

Vox Wesleyana

VOL. XXII

JUNE, 1919

No. 3

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR BY THE STUDENTS OF WESLEY COLLEGE, WINNIPEG.

Authorized by Postmaster-General, Ottawa, as Second Class Matter

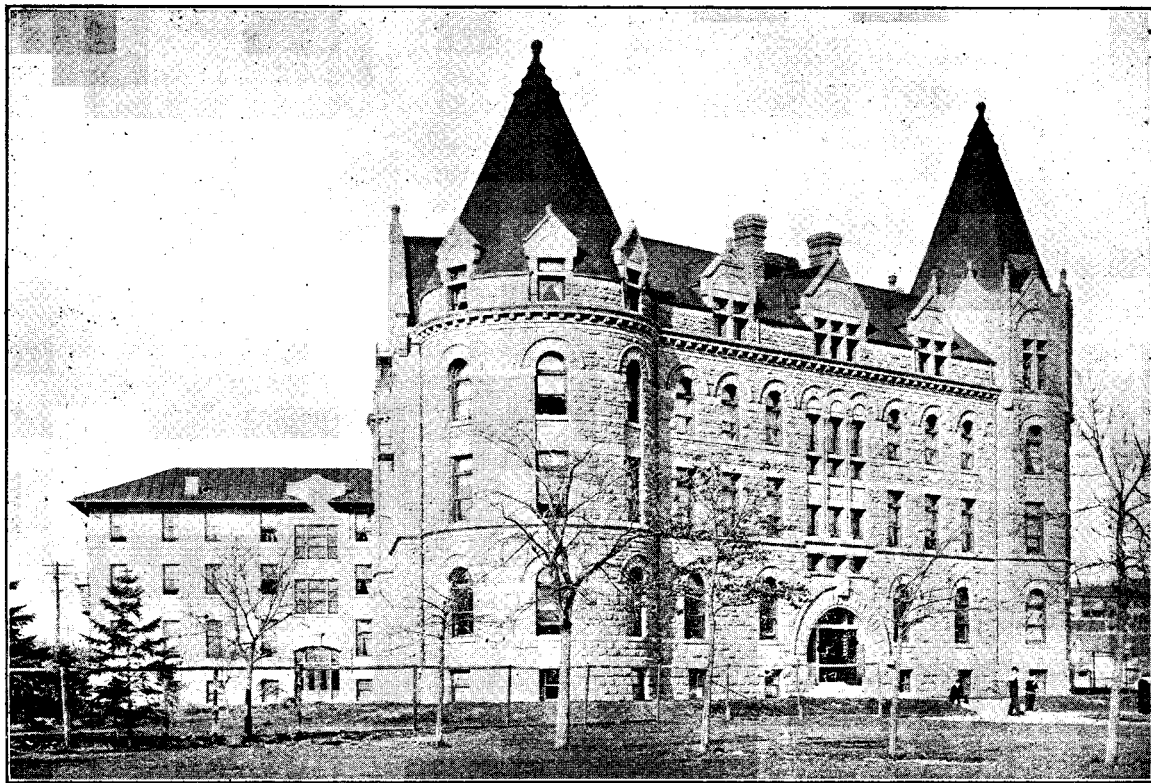
Vol XXII. WINNIPEG, MAN., JUNE, 1919 No. 3

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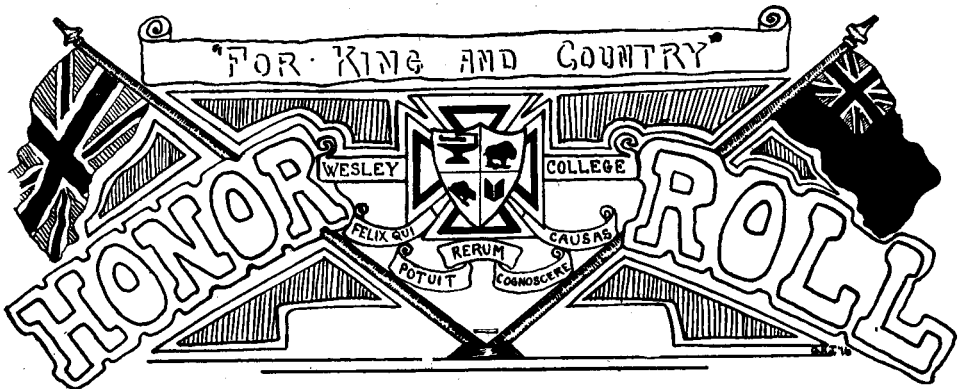
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Aldritt, W. A.		Matric. (Wounded and Prisoner)	8th Batt.
Andrews, A. H. J.	'10	(Wounded)	Lieut. 8th Batt.
Andrews, J. B.	'14		50th Batt.
Andrews, W. E.	'19		Corporal C.A.S.C.
Argue, R. F.	'11		Capt. Y.M.C.A. Hindhead
Armstrong, A.			
Armstrong, N. D.			
Arthur, J. M.	'16	(Wounded)	61st Batt.
Asseltine, J.			Strathcona Horse
August, A. W.	'18	(Wounded)	C.A.M.C. Eastbourne
August, Howard	'15		Royal Flying Corps
Auld, J. Currie		Matric. (Wounded)	
Austmann, K. J.	'14	(Returned)	Lieut. 223rd Batt.
Bailey, E.		Theo. '16	No. 1 Can. Base Hospital
Balding, R. A.		(Wounded)	44th Batt.
Baldwinson, E. G.		Matric. (Wounded)	
Ball, R. H.		Theo. '17	10th Field Ambulance
Balls, G. A.		Lecturer	Capt. Royal Infantry School
Banfield, Percy		Matric.	McGill Siege Battery
Banfield, W. B.		M. '13	
Banks, W.		'14	78th Battalion
Banting, C. A.			C.A.M.C.
Baragar, Dr. C. A.		'10	Capt. C.A.M.C.
Baragar, Fred.		'14	C. F. A.
Barker, W. F.		M. '16 (Wounded)	
Bartlett, H. V.		M. '18	203rd Battalion
Bell, L. R.		'14	4th C. C. Hospital
Bellsmith, F. M. (Rev.)		T. '08	Chaplain
Best, G. C.			61st. Battalion
Bishop, A. A.		M. '14	
Bissett, P. W.		Matric. (Killed)	Motor Machine Gun
Brett, W.		M. '18	Cadet R. F. C.
Briggs, T. L.		'16 (Died if Wounds)	5th Batt.
Bright, C.			Lieut. C. A. S. C.
Bridgeman, F.		'16 (Killed)	102nd Battalion
Bridgeman, Dr. M. C.			C. A. M. C.
Brown, R. R. J.		'00 (Killed)	Major 2nd Contingent
Bryers, B.		'16 (Wounded)	R. N. A. S.
Butchart, T. J. L.		'19 (Killed)	19th Reserve
Cameron, Lloyd		M. '13	Lieut. 27th Batt.
Cameron, G. B.		M. '13	Lieut. 212th Batt.
Campbell, A. H.		M. '12	P. P. C. L. I.
Campbell, M. L.		'16	27th Battalion
Campbell, Dr. J. W.		Lecturer	C. O. T. C. Toronto
Cann, A. W.		M. '16	Field Ambulance
Carey, T.		Matric.	34th Fort Garry Horse
Carrothers, W. A.		'16	Capt. 44th Battalion
Cavers, H. M.		'19	Y. M. C. A.
Chambers, E.		Theo.	11th Field Ambulance
Childerhose, S.		'17	Strathcona Horse
Ching, Richard		M. '09 (Prisoner)	27th Battalion
Churchill, H. S.		'15 (Wounded)	Strathcona Horse
Churchill, Gordon		'18	Machine Gun Section
Combe, C. V.		'10 (Wounded, Prisoner)	8th Batt.
Connelly, H.		T. '17	
Connelly, J.		M. '17	221st Battalion
Cooke, C. G.		'17	1st C. M. R.
Cooke, A. C.		'17	10th Canadian Siege Battery
Cooper, J. E.		'17 (Wounded)	11th Field Amb.
Cooper, J. A.		M. '16 (Wounded)	11th Field Amb.

Corbin, Stanley	M.	'16	(Gassed)	11th Field Amb.
Coxworth, H. W.		'12		Ammunition Column
Creswell, H.	T.	'17		Corporal C. A. M. C.
Crook, H.		'15		Lieut. Headquarter's Staff C.E.T.D.
Cros, J. E.		'15	Wounded and Gassed)	1st C.M.R.
Crummy, W. T.		'13	(Killed)	29th Batt.
Crummy, R. B.		'13		P. P. C. I. I.
Crummy, Eber		'18	(Wounded)	Sergt. 3rd Batt.
Cuddy, T. H.	M.	'13		Lieut. British War Office
Cuddy, W. A.		'16		Machine Gun Corps
Culver, A. F.		'16		Major 29th Batt.
Culver, C. H.				
Culver, G. W.				196th Re-enforcement
Cunningham, E.		'15		4th Casualty Clearing Hospital
Dafoc, E. E.	Matric.			Strathcona Horse
Davey, E.	M.	'18	(Killed)	
Davis, Webster		'20		19th Re-enforcement
Daykin, A. N.		'06	(M. C.)	Lieut. 7th Battalion
Deacon, L. J.	M.	'13	(Died)	Lieut. A.S.C.
Dennison, H. H.		'14		Captain Y.M.C.A.
Dickinson, E.	Matric.			Captain C.A.M.C.
Dixon, H. C.		'09	(Returned)	Capt. A.M.C.
Dobbyn, Ivan		'19		C. F. A.
Doran, Dr. C. W.		'98		C. M. R. M. O.
Douglas, S. G.	M.	'15		Engineers
Dawson, G. W.	T.	'15		249th Battalion
Duffin, Earl				Major
Duncan, C.	Matric.			4th C. C. Hospital
Dunfield, Eber			(Returned)	Capt. Munition Dept. Ottawa
Durnin, R. W.		'19		Can. Heavy Artillery
Durnin, T. O.	A.	'17		
Dyson, G. H.		'17	(Wounded)	Lieut. 54 Battalion
Eggertson, W.		'19		Sergt.
Einarsson, J.		'14		Lieut. 1st C.M.R.
Einarsson, J.		'14		Md. Conting.
Elliott, R. H.	Matric.			11th Reserve Batt.
Elliott, R. K.		'14		Lieut. 100th Batt.
Enright, L. E.		'17		
Evans, E. C.	T.	'16		1st Can. Gen. Hosp. Fr.
Ewert, A.		'14		Lieut. Machine Gun Depot
Fargey, J. S.	M.	'15	(Wounded)	Signalling Base
Farquhar, J.				Royal Flying Corps
Ferguson, Frank		'17		R. F. C. Toronto
Ferguson, V. S.	M.	'15		P. P. C. I. I.
Ferguson, J.				Lieut. C. A. S. C.
Fisher, J. T.		'18	(Killed)	Lieut. 43rd Batt.
Footo, E. H.	M.	'14		Lieut. 221st Batt.
Forster, J.	Matric.			34th Fort Garry Horse
Freeman, A. L.	M.	'15		
Gable, W. G.		'14		
Gable, V.		'15		11th Reserve B.t.t.
Gardiner, J. A. S.		'14		Lieut. Machine Gun Depot
Geach, T. W.	T.	'17		Sergt. C. A. M. C.
Gibben, J. E.		'15	(Wounded)	Lieut. 107th Batt.
Gibben, Paul	M.	'17	(Gassed)	Machine Gun Corps
Gilchrist, E.	M.	'16	(Discharged)	Field Amb.
Graham, M. E.		'21		C. A. M. C.
Graham, G. D.			(Wounded)	Depot Battalion
Graham, E. M.				Sergt-Major 12th Field Ambulance
Graham, Gordon	Matric.			Sergt. C. A. M. C.
Graham, H. C.		'19		C. A. M. C.
Graham, H.				C. A. M. C.
Graves, J. W.	T.	'15		Capt. Y.M.C.A. England
Green Cornelius		'20		76th Battery
Grey, H. L.	M.	'16		Cadet R. F. C.
Griffin, L.	Matric.			53rd Battalion
Griffin, R. A.	Matric.			190 Field Ambulance
Griffith, W. L.	M.	'15	(Killed)	P. P. C. L. I.
Grigg, G. G.		'17		11th Field Ambulance
Grills, N.	M.	'14		M. T. C. A. S. C.
Groff, H. K. Dr.	M.	'08		Capt. C. A. M. C.
Gunn, W. G.	M.	'14		Strathcona Horse
Hall, W. E.		'19		Lieut. Royal Flying Corps
Halsted, C. N.		'18		Field Ambulance
Ham, Ira				Lieut. 226th Battalion
Haney, C. L.	A.	'12		
Hare, D. S.	M.	'13		12th Field Ambulance
Harvey, Thos.				101st Battalion
Hawley, W. A.	T.	'15		C. A. M. C.
Hazel, Jno.	M.	'18		196th Battalion
Henderson, J. Gordon				Sergt. 1st Trench Mortar

Henry, Brock	'14	Lieut. Machine Gun Corps
Hewitt, John R.	'14	Divisional Signallers
Honor, C.		C. A. M. C.
Hooper, H. E.	T. '19	
Howey, J. V.	'11	
Huddleston, W. M.	M. '17	C. A. M. C.
Irvine, Wesley		226th Battalion
Irvine, F. S. C.	Matric.	
Irwin, W. A.	'19	10 Can. Siege Battery
Jackson, G. H.	'16	Machine Gun Corps
Jackson, J. L.		11th Field Ambulance
Jakeman, H.		253rd Battalion
Johnson, H.	'12	Lieut. 108th Battalion
Johnson, T. W.	'13 (Wounded)	Lieut. 93rd Battalion
Johannson, Connie	'13	Lieut. R. F. C.
Johanneson, J. T.	'12	Lieut. 108 Battalion
Jones, O. A.	M. '15 (Killed)	Strathcona Horse
Kane, P.	'12	
Keeler, K. P.	'13	Lieut. 5th Battalion
Keeton, A. W.	'15	196th Battalion
Kelly Magnus	'15	Lieut. R. F. C.
Kennedy, J. H. M.	M. '98 (Killed)	Lieut. C. M. R.
Kent, H. K.		12th Field Ambulance
Kerr, S. H.		Lieut. Royal Flying Corps
Kerr, C. E.		5th Battalion
Kerr, Oscar	Matric. (Killed)	32nd Battalion
Kerster, G. M.	(Wounded)	44th Battalion
Kilborne, A.	Matric.	Imp. Motor Transport
Killeen, F. J.		C. A. M. C.
Kopec, A.	Matric.	196th Battalion
Kyle, W.		Lieut. Royal Flying Corps
Latchford, C. L.	'21 (Killed)	78th Battalion
Leach, H.	'19	Sergt. Field Amb.
Leader, J.		
Lee, G. H.	'14	Lt. Machine Gun Corps
Lee, Ed.	T. '17	Corporal C. A. M. C.
Leech, Hart	(Killed)	Lieut. C. M. R.
Leitch, R. C.	M. '15 (Killed)	P. P. L. I.
Lennox, A.	M. '14	
Lewtas, G. E.	'16	Imp. Motor Transport
Linral, W.	'11	Lieut. 223rd Batt.
Lindal, Skuli		223rd Battalion
Lindsay, C.	M. '12 (Discharged)	Strathcona Horse
Little, M.	M. '13	C. A. M. C.
Lloyd, W.	'18	C. A. M. C.
Loft, A.	'13 (Killed)	Lieut. 44th Batt.
Long, M.	'16	Imp. Motor Transport
Long, E. S.	'18	13th Reserve Battalion
Lord, Harold		144th Battalion
Lord, G. H.	T. '10	196th Battalion
Loughheed, H. P.	M. '15	
Loughheed, M.	'12	Captain C. A. M. C.
Lough, A. G.		Capt. C.A.D.C. 34th Batt.
Lovett, C. W.	'19 (Killed)	1st Field Amb.
Lowery, E. W.	'14	Lieut. 203rd Batt.
McArthur, J. A.	M. '15	Machine Gun Corps
McClung, J. W.	Matric. '13	P. P. C. L. I.
McColl, D. R.	'16	M.T.A.S.C. German East Africa
McCool, C. W.	'11	Lieut. 52nd Batt.
McCrimmon, J. R.		
McDonald, A.	M. '15	3rd C. C. C. S.
McGill, L. S.	'11	Lieut. 29th Battalion
McHaffie, T. R.	'17	1st C. M. R.
McKay, P. J.	M. '14	
McKee, C.		203rd Battalion
McKelvey, M. T.	M. '17	Lieut. Royal Flying Corps
McKenzie, E. W.	M. '15 (Wounded)	10th Battalion
McKenzie, B. A.		8th Battalion
McLachlan	M. '13	Sergt. Machine Gun Corps
McLean, R. B.	M. '15	Divisional Cyclists
McLean, W. L.	(Killed)	Major No. 2 C.C.C.S.
McLean, D. J. G.	'14	C. A. M. C.
McMillan, A.	M. '16	C. A. D. C.
McPhail, A. J.	M. '15	
McDonald, J. A.	M. '16	
Maclian, D. G.		
Magwood, W. T. D.	'06	1st Field Ambulance
Magwood, W. J.	M. '12	12th Field Ambulance
Mann, W. L. Dr.	'10	Capt. 3rd C.C.C.S., France

