

**NORTH BAY
NORMAL SCHOOL**

1914-15

YEAR BOOK



The
Year Book

Incorporating

"The Normal Light"

Published Monthly

by the

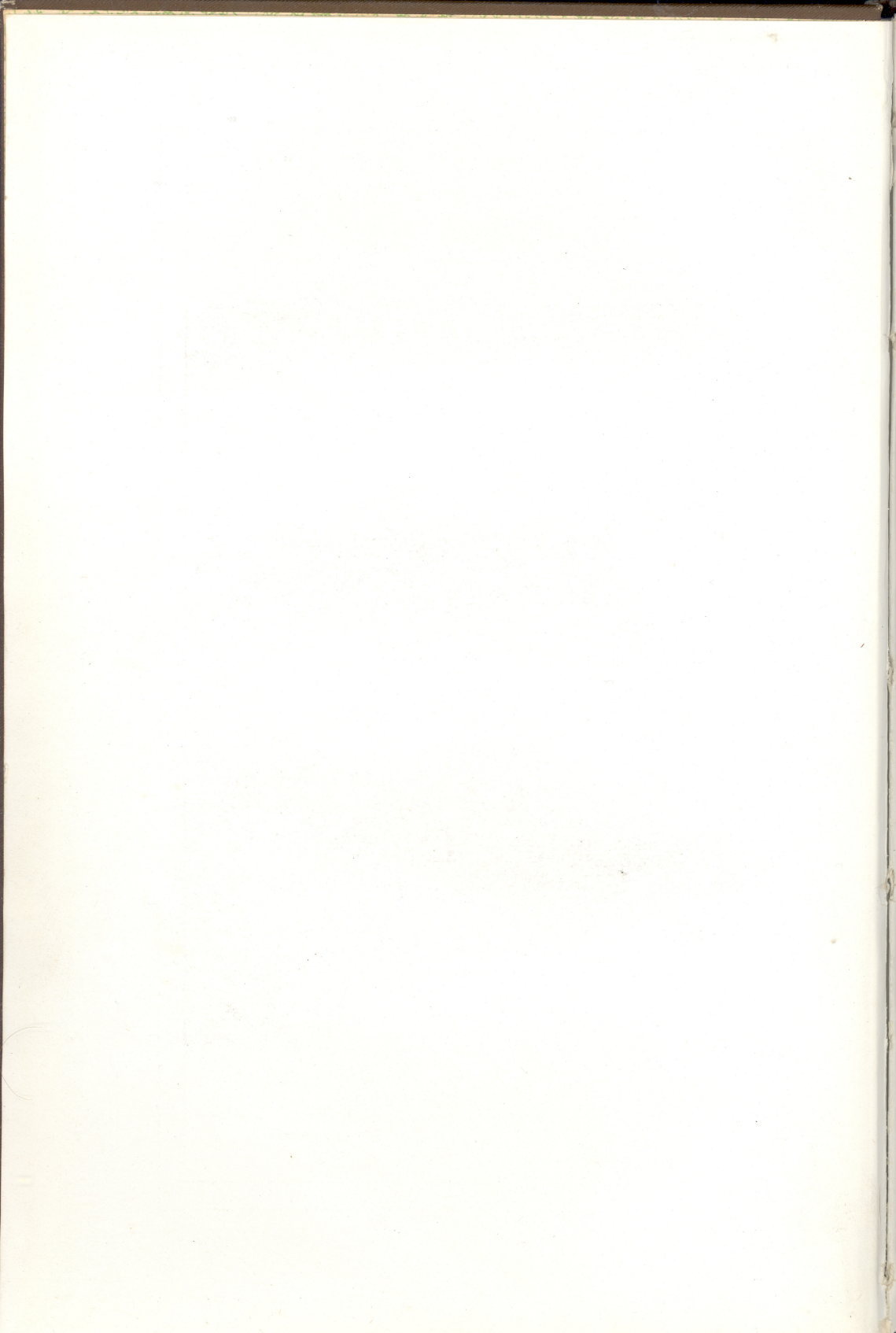
Students of North Bay Normal School

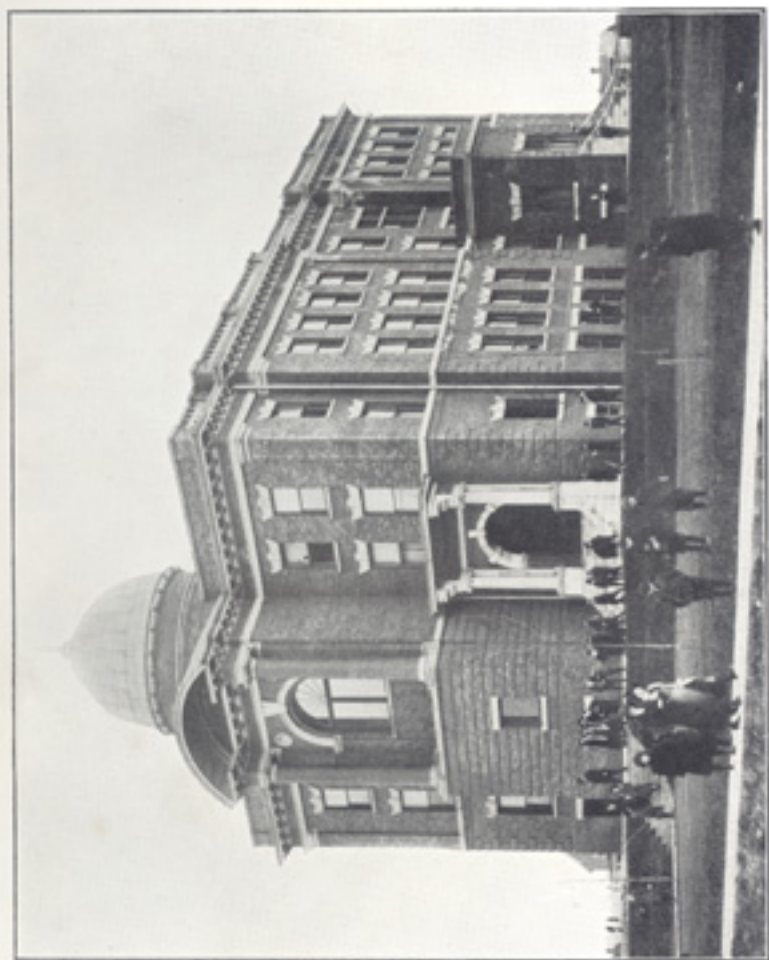


