, anti-aircraft guns on roofs, soldiers and sailors sauntering in the street, cripples on crutches and in wheel chairs, and all cried out to my tortured mind war! war! war!

It was not only the four years of mud and filth, blood and gas, facing death and causing death, no, not only that which left me a wreck, but something deeper, a tragedy, the memory of which preyed upon my mind continually.

Seeking relief from the harassing thoughts I began to look about the room for familiar faces, and although my eyes wandered from one group of chatting, laughing men to another, I saw no old acquaintances with whom I might start a conversation and thus forget myself for a while. The room furniture, I noticed, had not changed much, except for perhaps an addition of chairs and a table or two. The fireplace was new and homelike and over the fireplace was a shelf, and on the shelf -involuntarily I shrank back but my eyes remained fixed upon the object and my body seemed paralyzed. Only a German helmet, of the Ulan type, only a German helmet, but it brought back memories that were imps of torture. Even as I stared two gentlemen walked over to examine the helmet on the shelf and one of them put out his hand to take it off for better inspection. I had to stop myself from shrieking out a warning. As I arose and stretched out my hand to stop him I was saved the humility of making a public fool of myself, for he had replaced the object of my terror, and I sank limply into the chair, shivering and covered with cold sweat. I sat half-conscious and the incident that had just occurred brought back a memory of France and the horrible tragedy was reviewed once again before me as a play upon the stage of the past.

The scene was a trench in France and the night was almost suffocating in its blackness for not a star was visible overhead and rain had been threatening for hours. Except for the occasional crack of a sniper's rifle all was quiet, the whole atmosphere seemed to prophesy that this was only a lull before the breaking of a mighty storm. We were to go over at three o'clock and the boys had received orders not to show a light, for which the nervous little sentry, with his head above the parapet staring into the night in the direction of the enemy trench was thankful. As I walked from dug-out to dug-out I noticed that the men had hung sacks, old blankets and other such objects over their doors so that candles might be lighted and letters written. Such previous letters they were to mother and dad, or to a wife and kiddies, or to a sweetheart, and, perhaps, perhaps this would be the last letter. Nervous, yes, we were all nervous and numerous cigarettes were smoked while many jokes were "cracked" as the "harness" was strapped on and bayonets fixed on rifles, but even "Cheery", the little cockney coster, forgot to joke as the sound of falling rain reached our ears, for now the job would be doubly hard.

At two-fifty-two the boys were lined up outside on the firestep. I glanced over the top of the trench; ahead of me and beyond all was darkness, horrible darkness that crept into one's flesh, and terrible quiet, broken only by the splash of rain into already full shell holes. This overwhelming quiet reigned; then suddenly hell seemed to break loose, and there was the booming of guns, shells flying over our heads in the direction of the German lines.

The din was terrible for our barrage had been opened up with all the battery at work, and the darkness was broken every few seconds by star shells overhead which lighted up the scene, revealing plainly the ground we were to cover. Although they were to light up our advance they also would make us easy targets for the Germans. Ahead of me, in a trench, were men ready to kill me and although I had been for over three years facing death continually, I must confess that a great fear gripped my heart as the whistle blew and we clambered over the top and started for the German trench, running, slipping, falling into shell holes, targets for the machine gun with its deadly rat-a-tat-a-tat. The greatest price in lives was paid at the barbed wire entanglements where many of the boys fell, some with heart-piercing cries, others without a sound, and many of the precious letters that night became last letters. At last we were through the hindering wire and there is no need to tell of the slaughter with bayonets and hand grenades, the unheeded cries of "Kamerad" and "Surrender"—the only two English words many Germans knew, but we had received strict orders not to take prisoners as the rations were short and the advance was to be fast. All around me they fought, splashing and groaning, and above the tumult I could hear a shrill voice that carried me back to London, "'Ere's one for me brother Bill wot you uns killed at Cambrai!" and the only answer was a cry of agony.

At last it was all over and we proceeded to make ourselves at home for an hour or two, for we knew that before dawn we would be away to take the village of Chamblay.

Before dawn we left the German trench by a communication line and began our march towards the town and were greatly relieved when airmen reported it deserted. Just as dawn was breaking we entered the village and marched along its cobbled streets, on each side of us the ruins of quaint little red and white houses, while ahead I could see the remains of a cathedral and monastery, monuments to the horror of war. Tired, wet and hungry, we continued our march through the drizzly rain beneath a

dark, grey sky, until we reached a large barn behind an old inn, where my platoon was to billet. The sergeant immediately lodged the men while I entered the deserted tavern, a tavern without windows or doors and with a section of the north side completely carried away by a huge "Johnson." And, yet, inside, the German officers had succeeded in making it almost comfortable for in one corner stood a piano, while a round table occupied the centre of the room, and a few chairs were scattered here and there and the rough floor was covered with a rug. I sank wearily into an easy chair near the opening that represented the window and wished myself back in old England, acknowledged myself sick of that horrible butchery of a few hours ago that poets delighted in calling the "glories of war." From the barn came the sound of my men singing "Carry me back to Blighty" and as I gazed out into the dreary day and the dark grey sky there was that war atmosphere of shattered buildings, shellholes, anti-craft guns, machine guns, wounded being brought in and dead being carried out to be buried outside the village. Sickened of this sight, I turned my eyes to the room again and noticed a home-like fireplace over which was a shelf the very thing I wanted as a souvenir-- a German helmet, not the ordinary kind but of the Uhlan type. Rising from my easy chair I walked over to the shelf and as I neared the helmet the sound of my men singing still reached me plainly. I stretched out my hand grasped the souvenir and pulled it, found it to be fastened and gave a harder pull. The next moment I was hurled across the room by an explosion that shook the building like a mighty earthquake. Scrambling to my feet I rushed out to find around me confusion and bustle and for a moment I was dazed and then I saw the sight that haunts me to-day. The barn where my boys had billeted was a mass of ruins and men were frantically working to clear away the debris, but I realized that my singing men would not see their Blighty again. A breathless stretcher bearer, rushing by gasped, "A German trapshell, sir!" That night sixty men were reported "killed in action," but one thing was not reported "killed in action," my peace of mind. I was responsible for the death of my men, and my thoughtlessness was to be the cause of untold suffering. I, an officer for four years, acquainted with the Germans and their tricks, knowing that they never deserted a village without leaving shell traps, should have known that the Uhlan helmet on the shelf was attached to wires, which, when pulled, released a shell planted in some place that

they knew would be billeted. I murdered sixty of my comrades, and no one knew it was I. I was responsible for more widows and orphans, more broken hearts and no one, but I, knew it.

“Call for Mr. Graham! Call for Mr. Graham!” The shouts of a page boy broke into the scene and the curtain was lowered. I sat in an easy chair in my fashionable club in London, the first time for four years, and, as I gazed out of the window the rain drizzled and the sky was dark grey. From where I sat I could see Hyde Park ploughed up, a bomb shelled building, anticraft guns on roofs, soldiers and sailors sauntering along the street, cripples in wheel chairs and all cried out to my tortured mind war! war! war! And in the room on a shelf was a German helmet, not an ordinary helmet, one of the Uhlan type.

MARK A. TALNICOFF.

MY MEMORY BOOK

Unlike the traditional college girl's memory book, mine of Lake Louise is imaginary, bound by a cover of reminiscence and divided into four parts; first impressions, snap shots of human nature, pages of mountain scenery and endless reminders of good times spent in the most beautiful spot on earth.

Those first mountains! They seemed magic, unreal. I had been sitting anxiously on the edge of my camp chair on the observation car, trying to make mountains out of mole hills to the amusement of all, especially Anna, and when we actually saw them the wonder of it was too much. The train sped on through the mountain passes like a caterpillar winding through a sand pile. On one side, below the grade of the railroad, there was a mountain stream—clear as crystal. On the bank and stretching back to the slopes on the dark green pines, tall and straight, like sentinels. The cliff rose higher and higher, its lower part covered with growth, but above the sheer beauty of colored rock, great crevices and layers of rock formation stood out in bold relief. The atmosphere was so clear that it did not look far to the top where the snow-crowned peak shining in the sun, against the blue sky looked like the halo of a divine creation. For an hour we sat there on the observ-

ation car, watching the changing colors of the sunset against those glorious Rockies.

"Lake Louise," called the porter. What happened between then and our arrival in the little log station it is difficult to say. We were too excited. But in spite of it all, I still had my umbrella, pocketbook and bag. Outside it was chilly but the interior of the little station shed a glow of warmth and cheer, and the crackling stove fire did its best to warm us for the ride to the Chateau, 650 feet up in the mountains. Near the door hung woolly blankets, while spread out on the counters were baskets, bandanas and leather work, along with postal cards and candy. A "mountie" standing by the fire was recounting some tale to three cowboys. I heard them say "bears" and shivered. All the girls were wearing knickers. When the porters had corralled the baggage and the food for next day's consumption, we boarded the tram. The motor throbbed and we were off. It was a frosty night and in an open tram longed for one of those fuzzy blankets, but was thankful for a piece of Anna's fur coat. Anna knew this country, it being her third year at Lake Louise, and kept telling us about everything on the way up, she even brought in the "bears" which made the thrill of going through that mountain forest filled with odors of pine and the call of animals very real. When we finally arrived at the Chateau, we were conducted through shavings and carpenter's tools to our own cottage, Lakeside, where we were to live for the summer.

During three months in the Chateau post office I saw many faces and as many dispositions, a few of which stand out in my mind. George was a Japanese bell-hop, a good worker, who was taking his premedical course at Toronto. His snappy black eyes missed nothing, and it was real fun to see him size up the guests as they arrived. He read a great deal and often loaned his books to us.

"Is there any mail in 509? Thank you very much. I wonder if you would put that in Mr. Jones' box for me. Thank you very much." This last phrase was chronic with her and needs the verbal interpretation to be appreciated. Miss L. was tall and angular, almost reminding me of a Russian wolf hound. Her clothes were perfect - not forgetting the hat and she had a most engaging manner, which kept managers and bell boys at her beck and call.

"I want two three cent stamps and change for this in American money." I took a five dollar bill from an overdressed, jewel-bedecked, matron of about forty-five who

seemed quite eager to let it be known from whence she came. "Can't you give me an American nickel? What can I do with that little thing?" I said nothing. What can you say to folks like that?

A pleasant contrast was an English girl dressed in tweed with an abundance of wavy hair, the enviable English complexion and soft, blue eyes. After buying stamps for English mail and "getting it straight" about the Canadian money, she asked, "Where may I leave a call for tomorrow morning? We want to climb to Lake Agnes before breakfast."

And last, in defense of Americans, I mention two college boys who spent a month in the Rockies with the Chateau as their headquarters. They would start off, in spiked shoes, and heavy clothing, carrying pick-axes, to scale the mountain peaks (with a Swiss guide) and return after five days of stiff climbing looking more like peeled onions than anything else. They must have liked Canadian scenery!

Beautiful Lake Louise. It defies description, but there are two memory pictures which I shall always keep. One is from the Lake Agnes trail on a bright June morning. There was still a great deal of snow on the mountains and around the borders of the lake, and this contrast of snow, rock, and sky made an exquisite sight. The trail was an easy one, beckoning us on at every turn, and compelling us with that mysterious rage to be up and out in God's great out of doors. The sun's rays filtered through the trees making patches on the sandy path; a marmot called from a nearby stump, and then dashed off into the brush. Below lay the quiet little lake, changed now in color as we got farther from it, while far on the other side rose the cliffs of Mt. Fairview. Suddenly our trail turned, and coming in full view of glorious Mt. LeFroy we saw through a frame of pine branches the regal beauty of that mountain, its high cliff a rainbow of color crowned with shining snow drifts against the cloud-flecked sky.