Markle, F. A.	M.	'14	Med. College A.M.C.
Markham, E.	M.	'11	Engineer Field Troop
Marlatt, C. E.	Matric.		
Matthews, H.		'20	Machine Gun
Matthew, F. F.	A.	'16	
Maw, J.			Sergt. 12th Field Ambulance
Melvin, J. W.	Lecturer		Capt. Chaplain
Menzie, A. F.			2nd Lieut. 43rd R.F.A.
Merritt, C. A.	A.	'20	
Milligan, A. A.		'13	(Killed) 8th Battalion
Miller, W.		'12	C. A. D. C.
Mills, G. C. A.	Matric.		(Killed) Lieut. R. F. C.
Miller, W. A.			
Milner, Roy		'12	C. A. S. C.
Minaker, J.			78th Battalion
Minnish, H.		'15	3rd Contingent
Mitchell, J. C.		'12	(Killed) Captain
Moffatt, C.	M.	'15	
Moon, W. A.			
Moore, W.			183rd Battalion
Moore, A.			Lieut. Royal Flying Corps
Moore, T. Kells,		'08	221st Battalion
Montgomery, J.		'19	Sergt. Field Ambulance
Morgan, E. H.		'17	(Wounded) Lieut. 43rd Batt.
Morgan, C.			
Morris, D.	T.	'16	Sergt. 10th Field Amb.
Morten, Adam	T.	'18	
Morrison, H.			(Killed) 203rd Batt.
Mosley, T. A.			Capt. Chaplain Serv. London
Mountford, W.		'13	(Wounded M.M.M.C.) Lieut. 4th Batt.
Mulloch, R. H.			(D.S.O.) Sign. Commander R.M.A.S.
Mutch, L. A.	M.	'15	1st C. M. R.
Murphy, C. C.	M.	'16	210th Battalion
Murchison, J. M.	Theo.		
Murphy, C. C.	M.	'16	Artillery
Murray, B. M.		'19	Lieut. Royal Flying Corps
Murray, B. M.			
Musgrove, W. W.			Major 4th Casualty Clearing House
Mutch, L. A.	M.	'15	
Muttart, H. C.	M.	'16	11th Field Amb.
Nason, W.		'12	(M.C.) Capt. 9th Nott and Derby
Nason, Bert.		'17	(Killed) Strathcona Horse
Naylor, J. B.	Theo.		Chaplain 191st Batt.
Nelson, J. E.		'16	(Killed) 13th Field Battery
Newman, H. A.		'15	(Twice Wounded) Lieut. 3rd Batt.
Nicholson, J. R. W.			(Returned) Capt. 12th Field Ambulance
Nicholson, W. S.	M.	'17	
Norris, F. G.	T.	'17	C. A. M. C.
Oliver, Claude		'16	(Killed) Cyslist
Olson, B. Dr.		'16	C.-pt. 223rd Batt.
Olson, J. O.			
Ponnell, Roy	M.	'13	
Parrish, F.	Matric.		Captain
Parsons, R. C.		'13	Strathcona Horse
Parkinson, H.	Matric.		(Wounded) 34th Fort Garry Horse
Parkinson, Ash.			(Wounded)
Patience, H. L.	T.	'10	(Killed) 61st Batt.
Patterson, D. A.		'17	11th Field Ambulance
Patterson, D. R.		'11	
Paulson, B. M.		'15	223rd Battalion
Pavy, W. H.	T.	'13	Military Sec. Y.M.C.A.
Pedlar, A.		'20	C. A. M. C.
Petty, T.		'19	10th Field Ambulance
Pilling, H.		'16	Depot Battalion
Phillips, D. C.		'10	R. F. C.
Pollard, A.		'17	C. A. M. C.
Popham, C.	M.	'13	Lieut. 61st Battalion
Popham, E.		'13	(Killed) Lieut. Motor Transport Depot
Reedman, A.	Matric.		196th Battalion
Reedman, W. E.		'15	(Killed) Lieut. 3rd Batt.
Rice, R.		'17	(Killed) Lieut. 51st Batt.
Rice, Hugh	M.	'14	
Richardson, W. H.	M.	'11	Engineer Field Corps
Ridd, J. E.		'17	(Wounded) 8th Battalion
Rivers, H.		'17	11th Field Ambulance
Robb, Miss M.		'15	Capt. W. A. A. C.
Roberts, E.	T.	'16	11th Field Ambulance
Robins, G. E.		'20	C. A. M. C.
Robinson, V.	Matric.		(Wounded) Lieut.
Roblin, W. L.		'99	Major 61st Battalion
Rose, Arthur		'16	
Rosen, D.		'16	

Ross, F. E.	Matric.	
Ross, J.	M.	'14	
Ross, S. L.	'17 (Killed)		Strathcona Horse
Runions, W. D.	'17 (Wounded)		Sergt. 44th Batt.
Scarlett, E. P.	'16		Machine Gun Corps
Scarth, W. B.	'16		Sergt. 183rd Batt.
Scott, D. N.	M.	'15 (Killed)	27th Battalion
Schultz, S.	'15		Machine Gun Depot
Sellar, H. F.	Matric.	(Wounded)	Havre, France C.A.D.C.
Sharpley, F. A.	T.	'17	
Shields, P. R.			Captain 90th Battalion
Sigurdson, J. K.			197th Battalion
Simpson, W. H.	T.	'19	C. A. M. C.
Simpson, F. L.	'12 (Killed)		Capt. 53rd Battalion
Sirrett, E. T.	'08 (Wounded)		46th Battalion
Sisler, W. J.			Lieutenant
Smith, H. W.	M.	'17	
Smith, Colin	T.	'17 (Killed)	8th Battalion
Smith, C. R.	'16		2nd Lieut. P. O. Rifles
Smith, W. W. B.	M.	'11	Lieut. 100th Grenadiers
Somerville, A.		(Wounded)	
Speirs, K.	M.	'15	
Spiers, H. F.		(Killed)	Lie. Corp. 27th Batt.
Spencley, J. A.			Y. M. C. A. India
Stacey, H. C.		(Wounded)	
Stacey, F. H.	M.	'18	C. A. M. C.
Stefanson, S. B.			Lieut. 44th Battalion
Stevenson, A. E.	T.	'17	
Stewart, R. G.	M.	'16 (Prisoner of War)	Lt. Royal Flying Corps
Stewart, J. H.	M.	'17	
Stephenson, R. L.		(Wounded)	English Field Troop
Stephenson, A.	M.	'17	
Stewart, W.	A.	'19	
Streat, S.		'19 (Killed)	10th Field Amb. 1918
Strindlund, J. A.	'15 (Wounded)		
Swail, R. W.			Corps of Guides
Swain, S.	'19 (Killed M. M.)		
Tallin, G. P. R.	'16		2nd Lieut. P.O. Rifles
Tapp, L. C.	'16		11th Field Ambulance
Tees, P. C.	'14		Ammunition Supply
Thomas, H. H.	Matric		101st Battalion
Thomas, N.		(Killed)	M. C. Lieut.
Thomson, J.		(Wounded)	1 Can Hospital
Tomlinson, G. J.	'19 (M. M.)		C. A. M. C.
Thompson, S. D.	'14		11th Field Ambulance
Thorkakson, P.			223rd Battalion
Thorarinnson, J.	Matric.		144th Battalion
Thorsteinson, D.	M.	'17	11th Reserve Batt. Seaford
Undehill, R. J.	M.	'15	
Verner, J. D.	(M. C.)		Lieut. 43rd Batt.
Verinder, F. H.			Munition Transport
Waite, Fred.	T.	'16	C. A. M. C.
Wallace, J. M.	M.	'16	11th Field Ambulance
Warkentein, B.	'14		Imp. Motor Transport
Warman, A. J. W.	T.	'17 (Killed)	11th Field Ambulance
Watson, H. G.	'16		German East Africa Imp. Motor Transport
Watterson, C. T.	T.	'17	12th Field Ambulance
Webster, N. C.	T.	'18	Sergt. 12th Field Ambulance
Weir, A. J.	A.	'12	12th Field Ambulance
Westwood, F. W.	T.	'13	
White, I. L.	M.	'16	Signalling Corps
White, G. W. D.	'19		2nd Depot Battalion
Wilkinson, S. Rev.	'99		Captain 79th Battalion
Williams, J.			Engineer Field Troop
Williams, J. L.			Motor Transport
Williams, J. W. H.	'17		
Williamson, F. S.	M.	'11	2nd Reserve Brig. Signal Base
Wilson, N. R. Dr.			Lieut. R. G. A.
Wise, J. W.	A.	'20	
Winkler, H. W.	'12		11th Field Ambulance
Witty, R. W.	'12		
Woodgate, E. J.	M.	'15 (Killed)	P. P. C. L. I.
Wooton, F. E.	M.	'13	Lieut. C. F. A.
Wright, L. R.			Imp. Motor Transport
Young, R. B.		(Killed)	Strathcona Horse

Vox extends its congratulations to the following winners of University and Theological honors:

Governor General's Gold Medal,
for highest standing in 1st,
2nd and 3rd years.....MISS S. STEFANSSON

University Gold Medal
—Latin— MISS L. A. FORMAN, B.A.

University Gold Medal
—French— MISS K. CONNOLLY, B.A.

THIRD YEAR

Scholarship in French.....MISS S. STEFANSSON
Scholarship in Political Economy MR. O. ALSACKER
Scholarship in Philosophy.....W. H. BONE

FIRST YEAR

Scholarship in Latin and
Mathematics R. G. ARCHIBALD

Honorable Mention in Eng-
lish and Physics MISS LUELLA TELFER

Honorable Mention English and
History. Icelandic JOHANN SIGURNONSSON

Governor General's Bronze Medal,
Highest standing in three years
General Conference Course

WILLIAM THOMAS BRADY

Alma Matre Scholarship. Highest
standing in Fourth Year Theo-
logical Course.....ALBERT W. LOUGHEED

Saskatchewan Conference Scholar-
ship. Highest standing in Fifth
Year Theological Course

WILLIAM THOMAS BRADY

Thos. Nixon Prize for Reading Se-
lection of Sculpture and Hymn—

WILLIAM STEWART ATCHESON



PRINCIPAL RIDDELL

LEADERSHIP

Principal Riddell's Message to the Graduating Classes.

That this old world needs leadership is abundantly evident, but loud laments meet us at every turn over the lack of leaders in our times. Judging from the records of the past such lamentations are not peculiar to our age. Each generation has been a weeping Jeremiah over its own barrenness in this matter of leadership. Each stage of human development is ecstatic over the renowned leaders of the past. We must not therefore hang crepe on the front door of our people from its slavery and darkness. All this goes to show that each age is slow to recognize its own leaders. The living time leaves it to the unborn generation to find what it failed to discover, that its distressing days were just as rich in leadership as any other time in the past. He must not therefore hang crepe on the front door of our generation and join our voices in the dreary dirge uttered by so many men over the lack of present leadership. We must "sell our hammer and buy a horn" and instead of joining with the crowd in belittling our leaders we must know their merits, sing their praises, and so loudly applaud their achievements that the bitter wail may be lost in an anthem of praise. If the world would try this little experiment it would soon see how the procession would move on.

The students of Wesley College are going forth to be leaders. Their privileges have been many, their responsibilities will be great. To them the world will look for leadership. They must not be surprised if the world fails to recognize them as leaders, but in spite of all the depressing indifference and discouraging opposition of their fellows I trust that they will direct their thoughts and energies firmly to this important task of leadership.

Leadership involves some important principles on the part of the leaders. In the first place the leader should lead. It is not enough that he be at the head of the moving host, wearing the insignia of office and holding a place bestowed by a popular vote and seeking merely to carry out the will of the majority who follow. Such a characteristic distinguishes the leader from the demagogue, the statesman from the politician, and the patriot from the hireling. One has his ear attent to catch the faintest whisper of the crowd and his eye circumspectly fixed on himself. The other with a fine abandon and a glorious self-forgetfulness seeks to catch the voice of the crowd but fixes his eyes resolutely on the stars and marches, front forward—onward to the promised land. Leaders may be popular but popularity is not the goal. They may have the praises of the populace in their own day, but they have not sold the vision splendid for the flickering light of passing popularity. They do not hide their light under a bushel of prestige, place and power.

To this end the leader must know the goal to which he is leading. It is not enough that he be pushed forward seeking to get his inspiration from passing events. He will soon find that this well

of inspiration is not a living spring but often a failing fountain in time of pressing need. To be a leader of men, one must know something of human history, human needs and human passions and human ends. In other words he must know something of human life in its origin progress and destiny. He must know something of the fierce winds of passion and prejudice and pettiness which blow over the ocean of life and rush to swamp life's frail craft in the engulfing waves. But always he must know where the harbor is no matter how awful the storm or how dark the night may be. His penetrating gaze must pierce clean through all enveloping clouds and gathering mists and remain fixed on the glorious goal of human possibilities.

Such a leader must be brave with the finest kind of bravery. The man who can still fight on when men taunt and hiss and jeer, when friends falter and faint and fail exhibits a bravery which far transcends all physical daring. Such bravery all true leaders must in a large measure possess.

The leader must be patient. In spite of defeat, delay and distress he must still hope on self controlled and undismayed, content to die, it may be, provided his cause live on and men flourish.

Many other qualities might be mentioned, but enough has been said to indicate the necessary characteristics.

Leaders such as these were Moses, Isaiah, Paul, Socrates, Savonarola and a host of others. Leaders of such a type Wesley College would humbly hope all communities may find in every one of her graduates.

AUNTY.

In our first issue we were sorry to inform the students of the sickness of Aunty the Matron. Most servants of the old Wesley



have left but Aunty remained until sickness prevented her fulfilling her usual duties. We are sorry to inform all Wesley students that Aunty has to undergo another operation and her sickness causes her to definitely resign her position as matron. Charley Coombes one of Wesley's old students has opened a fund for the purpose of providing Aunty with a suitable remembrance of the services she has rendered to the students.

Any student desiring information or wishing to contribute is asked to communicate with the Registrar, Mr. Cummings or the Editor.

THE SPIRIT OF WESLEY

By A. W. Keeton

1. This is the Book of the Generation of the Spirit of Wesley. Now it came to pass about the beginning of time, when the earth was without form and void, that there dwelt in the country of Manitoba a few poor farmers, and many of the tribes of the Red Men.

2. And there arose in the land, a certain preacher of the people called Methodists, a devout man, and his name was Andrew the Stewart.

3. At the time the Annual Conference, which is a feast of the Methodists year by year, when all the preachers and certain of their brethren gather together for to take counsel, that Andrew the Stewart spake unto the Conference, and said,

4. Behold the sons and the daughters of the people, how they grow up. For when they have got them to school, and have learned all that the teachers can teach them, how little is their learning, and the sum of their understanding, how small it is!

5. Wherefore, the young men of the land are as coyotes, and the maidens are like unto gophers.

6. But come now, let us build for them a House of Learning, and therein let us gather wise men and learned doctors for to instruct our sons and our daughters, that they may know both the wisdom of the ancients and the knowledge of the moderns.

7. And the thing seemed good in the eyes of the people, and they did send unto the East, even unto Ontario, to a certain wise man, whose name was Joseph, surnamed Sparling, but his middle name, it was Wesley. And they did set him over the business.

8. So this wise man came from the East, and did set about the work with great diligence and zeal, and behold his labour and his sacrifices, they were very great.

9. For this Sparling was a prince and a leader of men, and one that loved learning; but the young men and maidens, he loved still more.

10. And Sparling went unto Winnipeg, the great city in the land of Manitoba, and called unto him Andrew the Stewart, and other learned and noble men from the East and from the West, and they began to teach in the temple that is called Grace.

12. Now when the young men and the maidens heard of it, they came up from all the land of Manitoba and from the Great Plains beyond, until the rooms in the temple of Grace were not able to contain them.

13. Then did Sparling the Principal, and the other wise men that were with him, seek out a place in the Broad Way of the city, and did take unto themselves a house, and they called it Wesley.

14. And lo, the students that went forth from Wesley, walked before all the people in such wise, that the parents of other young people marvelled. And the mothers said unto the fathers, Come, let us send our children also unto Wesley, that they may become like unto these.

15. So the students of Wesley increased in numbers, until even the house upon the Broad Way was no longer able to contain them.

CHAPTER II.

1. Then did Sparling the Principal and all the doctors of Wesley say unto the people, Behold our house, how small it is, and the numbers of our students, how they continue to increase exceedingly.

2. Verily the time hath come for us to arise and build a College that shall be worthy of the name of Wesley, and of the Great Plains of the West, and of the numbers of the students that are ours.

3. Come, then, give us of your gold, and of the firstfruits of your crops, and of the firstlings of your flocks, and of all your increase, that we may build.

4. And the people did so, for Sparling the Principal did smile upon them, and his smile was like unto the sunshine. And they builded a great temple, even the finest equipped college in the country, fitted with all modern improvements, lighted throughout with electricity, and heated by steam.

5. And it came to pass that when the College of Wesley was finished, when it was filled with students, even unto the basements thereof, and the fame thereof had gone abroad through all the land, that Sparling the Principal, being full of years and good works, died and was gathered unto his fathers.