June, 1915

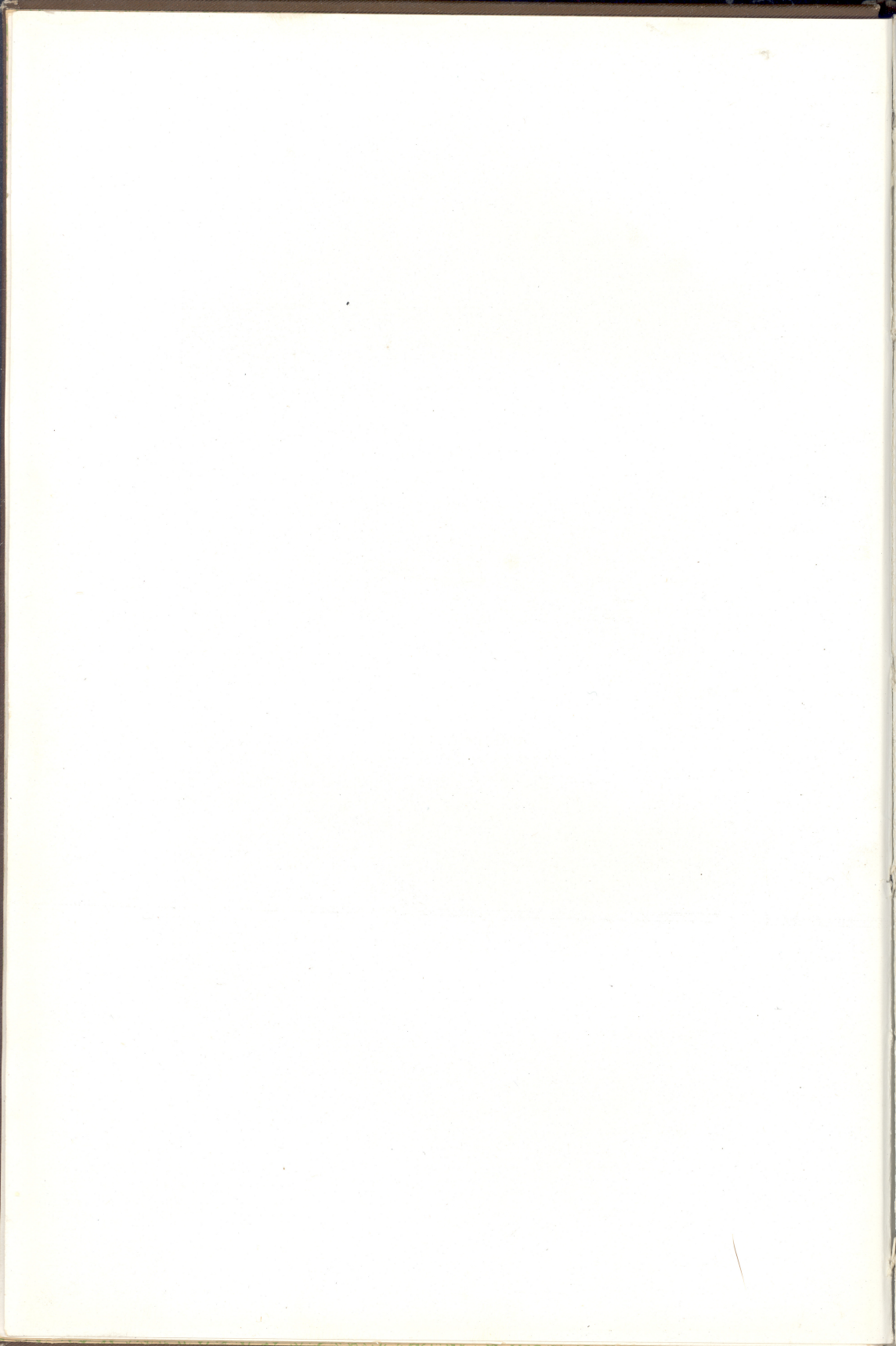
"I hope, as no unwelcome guest,
At your warm fireside, when the lamps
are lighted,
To have my place reserved among the rest,
Nor stand as one unsought and uninvited!"

