

The Register



March 1923

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the STUDENTS of
REGINA COLLEGE

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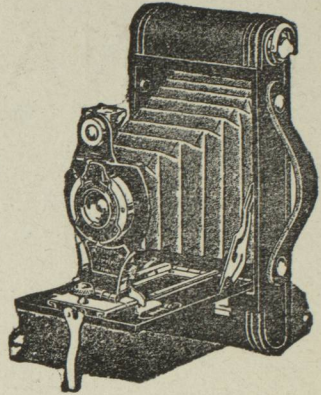
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Regina College Register

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OF REGINA COLLEGE

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Our Rhodes Scholar

For the second time in our history Regina College has been honored by the granting of a Rhodes Scholarship to one of our students. The first member of our College to receive this honor was Mr. Arthur McFarlane of Nokomis. Recently Mr. Donald Minifie was appointed to a Rhodes Scholarship and will proceed to Oxford next Fall.

Donald came to the College in the Fall of 1919 and remained with us for two years, first taking his Junior Matriculation and later on his Senior Matriculation. Donald was a very clever student and carried off the Scholarship in his last year entitling him to free tuition at the University of Saskatchewan where he has been a student for the past two years.

While with us Donald was not only a good student, but he was interested in every phase of College life. He was a member of the football team, was keenly in-

terested in the Literary Society, and in his second year with us was president of the Students' Executive.

Donald will well represent Saskatchewan and Canada at Oxford. We will follow his course there with the deepest interest and the greatest pride.

"Retrospect"

Have you ever sat in chapel, listening to a learned discourse on the duties and responsibilities of students, with special reference to Regina College students? Have you ever dreamed fondly at such times of those glorious days when at last you would be free—when no more you would be at the mercy of bells and notes from the Registrar and examinations and essays. Have you never dreamed of those days of Elysian hills and celestial ecstasy when it would be once more chicken and beef and pork and pie and pudding and all other comestibles which go to make up a real meal? Have you never thought of those poor benighted ones who in time to come would be following in your footsteps—sitting in those seats in which you now sit in chapel and classroom and dining hall—using those same rooms which now confine you within their "four walls and a ceiling"—and thinking of those to come? Have you never wished that some power were yours to warn them, before it is too late, of the awful fate about to befall them? Have you never sat in study-hall of a warm spring afternoon, when all Nature outside is free and happy—when life is every-

where, bursting its bonds—when the very air you breathe fills you with the spirit of revolt—have you never then envied the birds their happiness? and the children their play? and the faculty their easy job? and everyone else everything that you have not?

In other words, who has not felt as though he wished it were all through and that he were out in the wide world, a part of that world's life—free, happy and unfettered. Yes, you have, I have—we all have—while we were there. While we are taking our course it seems the hardest and worst in existence—conditions seem intolerable, everything done for our good seems done for our hurt and annoyance—rules and regulations seem to give us no chance to express ourselves and we wish for its speedy end.

How different the whole matter when viewed from the perspective of two years' distance! How distance does enhance the scene! "Far-away fields look green," we are told, and there is no scene to which an ex-student of R. C. would rather look back than on the years spent within her halls, so dear to all who know her. Yes, I say dear, because it is as though one spoke of a person when one speaks of R. C.—she is yet young, but what does she not mean to the hundreds scattered over the whole world who call her "Alma Mater."

True, we heard many a dry sermon at chapel but where—witness the truth of my statement, you ex-student—where have you learned the songs you sing and the hymns which carry you over many a rough road? Where was instilled into you the very essence of all right living—true brotherhood—if not in the chapel hall? Speaking for one who knows—who has many a time skipped chapel—who has listened inattentively, as well as attentively—speaking for such a one, the chapel service in general stands out as the corner stone around which the whole edifice of college life is built.

And those bells that summoned us to class and the excuses given when we heard not the bell—overslept, mayhap—what would we not now give to hear them again? Were examinations and essays abominations—would we might indulge in them once more—whether it be Latin or Trig., "Carlyle on Burns" or "The Industrial Revolution." And what could be said against the grub when there was such a spirit kindled at table. What can compare with that feeling of spring once more on the earth—we do not feel it now—

we have become so used to it. But what did that spirit mean in the corridors of R. C. and around her walls and walks, on her tennis courts and baseball diamond—what did it mean? Life, life unbounded, life up-surg-ing—do we feel that now? Would we might but be permitted one such feeling—how it would invigorate us and put "pep" and go into us and cheer us on our way!

Finally, where, oh where, are gone all the friends of those days? When we were in college it was commonplace, we thought nothing of those with whom we lived, they were students like ourselves. But looking back we see now what these friendships meant, we see what each meant to us, and we want to pass on to you who read who are not of us—those friendships mean much, more than can be put upon paper in black and white—guard them, keep them, strengthen them; then never will you look back but in happiness and joy when in 1923 you were a part of that group of friends—the students of old R. C.

This was not meant for a chapel talk—but for just a plain article on looking backward. But let me add—Regina College is young, but twelve years old this summer—the body of her traditions not large—

"To you from falling hands we throw
The torch, be yours to hold it high."

And keep the faith with those who have gone before, as those who come will be expected to keep your faith—that we may all take our part in the world, never breaking the faith, too, of those, who gave to us all that highest of high aims to live up to, in our motto:

"Ut Qui Ministrat."

AN EX-STUDENT.

An Epitaph

Here lies a College student,
And now he is no more.
For what he thought was H2O
Was H2SO4.

When Mr. Lyster decided to send his son to College and selected ours because it exploited the advantages of its physical training system he had a plain talk with the president.

"Norman don't need any sitting up exercises," he said. "He sets up too late already so I'd rather you cut them out. But say, if you've got any good getting up exercises that are a sure thing—go to it with Norman."

Life's School

This being the final issue of our College Magazine for this year, and as many of us will soon be leaving these halls never to return, it behooves us to consider, for a minute, what it all has really done for us.

One year of the finest and best part of our lives has passed. We have done our best the year through and we have, with Paul, "Fought a good fight!" Soon we shall bid farewell to our well-worn books, and fare forth into the world of men to live our lives, and to show of what stuff we are made.

Too many of us consider that when we graduate our education is complete, or, worse still, that we now begin to unlearn all the unpractical things that we have burned the midnight oil to learn, for the one purpose of passing the examination. However we will find that we have really graduated into a larger school—the school of life. In the United States they refer to Graduation as Commencement and the term seems an anacronism until we look into it more closely and we see that the term is correct after all and that after leaving school we really are at the Commencement of our lives—that the future is all ours.

There is a college song that runs: "I've got my college diploma, I've got my college diploma, and now the world belongs to me." And in a very real sense that is true. Life is largely what we make it and while the vision of the world is glorious to the graduate of today, tomorrow it may turn to gloom. Once out of college, once out in this infinite universe, where the roads are rough and the nights are dark, discouragement may come, but each must be met with a spirit of courage and confidence, as we gauge life at its true value.

Our future is in our hands and it will be rosy or dismal as we see fit to make it. If our ambitions are low and rise not above money-grabbing the outlook is really sordid, and the world is no better for our having lived in it. But if our ambition be to serve the highest good, regardless of self-interest; if our ambition be to promote the welfare of our fellow-man; if ours be the spirit of the Samaritan of old, then posterity will have cause to think well of our efforts.

Let the outlook be bright, and let what knowledge we have gained be but the forerunner of a greater knowledge

yet to come. And let us use our present powers and those that are still to develop for the advancement of this great country of ours and not selfishly for our own worldly advancement. Let us respond willingly, whole-heartedly and loyally to our country's demands. Most of us were too young to answer to our country's call in her hour of greatest danger, but let us now be true to the trust passed on to us. Let us "carry on." Today Canada and the world needs her youth as never before, thousands of Canada's sons paid the supreme sacrifice and we must do their share as well as our own if we are to be true to our country.

Let our vision of life be wide, not restricted to the narrow and disciplinary channel of school life which has now served its purpose. Let us aim high and invest the talents that have been acquired, so that at life's close it will be found that they have been multiplied abundantly. And in so doing, we, as graduates and as undergraduates from the schools of Canada, into the world's greater institution, shall honor our Alma Mater and ourselves.

"I shot an arrow into the air;
It fell on earth, I know not where.
I breathed a song into the air,
It fell on earth, I know not where.
Long, long afterwards, in an oak,
I found the arrow still unbroke,
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend."

Influence is to a man what fragrance is to a flower. It does not determine strength or character, but it is a measure to interior richness. No man knows what influence constantly escapes from his life and goes out far beyond his knowledge or his remotest thought. Influence is a power we exert over others by our actions and our words. It is a silent and a most wonderful thing. We neither see it, nor hear it, yet constantly we exert it. Your influence is not confined to yourself or to the scene of your immediate actions; you can have influence upon your school, your friends, and even upon your teacher.

If you have any power of influence remember it extends to others, and it is your duty to make that influence a good one, so it may reach to succeeding ages, and that future generations may feel the influence of your conduct.

Popular Music

There are a great many people who declare quite emphatically that the only kind of music they like is the popular—they simply don't understand that "Classical stuff", while there are just as many who declare that they absolutely can't endure that popular music—the only kind that they like is the classical. Taking popular music to include ragtime and the fifteen cent songs, the best way out of the difficulty is to take a middle course, because there is a great deal to be said on both sides.

What are the faults of popular music? Is it harmonically bad? By no means! But though the harmonic systems are generally solid, the harmonies of most popular songs are monotonous because the chord system is limited.

Does it lack melody? Certainly not—the melodic lines are generally fluent and have a certain amount of subtlety. In fact, it is these beautiful, simple melodies that constitute the essence of popular music—songs like "Mother" and "Memories" have an irresistible appeal.

Is it deficient in rhythm? Not at all, the rhythm is well emphasized and especially in such popular music as ragtime.

Popular music then stands a technical analysis. When viewed in this connection no fault can be found with such a song as "They go wild over me."

One great objection to popular music is that it is not original but its melodies are borrowed from the classics. This objection is well-founded because composers of popular songs especially have ruthlessly borrowed from the Masters.

Ragtime is only an imitation of real music. It is popular because it appeals to our natural rhythmic and melodic instincts. Though it gives us a certain amount of temporary pleasure, it contains nothing inspiring, nothing elevating and nothing educational. But like literature music is not a substitute for an after-dinner cigar, and it is a disgrace that in our twentieth century it should have become to be regarded as such.

The writer's objection is not against popular music, which, in giving us temporary pleasure, fulfils its function as far as its goes. It lies rather in the fact that although the works of the masters can be purchased in numerous cheap editions, popular music consti-

tutes the entire musical knowledge of the great mass of people.

But the fact that most people really enjoy such a melody as, Tosti's "Good-bye" even when it is "dished up" in a differentiated rhythm with a few nonsensical words, emphasizes the thought that the tendencies of the popular musical appreciation are not as depraved as would first appear. We should seek to get beyond the shallow sentimentality of popular songs and to penetrate into the enchanted land where Beethoven is king and where all that appeals to our finer feelings and sentiments is to be found. A real liking for good music, just as for good literature, must be gradually acquired, but when once acquired the truth of the saying that music is "a joy forever" will be doubly realized.

Sam (on outside, looking in)—
"Look heah, niggah, is yo' in fo' life?"
Rastus on inside, looking out)—
"Not me, I ain't, jes' fum now on."—
Voo Doo.

Prof. A.—"The class will now name some of the lower species of animals, starting with Mr. Bateson."—Royal Ga-boon.

Check to You

Couple is all ready for final embrace beneath Campanile when they hear the footsteps of yon approaching watchman.

Nightwatchman—Young man, are you going to kiss that girl?

He—Straightening up and standing at attention—No, sir—

Nightwatchman—Here then hold my lantern.

A Wet One

"What is your idea of the tightest man in college?"

"The guy who won't take a shower because they soak you too much."

Mrs. Jones (over the back fence)—
"That State College must be an awful place. My Llewellyn wrote home that he is riding to classes now with some of the fellows who have bugs."—Froth.

Old Lady—"I see that tips are forbidden here."

Attendant—"Lor' Mum, so was apples at the Garden of Eden."—Goblin.

Science of Physical Education

Sometimes we are tempted to think that our modern life is breaking down the ruggedness and vitality of the race. We hear of the healthy generations of long ago reared in the active outdoor hard work of those who pioneered these vast plains of ours and built up the towns and cities to continue a memory of their hardihood. We are told that our conditions of living with too warm houses, ill ventilated offices and factories, and too soft foods are changing us into a race of narrow-chested, round-backed, weak-muscled men and women, whose noses and throats and abdominal cavities are always being operated on and whose eyes need artificial lenses and whose mouths need artificial teeth.