6. But his work, it still remaineth, and his memory, it is fragrant.

CHAPTER III.

1. Now there was in that same city of Winnipeg, certain other colleges and institutions of learning, and the students thereof looked upon the students of Wesley, how they were many, and excelled in wisdom and in knowledge, and behold, they were jealous.

2. And on a night that is called Hallowe'en, when evil spirits are said to be abroad in the land, these students, and certain sons of Belial with them, dressed themselves in weird array, even the garments of the Land of Nod, and they gathered themselves together on a certain campus about a great fire, which they had made.

3. So when they had warmed themselves until they were hot enough then they uttered many and dreadful yells, and they took counsel together against Wesley that they might destroy it.

4. So they came up against the College of Wesley, a motley host. But the students of Wesley, having been warned in a dream, were ready for the battle.

5. Then did the spirits of their teachers enter into the students of Wesley, even the zeal of Sparling, and the diligence of Stewart, and the scorn of Jolliffe, and the fierceness of Wilson, and the passion of Bland, and the wit of Allison, and the fire of Elliott, and the spirits of all the rest; but Fletcher the Dean, behold, he was with them altogether.

6. And the men of Wesley fought valiantly before the doors of their College and the windows thereof. And certain of them did seize the hose, even the pipes of water, that were to be used in case of fire, and therefrom they hurled floods of water upon their enemies, to quench thereby the fires of their hate, and to cool the heat of their heads withal.

7. And even the Theologs, the men of peace, did smite them soundly, and did fight with valour and with might. For, they said, thus alone can we teach them manners.

8. So the Philistines were sore beaten and hasted them away. And they went back to the fire they had made, and they dried themselves and their apparel, and by the light thereof they did test their noses, and bind up their wounds.

9. Now some of the Philistines fell into the hands of the Wesley, and they were much afraid, and did shiver. But the Wesleyans showed them mercy, and put them not to death, but did admonish them and let them go.

10. But, first, they took one of them, a Med., and made a picture of him, and asked of him his name. Then they sent the picture and the name throughout all the city, that their enemies should be shamed.

11. And when they had made merry over the Med. who was their prisoner, they slew him not, but fed him and let him go. For, said they, he is a young man and fresh, and perchance he may teach wisdom unto his brethren.

12. So the Philistine came not up against Wesley any more, neither Meds, nor the Engenites, nor the Varsities, nor the Johnites, nor any of the sons of Belial; and the men of Wesley had peace.

CHAPTER IV.

1. Now at the end of these days, there was a great war on earth, even the greatest of all wars.

2. And a certain king, whose name was William the Hun, said in his heart, I will ascend unto the heavens, I will exalt my throne above the stars of God.

3. And he led forth his armies into the land of the Belgians, his neighbors. Now the Belgians were a small people, but valiant and also men of honour.

4. So the Huns fell upon them, and made their land a wilderness, and destroyed the cities thereof. And some of the people they slew, and some they made slaves; but the soul of that people they could not destroy.

5. Then the nations of the earth, who loved peace, and desired it, and who loved righteousness and honour and liberty still more, banded themselves together against William the Hun, and all his hosts and his confederates, and went down to battle.

6. Yea, even the Americities, across the great waters, heard thereof, and when they had well considered the matter, they also sent an army to fight against William and the Huns.

7. But in the first of the war, the hearts of the students that were at Wesley, and those that had been there aforetime, were moved with indignation against the Huns, by reason of their cruel deeds and their great wickedness.

8. And, behold, the spirits of their teachers was in the students of Wesley and all the graduates thereof, even the spirit of Wesley, and they did put off their gowns, and instead thereof they did put on the khaki of their king.

9. They did also lay aside the books of learning, and did take up the sword and the gun. And they went forth across the great waters, and they fought a good fight, even unto a finish.

10. And some were slain on the field of honour, so that they could not return to their land. And some were sore wounded and could fight no more. And some fell into the hands of the Huns, and suffered many persecutions.

11. So the Huns were defeated, and William their leader fled into the land of the Dutchmen, and hid himself.

12. And those that returned from the war, spake unto the students of Wesley, and unto all generations that should come after them into those halls of Learning; yea, and those that returned not, they also spake, and the voices of the dead were heard above the voices of the living.

13. And they said, Ye shall love righteousness and justice and shall defend them with all your strength; the truth also, shall ye prize above all riches; and moreover, freedom shall be your watchword and your shield.

14. So shall ye love peace and desire it, that if need be ye shall fight to preserve it. But when ye must fight, ye shall do so with honour, with strength and with courage and with clean swords.

15. These things shall ye observe to do them as well in your work as in your play, for this is the spirit of Wesley, as we have learned it of old.



DRAMATIC EXECUTIVE

COLLEGE DRAMATIC NIGHT

One of the greatest events of the college year was the presentation, on the night of Friday, March 21, 1919, of the plays "The Will" and "Rosalind." (J.M. Barrie). The convocation hall of Wesley college was packed with an appreciative audience of college students and interested friends.

"The Will," a one-act play in three scenes introduced us to the law office of Devizes & Devizes, where the partners, father and son, acted as legal advisors and executors in the drawing up of the



various wills of Philip Ross. Elwood Ridd, who took the part of the elder Devizes gave a good presentation of the clear-sighted, experienced lawyer and showed a pardonable fondness for his exuberant son, Robert, a radiant Oxford graduate. Perry McCulloch, who played the role of Robert, bubbles over with youth and confidence. He is a lover of fun and the pretty face of a girl is a never-failing attraction. Later on in the play we see he has fulfilled his father's expectations in becoming a responsible and worthy lawyer. The senior partner is by this time an old man, no longer useful in the office. Pathetically he tries to lay claim to some of the responsibility but "his son hangs his coat on his nail now."

Vic Ibbetson as Surtees gave a clever impersonation of the solemn, unhappy clerk in the law office. He spoke of "the little black speck no larger than a pin's head which is found in every man and which if not checked in time will destroy all." Sadly he told us that the spot within himself had been allowed to enlarge incurably. In the minor roles of the clerks,—Sennet and Creed,—Roy McCartney and Gilbert Arnason gave a pleasing presentation.

In Philip and Mrs. Ross we are introduced to the will makers. Nellie Edwards as the wife, youthful and loving, took the hearts of the audience by storm. No one could be sweeter nor more appealing in her fear lest the drawing up of their will might bring her husband's death nearer. In the second scene the tender and solicitous wife has disappeared and in her place is the haughty, fashionable, worldly-wise woman of modern society.

Jack George, playing the part of Philip Ross, appeared perfectly at ease and decidedly happy as the devoted husband and aspiring business man. But in his struggle for useless wealth his character became hardened, until he was almost prepared to allow his fortune together with his curse, to revert to his chief enemies. Then catching sight of the senior partner asleep by the fire, his mind travelled back to the time of the first will making. In striving to understand the change that had taken place within himself, the elder Devizes in the words of Surtees supplied for him the keynote,—“the little black speck no bigger than a pin's head which is found in every man and which if allowed to grow will destroy all.” Philip soliloquized how he might save others from a fate like his own, realizing it could not be done with gold.

The play throughout was exceedingly well acted and Wesley students were justly proud of the dramatic talent displayed.

‘All the world loves a lover.’

Hence the popularity of the second play. The parts of Rosalind and Charles Roche were taken by Elin Anderson and Art Pigott. Clara Allingham as Dame Quickly, supplied a decidedly humorous element to the play.

Rosalind, the popular actress, surrounded by suitors and weary of the enforced gaiety and camouflage of her life, slipped away every summer to a little seaside cottage where she could be just herself—a comfortable middle-aged person, happy in her lounging middle-aged habits. It is in this cottage the scene of the play is laid. In the midst of this carefree existence, Charles Roche, one of Rosalind's ardent admirers, unexpectedly appeared. In the middle-aged lady of the house, he recognized only the mother of his ‘dear Beatrice’ and could not be made to understand her explanations. He quickly reconsidered, when she to tantalize him, said she would accept his proposal of marriage.

Then suddenly a telegram came summoning Beatrice back to her work and she went to make preparations for her journey. Left to himself Charles reminisced over her picture, until in compassion for her, he was willing to share with her this life of ease. But just then the Rosalind that he had known appeared and he forgot all in the joy of youth, love and Rosalind.

Elin Anderson showed great dramatic ability and in her role of Rosalind was very captivating and alluring. Art Pigott took the hearts of at least one-half the audience by storm with his attractive personality and easy manners. Even in her minor role, Clara Allingham displayed her usual merry disposition and histrionic powers.

During the intermissions of the play, piano solos were rendered by Miss E. Nelson and Miss B. Ross. Mr. Wylde favored the audience with violin selections and an orchestra number was favorably received. Miss Williams, the trainer, was presented with a bouquet of roses as a token of appreciation of the aid rendered by her in making the play a success. The evening's entertainment closed with ‘God Save the King’ and the usual college yells. (A.M.B. '20)



DEBATING EXECUTIVE

R. G. Archibald	J. Watts (President)	W. S. Atchison	G. J. Wherrett	G. E. Robins
D. N. Ridd (Secretary)	Miss Jennings (Vice-President)	Prof. D. C. Harvey (Hon. President)	Miss Mills	Miss Steffanson

THE DEBATING SOCIETY FROM BEHIND THE SCENES.

Prologue:

"It is pretty tough to work all year and get nothing for it."

ACT I.

One day Mr. Watts called the debating executive together and after scratching around for some time they found a number of inter-class but no inter-collegiate debates.

The meeting adjourned.

ACT II.

Mr. Atchison went about in search of debating representatives for Theology.

"Who will take this debate?" said Mr. A.

"I will not," said Mr. B.

"Nor I," said Mr. T.

"Nor I," said Mr. G.

"I cannot" said Little Red Hen.

ACT III.

Miss Stefanson next took her turn.

"Who will debate for Third Year?"

"I will not," said Mr. A.

"Nor I," said Mr. G.

"I will," said Miss J. but she did not.

"I will," said Miss E. but she did not.

"I will," said Mr. P.

"But there're like prayer-meetings to me."

And he did it.

But 'twas not like a prayer-meeting.

"I will," said Miss R.

But she dealt not with Ford cars.

They were handled so efficiently,

By others.

CHORUS:

The dignified seniors were next called upon to face a very able team from the Freshman Year and with difficulty carried off the honors.

ACT IV.

"Who will debate for Fourth Year?" said Little Red Hen.

"Do it yourself," said Mr. R—

"I retire with my laurels," said Mr. W—

"Then I will," said Mr. R—but he did not.

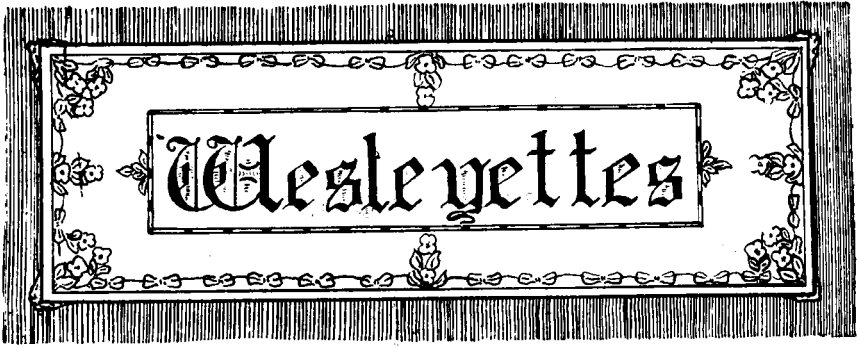
"And I will," said Mr. I— but he did not.

Finis est

EPILOGUE:

Nevertheless the debating society was by no means a failure. As well as those among the Arts students debates were also conducted in the Matriculation department, and we hope to be well-prepared for inter-class and inter-collegiate debates for the coming year.

S. S. and M. J.



"Here comes Louise, Ora and Kay,
Come welcome all and be jolly and gay,
Pass through our ranks, smile at us all,
Wait at the end and see what will befall."

To the tune of "Here Comes the Bride" the three stately seniors were borne in triumph into the Convocation Hall. Strong young arms hoisted them in the air, and, they felt forcibly the ups and downs of this life. Then everyone sat down to bully-beef, and potatoes disguised under a French name. The tables were tastefully decorated, with the good old blue and red. The centre table was occupied by Mrs. Dr. Riddell and the lady members of the Faculty.

The Seniors now watched with great amazement representations of themselves first, at the gawky age, then in college, and finally in future life. The first chorus proved quite suitable to the last scene. Never was there such a class with so many matrimonial alliances.

However, all things must have an end and the time soon came when we had to bid farewell to our graduates.

Our best wishes go with them and we pray that Cruel Fate will not overtake them, as we had depicted in "The Mystic Three."

"Farewell to thee; O graduating three,
The charming ones who dwelt in old Wesley.
One fond embrace before we now depart,
Until we meet again."

Myrt Trumpour—"Very well, I'll take that hat."

Mrs. Hull—"Would you like an elastic under the chin?"

Miss Armstrong—"Give me the imperfect of geler"

Mona—"Gelebam, gelabas, gelabat."

She frowned on him and called him Mr.

Because the poor lad merely Kr.

So just for spite.

The following night

The naughty Mr. Kr. Sr.

LITTLE NELL

"Oh I'm saddest when I sing"

She sang in a plaintive key

And all the maidens yelled

"So are we! So are we!"

Clipt from the "Free Press"—

"The University students raided the Annex and carried off twenty of it's inmates."

When the girls read this the next morning they were quite surprised to find they had been borne away so rudely.

Elwood to Milliner—"Don't you think that the pink hat is very becoming to Ora?"

BEWARE OF FAREWELLS.

He kissed her on the cheek,
It seemed a harmless frolic
He's been laid up for a week,
They say, with painter's colic.

Eddie—"What's the make of your car, Wilbur?"
Wilbur—"Oh, a McLaughlin."

I went to Cupid's garden,
I wandered o'er the land,
The moon was shining brightly,
I held her little—shawl.

● Yes, I held her little shawl,
How fast the evening flies!
We spoke in tones of love
I gazed into her—lunch-basket

● I gazed into the basket
I wished I had a taste
There sat my lovely charmer
My arm about her—umbrella

Embracing her umbrella,
This charming little Miss
Her eyes so full of mischief
I slyly stole a—sandwich.

Prose?" Ella—"Can you think of anything worse than doing Latin

Mona—"Eating limburger."

We are bidding farewell to the little lady who set the craze for the Dutch cut and white spats, and welcoming the New Lady Stick, who is finding such difficulty in stepping into her shoes.

Many are the joys of a Seniors' life dined, toasted and entertained and them lured into Sparling Hall.

Vera Creighton brightened our halls when she came in at Easter, and expects to brighten them even more when she comes back next Fall.

Marjorie Davis is attending the Session at Ottawa this Spring but we expect her back next year, after she has released the reins of government.

Lines Written in September 1919 (?) on the Eve of Return
to Wesley.

Four times the circling moon has lived and died,
Has waxed and waned, and come again to thin
Pale life, since I have seen thy piled stones,
Or viewed the fond, fair face of one called wife,
Yet only wife in name.

A maiden she,
Of nineteen summers, learned as Freshies are
Who flourish green, like trees when in their prime,
This year will she be mine? Mayhap the fates above
Decree her wit and temper shall rejoice
Another's heart and home.

Yet once again,
The flitting days, in swift succession, bring
Both fears and pleasures, and at last come round
Fair April's dreaded days, and Convocation,
And we are seen no more, who now rejoice,
In laurels we have brought to Wesley's name.

Few have they been, and all too far apart,
In April and December's fateful days,
We fear. But in the place where joys are found—
Oh, there we shine! and ever have,
And ever shall! When shall our glory fade(?)
We are a noble band—the 'twenty' class!

NOTES ON THE TEXT.

- Line 8—fates—"the foolish ones"—here meaning those in authority or in particular, the Dean of Residence.
- Line 12—pleasures—Initiation, Christmas Tree, Theatre Night, etc.
- Line 15—laurels—a figurative term meaning honours, both positive and negative.
- Line 17—April and December—self-explanatory.
- Line 21—the twenty class—sixteen youths and maidens, holding an unparalleled record in the annals of Wesley!



SHOOTING SHIELD

LADIES' HOCKEY.

When we compare this season's Hockey with that of previous years and with the work of other colleges it is evident beyond a doubt that this year has been the most successful in the History of Wesley.

Here is our line-up:-

Myrtle Hazelwood	-	-	Goal
Edna Banks	-	-	Point
Ada Banks	-	-	C. Point
Ora Adamson	-	-	L. Wing
Ilo McHaffie	-	-	R. Wing
Frank Huntley	-	-	Centre
Edith Abercrombie	-	-	Spare

WESLEY vs ST. JOHNS

We opened our eventful season with a challenge to our Anglican sisters. The game was staged at St. John's rink and a goodly number of real rooters was present from both Colleges. Both teams showed a decided lack of practice and team work was practically nil however the spectators were kept on the quivive by several individual rushes from both sides.

Immediately after the knock off the puck was carried past the St. John's defence by Miss Adamson Wesley's Meteoric left Wing and thus our first goal was netted. Though there were several rushes made by the St. John's Forwards there was no one to reinforce the play and at half time the score was 5 - 0.

In the second half, the play was all on St. John's Ice and the whistle blew at a 9 - 0 score.

WESLEY vs U. M. S. A.

We always anticipate a real contest with Varsity and this year proved no exception for they were there with a strong and efficient team and from first to last the game was of the "fight-to-a-finish-never-give-in" variety.

The first half was characterized by the splendid play of the Banks sisters who together put up a defence which is almost impregnable. Although rush after rush was made by the Varsity forwards, Miss Ada intercepted the puck and Miss Edna made a spectacular rush for Varsity goal—finally persistence had its reward, and our calm, cool and collected point scored the first goal.

The second half was just as close and it seemed impossible to make a score but toward the end of the period Miss McHaffie made a fast forceful and furious side rush, passed to centre, who bagged the net for the second time making the final score 2 - 0.

ST. JOHNS vs WESLEY.

The return game was rather a disappointment as there was not sufficient opposition to make the game lively and again without apparent effort Wesley administered the white-wash brush to the tune of 10 - 0.

STONEWALL vs WESLEY.

Being but human we had by this time become conscious of our superiority and welcomed the challenge from the Collegiate girls at Stonewall.

A goodly number of enthusiastic Stonewallers and the ever-present group of faithful Wesleys, witnessed one of the hardest struggles of the season.

Although the Collegiates were lost on such an expansive sheet as the Arena, they kept heart, and though not so good in forward play their defence was almost impassable their imperturbable cover point a veritable tower of strength.

Finally Miss Adamson made a clever side shot and scored the only goal.

STONEWALL vs WESLEY.

Along the sides and ends of the rink ("The wee puddle of ice" the Wesleyettes termed it) was sardonically packed a vast crowd of merry rooters. The "Buka-Laka" echoed and reechoed and indeed it was as sweetest music to our ears.

Those not familiar with skating in ex-curling rinks have no idea what skill is necessary and after receiving bruises from both sides of the rink simultaneously we decided combination was useless. The first half ended with a no score tie and Miss McLaughlin played a star game. In the second half we suffered two goals to enter the sacred precincts.

This defeat was taken with true college spirit, and no doubt did as good for though repeated triumphs had not perceptibly increased our cranial circumferences, yet there was possible a consciousness of self sufficiency which needed to be extracted.

CARMAN vs WESLEY.

This was as exciting as one could wish to see. The game was fast, clean and featured by many dangerous rushes and our goal was kept busy.

Early in the second half Wesley excelled herself and played a 'whole of a game.' Miss Ada Banks with an "aut vincere aut mori" expression made a spectacular end to end rush and netted our first goal.

Before the cheering was over Miss Huntley rushed the puck down the centre, passed to Miss McLaughlin who again bulged the net making a 2-0 score.

The success of the Ladies' Hockey team has been due, in a great measure to our efficient coach Elwood Ridd—every game found Elwood enthusiastic and encouraging and we wish to express our gratitude to him for his untiring interest and unceasing efforts.

We are also gratified for the indispensable services of our spare Miss Abercrombie and to the "scrubs" who helped us practice.

Now without doubt Hockey takes precedent over every other College sport with the exception of Basket Ball. Why was the return game with Varsity not arranged? Why did the "Aggies" not enter a team? Because there has been nothing definite in the arrangement for Inter-Collegiate Hockey.

So that I believe the "Sine qua non" of real Hockey, is better organization, let each of the four colleges send a representative to draw up a definite schedule and form a double series. This will mean Six real games for each college, a reanimation in the college spirit and the kind of victory which comes from well-fought contests.

BASKETBALL.

In spite of the numerous drawbacks the Girls' basketball was a decided success. The first practise was not until after Xmas, when from the enthusiastic group, that turned out to practise, Elin Anderson was chosen captain.

The captain and Ella Ramsay though greatly contrasting in size, proved their ability by playing a splendid game on the forward line. Ada Banks and Willie Stephens, in centre were very energetic and quite famous for their strong combination. For defense we had Mona McLachlin, a freshette, who quickly established her place on the team, and Ilo McHaffie, who as usual was right on the job.

The opening game of the season was against the Aggies and the result was very encouraging. The first game with Varsity was very close, but the final score was in favor of the opponents. In both games with Medicals Wesley put up splendid combination, resulting in favourable score. The return game with Aggies was interesting, and again Wesley came out ahead. The deciding game of the series was that between Wesley and Varsity, when Wesley although playing a new forward, gave Varsity a close chase for first place in the league.

The seasons games were marked by their clean sportsmanship, and the enthusiastic support of the college. This years' success foretells still greater for next year, when we hope to have the old team again on the field.
E.I.B.M. '17



"THE GRADUATES FAREWELL."

This annual and timehonoured event took place in Convocation Hall on Thursday evening April 17th, and with it Wesley became a year older, and sent forth a new reinforcement of her sons and daughters to occupy places of prominence and leadership in the far flung battle line of our "Golden West."

With the President of the College Dr. Riddell in the chair the function was well sustained. In his opening remarks the "Dr." congratulated the members of the graduating classes in Arts and Theology at having reached the culminating point in their educational career, and suggested that graduation always brought to him as it did to all, a feeling of pathetic sadness, on having to leave behind the memories and associations of what should have been the most enjoyable years in the lives of the graduates.

A pleasing feature of the evening was the selections of vocal and instrumental music that interspersed the program, and that was enjoyed by all present.

The committee on this occasion very appropriately arranged with Prof. Allison to unveil the new honor roll containing the names of the students and staff of the college who have donned the Khaki in defence of the idealism for which Wesley College has always stood. Dr. Allison in his pleasing romantic style gave an address during the course of which he referred to the fifty "Sons of Wesley" who laid down their lives on the battlefields of France and Flanders. He said, "We are too close to the event to do justice to these men, but they will not be forgotten, because they are "Sons of Wesley," and as successive generations of students come and go "their names shall be remembered." Dr. Allison suggested that in addition to any permanent Memorial that should be erected in Wesley, that the photographs of our noble dead should be put into gold frames, and hung in the Convocation Hall. He also suggested that a Wesley Flag (on which the names of the great historic battles in which Wesley's students fought) be unfurled as a permanent memento of these stirring days.

During the evening epilogues were made by the retiring Lady and Senior Sticks. The presentation of the traditional emblems of student authority then took place. Judging from the ovation given to the new student leaders, the results of the election to these important offices were in accord with popular desire.

The main events of the evening were the valedictory addresses:-

The Valedictorian in Arts was J. Elwood Ridd whose speech on "The College as a Training School for Leadership" was followed with close attention. It was only natural, that he a war scarred veteran, should bring to us at this time a message throbbing with humanity, and pulsating to the tune of the martial note. He vividly portrayed life as a battlefield, and outlined the conflicting elements that are in evidence in the unrest of the world today. Elwood brought to his subject that fine idealism,—that divine impatience,—that frankness of utterance, that marks the man who was

privileged to take part in the "great fight." He pointed out clearly the need for leaders who could think clearly, act quickly, and in whom the people could trust, and he added "It is the function of the College and University, to provide these leaders." Picturing Wesley as a "Cadet School" where officers were trained to be the leaders of the nation he briefly referred to the courses that might be taken there. "The Machine Gun course in Mathematics—The Musketry course in English—The Drill course in Latin French..and the Gas course in Science." In closing the valedictorian expressed the gratitude of the graduates to the Professors—and to the citizens of Winnipeg for many kindnesses shown during their stay in Wesley. The address was a manly spirited one and worthy of the good soldier Elwood has proved himself to be, and the applause that followed proved how well the speaker had interpreted the present attitude of the college man to the big-new-issues in life. Theology made no mistake in choosing W. S. Atcheson as their representative for valedictory honors. He has a winsome personality, and a splendid platform appearance. His address added another simile to the many to which Wesley had been likened this evening. We saw her as a river flowing placidly down the stream of the centuries—then as a cadet training school—and now Theology pictures Wesley to us as a garden. Mr. Atcheson said in part "The constituent elements of a good garden are —order—arrangement—organisation and co-operation. The beauty of the carefully arranged flowers. The sweet fragrance that blends into one rich perfume. The most delicate flower makes its contribution. These factors are prominent in college life. Each class and member forms a part of the great life and soul of the college. The gardener seeks variety and he beautifies the plot—so in college life—each year brings in new life and great variety of nationality. Each year we have spent at Wesley has marked in us a growth and development as students. It is our regret that we cannot tarry longer that we might be full grown and well rounded characters. In conclusion the speaker said, "On behalf of the class I take this opportunity of expressing our appreciation and deep gratitude to the faculty of Wesley College. We would assure these members that we are privileged to associate with, that we shall carry forth the splendid traditions of Wesley, and strive for the best interests of the institution. We shall not forget our Alma Mater. In closing may I quote :-

"Time but the impression stronger makes
As streams their channels deeper wear."

Following this address by the representative of Theology was a speech by Prof. Harvey on "Graduation. What Then?" in which he gave in a very excellent manner some very sound practical advice to the graduates as to the selection of a profession. All present were amazed, but much pleased to hear this learned and scholarly gentleman advise the male students to seriously consider agriculture as a possible life occupation, and his advice to the ladies was that a course in domestic science would be advantageous to the most expert in culinary art. We would much like to have been able to have read the professor's thoughts as he enlarged upon the latter, but not having that gift, we were left with our own thoughts. After a pleasant time spent on the indispensable ice cream and cake, a most enjoyable evening passed into oblivion.

THE NINETEEN CLASS IN THE GRIP OF DESTINY.

After the last paper was written in the spring examinations, a fair member of the nineteen class fell into an uneasy slumber. During the week previous to the last ordeal in her arts course she had been an assiduous Browning scholar. Perhaps this is why she had a vision of the gypsy who figures in "The Flight of the Duchess." She saw this mahogany-faced ancient gazing into a golden bowl which was brimming with a liquid that looked like "some lucent syrup tinct with cinnamon." As she sat there in her robe of scarlet and black, she saw faces and scenes coming up before her, a procession of pictures unrolled by Destiny to ease the soul of the fair sleeper who wondered whether she and the other members of her class would ever amount to anything in the days that are to be.

The wrinkled beldame saw the ladies of the class rise to the surface first. Even Destiny believes these days in the adage, "Ladies first."

Ora Adamson, the senior stick, had the right of priority. The old gypsy described her against the background of an electric stove in a parsonage kitchen. She was standing by a table, her chubby arms bared to the elbows as she flourished a rolling pin upon the bake board turning out the dough for biscuits to be consumed by the members of the Quarterly Board whom her husband had asked in to tea. A pleasant smile illuminated her face and the gypsy, who was also a mind-reader, informed the sleeper that Mrs.—was enjoying a joke that obtained much currency in her college days. It was something about a Dutch cut, but she the gypsy, could not fully grasp its significance. As the scene faded away the minister's wife was walking up and down the kitchen twirling the rolling-pin as she used to brandish the senior stick.

The next scene was a class-room in a Ladies' college in Saskatoon. The students were trying to twist their months into queer shapes in an effort to copy exactly the accent of their teacher, Dr. Kathleen Connolly, who was giving them an enthusiastic lesson in French. Miss K.'s front hair was tinged with grey but her eyes were as bright and her smile as attractive as when she received her gold medal at the convocation of 1919. Even a quarter of a century in a ladies' college had not appreciably diminished her tremendous energy.

Suddenly the moving picture film showed a change of scene. Instead of the metropolis of Saskatoon and the immense buildings of the ladies' college there was such venerable pile as the young duchess fled from that day when she was hypnotised by the old gypsy. It was one of the stately homes of England, a haunt of ancient peace. The butler was carrying a glass of lemonade across the lawn to a gentle-faced woman who sat at a tea-table reading an old volume of Martial which she had never looked at since the spring of 1919. There was a smile on her face, because when she had left college she had intended to teach Latin in some Manitoba high school. But Destiny had decreed otherwise. She had got her gold medal all right and could have been an excellent teacher, but the year after graduation she had decided to visit the home of her childhood, Bury Street, Edmunds. And now, as the aged servitor handed her the lemonade, he bowed and said, "Will your ladyship have cook prepare turbot or

salmon for the fish course at dinner tonight?" "Oh, turbot, of course," said her ladyship, and once more she began to dream over her Martial.

As the gipsy announced that the scene was changing, the fair sleeper smiled a long beatific smile. She now knew that she would never teach high school.

The gipsy now looked once more into the shimmering pool. She began to describe the interior of a large hall in Winnipeg. James Watts was on the platform. In fact he was in the act of delivering a sermon on social righteousness to an audience which was applauding wildly. He was championing the cause of the Winnipeg Airship Metal Workers who were on strike for a three hour day and a wage of four dollars an hour. The Rev. James was indulging in some snappy reminiscences of a great strike which happened in Winnipeg during his last days in college. He was reminding his hearers of the long fight and the sure progress made by the working men of Canada during the twenty-five eventful years that had passed since those primeval days.

One of the heartiest supporters behind Mr. Watts was the famous criminal lawyer, Mr. Victor Ibbetson, who had been in his class at college and naturally basked in the splendor of the preacher's eloquence. Mr. Ibbetson still wore his mane loosely and promiscuously as in college days and still revelled in a high complexion and a broad smile. The old gipsy thought he was a benevolent gentleman to be a criminal lawyer, but when the magic pool was stirred she caught a glimpse of him in action before a jury and as she heard him tearing to pieces the argument of the crown attorney at the trial of Archibald Simpson accused of destroying the elevator of Aerial Station No. 9 on Portage Ave. she quickly changed her mind. She was so frightened that she spilled the fluid out of her golden bowl.

But there was still enough liquid left to show forth the next two pictures. The first was the principal's office in a Calgary high school. The portly form of Ellwood Ridd was seated in an easy chair and he was correcting some examination papers in English Constitutional History. The question were based on the period of the Great War, and as the mild eyes of the principal followed the answers down one page and up another, he became dreamy and fought his battles over again. As he looked back over the years he was glad he had been born early enough to take part in the great push on the Somme. As he sat there dreaming, the door opened and in walked Wesley Runions, comrade of these bivouacs and dug-out dinners in France. Wesley was now quite bald and wore false teeth, but he was just as sprightly as in those undergraduate days when he played on the cello at student shines. He was now manager of the Calgary Chemical Concern, a vast establishment which made a specialty of manufacturing breakfast in tabloid form. Ellwood and Wesley were busy talking over their war experiences, interspersed with a few yarns about College days, when the old gipsy smiled as another picture came to the surface.

This time a sumptuous office was revealed. Ten girls were clicking away at typewriters, five were operating adding machines. Behind a glass partition in a parlor office sat a tall thin gentleman. On the walls behind him were group pictures of the staff of Wesley

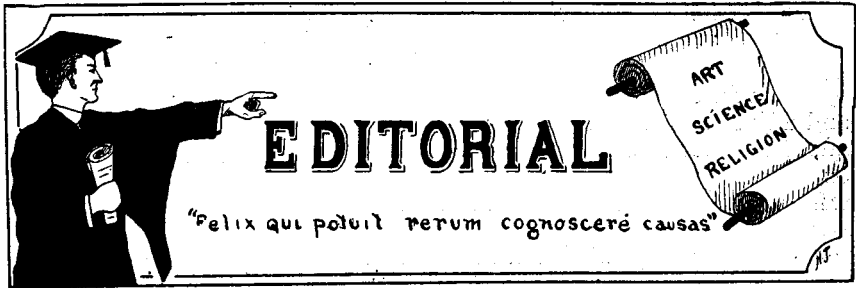
College in different decades. On his table was a bust of Principal Riddell, the Napoleon of finance who built the greater Wesley in Tuxedo Park, and who had seen the student body increase from one hundred to one thousand. As the Registrar, gazed through his gold glasses at some of the pictures on the walls he smiled an expansive smile. He was just counting up the yearly contributions from the circuits of Manitoba and found that they totalled \$200,000. He chuckled his old undergraduate chuckle of 1919 when he remembered that in that year he didn't have one adding machine in his office. And as he chuckled to himself Registrar Cummings touched an electric button. When the Bursar came in he said pleasantly, "Mr. Al-saker, I have just received a cheque from Ibbetson for \$300,000. We can now go ahead with that new dormitory. He wishes to have it called, 'Foreman Hall.'"

On hearing these words the fair sleeper awoke so suddenly that she bumped her head against the bed-post, and made the bed tremble so violently that the concussion was heard through the entire third floor of Sparling Hall.





	P. V. Ibbetson	O. Alsaker	A. W. Lougheed	D. Ross	V. N. Riddle
	(Grouch)		(Business Manager)		
M. E. Graham	Miss Jennings		Jas. Watts	Miss C. Allingham	
			(Editor in Chief)		
A. Pigott	Miss K. Connelly	Prof. S. Johnson	Miss L. Foreman	A. Mills	
		(President)			
	D. N. Ridd	J. George	E. Ridd		



This article finishes the pleasures and privileges of my editorship of "Vox." The newness of the duties were a prophecy of awaiting surprises. The persistency of the would be author or poet, the spleen of the ignorant obsessed critic, the eternal questioner, "When will Vox be out?" these did not surprise us. The botanist hunts for rare specimens and thrills with pleasure at a good find but the world of the field—the birds, trees flowers, sky, air,—finds a response in him and so to us the pleasure of editorship has not been the finding of some rare specimen of literature but in the hearty cooperation of the students, both past and present, who were desirous of making the college magazine a success. We did make the discovery oft repeated by those who serve, we found the spirit of Wesley. This rare specimen of college life dwells not in the mountain tops of Victoria, Queens, McGill, nor on the plains of Saskatoon and Edmonton but they who get the sense can track it to its flourishing place.

The year has indeed been eventful.

The 'Flu Ban' created much uncertainty as to the procedure that would find favour in authoritative circles regarding studies and examinations. The declaration of an Armistice made glad the heart of the nation and the students joined the troop of celebrators. The returning warriors ever increasing in number found the rooms of Wesley congenial to the re-enjoyment of past experiences in these halls. The Strike upset all calculations and may I say in this connection that a few of usual features of the Year Book are missing because of the mailing conditions.

Before we lay aside the editor's pen may we draw your attention to the features of this year's "Vox." The Grouch innovation justified itself by the interest it aroused among the resident students. The many war items by our soldier heroes linked the present student body with the past and future Wesley.

We retire into the ranks of past Editors thanking sincerely the staff associated in the work for their loyal support and co-operation. We welcome to the Editor's chair Mr. Cragg, knowing that the premier magazine of Western College journalism will maintain its standard under his wise and experienced editorship.

JAMES WATTS.

CRITICISM IN EDUCATION

In education as in politics this is an era of rapid transition and adjustment in which all the forces of criticism both destructive and constructive seem to have been let loose, and whatever politicians may say to the contrary this criticism is the very breath of life without which true education must die.

To many, criticism seems to connote something sinister because egotists have resented it and poets have died from it, but it does not mean fault-finding any more than praise means flattery. In fact, criticism may be synonymous with praise; it may be friendly or unfriendly, fair or unfair; but its value will be proportionate to its disinterestedness. If vitiated by political, religious, or material interests, it immediately falls into "the falsehood of extremes" and becomes the mouthpiece of party, sect or mammon. Then the principle or theory around which the critic pretends to let the light of reason play, will be disparaged rather than amplified or interpreted; and the vulgar notion of criticism will be justified.

But true criticism is merely the search for truth, and as such is indispensable in educational or political readjustment. One may admit that "the critical power is of lower rank than the creative," and yet guard against underestimating its value. It is another instance of the division of labor. The critic has to create the atmosphere in which the creator or reformer must ultimately work. He must stimulate discussion, breathe life into apathy, discover new ideals, and set there ideas at war with one another. This done, the constructive reformer will seize hold upon the fittest ideas which survive and progress will be permanently effected.

Most critics of educational ideals and methods may be divided into two classes: the half-hearted who grumble in private, the impatient who believe that wisdom crieth out in the streets and no man regardeth it. The first is treated most justly by being ignored the second is worthy of sympathy, but in need of a restraining hand. Granted that the crank of today is the moderate man of tomorrow, the crank must be constrained to wait until the fullness of time has produced that intellectual activity which is prerequisite to constructive reform. He must wait until his ideas have permeated the whole community, but he will be finding the process slow:

"When will the hundred Summers die,
And thought and time be born again,
And newer knowledge drawing nigh,
Bring truth that sways the Souls of men—"

But in learning moderation the impatient critic must never cease his unfettered thinking. He must make himself acquainted with the culture of his subject, the best that has been thought and said and done in days gone by, the condensed wisdom of his ancestors; and in so doing he will realize how important is his responsibility to the public. He will see that he cannot be an educational Solon or Lycurgus, for in modern days we have learned that there must be

a long upward march towards any ideal state, and that the law of change is the law of life: "Lest one good custom should corrupt the world." As Burke says, "If a great change is to be made in human affairs the minds of men will be fitted to it, the general opinion and feelings will draw that way."

But because the general opinion and feelings are slow in manoeuvring at the command of an educational enthusiast, he must not lose his sense of proportion. Every year some such enthusiast discovers a new-old idea that has already been tried with or without success. In the first flash of discovery he would sweep away everything good and bad to make room for his new experiment.

Here is a case in which the sound critic can do yeoman service. He can treat each theory by the historical methods. His knowledge of the history of education will give him perspective and his exercise of the critical faculty will give him balance. In this way the enthusiast will get into a current of ideas and if he can maintain his equilibrium his ideas will triumph and reaction will begin when criticism has done its work.

It is true that the reformer's "reach must exceed his grasp" and that progress against a general fire of criticism will temporarily be retarded: but once effected under these conditions, the advance guard can hold the position until the rear guard comes up, while without this criticism the advance would be premature and perhaps abortive. "Our ideas will in the end shape the world better for maturing a little;" and the wider the interest, the keener the criticism, the more regular and sustained will be the upward march of educational reform.

HAIL TO THE STICK.

Hail to the Stick, Ye students of Wesley,
 Have minded its just honor, with this Stick
 Fletcher Argue played his part. The buka-laka
 Led by this small stick challenged Medicals yell.
 A thousand times this wand did Crummy wave,
 With it Lee soothed the exiles grief.
 This stick glittered as a golden leaf,
 Amid the cypress with which Keeton crowned
 His philosophic brow; as a gentle rod
 It cheered mild Cook, called from the manse
 To enter Wesley's halls and when in '17
 To Lavender's lot it fell, in his hand
 The thing, became a trumpet, whence he blew
 Soul animating yells—Alas now ended.

THE NAPOLEON OF THE NEWSPAPERS

By H. D. Ranns.

The expected has happened in British politics. After considerable sniping in the columns of his newspaper Lord Northcliffe has come at last into open and active warfare with the little Welsh wizard, Lloyd George. The stage is all set for the drama and the curtain has already risen on a battle royal, in which the two strongest men in the British Isles are combatants. It is a sight for gods and men and the outcome is bound to be uncertain. In any case one man or the other will be weaker in power and the result will affect the destinies of the British Empire. So it seems to me that to gain some idea of the career and characteristics of a protagonist in such a battle will be of interest. As the career of the British Premier is public property at this time of the day, I thought it would be more helpful to take the case of the lesser known man.

Lord Northcliffe has had as remarkable a career as any man on earth might desire. He is the newspaper exemplification of the doctrine of "Self Help" so persistently advocated by Dr. Samuel Smiles some years ago. Lord Northcliffe worships success and he has known an uncommon amount of it for one man. All his boyhood dreams have become true and they were tall dreams at that, for Alfred Harmsworth never suffered from the vice of self depreciation. He wanted the earth and all that was in it—and, begad, he's got it—or as much of it as is good for any one man. So he stands before us a most remarkable man and no one, not even his bitterest enemy, can deny his uncommon qualities. He is a strong man, strong physically, strong mentally—a man of courage and capacity, a difficult man to fight, a man who has raised himself to power only equalled by that of his opponent in this great struggle. He is a tireless worker and rises as early as a Western farmer—and goes to bed much later. He says that work is his fun and he is not talking without his book. So a man like that needs watching if you are on the opposite side in a controversy. He will not stop at much now his blood is up. In that Lord Northcliffe and Mr. Lloyd George are well matched.

The story of his life is a record of amazing progress. He almost leapt into fame and fortune and was a millionaire at an age when other men are beginning business. But it is time we told his life story and let it speak for itself. Alfred Charles William Harmsworth—to give him his christened name—was born at Chapelizod, County Dublin, Ireland, July 15, 1865 of mixed parentage, his Father being an English barrister and his mother an Irishwoman. When he was barely a year old he was taken to England and his parents settled at Hampstead, his father having secured law work that required his attendance at the London Law Courts. The Harmsworth boys—there came to be six of them—were sent to a private school in the district first of all and here Alfred distinguished himself by being head of his class, usually without effort. He also showed signs early of the reportorial instinct and was noted for an unusually developed bump of curiosity, bothering and boring his elders to distractions by his persistent questioning. Later schools were: Marylebone and Stamford Grammar Schools. At the latter school

he edited the school magazine and showed his journalistic mettle—also his native “modesty”. This is how the very youthful editor wrote of the first issue. “I have it on the very best authority that this paper will be a marked success.” In the next issue he declared unblushingly that his prediction had been abundantly vindicated!

When the boy Alfred left school the question at once arose as to what he would become. Already he had shown a desire to go into newspaper work but his father was very antagonistic to journalism. In order to win the boy away from the idea of journalism, the father persuaded an old journalistic friend to take Alfred to see the office of a London evening newspaper, thinking that the untidiness and squalor of such an office in those days would rid his son of any desire for life in such a place. But the result was the very reverse of what he hoped. “What a ripping place” said the schoolboy in his slangy way, “I should just like to work here.” His fate was sealed and not even a visit to the Law Courts (his father wanted to make him a barrister) could change his determination. No dry-as-dust law books for him when there were the fascinations of a newspaper office alluring him.

As far as we can find out young Harmsworth never went through the mill of the lower stages of work in a newspaper office. There is no record of the “cub” reporter doing “obits” or anything of that sort. If he did go through such discipline it was of very short duration, for very early in his teens we find him assistant editor of “Youth” at a salary of \$25 a week, which would be even better comparatively in England of that day than in Canada then or now. When he was 18 years of age he came to the conclusion, after observing keenly what people were reading, that the people of England were not getting the journals they wanted but what they could get. At that time English newspapers and magazines were of a conservative, lifeless, stereotyped kind and young Harmsworth detected their weaknesses unerringly. He was also very ready young as he was, to ride on the crest of any passing wave of popular fancy and as cycling was all the rage just then, we find Master Harmsworth appearing next in Coventry as editor of “Bicycling News.” He was also doing considerable free lance journalism successfully and, among other journals, he contributed to “Tit-Bits” the paper owned by George Newnes, the pioneer in the school of “snippety” journalism. After a while of this sort of thing, the ambitious young journalist came to the conclusion that he could produce a better and livelier paper than “Tit-Bits” and give the great big public one thing it wanted, or that he would make it want. So “Answers to Correspondents” was born in 1888, and the first issue contained brief articles on such alluring topics as “A Living Clock,” “Living on Nothing a Year,” “Silk Stockings” and so on. Even such fascinating fare as this did not lead the public to go wild with enthusiasm over the publication and the first issue was only 13,000 copies. For some time the fortunes of the paper hung in the balance, but by astute publicity methods, such as offering a £1 a week for life in a competition, he drew public attention to his venture and in a few years there was a circulation of 718,000 and annual profits amounting to \$300,000. He was thus properly launched on the sea of periodical journalism and from that moment never looked back. Henceforward we have one crescendo of success.

From the time that "Answers" was a complete success, periodical after periodical flowed from the Harmsworth press. Such "elevating" paper as "Comic Cuts," "Chips," "Forget Me Not," "Home Sweet Home," "Home Chat" and many others added to the fame and fortune of the Harmsworth brothers, for by this time Harold Harmsworth (now Baron Rothermere) had joined Alfred. All these periodicals had stamped on them the unmistakable "Harmsworth touch." Alfred Harmsworth even decided to invade religious world with his press and started the "Sunday Companion," an undenominational "religious" journal of a sort which he advertised with such ingenious devices as giving premiums in the shape of bottles of water from the River Jordan. With such novel schemes he worked up a circulation of 350,000 for this venture, so that one weekly and another was busy working bringing grist to the Harmsworth mill. At the remarkably early age of 30 Alfred Harmsworth was a millionaire. But even yet he was longing for fresh worlds to conquer and opportunity was knocking at the door.

In 1894, when Mr. Harmsworth was 29 years of age, the London Evening News was offered to him for a song. It was on its last legs and to buy looked a desperate venture, but with the faculty of quick decision that has made his fortune, Alfred Harmsworth decided to take the chance. He took it and made a very quick success. Even yet his boundless ambition was not satisfied. He had long had his eye on the morning newspaper field and in 1896 decided to enter the morning field with a paper of an entirely different type than anything existing at that time. The result was the birth of "The Daily Mail," of which the features were rigid condensation in the presentation of news, American news, small bulk and striking headlines. There was no doubt about the success of the "Daily Mail" from the first. Though some abominated it and others liked it, there were enough who liked it to enable the paper to reach the million mark by 1900. The next venture was, for a time at least, Harmsworth's only failure. He got the idea into his brilliant brain that women would support a newspaper for themselves alone and the "Daily Mirror" was the outcome. Women did not support it, the circulation went down and down until matters were desperate, when its proprietor decided that something drastic must be done. He had already lost \$500,000 in this paper. But when he made the decision to change it to a "picture" paper he hit upon something the public did want and it was an immediate success in its changed form. Lord Northcliffe was always ready to learn from experience.

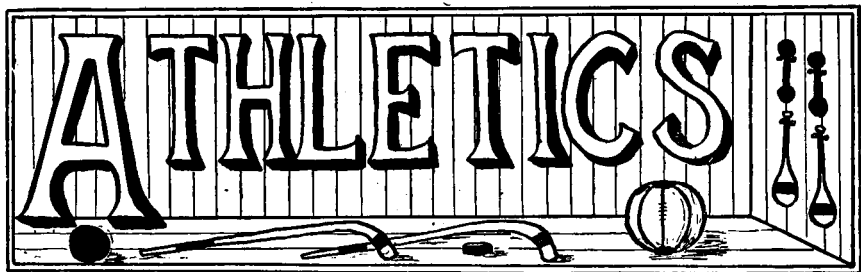
It is impossible to tell the rest of the story in detail. The purchase of the "Times" newspaper, which Abraham Lincoln called "The most powerful thing in the world except the Mississippi" but which Lloyd George has recently dubbed "the threepenny Daily Mail," the visits to America (Lord Northcliffe is very fond of America), the baronetcy given him in 1904 and his promotion to Baron Northcliffe in 1906, the outbreak of the war, the exposure of Lord Kitchener's lack of high explosive shells (possibly the most selfless and patriotic thing Northcliffe ever did), the breaking of the Asquith coalition, the British War Mission to America of which Lord Northcliffe was the head, the journalistic work on three fronts incorporated in his book, racy and interesting, "At the War"—of all these things the world is aware.

I think you will agree that the story makes good the claim that Lord Northcliffe is a most remarkable man. As is the case with the claims to fame of any man in the public eye, opinions differ as to Lord Northcliffe. His friends laud his enterprise, industry, decision and success—his enemies speak of him as one who has made journalism a trade instead of a profession. One critic says, "His conception of journalism is to give the public the meat it craves for" and declares that he regards himself as "the purveyor of a popular commodity." There is truth in such a view. It is difficult to find any wholesouled idealism in the life of Lord Northcliffe. That is his one great lack—and it is a great lack. In that he is inferior to his great protagonist, Lloyd George. But he is a big man and is in for a big fight. It will be a Titanic struggle whoever wins.



SOCIAL AND LITERARY EXECUTIVE.





ATHLETICS 1918-19.

It was with much fear and trembling we undertook to organize our athletic activities for the past college year. On account of our ranks being depleted by the war, we had not much prospect of making a real good showing, especially in intercollegiate events. Moreover, we had just got things nicely under way, our organizations into shape when the "flu" ban made matters look darker still. On account of this we were unable to have any intercollegiate football this year. The weather and grounds were ideal last fall for this exciting form of sport, and many a sigh was heaved by our football enthusiasts when they thought of things as they might have been, for this year we had expected to bring home the silverware, after our narrow escape the season before. Yet it was not to be.

Nevertheless, with spirits undaunted we started right in again after the ban was lifted. Our energetic athletic president, D. Ridd got his scattered forces lined up again and we decided to enter into intercollegiate curling, basketball and hockey.

Judging by the interest manifested this year, Curling has been more popular than ever, especially among the ladies. We decided to "pool" the players, thus no inter-class games as such were scheduled. We were fortunate to secure ice at the "Aud." Rink where many interesting games were played.

In the intercollegiate series Wesley made a fine showing with three rinks skipped by Dwight Ridd, Bert Mills and Halliday. In our first game with Law we were successful. The second game played against Varsity was keenly contested from the outset. For awhile it looked as if the game might go either way, until Mills came through and nosed out a glorious victory for the Red and the Blues. In the final game with Meds. our hopes ran high until about the sixth end, when, by a series of wrong turns,—missing the brooms, etc., we began to relax our hold on what had seemed to be certain victory. We worked hard, but Fate seemed against us and Meds. captured the championship by seven points.

Throughout the whole series interest ran high. Probably a suggestion here, to "the powers that be" in intercollegiate athletics might be in place—Why not have intercollegiate Curling for the ladies next season?

Our basketball team under "Ibi's" able leadership has made a splendid showing both in the Crowe Trophy series and also in the intercollegiate series. Probably the two outstanding games of the season were played with Varsity and Meds. Never did Wesley play better, never were the Red and Blues more worthy of their victory. Yet again in the final game with Engineers we were out of favour with Fortune. Once more the silverware vanished from our sight.

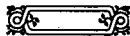
Intercollegiate Hockey has also played a great part in this year's program. "Vic" Riddle was the popular captain of the team. They did not expect to do anything of much account in this line of sport. By persistent effort and practice they gradually worked their way up until with great glee and surprise they found themselves in the final with Aggies.

During the series many good games were staged. Again we met our old rivals—Varsity and a good game ended in a tie.

In the final game with Aggies, although facing great odds, our boys kept their opponents at bay until the last ten minutes of the game, when Aggies broke through and scored the first goal of the game, and finally won a good, clean, well contested game by the score of 4—0.

One encouraging feature of this year's athletic activities has been the whole hearted support of the student body in turning out to the games and with the strains of the old "Buka-laka" cheered the boys to victory.

Though we have not captured any of the silverware we have come pretty near in three instances and under circumstances this year, Wesley has made a showing second to none. W.T.B.



COLLEGE DINNER

Wesley College held its 30th Annual Dinner in the Royal Alexandra Hotel on March 28th. Although the holding of a College Dinner is one of Wesley's established customs, the 1919 banquet had a special significance—our first banquet since the dawn of peace. For the last four years we have been living under a cloud of loneliness and depression. Even in our most joyful moments a dark shadow has lurked in the background—the shadow of a world conflict. This year it was different. We could eat the delicious food without having our conscience prick us whenever we thought of Wesley boys eating Bully-beef and hard-tack. We could look at the beautifully appointed tables and the softly shaded lights without thinking of the shell-pitted fields of Flanders lit only by the flare of the star-shells. For this reason the banquet was without doubt the most successful ever held.

After the usual welcoming preliminaries, which one Freshman describes as "Running the gauntlet," one hundred and seventy-five guests sat down to enjoy the plentiful repast. After all the mere eating of food is not the main thing in a banquet, as one would imagine it to be, for we found that the Toast List occupied about twice as long as the dinner itself. After the toast to His Majesty the King which was proposed by the Chairman Dr. Riddell, Miss Johnson proposed a toast to Our Soldier Boys. Miss Johnson spoke of the undying fame, achieved by the heroism and self-sacrifice of our Wesley men and read the long list of those who had been decorated by the King. The Toast was responded to by Lieutenant Mountford, one of our returned heroes, who won the Military Medal, received his Commission on the field, and then won the Military Cross. Lieutenant Mountford said that even in France Wesley Boys managed to get together, and talk over old times whether they were in rest camps or in dug-outs. The program was then varied by a piano solo delightfully rendered by Miss Beulah Ross. Miss Connelly proposed the toast to the University, which was responded to by Dr. J. A. MacLean. Everyone was made to feel that there exists a strong bond of sympathy and friendship between Varsity and Wesley. The next number was a solo by Miss Joy Runions. Dwight Ridd declared that he was too light for the heavy work of proposing a toast to the "Grads" but he soon showed himself to be fully capable of performing even this arduous task. James Watts, in his response, made a very interesting comparison when he enlightened College Life to a landscape painting. We were extremely flattered at being referred to as flowers. A charming trio was then given by the Misses Runions and Wesley Runions. P. V. Ibbetson paid a sincere tribute to the Faculty, whom he said indeed possessed the faculty of organizing us successfully for the Spring campaign. Professor Johnson, in his reply, said that he deeply appreciated the motto on the menu card which gave the professors such unlimited scope in the administration of discipline. Miss Nellie Edwards gave a solo, which was greatly enjoyed. The Toast

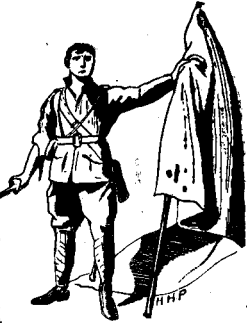
to our Alma Mater was proposed by Wesley Runions, another boy of whom Wesley College is justly proud. Mr. B. C. Parker responded to the Toast and greatly amused everyone by his allusions to the college life of a few years ago. He spoke of the difficulty of securing a partner for the Freshmen's Reception owing to the fact that the First Year Class consisted of about twenty-five boys and only one girl. Once more the program was enlivened by music in the form of a piano solo by Miss Edith Nelson. Vic. Riddle must have spent several evenings studying his subject at very close range for in his Toast to the ladies he disclosed a very intimate and a very embracing knowledge of the "fair sex." Miss Ora Adamson, our popular Lady Stick, replied with some very few but well chosen words. Everyone then clasped hands and sang that pledge of friendship "Auld Lang Syne." With the singing of the National Anthem the banquet came to a close.

M. L. Brown, A '22.



"THE SUN DANCE TRAIL"

WESLEY AND WAR TIME



Captain Ewart H. Morgan enlisted as a Lieutenant with the 179th Battalion January 1st 1916, and left Camp Hughes for overseas September 27th. He proceeded to France at once to reinforce the 43rd, was wounded in the hip at Vimy Ridge in April 1917.

After six months in hospital he returned to France winning his captaincy on the field the following March.

Quoting from the London Times.

"Captain Morgan was awarded the Military Cross, August 8th. He was in command of "A" company, which attacked a wood from the left flank.

In spite of a heavy barrage and a thick fog he organized and led forward his men, with great courage and coolness.

The advancing tanks, owing to the fog, mistook his men for the enemy, and opened fire on them with light guns. A certain amount of confusion resulted, but he re-organized and led on his company, and succeeded in outflanking the wood. It was largely due to the success of this manoeuvre that the wood was captured."

Ewart was a popular member of the '17 Class, and although absent at the time of election, was chosen as its permanent president.

Another '17 to bring distinction to his Alma Mater is Sergt. G. G. Grigg, who was awarded the Military Medal.

The official record of the "why and wherefore" is not to hand, unfortunately.

Sergt. Grigg enlisted as a private in the 11th Field Ambulance in the spring of 1916, and was in France the following August. He was one of four Seventeens who received their degrees "in absentia" in May 1917. Ptes. J. E. Cooper, I. R. McHaffie and Sig. A. Somerville were the others.

The latest member of the '17's to be welcomed back was Ivan McHaffie, who arrived Saturday night, March 29th.

WAR.

The Woman's Point Of View.

We have reared our sons for the Empire,
 We have taught them their country's worth;
 They were hers when we knew our calling,
 They were hers when we gave them birth.
 We fed them, and watched and loved them,
 From the cradle to manhood's state—
 Ours? They belong to the Empire,
 And we've but fulfilled our fate.

We told them of England's greatness
 As they cuddled upon our knee,
 And they listened with childish wonder
 To the stories of victory.
 We told them of all our glory,
 Our country's undying fame—
 We taught them to love and reverence
 The sound of old England's name.

We prayed through the long night watches
 In silent and yearning mood,
 To the God of our children's fathers
 From the depth of our motherhood.
 We watched them through all their child-days
 With a trustful and hungry pride,
 And lived again in their manhood
 And our hearts were satisfied.

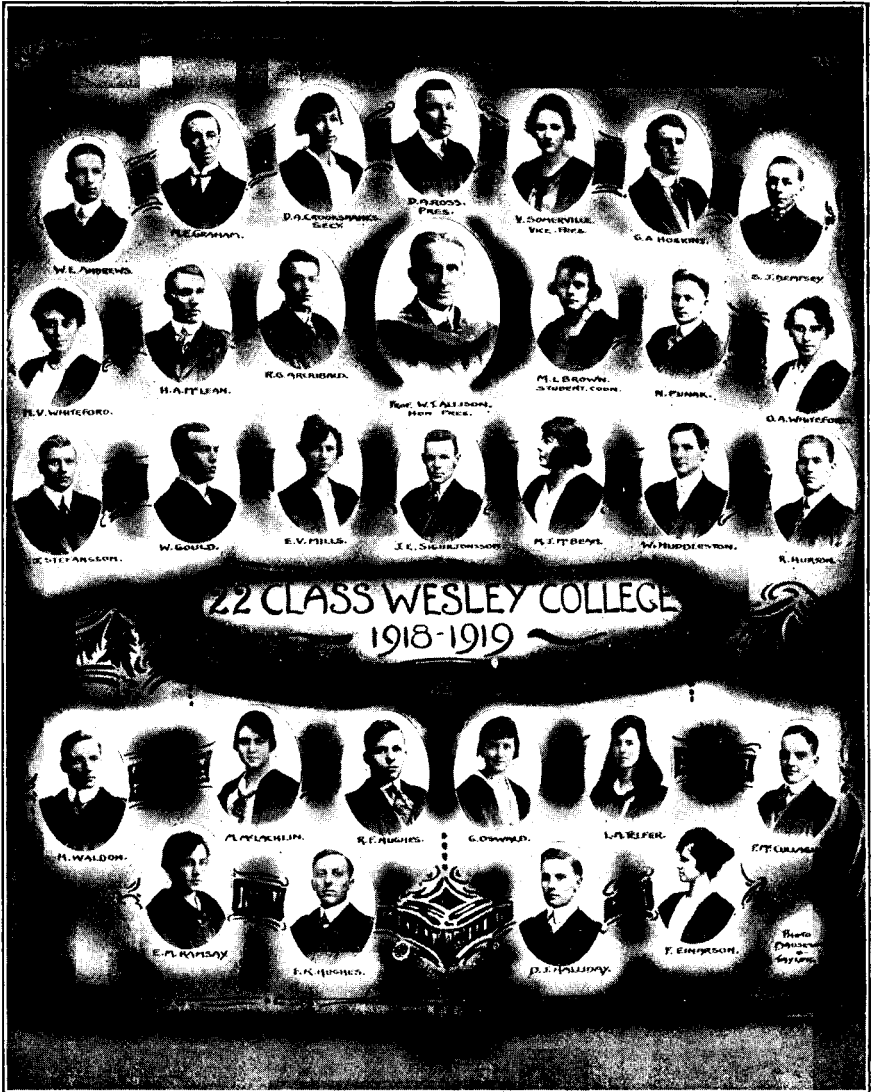
Ours? They belong to the Empire,
 And they joy to obey its call,
 We kiss them, and give our blessing,
 And they leave us to fight—and fall.
 Oh, God above, who has made us—
 Our agony, pitying, stay!
 And comfort the broken spirits,
 Of England's women today.

Take them from us, oh, England!
 They were born and bred for thee,
 And the glorious stuff they are made of
 Will guard you from sea to sea.
 Take them!—We yield them proudly—
 But say not in idle jest
 That women do nought for the Empire,
 For have we not given our best?

Margaret Kermode

ARTS '22

Name	Nick Name	Favorite Pastime	Why Famous	Ambition
W. E. Andrews	Andy	Taking Seniors out for car rides.	Getting stuck in the mud.	To learn to drive a car.
R. G. Archibald	Brainy	Reading Virgil	Shyness	Stenographer
M. T. Brown	Rusty	Strolling in the Park	Debating	Professor in Classics
D. A. Crookshanks	Hank	Dreaming	Physics Lab.	A Farmerette
I. J. Dempsey	Jazz	Throwing Chalk	Imitating Chas. Chaplin	House-keeper
F. Einarson	Cutey	Thinking	Beau catching curls	B. A. or bust
W. Gould	Buck	Being invited out for meals	Politeness	Street car motor man
M. E. Graham	Rev.	Eating Breakfast at Prayer time	His Size	To grow up
D. J. Halliday	Jim	Writing to M.	His desire to find error in Physics	To find one
G. A. Hoskins	Bobby	Staying in his room	His knockout blow	An Osteopath
W. Huddleston	Billy	Bumming	Guarding Eats	Clergyman
R. J. Hughes	Peanuts	Skating	Knowledge of Greek Mythology	Get a degree
F. R. Hughes	Walnuts	Romancing	Talking to girls when necessary	Etc.
R. Hurton	Bob	Quarreling with the females	Mamed Brows	M. P.
M. I. McBean	Bunny	Laughing	Her hair	A Medical Missionary
P. McCullagh	Bud	Going to Stonewall	Eyes	To cut up a real man
M. McLachlin	Tiny	Athletics	Sleeping in	To Marry a Millionaire
H. A. McLean	Mac	Eating	Interest in Dauphin	To get a wife
E. V. Mills	Flossy	Talking	Heirlooms	To be a Dean
G. Oswald	Gwen	Telling Jokes	Her Hero	To go to College
N. Punk	Bunky	Coming in late to lectures	Sitting in front seat	A Scholarship
E. M. Ramsay	Skinny	Talking to boys thro' the window	Acting	Chorus Girl
D. A. Ross	Don	Taking girls to church	Leadership	Barrister
J. E. Sigurjonsson	Bugsey	Talking to girls	Matching for coppers	World Billiard Champion
V. Someville	Vy	Talking over telephone	Skipping 9 o'clock lectures	To get married at forty
A. J. Stefansson	Steffie	Skipping lectures	Stalling the Profs.	To have an epitaph
F. M. Teller	Browny	Going to Shows	Curly eyes and laughing hair	M.A., B.Sc.
H. Wilson	Doc	Taking notes in his sleep	His tenor	To saw bones
M. Whiteford	Myrt	Reading	Precision	To succeed
O. Whiteford	Ollie	Singing	Keeping still	To do something unusual



FRESHMEN.

Soph's.

Choc, tou, chic a kow, chic, chu, chee,
 Boma laca bow wow, dicker acka dee,
 Kemo, kimo, Zip! Boom! Bah!
 Nineteen twenty-one, Rah! Rah! Rah!

1—9—2—1

Professor Johnson has stated that "Democracy calls for quality rather than quantity." Therefore our class has progressed along democratic lines. At this the end of our Sophomore year, only five original twenty-ones remain. But the twenty class has been very good to us in giving us two of their not-lesser lights and we have also gained Clara.

As Sophomores we have not been a particularly bumptious class but after all bumptiousness may not be an essential to wisdom, much less to a good time.

Sometimes we have wondered if our real worth and genuine goodness have been fully appreciated by those whom we so thoroughly respect and from whom we have learned so much. Particularly did this suspicion trouble our hearts when after repeated admonition to attend prayers, Dr. Elliot was heard to murmur, "It is time this class was on their knees."

Our dramatic instinct found expression on Stunt Night in a little original Play entitled, "The Morning After The Night Before." The pleasure the production afforded the audience may be questioned but there can never be any doubt in the minds of the actors but that the rehearsing was more profitable than studying. So well did three members of the class distinguish themselves in this production that they were among the chosen few who took part in the annual Wesley Play.

The various twenty-ones also participated in the other activities of the College with perhaps one exception when it came to Basketball, we were but 'rooters.'

The first of the year was much broken up by the "Flu" Ban and no other class in college has felt the results of this plague to a greater extent. It was with a great shock and much heart felt sorrow that we received the news of the death from Influenza of our last year's president, Bob Cooper. His cheerful optimism cannot easily be replaced. But since, "He lives two lives who lives this first life well," we think of him as in the enjoyment of a fuller life beyond.

M. M. T.

JUNIORS.

Mihe! Mihi! Miho! Merimsticka Boomaricka,
 Soap-fat, ninny eats, soap-fat merang,
 Hobble gobble ripper ropper
 Hobble gobble grass-hopper
 Razzle dazzle razzo
 Johnnie blow your bazzo
 Zip, boom bah!
 Nineteen twenty rah, rah, rah!

In the year one, of the twenty class history, when the then Seniors, Juniors and Sophs heard the above rallying cry of the then mere Freshies, many and varied were the criticism.

"Oh, of course, it was a good yell—it was senseless enough to be expected from freshies, but, you know, when you get, in your third and fourth years, one doesn't want such a long-winded affair and your numbers will be so small that it will lose its effect."

Thus indirectly was the class itself criticised by those never-erring judges the senior years.

However, never being a self-effacing class, we let the higher criticism pass for its face value, and proceeded gaily through our first year joining heartily in all phases of college life.

Our second year began with fewer members, but the original spirit survived and grew. The other years may have ascribed our ailment to Sophomoritis, in trying to account for our seeming swell-headedness. But ours was an exceptional class,—the professors said so—and we admitted it ourselves.

Under this surface of chestiness there was, and still is, an indomitable class spirit. While to others we may have seemed self-conceited—yet none of our achievements have been attained in a desire for personal glory—but for the glory of the class. The class has always comes first—personal rights but secondary and thus we have developed a Twentyism within Methodism.

There is just cause to be proud of ourselves in our Junior year.

We have taken prominent part in Athletics. Four of our boys were on the hockey team and we had the honor of putting the final touch on all the goals scored in the Intercollegiate games. In girl's hockey we contributed two star players. In basketball two of the best players were "Twenty" boys. Likewise on the girl's team three of the class rendered valuable account of themselves.

In Dramatics we were strongly represented, contributing two important characters to each of the two plays put on this year.

Taking such an active part in the social and athletic side of college life one expects a lack of interest in our studies. Such however, is not entirely the case. We do acknowledge a few sups—but no more than other classes have, we also acknowledge a few scholarships—perhaps not so many as some classes—but then we do not believe scholarships represent the possession of excess mental attributes—but rather a closer application of that mental power in pursuit of the prize. We know we have the ability—but after all, why waste so much precious talent on things that do no count for so very much in future life.

And so here we are about to enter the fourth and final year of our course. We have already spent three of the most eventful and enjoyable years—and we feel sure that our fourth year will be the greatest of them all.



STUDENTS' COUNCIL 1918-19.

A RETROSPECT OF CLASS '19.

In the fall of 1915 there came to Wesley's halls a band of 49 youths and maidens aspiring after Knowledge. And lo! they were called the Class '19. Their first yell ran thus:

Razzle dazzle rickety bang,
 We belong to the '19 gang,
 Ratchy, catchy, kalamazoo,
 You'll know us before we're through.
 Qual habemus, obtinemus.
 'T'wont be long before were famous,
 1—9—19.

The fact that, unlike most yells, there was a grain of sense mixed with the nonsense, indicates that we were practical even as Freshmen.

It was in 1916 Wesley suffered most from enlistment, and our class suffered with the rest. Seventeen of our boys joined the colors, and five, two of whom were class presidents, were killed in action. The splendid spirit of these boys filled us with solemn pride and a determination to faithfully carry on our duties at home. During the second and third years, with sadly depleted numbers, we strove to see to it that the '19 Class kept up its high status, ever remembering that we once had yelled.

Qual habemus, obtinemus.

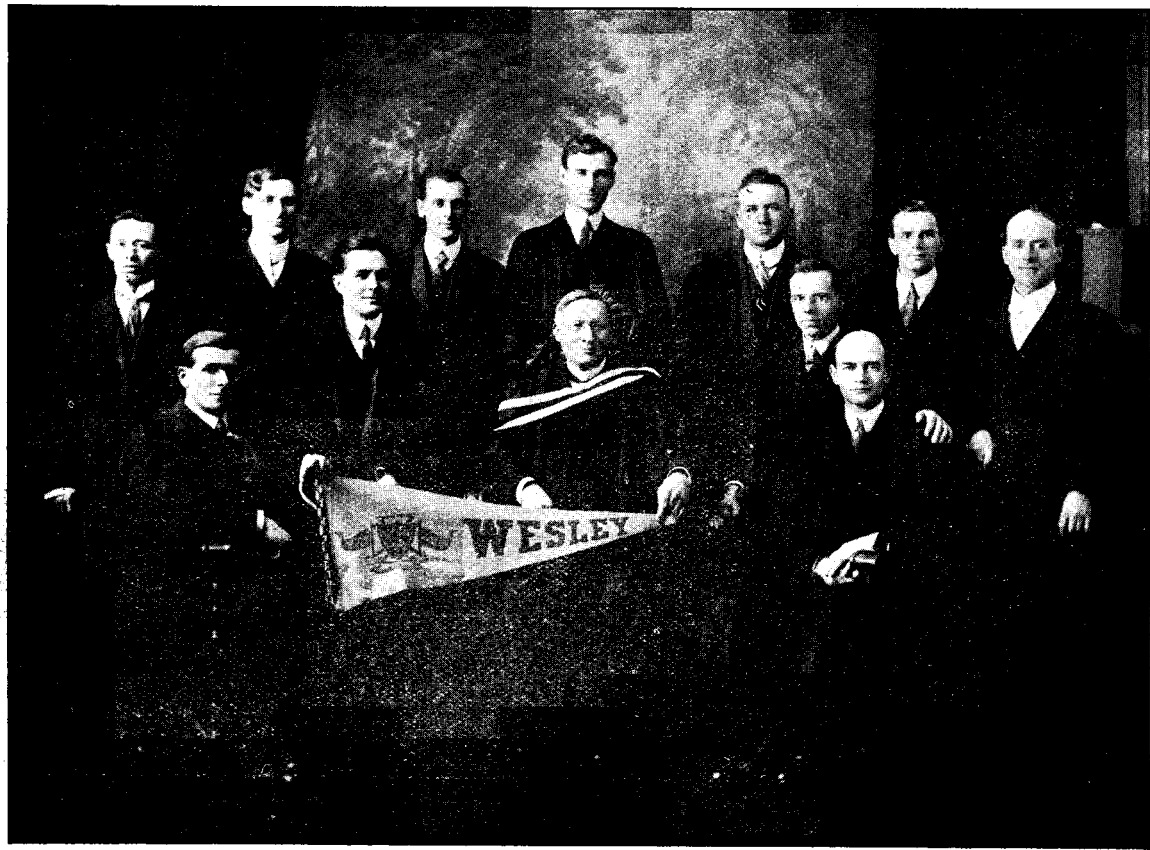
When we entered our final year, there remained but five of the original "19 braves." Very auspiciously for us, two of the '17 boys returned just in time to share with us the joys of seniors, and with their enthusiasm have helped us to finish with flourish.

Our activities have been many and varied. In first year, Ben Murray won the individual Championship in interclass athletics; and in Third Year, the Nineteeners came out on top in inter-class events. In 1st and 2nd years, we captured the Debating cup; and in the 4th year the debate which was to decide whether the '19 or '20 Class should have the cup was cancelled on account of lack of time.

Ibi and Elwood have ably represented us in dramatics, while Ora in ladies' hockey, Ibi in basketball and football, and Elwood in hockey, have kept up our record in sports. "Jim's" able editorship of Vox has been the chief event in our literary career. In spite of these many diversions, and our numerous social activities we did not forget the primary cause for which we came to Wesley, and Louise will remain through all succeeding generations as an example of our intellectual achievements.

It has been our lot,—our privilege to stand by Wesley during the darkest period of her history. And we would not have had it otherwise. We leave with a sense of regret, but also with a feeling of supreme optimism for her future.

K.C.



PROBATIONERS' SOCIETY

OUR COLLEGE Y.M.C.A.

In spite of the shortness of this college year and the consequent rush in connection with other college activities, we have found time to attend to the moral and religious needs of our student life. This has been done through the college Y.M.C.A. Although we did not start our work in this regard until after Christmas, yet we have had a very successful season. Soon after the "flu ban" was lifted and the students returned to the college, the machinery of our association was put into operation. Weekly meetings were held and much profit was derived from our study of "The Social Principles of Jesus" by Rauchenbush. Interest and attendance increased with each succeeding meeting, insomuch as we were sorry that the term was so short and our meetings therefore were limited in number. However, next year we expect our Y.M.C.A. will start off in line with the other activities.

Another encouraging feature signifying interest of a practical kind in the college "Y.M.", was the Missionary campaign. Although there had been but little preparation for this campaign owing to different circumstances, nevertheless, our boys responded generously to the appeal. The object of our campaign, along with that of all other Methodist Colleges in the Dominion is to provide a scholarship for a graduate student from China to Canada, this scholarship to run for three years. At the time of writing we have received from faculty and students over 200 dollars toward this end, and when all subscriptions are in, we shall have exceeded our objective.

This fact and other indications lead us to forecast an even more successful year for our Y.M. next college term. W.T.B.

 Y. W. C. A.

We are pleased to report that, although this is the first year that Wesley Y.W.C.A. has been a separate organization for some years, the society has wholly regained its former interest. Owing to the delay caused by the ban, and to the fact that re-organization was necessary, activities did not commence as soon as we had expected, but under the capable leadership of Miss Louise Forman, most favorable progress has been made.

The girls enjoyed two visits from Miss Lowe which were instructive as well as enjoyable, also an inspiring address from Miss Hargrave. Musical numbers by the several talented members always added to the interest of our meetings.

All had the privilege of hearing Dr. Farquhar's rousing addresses and those who were present at the students' 'Get Together Social,' will not soon forget the unanimous spirit of enthusiasm which seemed to pervade among the representatives of the various Colleges.

The crowning event of the years' activities was the Missionary Campaign. With some fear and trepidation we set our objective at two hundred and fifty dollars, two hundred of which was to be donated for a Japanese girls' scholarship and the remaining fifty for Margaret Anderson. It was a totally new venture, as all contributions were to be purely voluntary. All doubts, however, were soon allayed. Under the able supervision of our convener, Miss Beulah Ross, the collectors found in a short time that they had gone 'over the top' by thirty-one dollars, making a total of two hundred and eighty-one.

It is hoped that a special effort will be made to have Wesley well represented at the Lumsden Beach Conference which is to held from July 10th to the 17th.

We feel sure that next year with Miss Ada Banks as president, the society will continue to flourish and accomplish even greater things than in the past.

J. McB. '22.

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Ministerial Authority

By REV. CHARLES A. SYKES, B.D., Winnipeg,
Ephesians iv. 4-13. John x, 1-16. Matt. xxviii. 19-20.

In this paper I am going to take for granted now that the Christian ministry is spiritually and directly connected with the Hebrew prophetic order, rather than with the priestly order, and therefore, that it has the spiritual characteristics of the prophets.

The term "Prophet" means a speaker for another, and that other the invisible and inaudible God. He is an interpreter of God to men. He is called therefore, a man of God, and is said to be full of the Spirit of God. He speaks with this authority, implicit, or explicit. Thus saith the Lord, "As the Lord liveth, what my God saith, that I will speak." We are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us; we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God."

What was this Authority? Cannon Liddon says, "It was spiritual, it was personal, it was moral power. And spiritual power may be felt rather than described or analysed. It resides in or it permeates a man's whole circle of activities: it cannot be localized, it cannot be identified, exclusively with one of them. It is felt in solemn statements of doctrine, and also in the informal utterances of casual intercourse; it is felt in actions no less than in language, in trivial acts no less than heroic resignation; it is traced perchance in the very expression of the countenance, yet the countenance is too coarse an organ to do it justice; it just asserts its presence, but its presence is too volatile, too immaterial, to admit of being seized, and measured, and brought by act or language fairly within the compass of our comprehension. It is an unearthly beauty, whose native home is in a higher world, yet which tarries among men from age to age, since the time when the Son of God left us His example and gave us His Spirit. It is nothing else than His Spiritual presence, mantling upon His servants; they live in Him; they lose in Him something of their proper personality; yet they are absorbed into, they are transfigured by, a life altogether higher than their own; His voice blends with theirs, His eye seems to lighten theirs with its sweetness and its penetration; His hand gives gentleness and decision to their acts; His heart communicates a ray of its divine charity to their life of narrow and more stagnant affection; His soul commingles with theirs, and their life of thought and feeling and resolve is irradiated and braced by His."

Every man has a body, a physical organism, and he has also a social and an intellectual character. But he also possesses a spiritual nature—a faith, a hope, a love—that transcends the animal, the social and physical nature. This spiritual nature in man searches the deep things of God. It is all the time groping, looking for something the eye does not see and even imagination has not conceived. It feels, realizes and knows, because it is spirit; knows something that transcends the senses, something that argument cannot bring,

that logic cannot demonstrate. And every man has this spirit in him. If we so speak that we evoke that spiritual response in the men who listen to us, our words are with authority, because they themselves see also that it is true. We are them revelators. We draw aside the veil that hangs over men's souls, and then they see and know; not because the Church or the Bible has told them, nor because miracles have attested it, or fulfilled prophecy has proved it, nor because reason has reached it, but because they see it. Thus Paul's preaching was powerful, because it was a demonstration of the spirit, or an evoking of the spirit; not because it was a syllogistic deduction of a conclusion from known premises. It was proof by revelation to the spirit in man which is able to perceive spiritual truth upon the bare presentation of it.

This is the authority which underlies all effective preaching. It underlies the Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount. When Moses says to Israel, "Thou shalt not kill, steal nor commit adultery," their own consciences respond—"This is right." When Jesus says, "Do not indulge in lustful thoughts, love your enemies, do good to them that despitefully use you," he speaks with authority. There is in men a capacity to see the beauty and truth of these utterances. There is no need of argument. The congregation say to themselves, "That is true." The authority lies in the preacher because it also lies in the heart of the hearer, or because the preacher is able to evoke the same voice in the heart of the hearer that has spoken within his own heart. If the minister cannot evoke this response from the hearts of his congregation, no authority of gowns and crosses, of ordination, of books, of writers, ancient and modern, inspired or uninspired will suffice. The authority of the minister lies in his power to make other men see the God whom he himself has seen.

And if he is able to make men see the God whom he himself has first seen, a God whose forgiving love and inspiring power are manifested in Jesus Christ and in the history of Christianity, he will, in imparting to them this vision, impart also that forgiveness for the past, and that inspiration for the future, that peace and power which are the deepest needs of the human soul, and are at times its most intense desire. If he can first awaken that dormant desire and make it dominant, and then if he can satisfy it by leading the soul to Him, who alone can satisfy it, no other evidence of his authority need be offered, for no other will be demanded. If he cannot, then ecclesiastical indorsements will be cited by him in vain.

He who has no spiritual authority in himself and therefore, can awaken no spiritual authority in his hearers, should either abandon the Christian Ministry, or seek to serve in some branch of the church that professes to have authority in itself. The question is easily stated; is the minister's authority without or within. Have we ministers to go to a vicegerent and representative of God, or have we to go to God Himself, sitting at our side, walking in our path, revealing Himself in our experience? If the latter, then we may reinforce the authority with which we speak by the concurrent testimony of the living church, and by the revelatory experiences recorded in the scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, and we may use the scientific method to test those experiences fearlessly ask-

ing, "Do they work well?" and fearlessly and impartially recording the answer of history to that question. But the real secret of our authority must lie in our own consciousness of sin forgiven and life imparted by an everpresent God, who utters in our consciousness the assurance of our adoption, and in our power to reproduce in other souls the life which God has produced in our own.

"To as many as received Him to them He gave authority (right, or power) to become the Sons of God." "Ye know that the princes of the Gentiles exercise dominion over them, and they that are great exercise authority upon them. But it shall not be so among you; but whosoever will be great among you, let him be your servant; even as the Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many."

"And Jesus knowing that the Father had given all things into His hands, and that He was come from God, and went to God: He riseth from supper, and laid aside His garments; and took a towel, and girded Himself. After that he poureth water into a basin, and began to wash the disciples' feet, and to wipe them with the towel wherewith he was girded"—"If ye know these things happy are ye, if ye do them."

The humiliation of the Christ was voluntary, a spontaneous act of love, revealing the deepest principle of the life of God. He who possessed the highest rank did not regard it as a price to be kept for personal enjoyment, but rather as a power for service. Herein is the Union of the highest life with the lowliest service.

PERMANENT ADDRESSES.

'19 CLASS

W. O. RUNIONS	Transcona, Man.
ELWOOD RIDD	Griswold, Man.
P. V. IBBETSON	Swan River, Man.
MISS O. ADAMSON	Roland, Man.
MISS KATE CONNOLLY	Furby St., City
W. T. BRADY	Oakville, Man.
H. E. HOOPER	Wesley College, City
J. P. HARYETT	King Edwards, P.O. Winnipeg

LADY STICK

Ilo McHaffie she sets me daffy
 Got the cutest little smile—oh—
 On little Ilo.

The above are the first few lines of a verse sung to the tune of 'Aloah.' Thus in Ilo's first year her popularity caused her to be celebrated in verse: the song is still sung and Ilo still remains popular. So much so that she has been elected by the girls to act as Lady Stick for next year.

"Free and easy, bright and breezy, a lover of 'sport for sports' sake, impulsive, genial, generous, an enthusiast for Wesley and Wesley's fame are but a few of the many attributes which provides a strong personality as leader of the girls and foretells a spiritual and successful 1920 year.

N. E. '20



OUR SENIOR STICK

"Yes, Vic is Stick
 And the Stick is Vic."

Such is the rhyme composed by some ingenious poet on March 18th last. Had the poet kept up the good work he would so have told you why the election resulted as it did. Vic is the right



man in the right place. All the students feel that with Vic as skipper—(someone else will tell of the first mate) the good old ship "Buka Laka" will have a fair voyage next year. There will be no mutiny for the sailors of the red and blue have perfect confidence in their "boss." Vic is very popular and also he is the possession of those qualities essential to a leader of men—(and women). He takes a keen interest in all branches of college life—athletics, socials and studies. I do not claim to have put these three words in their relative position of importance for Vic is almost equally proficient in them all. In our senior stick for next year we have the combination of a good sport, a sociable companion and a clever student. Let us all give him our hearty cooperation in his work next year.



THEOLOGICAL GRADS

RETURNED SOLDIERS

Who Take Ordination Had a Course in Wesley Previous to Enlisting.

E. BAILEY.



"This man to meet is a treat,
He mentally plays with you."

The English manse made him master of events and men. He came out from England eight years ago to the Cabri circuit thence he went to Neville both circuits being in Swift Current district and in each this Master builder erected a church. He came to Wesley in 1914 and took a prominent part in the Dramatic and Social event in College activities. The bugle call of War found him responding and we can see him yet with Wesley original six stalking the top flat after an arduous Sunday drill at stretcher bearing.

He returns to us, nay to his chosen work and we welcome him and wish him good speed in the Methodist ministry.

S. V. W.

ERNEST C. EVANS

Ernest came from the Old Country about ten years ago and entered Wesley in the Fall of 1912.

His genial companionable spirit and fine sense of humor soon won for him the esteem of his fellow students. His last year in College was a memorable one. As President of the Literary Society, in a difficult year, he carried through his task in a splendid manner and upheld the high standard of work done in former years. His associates in that work still remember his enthusiasm and contagious industry and geniality. In the same year he carried off the Second Prize at the Oration contest, winning warm praise from the critics for his oration on "Lord Kitchener." At the outbreak of the war he readily responded to the call of duty and was among the first Wesley men to go overseas. For four years he was in France engaged in hospital work receiving honorable promotion in the service. We welcome him home again and wish him every success as he takes up the work of his choice.



GRADUATES IN ARTS

W. D. RUNIONS.

Yes, another 7 teen becomes a 9 teener, noted for debating, literary and musical accomplishments and since he joined the nineteen gang he has practiced the hypnotic art. Runions is the son of Methodism—his father being a minister of the Manitoba Conference,—he came to Wesley in the famous United College year. Like all able bodied Wesleyites he answered the call of War choosing the 203rd as his sphere and was promoted to Sergeant. He received his discharge last summer because of wounds and returned to Wesley to finish his course in Science and became an active member of the nineteen class. In social activities and debating Wes. has represented his adopted class ably. His pleasing manner, keen mind and knowledge of human nature will give him a high place in the medical profession of the future.

S. V. W.



JOHN ELWOOD RIDD.

Elwood was born at Kemney, Man., and although it is a small and unimportant place in itself, it has been made famous by the achievements of its one-time small boys who played marbles in its main thoroughfare. And of these barefoot lads, one has had a striking career thus far.



Elwood, being a Methodist Minister's son and therefore a resident of several towns in succession was a good "mixer" and a social leader long before he entered College with the famous '17 Class who came in 1913 when Wesley and Toba were "United."

Early in the game he took a prominent part in athletics; debating and social activities, and was a favorite in his class 132 strong.

In 1916 he responded to the call of the Motherland and joined up with the 203rd Battalion. It wasn't long before his ability as a leader won him three stripes. After being in England a short while he was sent to France to the famous 8th Battalion, and was with it till Passchendaele when he received his "Blighty" which still handicaps him in many ways.

Undaunted on his return he entered Wesley again with '19 Class and has proven his worth by his steadiness and keen judgment. His business ability has been shown in his handling of the funds as Student Treasurer. As a student, ath-

lete and social leader he has proven his sterling worth to the College life and these predict great things for his future.

W. R.

A. S. CUMMINGS.

A. S. Cummings was born on a farm near Spencerville, Ontario. Upon reaching young manhood he went to New Ontario. The need of a larger outlook on life constrained him to attend Albert College Belleville where he obtained a scholarship on the completion



of the course. Immediately afterwards he went to Alberta to preach under the Methodist Church. At the end of his second year in University failing eyesight forced him to stop the course. In 1912 he and Miss Martha Raycroft of his home town were married. Shortly afterwards he was appointed Registrar and teacher in Alberta College, Edmonton. This position he held until his appointment as Registrar of Wesley College, August 1917.

Since coming to Wesley he has proficiently carried out his duties as Registrar and teacher of Matriculation Canadian History, also completed the History and English course of the third and fourth years with 1A standing. Such a record of work and accomplishment cannot but prophecy a future of great possibilities.

NORA KATHLEEN CONOLLY.

"She is herself of best things the collections."

In 1915 Wesley welcomed among the new arrivals one who, though quiet and unassuming, has won her way into the hearts of both professors and students.

When the name "Kay" is mentioned, one naturally thinks of dancing eyes and a sunny smile. She fairly exhales the spirit of goodfellowship and her winning personality, frankness and sincerity have wone for her many friends.

In every phase of college life Kathleen was a true and faithful worker and always willing to support any worthy movement. This, however, has not hindered her from making a brilliant record in her studies. Each year she has made us proud of her by carrying off a scholarship, choosing a different subject each year.

Kathleen expects to enter the field of teaching. Here the best wishes of her Wesley friends follow her, and, if she brings into that profession the same adaptability, enthusiasm and efficiency she has shown as an undergraduate, surely nought but success can crown her efforts.

E. E. N. '20.



PERCY VICTOR IBBETSON.

When "Ibbie" came to Wesley in the fall of 1915, fresh from the now famous High School of Swan River who would have thought that beneath that frank boyish exterior there lay such a wealth of possibilities. In his first year he submitted philosophicaly to the many indignities which from time immemorial the freshman has been made to suffer and in his spare time laid the foundation of his later skill at basketball. In his sophomore year prompted by remembrances of past sufferings and also a keen sense of humor Ibbie directed his ingenuity largely to the confiscation of eats in which he met with considerable success but it was not until as a junior that the scope of Ibbie's abilities became generally known and his activities became so many and varied that to catalogue them here would be impossible; impossible not only because so numerous, but because all are not known having been carried on, some at dead of night, and others secretly in rooms whose occupants were absent. Many of these, however, rightly or wrongly have by internal evidence been attributed to Ibbie. Of his junior and senior years suffice it to say that in all the activities of College life, sports, social, dramatics, he has taken a splendid part and as skipper of the Nineteen Class has so performed his duties as to lead them to appoint him their permanent president. Notwithstanding these many activities, Ibbie has not neglected the primary object of college life, the Quest for Knowledge nor has he been too busy to be a good "pal."

**LOUISE ANNE FORMAN**

"Labor ispe voluptas."

This is Louise's Motto, whether she is doing Latin Prose, working on an eats Committee or supervising a Missionary Campaign.

Miss Forman, alias 'Tan,' during her College Career has proved herself a loyal student of the College and the personification of the true Wesley spirit. She matriculated from Wesley in 1915, and entered the Arts department the following year, to be an Annual source of honor to her 'Alma Mater.'

During the whole Art's Course Louise has been an inmate of the residence, and this year our efficient head 'Gairl.' In her sophomore year when the Ladies' Residence, was at 288 Broadway, one of our popular songs was "O' Louisa O' Louisa." 'I've made up my mind to squeeze ya.'

Louise will be remembered at



Wesley as, a booster for Y. W. C. A., a scholarship catcher, and the library bird. While the sparlingettes will be enlivened by thoughts of her ready wit, jolly presence at the head of table four, and her large appetite at residence feed.

So.

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever!
Ae farewell, but no forever!

With Apologies to Robert Burns.
I.E.M. '20.

FLORENCE RUBY ADAMSON.

A creature not too bright or good,
For human nature's daily food.

Florence Ruby Adamson is her right and proper name, but everyone knows her as Ora, and no other name would do as well.

It was in the fall of 1915 that this bright young damsel arrived in Winnipeg to commence her college course at Wesley.

During her first two years both in Residence and at the college Ora was the personification of a good time and bubbled over with the joy of living. Miss Rowell endeavored to lead this 'demure little person, with blue eyes, red hair, and laughing ruby lips' to studies and greater seriousness.

But Ora found it impossible to resist the 'picture show' 'The Orpheum,' the ice cream parlor, the skating rink and the boy, and she continued to enjoy herself and as for her studies she 'ne'er lit her lamp till the mid-night hour.'

During the junior year Ora's deeper nature was revealed. Under sad circumstances she exhibited an indomitable spirit and in spite of being compelled to spend some time out of college proved her ability in getting her year.

For 1919 she was chosen Lady Stick by the girls. And in this difficult role she continued to display her good nature tact and resourcefulness. Ora is a true blue to Wesley and always ready to take an active part in the social life of the college.



We feel sure that a happy future awaits this sunny personality, and trust that it will be full of 'leap years,' unbroken by 'spats' or 'Ford breakdowns.'

N. E. '20.

JAMES WATTS.

'Of studie took he most cure and most hede!'

It has been said that Yorkshire is noted for its bracing breezes and its keen critical minds. James Watts may truly be said to be an impersonation of these characteristics. He is proud of one fact, that is, he is a Yorkshireman. How long he has held this distinction we do not know, neither does he care to say. By determination and will power Jim has overcome numerous difficulties in his



search for educational success. Eight years ago he came out to Saskatchewan as a candidate for the Methodist ministry, and has labored successfully on several circuits there until he entered Wesley in 1913. Here he has proved himself a diligent and painstaking student. By application to study, by 'toiling upward in the night whilst others slept,' Jim has shown himself to be a student of great possibilities and promise.

Apart from his studies he has taken very active interest in inter-class and inter-collegiate debating. Not only has Jim been honored with the Presidencies in each case, but he himself is a keen debater having successfully represented his college in inter-collegiate debates.

'Noght o word spak he more than was nede,
And that was seyde in forme and reverence,
And short and quyke, and ful of hy sentence.

During his final year he has ably fulfilled his duties as 'ye editor' of Vox.

And as a friend Jim

'Has a noble mind and heart sincere
Whom to know is to revere!

He has a deep interest in, and sympathy with the various needs of the great heart of humanity. Thus it is with confidence we state that the future holds in store for him a successful career in his chosen profession.

W. T. B.

THEOLOGICAL GRADUATES

JAMES PRIOR HARYETT.

Look out when God lets loose a thinker.

James hails from the city of Ottawa, but has set his heart on the vision in the temple rather than on the wrestling in the political arena. Keen-featured, keen-minded, and breathing the spirit of philosophy, science and divinity, he intends giving his contributions via the Methodist Church.

Though married, he is twice a bachelor, taking his Arts in '17 and the B.D. this year.

A hard working student yet he has been active in other college lines—Secretary of Student Body, Secretary of Students' Representative Council, President of Graduating Class (Theology) and President of Probationers' Society.

His frank and manly sincerity, his loyalty to truth, his perspicuity of insight, his reverent and unselfish spirit prophesy great blessings to the community he serves. He will be both disturber and healer. In him Quackery will find a foe, and Sincerity a Saint. From Wesley's halls he departs—a man of vision; upon the world a vision will be flung.



W. A. COLCLEUGH

I am dynamite (Nietzsche.)

Colcleugh "makes things happen."

Some men play the undercurrents of life but this man's actions are open to the world. He takes for granted that you believe in his theory and proceeds to shape events accordingly. "His days had not been passed in singleness His helpmate was a comely matron"

Amid home duties and circuit work Colcleugh has finished his college course. He came west from Ontario fifteen years ago and entered business having taken part of the Arts course at Victoria. He entered the work of the ministry and his achievements at Emerson and Springfield bespeak him a successful career in his chosen profession.



S. U. W.

W. S. ATCHESON.

You can form an estimate of some men very quickly. Perhaps their talk, walk or dress reveals them. But it has taken four years to discover the various characteristics of W. S. Atcheson.



After winning a scholarship in Albert College he entered Wesley in the fall of 1915. University field day found him representing Wesley in the pole vaulting contest. Soon rumour had it that this kindly disposed probationer was formidable with the boxing gloves. This rumor was verified when he donned the khaki and displayed this prowess in the barracks' boxing bouts.

During his graduating year further accomplishments have been revealed, his ability to give an exhibition, play a concertina, walk off with the elocution prize and act as valedictorian for the theological graduates. His sincerity, unselfishness and willingness to help in various ways, even bringing a lady to a college function bespeak for him success in his future ministry and—parsonage.

WILLIAM T. BRADY

The paltry attributes of wealth and rank are not considered when Nature makes her gentlemen. As far as records can be traced W. Brady's ancestors were neither millionaires or dukes, yet nevertheless "he is a verray parfit, gentil knyght."

"Bill's" three years in Wesley have been filled with activity.

Essentially he is a student for he has captured two scholarships and always gets first class honors. His system of note-taking is the last word in conciseness, probably due to his study of systematic theology.

Although a fairly well marked vein of sentimentality runs through him, he is not divorced from the practical, for was he not business manager for last year's "Vox?" He has played his part in sports, being active in both football and curling. Then he was always an enthusiastic observer at ladies' hockey and basketball.

The crowning honor came to him when he was elected to the office of Senior Stick, in which capacity he admirably displayed his executive ability. During his term the Armistice was signed and the "Flu" came. Sympathy and service characterized him during the epidemic and the union of these qualities will, we know, be the keynote of his work in the Methodist ministry.



HERBERT E. HOOPER.

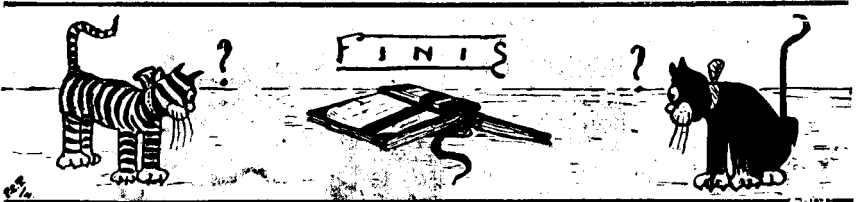
"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course." This statement can be fittingly used in summing up Bert's achievements, although modesty, which is one of his outstanding characteristics, would prevent him from quoting it.

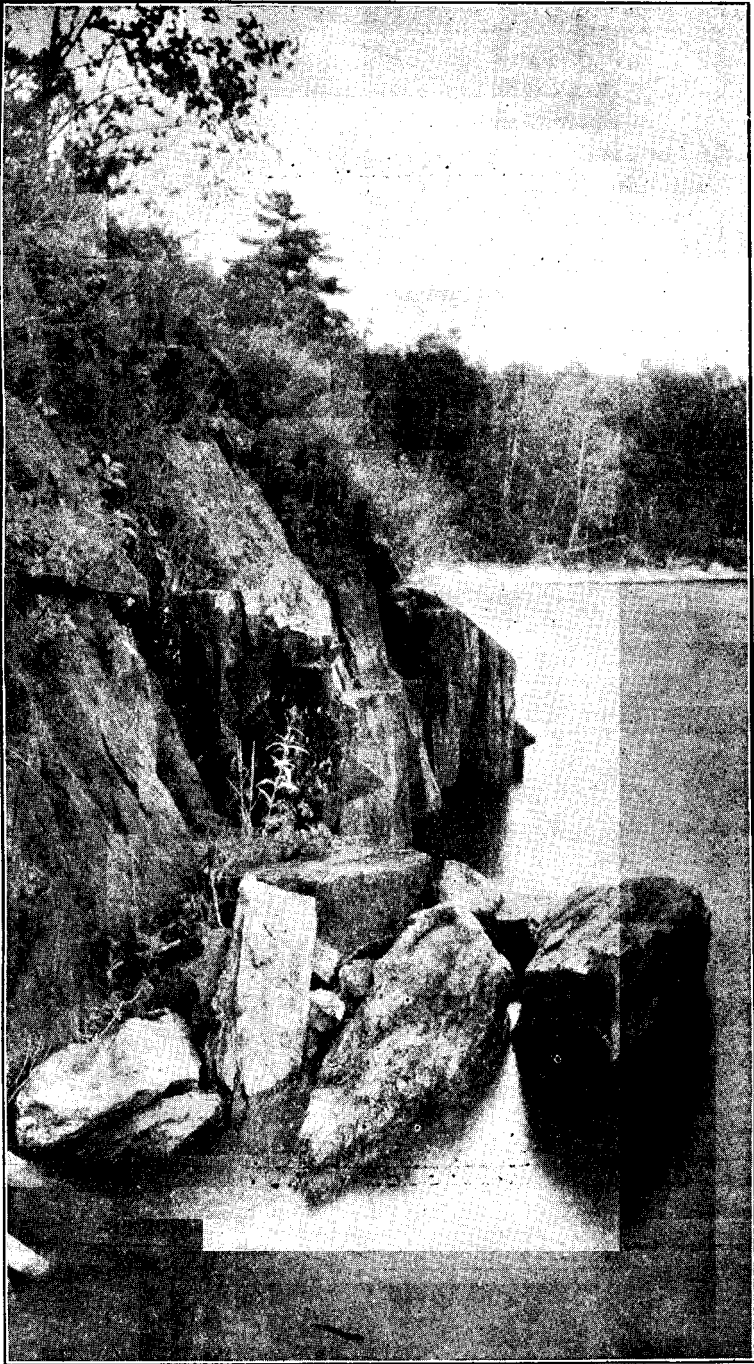


The good fight was waged on the Somme battle front and Vimy Ridge. From these scenes Bert was invalided home and went to California to recuperate. Partially recovering he embarked on a lecture tour through California of which the press reports in glowing terms.

He entered Wesley last fall to finish the course which was specially prepared to compensate for loss of time in France and in recognition of his physical weakness caused by military service. Unable to take a very active part in college activities (for the "Flu" paid him a visit) he nevertheless has revealed his abilities in writing the prize essay in "Vox," as well as making a brilliant showing in his examinations by taking a standing of IA in every sub-

ject. His intolerance of medieval theological conceptions being applied to present day conditions is only equalled by his earnestness and fearlessness in proclaiming the newer outlook.





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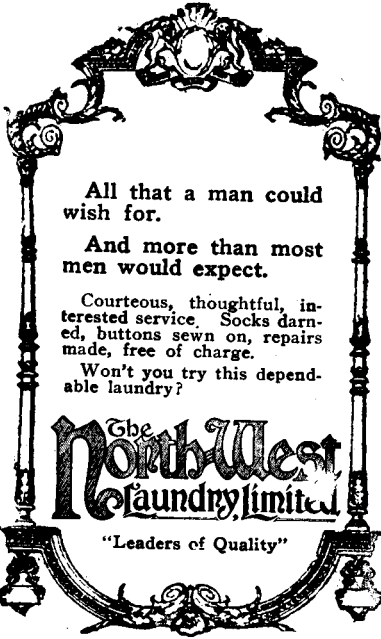
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The Finest Materials and Skilled Hand-Tailoring Make

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Of fine, all wool serges, indigo dyed and guaranteed fast color. With linings and trimmings of same high quality. And then there is EATON-BRAND HAND TAILORING With hand tailored, hand padded canvas collar, which will always hold its shape. Hand padded lapels, giving a lasting smooth appearance. Haircloth and canvas front, ensuring lasting shapeliness. Hand felled binding, thoroughly shrunk, which keeps lapels in shape.

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