Second Last Game
Lost By One Point

A steady bright game resulted in a 35-31 win for the St. John's Anglican basketball team over Waterloo College at Saturday evening. November 19th. The win gives the St. John's a Opportunity of playing in the semi-finals. They must, however, win their next Saturday evening.

Waterloo College has one more game to play in the Chibou game. The men will be against Eton on Saturday evening.


Director: J. Decker, J. Bullock.

W.

Theatre Party Enjoyed
By Graduating Class

The entire class held its second semi-annual event on the evening of Friday, November 18th, in the form of a theatre party.

The class had decided to hold its party at Georgia. The poor condition of the road, however, due to the burlu, necessitated the party to be held in Kitchener.

After visiting the Capitol Theatre the class had lunch at the Hooper's Club.

Remarks of the faculty present were Professor R. H. Hirtle, honoree, President of the class and Professor H. W. Bluck, dean of women.

Miss Cooper Hostess
To Freshman Class

Bridge And Games Constitute Program Of Evening.

Miss Marjory Cooper was hostess to the Class '36 at her home on the evening of Wednesday, November 19th. The rooms were beautifully decorated for the occasion.

The early part of the evening was spent in playing bridge. This was followed by buffet. After lunch games were played under the direction of "Joe" Anderson. A pleasant evening concluded the evening's entertainment.

Reverend Kirchofer Makes Presentation To College

Graduating From Seminary 1926.

Waterloo College has received another gift, this time in the form of a manuscript book, presented by the Reverend L. Kirchofer.

Reverend Kirchofer formerly attended Waterloo College and Seminary, graduating in 1926.

The track has been hung in the College library and holds all the magazine and periodicals to which the College subscribes.

Germania Hears Of Student Life

Student Life in German University Depicted.

Mr. Knauff was the chief speaker at the meeting of the Germania, held on the evening of Thursday, November 19th. He told of the student life in the German universities, referring to the different student organizations and also of his own experiences.

Mr. Knauff gave a reading for points, based on one of the numerous ballads of the German language.

Student songs were sung at the beginning of the meeting.

Freshmen Present
Play At Athenaean

Amendments Proposed to Constitution.

A farce, "The American Drama," featured the evening's entertainment of the Athenaean Society on Thursday, November 19th. The play was presented with Marjory Cooper as director and with the Freshman Class presenting the play.

Willaim Zeid, as master of ceremonies, appropriately explained the play with various remarks extremely suitable to the culture of the presentation. Bill Zeid, in a variety of roles, was very convincing, first as a snobbish government, next as a proprietor of a French cafe, then a delict opium-dealer and finally as a lieutenant of the New York Police force. Ruth Trehkheim and Norman Forrest were extremely enjoyed, as an impertinent letters while Gemmico Whittaker ably portrayed the renowned Chief of Police of a big city. Others in the cast included Ora Casehin, George Kingdom and Ernest German, all who ably filled the roles allotted them.

The proposed changes in the constitution were explained by Prof. C. Knauff. These changes, for the most part, were pertinent to the object of the Athenaean. The proposed objects were twofold:

1. It shall be the society of no one department of the College, but shall be devoted to the best interests of all.

2. It shall call forth and give expression to the best efforts of the members in the various departments of the Humanities and Sciences.

3. It shall aim at the highest standard.

(Continued on Page 3)

No. 1

Vol. 7

Waterloo, Ontario

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No. 1
Concords

Some of the executives of the various societies of the College are complaining that the turnout at some of the meetings is not meeting their expectations. They are trying their best to present worthwhile programs but still the attendance is falling off. It is very embarrassing for them, especially when outside speakers have been invited.

We believe that the fault does not lie entirely with the students. Although there might be some who are indifferent to that phase of College activities, we believe that the majority are earnestly endeavoring to do their best.

The thing to be borne in mind is that there are so many societies that it is impossible to attend all the meetings of all of them. There is a limit to everything and it is therefore necessary to choose between one society and the other. The best plan would probably be that the students attend the meetings of all the societies some of the time, since it is impossible to attend the meetings of all the societies all the time.

With essays due, regular school work to be done, we can readily see that the student's time is not all his own.

Probably the meetings that are neglected more than any others are those of the Coenman-Hayunga missionary society. Evidently some of the students cannot see the value of having a missionary society in a secular college.

Although this missionary society is primarily intended for the Seminarians, every Lutheran College student is also a member of it by virtue of his registration, and all other students may become members upon application.