"Forsitan et haec olim meminisse iuvabit."





NORMAL SCHOOL



THE STAFF

A. C. CASSELMAN.....	<i>Principal: Science, History, Geography.</i>
J. C. NORRIS, M.A., B.Paed.....	<i>Master: Mathematics, School Management.</i>
J. B. MACDOUGALL, B.A.....	<i>Master: Psychology, History of Education, English.</i>
J. E. CHAMBERS.....	<i>Instructor: Manual Training.</i>
H. WILDGUST, L.L.C.M.....	" <i>Music.</i>
C. RAMSAY.....	" <i>Art.</i>
LIEU. E. SHEPHERD.....	" <i>Drill and Calisthenics.</i>
MISS CHARLOTTE GREEN.....	" <i>Household Science.</i>
MISS HATTIE BEATTIE.....	<i>Secretary.</i>

Kindergarten

MISS MARGARET E. THOMSON.....	<i>Directress</i>
MISS WINNIFRED M. MARR.....	<i>Assistant</i>

Model School

J. B. STEWART.....	<i>Head Master.</i>
J. H. LOWERY.....	<i>Assistant.</i>
MISS A. PHILLIPS.....	"
MISS M. COLLINS.....	"
MISS J. M. HAMILTON.....	"
MISS A. JOHNSTON.....	"
MISS E. J. HARVEY.....	"
MISS C. E. SPACKMAN.....	"
MISS J. OGRAM.....	"
C. RAMSAY.....	<i>Instructor: Art.</i>
J. E. CHAMBERS.....	" <i>Manual Training.</i>
H. WILDGUST, L.L.C.M.....	" <i>Music.</i>
MISS CHARLOTTE GREEN.....	" <i>Household Economics</i>





J. E. CHAMBERS, MISS CHARLOTTE GREEN, A. C. CASSELMAN, *Principal*, MISS HATTIE BEATTIE, *Sec'y*, H. WILDGUST, *Miss. Bac.*
C. RAMSAY, J. C. NORRIS, M. A., B. Paed., J. B. MACDOUGALL, B. A.



SOCIAL CO-OPERATION IN EDUCATION

In looking back over the past year, we find certain new movements initiated, and what was proving of value in the established conditions, perpetuated and strengthened. Among the former was the presentation of a play, which was excellently staged and interpreted, and which furnished a centre from which beneficial effects ramified widely. A further reference to this will be found in a later article in this volume.

Among the latter, mention may be made of the communal method of applying the principles of Domestic Science in a practical way. The fatal weakness of all teaching is its academic attitude, its factitious and therefore unnatural problems, and their application in a purely theoretic way. To obviate this, we have adopted and organized a scheme which demands the co-operation of all the students. During the spring months, in groups of four, they become the hosts at noon-day lunch and evening dinner, while other stated groups in rotation become their guests. The former take full charge of all supplies, the work of planning, preparing and serving meals. All is conducted in a business-like way, looking to economy of time, cost, and labour. The procedure throughout is thoroughly systematic. Promptness, regularity, orderliness enjoined, and the etiquette of the social function carefully inculcated. Nothing elaborate is attempted. The meal and service are what should be met with in the average home. The benefits are evident. However meagre the knowledge with which students enter, they are graduated with full capacity to meet, not exceptional conditions, but the real needs of life; and this, we conceive, is the one method which can rightly bear the name of education.

Similar principles govern the Manual Training Department. While adhering to the prescribed courses, practical and serviceable application is constantly urged. Artistic skill is turned into useful channels. Book and letter cases, pamphlet holders, etc., tastily designed, have been produced for use in the school. Book-binding is directed towards preserving in compact and accessible form, school manuals, circulars and general matter of permanent value. The students have acquired a gratifying proficiency in this work.

What strikes the observant visitor to the ordinary school-room is the absolute dearth of simple articles of equipment which could readily be provided by teacher and pupils—articles of wood, such as pointers, black-board rulers, squares, shelving, etc., cardboard geometric forms, desk trays and counters, designs for mural decoration, simple picture framing, etc. The lack of initiative displayed in the face of insistent need is deplorable. The form of training above given is intended to equip the student with power and incentive not only to produce these simple requirements, but to enlist the pupils in forms of co-operative activity in the school-room which have a distinctly tonic effect upon the class spirit and are socially helpful and educative as well.

M.

"SONG OF THE NORMALITES"

On a corner of First Avenue
 Stands an edifice, the Normal.
 Bright before it slopes the garden,
 Slopes the gleaming courts of Tennis.
 High within its walls the gallery,
 Where the students all assemble,
 All assemble, eager, hopeful,
 And converse in lively chatter,
 Till a step is heard approaching
 And a form is seen to enter.
 Slow and ponderous is his movement,
 And his step is firm and measured.
 Close behind him, walking sprightly,
 Form erect and head unbended,
 Comes another to his station.
 Last, with dignified demeanor,
 Follows one whose lofty mission
 Is to counsel and direct them,
 Is to mould their life's profession.
 After prayers and salutations,
 After storm and consolation,
 All with faces grave and thoughtful,
 Meekly march forth to their places.
 Then begins the daily programme,
 And each one his thoughts doth gather
 From the tangled web of dreamland,
 That so rudely has been broken,
 "A" begin, with grim set faces,
 Seeking aims of Education,
 And the "B's" are swarmed together
 To discuss their true relations,
 While the Model who have mastered
 All the Science of Education,
 Go at once to Mr. Norris,
 Who supplies the application.
 Many things they teach the students,
 Things of use here, and hereafter.
 How to find a constellation,
 And from it a ship's position.
 How to make less use of text books
 And be independent thinkers.
 How to find a true remainder,
 Though there be no application.
 From the room above come murmurs,
 Sometimes low and sometimes shrieking.
 "What is that?" exclaim the students;
 "What is that, so loud and mournful?"
 That is but Professor Wildgust,
 The great musical instructor.
 In the dark and lonely regions
 Is a "Chamber" bright and cheerful,
 Where, with hurried steps, the students
 Oft descend to Manual Training.

Here, also, the kindly "Shepherd"
 Drills his flock in calisthenics,
 High above all other regions,
 Close beside the great assembly,
 Is a room reserved for Artists,
 Yet where Artists seldom enter.
 Can it, then, be distance only,
 Or the weary task of climbing,
 Causes them to mount so slowly
 To this room of great enchantment?
 Is it not the confused blending
 Of the colors into landscapes,
 Or the frightful looking daubing,
 That results from worthy effort,
 Causes so their steps to linger?
 But among these many labors,
 One there is of highest value,
 One which ranks the first in all things;
 Surely this is Household Science.
 Soon, when all the glorious Autumn,
 Also winter passes from them;
 And the summer with its beauty,
 Once more blossoms into splendor,
 And, when all their work and efforts
 Have received consideration,
 They will pass from out these portals;
 They, the cream of all creation.

HUMOROUS COLUMN

Mr. McCann (slowly wending his way up to the Music Room): "I wonder if Prof. Wildgust will excuse me as usual to-day. Perhaps he thinks he can be spared the trouble of teaching me music, since Miss Green teaches me to make 'tea, dough, and sew.'"

Miss McAlpine's mind must not be concentrated on her lesson plan, when she writes "George" as an abbreviation for "Geography."

Mr. Wildgust knows "It's a long, long way to Tipperary"; but we wonder if Mr. Ramsay knows that "It's a long, long way from the Manual Training room up to the Art Gallery on a hot afternoon."

"How sweet it is to love a maid,
 But, oh, how bitter!
 To love a maid and then not
 Git her."—"Curley."

FOUND.—On Sunday evening in church—President Chidley, *fast asleep*. Finder unfortunately was not rewarded.

As a rule, "Hawkes" are the sworn enemies of the "Dickie" bird; but let us not forget that there are exceptions to every rule.

The editors were somewhat disappointed in not receiving a paragraph from Mr. Ferguson this week on Western Canada. Mr. Ferguson, we understand, is quite interested in Alberta.

A NORTHERN LAKE IN AUTUMN

The irrepressible small boy and I had been gathering specimens for his "Nature Study," and had wandered rather farther afield than we had at first intended, so that when we came out at the edge of the road, which ran like a white ribbon with green borders, he exclaimed, "Why, Sis, there's Jewel Lake!" From the higher ground of the roadway, it lay at our feet like a cup-like depression, with forest on three sides of it. Between where we stood and the lake were a few birches, slender-stemmed, white-skinned, and crowned with light golden leaves, that seemed to rustle without a breath of air to stir them. A golden October sun threw his warm gilding over all Nature. The forest trees were a riot of gorgeous color, while, at their feet, lay the little lake, its waters mirror-like in their placidity, reflecting every shade of the forest color. So long were the shadows that they seemed to reach almost to the side where we stood. It was as though some master artist had mixed all the gorgeous colors of his paint-box,—green, crimson, brown, and yellow,—and drawn a giant paint-brush across the faint purplish-pink waters. A light blue haze hung over it all, and it was absolutely motionless, as much so as if it were a picture waiting animation, not a reality.

The only life visible were two greyish-red squirrels which frisked about in the most irresponsible manner, as though refusing to believe that summer would ever end. And how could I, luxuriating in this warmth and beauty, remember that I had seen this very landscape under a pall of grey mist, wind-swept, and rain-drenched; the bare branches of the trees dripping cold rain on the leaf-strewn, sodden turf beneath; gloomy water reflecting darker sky above? No: I would forget the darker picture and remember only the glory and beauty of this perfect Autumn day. But, "Say, Sir, hurry or we'll be late for tea!" recalls me, and so urged to haste by the possibility of this dire calamity, we hasten on.

EDNA TAYLOR.

THE DEATH OF SIR JAMES WHITNEY

All the classes were dismissed from 10.30 till 12.00 on Monday last, in honor of Sir James Whitney, Premier of our Province, whose death occurred on Friday, September 25. It was indeed fitting that some tribute should be paid by the school to this great man, who accomplished so much along educational lines for this northern part of the Province, including the erection of the Normal School we are now attending.

This was especially emphasized in an appropriate speech by Mr. Casselman, following the death of Sir James.

He also dealt with the sterling qualities of our Premier, and gave several instances to show his fairness, honesty and truthfulness to his Province.

Sir James Whitney has passed down in history as the man who was "bold enough to be honest and honest enough to be bold," and we would do well to follow, in as many ways as possible, the excellent example he has set for the people of Ontario.



EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE, LITERARY SOCIETY, 1914-1915

H. L. MINION, O. H. NEWMAN, S. E. FARQUHAR, R. CONNELLY, W. R. FERGUSON
Treas. Vice-Pres. Sec'y.

K. CAREY, P. F. CHIDLEY, *Pres.*, E. MCCREA



INDUSTRIAL GALT

The position of Galt, Ontario, is one which tends to attract many industries, of which any town might feel proud. It is situated on the main line of the C. P. R., about sixty miles west of Toronto. Two branches of the G. T. R. also enter the town. There are two electric railways, connecting it with most of the important towns and cities in the vicinity, and another under construction, which will connect with the Pennsylvania coal mines by means of a ferry from Port Dover, across the lake.

The industries of Galt are very numerous, the staple industries being manufacturing of all kinds of wood-working, machinery, boilers, safes, and many other iron and steel manufactures.

The best fireproof safes and vaults in Ontario, and probably in the whole of Canada, are manufactured in Galt. Their worth is evidenced by the fact that the Parliament Buildings are almost, if not wholly, equipped with the Goldie and McCullough safes and vaults.

The pumps and water hydrants of the R. McDougal Company also hold an enviable position in that line in Ontario.

Many other branches of the great iron and steel industry are located in Galt, and articles such as saws, edge tools and blowers are manufactured there. There are also several small plants which are steadily increasing in size. They manufacture such articles as knives, taps, brass castings, stoves and furnaces.

Galt is also noted for the high grade of woollen goods which it produces. They are handled in the greater part of Ontario and Quebec, and the "Ceetee" and "Tiger" brands are well known.

Another growing industry is that of boots and shoes. There are already two extensive factories, each employing between 200 and 300 hands.

Galt is known as "The Manchester of Canada," and is well deserving of that name.

At the next sitting of the Ontario Legislature, an Act will be passed proclaiming Galt a city, and this will in all probability cause a great increase in industries in that good old town on the Grand River.

A. F. KNOWLES.

HEARD IN CLASS

Mr. MacDougal: Miss McKennery, what is a cat?

Miss McKennery: A cat is an animal with four feet, that can scratch and see in the dark, and is neither an elephant, tiger or owl.

Mr. Wildgust (during singing of Tipperary): You gentlemen must remember you are in the classroom and sing with the ladies, instead of adhering to your usual practice of following them.

Grade A. Student (teaching a lesson in physical culture): Place heels together, raise feet from floor and bring smartly together till outsides touch.

Considerable practice was found to be necessary on the part of the class, before this gymnastic feat could be accomplished.

The following selection expresses, in practical form, the feelings of the Model Class, on the occasions when they repair to the Model School, to perform their duty as "teachers-in-training," by instructing the classes in that school:—

On Tuesday and on Thursdays
We are feeling rather blue;
But we rise to the occasion
When the clock ticks half-past two.

Then we go with fear and trembling
To the school across the street,
And if you listened carefully,
You'd hear our poor hearts beat.

We teach the lesson carefully,
And find, before we're through,
That the pupils know a great deal
More about it than we do.

And when the lesson's over,
We are criticized, and then
We very slowly wander back
To the Normal School again.

Then we feel worse than ever,
And we're sure we'll never pass,
For is our number not thirteen?
A poor, unlucky class.

—Contributed.

THE SONG OF THE NORMALITE

Observation is vexation,
Planning is twice as bad;
Teaching doth perplex me,
And criticism drives me mad.

VALEDICTORY—MODEL SCHOOL

Mr. President, Teachers, Fellow-students and Friends,—I have much pleasure in taking this opportunity, on behalf of the Model students, to thank Mr. _____ for the compliment he has paid us, and to express the hope that we may fulfil his wishes regarding us. We feel that if we do not fulfil these wishes, it will be through no fault of our teachers. During the time we have been here, they have earnestly endeavored, and, we hope, have succeeded, in giving us a better idea of what true teaching is, and in impressing upon us the greatness of our chosen profession. We would also like to express, in some small measure, our gratitude to them for the interest they have taken in us throughout the term. We can appreciate this kindness all the more as we look back upon those first days when their hearty welcome did so much to alleviate the pangs of homesickness. As our acquaintance progressed, we discovered no change in this attitude; on the contrary, their never-failing readiness to aid us in any matter however small, will go far towards making our recollections of North Bay wholly pleasant ones. Of the value of the training we have received, I need say little. The old proverb says that example is better than precept, but I think we can improve that by saying that both, together, are better than one, alone. We have had both, and I only hope that when we go out to our schools, we may profit by the example which has been set before us, as well as by the instruction which we have received.

I would also like to thank the Normal students for the effort they have put forth to make this, our last evening with you, a thoroughly enjoyable one. We all agree, I am sure, in saying that so far it has been all we, or they, could desire, and I am certain that the remainder of the program will corroborate our statement. The only drawback to our happiness on this occasion lies in the fact that the time of our departure is so near at hand, and that this is probably the last time we shall all meet together. