



PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS ASSOCIATION OF BRANDON COLLEGE.

VOL. X.

BRANDON, MANITOBA.

No. 2

S. C. M. Conference a Success

Delegates from Winnipeg Colleges.

Although a little stiff and tired from their long auto trip, the Winnipeg delegates, fifty in number, arrived Friday night shortly after seven o'clock. After coffee and buns to which these hungry travellers did full justice, everyone prepared to the Chapel where the opening meeting of the S. C. M. Conference was held. Dr. Evans gave the address of welcome and in a few fitting words opened the doors of Brandon College to the visitors. Tommy Douglas also helped to put the visitors at their ease, expressing the wish that they might make new friends and find new hope and courage during their stay at Brandon.

Mr. Avison, Sec. of the S. C. M. for Western Canada then explained the purpose of the Convention and outlined the programme for the next two days, after which Mr. Jack Ellis delighted the audience with a baritone solo, "The King's Highway."

The address of the evening "The Idea of the Kingdom" was given by our own Dr. H. L. MacNeill in his usual scholarly fashion. Dr. MacNeill inspired his hearers with his well-chosen, clear-cut thoughts. From Semitic Hebrew times he traced the various philosophies of the ages regarding the Kingdom, culminating in Christ and the ideals He left for future generations to receive and carry on. Christ is the greatest man the world has known. Like Him we should recognize the Kingdom and with a spirit of steel be fearless enough to see it through from first to last. Those who heard Dr. MacNeill support the statement of Dr. Thomas that it was almost the only address he had ever heard that he did not wish to edit or criticize.

A pleasant hour getting acquainted was spent in the dining room after the program. Dainty refreshments were served, after which each college and university group gave their characteristic war-whoops.

Chapel service, at 9.15 Saturday

morning, under the leadership of Dr. Thomas proved an inspiring and impressive service. Then the students were divided into eight groups under the leadership of Dr. Thomas, Dr. Moffitt, Profs. Anderson, MacNeill, Richards, Hurd, and Messrs. Lane and Avison. The theme was "Jesus Faith in Man." At 11 a.m. all gathered in the Chapel to hear Dr. Thomas speak on "The Kingdom in Canada." He declared his topic was "There ain't no such animal", but before the morning was over he firmly convinced us that there was, and also of the large part we all had to play in making this Kingdom. The problems as he saw them in Canada were brought about by the movement to the city, immigration, international relations, and he stressed the part we must play in co-operating with our fellows to face these squarely. His quotation from Drinkwater who divides "all people who count for anything into 2 groups those who desire to dominate, and those who desire to understand" was his closing challenge. To which do we belong?

The afternoon was spent in relaxation. A mixed soft ball team from B. C. defeated a similar team from Winnipeg 14-6. This was followed by a buffet supper in the dining room. At 7.15 Homer Lane led an informal sing-song in the chapel.

The first speaker of the evening was Dr. L. W. Moffitt, of Wesley United, who spoke on the "Kingdom in the World." In a quiet convincing tone he gave the three principles that form the basis of International life, Sanity of personality, brotherhood of Nations, and corporate responsibility. In part he said: "The world is faced with a condition not an argument. The problems of world peace is not the problem of preventing war, but is the problem of science which has become such a power. Science has enabled us to make goods faster than we can sell them thus creating the problems of investments, exports and

capital. Nationalism must be sublimated to internationalism. It is a matter of courage and understanding. We can no longer live alone as nations; the barriers are down. But are we, like Jesus, color-blind?"

Prof. Anderson continued the discussion of this subject in its connection of vivid experiences that carried a real vital message to all. India asks the west to help solve her problems. Student life is the storm centre there. The Hindu is very sensitive. To get the finest from him one must go half way. Hindu Catholicism and hospitality is the great lesson for the west. It is for us to help India get beyond her suffering and to gain a new outlook. We must show her our love.