Why should missionary endeavor be limited to theological institutions? Anyone who attended the convention of the Students’ Volunteer Movement which was held in Buffalo last New Year’s, will fully realize what an active part other colleges and universities are taking in missionary endeavors. If others, why not Waterloo, which professes to be a Christian institution?

Many benefits can be derived from

Five Years Ago

Graduating Class plans to present "Three Live Ghosts". Germania plans to give "Deutscher Abend."

Dean Potter delivered address at annual Prize Day exercises of the University of Western Ontario.

W. Schultz-Tigges gave illustrated lecture of the Rhine river and Heidelberg.

Seminary Bazaar held in Knights of Columbus Hall, Kitchener, was decided success.

a society of this kind. We therefore urge all students to include it on the list of the societies of which they will be active members.

We wish to express our thanks to Reverend Kirchofer for the much needed magazine rack which he has presented to the College. We are glad that people are realizing that many things are needed around the College, and are supplying some of them.

The cornスーパー again has shed its on the boys of the Boarding CIci. Quite a number of stock have arrived during the last few weeks. From all appearances the boys are well provided for the winter months, thanks to their many friends who always remember them when harvesting comes.

Students have approached us, saying that there are quite a number of students in the College who are anxious to submit articles to the Cord for publication. We wish to point out that we welcome any articles which may be of interest to the students and the community. The College Cord staff must of necessity be limited to a certain number but that does not mean that nobody else may submit articles or news. We would greatly appreciate any articles submitted for publication.

Patronize College Cord Advertisers.

ATTENTION!

During the past few weeks the circulation manager of the College Cord sent letters to the subscribers, notifying them that their subscription has run out and requesting them to send in their money for this year's subscription. We urge that all those who receive such a notice attend to it promptly.
That Fourth Floor
(With apologies to the Two W. W's)

Yes Sir!—Here it is! The dope on this latest epidemic of femur (or femurs or what you will) that has given this section of the building like a sump. And have those fellows got it bad? They can't eat, they can't sleep, they can't work, they can't do anything but dream, and mare, and go around all day long with an expression that "Executive-what's-his-name-or-Sally?" look on their faces. As a matter of fact the situation has become so acute that something has had to be done about it; and the only thing your correspondent could think of in his extremity was to enlist the services of "good old Walter (O.K.) Winchell". So here he is, ladies and gentlemen, Magic Carpet and everything, waiting to take us on a tour of inspection; telling us in his own way just what he sees; and suggesting, let us hope, some means of wiping out this deadly menace—"everybody ready"—Alright then! O Kay Walter Winchell?

"O Kay, Waterloo College! Well folks they tell me the boys around here have all caught something and judging by the stories told, its gotta be a fever. Now there may be a idea, maybe they're just plain loopy. It seems to me as if they're all swallowed something, book, line, etc. and somebody is sure playing them for all their worth with a pretty general scheme. However, we'll see, ladies and gentlemen, we'll see. In the meantime lets all go for a trip on this oriental rug of mine (I borrowed it from the Chief of Bugels) and maybe we can find out just what's wrong. Huh? Let's take this room down all the hall here, we might just as well start at the beginning and work along. All set! Let's go then!

"Say there's a break, the door's open—Wait! I'll see if it's home—No, nobody here: we might as well go right in; there's always a possibility that we might run across something interesting—Sh! Don't make any noise; we don't want to disturb the class below.—Well this is a hot bed sort of room, plenty of light, a remarkably good view—but say! Do you smell something funny, just as if there was a perfume factory around here somewhere. Hold everything and I'll see if I can't find out where this stench is coming from.

"Yes Sir—here it is right on the dresser—Ashes of Roses. Now what in the mischief would he want that for? It may be that he intends it for the girls they then perhaps you might actually make present of half full bottles of perfume. I wonder is—what's that you say?—Someone coming down the hall? Sure enough, here he comes and unless we move quickly he'd catch us all in the act. Here jump on the carpet and then he won't be able to see us.—What is he doing? Singing! No, he's talking to himself. Suppose we listen, this should be good."

"She loves me! She loves me not—Oh the torture of it all. If I could only be sure one way or the other then I wouldn't worry so much. Where did you put the rest of that rugby uniform. Gosh! A fellow can't find anything around here. How do they expect me to play rugby without a uniform? But wait, I'll show her and then too. If I get a hold of that ball in the game to-morrow I'll show all of them what kind of a player I am. And if I can make a long run and a touch down when she can't help but like me—Oh yes, I almost forgot the perfume, her perfume, how would I ever be able to play without that. Oh you here let me drop behind each ear in the upper lip and then away to practice. Oh, she loves me—she loves me not."

"Phew! Let's get out of here!—I feel kind of sick. If there are any more like him on the team, I can understand that article in the last issue of the Cord, which said there were only ten players out to practice. Maybe they couldn't find their perfumes. Boys, can they be taken?"

"Are we all set for the next room?—Oh Kay, here she goes then—Say, here's one that's locked. I wonder what this means. I have a premonition that something strange has occurred here—a locked door—but how to get in? All I have it—the keyhole. Hang on folks, were going to get through this keyhole somehow or other. Watch your hat there mister; don't let it get caught in the—Well, well, a perfect point landing, no boney broken—no hair pins lost, no mishap whatever. —But say, will you look at this mess in here. Ladies and gentlemen! Here we have mystery and unexplained. I am mistaken you can see before you, within the confines of these walls, a scene depicting utter declamation. Look at those chairs; that upturned table; that unknown milk bottles scattered around the floor. Are these not all the result of some grim struggle that has occurred here? (Of course it may be that this chap is just too lazy to clean his room, but let's put the classical construction on the scene).

"Picture to yourself the setting, dead night, absolute calm everywhere, no wind blowing—and right here in this room also Studiousness in communion with his Muse. Suddenly upon the scene bursts Despair and then follows a battle such as is seldom seen, a battle which presents itself to my own mind as an awful conflagration. Who knows what the outcome might have been; there doesn't seem to be any clue around here which will offer any assistance in the solution of this mystery. But wait a minute. The light is still burning over here in the corner and yes here is a crumpled piece of paper beside the light. There is a
A Summer's Experience

By Lynden Lawson

(Concluded from Last Issue)

At Steep Creek the services were held in a community hall which luckily boasted an organ. The first Sunday I was there, only seven people showed up for service, as the news of my arrival had not yet reached the various families, but the last Sunday there were seventy-five in attendance. On this Sunday several of the farmers in the Colleston district drove the choir down to Steep Creek and the music they rendered could do many a choir credit. At this appointment there were a great number of young people. So in the middle of the summer I organized a Sunday School. On Tuesday nights at seven o'clock, old and young would gather and until dark one and all would engage in a spirited softball contest. Then we would convene in the community hall and sing hymns. There was just one class and people ranging in age from five to seventy-five were taught the same lesson. The evenings were very profitable. There were fourteen families at Steep Creek and our average attendance at service ran around forty-five.

The third appointment, Fanford, was a Dutch community. There were only nine Protestant families who attended services but our average attendance was about thirty. The people here were hearty singers and it is true, I was able to find out what Old Man Weather didn't treat

us any too well.

Conditions throughout the west are anything but good. It costs a farmer in the Prince Alber area approximately sixty cents to grow a bushel of wheat. That came buche of wheat, when he comes to sell it, only pays him about twenty-seven cents. A lot of thirty-three cents on every ton of a farmer lets eggs at one time sold on low five cents a dozen. A year ago a farmer was lucky to get more than ten cents a pound for his butter. Of nine student missionaries serving on United Church fields in Northern Saskatchewan, this past summer, five were unable to take up even collections at church services, due to the poverty of the people. I heard of one man making a load of wheat twenty miles to the nearest elevator. The journey took two days to complete. When that farmer returned home he brought in return for his work, a cheap pair of working shoes and a dollar and forty-three cents in change.

Mmie was the task of being a sky pilot in a beautiful western community among a splendid people. Though there were hours of perplexity and disappointment there were also hours in which hopes were realized. Through hardship and success we student missionaries laboured in the knowledge that we are doing the greatest work that man is privileged to do, that of serving a great church in the winning of men and women for Jesus Christ.

METHOD

Method means primarily a way of transit. From this we are to understand that the first idea of method is a progressive transition from one step to another in any course. It must be the true method; if it is wrong, we cannot hope to progress. — S. T. Coleridge.

BLAMELESS

Brambles are lovely things. So I have heard;
Yet I have seen within their peace
A nesting-bird.

Safe from gleaning wings that dart
Down from the sky.

And in the springtime I have seen
The brambles bear
A crown of blossoms, permanence,
Safely fair.

The branches of the year may have quick thorns of pain;
I know they leave on soul and heart
A crimson stain.

Yet I have seen the brambles bear
At Springtime's close
A healing bloom for every hurt—
Lovely, perfect rose.

—Arthur Wallace Peaci
Senator Grads Defeat College Basketeers

Locals Lose Chance Of Being In Play-offs.