The other picture is of Lake Louise on a July evening. As we sat watching the distant range of mountains change color in the sunset, we could hear the drip, drip of oars on the water and voices coming nearer. This was broken by the occasional strike of a horse's hoof on a sharp stone as two riders skirted along the lower lake trail, or by the far off rumble of falling ice and snow. The lake grew darker and the mountains looked down on their dusky reflections,

while the shell pink of the clouds was mirrored in the quiet lake. Then the dark colors of evening faded and the lights from the Chateau shimmered in golden paths across the water. To share in such an evening on Lake Louise is to feel the charm of Byron's "Lake Lemán", to understand the call of the wild, and to wonder at the great Creator.

A TRIP TO CANADA'S NORTHLAND

Accustomed as we are in Canada to think of distance in the large, it is doubtful whether any who have never travelled throughout it can realize the immensity of this great Northland of ours, certainly few have an adequate conception of its nature or a knowledge of its geography. To most of us it is connected with Eskimos and ice, with trappers and traders; in a vague way we locate it "up north." But how many Manitobans realize that while Edmonton is but twenty miles farther south than The Pas, Fort Norman is nine hundred miles north-west of Edmonton as the crow flies, farther north than Dawson City in the Yukon and farther west than Vancouver; or that Oklairek-- a trading post in the Mackenzie River delta—is 1400 miles beyond Fort Smith, which in turn is a mile and a half north of Alberta's northern boundary? In this article the writer hopes to give some idea of this vast country, through which it was his privilege to travel with a survey party in the summer of 1923.

The traveller into the Mackenzie River District in summer has the choice of his routes to Fort Fitzgerald, some sixteen miles south of Fort Smith. The one is from Edmonton to Waterways by the Alberta and Great Waterways Railway, thence by steamer down the Athabasca and Slave Rivers to Fort Fitzgerald; the other is by the Edmonton, Dunvegan and British Columbia Railway to the town of Peace River, and down the Peace and Slave Rivers. On this route the steamer can go only as far as Vermillion Chutes, some miles from Fort Fitzgerald. There a five mile portage imposes an effective barrier and the remainder of the journey must be made by canoe or power boat. The former route is naturally most generally used, but ease and comfort are not a first consideration on survey, and we took the latter route.

The railways in the north country leave a good deal to be desired. On the way to Peace River we travelled at

an average speed of 12 to 15 miles an hour and the train rolled and swayed like a ship at sea. The roads are, however, improving year by year. Members of the party who had made the trip several years before assured us that the travelling was quite good in comparison with then, when it was no uncommon thing for the engine to leave the tracks several times in the course of a run.

Our journey down the Peace and Slave Rivers was interesting and varied. From the town of Peace River to Carcajou Point we travelled on the Hudson Bay Company motor launch "Weenusk", and from there to the Chutes in our canoes. The valley of the river at the town of Peace River is about 800 feet deep and relatively narrow, but gradually widens until at the Chutes it is almost imperceptible. The country here is admirably suited for farming, and the Dominion Government has established at Fort Vermillion an experimental farm--the most northerly in Canada--where grains and most vegetables are grown.

At the Chutes our baggage was taken over the portage by a wagon while we floated our canoes down the rapids by track line and dropped them over the Chutes, a fall of fifteen feet. A little farther on we encountered another series of rapids, flanked by high, steep cliffs of gypsum. Fortunately these proved to be easily navigable. From this point to its junction with the Slave, the river flows smoothly on between low clay or sandy banks. It is over half a mile wide and is dotted with small islands.

Night was falling as we reached the Slave River, and we camped on the low, swampy ground between the two rivers. This proved to be an ideal breeding place for flies and mosquitoes. Whenever I think of the Peace and Slave Rivers I shall recall the reception we received from these pests on that occasion. The air was alive with them. At breakfast next morning we came to the conclusion that the flies worked in shifts during the day but that mosquitoes were non-union and worked day and night.

The trip down the Slave River to Fort Fitzgerald was very pleasant. We had no surveying to do on this river, and as the chief of the party towed the canoes behind the power boat we were excused the pleasure of paddling--until we reached La Butte. The engine had stopped for the umpteenth time that day and we were drifting leisurely down stream when a large rock was sighted ahead. Immediately we were galvanized into action. Canoes were cut adrift, paddles caught up and a wild pull made to avoid the rock and the slump and eddy on the far side. It was

at La Butte, by-the-way, that the 1600 Plains Buffalo which were transferred this summer from Wainright Park, Alberta, to the Wood Bison reserve between Slave and Hay rivers were released.

At Fort Fitzgerald we had our first experience of the summer with huskies. All traffic to the north from Peace and Athabasca Rivers converges there, and naturally it is a meeting place for Indians and their dogs. The northern Indian is no more industrious than his southern brother, and while he does not object to feeding his dogs, in the winter when they are of service to him, in summer it is sufficient exertion for him to provide for the needs of his family without paddling his canoe a little farther and setting extra nets to catch fish for dogs. Consequently the cook of an outfit that happens to camp near them has an extremely unhappy time. He cannot leave the cook tent during the day, and at night must fasten the tent flaps and barricade the sides with rocks. Even in those latitudes the atmosphere in a closed cook tent is not conducive to the sleep that a harassed cook surely needs.

Between Fort Fitzgerald and Fort Smith there is a series of dangerous rapids having a total drop of 125 feet. Navigation is impossible and a wagon road sixteen miles long has been constructed to join the two forts. The first eight miles of the portage, to Half-way House, is through muskeg, and the road is chiefly corduroy. The horses were mercilessly tortured by flies on this section, and were well flecked with blood by the time they reached the end of it. The second eight miles are more pleasant, the road winding over, sunny ridges covered with jack pine and bright with flowers. A large caterpillar tractor operates on the portage, chiefly to haul schooners and scows across. This modern machine and a couple of Fords, seemed strangely out of place on the northern limits of Alberta.

Fort Smith, standing on a grassy space about a hundred feet above the river and within hearing of the dull roar of the rapids, is a pleasant spot in summer. The southern terminus for the Oklavik steamers, it is the metropolis of the north. It once boasted a branch bank, and still possesses an ice-cream and soft drink parlor, a dance hall, several stoves and a large Roman Catholic Mission. West of the post there is a large expanse of prairie which serves on winter pasture for the portage horses and the Mission cattle. Rich salt springs, from which the salt supply of the north country is largely obtained, are scattered throughout this open country.

Navigation to the north had not yet commenced when we reached Fort Smith, for although the river was free Great Slave Lake was still ice-bound. The three large steamboats were tied up along the river railing for the ice to go out, but as we had some surveying to do in the river mouth we set out on the government power schooner "Ptarmigan," towing our canoes astern. From Fort Smith to the lake the river follows a tortuous course through a country rich in hay meadows. So pronounced is the wandering that at one point—Grand Detour—the river flows fifteen miles around a bend, whereas a portage across the neck would be about a thousand yards. An immense delta is being built up which is slowly filling up the south side of the lake. We spent some time sounding the various channels in this, and marked the steamer channel with buoys made from steel gasoline cans painted white. In addition, presumably to keep us in practice with the axe and to give us an appetite for the cook's bannocks and beans, we cleared an acre of land for future use as a camping site. Probably no party has visited it since.

Toward the end of June a start was made for the Mackenzie River at the west end of the lake. A good deal of ice still remained and the schooner had to feel her way carefully through the breaks in the floes, keeping close in to the shore. We left the Slave River early in the morning, and it was two o'clock next morning before we reached our first objective, Hay River. Our only concern then was to get off the crowded schooner and to find a place to sleep. No one bothered about tents, but just unrolled the bed-roll, fixed the mosquito bow, and crawled in.

The only non-Roman Catholic mission in the Mackenzie Basin is at Hay River. It is an Anglican mission in charge of the Rev. Vale who very kindly conducted us over the buildings and grounds. The building contains two dormitories, one for girls and one for boys, several large class rooms, and a large dining hall. It is lighted by acetylene gas and has hot and cold running water. Potatoes and other vegetables are grown for the needs of the mission, and a small income is derived from the breeding of dogs, which it was claimed, were the best in the district. We stayed at Hay River over Sunday, and the students of the parties seized the opportunity to attend the evening service in the little church. All the Indian boys and girls, and one or two Eskimo children were there. We had been working that morning fixing a beacon for a landmark and taking soundings in the river, and it gave us great satis-

faction to hear the preacher in the course of his sermon, remind the congregation that six days were sufficient to labour and that the seventh day was a day of rest, especially as the chief of two of the parties was sitting just in front!

Hay River is the only safe harbour between the Slave and Mackenzie rivers. Storms rise very suddenly on the lake, and the crossing to Wrigley Harbour on the Mackenzie is rather hazardous on account of the ice which blows before the wind. Needless to say we lost no time in getting across. The river at Wrigley Harbour is seven to eight miles wide, very shallow and dotted with small islands which are the resting places of innumerable ducks and gulls. The place has a reputation for good fishing, but although we stayed there a whole day and someone fished continuously we caught only one whitefish. There was a good deal of ice running in the river at the time, which doubtless was responsible for our failure.

Nothing had been seen of the steamers thus far, and fearing that they had been delayed our party set out to paddle down the Mackenzie, hoping that the steamer would overtake us before we reached Fort Norman, our summer base. Mirages of spruce covered islands and high banks appeared ahead of us all morning due to the effects of the ice-cold water and the warm sun. Actually, the shores are low and marshy, and we had difficulty in finding a suitable camping ground for lunch. At Fort Providence, forty-five miles down stream, we encountered slight rapids, but they were easily navigable and served only to make things interesting for a few minutes. Beyond them, the river expands into a lake known as Little Lake or Mills Lake, which is about twelve miles across at its widest point. We finally stopped for lunch just below this lake. The shores were still marshy, and it was impossible to go more than a few hundred yards inland. Rambling around after lunch I found some very fine water lilies on a pond near the river. Birch grew to a fair size, and an old Indian camping there had several birch canoes, looking very bright and new.

Another day's journeying brought us near Fort Simpson, and as the Northern Trading Company's steamer "Northern" had passed us during the preceding night we were expecting the steamboat Distributor to overtake us at any time. As night fell we made camp, and to avoid any possibility of missing her during the night look-outs were told off. The first watch fell to me, and I soon found that though it was easy enough to keep awake on sentry

duty in the front line trenches, it is an entirely different matter when one is forced to remain under the mosquito bar of an inviting bedroll. Fortunately I saw the familiar white smoke appear over a point several miles upstream about ten-thirty, before I had had time to get too sleepy, and gave the alarm. Everyone was soon stirring, pulling down mosquito bars, rolling bedrolls and loading canoes. We signalled the boat by means of a fire and were soon aboard. Rough surveyors were not permitted the comforts of a cabin and we had to sleep wherever we could. We chose the top deck, underneath the up-turned boats and canoes. Of course it rained that night and washed us out.

Fort Simpson, which we reached soon after day-break is situated on an island at the junction of the Liard River with the Mackenzie. It is one of the largest posts on the river, and is the trading centre for trappers and Indians on the Lower Liard as well as those on the Mackenzie. The ice in the smaller river (the Liard is rather bigger than the Assiniboine) goes out about the end of April, before that in the Mackenzie, and it is a magnificent sight to see it sweeping across and piling up on the larger river. The arrival of the first boat of the season used to be a great event in the life of this, as other posts, but two years ago the Dominion Government erected a wireless station there, and the advent of the steamer has now lost much of its interest and significance.

After leaving Simpson we were able to become acquainted with the steamer's passengers and crew, for among the latter were several Varsity students acting as deck hands, firemen and pantry man. Included in the passengers was a judicial party bound for Aklairk to try several Eskimo offenders. They were taking the white man's law to a people who know little about it and had no say or influence in its making. The missionaries had not had sufficient time in which to carry on their good work in such a place as this river, where one Eskimo murderer came from. There were aboard also several free traders, and some sisters from the mission at Fort Providence who were taking some little girls back to their homes down the river. One wonders if the work done by these mission schools will bring about another problem similar to that of the young people leaving the farms for the comforts and pleasures of the city. That may be a good plank for an electioneering platform at some future date.

The discovery of oil in 1920 and the aeroplane trip made in 1921 by representatives of the Imperial Oil Company had made Fort Norman known to us all. It was with a great deal of interest that we waited for the first glimpse of the post, and our anticipations were fulfilled. A glorious view is obtained as one approaches it from the south. The post occupies a commanding position on the east bank, at the mouth of the Great Bear River. The Mackenzie is two miles wide at this point, and is a clear expanse of water for several miles upstream. Immediately behind Fort Norman, on the far bank of Great Bear River, Bear Rock, a flat-topped mountain 1400 feet high rises sheer from the water's edge. We were told that the midnight sun may be seen from its summit during late June and early July. A few miles above Fort Norman smoke curls up occasionally from fires in the lignite beds which outcrop along the east bank. How long these fires have been burning and their origin no one knows, but Alexander Mackenzie reported their presence when he made his first exploration in 1789.

The Distributor tied up at the Fort about midnight, and there was still sufficient daylight to enable a snapshot to be taken of our party. Fort Norman was a busy place even in 1923, for a drilling outfit had remained there all winter and were drilling a few miles downstream. This outfit owned a horse which was a source of wonder to the Indians. Although Fort Norman is in latitude 65° north the priests at the mission were able to raise potatoes and other vegetables, and the bush around the post was full of wild flowers, including tiger lilies.

The main purpose of our summer's work was to map and explore the north shore of Great Bear Lake, or as much of it as was possible in the six weeks remaining before the boat returned on its last voyage of the season. We accordingly lost no time, but left Fort Norman the day we arrived, having hired two Indians at \$5 a day to act as guides and to track our fifth canoe. Their task was no easy one, as they had to tow not only our 18 foot canoe loaded with 1000 lbs. or more of freight, but also their own small canoe.

Our route lay along Great Bear River, a narrow rapid stream 75 miles long draining Great Bear Lake into the Mackenzie. It can only be ascended by tracking or towing the canoes. It was hard, slow going, and took eleven days, for our canoes were heavily loaded with two month's supplies. The rush of ice in the spring had swept the banks clear of brush and trees, forming a nice grassy slope, ideal

for a towing path. The weather was so warm that we preferred tracking at night instead of by day, until we reached the rapids. These were a series about three miles long, are about half way to the lake, where the river cuts through the Franklin Mountains. Our passage through the rapids was marked by several incidents. The current was so strong that three men instead of two were required to track one canoe. Ice was piled up along the banks of the rapids to a height of twenty feet, which added further to our difficulty. The guides and the cook and I left our canoes tied to the bank and helped the others. When we returned the Indian's canoes were missing. Unloading our canoe, we were about to set out in search of them when first a gasoline can, then a tarpaulin and other gear came floating down. Someone was having a joyful time farther up! We salvaged these things, then started in pursuit of the runaway canoes, which fortunately we found, still lashed together, stranded upon a small gravel bar a short distance downstream. On our return we learned that little had been lost from the canoe upstream, it had merely been swamped and a few of the lighter articles had floated off.

Having passed the rapids, tracking was good until we were within two or three miles of the lake, where more rapids and right angle bends made travelling slow and difficult. It was a great relief to reach the lake and to be able to paddle again, but the scene at the head of the river was not inviting, especially when the draughtsman was expected to help the cook collect firewood on moving days. The shore was very bleak and quite destitute of trees or bushes, and ice floating in the bay lent a chilly aspect to an already uninviting prospect. We camped a few miles along the shore at the site of Fort Franklin, where Franklin spent the winter of 1825-26. Only a few chimney stones remain to mark the site of that venture of a hundred years ago. Close by is an Indian village—four or five log cabin—and an Indian cemetery. The graves are surrounded by wooden stakes roughly hewn, and a rosary hangs from the cross at the head of each grave.

The next day we began our summers work in earnest, beginning at Teith Bay on the western end of the lake, and working around by the north shore. Mirages appeared many times during the first week or two on the lake. I had a busy time plotting islands in Teith Bay that the transit man persisted in sighting on and recording. Finally there were so many positions for those islands that I concluded

they did not exist. We afterwards crossed the bay but found no islands at all.

The north shore of the lake is fairly well wooded, spruce up to eight or nine inches in diameter are plentiful, and a few tamarack and willow are to be found. There were a few small birch on the south shore of Teith Bay, but the western shores, which are exposed to the full force of the bitter east winds sweeping over the lake are barren for miles inland with the exception of a few knarled stunted spruce rarely taller than eight to ten feet. There is an abundance of fish in the lake, we caught by trowl and line a great many trout, whitefish, jackfish and herrings. Great shoals of the latter were frequently seen along the south shore of Teith Bay. Owing to lack of suitable feeding grounds there were very few ducks and geese on the portion of the lake that we surveyed, but it was infested with loons, and our sleep was often disturbed by their wierd cries, sometimes like a child, sometimes like a serenading cat. Ashore, ptarmigan were abundant, they were quite tame and wandered around the camp freely. Very few rabbits and no big game were seen, but the party blamed the singing of the cook and draughtsman for that. Caribou live on the Barren Lands east of the lake, and we found old antlers on the shore of Smith Bay.

Great Bear Lake is considered to rank fifth in size among the lakes of North America, yet from Teith Bay on the west to Smith Bay towards the east there were less than a dozen families of Indians. Eskimos from the Coppermine River visit the trading posts at the mouth of Dease River, but do not fraternize with the Indians, returning to the Arctic Coast as soon as their business is completed.

Storms rise very suddenly on the lake, and on such occasions the heavy seas make travelling by canoe impossible. By the time we had finished our work bad weather was setting in, with strong winds. On our return journey it was necessary to travel by night, when the wind usually abated. It was quite light at midnight, light enough even to read logarithmic tables.

A quick return was made to Fort Norman. Twelve hours were sufficient to travel the seventy-five miles down Great Bear River that had taken eleven days to track up. At Fort Norman we embarked on the Distributor. It was a slow journey up the Mackenzie, many stops were made to take on cordwood for fuel. Travelling up the Athabasca to Waterways was even slower, the water was low, and on

one occasion the captain spent several hours in a canoe taking soundings to find the channel.

We left the Arctic regions of the Mackenzie still green and bright, and three weeks later arrived in Edmonton to find the crops uncut and laid low with snow.

G. J. K.

THE HISTORY OF JOURNALISM

P. T. Barnum made and makes money on a human weakness. "The public likes to be fooled" is his motto, (if I may use the word in this sense) and he plays upon that natural craze to make himself the king of a wonderful business.

The fifty thousand or so newspapers in the world today are founded on a like principle,—on a trait of human nature that made itself distressingly evident in the Garden of Eden. Since the time of Adam and Eve, history records not one single person who has not been incurably curious. Out of this weakness men are today making millions of dollars,—by trading on it with countless magazines and newspapers. As a matter of fact, all learning whatsoever is the result—dare I say offspring?—of this same curiosity, but more especially the newspapers, as they serve the most acute form of this complaint.

As far as our occidental world is concerned, Julius Caesar was the first journalist and the first war correspondent. His masterful dispatches from Gaul are the bogey of every High School student today. They are wonderfully compact in their form of writing, and though they would need a good deal of "limbering up" to be acceptable today, they are in some cases excellent models. Has any reporter ever equalled that supreme "flash" of Caesar's "veni; vidi; vici"? It approaches a pun in its catchy wording, but there are reams of matter "boiled down" into it. Upon that alone, Caesar could lay claims as a competent reporter, and as it is he is undoubtedly the father of Occidental Journalism.

One of his first acts after he became Consul in 60 B.C. was to found the ACTA DIURNA, (Daily Acts), in which were printed political news, military intelligence, birth and death notices, financial items, etc. It was posted, written on a whitened board, in the Forum at Rome, and in a parchment form had a limited circulation among the higher State Officials. Soon enterprising editors put out larger papers, catering to the public love of gossip and scandal, in

great numbers. At least one Latin author describes a Roman lady absorbed in her morning paper, while we read that at a later date these papers became so popular and sensational that Papal Bulls were issued against them, their editors being threatened with death or the galleys. But they persisted and in the sixteenth century became very popular in Germany, where they were first printed.

By Shakespeare's time they were quite common in England, the greatest of them being perhaps the "Weekly News" edited by Nathaniel Butter. This great man was really the father of English Journalism, but though he did a great work, he lived too long. Under Charles I the Star Chamber suppressed, both extinguished him and his daring writings.

In the next twenty years there were three great journalists:— Birkinhead, Needham and L'Estrange. Birkinhead, under the patronage of Archbishop Laud, founded a Royalist organ, "Mercurius Aulicus", which was really a Court journal. Immediately Needham founded a Puritan mouthpiece, "Mercurius Britannicus." This editor, however, set a deplorable example for posterity by suddenly taking a sharp turn,—(induced, it is believed, by a bribe), —and enlisting on the side of the Royalists. When Cromwell became Dictator they established a press censorship especially to suppress him but he was so nimble in changing his address that he brought out number after number of his paper for years. Upon the death of Charles I he swung back to the Puritan party for a time, but after the Restoration he obtained a pardon from Charles II and wound up his troubled career in the quiet practice of medicine.

Roger L'Estrange was the first aristocrat to become a newspaper man. Charles II made him supreme licenser of all printed matter, and he promptly secured a good circulation for his own paper by crushing all rival sheets out of existence. With terrible ferocity he hunted out every other publication, but at the time of the plague, the king, having moved to Oxford missed his morning paper and had the University printer establish the Oxford Gazette. While L'Estrange was furious at this infringement of his monopoly, he dared not lift a hand against this paper as it enjoyed royal patronage.

In the year 1688 L'Estrange disappeared, and with him the office of licenser obsolete, many papers were printed, resulting in the rise of many capable journalists. The most brilliant of this bevy was Daniel Defoe. Although known

to most of the world merely as the author of "Robinson Crusoe", story-writing was with him only a side-line. Indeed he is a close contestant with Butter as the father of English journalism. He was certainly one of the greatest editors and one of the most interesting men that ever lived. One writer calls him: "A Horace Greely, a Lord Northcliffe and a William Randolph Hearst rolled into one." He was the first to publish a paper for Church children, his "New Family Instructor" being undoubtedly the father of our modern Sunday School paper. He was the publisher of numerous daring pamphlets which were continually getting him into trouble with the authorities. Following an imprisonment for one of these early in Queen Anne's reign, he made a secret agreement to serve his natural enemies, both in politics and in religion. From his success in this, and for other reasons, one of his chief biographers has called him: "A great,—a truly great liar:—perhaps the greatest liar that ever lived." But no Englishman has eclipsed him, either in voluminous output, attention to detail, or demand for reform. He was the first journalist to advocate freetrade, good roads, education of women, civic police systems, prison reforms, licensed lunatic asylums, or fraternal societies.

The eighteenth century saw many brilliant writers, among them Swift, Bolingbroke, Addison, Steele and Dr. Johnson, but the century is noted chiefly for its battles for journalistic independence. That stupid old German, George III got himself into serious trouble both in the Old and New Worlds by his blundering attempts to throttle any sheets which dared criticise the actions of his Government. But journalism, like religion, flourishes under persecution, and all suppressions, prosecutions and taxes (in 1815 the stamp tax actually reached 4d. on a single paper), only incited editors to free speech in the condemnation of those in power. These "taxes on knowledge" are, perhaps as much as any other one thing, responsible for the loss to Great Britain of her American colonies.