The Bible groups met again Sunday morning under the same leaders, which was followed by a church service at St. Paul's United. Mr. Duncan preached on the "Kingdom in the Hearts of Men." Miss Evelyn Fidler and Mr. Dunderdale, of Winnipeg, assisted.

The closing meeting of the Conference was held at 2.30 p.m. in the

chapel. Words of appreciation for the splendid time enjoyed here by the visitors was extended to Dr. Evans and Brandon College by Mr. Avison. Miss Ida Zink gave her impressions of the two days. She was impressed with the great challenge,—a Kingdom without frontiers.

Mr. J. Brown, of Winnipeg, emphasized the fine fellowship of the meetings. He described the S. C. M. as essentially a friendly movement, and believed the great need of to-day was a friendly people throughout the world.

Dr. Thomas conducted the closing exercises, and spoke for a few moments on "Noblesse Oblige." "True education, which we are seeking, lifts us up and out of the strong prejudices that bar us from divine fellowship with God."

The conference opened up a new vision, a new world, a new challenge to the students who are the makers of tomorrow. They have had thrown to them the torch of world brotherhood and it is for them "to hold it high."

A Week at Jasper

By S. H. K.

Back in those dim bygone ages of geologic history when the Rocky Mountains of the West were being formed, or even in those less remote times when the great ice sheets of the North American continent were holding sway over our land, who would have dreamed that one fair day in June, in the year One Thousand and Nine Hundred and Twenty nine, two fellows from off the plains would scale the glacier on Mt. Edith Cavell that their lusty, if not melodious voices, might give forth the strains of a certain bit of music which runs "Hail our College out in the golden west," followed by a piece of so-called poetry entitled "Hippi-Skippi?" It was the second afternoon of the second annual Western Conference of the Student Christian Movement, held this year from June 20-27, at Lake Edith Camp, Jasper Park, Alberta. Some

65 or 70 students and leaders from the Pacific Coast to the Ontario boundary, along with two or three additional leaders from Toronto had gathered as delegates from their respective colleges—and as individuals mightily interested in life—for a week of intensive study, of inspiration and of fellowship. In order that the very setting of the conference might itself inspire those attending, and draw forth those latent realizations of profound and wonderful things wrapped up in the human heart, the daily schedule was arranged so as to leave the afternoons free for rest or recreation, for boating on the placid waters of Lake Edith, for hikes to numerous rivers, gorges, and canyons, for mountain climbing, and for perhaps the outstanding experience in the Jas-

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THE QUILL

Published Bi-Weekly by Brandon College Student Association.

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EDITORIAL

THE CONFERENCE.

Last week's conference was one of the most successful ventures that the Movement has sponsored in Brandon College. The attendance at all the meetings must have been very gratifying to the committee in charge. The calibre of the speakers chosen was such as in itself would have meant success under almost any circumstances. The subject for study got at the root of the religious and moral problems of present day civilization. That was all very much as it should have been. But the thing of interest is this that the students who attended evinced an enthusiasm greater than is usual for such things, carrying on their discussions among themselves after the various meetings.

It would seem that this is almost the first time that the S. C. M. has reached a greater number of the student body than its immediate votaries. The meetings were well planned in every detail, having a due regard to the responsibilities of and parts to be played by both the leaders and students, so that their contributions might be mutually helpful. The outcome of this conference has presented problems in the arrangement of future meetings of the S. C. M. that cannot be passed up. Only as they are vital can they hope to gain any measure of support.

INITIATIONS.

Are initiations as now practised serving a worth-while end? Are they worth continuing? These questions are of peculiar interest to us now that the ceremonies connected with them have been performed again, and we have the nearness of the event by which to judge better. At its best it should make the student feel that he has come into an institution and among associates very different in spirit from that of the High School. It should more easily and quickly make him become a part of the body with which he has elected to ally himself. But it is difficult to see how that is to be done so long as we place the chief emphasis on medieval practices executed with twentieth-century efficiency, and substitute whims for common sense. The flag-rush of the other day was one item that made the freshmen feel that they were being initiated into comradeship with their fellows. It is doubtful if the whole programme was quite so conducive to those ends. The spirit of good-fellowship was most apparent where the Freshmen were allowed to express themselves, though under bondage, and such a policy will doubtless become more and more the order in initiations.