I suppose that when men roamed wild over the hills and valleys, catching their food by the speed of their legs and the strength of their hands, they were as healthy and lean and sharp-eyed and quick as the fox who to-days hunts jack rabbits in our poplar bluff.

But when the settlement and then the City placed the man who had built them in very different surroundings from those for which he seems to have been built, small wonder that the marks of his "civilization" are left upon his children's children.

Two alternatives are left to the man who wants to live the healthy life which is his rightful heritage. He must return to his wild state and hunt again and be hunted as of old or he must learn how best to live amid his present surroundings. Obviously, few who have tasted the pleasure and security of modern civilization would care to return to the state of modern civilization would care to return to the state of "the survival of the quickest" even if such a thing were possible, in which case I fear we should present a sorry spectacle if cast adrift to shift for ourselves as the shaggy, long-toothed and sharp-eyed men of old must have been. No, our problem is not one of turning backward, it is one of pressing onward and it should be—yes it is one of the most vital problems, which faces us today.

And have we not made marvelous advances during the last hundred years in the science of living. We have at last, after long years of darkness, begun to learn some, at least, of the

principles underlying such a common thing as just "living."

Much light has been shed upon some of the things that used to be very puzzling and the problem is growing more and more from one of discovery into one of education, which will make the discovery effective. Of course the rising generation is the most fertile field for education and our schools are doing wonderful work in teaching boys and girls—and parents too—how to take care of themselves so that disease may be more effectively thrown off.

The old fear of the dentist and the doctor is slowly but surely disappearing as it should. People used to say that what was good enough for them and their parents is good enough for their children but now more and more they are learning to watch for the little indications of weakness in eye, nose, throat, teeth, posture, etc., so that instead of trusting that the child may "outgrow" the trouble, it can be corrected immediately, saving years of unnecessary discomfort or stupidity or worse and giving a correspondingly better chance for normal development.

Science is not only the greatest friend of man in curing ailments great and small but it comes also to our aid in the development of the individual who has apparently no ailments at all and perhaps this is the most interesting and useful branch of the science of living, for after all, a healthy person developing in a normal way is of much more value to himself and to the community than an unhealthy one who must first be brought up to normal before he can take his place as a contributor to the life of the whole or be always a burden to be carried by society.

The science of physical education has grown from an effort to build men, and perhaps only a few men of great strength and endurance or control by many, many different systems under many different, outstanding leaders, into an effort to discover the laws of healthful living and to show to the coming generations how best to grow and develop and then conserve the normal, healthy, happy body for a like healthy and happy mind.

The Young Men's Christian Association has had a large part to play in the development of physical education particularly in relating the physi-

cal emphasis to the other three sides of our nature, mental, social and religious, and also in recognizing the fundamental nature of play in physical development, and more important still the importance of the factor of play through physical activity in character formation.

The advantages of modern physical education are not "yet a great way off." They are yours today. The Regina College programme is one of character-building activity and physical

education plays its part, not in an attempt to overdevelop any groups or individuals but to give to all the normal development which brings the erectness of carriage, the good muscle tone and co-ordination, the deep chest and the clear eye, the spirit of good sportsmanship and the ability to lead which goes with virile manhood.

A. M. HARDING,
Physical Director,
Regina Y.M.C.A.

The Qualifications of a Good Student

By Z. Berryere

We all notice that each and every person, no matter what rank, or position he may hold in this world, must have certain qualifications in order to meet the requirements demanded of him in his work through his entire life. A person applying for a position, may it be farm hand, stenographer, clerk, professor or student, must possess at least some of the essential qualifications peculiar to his particular occupation before he can hope to be employed. No matter what business or profession a person undertakes, he will find the qualifications alike to a certain degree. Let me tell you a few of the necessary qualifications a person must have in order to be classed as a good student.

In the first place a person must be a good conversationalist, if he hopes to rise rapidly as a good student. I think most of us are familiar with Sir Walter Scott's poems and in one of his poems he says that a good conversationalist is one who has ideas, who reads, thinks, listens, and who has, therefore, something to say. Charles Eliot says, "I recognize but one mental acquisition as an essential part of the education of a gentleman, namely an accurate and refined use of the mother tongue." There is no other quality that enables us to make so good an impression on others as the ability to converse well.

No matter how expert we may be along certain lines, we cannot make ourselves nearly as attractive, impressive or interesting if we do not possess the art of stating things to our fellow men and associates in such a way as to make them grasp our point of view

immediately. We also must be very careful in speaking, avoiding slang and slipshod speech, for nothing indicates our fineness or coarseness of culture so quickly as our conversation. One well-known writer has said: "There is no one thing which marks the degree of good culture and refinement so much as a sweet modulated and cultivated voice and the ability to express ourselves in good language."

The second point is, that a successful student must possess personality. We read in one of the poems of Oliver Swett Marden that "Personality is the indescribable quality which makes people applaud beyond the bounds of enthusiasm, and thus the charm of personality is a divine gift that sways the strongest characters and sometimes even control the destinies of nations." If the student has this charm of personality in him, he surely will advance over the heads of his fellow students. He will win friends because he is able to turn sadness into joy and failure into encouragement. A student with a cold, selfish and indifferent disposition can never hope to reach a high goal, those whom he tries to meet shrink away from him.

Therefore the two chief differences between these two types of personalities are, that the first loves his kind, and the latter does not.

In the third place a good student must be careful about his dress and appearance for the outer condition of the body is accepted as the symbol of the inner. If the outer condition is slovenly or unlovely most of us would draw the conclusion that the persons mind corresponds to it. It is a well-

established fact that a fine, strong, clean physique bears a very close connection to a fine, strong, clean character. Therefore a student must not only think that it is sufficient to keep his clothes brushed and well pressed, he must also bear in mind to take proper care of his hair, hands and teeth.

A fourth qualification is ambition. A person once said: "Whoever is satisfied with what he does has reached his highest point. He will progress no more." There are many people in this world that drift through life, having no definite aim or purpose in view. Such people can never hope to meet with success. A person entering school should have his life work mapped out as clearly as possible and have ambition to overcome all obstacles.

Some students have the motto: "Studies must not interfere with your college life," or, "It is better to have come and loafed than never to have come at all." However a student that keeps the lamp of ambition ever trimmed and burning, who does not permit anything to detract from his life's work is sure to reach success.

Self-reliance is another salient characteristic of a good student. He must be independent, capable of standing on both feet and must not lean on others for support. Marden says: "It is self-help not pull or influence; self-reliance, not leaning upon others that develops stamina and strength." "He who sits on a cushion of advantages goes to sleep," said Emerson. One might say that self-reliance is the key that opens the door to achievement, and is the unfold of power. A student that is always expecting help from others is undermining his self-confidence which is the very foundation of success. Therefore the student who can stand alone and is not afraid of obstacles and difficulties, and who believes in his inherent power to do things is the person who will succeed.

Economics

Professor—Name some production in which the supply exceeds the demand.

Student—Trouble.

"Bobby," said the lady in the street car, severely, "why don't you get up and give your seat to your father; doesn't it pain you to see him reaching for a strap?"

"Not in a street car," replied Bobby cheerily, "but it does at home."

EDITH FAURSCHOU

We regret to record the loss of one of our students by that dread disease pneumonia. Edith, who was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. I. L. Faurischou of Spy Hill, came to the College last Fall and entered the Household Science Course. Since Christmas holidays she was a day student and lived in a boarding house on Hamilton Street. Unfortunately she took a cold which rapidly developed into pneumonia. She was removed to the Regina General Hospital where she received all possible help that medical skill could give but she passed away on Friday, February 16.

Edith will be greatly missed by her many friends in the College. Her lovely and unselfish nature endeared her to teachers and students. The sympathy of the College goes out to her father and mother and her two brothers who have been so sorely bereaved.

THE STUDENT RELIEF CAMPAIGN

During the past few years Regina College has made it a practice to give liberally to some needy and worthy cause. Last year, contributions were forwarded for both Armenian and Russian Relief. This year the Student Christian Movement of Canada sent out an urgent call for help to meet distressing conditions of students in Central Europe. It seemed fitting that students should help students, that the more favored West should give assistance to the needy East. And so our campaign was launched during this winter term, realizing the sum of one hundred and thirty-four dollars, contributed by both students and faculty. We believe this money will relieve considerable distress. It is also reasonable to believe that such action will foster the spirit of brotherhood among students of different nations, an end greatly desired in these and the coming days.

Conservatory of Music

The Conservatory of Music has been fortunate in adding to their staff Mr. Knight Wilson of Toronto, and Mr. Dan Cameron of Ottawa. Before coming to Canada, Mr. Knight Wilson was associated with musical circles in Glasgow, Scotland, as leader in orchestral work and teacher of the violin. We are very glad to welcome Mr. and Mrs. Knight Wilson to the College.

Mr. Cameron also hails from the East, and comes to the College with highest recommendations from leading musicians in the East. For a number of years, Mr. Cameron was connected with the Conservatory Staff of Albert College, Belleville, and apart from four years of overseas service, he has practically devoted his life to music. Previous to coming to Regina, he was soloist in the Dominion Methodist Church, Ottawa. Already Mr. Cameron's genial ways have won for him many friends, and the students of the College also greatly appreciate his work with the Choral Society.

On Monday evening, January 29th, a reception was given by the Conservatory faculty in honor of Mr. Knight Wilson and Mr. Cameron. The music lovers of Regina had the opportunity of meeting the artists and during the evening Mr. Cameron gave several selections which were greatly appreciated and Mr. Knight Wilson delighted everyone with his violin numbers.

The Ensemble Class, which has been organized by Mr. Knight Wilson and in which are a number of the College violin students, is making splendid progress. They are now preparing Haydn's Symphony and we are looking forward with pleasure to their performance at the Capital Theatre at some early date.

A joint recital by the junior pupils of the Conservatory teachers was heard on Saturday afternoon, March 3, by a very appreciative audience. The performance of the students was of uniform excellence, reflecting favorably on the respective teachers. These recitals are not only a pleasure to the listener but are of unlimited value to the student and we hope to hear more of them during the coming term.

The Choral Society of the College, under the able direction of Mr. Cameron, is now in full swing, practice every Wednesday night. They are preparing Penitence, Pardon and Peace, and we are anticipating hearing the Society at a later date.

On Saturday afternoon, January 13, pupils of Miss Brooks and Miss Wagner gave a demonstration of the Fletcher-Copp Kindergarten Method. Using the Fletcher method apparatus the children gave exercises in notation, time and scales. They played musical thoughts of their own, as well as little melodies thought out in different major keys.

On January 27 Miss Brooks and Miss Wagner gave another recital at which their younger piano pupils performed. The parents were present and at the close of the program a social hour was enjoyed, Mrs. Stapleford presiding at the tea table.

Miss Ora Magnusson sang very delightfully at the social evening at the Y.W.C.A. on Saturday evening, March 3rd.

The teachers of Regina College have been enjoying the extra helpings of cake and toast at afternoon tea in the lounge, owing to the removal of Mr. Coutts' teeth during the week of March 4th.

We think it is carrying things a little too far when Miss Wight addresses her older gentlemen students with the expression "Now dear."

(Note:—We expect this will, however, enlarge her class.)

The College Spirit

"Did you ever employ college boys on your farm?"

"I tried it one year," said Mr. Cobles, "but they were not satisfactory."

"Didn't they work hard?"

"Oh, yes. But every time they got through with a job they'd gather around to give their college yell and stampede all the cattle on the place."

“*Sherwood*”

or “*Robin Hood and the Three Kings.*”

The scene of the play is laid in England at the time that Richard is away at the Crusades, and his cruel brother John is vice-regent.

ACT I.

Prince John plans to outlaw Robin Hood, the poor man's friend, and capture Marion, his betrothed.

Oberon and Titania, king and queen of the fairies, appear in the moonlight and open the ivory gates of dreamland to admit the victims of the forest laws to share their happy revels.

Robin Hood comes to the betrothal feast, but is warned of John's plot, and makes his escape just before the latter arrives.

Marion's father, Fitzwalter, refuses to give his daughter into John's care, as a hostage for his fidelity.

Queen Elinor, mother of John and Richard, persuades Marion to lead her to Robin's hiding place, and promises to save them all from peril.

ACT II.

Marion and Elinor meet Robin in the woods. Elinor tells Robin that she had risked much for his sake, and that he must not now reject her suit. He sends her away, escorted by some of his men. The fairies enter and discuss ways and means of saving Robin and Marion.

ACT III.

Prince John has almost succeeded in capturing Marion when Robin arrives. The two draw swords and Robin is about to be killed when he is rescued by a stranger, who is discovered to be King Richard. The latter promises to restore Robin's lands and arrange for his marriage.

ACT IV.

Elinor counsels John to imprison Robin Hood and let him perish. Robin is captured and imprisoned but Shadow-of-a-Leaf rescues him, though to do so he must give up his fairy existence. Robin goes masked to a court ball, finds Marion, sends her away with Shadow-of-a-Leaf and then makes his escape.

ACT V.

Robin is wounded and is taken to Kirklee Priory. Elinor finds him there,

and drawing her dagger, severs an artery in his arm. She then stabs Marion, and leaves them both to die. Robin rallies just enough to call Marion, who answers with her dying breath:

“Robin, come soon.”

The final scene shows Robin and Marion, entering Fairyland, escorted by a host of the poor and maimed.

REHEARSING FOR “*SHERWOOD*”

In order to make the play a great success much time has been spent in rehearsing the different parts. At first it was tiresome for the actors to go to the assembly hall every Monday and Thursday from four to six, but soon the practices became interesting. Often funny things occurred which broke the tension, as for instance when Prince John became excited and shouted to his men: “Out with your splades, Swarman.” Or when Maid Marion became embarrassed when Robin embraced her. How triumphant Queen Elinor looked when she came off the stage after having killed Maid Marion and how many times we were put through the scene where Robin and Maid Marion died. It was really tragic but the fun we got out of it was amazing.

Shadow-of-a-leaf was so fairylike when she was practicing to mount the table gracefully, but we can always overlook mistakes.

Little John had to learn to shorten his monstrous strides, as the stage was small and he was such a “sweet Tom Thumb” as Much called him.

Then when the fairies came to dance we all made such a fuss over them that it was almost impossible for Miss Tutt to keep them in their proper places. At times our splendid director became enthusiastic. One day she was showing how Maid Marion was to stand before Fitzwalter and called out “Now Marion run towards your Dad like this”—of course we all laughed.

At one of the rehearsals, in the scene where the sheriff and his men fight against the Foresters, the sheriff, becoming excited, fell off the stage and suffered from a few bruises. This only added a little enjoyment and we are sure the sheriff did not mind.

Friar Tuck had a very hard task before him when he tried to pant, but we expect that when he has his costume on he won't need to try, as his avoirdupois will enable him to do so without much effort.

A very interesting spectacle was witnessed at one of the rehearsals when Prince John was making a very hasty exit, threatening to take Lady Marion back to the castle with him. He had just reached the portable steps when they slipped and poor Prince John fell backwards. It was at a very critical moment, but to see the worthy Prince John flat on his back with his sword and feet pointing to the sky, was not the climax we expected. The poor, embarrassed Prince picked himself up and made for the nearest chair.

College students usually find it their second nature to be hungry, but evidently the beggar child had a hard time to wait for food as though she was really starving. But as "practice makes perfect" she will succeed we are sure.

Can you imagine any boy who had been in prison and had not seen his mother for some time going into a cave and calling her name as if he was merely calling her to dinner? That is what Will Scarlett did at first, but now he really shows his love and joy at being "safe in her arms once more."

Saturday afternoon practises took away our only free hours of the week but we went over to the Normal School and made the best of our opportunities. I dare say some of the players will make up for lost time when the play is all over.

It would take too long for me to tell all the incidents which took place but I am sure that many of my readers would have enjoyed standing to one side, listening to one of the rehearsals. "Laugh and Grow Fat" is a saying old, I am sure that most of us must have gained a few pounds at play practice. But it is all worth while when done for such a good cause as presenting "Sherwood" before the public as the best amateur play of the season.

THE ANNUAL BANQUET

March 9th will long stand as a red-letter day in the minds of the students and ex-students who were present at the banquet given by Dr. and Mrs. Stapleford.

Over two hundred and twenty guests sat down in the dining hall, where, after a sumptuous dinner was served, a program was given. Dr. Stapleford, as chairman, welcomed the ex-students, of whom many were present from the Normal School.

After the toast to the King the toast to the country was proposed by Harold Bateson, who spoke on what Canada

means to the world, to the Empire and to us.

ANNUAL DINNER TOAST LIST

THE KING.

Piano Solo by Dorothy Orchard.

To Our Country—Proposed by Harold Bateson and responded to by Miss Grace Bell.

To Our College—Proposed by Miss Geraldine Long and responded to by Mr. H. B. Cairns.

Violin Solo by Wilfred Brown.

To Our Faculty—Proposed by Howard Howes, responded to by Mr. J. E. R. Doxsee.

To Our Girls—Proposed by Tom Parker and responded to by Miss Mabel Penson.

Solo by Miss Ora Magnusson.

To Our Boys—Proposed by Miss Muriel Taylor and responded to by Ralph Mantle.

To the College Societies—Proposed by Stanley Fowke and responded to by Miss Lucy Currie.

To Our Hockey Team—Proposed by Leonard Woodhams and responded to by Mr. C. K. Moses.

Presentation of Cup to the Winners of the Hockey League.

Piano Solo by Miss Mills.

To the Ex-Students—Proposed by Clifford Carroll and responded to by Miss Anne Grant.

God Save the King.

Mr. Moses, who has taken a great interest in the boys' sport and to whom much of the credit is due, spoke on the need for a better spirit in sport in this country, after which he presented the Go-Get-'Ems, the victors in the school league, with the cup. The cup, which stands on a wooden block, is of Wear Ever Aluminum and has the name of the Go-Get-'Ems engraved thereon.

Clyde Tannahill moved a vote of thanks to Dr. and Mrs. Stapleford for the splendid banquet, which was heartily applauded by all. Dr. Stapleford responded and moved a vote of thanks to Miss Theal and the house staff.

After the singing of God Save the King, and 15-40-23 the guests retired to the reception hall where the boys were allowed to stay for fifteen minutes. At the expiration of this time Miss Strangways announced, on the advice of Mr. Ansley, that the girls had better go to bed as the boys wanted to go home.

We notice that Mr. Cameron, in his "eternal" search for a cup of "good tea", bravely passed down the line at the teachers' reception and received his reward.

Social Events

Fourth Form Party

The fourth form were the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Stapleford at their suite on Friday, January 12th. The evening was spent in guessing puzzle contests and playing games. After this a dainty lunch was served and the party came to an end.

The Skating Party

A most delightful time was spent by the students of Regina College at the Arena rink on Friday, January 19th, from seven thirty to nine. After having skated eight bands the girls were escorted to the College by their partners. A dainty lunch was then served by the refreshment committee and the pleasant evening was brought to a close with the usual College yell.

First Form Party

Dr. and Mrs. Stapleford entertained the first form students at their suite on the first Friday in February. After partners had been drawn for, a good part of the evening was spent playing games. Lunch was then served and about eleven o'clock the guests took leave of their host and hostess.

The Valentine Party

The Regina College Valentine party was held on February 10th. Professor Ansley acted as chairman for the evening. The students met in the Assembly Hall about eight o'clock. The programme committee provided a very interesting programme of games, solos, readings and musical selections. The Chin-Chin Novelty Jazz Band favored the audience with several orchestral selections, some of them of Hawaiian music. After this part of the programme, Mr. Ansley opened the Valentine box and contents were distributed. Refreshments were then served and the party closed in the usual way.

The Toboggan Party

On Saturday, February 24th, a tobogganing party was arranged for by the executive. There was tobogganing from four thirty to six. As the weather was fine this was enjoyed by all. Dinner was served at six thirty after which Mr. Ansley showed lantern slides of "A Trip Across Canada", giving an interesting account of them as he did so. The students were then entertained in the Assembly Hall by a short programme consisting of games

and musical selections. Refreshments were then served and the evening ended with the singing of "God Save the King", followed by the College yell.

On Saturday, February 3rd, Mrs. Stapleford and the lady members of the Academic and Musical Faculties were at home to their friends. Mrs. Stapleford, Mrs. Ansley, Mrs. Coutts and Miss Strangways received the guests, with Miss Theal, Miss Gott, Mrs. Patterson and Miss Young showing the way to the tea room. The tea table was very prettily decorated with mauve tulle and mauve chrysanthemums. Mrs. Doxsee, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Knight-Wilson and Mrs. Hannon presided at the tea table, while Miss Brooks, Miss Tutt, Miss Dolmage, Miss Wight, Miss Wagner and Miss Reek served the guests.

Y.W.C.A. NOTES

The first meeting of the new year was held on January 23rd and was in charge of the Literary Committee. Miss Maxwell spoke to the girls on organizing a C.G.I.T. group. She went through the procedure of organization and procedure of the opening meeting.

A meeting under the missionary department was held on Sunday evening, January 28th. Miss Leitch gave an illustrated lecture on the "Passion Play." The boys were the invited guests and after the meeting light refreshments were served.

On January 30th the programme for the meeting was arranged by the Vocational Committee. Mr. Dolan of the Collegiate gave an interesting address on "What a Young Lady's Profession Might Be."

The next meeting was held on February the 12th in the chapel. The Literary Committee prepared the programme. Margaret Stapleford gave a piano solo, Grace Barke a violin selection and Ora Magnusson gave a vocal solo. The chief part of the programme was an interesting talk on the tomb of Tutankhamen by Professor Doxsee.

Y.M.C.A. NOTES

The first regular meeting of the Y.M.C.A. for the new year was held on January 11. Miss Tutt gave a very interesting talk on "The Value of Pub-
(Continued on page 21)

The Short Story Contest

In giving their decision in the short story contest the judges crave the indulgence of all. It is not the easiest thing, in a contest of this kind where the subjects for a story were not restricted to a certain field, to choose the best from among fourteen manuscripts submitted, which comprised of short stories, episodes, personal incidents and even a homily on "The Qualifications of a Good Student." How-

ever, the judges' choice was finally "The Three Knights-Errants." Though the subject is not original, its vivid and humorous treatment makes it very interesting. The daring originality of "Daisies Won't Tell" gains for it the second place, though the story is rather an improbable one. The third choice was "The Wee Small Voice," which, though well written, is of a more conventional type of short story.

THE THREE KNIGHTS-ERRANTS

By Clifford Carroll.

It was just after dinner that the report came out. How it thrilled all! Scarce any could sit still. Do you wonder what it was that so upset the equilibrium of so many minds? Well listen.

That very night Miss Strangways had decreed that boys, who so desired, might go over to the ladies' reception room, and there visit with the ladies of their choice, provided of course that the young ladies were willing and had attained the dignified age of seventeen.

Excitement reigned supreme in the boys' residence. Here, there, and everywhere could be seen groups whispering excitedly. When one approached one of the groups there would be a sudden breaking away, and the remaining talked about the weather. But if you appeared restless and ill at ease the symptoms were soon recognized and someone would lean confidentially forward and say in a disinterested manner: "Goin' over?" If you hesitated, all heads came forward in one accord with a "Let's go."

In a short time, there was a contingent of about thirty trooping downstairs to the phone to call up their fairy friends. At the end of the first stairs a few of the more timid fled. Another stairs was descended and yet another. Now scarce half the number remained and when the phone office was reached a few more deserted their friends. Three only of that noble band had sufficient courage to phone their fair friends. These were helped out of the office by their more solicitous if not more brave fellows. For these three the die had been cast and their fate sealed. The date had been made and the maids had accepted. They must appear at the zero hour which had been set for eight o'clock. They shined, they polished, they brushed and fumed. They massaged, they powdered, they fussed and perfumed. When all was ready, they gathered together and planned and discussed the matter from all angles.

At last, the hour was at hand and they boldly started on their little journey. Firm were their lips, but not their knees. Calm were their faces, but not their hearts. The snowy handkerchiefs in their breast pockets fluttered like flags of truce. They came to the door and halted. Who should enter first? Aye, should they enter at all? Fear bade them retreat. Only the thoughts of those lovely bits of femininity held them. Their hearts beat a rat-a-tat on their shirt bosoms. At last, affecting a great bravado that they did not feel, they threw open the door and went in.

Horrors! What have we here? The room is full of girls. Why are all these here and where are the three fair ladies they expected to see? What should they do? Flee? Something held them. Perhaps they were beyond using their limbs. However, they stayed. The surprise was not theirs alone. The girls stood agape for a moment and then, with one shriek, stampeded for parts unknown. Only one lone figure remained to confront the terrified boys. This proved to be their benefactress who had decreed that they might come over. She came forward with a smile that instantly set the boys at ease. Just in time fortunately, as they would have succumbed to apoplexy in another moment if the strain had not been relieved. With a smile she told them to be comfortable while she called the ladies.

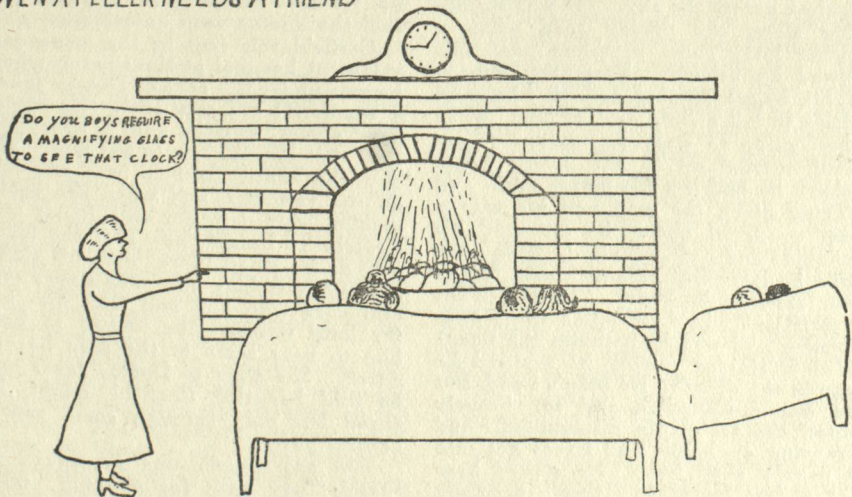
This they did, in the most approved method. Couches were arranged in such a manner that those upon one couch would not be disagreeable to those on another. They came! Oh joy! How it took the boys back to those days before College when to sit by their true loves was a common occurrence. How they enjoyed it! How the time flew! Not one remembered the second zero hour, set for nine o'clock, had come and gone. That fatal hour when they must pick themselves up and silently steal away. Not until that hour had been past a full five minutes did they realize it. It is doubtful if they would have noticed it even then had not a voice stern and commanding boomed upon that tranquil scene. It struck terror to every heart. All sprung to their feet in dismay. "Do you need a magnifying glass to see that clock?" cried the voice.

For the sake of those who participated in the scene, let us be kind and draw the curtain on the rest of this act. It would be cruel to tell how they slunk off to their own domain. Let it be sufficient to say that there was wailing and gnashing of teeth.

Editor's Note:—In putting on these contests the editors did not anticipate the possibility that both the cartoon and story contests might be won by the same person, so that no provision

was made in that regard. However we wish to heartily congratulate Mr. Clifford Carroll on his winning both prizes.

WEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND



WHEN YOU HAVE OVER STAYED YOUR TIME ON A SUNDAY EVENING
IN THE GIRLS' RECEPTION HALL

By Clifford Carrol

DAISIES WON'T TELL

By Miss Lucy Currie

"Halt!" rang out the stern command of the sentry, "Who goes there?" The pass-word was given and a young soldier dressed in the uniform of a Canadian private came out of the darkness and hurried down the street of a small French town.

This soldier was Private Garfield Davis of the 10th C.M.R.'s, a southern Saskatchewan regiment. He was only a young lad, perhaps twenty years of age. He stood about five feet ten, strong and straight, but his handsome face was drawn and white. His eyes dark brown in color, held a look of horror intermingled with pity.

He walked down the street to a ruined building over which the Union Jack was flying. He entered and going into an inner room stood before three officers. Saluting them, he picked up a knife from the table and slitting his tunic near the breast pocket, drew out a large envelope and handed it to one of the officers.

Captain Rutherford handed Garfield a map saying, "Private Davis, you will carry this to Captain Myres of your battalion. It is very important." Garfield knew that he had to be very careful as perhaps many lives depended on his doing his duty. He saluted and left the room. He went straight to a canteen where he got something to eat, then set out on his return journey.

The night was dark and rain clouds were gathering in the north. To the east of him the sky was a red color, and every once in a while search lights flashed across the sky. He was stumbling along the muddy road when a motor lorry came rumbling past, followed by others. Presently search lights began playing around him, and shells to fall a little east of him. Were they going to stage an attack? Garfield hurried on to the farm house where he had left his motor cycle and having given the man and his wife a few words of cheer, he mounted his machine and rode eastward. Mile after mile he travelled, coming closer to the war zone as he rode. "Listen! What was that?" Had he taken the wrong turning and was he between the lines? With a sinking feeling he realized he was in the dreaded No Man's Land. But he was a Canadian and so, bravely stood the test. He dismounted, and crawling on hands and knees got into a nearby shell hole. He stayed here for a few moments, then carefully crawled out, still going eastward, until

he struck a deserted trench. Here he was able to stand upright once more. He hurried along and reached his own company. He gave Captain Myres the map and then went to sleep.

In a short time he was aroused and told that they would go "Over the Top" at dawn. Garfield knew that this might mean a wound or death. He knelt down and prayed for his mother whom he might never see again, then commenced to get his equipment in order. Dawn found everyone in his place and when Captain Myres gave the order and went over the parapet they followed with cheers. There was a wild rush across No Man's Land, through shot and shell, and barbed wire entanglements, into the German lines. Garfield was almost there when a shell burst beside him. He had the sensation of a great pain, then everything went black.

When he regained consciousness he was lying in a white bed in a base hospital with his eyes bandaged. One day he awoke and heard the doctor say, "It's a sad thing all right, he's so young." Like a sickening flash it came to him—he was to be blind for life! His helplessness overwhelmed him and a sob escaped his lips. Daisie, the little V.A.D., heard him and uttering a prayer for help, hurried to him. She had a letter from his mother but when she read it to him he cried, "Oh God help me, I shall never see her again. Oh Daisie——"

A few weeks later the doctor came in and told Garfield he was to go to England the next day, but Garfield only asked: "May I take Daisie too?" "Oh no, we need Daisie more than you do," said the doctor very unfeelingly.

Garfield was sent to the large convalescent hospital at Kensington where he was under the care of Doctor Jakes, a wonderful eye specialist. He stayed here several months and it was while here that Daisie came to see him. The day she came, Garfield was standing on the verandah and when she spoke to him, walked to her with hands outstretched. Daisie knew that she loved him as he stood there, with his sightless eyes watching her. She stayed several days with him and took him out for long walks. She longed to help him to bear some of the pain he endured. She went to Doctor Jakes and he told her that Garfield might be cured but only through some supernatural power.

The day Daisie was to return to France they went for a long walk through the meadows. Here the daisies

and buttercups formed a carpet upon which they walked. Daisy picked a bunch of the flowers and gave them to him saying, "Daisies won't tell." Then an irresistible impulse overtook her and clasping her arms around his neck kissed him. "Garfield, how can I leave you?" she cried. "Sweetheart, I'm only a blind boy," but even as he muttered these words his heart cried, "I love you and need you." Then as if a hand lifted a veil from the sun the darkness disappeared and Garfield's sight returned. He gazed with wonder and awe into the mystic depths of two azure blue eyes. "Daisy, my own," he almost sobbed, "thank God," as he fell on his knees at her feet.

Need we say that when Garfield returned to Canada, he did not go alone? "Daisies won't tell" is their motto now because Daisy and Garfield will never tell how and where they first met each other.

THE WEE, SMALL VOICE

By Grace Bell.

Shipley stood on the bridge looking at the water running beneath. It was but eight o'clock and here he stood in immaculate evening clothes. Joe had done well indeed. Only four hours since he had departed his late abode—the prison cell. For tonight he was free—free to enjoy life as it had been before he had been sentenced to life imprisonment. Tomorrow he would be back in his cell. What of that! Tonight, tonight he was free!

He left the Park and turned down Fifth Avenue. The newsboys lustily called "Axtry." He did not bother to listen. He went into Delmonico's. The check girl looked friendly—the head waiter bowed. Shipley was a man to whom waiters always bowed. As he walked into the Blue Room many turned to look at him. The deep lines on his face which had come within the last few months perhaps added to the attractiveness of his face.

He was led to the table in the corner. He looked about the room—the dull blue hangings, the flowers on the tables. The orchestra played softly. How he loved it all. The beauty of the room appealed to him as such a room never had before. Was it just the vast difference between his sur-

roundings tonight and last night? Was it the comparison that made him enjoy this beauty or had there resulted from his bitter experience a greater capacity for enjoying beauty? Was it the novelty? Would this feeling wear off? Would he in a few days regard this same scene with indifference.

The waiter set down a menu card before him. He glanced at his hands. The evidences of manual toil were apparent. He hoped the waiter would not notice. The waiter was asking him if he wished to see the evening paper. Now he remembered that he had heard the newsboys shouting. The waiter brought him a paper murmuring something about a fire.

He glanced once more about the room. He did not care about any fire. Then he slowly unfolded his paper. "Truxton completely destroyed by fire"—ten lives believed to be lost. He quickly scanned the names of prisoners burned, reading James Hamilton Shipley. Truxton burned!—he was free. Had the news of his escape been sent into headquarters before the fire. No. He was free. The fire was at four-thirty. He had left Truxton at five minutes to four, meaning to have an hour's start before the guard made his rounds at five o'clock.

Now he was safe. Officially Shipley was dead—burned to death. From now on he could assume any name he wished—invent a past. He would go to Australia. The future stretched before him, bright and rosy. Once more to be free, free—not to have every move watched—to feel once more that life was worth the living.

He rose from his table. Food did not tempt him. Even the atmosphere of gaiety did not appeal to him. He went out into the air and once more walked toward the Park. The same bridge, the moving water as before, the lights in the distance that such a short time ago had seemed so attractive; but the glamour seemed to have faded. The lights were duller. Would they always be so for him because he could not look his fellow-men straight in the eye. If he hid his identity and under the shelter of circumstances, fled from justice, would the lights always be dull for him? Would the glamour be gone from life?

He gazed at the moving water. Voices could be heard in the distance. The lights grew duller.

Shipley turned. With a slow and decisive step he went from the Park and made his way to Police Headquarters.

Sports

GIRLS' SPORT

By Miss Kathleen Harris

Basket Ball

A meeting of the girls who play basket ball was held, in which they decided to enter the league with the Collegiate, Normal and Y.W.C.A. Two teams were chosen, one to the known as the Senior Team and the second as the Junior. Muriel Taylor was appointed manager and Grace Bell was chosen as captain of the Senior team, and Alice Stice as captain of the Juniors.

The line-up was as follows:

Mgr., Muriel Taylor	
Seniors—	Juniors—
Capt. Grace Bell	Capt. Alice Stice
Forwards:	
Edythe Miller	Edith McInnis
Maybelle Miller	Alma DeWitt
Centres:	
Beverley Caldwell	Alice Stice
Mildred Stice	Muriel Taylor
Defence:	
Grace Bell	Muriel Adams
Jean Myres	Kathleen Harris
Subs—Eva Ketcheson, Pauline Strayer	

Collegiate vs. College

Seniors 22-3; Juniors 18-4

The first game was played on January the 17th with the Collegiate in their gymnasium. The Senior and Junior teams each played two fifteen minute periods. The College girls showed lack of practice and were also at a disadvantage, not being used to so large an area of floor space. The Collegiate won by scores 22-3 from the Senior team and 18-4 from the Juniors. Miss Kennedy acted as referee.

College vs. Y.W.C.A.

Seniors 2-18; Juniors 14-11

The teams next tried their luck at the Y. on January the 22nd. Three ten minute periods were played by each. Mildred Stice took Maybelle Miller's place as forward and Lula Kearns played roving centre for the Senior team. They lost the game to the Y. by a score of 2-18. The Juniors met with better success and played a good game. The score was comparatively even till the last period but by a

couple of good plays the game ended with a score of 14-11 in favor of the College. The honours were shared equally between Edith McInnis and Alma DeWitt.

College vs. Y.W.C.A.

Juniors—22-21

On February the 12th the Juniors played a second game with the Junior team of the Y. Three ten minute periods were played. Throughout the first two periods the score was usually tied but at the beginning of the third period the College had one point in their favour. Everyone played her best and the result was one basket for each side, leaving the score 22-21 in favour of the College. Eva Ketcheson, who played in Alma DeWitt's place as forward, was the star player, having seventeen of the twenty-two points to her credit.

Morning Gym

In they straggle one by one, countenances all marred by sleepy yawns. They commence a round of exercises which should develop muscles like Hercules. Frequently one gets a slap in the face which is enough to arouse the blood of any Canadian woman and one never knows from what direction to expect a terrific kick or blow.

Ode to Miss Tutt

This little ode we owe to you
For the foolish things you make us do.

BOYS' HOCKEY

By Frank Rosher

College (5) Success (1)

The College opened the hockey season 1922-1923, by playing the Success College at the Arena. When the final bell went the score was 5-1 in favor of the College. The play was fast but ragged at times. The score shows the standing as it actually was. The College played better combination and were rewarded accordingly. For the College the stars were, C. Schwindt, Rennick and Bell, who had the honor of scoring in the first game of the season.

Mr. Ansley officiated and few penalties were drawn.

College (5) Collegiate (0)

The second game of the season was played at the Arena with Collegiate,

the old rivals of the College in rugby. The College won a shut-out 5-0. Mantle showed up well. The game was clean throughout. The Collegiate showed lack of team work owing to need of practice. Bush played a fine game for the Collegiate. The stars for the College were Mantle and Rennick. Ritchie also proved very effective on the defence. Mr. Ansley handled the game in fine style.

College (1) Campion (2)

The College and Campion boys crossed sticks at the Arena in, January 23rd. This was one of the fastest games played by the College, although they lost 1-2. The College boys outskated the Campion players although they did not get the goals necessary to win. The game was rough at times, penalties being drawn by both sides. The hardest working player for the College was C. Schwindt, although Bud had to stand back and let his young brother score the one goal for the College. Mr. Ansley handled the game.

College (6) Normal (0)

The College hockey team mixed with the Normalites and came back from the Arena with a 6-0 win. The College outplayed the Normal School in every department. At the same time the Normal have the makings of a good team, but this was their first time out this year. The game was clean throughout. Mantle, the custodian of the nets, had several hard shots but cleared all with ease. Few penalties were drawn. The stars for the College were C. Schwindt, Rennick and Ritchie. For the Normal Ted Schwindt was by far the best player and without his services the Normal would have been hopelessly out-classed. Mr. Ansley officiated.

College (1) Collegiate (3)

On February 21st the College team played a return game with the Collegiate at the Arena. The Collegiate showed great improvement over their last game and romped off with the game by a 3-1 score. For the Collegiate Bush was the star, while Rennick played good hockey for the College. McRae, subbing for Mantle, who was on the sick list, did well between the posts. C. K. Moses refereed the game.

College (1) Moose Jaw College (3)

On February 24th Moose Jaw College journeyed to Regina to play our boys. The game was scheduled to start at nine o'clock but owing to some of the Moose Jaw boys losing them-

selves in the big city (Regina), it did not start until ten o'clock. The game was clean throughout. This was a dandy to watch though hard on the players, as the ice was soft. The individual star for the College was Rennick, who tested Moose Jaw goal several times. He did his best to win, scoring the only goal from a pass from H. Schwindt. But when the final bell went the score was 3-1 in favor of Moose Jaw College. Toombs scored Moose Jaws' goals. He was by far their best player.

College (8) Campion (1)

A return game was played by the Campion College on February 26th at the Arena, the score being 8-1 in favor of the College. The game was rough and slow due to the soft ice. The College team showed great improvement. Mantle played a splendid game in goal while Rennick and Faibish played the hardest for the forwards of the College team. Runge played the best for the Campions.

Regina College (4) Moose Jaw College (3)

March the third saw our team journeying to Moose Jaw to take part in the return game of the previous week. The game, with the exception of the first period, was the best played this season. "Bud" Schwindt starred for the College, while Martin was the pick of the Moose Jaw tribe. "Bud" figured in all our goals, scoring three and assisting Rennick in the other.

With the score tied 3-3 and two minutes to go, Faibish, Rennick and Schwindt staged a rush. Faibish carried the rubber through the defence and passed to Schwindt, who scored handily.

Moose Jaw won the round 6 to 5.

The College line-up for nearly all the games was as follows:

Goal—Mantle.

Defence—McNall, Ritchie.

Forwards—Faibish, C. Schwindt, Rennick.

Subs—Bell, H. Schwindt, Stallwood.

The school team as yet has played seven games, winning 5 and the scoring of the respective players is given below.

Rennick leads by two points and "Bud" Schwindt is runner-up for first place, having played only four of the seven games.

Player—	Scoring			
	Games	Goals	Assts.	Pts.
Rennick	7	8	3	11
C. Schwindt	4	7	2	9
Faibish	6	6	1	7
H. Schwindt	7	3	0	3
McNall	7	2	1	3
Bell	6	0	2	2
Ritchie	7	0	1	1

Regina College Hockey League

There has been a very keen interest in hockey this winter among the boys, and after the Christmas holidays this interest crystallized when a College League was formed, which comprised six teams. The names and captains are given below.

D. R. C.'s—James Ross.
 Wide-Awakes—Stallwood.
 Go-Get-'Ems—Weinand.
 Go-Fetch-'Ems—Tannahill.
 Mongrels—Bateson.
 Tigers—Rosher.

Every game of the schedule was well

contested as shown by five ties out of fifteen games.

The Go-Get-'Ems and the D. R. C.'s proved the best. The Go-Get-'Ems, under Weinand's leadership, succeeded in winning the highly ornate "Ever Wear" aluminum cup.

The following is the final standing of the School League:

Team—	Games			
	Plyd.	Won	Lost	Draw
Go-Get-'Ems	5	3	0	2
D. R. C.'s	5	3	1	1
Tigers	5	2	2	1
Go-Fetch-'Ems	5	1	1	3
Mongrels	5	0	2	3
Wide-Awakes	5	1	4	0

Team—	Goals		
	For	Agst.	Pts.
Go-Get-'Ems	8	3	8
D. R. C.'s	14	3	7
Tigers	11	8	5
Go-Fetch-'Ems	5	11	5
Mongrels	5	10	3
Wide-Awakes	9	14	2

Alumni et Alumnae

Ed. Brown '20, is at Saskatoon in Engineering, also Herbert Dickey '19. Both won medals and scholarships last year.

Donald Minifie is still at Saskatoon. Oxford next stop!

Russel Behrns '20, is in third year Medicine at University of Manitoba. At Christmas time "Rus" was a delegate to the National Student Conference held in Toronto, where he met several of the R. C. "Old Boys" who are attending Toronto Varsity.

The following students are in the Molar business at Toronto this year:

Crawford Craigie '19; Gordon Jackson '19; Alec Jupp '20; Jim Wright '20; Bill Milburn '21; and Dick Sephton '22. We hope they will learn how to do this work painlessly.

Fred Gardiner '20, is studying theology at Victoria College, Toronto. Fred has been one of the shining lights on the "Vic" soccer team for the last three years.

Clarence Drake '20, and Chuck Stewart '21, are both in Arts at Toronto University.

"Larry" West, who is teaching at Morse, was in the city visiting old friends a short time ago. Apparently he still takes a great interest in a certain young lady of his College days. "Three times and out, Larry!"

The many friends of Miss D. Eddy

will be glad to hear that she has recovered from her operation and is enjoying life at home.

Mr. Garland Graham was in the city for a few days taking in hockey games, theatres, etc. He's still the same "Gar."

Normal Notes

Anne Grant, Elda Moore, Mary Smith, Irene Stanley, Mike Carleton and Everett Bennett are once more shining lights at Normal.

Bert Cathro, Ted Schwindt and Neil Graham seem to think that Normal is better than teaching in the country, so have come back again.

Stalwart is well represented by old College students attending Normal. Misses Illa and Bertha Robinson and Mr. Ted Kasenberg.

Blake Harper is making everyone here "Smile" as in days gone by at that red brick structure across the lane.

"Buster" Warner and Gladys Wetherald of '21 are endeavoring to acquire knowledge along the teaching lines.

Barbara Riggall, Nellie Kinney and Annie Vancise are going to Normal. We wonder if they have forgotten the "school" of their childhood?

College students wonder if Herbert Tidey fills the Normal halls with strains of music from his cornet as he did while in our midst.

Lillian Moses, Charlotte Shank, Jean Dodd, Mrs. Witham, Verna Ross, Gert. Heglund and Stella Hill are across the way too.

College Sunday

Sunday, March 11th, was the occasion of the Annual College Service in the Metropolitan Church. The members of the staff and students of the College marched to the Church in a body, occupying the central portion of the auditorium.

Our President, Dr. Stapleford, gave a most excellent address on the subject of "Hope," taking for his text "Ye are saved by hope." Romans 8, 24. He quoted from ancient literature and modern non-Christian writings to show that outside of Christianity the tone of thought and of belief was predominantly pessimistic. On the other hand the Bible was the great book of Hope. The Hebrew prophets and Christian apostles saw that optimism had its basis in morality. "It was the discovery of men who had gone deepest into the ethical order of the world."

The speaker further pointed out that hope has its roots also in the fact of human progress. Quoting from literature descriptive of conditions of past ages he fully justified his statement that "things have been measurably worse than they are now. If the world is a patient it is at least a convalescent patient. Herein lies hope."

"My reason for dealing with this subject this morning is that I find people giving way to pessimism even in this favored province of Saskatchewan. It may be true that there is some cause for this. Some men have been fighting against fearful odds during the past five years. But still I claim that even from the low ground of materialism we have every reason to be optimistic." Our wonderful natural resources, he said, were in themselves a sufficient guarantee of a grand future.

Many of his hearers, said the speaker, were the sons or daughters of pioneers and he urged them not to forget the robust qualities of their fathers and mothers and the vastly harder problems and greater difficulties with which they had to contend than those which were faced today.

"The hopeful man is the courageous man," continued the speaker. "Thou' crowded on all sides by difficulties he walks with head erect." It was the losing of hope, he said, which was often the cause of the deterioration of character. He pointed out that the deepest foundation of optimism was faith in God. "Pessimism and denial

of God go hand in hand." He deplored the fact that some 'practical' people make light of the 'lofty stuff' that preachers talk about. "Men and women, what we need today is 'lofty stuff.' While man's feet are on the clods his eyes must ever be turned to the stars. Optimism looks for a new heaven and a new earth 'wherein dwelleth righteousness.'"

In conclusion the doctor said, "Today Christianity does not stand upon the corners of the streets blowing a trumpet before it—it is stealing softly into the human heart, rebuking coarseness and vice, easing pain and sorrow. Laws are becoming more just, rulers more humane, men are kindlier one to another and never before have women and children received such consideration. We must allow Christ to soften our international relationships as well. The old policy of suspicion and hatred must go or our civilization will completely collapse under the shock of another great war."

"Young women and young men, there are glorious years ahead of you if you choose to make them glorious. Greet the unseen with a cheer. God's in His Heaven. Go forward with brave hearts."

Y.M.C.A. NOTES

(Continued from page 13)

lic Speaking." She gave some helpful pointers about speaking.

On January 25th, Mr. Cairns and Mr. Doxsee gave a lantern lecture on the British Isles. This was very educational as well as interesting.

On February 1st, Mr. Latour of the Normal School, gave a lecture on Astronomy, in which he stated the possibilities of communication with other planets.

A real treat was in store for us on the 22nd of the month, when the Hon. Mr. Latta, Minister of Education for this province, spoke on "Citizenship". He went into the points that go to make a good citizen, and made his talk very interesting by blackboard illustrations.

On March 2 Miss Forman, a prominent settlement worker of this city, gave an illustrated lecture on "A Trip Through Serbia."

Besides these lectures we had impromptu speeches on two different occasions. The speakers were chosen by lot and chose their topic from a list supplied by the committee in charge of the evening.

Personals

Arranged by Miss Lucy Currie and Jerry Furber

Foreward

We are not backward you can see
In coming forward with our part,
And now again, as once before,
We ask you not to take to heart
The little rubs and digs we give,
They're only meant in harmless fun,
And if they just create some mirth,
We know our work has been well done.
Some of the jokes to you may be
So old they're getting rather blue.
You surely can't have heard them all,
There must be some that's new to you.
Now life's not always full of mirth,
Let's hope we've made some here the
while,

For then our work is well repaid
When we can start your pleasant smile.

To Be Sung With a Drum Solo

1. Lord help me, said Proctor, ap-
proaching a doctor,
For something is terribly wrong.
I've had melancholics from too
many frolics
At dancing and women and song.
2. I take no enjoyment in play or em-
ployment,
The punch has gone out of my life.
My nervous depression has ruined
my discretion,
I'll stab myself yet with a knife.
3. My dear chap, said the doctor, con-
soling poor Proctor,
I know what's put you on the bum.
So your best course is clear, take
a rest for a year,
And for Pete's sake quit playing
the drum.