Great developments took place in the enlargement and the perfection of the newspaper during the Nineteenth century. We find here the beginnings of the steam press in 1814, the rotary press, with a capacity of 8,000 or 10,000 copies per hour in 1846, the abolition of the stamp tax (which had been a serious obstacle to the English press hitherto) in 1855, Craske's improvement of the cylinder press, and Hoe's further perfection of that wonderful machine.

Along with these went the spread of education. Between 1837 and 1853 the number of books printed annually was trebled and the cost cut in half. In 1814 the London Times had a circulation of about 5,000 daily. In 1855 the final abolition of the stamp tax raised it to well over 50,000. This same act also started a large number of penny papers in London.

This democratization of knowledge was particularly rapid in the United States. In 1833 Horace Greeley tried to found a one-cent paper in New York. Where he failed, Benjamin Day succeeded, establishing the "Sun" in September 3rd of that year. It was but a small paper, but very popular in that it catered to the public love of gossip.

The king of editors, for catching public favor however was James Gordon Bennett, who in 1835 founded the New York "Herald." His motto, (similar and perhaps parent to the one today used by Barnum) was "The public likes to be shocked." With this in mind, he combed the city for scandal, scurrilously abused his brother-editors, blew his own horn incessantly, attacked the Church, and in every way sought to shock his readers. He knew neither reticence nor personal shame, and published scandalous accounts of his own private life, and that of others.

In 1841 Greeley founded the "Tribune", and for a generation he and Bennett, the two journalistic lions of the time roared forth furious diatribes at one another. Greeley had as his policy, "In every species of news the Tribune will be one of the earliest of the early," and with this he gave American journalism its "natural" savor and characteristic stamp.

About 1844 telegraphy acme into use for relaying messages, but earlier, carrier pigeons, pony expresses and special trains had been used for years. In this great fight to get the news to the crowd first, Bennett of the Herald was the past-master. It was characteristic of him that he offered D. H. Craig, the first man to use carrier pigeons in America, five hundred dollars an hour for every hour that he could get him news ahead of the other papers.

The work done by newspapermen in the civil war increased the prestige of the paper a hundred-fold. Indeed, they gained a power never anticipated. If it had not been for Greeley it is not likely that Lincoln would ever have been made president and enabled to carry out his task of National Delivrance.

Between 1880 and 1900 there occurred what has been called the Renaissance of Journalism. During this epoch

great changes and improvements took place. The cost of paper was cheapened, from 16 cents per pound in 1864 to 1½ cents in 1897; the invention of the linotype machine abolished handsetting for all solid matter; presses were improved until over 40,000 papers could be printed in an hour. The telegraph and later the telephone greatly cheapened the cost of obtaining news, and ocean cables made overseas matter easier of access. The cost of running a newspaper however, became yearly greater, owing to an increase in the size of the paper and the resolve of every editor to outdo every rival. Fortunately, along with this came an increase in newspaper advertising for stores which had used half a column in 1880 were using a full page twenty years later. Incidentally it might be said that the manner of setting up and displaying advertising underwent a radical change. In this respect England lagged,—and still lags, far behind the United States and Canada.

During this period there was a great increase in sensationalism. The comic supplement made its appearance and was a success from the start. As yellow was the favorite color in these sheets they got the name of the "Yellow Papers." With the advent of Pullitzer in 1885 and Hearst in 1896 there started a rain of scandal printing which certainly did not tend to the refinement of the press.

Someone has said that since 1900 we have been witnessing the feminization of the press. In place of the police-court scandals and risqué stories which were the fashion thirty years ago, lavish space is being given to women's matters, society notes, and as ballast, sporting news. Also there has, happily, been a purging of our newspapers for ads for fraudulent medicines and worthless mining stocks. The ethical standard is vastly higher than in 1900. The greatest recent development though, is due to the ambition of every editor to be a popular educator. He buys a great deal of educational matter on many lines regularly and encourages his staff in the writing of educational articles.

But the outstanding trademark of twentieth century journalism is the tendency of our newspapers to be controlled by capitalists. Men like Northcliffe can make and unmake governments pretty much at will. If we are to believe Mr. A. G. Gardiner, formerly of the London Daily News, Northcliffe, Beaverbrook, and other big newspapermen have already brought about what he calls "the twilight of Parliament." He states that it was really through a clique of eighteen or twenty newspapermen that Lloyd George ruled England, and, one might almost say, Europe.

This is all very interesting, but there is a power greater than that of journalists, great though that may be and that is the voice of the people,—public opinion. Never have the large masses of readers been more intelligent than they are today. They will have no patience with an insincere editor, and, conversely, there has never been a greater need for honest editors than there is today, and never greater opportunities, more chances for an editor who is “outspoken, sincere, and devoted at all times to the welfare of the community or people it is his privilege to serve.”

J. L. W.

SURE IT WOOD

It takes a lot of peepful for
 A werld as big as this,
 And while we wish that sum was gone
 A lot of them we'd miss.

Wed miss the berd who has a smile
 And always likes to show it.
 Wed miss the man who likes his friends
 And lets the werld no it.

Wed miss the gi who always has
 The time to say Hello,
 The gi whose always on the job,
 I first to say, Les Go.

And if we miss those kinds of gis,
 Wel woodn't it be troo,
 That folks wood miss US when we're gone
 If we were that way too?

The Duke:—“Women is like elephants; I like to look at them but I'd hate to own one.”



Students Association Executive Committee 1925-26

Front Row—Leta Fry '27, Girls Athletics; Rose Vasey '26, Lady Stick; J. L. Gayton '26, Senior Stick; Ruth Clement '27, Literary; Ruth Willey '27, Girls S.C.M.
 Back Row—R. O. Shuttleworth '27, Treasurer; A. W. Derby '27, Boys Athletics; A. D. Stade '27, Boys S.C.M.; Jean Gammon '28, Secretary; J. B. Thompson '28, Editor of "Quill"; L. B. Crawford '27, Debating.



"Quill" Staff 1925-26

Front Row—Miss G. Whidden B.A., Alumni-Alumnaeque; Mrs. E. A. Whitmore M.A., Consulting Editor; J. B. Thompson '28, Editor-in-Chief; Eileen Ritchie '26, Asst. Editor; Gertrude Godley '27, C.H. Athletics.
Back Row—Margaret Forrest '28, Clark Hall; Edna Rand '28, Latitude and Longitude; W. W. Gayton '28, Subscription; Don Freeman '26, College Gossip; L. G. McPherson '27, Business Manager; Margaret Kilgour '26, Literary Department.



Don Freeman

Spring is here! Doesn't sound reasonable. Why just yesterday we plugged our last Christmas exam. Don't say "Spring exams tomorrow." Nothing but. The end creeps on apace. Verily the voice of the Faculty is raised in a mighty shout—"Work for the Night is Coming."

Throughout the past few months we have been strictly traditional. Few of us could be justly accused of allowing our studies to interfere with our college education. The laws of the Medes and Persians prescribe a changed note in the affairs of men. The dark cloud is nearly upon us—tomorrow it will be gone. Prepare for a second "Flood" and if it is only a shower our spirits will not even be dampened.

Get going. Be doing. Take to the broad highway of knowledge with pistol and dagger and mask, if need be, but let them know that you are on the register when the returns come in.

The College year 1925-26 nears the end. The curtain will soon drop on probably the most successful act in the career of the B.C.S.A. Every phase of College activity has been intensely worth while.

We are justly proud of our Basketball teams. The ladies' team, though not successful in winning the city trophy, were only nosed out after a hard uphill fight. We may safely say that the best team which ever represented the B.C.A.A. has been coached to unprecedented success by Dr. Evans.

Debating has assumed just proportions under the able leadership of Mr. Crawford.

The Gym Committee, deeming it inadvisable to stage its usual campaign, have been well rewarded in the projects they have undertaken.

The manner in which the College Play was received, reflects much credit on Miss Watt and the cast. The com-

mittee rendered the city a real service by bringing to Brandon the "Hart House String Quartet."

Friday night "Lits" have become an event to look forward to, under the leadership of Miss Ruth Clement.

The Brandon College and Clark Hall S.C.M.'s have rendered a truly fine service to the student life in the past year.

Elections

A year spent at College would be of comparatively small value were it not for elections and 'materia electa.' Soap box orators, would be cartoonists, campaign leaders, in fact every voter becomes engrossed in a hectic struggle for party supremacy. Mr. Derby, running for the coveted office of Senior Stick, was found to be merely a political tool in the hands of the dark stained villain, Ambition A. Gainer. The traditional abode of the College Spirit was characterized by "Land writing on the wall," resembling a many-colored, blotched plague. Groups of gesticulating, ranting, electors could be seen anywhere at anytime. Deacon Westcott was overheard discussing "relative merits" to Anita Sallans, he, at the time, being wrapped in profound slumber.

Thursday afternoon, a capacity house listened to campaign speeches, unprecedented in number or verbocity, punctuated with party yells and songs.

The vote polled on election day demonstrated the keen interest of the students in the Association. In the evening a short program, followed by refreshments, was interrupted by a visit from the College Spirit. The representative from the ghostly regions gave us a glimpse into the future. The essence of his disclosure was as follows:

The B. C. S. A. Executive for 1926-27

Honorary President	Mr. C. G. Stone
Senior Stick	"Dink" Derby
Lady Stick	Miss Ruth Clement
First Vice-President	Miss Edna Rand
Second Vice-President	Tom Douglas
Treasurer	Lawrence Macpherson
Secretary	Miss Bertha Clark
Ladies' Athletics	Miss Ella Bowering
Men's Athletics	Armand Stade
Ladies' S.C.M.	Miss Grace Elliott
Men's S.C.M.	Charlie Smith
Managing Editor of the Quill	J. B. Thompson

The Debating Club

The present debating club is quite a recent institution, having its beginning in the college year of 1924-25. There was another club back in the dim ages of antiquity when Dr. Evans was a star debater, but memories of it are so obscured by the cob-webs of time that we will not mention it further. It is sufficient to say that there Dr. Evans got some of the training that makes him such a valuable coach to the existing club.

The purpose of the Debating Club should be well known throughout the college. The aim of this modest society is to train its members in public speaking and to help them to organize their material for speeches to the best advantage. Who, confronted with the laurels won from the Varsity debaters can say that the club has not succeeded brilliantly?

The programmes of the club have been pleasingly varied this year. Until Christmas they took the regular form of debates among the members with the added attraction of impromptu speeches. When the club met again after examinations Dr. Evans had a new type of programme for us. The meetings from that time were training in parliamentary procedure, and the discussions were heartily joined in by all the members.

This year's Club had its last meeting on March 13th, closing a most successful year. The executive intend to see that the Club re-opens early next Fall. The members will greatly miss the graduates of '26 who have been hearty workers, and especially Mr. Harold Batho who was president of the club this year. The waiting list, however holds good promises and with Miss Ruth Willey as president we can certainly prophecy that the Debating Club of 1926-27 will enjoy a pleasant and a prosperous year.

Arts Banquet

On the evening of March 9th at the Prince Edward Hotel the undergraduate students tendered the annual reception and banquet to the graduating class. Covers were laid for 200 guests. The dining room was artistically decorated in green and gold, the colors of the class. An interesting programme composed of toasts and musical numbers was enjoyed upon the completion of the banquet itself. The chairman of the evening was Dr. Bovington.

The programme was as follows:

King and Country.

The Chairman God Save the King

	Our Heroic Dead.	
	Graduating Class.	
Miss Kathleen Condell '27	Mr. A. P. Macpherson '26	
	Vocal Solo.	
	Miss M. Vincent.	
	Our new President.	
Miss Rose Vasey '26	President Bovington	
	Vocal Solo.	
	Mr. J. M. Clark.	
	Alma Mater.	
Mr. J. Wicklund '21	Dr. H. L. MacNeill	
	Our Ladies.	
Mr. J. Hughes '29	Miss Leta Fry '27	

DEBATING

Under the capable leadership of Mr. Lloyd Crawford debating has flourished this year. It is probably true that as yet the meetings of the Debating Society are not as well patronized as other of our activities, still it is more and more apparent that an ever-widening interest is being developed among the student body for this phase of our life. An increasing number are becoming cognizant of the importance of debating, and of the fact that to pass through an institution of learning such as this and to miss the training afforded in public speaking is an irreparable error. Much of this growth of interest is certainly due to the establishment last year of a Debating Club with Dr. Evans as coach.

Inter-departmental debates have been keenly contested, but also the field has been widened. An inter-collegiate debate with the University of Manitoba was held, from which our College emerged doubly victorious. This demonstrated that the limitation of numbers is not a serious handicap, for we have the material and the means to develop it. It has set a standard for future student bodies. This school year is at an end, it is true, but let's come back next fall prepared to sustain the enthusiasm in debating, to extend the work begun; and let's put Brandon more than ever on the map in debating circles.

Final Inter-Departmental Debate

By virtue of a decision over Messrs. Douglas and Talnicoff of the Academy, Miss R. Willey and Mr. Harold Batho in the final inter-departmental debate, won the medal for

the year for Senior Arts. While the seniors merit their victory, the losers are to be congratulated on the splendid fight they put up, while working under handicaps.

Inter-Collegiate Debate

The fact that our College can hold her own with larger institutions in realms other than athletic, was conclusively demonstrated in the debate against the representatives of the University of Manitoba Debating Union, March 24th. The debate took the form of home and home contests on the subject "Resolved that Western civilization is degenerating," and resulted in a duel victory for our teams. In Brandon Miss Ruth Willey and Mr. Harold Batho successfully upheld the affirmative of the question against Messrs. S. L. Swartz and J. W. Walster, while Miss Ruth Clement and Mr. Thomas Douglas journeyed to Winnipeg and just as successfully argued for the negative against Messrs. B. Richardson and E. Hewitt.

In Brandon Mr. Batho opened the debate for the affirmative, and pointed out the growing indifference to religion, the spirit of utilitarianism predominating education, and the menace of growing crime-waves as evidences of present-day degeneration. He dwelt on the increase of poverty among the masses, with its ensuing evils, and the dehumanization of man resulting from the present industrial system. Mr. Batho spoke in a clear and convincing manner, and left no doubt as to the authority of his arguments. In supplementing his remarks Miss Willey dealt with the family, its importance as a unit in society, and the many respects, in which it failed, today, to fulfil its functions. In the fields of art, literature, and music she gave proofs of the modern tendency towards shallowness and superficiality. Again, as was Mr. Batho's, Miss Willey's address was of a very high order and her remarks carried conviction.

Mr. Swartz led for the negative, and spoke in an interesting manner, displaying ease and confidence on the platform. He pointed out man's rapid progress in the evolution of moral, political, international, social and educational institutions. Mr. Walster delivered a forceful and finished address on the advances of science, speaking of the betterment of living conditions of present-day industrial workers, and the constructive work of charitable organizations. He dealt with medical science and eugenics.

In rebuttal Mr. Swartz attacked the affirmative approach as narrow. Mr. Batho evinced a thorough know-

ledge of the subject and contended that progress in the past does not disprove degeneration in the present, and that the condition of civilization could not be judged from the number of "plasters" and "bandages" that modern science applied as cures.

In Winnipeg Messrs. Hewitt and Richardson built up their case by arguments to prove the decline of physical progress, vitality and hardihood of men through dissipation and luxury. Also they contended that in the hurry and hustle of modern life there is no opportunity for constructive, cultural work.

For the negative Mr. Douglas developed the argument from the physical, mental and moral standpoint. He pointed out the increased longevity of life, the decreased death rate, and the shattering of athletic records. Statistics demonstrated the growing universality of education. Liberty and democracy are established as never before and the world is a better place for the common man.

Miss Clement pointed to human association in social and religious fields of today. In reference to the family, she declared that increase in divorce is a step forward in so far as it removes children from immoral environment. Religion is today more a matter of the heart and is not so completely lost in a cloak of denominationalism.

The debating teams are to be congratulated upon the splendid spirit with which they entered into this debate. Their victory is the reward of concentrated effort and thorough preparation, combined with a determination to give their best. Nor should we forget that much credit is due the coach, Dr. Evans, and the committee who worked so hard to obtain material.

Wise Sayings

Sarsfield:—"I had a better one than this but I shaved it off."

John Mc.:—"Why, when I was out west."

Crawford:—"These married people give me a pain."

Geo. Eaton:—"Love is like snow--it's beautiful until it becomes slush."

Goofer Gayton:—"You bet; she's choice!"

Douglas:—"When I die all the great cities of the earth will quarrel over my birth place."

Mr. Stone:—"The Arts course wasn't so all embracing in my day."

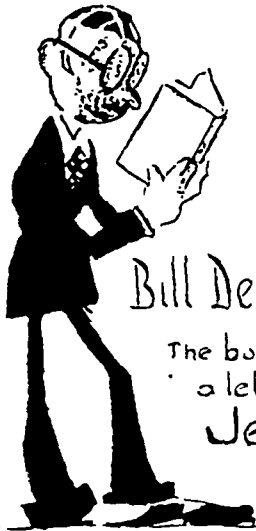
KRAZY KUTS

Don Freeman '26

DEMONSTRATING
the
"Bill
Hamby"
Cure for
"FLAPPER
EARS"

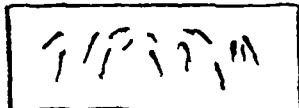


Ⓐ Good Head for Business.



Bill Derby

The book conceals
a letter from
Jessie.

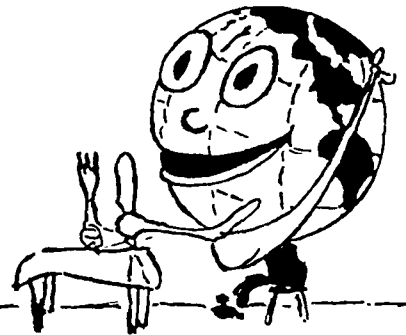


Ⓐ close-up of almost
any B.C. upper lip.



UB AT 2 YEARS

(NOTE EFFECT OF HIS
EARLY HABITS)



Goofer says:
"As easy to satisfy
this, as
Deacon Westcott."



The Big "Stick"



Clark-Hall Rule NO. 2467a
PLAYERS SHALL "BREAK" ON INTERPERENCE.

ODE ON BRANDON COLLEGE EPIDEMICS

(Eric L. Yates)

Was it for naught our worthy Dean
 Did warn us 'gainst that plague unseen,
 That in our Halls did prowl?
 Was it in vain we bore the pain
 Of vaccination's hated stain,
 To stem the sickness foul?

Disfig'ring smallpox hovered o'er
 This College Hall where Muses soar;
 Each student feared the Blot.
 For whomso'er this goddess touches,
 She speckles o'er with pits and smudges,
 But never a beauty spot.

So Dean and Doctor urged with might,
 And toiled to stay the blaneful blight,
 Nor urged nor toiled in vain.
 But O, what use to fight disease,
 Or beg for students sweet release
 From every dread murrain!

No sooner was the smallpox gone
 Than most male students were undone—
 (This record true and right is)
 With plague more chronic, and more grim,
 —That man who gets it,—pity him!
 'Tis dreaded moustachitis!

Vaccination,
 Vexation,
 Vacation,
 Darnation.

Deacon Westcott: (to Hembling, leading yells) Con-
 found it, man, you almost struck my girl.

Hembling: Did I? Well, here, take a swing at mine.

Who was the B.C. gentleman, who during the Mani-
 toba "U" debate, was heard to say:—"Who is the best look-
 ing man in the room, and why am I?"



Charles Smith

BASKETBALL

The season of 1925-26 found Brandon College with a host of potential basketball stars in her midst. Now what factors are essential in the development of such an array of talent? Primarily there must be an end toward which to aspire, a definite incentive for which to strive; in the second place, organization and training of such a group is of fundamental importance. The possibilities of a western trip and a provincial championship furnished the former essential, while the latter was quite capably fulfilled in the competent hands of the coach, Dr. Evans. With these two indispensable requirements complied with, the logical expectations are great achievements in this line of sport. We were not disappointed in our hopes as the following results will indicate.

City League

Lack of competition featured the play in the Brandon City League, the College winning all six games with ease. As a result it was felt necessary to look farther a field for stiffer opposition, and though handicapped financially, games with fast outside teams were arranged both at home and on foreign floors.

Brandon Games—Hansboro, Dec. 5th

The initial outside game of the season saw College tangling with the fast travelling Hansboro N.D. quintette. Half time found the College with the short end of a 14-10 score. Close checking, in the second half, coupled with a sharp rally resulted in a 26-15 score for the home team.

Scorers:—Herbert 11, Rae 7, W. Gayton 4, Shewan 4.

Regina—January 30th

The Regina Dreadnaughts defeated the College squad by a score 28-27, the first and only defeat of the Brandon

team on their home floor this year. The game was marred by hard close checking. Half time score favoured the College 18-12. The Capital City quintette growing accustomed to the floor and baskets, staged a rally and nosed out the College in the final moments of the game by a one point margin.

Lineup:—Wellwood, J. Gayton 4, Rae 9, Gayton 6, Herbert 5, Shewan 2, Fraser.

M. B. C.—February 7th

Determined to avenge the defeat administered by M. B. C. in Winnipeg the College tackled the easterners on February 7th and demonstrated that they were quite capable of doing so. At half time, the score stood 26-13 in favour of the College and the game ended with a double score for College 34-17.

Lineup:—Wellwood, Joe Gayton, Rae 10, Herbert 8, W. Gayton 14, Shewan 2, Fraser, Stade.

Saskatoon—February 13th

Unleashing a whirlwind attack the local quintette practically stowed away the victory in the first few minutes of the game. Before Saskatoon could recover sufficiently to call time out the score stood 17-0 in favour of the College. Given a few pointers in time out the Varsity lads held the College to a 20-10 score at half time. By out-scoring the westerners 14-11 in second half, College emerged with the long end of a 34-21 count

Lineup:—Wellwood 1, J. Gayton 4, Rae 15, Fraser 10, W. Gayton 4, Herbert, Shewan.

Games Away—M. B. C. Winnipeg, Jan. 30th

Suffering from lack of practice and strong opposition, the College were taken by surprise and handed the first defeat of the season by the M. B. C. Although defeated, the College was by no means disgraced but forced the M. B. C. to exhibit the best game played by them this year.

Regina—February 19th

The initial game of the tour started slowly, both teams a little nervous after the struggle on the Brandon floor. College opened the scoring when Rae sagged the hemp for the first counter. The Regina squad quickly overcame this lead however by the long range workmanship of Bone and Campbell, the latter scoring three times from the centre of the floor. The score at the breather showed the opposition at the long end of a 21-15 count. The Rah-Rah quintette staged a big comeback at the commencement of the second

stanza, and by virtue of Herbert's three baskets, were four points up with ten minutes to go. Lacking five minutes of full time, Joe Gayton, Wellwood and Rae drew the ire of the referee and retired from action in rapid succession. The College fought hard but could not overcome the handicap and full time found the Capital City with the score favouring them 37-34.

College:—Wellwood, J. Gayton, Matheson, Stade, Rae 12, W. Gayton 11, Herbert 11, Fraser, Shewan.

Raymond—February 23rd

Determined to wipe out the defeat of the previous Friday the College team completely outplayed a classy aggregation of Raymond hoopsters by the score 69-31. Playing on a large floor the Collegians flashed as smooth a display of floor work as was ever seen in Raymond, though it is "the capital and cradle of basketball in Alberta." The Sugar city quintette withstood the pace fairly well in the first half but could not stem the tide as the College adapted themselves to their new environment. Rae led the College scores with 22 points, Fraser playing only half time, followed closely with 17, while Joe Gayton earned for himself the cognomen of a point-getting guard by registering 13 points. Other scorers were W. Gayton 8, Herbert 4, Wellwood 3, Shewan 2.

Lethbridge—February 24th

The College quite handily defeated the Lethbridge in a challenge game by the score 106-4.

Lethbridge—February 25th

Playing at Lethbridge "Y" before the largest crowd to witness a basketball game this season, the Brandon Collegians defeated the "Y" Aces by a score 54-25. From the first toot of the whistle, the collegians showed themselves to be superior in every department of the game. Rae led the college squad with nineteen points. Fraser gained plaudits from the gallery by dropping in several long shots. Score at end of first stanza was 31-8. The Aces recovered somewhat in the interval and by close, hard checking held the Collegians in check, the final score being College 54, Windy City 25.

Lineup:—J. Gayton 9, Wellwood 2, Rae 19, Fraser 10, W. Gayton 10, Herbert 4.

Medicine Hat—February 26th

Continuing their victorious campaign through the west, the College team easily defeated an all star Medicine Hat

team by the score 50-19. The game was cleanly contested and featured by the open type of floor work of the Brandon quintette. Ed. Rae, the rangy College centre star, excelled his previous stellar performances on the trip and bagged twenty-one points. Chris Riley, former Brandon Collegian, played a strong game for the Gas city crew by scoring ten points for the Hat.

Lineup:—Wellwood 4, J. Gayton 2, Rae 21, Fraser 9, W. Gayton 8, Herbert 4, Shewan 2.

Moose Jaw—February 27th

The final game of the tour found the College team emerging victoriously from the hardest earned game of the trip. Suffering from minor injuries, the fatigue of four consecutive evenings play, and pitted against a larger and heavier team the Wheat City lads gave an excellent account of themselves. The sturdy captain of the Brandon squad was the big noise of the evening both in individual and team work, though battered about he "saw the bear" and scored 26 points. The final whistle found college leading 47-32.

Lineup:—J. Gayton 6, Wellwood 2, Rae 11, W. Gayton 26, Fraser 2, Matheson.

Resume of Trip

Played 5 games---Won 4, lost 1.

Total score for 358-- against 148.

Individual Scores

Rae 85, W. Gayton 63, Fraser 38, J. Gayton 30, Herbert 23, Wellwood 11, Shewan 4, Stade, Matheson.

Provincial Semi-Final

The draw made by the provincial association stacked Brandon College team against the Adanacs of Winnipeg. In a rather disappointing game the College defeated the Winnipeg aspirants by the score 27-24. The small floor and hard close checking marred any good basketball. Goofer Gayton was the star of the occasion scoring 13 points. As we go to press the team are awaiting the finals in Winnipeg and we fully expect to see the Dyson trophy gracing our halls ere long.

Lineup:—Joe Gayton 2, Wellwood, Rae 6, W. Gayton 13, Fraser 4, Herbert 2, Matheson, Shewan.

JUNIOR BASKETBALL

Possibly overlooked in the quest of honours for the senior team, we have in our midst a championship junior

aggregation. For the first time in years the Cornell trophy, emblematic of junior or intermediate championship of Brandon, comes to the College. In three hard fought games with the Collegiate the Blue and Gold juniors finally triumphed. The team responsible for attaining these honours includes Frederickson, Maxwell, Wright, Hjelmstrom, Dunkin, Popkin, Eaton.

BOYS HOCKEY

Junior hockey got away to a good start last winter with the forming of a three cornered league within the city. The three entries were: the Eskimoes, the Canadiens and the College. A schedule of six games was arranged for each team. At the close of the season the Eskimoes stood at the top of the league with the College holding second place. The former was as well an organized and as smooth a working machine as ever chased a puck on the Brandon Arena so that defeat at their hands was no disgrace. The College while putting up a good brand of hockey lacked practice. The players were new to one another consequently real team work was not started until near the end of the season. Next year however, if the same boys are back again we can expect bigger and better things from them.

The College team was as follows:

Goal—M. Shewan, S. Perdu.

Defence—W. Gayton, J. Mutter.

Centre—F. Westcott.

R. Wing—W. Wait (Capt.)

L. Wing—R. Parker.

Subs.—G. Algar, R. Mott, C. Jasper, W. Westcott.

Featuring

"Way Down East"	"Prof. Kerr"
"Forbidden Paradise"	"Clark Hall"
"Why Girls Leave Home"	"Bridges"
"The Sainted Devil"	"Wilkie Westcott"
"Girl Shy"	"Harry Elliott"
"The Only Woman"	"Ada"
"The Trouble with Wives"	"Crawford"
"Feet of Clay"	"Charlie Smith"
"The Midnight Sun"	"Jasper"
"The Last Man on Earth"	"Segsworth"
"Go West"	"The B.B. team (to Medicine Hat)"



Margaret Forrest

CLARK HALL

We had hoped to place some spring-like quotation at the head of this section, and write a few well-chosen remarks about the glorious weather. Unfortunately, the present temperature is not conducive to vernal out-bursts, and yet the ruined skating rink assures me that winter rhapsodies would be out of place. In spite of cold winds and the frozen ground it is apparent that Spring is just around the corner. This is evidenced by the rapturous exclamations one hears every day in Clark Hall,

"Oh, isn't that lovely!"

"That color is simply wonderful."

"Do let me try it on, it isn't my style, but --"

"I'm so glad that big hats are in again."

It is a true saying that there is always a fly in the ointment. In the midst of all our exciting preparations and plans for the coming season, there is a haunting undercurrent of sadness that finds expression in worried looks and wrinkled brows. Here and there, a group of girls, will sit for hours, uttering no sound other than an occasional hollow moan. What is the cause of this gloom? Is it the ache of vaccinations? Is it spring fever? Alas! It is something much, much worse. A mournful, heart-rending wail issuing from every throat reveals the mystery. Exams are coming!

THIS YEAR'S GIFTS TO CLARK HALL

Clark Hall has been well remembered this year by her friends. Miss Whiteside has always sent a gift for the reception room, at the Christmas season and this year was

no exception. Six silver vases were her remembrance and are greatly appreciated by the Clark Hall faculty and girls.

We are also indebted to the girls of Class eighteen and Nurse Noble for another addition to the reception room furniture. Miss Whidden on their behalf presented us with a beautiful piano lamp, which adds much to the appearance of the room. We are indeed grateful to those who remembered us in this kindly fashion.

The Clark Hall S.C.M. held a silver tea in the reception room on Wednesday, December 16th, for the purpose of raising funds to send delegates to the Saskatoon conference. The guests were received by Miss Turnbull and Miss Ruth Willey. Mrs. E. A. Whitmore poured tea for the first hour, and Mrs. W. L. Wright for the second hour. Frances Smith, Kathleen McKenzie, Edna Calverly and Doris Dowling were among those assisting.

Miss H. A. Watt was hostess at a most delightful silver tea held in Clark Hall Thursday, February 4th. Tea was poured by Mrs. E. Scott Eaton for the first hour and by Mrs. W. L. Wright for the second hour. Musical selections were given by Kathleen Kilgour and by John McLellan, who was accompanied by Marguerite Sexton. Those who assisted were: Marjorie Haigh, Doris Robertson, Margaret Forrest, Edna Shore, Edith Rorke, Marion Bulloch and Edna Rand.

At seven o'clock an auction sale of sandwiches and cakes was conducted by Tommy Douglas. All those who are interested may see the results of the tea and sale in the improved appearance of the Clark Hall gymnasium.

On the evening of January the 26th, the strain and excitement of exams being over, the girls of Clark Hall settled down to an evening of quiet study. Suddenly the chimes of a bell pealed forth. Everyone went on with her work scarce hearing this sound. But the long continued ringing brought recollections of a bell which awakes one from dreams about 12.00 p.m. and by a process of association the word "Fire" ran through the minds of the girls. They ran downstairs as they are wont to do when the fire alarm is given, this time a great deal more annoyed than when drill is called at 12.00 p.m., for it is a much more serious matter to be disturbed in study than in sleep. The girls stood helpless and speechless at the foot of the stairs until one timid soul opened the iron door. Instead of smoke and fire, Harold Batho was seen, setting the class bell with sure and swift hands. The excitement died down,

and serenity was restored by the smiles of Rose Hyndman and Leta Fry. They being close associates of the fire-captain, knew the alarm was false and so hung over the bannister to greet the disgruntled students.



Those Winning Smiles!

THE EIGHTEENTH CHAPTER OF THE BOOK OF CELEBRATIONS

1. And now it came to pass that on the ninth day of the third month of this year there arose in the dwelling of the maidens a mighty commotion.

2. Much going hither and thither and babel of many voices. The confusion thereof was exceeding great.

3. There was mending of garments, cleaning of shoes and waving of hair that there might appear much beauty among the daughters of the house.

4. At the hour of sunset it was known abroad that food was to be had from one named Mardi in the district of the ironing board.

5. Immediately these went from all sides to that place such as had felt the need of food and drink.

6. And when they had partaken of cocoa and sandwiches made of butter from the fruit of the peanut, they were satisfied and each departed to her own district.

7. And now there arose an even greater din as the maidens arrayed themselves gloriously and shone forth in many colors like flowers of the field.

8. Anon there sounded a shrill call as of a bird and each maiden answered, "yea" unto the name and departed with that youth which had been decreed as her protector to the great feast.



More Winning Smiles.

CLARK HALL ATHLETICS

There is little doubt in the minds of all students that spring is here—one glance at what was the rink will verify this to say nothing of various other proofs. With its advent winter sports for this term are finished. Once more Saturday nights are free and the puck can no longer freeze to the ice. But in spite of the fact that all our endeavours were not fully appreciated it has been a successful season. It still remains to be seen what this spring will bring forth

in the way of future tennis champions. With continued dry weather and a little enthusiasm, to say nothing of time, the tennis courts will soon be constantly occupied.

This year Clark Hall girls began to show what they really could do under boys' rules. The team has shown marked improvement in combination work and plays a much faster game than in previous years. There is a possibility that all of this year's team will return in the fall. If this is the case and the team continues to improve as it has done this year, with a little more accuracy in shooting, there is no reason why we should not win the city championship.

The city league to which our team belonged was made up of five city teams: Collegiate, Normal, Senior and Junior Y.W.C.A., and Clark Hall. The first half of the league played before Christmas was won by the B.C.I. girls with our team second. The second half resulted in a tie between the Collegiate and Clark Hall. This necessitated a play off. In one of the hardest fought games of the season our girls won. This victory placed them in the lead for the lead for the second half. In the following play off the Collegiate quintette proved themselves a little faster on floor work and baskets and thus succeeded in winning the city championship.

During the year three exhibition games were played. On December 5th Clark Hall was successful in defeating the Collegiate team. The game was marked by close checking and little open floor-work. By dint of much hard work and concentration on free throws the final score was left with one point in our favor.

The first game with an outside team was played on February 12th with the girls from Varsity Arts. The prominent feature of the game was the good combination work and unselfish passing of our team. Throughout the entire game our girls had the better part of the play. The final score 17-5 showed it was not mere supposition on our part that Clark Hall girls were the better players.

The second outside team came to visit us in March from the Winnipeg Normal School. This team contained some of last year's stars from Wesley, M.A.C., and U.M.-S.U. and was the best team we played this year. The first half of the game was very close. Clark Hall followed each field basket of W. N. S. with one but they got ahead with a free throw. At half time they were one point up. In the second half the Winnipeg players obtained a good lead

which they did not lose. Our girls put up a good fight but were unable to take the lead from their faster opponents. The final score was 21-12 for the Normal.

An attempt was made to arrange games with the "Aggies" and Wesley as in former years but plans could not be completed, nor was it possible for our girls to make their much talked-of and planned for annual trip to Winnipeg.

A word regarding the personnel of the team:

Jenie Balmer—Centre, fast, all-round player, captain of the team.

Jean Gammon—Forward, cool, calm, collector of baskets.

Eunice Bullard—Forward, petite and peppy.

Evelyn Doig—Forward, quick on passes, works well in combination plays.

Frances Smeed—Guard, fast and reliable, forms a strong defense with.

Gertrude Godley—Guard, clean and sturdy.

Ella Bowering—Guard, small, plenty of vim.

Cordelia Tees—Guard, plays good running guard, good shot.

HOCKEY

Our hockey team suffered a handicap this year in having only one or two of the old players back. But as soon as mid-year exams were concluded the girls appeared in pads and sticks ready for anything. With Mr. Wait, an efficient coach, the team was soon under way to a good start. But adverse weather conditions put a stop to our practices for a short time.

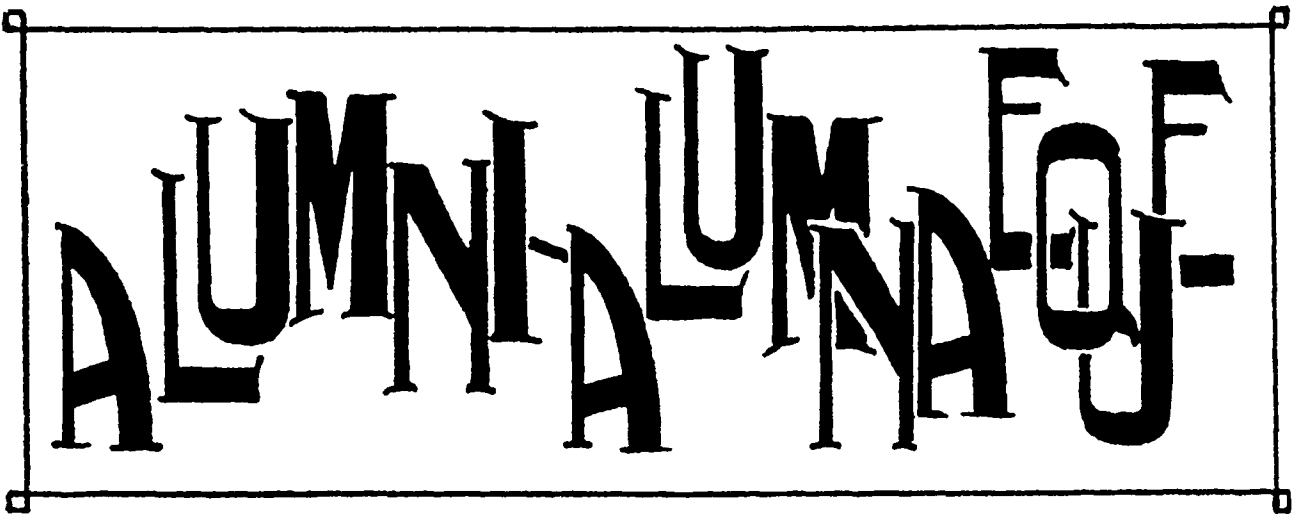
Although negotiations had been carried on with Virden for a game, no time could be arranged for this trip before mild weather set in and put an end to our dreams.

However we have learned the rudiments of the game and next year we hope to continue with our efforts and obtain better results for we have the necessary qualifications, eagerness, grit and energy.

Derby: (in the sick room: to Lowe)—"What are you writing?"

Lowe:—"A joke."

Derby:—"All right, send her my love."



Gwen Whidden B.A., '18

On Tuesday, January 19th, 1926, during the Baptist Convention at Edmonton, about forty of the graduates and ex-students of Brandon College met to have supper together. The gathering was a most enthusiastic one and all who attended thoroughly enjoyed the occasion. Among the graduates present were: J. R. Evans '13, E. Brice '06, T. H. Harris '13, H. Knox '14 Theol., F. R. Julian '17 Theol., H. Pepin '18 Theol., J. Scott '20 Theol., C. G. Stone '20, E. Reimer '25.

During the recent Western tour of the College basketball team, a number of the graduates of the College met in Moosejaw to see the game. A banquet was arranged for the team by the graduates which proved to be a very enjoyable affair. We hear reports of Fred Howard's ability to act as toast-master and of Chris Riley's versatility as an entertainer. Among the graduates present were: J. R. Evans '13, Miss Jean Avery '18, C. Riley '21, Miss Tena Turnbull '21, F. Howard '20, L. C. Nelson '20, C. V. Warner '21, H. Staines '23.

- '02. Rev. Henry Cross who has been on the Avanigadda Field, Kistna Dist., India, has found it necessary, because of ill-health, to give up his work there. As soon as his health permits he will return with his family, to Canada.
- '10. Mrs. R. H. Brotherhood (Marie Middleton) of Elkhorn has been made National Organizing Secretary of the I. O. D. E.
- '13. Dr. J. R. Evans has been appointed Professor of Geology for the summer term at the University of Chicago, where he will give two courses, one in Geologic Processes, the other in Historical Geology.

Rev. T. H. Harris who has been pastor of the Baptist Church at Reston has accepted a call to Droxford, Sask.

Miss Esther Moore (music) is to be congratulated on having obtained the degree of Master of Music, under Boguslawski, at the Chicago Musical College.

- '15. Rev. Philip Duncan who has been preaching for the past few years in Dauphin has accepted a call to the St. Paul's United Church, Brandon, and expects to take up his new work about June first.

Rev. Axel Carlson who has been for a number of years pastor of the Swedish Baptist Church, Preston, Washington, has recently accepted a call to act as Baptist Young People's Secretary for the State of Washington. For the present he will continue his residence in Preston.

Rev. Helge Johnson, who was pastor of the Baptist Church, Mt. Vernon, Washington, is at present Baptist Sunday School and Young People's Organizer in Oregon.

Wellington Rathwell is teaching in the Norwood Collegiate, Winnipeg.

- '16. Miss Jean McLaren is teaching on the staff of the St. James Collegiate, Winnipeg.

Frame-Rathwell. On Thursday, February 4th, 1926, in Brandon, Sara Maynard Rathwell '16 to William Bryan Frame, of Mirror, Alta. by Dr. W. A. Cook. Mr. and Mrs. Frame are making their home in Mirror, Alta.

- '18. The girls of Class '18, with the help of Miss Moyle, have presented to Clark Hall, a much needed lamp for the reception room.

- '19. Ray Smale is teaching at Gilbert Plains, Man.
L. A. Glinz is principal of the Collegiate at Carberry, Man.

- '20. D. H. Beaubier has been in Chicago since last September and is at present acting as private secretary to the president of the Shubert Fur Mfg. Co.

- '21. Miss Hazel Dunseith is teaching at Beresford.
Miss Edna McVeety has been spending the winter in Victoria, B.C.

J. Smith is principal of the High School at Lockport, Ill.

Glen Clark is completing his work in Science at Manitoba University this year.

Miss Harriet Hall is on the teaching staff at Humboldt, Sask.

E. M. Whidden is studying at the Divinity School at Yale.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hart (Jean Cameron '20) have moved from Bimlipatom where they have been stationed since going to India four years ago. They are to take up the work on the Avanigadda Field, to relieve Mr. and Mrs. Cross, who have had to return to Canada. This will mean a very real change in their work. We wish them every success. Mrs. Hart writes that it was a great joy to them to have Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Church with them at Christmas time.

'22. Rev. H. C. Olson has spent the past winter studying at Rochester Theological Seminary. We regret that on account of ill-health it was necessary for him to give up his work for some time.

Rev. G. S. Frickland who has been pastor of the Scandinavian Baptist Church at Kenora, Ontario, has accepted a call to become pastor of the Baptist Church in Midale, Sask. and takes up his work there April 1st.

J. Peterson is principal of the Continuation School at Unity, Sask.

Miss Velma Johnson is on the teaching staff of the Winnipeg schools.

'23. Miss Ethel Abey is at present teaching in Eastend, Sask.

A. Derby is teaching History and Languages in the Lloydminster High School.

E. J. King, who spent the winter of 1923-24 at McMaster taking M.A. work in chemistry was awarded a scholarship of \$1,000 by the Honorary Advisory Council for Scientific and Industrial Research and has been carrying on research work at the University of Toronto, during the past year.

Miss Bessie Bridget is teaching on the High School staff at Virden.

Miss Edith Ball is teaching at Shaunavon, Sask.

Miss Olive Freeman is teaching in Huntsville, Ont.

Miss Beatrice Hall is teaching in Boissevain.

Miss Annie McLeod is teaching at Carnduff.

'24. Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Church (Jennie Kippen) are in Wattair. They had a splendid trip across, spent some time in London and enjoyed particularly the

Mediterranean voyage. Mrs. Church writes of the Conference in December and particularly of the Brandon-McMaster night on December 31st. Seventeen of them took Miss Hatch's house boat and spent the evening on the canal, doing the business of the society, singing, telling stories, renewing acquaintances and making new friends.

D. R. Doig has been doing M.A. work in political economy this winter.

Miss Lilian Edmison is on the teaching staff in Winnipeg. She has received recently very favorable comment for her playing in the Community Theatre.

M. Maxwell is at present in Chicago, with the Northern Trust and Bond House.

Miss Hazel Keith entertained the College Basket Ball team when they were in Lethbridge, on their recent tour.

'25. H. Umphrey is doing graduate work at Harvard.

F. Westcott is doing M.A. work in political economy and is assisting on the staff of the Academic Department in the College.

B. McDorman is studying at the University of Chicago, doing work in physics, for his M.A. degree.

Among the members of Class '25 attending the Regina Normal School are Miss M. Biggs, F. Friend, R. Frith, H. Trotter, W. Wilson, R. Molberg.

The following members of the class are attending the Ontario College of Education, Toronto: M. Grant, F. Irish, H. Hitchings, A. Hornfelt, A. Stewart, K. Kenner, M. McDonald and H. Warren.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Victor Nordlund (Zoe Hough '19), February 16th, 1926, a daughter, Wanda Muriel.

We wish to extend to Miss Sybil Kerr '23 our very sincere sympathy on the loss of her sister, Mrs. Whitby Kerr, on December 20th, 1925.

Spring Exam's are upon us
 With their study, worry and fuss.
 We think every day
 Of our indolent way,
 But do we reform? Not us!

LATITUDE & LONGITUDE

Edna Rand '27

“Tis well to borrow from the good and great.”

Winter has relinquished its hold and gradually Spring is being ushered in, bringing with it a spirit of unrest,—unrest because of approaching examinations and then that restless feeling that tugs at everyone to be up and away. If only we had the Little Lame Prince's fairy cloak we might travel east and west and see the Alma Maters of which our host of exchanges are a product. Nevertheless we have tucked here and there in our memories characteristic features of each publication, and gratefully acknowledge the following:

The Argosy Weekly; Queens Journal; The Sheaf; The Ubysey; Western U. Gazette; Vox Lycei; The McGill News; McMaster University Monthly; The Johnian; The Manitoban; Managra; The Campus; The Gateway; Acadia Athenaeum.

Queen's University Journal:

“Be strong,
We are not here to play, to dream, to drift
We have hard work to do and loads to lift.
Shun not the struggle, face it, 'tis God's gift,
Be strong.”

This challenge taken from the Editorial of a recent Journal seems to radiate the spirit of Queens. Your Journal always arrives and we appreciate its promptness as well as its information.

Vox Lycei

Miss McBeth:—“I want the life of Caesar.”

Mr. Whitelock:—(looking through library) “I'm sorry but Brutus beat you to it.”

The McMaster University Monthly:

Ten Commandments for Happiness:

1. You shall not form idle prejudices.
2. Be courteous.
3. You shall control your emotion.
4. Don't be a superior person.
5. Don't be a carping critic.
6. Don't be a bore.
7. Don't talk at a person.
8. Be dignified, but not pompous.
9. Reserve opinions about person's faults for at least a month after you meet them.
10. Develop a sense of humor if you haven't it.

The Managra:

Bliss Carman's name strikes a note of remembrance in all of us, and we read with interest an article in your magazine which describes him. "Truly a man of mark to know next time, for his many friends in Winnipeg will remember with the kindest interest that tall figure, he stood before them, the pensive meditative brow, the strange soft voice, the rare smile and the wholesome philosophy of life.

He is a great soul and a great poet and Canada may well be proud of both man and poet."

The following poem is Bliss Carman's:

Trees

In the Garden of Eden, planted by God;
 There were goodly trees in the springing sod,—
 Trees of beauty and height and grace,
 To stand in splendor before His face.
 Apple and hickory, ash and pear,
 Oak and beech and the tulip rare
 The trembling aspen, the noble pine,
 The sweeping elm by the river line.
 Trees for the birds to build and sing,
 And the lilac tree for a joy in the spring,
 Trees to turn at the frosty call
 And carpet the ground for their Lord's footfall;
 Trees for fruitage and fire and shade
 Trees for the cunning builder's trade;
 Wood for the bow, the spear, and the flail,
 The keel and the mast of the daring sail,
 He made them of every grain and girth
 For the use of man in the Garden of Earth,

Then lest the soul should not lift her eyes,
 From the gift to the Giver of Paradise,
 On the crown of a hill, for all to see
 God planted a scarlet maple tree.

Vox Lycei

A very interesting and well arranged magazine, the cartoons, jokes and especially the many cuts you have inserted enhance the friendliness of your publication.

Wilson:—"Say, let's fool the staff and write a good exam.

Lang:—"Aw, no!, that's carrying a joke too far.

King's College Record:

We like the style of the Record which is a most welcome friend from the far east. The article contained in your recent issue "The Church and the New Age" brings to us some vital truths. The writer points out in the introduction, the various changes that have taken place in the creeds through the centuries, yet he argues that "The new lies hid in the old, and full practice of church life and activity today may seem for other than that of the first century but who shall say that it did not lie concealed in that first strata of Christian life?" Developing this theme in a most interesting and instructive way, the writer concludes by saying that "each must find for himself the meaning of the Cross and of the Altar in the light of the Cross. We shall labor and others shall enter in, but it is one body and one Lord."

The Gateway:

The professor had asked time and again for the students to put more personal touches in their themes, so one of the papers which he received ended thus:

"Well, professor, how are the wife and kiddies; and, by the way, before I forget it, could you lend me five dollars?"

Everywhere the gate of Beauty
 Fresh across the pathway swings
 As we follow truth or duty
 Inward to the heart of things:
 And we enter, foolish mortals,
 Thinking now the heart to find,
 There to gaze on vaster portals!
 Still the glory lies behind.

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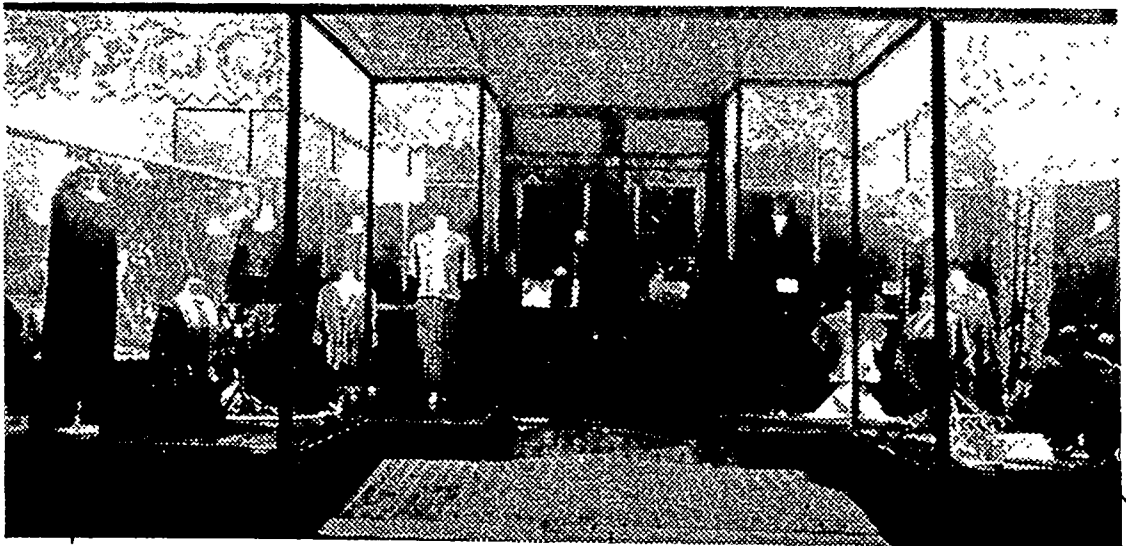
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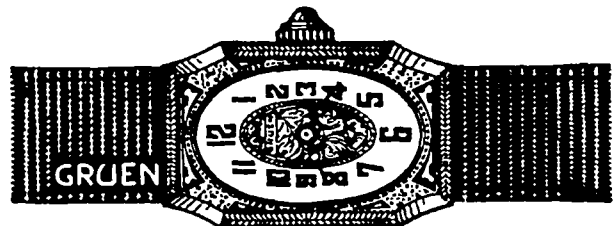
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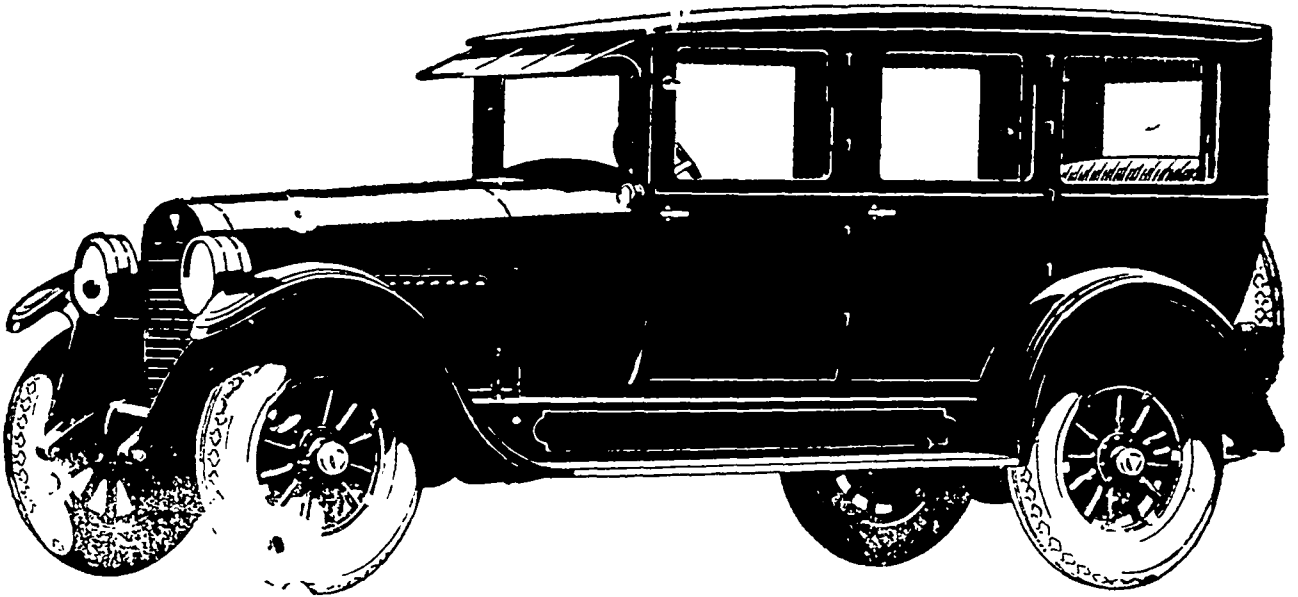


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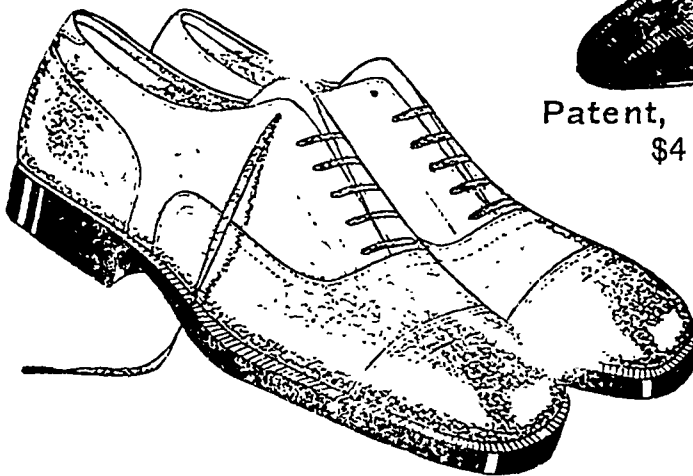
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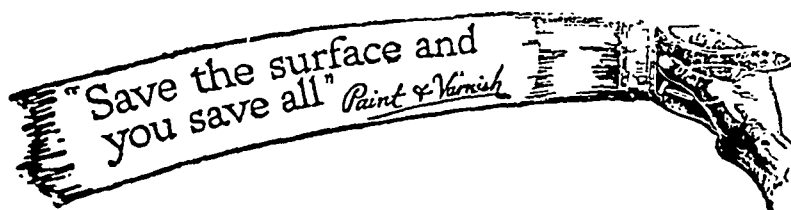
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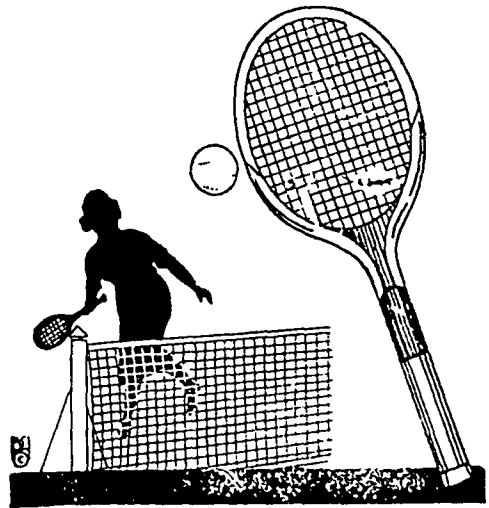
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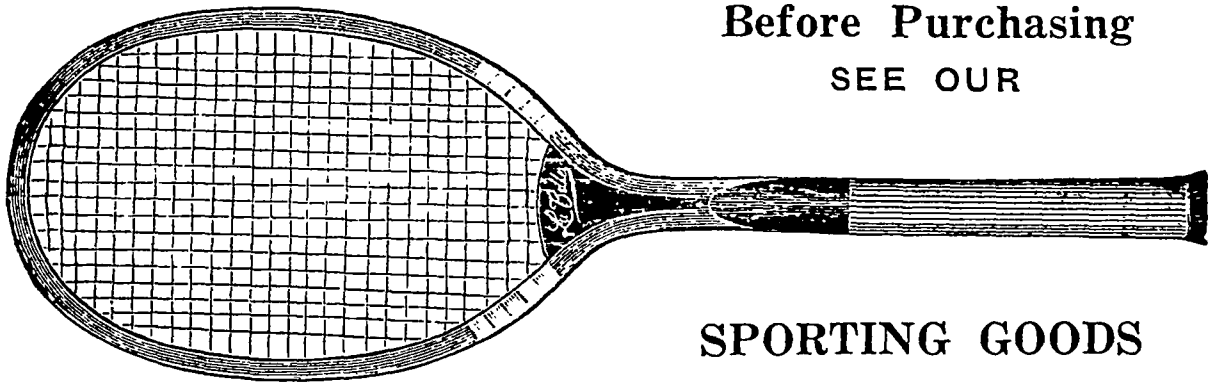
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