DR. VINING'S "ARTICLE."

We had hoped to begin with the first issue of the Quill a column of special interest to the Alumni and other friends of Brandon College of former years. This column was to have consisted of short articles from outstanding men of the Alumni Association. The response from those approached has not been particularly fruitful to date. But we were overjoyed to receive a short time ago the contribution from Dr. Vining, of Vancouver, which took the form of a cheque for \$235.00 to be applied upon the fund which the College is busily collecting. Dr. Vining is a former professor of the college, the author of "Hail our College!" and one of its best friends. The Quill is glad thus to thank Dr. Vining.

On behalf of the faculty and students of the College The Quill wishes to express to Dr. and Mrs. Evans, and to Miss Henderson, their sincerest sympathy for this period of sadness which is theirs. The sympathy of the whole college goes out to each of them in their bereavement.

The Fanning Mill.

Eloquence is most irresistible when it is expressed in the fewest words. The expressions of Calvin Coolidge have helped the American people to find that out. We may be sure that many phrases of his will go into "Familiar Quotations" of the future. And one of them will consist of the words which, it appears, he wrote some little time ago in a book that has slumbered for a long time in the library of the infirmary which Mr. and Mrs. Edward K. Hall, of Montclair, N. J., built at Dartmouth College in memory of their son, a boy who gave up his life in 1917. Mr. Coolidge presented a book to the library, and in this volume he wrote:

To Edward K. Hall.

In recollection of his son and my son, who have the privilege by the grace of God to be boys through all eternity.

Calvin Coolidge.

* * *

And here is a warning to book-borrowers of many centuries ago, which may not be altogether without point today:

"Diego Gelmirez, archbishop of the See of Compostella (in Spain, of the time of 1120 A.D.) ordered this book (Historia Compostellana) to be made and placed in the treasury of Blessed James, and if anyone wishes to read therein let him read, and know what honors and happenings and what heritages, and adornments, and dignities this archbishop has won for his church, and what persecutions and perils he has undergone from the tyrannous powers in the defence of his church. And when he has read and knows all, let him put it back in its place, and let it remain there always, and let no one steal it or by fraud or envy carry it away. Which were he to do, or to steal it in ignorance, or by any deceit to destroy it, by the authority of Almighty God, and of

the Holy Apostles Peter and Paul, and of most Blessed James, and of all the saints of God, and by our own authority, may he be accursed and excommunicated, and with Judas the betrayer of the Lord, and Dathan and Abiron whom the earth swallowed up alive, may he be damned forever in Hell. Amen. Amen."

—Translated by Barbara Barclay Carter.

* * *

Marjorie Pickthall is regarded by many critics of high repute as the outstanding Canadian poetess. "Duna" has found its place in the repertoires of all lovers of music. The fragment "Finis" is written in a style which she often used to such fine advantage

Give me a few more hours to pass
 With the mellow flower of the elm-
 bough falling,
 And then no more than the lonely
 grass
 And the birds calling.
 Give me a few more days to keep
 With a little love and a little sor-
 row,
 And then the dawn in the skies of
 sleep
 And a clear tomorrow.
 Give me a few more years to fill
 With a little work and a little lend-
 ing,
 And then the night on a starry hill
 And the road's ending

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Freshman Reception

THE FIRST GET-TOGETHER OF THE YEAR.

"Girls, do I look all right?" "Is my powder on straight?" "Say, who do you think will have your proms?" These, and many other remarks of like nature echoed through the corridors of Clark Hall on the evening of Friday, September 27th. The occasion?—why, the Freshie Reception, the first big event of the College year.

At the appointed hour, eight o'clock, the girls assembled in the hall, where they received tickets of identification, and where they were introduced to each other. Then each senior took her freshette down the reception line which consisted of the Senior Stick, Tommy Douglas; Lady Stick, Mary Dunkin; President and Mrs. Evans, and Professor and Mrs. Wright.

After all the girls had passed into the Reception Room, the boys came in. Then the fun began! In spite of the crowd the freshmen were introduced to the freshettes; and after the boys had found their partners the first prom. began.

All the students assembled in the chapel, and were entertained by Miss Riesberry, who favored us with a piano solo; "Prof." Andy Clark, who lectured us on the way women talk; and Miss Dorothy Pritchard, who sang very sweetly. Miss Thelma Stoodley extended a welcome to all freshmen and freshettes.

We all filed back into Clark Hall, where partners for the second prom. were found. Here refreshments were served.

The evening was brought to a close by the singing of "Hail Our College", and giving "Hippi Skippi", followed by several class yells.

We old students all hope that all new comers were made to feel at home in the big family of our student body.

INDIFFERENCE.

Bishop Potter is credited with telling the story which, more aptly than the thousands of other stories on the same subject, illustrates the abject misery and utter irresponsibility of seasickness. We hardly know why it

is, but it cannot be denied that any yarn involving the horrors of MALDEMER is seized upon with avidity by the public generally, and with particular gusto by those individuals who have themselves suffered the indescribable wretchedness of that grievous malady.

"I was coming from Liverpool upon one of the famous liners," said Bishop Potter. "and although the sky was clear and the weather warm, a somewhat tempestuous sea had occasioned more than the usual amount of seasickness among the passengers. As I paced the deck one afternoon I noticed a lady reclining upon one of the benches, and the unearthly pallor of her face and the hopeless languidity of her manner indicated that she had reached that stage of collapse which marks the limit of seasickness.

"Touched by this piteous spectacle, and approaching the poor creature, in my most compassionate tone I asked, "Madam, can I be of any service to you?"

"She did not open her eyes, but I heard her murmur faintly: "Thank you, sir, but there is nothing you can do—nothing at all."

"At least, madam", said I tenderly, "permit me to bring you a glass of water."

She moved her head feebly and answered: "No I thank you—nothing at all!"

"But your husband, madam," said I, "the gentleman lying there with his head in your lap—shall I not bring something to revive him?"

The lady again moved her head feebly, and again she murmured faintly and between gasps: "Thank you, sir, but—he—is—not—my—husband I—don't—know—who he is!"

FROM THE IMMORTALS.

What can I do? I can talk out when others are silent. I can say man when others say money. I can stay up when others are asleep. I can keep on working when others have stopped to play. I can give life big meanings when others give life little meanings. I can say love when others say hate. I can say every man when others say one man. I can try events by a hard test when others try it by an easy test.

What can I do? I can give myself to life when other men refuse themselves to life.

—Horace Traubel
So he died for his faith. That is fine, More than most of us do.

But, say, can you add to that line

That he lived for it, too?

In his death he bore witness at last

As a martyr to the truth.

Did his life do the same in the past,

From the days of his youth?

It is easy to die. Men have died

For a wish or a whim—

From bravado or passion or pride,

Was it harder for him?

But to live—every day to live out

All the truth that he dreamt,

While his friends met conduct with doubt

And the world with contempt.

Was it thus that he plodded ahead,

Never turning aside?

Then we'll talk of the life that he

lived,

Never mind how he died.

"Life and Death" by Ernest Crosby.

Girl Freshies Initiated.

GRUESOME, GORGEOUS,

GIGANTIC SPECTACLE.

Girls initiations at Brandon College last Friday went off with a bigger bang than ever before. All Freshettes appeared at classes with shining faces, shining with green grease, as it happened. Garbed in Grecian robes of the Freshman's favorite color, and ready with goloshes and umbrellas or suitcases for the stormy weather, which was forecast for them, many of our fairest new co-eds sported stunning styles in coiffeurs as they appeared in the halls.

The woes of the inside freshettes were beyond description. Many old students, though perhaps never having had a personal maid before, now made the best of their opportunity. Outside freshettes laboriously "gathered their manna" on the front steps.

Three-thirty found a procession of the queerest looking specimens ever to issue from Clark Hall gates gathering on eighteenth street, and thence in true Freshman rank and file, setting out for the metropolis. The parade was headed by Audrey Rolston's notorious music, murderers, who, befitting their dignity rode in Stan. Knowles' new limousine. Prize baby Jean Eaton, in her futuristic baby buggy, was exhibited to the public by her proud mamma. Two unknown negroes from far off Africa

(probably) vainly chased their wheel barrows down Tenth St., while two of their colored brothers carried on a non-supporting shoe shine business. Bubbles, artistically blown by Tecla and her fair co-mate in exile, filled the air above Rosser Ave. Industrious-ly applying their dish rags, two of our new found window cleaners-made Johnson's plate glass "twinkle with diamond sparks", and gave the public an unobstructed vision of the merry tea party within. The blind man and particularly his queer mammoth dog, with the very human bark, will long be remembered by Brandon citizens.

In an attempt to be of service to the city the curbs along non-parking areas were touched up by artistic hands. A thriving business in old magazines was also carried on, while several dear little maids in green amused themselves at a fascinating game of hop-scotch. More than one prominent citizen found his car well dusted, and many a bank now proudly wears its brass plates gleaming brightly in the sun. These duties performed in the inimitable freshman manner, the procession gathered again for the return journey.

Supper was served at Clark Hall and vain were the attempts to satisfy a ravenous appetite by sipping soup through straws, and eating syrup with forks. Every freshette will swear that after supper she ate a slimy piece of raw liver—proving that mental suggestion is more than half the reason why thick, red jelly can be mistaken for raw liver! Surgical operations were carried out by two bloody looking men of medicine on all "greens"—who still wear traces of the charming color combinations—blood-red and freshman green!

A splendid program, composed almost entirely of "stump" freshie talent, was presented in the chapel at eight o'clock. Miss Tecla Dalstrom taught the Freshies the College Song "Hail Our College" in an unusual rendering—reading it in pieces. Miss Phyllis Blandford told a fairy tale "about Easter." Jack Ellis and Jim Dunlop fought it out with boxing gloves, but the decision was given in favor of the referee. Bert Ingram showed his superiority over Mildred Bridges when it came to a baby's bottle. Hugh Kennedy favored with a piano solo, and P. K. Klenman gave a lesson in the most important of Arts—namely—that making a propos-

(Continued on Page 4.)

INITIATIONS.

T'ward the day of initiations,
We all did look with glee,
In great anticipations,
Of the fun that we would see.

At last the day unfolded,
The freshmen's looks were changed.
With new patterns they were moulded
All sadly disarranged

The girls with painted faces,
Walked backward all the day
'Carrying their suit cases
With them all the way.

The boys were walking forward.
But their logic was not sound;
For all except their footwear
Was faced the wrong way round.

In such a state the day passed on
With nothing real exciting,
Except when once upon the lawn
The freshmen started fighting

But brave and fearless seniors.
By using all their might,
Soon dissembled all the freshmen
And quelled the bloody fight

Then a great procession
Marched toward the town,
Using no discretion
Of how they browsed around

Thus both the Brandon policemen
Were roused from slumbers deep;
And cruel is our police force
When waked from quiet sleep.

They ordered off the freshmen
From Brandon's crowded streets;
Then both the mighty policemen
Returned unto their beats.

So then no longer let to roam
Without the College grounds;
One and all skipped gayly home
With flying leaps and bounds.

And now a tale of terror
I will unfold to you;
It is without an error,
And thrilling through and through.

The senior boys had formed in rank,
To guard their flag so high,
While freshmen in the shadows sank,
Plotting, shrewd and sly.

Then all at once they darted out,
Without the seniors knowing,
With warlike cry and pealing shout
Rotten eggs were throwing

The seniors this did much surprise;
They stood dumb for a moment,
Then like a flock of maddened flies,
Each rushed at his opponent.

And now a mighty battle
Directly did begin;
The very earth did rattle
Beneath the mighty din.

And ladies white and quivering
Watched the bloody strife,
Each fearful unto shivering
For her lover's life.

While heartless maidens, far from
good

Looked on in fiendish glee;
In hopes, perhaps, their suitor's blood
Would flow both long and free.

At last the whistle gave the sound
To stop that awful fight;
Each flung himself upon the ground
Panting quick and light

But still it was not finished,
The seniors flag still waved;
And each side though diminished,
Yet, for victory craved

This time the freshies took their
stand
And tried their flag to guard;
The hot and panting senior band
Shot off to rush it hard.

Again the earth it trembled
Beneath the mighty fight;
As if all hell assembled
Had come to fight the right.

In the instant then came peanut,
So wide and worldly known;
The flagpole—friends—I mean it,
He climbed it all alone.

And when he reached its topmost
crown,
The flag he sadly ruffled;
With violent force he flung it down,
Nor had he even scuffled.

Thus the fight was ended,
With freshmen once for all;
Three of their cheers ascended
And seniors answered call.

So closed Initiations:
We now look on with glee,
In great anticipations
Of what the freshman class will be.
—C. D. Myers.

GIRLS FRESHIES INITIATED.

(Continued from Page 3.)

al to the fair one, M. Sommerville.
Jack Edmison and Ed. McGill, assisted
by Russell Wright showed their
dramatic ability in that famous tragic
comedy "Red Riding Hood", after
which the principles favored with a
duet in harmony "Side by Side." The
closing number, a skit "The Coquette"
by the sophs, featuring Rundle Mac-
lachlan and Vernon Myers was en-
thusiastically received.

The eventful day was concluded by
the serving of refreshments in the
dining room, during which time Miss
Tecla Dalstrom and Mr. Jack Ellis
provided musical numbers. The even-
ing closed with the singing of "Hail
our College" and the College yell,
"Hippi Skippi."

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- Their pride when they are boasting of their humility.
- Their poverty when they are boasting of their wealth.
- Their lack of religion when they are boasting of their piety.
- Their stinginess when they are boasting of their generosity.
- Their shallowness when they are boasting of their broadmindedness.
- Their bigotry when they are boasting of their tolerance.

* * *

Success is Reached—

- By those who struggle, not by those who surrender.
- By climbing, not by being carried.
- By those who attempt what has been called the impossible.
- By those who are not afraid of being laughed at
- By those who start working harder a little earlier
- By patient plodding, rather than by brilliant dashes.
- By those who select a goal and keep going until they arrive somewhere

Girls' Athletics

A WORD TO THE WISE.

The old girls in Clark Hall were certainly satisfied this fall when they gave their Freshies the once over. They are an athletic looking crowd and seem to be entering right into things. Go to it girls. That's the spirit Brandon College wants.

The girls seem to be entering into Field Day events this year with more zest than they ever have before. It looks as if Miss Agnes Derby, our Freshette Champ last year is going to hand her title down to a very worthy successor. If the girls keep up this good work its a sure thing that Brandon College will carry off honors. It seems to be much more sports-woman-like when the girls assume this attitude. It isn't the winning that matters, girls. Let's get into things for the sake of the game. A number of girls' names already

appear on the Ground Hockey list. We assure you girls that this is an interesting as well as a beneficial game. Let's get hot! We're only waiting for a few more. All girls who haven't already signed up, do so immediately. The more in this game the merrier. We don't want you to feel out of it. Tennis this year is going strong. We are pleased to see that so many of the girls took on interest in the tournament. The title has not been played for yet but it hangs in the hands of Miss Ruth Bingham, Lois Gainer and Ruth Wright. May the best girl win! We have every opportunity of bettering ourselves at this exciting game girls. It's up to us if we don't want avail ourselves of every one of them.

Mentioning girls' athletics let's not forget the very important part played by the girls in the baseball game on Saturday. The result—victory for College. We are sure it would have been different had it not been for the efforts of the fair sex.

In this day and age athletics are playing a greater part in the routine of the girls life than ever before. Brandon College is offering the girls every opportunity to develop along this line. By taking part in the College sports you'll not only be benefiting yourselves but helping out your college. Let's get the spirit, girls. Step right into things and make this a banner year for old B. C. It can't be done without the co-operation of every girl

ALUMNI NOTES.

Miss Bessie Turnbull '18, missionary at Parlakimedi, India, is spending her furlough year with her mother in Brandon.

* * *

Don Lowe '28, is teaching public and high school work at Lipton, Sask.

* * *

Mrs. Gilbert (nee Lois Strachan '23) and daughter Peggy visited Clark Hall last week. She will return shortly to her home at Kingstone, R. I., where Dr. Gilbert is in charge of plant pathology at the experimental station

* * *

Thos. Stevens '26, is teaching in a suburban school in Toronto.

* * *

William C. Smalley '12, newly appointed general secretary for the Baptist Union of Western Canada was a

visitor at the chapel service last Thursday morning.

* * *

Miss Myrtle Evans '26, is principal of the school at Kenton, Man.

* * *

Miss Alice Freeman '23, is teaching at Guelph, Ontario.

* * *

Miss Evelyn Doig '28, is attending the Agricultural College at Winnipeg.

* * *

Miss Mable Craig '29, has a position as book reviewer with the T. Eaton Co. in Winnipeg.

* * *

Howard Hainstock, B.A. '28, M.A. '29, has accepted a position in the Department of Mines, Ottawa. He will be engaged in research work on coal. Haney spent a few days over the week end at Brandon on his way to Ottawa, renewing old acquaintances.

* * *

Miss Julia Reekie '28, is teaching in the Feller Institute at Grand Ligne, Quebec.

AFTER HOURS.

- Just supposing
- Rundle McLachlan wore his hair in ringlets.
- A rabbit conquered its inferiority complex
- Mr. Batho went to a fowl supper just for the ride.

* * *

She.—“Darling, am I the only girl you've ever loved?”

Albert—“Don't be silly dear. My ex-fiance'es have formed a society and adopted a yell.”

* * *

What people are saying:—

Wally Harwood.—“That little dent you see in the fender is all the result of good, clean fun.”

Marg. McKinnon.—(On Sunday afternoon from the watch-tower window). “It's almost two o'clock.”

Helen Hilton.—(Reminiscently) “I may be compressed and impressed, but not suppressed.”

* * *

A woman's mouth may be like a rose but not a rosebud. A rosebud, you know, is closed.—Ex.

* * *

When everything belongs to everybody nobody will care of anything.

* * *

Hints to Clark Hall Wives.—

- Never talk after she starts to snore.
- Never say “Hum? what was that?” after she has told you a funny story.
- Never laugh if she gets her night-cap on crooked.
- See that she sweeps the floor as many times per week as you can persuade her to do so.
- Be thoughtful and never reveal what she tells you in her sleep.
- Refrain from upsetting jam or pickles over her satin shoes.
- By all means kiss her goodnight before the cold cream is on.

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(Continued from Page 1.)

per area—the trip up onto the glacier on Mt. Edith Cavell. Indeed had the conference done nothing else than afford a group of S. C. M. people the uplift and inspiration derived from a week of fellowship amid such surroundings as those at Jasper it would have been more than worth while. At Lake Edith, where the gathering was held, there seems to be concentrated a world of grandeur and wonder—which in itself leads one privileged to spend a week there to wonder if the same is not possible in human life—if it is not the order of reality that beauty and wonder and grandeur may be concentrated—epitomized—in individual personalities. He who sees the Maligne running deep in the gorge it has cut cannot help but feel that in any realm the greatest of obstacles and barriers can be overcome—or rather made beautiful. The sight of Mt. Edith Cavell—layer upon layer of rock towering 11,000 feet above the sea—brings the thought of what can be built through time. Again one may look across Lac Beauvert, may view the striking panorama from Whistler's Mountain, may peer up and down the valley of the Athabasca, and surely the beauty wrought out of such a union with India. His lecture was heterogeneous mass of common rock and sand, bushes and trees, water, ice and snow, cannot help but make him feel the possibilities in the humblest of lives and the rich harmony possible out of diversity. Why does the S. C. M. choose Jasper as its conference site? There were utilitarian reasons at first, but the experience of two meetings there has brought out much larger ones.

The regular program of the conference called for a brief period of worship before breakfast, following which the delegates divided into some six or seven study groups. It was perhaps in these that the most intensive and abiding work of the conference was done. They were characterized by frankness and earnestness. Freeing themselves, so far as in all sincerity possible from all bias, students and leaders sought to get down to the fundamental things of life and experience. There was present that desire to seek the truth and that willingness to accept it which falters not at inner disquiet and even anguish. Many conceptions were changed; there was much of orientation; and new realizations of life's meaning were brought out coupled with a much larger vision of what Jesus of Nazareth sought to do for mankind. Following these morning study periods open forums were held on various subjects—notably the challenge presented to Western Canada by her racial situation, even the challenge to build and mould the various trends into a rich and noble civilization. At the evening meetings the various leaders endeavored to inter-

pret the progress of the daily study, to lift the students from the grinding out of fundamentals to a view of the whole, and thus to crown it all with inspiration, with an infusion of purpose. Altogether it was a significant week in the lives of those privileged to attend. And indeed the delegates parted with the hope that its significance might not stop with them. For its experience had crystallized a new understanding of life, with its rich unfolding possibilities. Likewise they had learned in a new way of life's need of such inspiration and refinement as only true religion can give. Again, out of their own hearts had come the realization that the needs of the world can be summed up and traced to one supreme need—even the reality of the Way of the Galilean in human life and society. The S. C. M. would seek to infuse all life with true inspiration and insight, even as found in Jesus' outlook on life. And the S. C. M. would give to Him not petty and nominal devotion—but that larger loyalty which seeks to carry His spirit into every realm of life and build here amidst the squalor, misery and meagerness of human life that glorious Kingdom which He visioned 1900 years ago.

Harry Avison acted as general secretary of the conference and handled things in a real way. A student committee, representing the various institutions was in charge. Everything went splendidly. The meals, of course, were specially enjoyed. The evening camp fires will long bring happy memories to many minds, and likewise the gatherings, business, devotional and otherwise, held amongst the trees on the shore of the lake. The splendid times of fellowship amongst students and leaders alike stand out as mountain peaks in the week's experience. And there were some of course—or was it a matter of course?—who saw no need of waiting for any better surroundings in which to look for partners—for a day, a week or longer. Yes, it was a glorious time.

The leaders, besides Harry Avison, included Dr. Ernest Thomas and Miss Gertrude Rutherford of Toronto, Mr. J. S. Woodsworth, M.P., of Winnipeg, Dr. J. M. Millar, Dr. A. D. Miller and Dr. Sheldon of Edmonton, Dr. Wallace, president of the University of Alberta, Mr. Shimizu of Vancouver and others. The delegates from Brandon were Wilbert Stevens and Stanley Knowles. The former, with his

brother Ross, drove in from Wetaskiwin. Alta, and indeed it would be interesting to know the use made of that car while it was there. The Jasper road having just been opened for this season cars are scarce in there and thus at a premium, as it were, at such gatherings. Stanley Knowles had the good fortune to make the trip by car with four Wesley fellows—going over the road all the way from Manitoba. After leaving Jasper these five went south from Edmonton to Calgary and spent a few days at Banff and Lake Louise before the return trip across the prairies. Brandon's delegates return to college—though three months after the conference—enthusiastic over the opportunity that was theirs over the work of the S. C. M. and with the sincere hope that a larger representation may go from Brandon next year—and that Jasper will soon become an established feature in the life of our college.

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