Losing the basketball game against the Senator Grads by a score of 29-19 at the Watercolse College gymnasium on Saturday evening, November 12th, decided that Waterloo College would not have a position in the play-offs of the Kitchener-Waterloo church league.

The game, which was a decided victory for the Grads from the beginning was an exhibition of fast basketball. Both teams played well, both on the defensive and offensive. The Grads team, however, was more effective than the Waterloo College team; all the players are quite accurate shots, which over-balanced that of the College team.

The first period of the game, although quite close from the scoring point, showed the superiority of the Grads. Senator scored the greater number of their points. The period ended with a 10-7 score in favour of the Grads. Marsland scored the final point, showing the superiority of the Grads.

The final period was still more in favour of the Grads. They led the game throughout, though being quite close from the scoring point of the Waterloo College, all its players are very accurate shots.

The teams:


Waterloo College: Bean, Scherbarth, Jones, Berner, Rush, Casselman, Lawson.

Sport Comment

Guelph Y.M.C.A. Basketball team has invited the College team to a game on Saturday evening December 3rd. The College was set with the intervention of O.A.H. A. league four years ago. This should be a very interesting game, there will probably be a return game sometime in the near future.

We extend our congratulations to Ernie Goman who has been chosen as one of the O.A.H. Junior Hockey players for the Twin City.

A badminton tournament is now well under way at the College. The boys P.T. classes have been playing for two periods. The preliminary games have all been played. The finals will all be played on Monday. We hope this tournament will arouse some interest in this game.

An interclass basketball league has been contemplated. A great interest is being shown in this especially by the seniors and the freshmen. The freshmen had the nerve to challenge any other class team and the seniors, although it was much below their dignity, accepted. The game will be played in the near future.

A special gymnastics class will be organized in the near future. Any student aspiring to become an acrobat is eligible to turn out for this class. A definite time for the class has not been set. It will probably be either Monday from five to six or on Friday from four to five.

Ten Marks of an Educated Man

1. He keeps his mind open on every question until all the evidence is in.
2. He always listens to the man who knows.
3. He never laughs at new ideas.
4. He cross-examines his day dreams.
5. He knows his strong point and plays it.
6. He knows the value of good habits and how to form them.
7. He knows when not to think, and when to call in an expert to think for him.
8. He can't sell him magic.
9. He lives the forward-looking, outward-looking life.
10. He cultivates a love for the beautiful.

That Game Called

Basketball, soccer, rugby or polo? What was it? What was the struggle called, that the Seminarians and the College undergraduates went on last Wednesday night? The official score kept the official scoreboard at 29-19, but according to everyone else, the score should have been reckoned by "downs" or "foul." The game opened with "Matt" Leplato tackling Jones, then having a change of heart and helping him to his feet. He then proceeded to direct Jonesie of the ball, and play hopscotch down the floor. Lindy made a quick rush for the ball, and five of the Seminarians, three of the College, and two spectators piled on him. Bill Bean, having the longest reach, recovered the ball, but Rye wanted to play too, so a judicious aid was called upon. When a substitution was called, the entire Seminarian team dropped to the gym floor to recover. Mueller made several long shots, mostly intercepted by the ceiling.

Between halves, Pat, tied out by playing such a strenuous game, too tired to walk longer on his feet, began to pace nervously down the floor on his hands.

It could easily be seen that Rye wasn't feeling well by the noises emitted from him during the entire game.

Ernie Schroeder, referee, evidently was playing choo-choo, judging by the number of toots of the whistle.

Rye, yielding his place on the team to Lindy, apparently did not approve of the referee's judgment, as he yelled, "Are you referee, or are you standing there for your health?"

The game ended by Lindy scoring and Leplato madly congratulating him as the whistle blew.

SECRET THOUGHTS

The outward character and conduct—the whole moral life with all its inward experiences and outward manifestations—its inward spirit and outward influence—is but the outward show or development of the secret thoughts, the secret feelings, and the hidden principles of the heart. Such conclusions are well formed and quickened from the germ into maturity, and blossoms and fruits. A person's characteristics, and their consequence to himself and to society, all have their beginning in the sentiments, thoughts, feelings, as the flowing stream and rolling river issue from the highland springs. Hence the extreme necessity of a careful, constant vigilance over the secret workings of the heart and the silent musings of the soul.

WANTED

Several copies of each of the following issues of the College Cord: Volume I, number 1; volume II, number 8. The College Cord would greatly appreciate if someone, who still has the above mentioned cords and does not mind parting with them, would send them to the editor.

C Capling's
Clothes for Dad and Lad.
Try our College Specials
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COATS & TOPCOATS $10.90 & $14.90
Newest Ties 55c. Fine Shirts $1
WE ALLOW 10% OFF
126 King W., Kitchener
Next to Lyric Theatre.
Seminary Notes

"Give thanks unto the Lord: For He is good and His Mercy endureth forever.

For He sent His only begotten Son to die that all who believe might be saved.

For He feeds His children daily from His bountiful goodness.

For He fills our every want in due season.

For His love reaches down to the lowest sinner and lifts him up to a new life.

For He hears and answers prayers.

For He leads His people, as a shepherd leads his flock, to green pastures.

For He is our God and we are His children.

For He is a loving, merciful, wise, and forgiving Father, who has through His Son, given us the right to call Him Father, and to be called His children.

"And the multitude that went before, and that followed, cried, saying, Hosanna to the son of David: Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord; Hosanna in the highest." Matt. 21:9.

Calmly the Son of Man rode along the highway leading to the great city of Jerusalem. He was alone with his disciples when he left the Mount of Olives, to traverse that familiar road for the last time. It was clear to Him why He had to go to Jerusalem for the time had come with his disciples when he left the highway leading to the great city of Jerusalem. He was alone and Lodges. The thought brought Jones to think of the first advent of Christ, but still more we should prepare for the second advent of Christ, when He shall come in His glory as the great Judge to give each one his reward. Woe unto the unfaithful: for they shall receive their due, but the faithful shall be eternally blessed.

The "Question Box" was the chief number on the program at the semi-monthly meeting of the Seminarians, held November 14, in the Middle room. A number of interesting questions were submitted by the students, among which was the question of Christianity and Lodges. The thought brought out was that the god of the Lodge was not the God of Revelation, therefore to be true to the God of Revelation one could not belong to a lodge.

W. Patrizone College Cord Advertiser.
**Literary News**

**EL DORADO**

Let us go to my dear El Dorado, O perfect one.
Your lips are red and curved, they are warm and firm to mine.

Slim your waist, supple in walk like a slender sylph,
When the wind blows.
Sweet is the perfume of your hair
As the evening breezes from a springing wood.
Your eyes dream fancies up to me.
Dream endlessly.

Let us away, O perfect one, perfecting me.

When the sheepishings brighten to green and silver
Underneath them there are yellow bellflowers;
On the hedgerow fence are finished
Myrtles, bluebrooms and heather were.
We will walk there with close pressed hands.
A vision of some Perfect, Holy land,
Where the river runs deep and slow.

And we drowse,
Then vagabond we drift through the night.
Warm is the rock at our backs, and warm the glow.
When evening comes we will touch by the boulders.
Will beat a song in my soul of rapture.

The wind is warm in the white sycamore by the river;
When the aspen slashings brighten to green and silver
As the evening breeze from a springing wood.

When the wind blows.

**From The Balcony**

**BY CLARA BERNHARDT**

There is a cozy warmth about a seat in the balcony of a theatre that escapes the occupant of an orchestra seat. Whether it is the height, the graded tier, or the plain fact that it costs less, I don't know.

But the feeling is there. In our lonely and isolated domain, we balcony frequenters feel like members of a huge and happy family. And it was one night when a devastating widow was playing havoc with masculine Parisian hearts, that I was surprised to find what a happy family we were.

Glancing around, the smiling expectant faces impressed me not a little. It was as though each individual had laid aside his particular cares and worries for a few hours and adopted a real holiday spirit.

That ordinarily they weren't carefree was evident from an occasional glimpse of faces in relaxation, when tired lines appeared and overheads frowned over so slightly. In these times it is impossible to go down-town without noticing the hurried expression of the average face.

This came as a distinctly pleasant surprise when I realized that we haven't lost the power of enjoying ourselves.

Perhaps we have a deeper enjoyment, due to the rarity of a night at the theatre. Instead of being a matter of weekly course, it is an infrequent event, enjoyed in anticipation and retrospect, as well as in actuality.

After ensconcing ourselves in the cheerily upholstered seats which must cause long-legged folk to wonder how they'll ever get their knees crossed, there was time for a hasty survey around before the curtain rose.

On our left sat a quiet looking girl with pretty fair hair and an escort with a Hollywood smile. She seemed to have something wrong at the back of her mind, but it couldn't have been the baby's cough

(Continued on Page 9)
The College Cord

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