Time flies, you can't, they fly too
fast.

You often hear about the horn of
plenty, but the saxophone is the horn
of too much.

Teacher—Servoss, what is your idea
of the best example of a blunder you
can recall?

Servoss—The person who appeared
at an evening dress ball in pajamas.

When Smarty took her in his arms
The color left her cheek,
But on the lapels of his coat
It showed up for a week.

"GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN"

Jim Brown and Herman Kohlruess,
late of Form II.

Teacher—Brown, sit down in front.
Brown—I can't.

Examinations seem to play a major
part in the student's life. One student
was known to have questioned his
teacher as follows:

"Say, teacher, when people go to
heaven do they become angels right
away or do they have to pass a lot of
stupid examinations first?"

One of the sweetest thrills one gets
in College is when he wakes up after
the rising bell goes and discovers it is
Sunday morning. No. P. T. and no
morning walk. "Ain't it a grand and
glorious feelin'."

A little boy was very much puzzled
over the theory of evolution and he
questioned his mother thus:

"Mamma, am I descended from a
monkey?"
"I don't know," the mother replied,
"I never knew any of your father's
people."

Jimmie Ross was being questioned
about the scrap he had at the hockey
game. "Come now, you don't mean
to say Bateson meant to put your eye
out?" "No, I don't, but I do believe he
tried to put it farther in."

Kenneth Morse (after an hour's ses-
sion at the telephone)—Hello, hello,
central, can't I get a better line?

Central (who has overheard most
of it)—Say guy, I don't see what's the
matter with the one you have.

Some of the Latest Song Successes

P. T. Blues, a wake-up and get-up
tune, with bells for introduction.

Grumbling, rendered by boys who
come stumbling, mumbling out of the
Dean's office after an interview.

Scarth Street Blues, a peppy, steppy
rag with one line—all girls.

K-K-Katy, composed and sung by
Frank Rosher.

Gee How I Hate to Go Home Alone,
from the musical comedy, "Sadie."

Culled from Exam. Papers

1. "— and so Champlain left with his friends the Algonquins and Ironquills to fight the Iroquois."

2. During the interdict in John's reign births and deaths were not allowed to take place.

3. Queen Elizabeth was tall and thin, but she was a stout Protestant.

4. A legume is an indecent fruit.

And a few words: condishion, yourp, iorn, fighr.

Horse power is the distance one horse can carry a pound of water in an hour.

Gender shows whether a man is masculine, feminine or neuter.

An angle is a triangle with only two sides.

A parallelogram is a figure made of four parallel straight lines.

A vacuum is a large empty space where the Pope lives.

Gravitation is that, which if there were none we would fly away.

The permanent set of teeth consists of eight canines, eight bicuspedes, twelve molars and four cuspidors.

The invention of the steamboat caused a net-work of rivers to spring up.

To resuscitate from drowning grasp the arms of the deceased.

The earth is an obsolete spheroid. Georgia was founded by people who had been executed.

A grass widow is the wife of a dead vegetarian.

Etiquette teaches us how to be polite without trying to remember to be.

Psyche was a black boxer who fought Carpentier.

Ambiguity is telling the truth when you don't mean to.

The capital of Norway is Christianity.

More and More

Kenneth, addressing the one and only girl—"Won't you have a little More?"

She—"No. More."

Rosher—I heard Buffum was kicked off the rugby squad.

Dalgleish—How so?

Rosher—He was told to tackle the dummy and he tackled the coach.

Bwrup—"Where are you going?"
Wurp—"To the Deaf, Dumb, and Blind Asylum."

Bwrup—"What for?"

Wurp—"A couple of chaperones."
—Royal Gaboon.

The only hospital report we have to make this issue is that a number of new diseases were discovered. There was toe-nail poisoning from eating scalloped fish, exclamatory rheumatism (patient yelled two days), hay fever from sleeping on a straw mattress, shortness of breath and bank account and sickness of debate. The latter disease was rather peculiar in its course because the student afflicted became very much better after the time for the debate was over.

Light literature is seldom illuminating.

Bon Soir

There was a young freshman in fourth form,

He really ought to take chloroform.

His actions are mulish,

His thoughts they are foolish,

We all feel very sorry for him.

With (out) his consent we are publishing a notice for Merton K—

The harem hours of the "sheik" (shriek) are from one to one-thirty. Most any of the fair sex will tell you where to find him. Blondes tolerated, brunettes preferred.

He kissed her once, he kissed her twice,
He turned around, just think, 'twas Rice.

Society Notes

Delbert Seavy is returning to Hollywood to renew acquaintances. Along with him are his hat and vest.

The honorable "Hash in Tights" has taken lately to signing his name Harvey Weiner, 1923, A. De.

Slim Ritchie is taking lessons on the saxophone and Rusty is taking galloping consomething.

Jesse Rice was the only Greek student in captivity that didn't start a restaurant.

Our friend Mr. Glosser went to the Pantages December 20 and reports that a good show is playing there.

Voice from the hallway addressing Nelson: "Speaking of insects, how's your aunt?"

Given Away

Pat—"Phwat was the card Oi dealt ye Mike?"

Mike—"A spade."

Pat—"Oi knew it was; Oi saw ye spit on yer hand before ye picked it up."—Green Gander.

A Day in College

There's a sound that's always hated by
all people in the school
And I often wonder why it should be
thus,

Now this noise which I have said,
causes soreness in the head
Is the one in early morn, which
wakens us.

When we're sleeping peacefully, and
the dreams all seem so real,
That we never want to come back to
the earth,

There is sure to be a ring from that
aggravating thing,
The rising bell just dings for all it's
worth.

At the sound you blink your eyes look-
ing anything but wise,

While your brain is hardly function-
ing as yet,

Then you raise your sleepy head from
the tantalizing bed,

And you wonder if it's up you bet-
ter get.

But you really have no choice for the
College code of rules

Says that everyone must go to exer-
cise.

So you drag yourself away and you
start another day

Feeling blue, just like all the other
guys.

Soon the bell for breakfast goes and
you jump into your clothes,

With your toilet half-completed as it
were,

You get dressed at such a rate for the
fear of being late

You forget to slicken up or comb
your hair.

After breakfast comes the walk, soon
the bell for classes rings

And you struggle with your studies
through the morn,

Till the noonday comes with lunch
when the mingling with the
bunch

Make's you think the life's not really
so forlorn.

Next the afternoon arrives and too soon
it's also gone,

Now at four o'clock you get a wel-
come rest.

Then till dinner you cavort at gymna-
sium or sport,

This is the time of day that is the
best.

When the shades of evening come and
the day is nearly done,

The time for homework study is then
at hand,

And you plug away at work you're
afraid to try to shirk,

For you see the haunting ghost of
June exams.

And now another day is done, the bell
again stops all the fun,

And you curse the noise that makes
you hit the hay.

But you bless the little thing when so
well and clear its rings

The joyful news that it is Saturday.

Tutt, Tutt

When they opened King Tutank-
hamen's tomb, among several things
found were:

(1) A note admitting Woodhams to
class.

(2) One of Mr. Ansley's hockey sticks.

(3) An extension feeder belonging to
Servoss.

(4) A new hat once said to have be-
longed to what you MaCallum
Hill.

(5) A chariot used for bringing choice
meats to the College (now you
know the reason).

(6) A smile belonging to Kenneman.

(7) An examination paper marked
100%, owner unknown.

(8) Pair of shoes, size four, belonging
to L. Ritchie.

Freshman—I want a leave of absence
for over the week-end to see my sister,
she has just moved over to the north
side.

Dean—How long have you known
her?

Freshman, (absently mindedly)—
About two weeks.

Mary—Did you have the porch seat
painted yesterday?

Father—Yes, why?

Mary—Well Harold and I sat on it
last night and Harold got paint on his
trousers.

Ode to Hockey

Hockey is a beastly game. I like it.
To chase the puck's a beastly shame.

I like it.

It make's you thin, it make's you lean,
It takes the hair right off your bean—

I LIKE IT!

The Academics,
Regina College.
Gentlemen and Ladies:

You probably think us Commercial is slow, but you don't want to be so sure. I notice ever' time you want some money you come to one of us guys. You fellers never had any tin and never will have. Why we even put up a hockey team which has licked the skule and copped the tin cup. It is all due to that able general of hockey, Harvie Weinand, who has the keenest judgment and deserves a place alongside of Wes Champ. Say you fellers, when it comes to girls, we got some birds in our form. We got one which has already got herself mixed in the moils of tatrimony which is more than you can say for any of yours. We also have a very great personage, a married man, the Rt. Hon. W. Bertram Pinch. Then as leader in our social activities, F. David Servoss, who ever' one agrees is well able to fill this position quite creditably.

Having read this my academics, you will agree with me that we have some very noted personages in our form.

Thank you,
IMA PHEELAN FYNE,
Reporter.
1915.

Percy McEwen returned from downtown one night shouting "I've got one! I've got one!" Upon being questioned he disclosed the fact that he had been talking about a girl.

Ode to a Young Moustache

O blithe newcomer to my lip,
O dusky promise of the coming days,
O happy harbinger of hair,
To thee my simple song I raised!

Thrice welcome darling of the heart,
Though then by the unthinking
crowd unseen,
But oh! I saw thee and rejoiced,
Upon the lip once shaven clean.

To make thee grow I often tried,
And coaxed thy sprouting with a
thousand wiles,
Until thou wert a hope deferred,
At last success upon thee smile(d).

My proud breast swelled with manly
joy,
As down the staring aisle I often
passed;

My heart leapt up when I beheld,
Thy fair reflection in the glass.

LOST—For the last three months we have been trying to locate a Charlie Chaplin moustache, commonly called "cootie garage," last seen adorning Mr. Ansley's upper lip. Close observation is needed to catch the appearance of the garage as it has a habit of appearing and disappearing in an irregular manner. Should anyone find a trace of the lost garage please leave information with Allan & Peace, Barbers.

Bible Study Group in session:
Teacher—"White, who defeated the Philistines?"

White (roused from dream)—"Dunno, I don't follow one o' them bush league teams."

Alumni—The College certainly turns out fine men.

Freshman—When did you graduate?

Alumni—Didn't graduate, they turned me out.

His Part

The dean was exceedingly angry. "So you confess that this unfortunate young man was carried to the tub and drenched? What part did you take in this disgraceful affair?"

"The right leg, sir," answered the sophomore meekly.

Sophomore—"Teachers are worse than immigration officers at Vancouver nowadays."

Freshie—"How's that?"

Sophomore—"They swiped the slogan, 'They shall not pass.'"

One of our choral society members was in an auto accident the other day. The next morning the paper, in telling of the affair, said: "We are happy to state that he was able to appear the following evening in four pieces."

Sarah brought her three children for her former mistress to see. "They all have flower names," she said. "The oldest one's Heliotrope and the second one there is Dahlia." "What about the baby?" asked the mistress kindly. "Oh," said Sarah, "her name is Artificial."

"Gosh," said the cook as Bateson dropped seven dishes, "the trays are wild."

The latest addition to our music staff, Mr. Cameron, was evidently once a member of Albert College, Belleview, Ont. Here is an extract taken from Albertus, the college magazine, issued in May, 1914. Under the heading of "Crystallized Emotion" the following announcement was referred to as "fiction". "Prof. Cameron is about to be married."

In the same issue of the magazine we read a short biography of Miss Ruth Strangways of the fourth year class. A personal note said that her favorite expression was: "Oh! dear me." In another section of the magazine we came across a short poem entitled "Evening", which was quite praiseworthy, also written by her. Perhaps we could persuade Miss Strangways to write a French poem on "Bonne Conduite" (good conduct) for the next issue.

Prof. P., announcing hymn in chapel—"We'll sing three hundred and twenty—two verses."

One youthful physicist informs us that "if a barometer is taken up to the top of a mountain its comes down."

Miss Wight—"What is Prof. Cameron going to sing in chapel today?"
Miss Dolmage, his accompanist—"He Lifted Me" and I like it."

A woman and a clock are both useful to man—the clock tells the time and the women tells the rest.

Wednesday

Nelson—"What are we to have for dessert today?"

Bateson—"Pie."

Nelson—"Oh, I guess I'll keep my knife."

L. S. to M. S. at College party—"Je t'adore."

Miss Mildred—"Shut it yourself."

J. E. R. D.—"When will there be only twenty-five letters in the alphabet?"

L. K.—"When 'U' and 'I' are one."

O. M.—"I head the Choral Society has made a hit."

J. R.—"Yes, with the bases full."

McEwen—"Hurry up with that tea."
Bateman—"No need to hurry, it won't run away—it's too weak."

Commercial Items

Nelson (in class)—hchguchvslmnu.
Prof. Wagg—What is it Randolph?
Nelson—He scnxpulfsmrlar xacghchi.
Prof. Wagg—You absolutely must learn to speak more distinctly.

Dave Servoss is thinking seriously of becoming civilized. He has been heard to mention that he will buy a Bible if he ever gets enough money ahead. Good work Dave. Keep it up. You will soon be at home where you can practice your new civilization.

One of our number recently acquired a girl and a slip of paper entitling him to one hour's practice in the Music Corridors each day. He is very punctual and practices diligently.

Harvie Weinand is very good at taking his morning and afternoon exercise. He left the College and returned on time every morning this week, with a fair maiden on his arm.

Prof. Wagg—Roscoe, wake Dave, will you? Roscoe! RosCOE! ROSCOE!
Roscoe (sleepily)—'s P. T. over?

Lucas has accepted a position with Sydney Smith. Smith is quoted as saying that he doesn't want to work his brain when he can take Andy Gump's picture and call it the real thing.

The salary is unknown.

Prof. Wagg—John, which is correct, two spoonfuls of medicine or two spoonfuls?

McLaren—Depends on what kind of medicine.

The class was somewhat mystified one afternoon recently by certain disquieting sounds which somewhat resembled an ox pulling his foot out of the mud. Upon investigating it was found that it was merely Ikey having a nap.

Notice

Ritchie and Servoss hereby challenge all comers in an eating bout. Any odds given and no limit either to time or quantity. For placing bets see—
Harvey Weinand, Mgr.

WANTED—Two guards to guard Commercial classroom door. Must be 100% efficient and let no one pass down the hall without being seen.—
See Management.

A secret hope I had that when
A dignified moustache I'd proudly
reared,
To greater efforts spurred, I'd grow
A president's patriarchal beard!
—Quoted from Acta Victoriana. '15

Many a True Word is Spoken in Jest
First Form in Hygiene were studying
the cells of the body, nearly all the
types had been taken.

Miss Reek—"There is still another
important one, can anyone name it?"
Silence.

Miss Reek—"Well what is under
your skull?"

Bean—"One big c(s)ell."

In Preparatory

Teacher—"In debate those uphold-
ing the affirmative argue for the pro-
position; those on the negative side
argue against it."

T-mp-n—"What would happen if a
person on the affirmative started to
argue on the negative side?"

Nice Boy!

Voice (from dark parlor)—"My but
your nose is cold."

Helpful Brother (to irate father,
who was suspicious)—"Gee pop, I bet
Rover is in the parlor again."—Burr.

First Prof.—"The students were so
entranced in my lecture this morning
that they remained in my lecture room
all through the lunch hour?"

Second Prof.—"Why didn't you
wake them up?"—Sour Owl.

Further Faculty Expressions

(Continued from December Number)

Mr. Cameron—"_____, who
made that tea?"

Miss Tutt—"Good morning, Mr.
Peterson."

After an hour of strenuous searching
for a copy of Browning (as per our
President's wish on College Sunday),
half a dozen students returned from the
library empty handed.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of
the said volume please inform the edi-
tor.

Young Man (over phone)—"Please
may I speak to Miss K. H."

Miss D. (on duty)—"I'll have some-
one call her."

A few minutes later, having answered
the phone, K. came into the office and
announced, "There's a girl friend of
mine in town tonight who would like
me to go to a show with her—"

2.30 A. M.

Shhh, I think there's a burglar in
Ritchie's room.

Shhh yourself, maybe he'll steal his
saxophone.

Instructor (before the exam. in Eng-
lish)—"If you try to think of the
author's characteristics, you will prob-
ably pick out the right man. Just think
of the men."

Sweet Innocence—"But mother said
that I mustn't think of the men just
yet."—Drexerd.

A Glosser-y of College Names

It was ten o'clock in the Boys' Resi-
dence. One member of Room 319, al-
ready in bed, was very indignant. The
blair of the trombone could be heard
and the noise of revelry was being still
born over the lengths of the halls.

"How kennemann sleep, with all that
racket going on. I'll get up ansley the
whole works," said the weary one.
Nevertheless his head began to wagg
and soon he was fast asleep.

The time passed and ten-thirty came.
Then his pals decided on a bold plan.
They hastily divested themselves of half
their clothing and as soon as the bell
for lights out went, they woke the
sleeper. "Hurry! You'll miss break-
fast, there goes the five-minute bell,
put some solton your tail, you'll have
to be simard to get down now," ex-
citedly yelled the jokers, commencing
to don their clothes.

The poor victim, raising his sleepy
bean, decided it was time to get up.
Accordingly he put on the lower half
of his taylor-made suit and began to
lace up his shoes. Just then an un-
forseen thing happened. The Dean
walked into the room. "Get to bed,"
he ordered, and wondered what was
the occasion for so much mirth.

We suppose that the fowkes at home
willsey to this and we can imagine the
father saying, "I hope I never ketches-
on of mine being so fooled."

We do not purpose to moralize on
the strangways of boys, but we venture
to say that over in the Ladies' Resi-
dence things often happen too, which
turn Ruth gray and robb her of some
of the peace of mind she had before
she became the dean.

Author's Note:—I have tried not to
mention any names (oh, no) or give
any hints to who the poor "victim"
was, but I might say, however, that the
title is suggestive. I have avoided mak-
ing this story too long, knowing that
more would only be tiresome to my
readers.

Ma—"Johnny, run over and find out how old Mrs. Brown is today."

Johnny (upon returning)—"Mrs. Brown says its none of your business how old she is."—Tiger.

"I'll bite, what is it?" said the mosquito to his mate, as they landed on the wax model.—Black and Blue Jay.

Allan S. and Mildred H. at a hockey game:

A. H.—"See young Schwindt out there at centre ice, he's going to be our best man next year."

M. H.—"Oh! Allan, this is so sudden!"

Snatched

C. S.—"Do you go in for sports?"

E. K.—"No! nor go out with them."

H. B.—"I looked through the key hole of the P. C. last night when H. W. was calling on her."

C. S.—"And what did you find out?"

H. B.—"The light."

J. Faibish—"Don't you think my new suit is a perfect fit?"

J. Ross—"Fit? Why it's a perfect convulsion."

Efficiency

"How are you getting along at home while your wife's away?"

"Fine, I've reached the height of efficiency. I can put on my socks from either end."

SOME SPECIAL REQUEST

To the Staff—Please don't remind Miss S. that I spend so many week-ends from school. Marie.

Loving Editors—For goodness sake don't put anything in about me and Kenneman(?)

Dear Editors—Please don't mention why the mice are so afraid of me. Miss S.

My Dear Board of Editors—Please publish that I acquired my accent from my baby cousin. Gladys.

Ye Eds.—Don't explain what is meant by Champ's Cathedral under fear of death. D. S. and the gang.

Dearest Editors—Don't say anything about me in the magazine. Bud S. (Ed.—No, we don't run a joke column.)

Don't remind anyone about the time, dear Editors, that I let the trayload of dishes fall. Harold D.

Tactful Editors—Please try to stir up a campaign for the purpose of exterminating the mice in the dining room. Miss R.

My Honey Lu, a sentimental ballad by the celebrated pianist M. K.

Grandfather Cut Your Toe-nails You are Tearing Up the Sheets, a ripping old bed-time tune warbled by James Ross.

Tomorrow, politely sung by the guy who owes you two bucks, when you ask him for the money.

Hospital Blues, "Young" stuff. Nuff said.

U-U-U-Tell Her Cause I-I Stutter, syncopated by Ed. Fletcher with a fluttering heart to his lady in red.

Paulette, we are informed, was long a sailor before he came on board the good ship R. C. The other day soup was served and he inquired:

"I say, waiter, wot's this stuff?"

The waiter replied that it was soup.

"Wot d'ye know about that," said Paulette, "Ere, I've bin sailin' on soup all these years and niver knew it."

No, a Monkey

(At the play, Robin Hood)

Miss Tutt—Now then, we're ready, run up the curtain.

Jim Ross—What are you talking about? Run up the curtain, think I'm a blooming squirrel?

Jess—I think she is as pretty as she can be.

Gordon—Most girls are nowadays.

She—The man who marries me must be bold and daring.

He—Yes he must.

"Girls," said the feminine orator, addressing the Y.W.C.A., "The time will come when girls will get men's salaries."

Some husbands will argue that that time has been here for quite a while.

At the Elite

First Customer—A cup of coffee and poached egg on toast.

Second Customer—I'll have the same but eliminate the egg.

Waitress—Sorry but the eliminator is out of order.

"Yes," said the storekeeper, I want a bright boy to be partly indoors and partly outdoors."

"That's alright," said the applicant, "but what happens to me when the door slams."

Bud S.—"Say, Freshman, don't you know who I am?"

Murray—"No. Don't you?"

A stout College girl, a timid young thing, came to a busy street corner. Looking for a suitable escort she finally sighted a policeman. Going up to him she said, "Can you see me across the street?" Whereupon the policeman replied, "Sure, I could see you a mile off."

Saxaphonists are all right in their place—that place is one hundred miles from the nearest habitation.

B. G. to G. B. at waiters' table, "It's a wonder you wouldn't pass the pudding." "Oh, pardon me, I made a mistake in the platters."

Pupils, Punctuate, Please

A funny old man told this to me
I fell in a snow-drift in June, said he
I went to a ball game out in the sea
I saw a jelly-fish float up in a tree
I found some gum in a cup of tea
I stirred my milk with a big brass key
I opened my door on my bended knee
I beg your pardon for this said he
But 'tis true when told as it ought to be
'Tis a puzzle in punctuation you see

First Prof.—"I'm getting sime rare work from the freshies."

Second Prof.—"Rare?"

First Prof.—"Yes, not well done."

History Prof.—"Who can name one important thing we have now that we did not have one hundred years ago?"
C. T.—"Me."

The Lid Was Off

She—You raised your hat to that girl who passed and you don't know her.

He—No, but my brother does and this is his hat.

"You look cold, shall I take my coat off and put it around you?"

"Oh, no, don't take it off."

Buffum—"I've an awful cold in my head."

Bell—"Well that's something."

L. White—"I've got a dairyman's job in the confectioner's store."

Pat—"What do you do?"

L. White—"Milk Chocolate."

Dear mr editor

i heerd as how u wanted something fur your paper. Now my teecher sez my competitions are very bad butif u print this u can prove that they ain't. This is spring purty soon now and i want to warn u against hay fever and

grass widows. Spring is a happy time for lovers becuz there is lots of slush. There is 2 kinds of spring, ordinary and extraordinary. Ordinary spring is wen easter is followed by showers and extraordinary is wen a blizzard comes insted of the rain. The equinoctial (Webster) winds intrduce spring and blow very fercely like our math. teacher does wen he finds a tac on his chair.

We have a choiral sassiety in our skule wich has a singer teacher for leader. We have amaskuline 4tet of 4 mail voices and 1/2 of them sings base. The rest of them sing tender. That is they try to katch the tune wen it gets away from the 1/2. Wen all the sassiety sings together it sounds as if a hockey game was on and the skule had just scored a goal. Somebody asked me why they were always breaking into song that way and i sed it must have ben becuz they couldn't find the key.

We had our pitcher taken by a guy who must have ben scared of busting hsi camera becuz he never had it pointing the same way twice. Wen everything was ready he said "Look pleasant everybody" wich we couldn't do, especially with him out in front. Wen the pitcher came back to us everybody said it wuz punk wich is what they usualy say. i think it would have ben good if only i had ben in front insted of the faculty and everyone else had stayed away.

In our skule there is lots sed about dancing. i think it is all right; privately. Sometimes the boys go to see the girls on Sunday nites but the girls always have to say purty soon "Come again wen you can't stay any longer." At nights u often here teachers say "Lights out everybody," but u don't ketch them doing this on the Sunday nites i just told u about.

yours spasmodically (Webster) again,
I. M. A. NUT.

PPSS.—If u don't print this mortification is liable to set in and u will have a life on your hands.—A.N.

"I often hear of feet in connection with poetry. What are poetic feet?"

Jerry—"Something one doesn't have to provide shoes for, thank goodness!"

Young Girl—"If you don't quit bothering me I'll get my beau after you. He plays on the College rugby team."

Smart Aleck—"Young lady, you had better not, I've played for the Normal."

"Parsed"

Prof.—"Parse kiss."

Student—"Kiss is a noun, generally used as a conjunction. It is never declined. It is not singular, but is used in the plural. It is more common than proper."

"What is the happiest day in one's life?"

"Tomorrow."

"Hello dearie," said a fresh young College boy to a waitress in the Elite Cafe one day, "a glass of milk and a piece of lemon pie."

"Anything else?" asked the fair but haughty waitress.

"A little speed and a smile if you don't mind."

"You've all the speed you need and as for the smile, take a look into that mirror, if that doesn't give you a laugh you ain't got no sense of humour."

Bean—"Do you want a pet monkey?"

M. B. M.—"Oh! this is so sudden!"

Thirty imprisoned College girls, the walls of whose cells adjoin the boys' residence, petitioned to be shifted because of the music next door. "Cruel and unusual punishment indeed! What couldn't they have done with musicians like ours in the Great War?"

Mr. Cairns — "Aren't you Mr. Fowke?"

Student—"No sir, I'm Mr. Fowke's brother."

Mr. C. (absent mindedly)—"Ah! I see; what name, please?"

Fourth form chemistry class were wrestling with a hard problem. "Suppose," supposed Mr. Ansley, "you were called upon to attend a patient who had swallowed a heavy dose of oxalic acid. What would you administer?"

There was silence for a few minutes then a voice spoke up, "The Sacrament."

Kennemann—"I would like to go to some place where I'd be entirely cut off from the world."

Shattuck—"Have you tried that phone room?"

There was a Chink named Ching Ling, Who fell off a street car bing, bing.

The con turned his head

To the passengers he said,

"The car's lost a washer, ding, ding."

Day by Day in Every Way—

Bateson's grin gets broader and broader;

Mr. Harding is getting Y-ser and Y-ser;

P. T. gets worser and worser;

Servoss' appetite grows bigger and bigger;

Jim R. gets Wylier and Wylier.

How Dare You

Said the Latin teacher to a pretty little blonde—"How would decline Servus?"

Cutie—"I would say he was too nervy."

Regarding the order in the dining room at Sunday night supper, Mr. Moses has made the following announcement to the boys:

"If necessary, Mr. Cairns will remain in."

We would advise Miss Theal to engage the services of Miss Tutt and Mr. Ansley to exterminate the mice in Regina College. When armed with weapons of warfare such as a long, slender walking stick and a very wide "Natural Tread" boot and cheered on by other members of the Staff, it is sure death to poor mousie—if—if they are expert enough to strike at the right time and place.

After observing a battle we have decided to use rat poison.

"Then He Went"

One evening the dean was sitting in his room when there came a knock at the door. "Come in," he called.

One of the students entered and marched up to where the dean was seated.

"Say, there's a hockey game at the stadium tonight and I want to go up."

Now the dean was willing the boy should go, but thought he would give him a little lesson in good manners.

"Well," he said, "that isn't the way to ask a favor. Now you sit down in my chair and I will show you how to do it properly."

The boy took the easy chair and the dean picked up his cap and stepped outside. He then opened the door softly and holding the cap in his hand said quietly to the student, "Please, Mr. —, there is a hockey game at the stadium tonight. If you would permit me to have leave for the evening I would be very grateful."

In a flash the boy replied, "Why certainly, sonny, and here's a dollar to buy your ticket."

College Education

Cathro—A thermometer certainly is a clever instrument to be able to tell your temperature so well.

Berryere—It should be, it has a College education.

C—How so?

B—Well isn't it graduated with degrees?

She—"They say kisses are intoxicating."

He—"Let's get pickled."

Just before the apple hit him Sir Isaac Newton became suddenly serious, "I realize the gravity of the situation," he said.

Topic for Sermonettes

(1) Which are more harmful to boys, public dances or Sunday night band concerts,

(2) Should girls write notes to boys, or vice versa?

(3) How to behave down in the P. C.

(4) How to control your eyes when sitting at meals.

(5) What to do with your hymn book after the last hymn has been sung at chapel service.

(Overheard in R. H. Williams)

Fair Customer—Is the color fast and really genuine?

Gallant Young Clerk—As genuine as the color in your cheeks, madam.

F. C.—Hm, er—show me something else.

First Student—The cook certainly puts his heart into his cooking.

Second Student—He must be very heavy-hearted.

H. P.—Are not the talks given in chapel wonderful? That speaker today brought home to me things I never saw before.

P. C.—That's nothing, the laundryman does the same thing twice a week.

Absolutely Mr. Berryere, Positively Mr. Dean

Bean—Do you think she is appropriately called Curly?

Berryere—Naturally.

Economics

Overhead Expenses—Hair nets.

Up-keep—Belts.

Improvement Taxes—Powder, rouge etc.

Internal Revenue—Malted milk.

Protective Tariff—Cold cream.

Slow?

Sheik—Why do you keep asking me if I was wounded in the war?

College Vamp—Because you seem to have lost the use of your arms.

Things We Don't See Every Day—

The Wide-Awakes winning a hockey game.

Jim Ross missing a chance to crack something funny.

General Office open sharp on time.

"Boys' Line" out for morning walk.

Pork chops for dinner.

Boys eager to get into hospital.

Mouse in the dining room (thank goodness!)

Bonnar Grills missing a feminine smile.

Someone offering to lend me some cash.

Wouldn't It Make You Smile to See—

Loyal Ritchie convalescing in the hospital, wearing John Mihain's bathrobe.

Jimmie Ross delivering a speech on how to take the joy out of life.

Allan Bean kissing the ice and skating over May B. M.

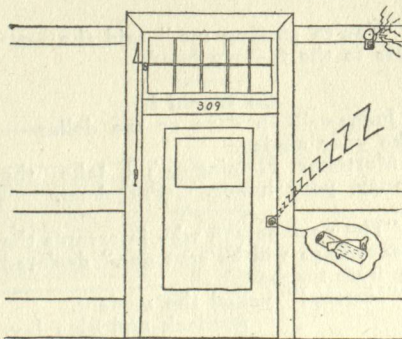
Percy McEwen first one finishing his meal.

Lyster looking wide awake.

Thackeray in rompers.

Lucas with a double chin.

A PEACEFUL SABBATH MORNING



THE SONG WITHOUT WORDS

By Clyde Tannahill

Also Balance

What is your favorite book?
My bank book: but even that is lacking interest these days.

When the smell of hydrogen sulphide (that is rotten eggs) began to spread through the building Jimmie Ross (that inimitable humorist) was the first to say, "Home was ever like this."

He might have added "Take me back to that Old Prairie Shack."

The gas was so bad that some of the ex-soldiers thought they were back in France and reached for their masks.

Showers of Music

Nearby Barke plays the violin, below Kennemann pounds the keys, next door Rennick plays the Jews' harp. Jim Ross sings sweet (?) melodies. Across the hall a trombone moans. A sax is blown night and day, while from my room there issues groans, the audience is what I play.

Wiseman says that some of us are not very good jumpers. He must base his statement on the expression "Man sprang from monkey." He also says that in good conversation sarcasm is only second-hand wit. Oh, wise philosopher!

The following is told on one of our day students:

Wishing to take a day off she phoned the College thus:

"I am calling you up to tell you that Lizzie Googinslapper will not be at school today as she is not well."

"Oh, all right," said the teacher, "who is speaking?"

To this poor Lizzie replied, "This is my mother."

"You're stuffing me," said the matress to the factory hand.

So Would I

Judge—"Ten days or ten dollars—take your choice."

Mortimer Fleming—"I'll take the money, your honor."—Parrakeet.

"The next person who interrupts the proceedings will be sent out," declared the irate teacher.

"Hurrray!" yelled the student.

—Black and Blue Jay.

A REHEARSAL OF "SHERWOOD"

By Bartlett Humbert

Place—Normal School.

Time—1 o'clock (of the day set for practice, actors supposed to be on time.)

(Shift the scene to the College and the various residences of the

actors about the city. Everybody tearing around their rooms doing every little thing that positively cannot wait.)

Time—1.15 p.m.

Normal School—Actors emerging from all directions, arms and coats flying. Fairies look more like Eskimos.

Act 1.—Scene 1.

All matters of great importance are discussed before starting such a common-place thing as the play. "Alright, First Scene," the voice of Miss Tutt is head above the din, and all run on the stage. Finally they are deposited out of the way and the first characters come on.

Prince John comes in with a tyrant stride. The sheriff tries to imitate him by striking out strong in his speech. Prince John begins his speech, making the scene look somewhat like a plot, as it should be. The sheriff speaks a second time. Prince John's bass voice does the fiendish part well. When the sheriff starts on his third speech he discovers that he has been given the wrong cue, blames Prince John, who in turn states his mind about it. Miss Tutt stops the argument and orders the scene to start again. This time Prince John goes through in fine style and the sheriff does the best he can and they both exeunt, but Prince John's fail to get behind the curtain. He is heard to sit down on a chair and the legs are seen to cross themselves.

The scene darkens by turning on a few more lights. The First Old Man speaks his tragic part with his mind on remembering the words only. The Blind Man quotes his part while watching the girls. The child cries out from lack of food with a smile on her face, while the mother tries to comfort her without keeping mind where the child is.

Shadow-of-a-Leaf comes in, stretch your imagination far enough and you might see he is supposed to be part fairy. He leads Little John in who looks as if he had just got off a chair. The starved natives look at the rich pastry with disdain. The old man tells of the plot along with the rest of his woes. When Little John rushes off he finishes his speech leaning against the door.

The scene now darkens again by turning on the rest of the lights and the two fairies, Titania and Oberon, stride forth. Unless your imagination is at fault you will swear that the King acts for all the world like a girl in Second Form. They start off in their

speeches at the back of the stage instead of at the front and talk about two octaves too low for fairies. Miss Tutt reminds them of this for about the thirty-second time and they go perhaps two notes higher.

Miss Tutt has had her hands, eyes and mind full of other things than the play. Her little charges, the dancing fairies, persist in stalking behind chairs, tables and pianos and toward the various doors and frequently making ten yard dashes for liberty. With her mind intent for the moment on the two fairies on the stage some three of the other fairies, with movements well planned, succeed in gaining their freedom. They are immediately missed by the chief one concerned, who goes rapidly to the said door to see if they might still be in sight. She returns clearly disappointed. Titania and Oberon are nearly finished by this time but their voices are so flat that the piano is the only musical thing left. In the sad procession that follows one might think that they had heard the dinner bell.

Scene 2.

Shadow-of-a-Leaf is very good in this scene but Fitzwalter had better learn that he is supposed to be a fussy old man and not a teacher of arithmetic. It is lucky for the scenery that Robin Hood comes in the door by himself. This part is bound to go well if the actors can memorize their parts, the foresters forget that they are on

the stage and if Friar Tuck can be convinced that he is not supposed to be an acrobat. For the rest of the scene, time will tell. Prince John has quite a bit to learn yet, most of the foresters are without arrows and there is not enough action to suit the sheriff.

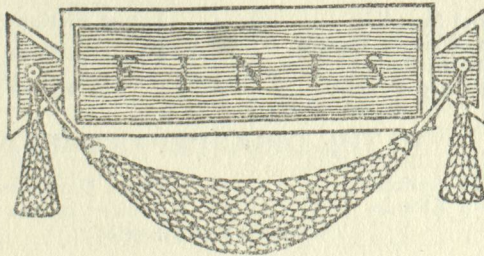
Act 2.—Scene 1.

Little John is having quite a time in learning to sing and Much is in the same predicament trying to appear smaller. The wailing may go alright if Bateson is not there to make it into a roar.

Act 3.—Scene 1.

The appearance of Prince John to Marian will no doubt cause a thrill, but unless Marian puts on a more dangerous front with her bow and arrow the spell might be broken. In the fight which follows the sheriff is very reluctant to have his sword knocked out of his hand and has difficulty in making the proper exit. It is hard for him to distinguish between being scared stiff and not raising dust at the least alarm. Once he got too vigorous in fighting and had a slight mishap. He stepped off the stage backwards and the last seen of him by those on the stage was hands and head in parallel line disappearing over the horizon. Those down below saw a perfect triangle descending from above.

The other scenes are about as raw in material and experience, but Miss Tutt is sure to have us whipped in line before the Great Judgment Day.



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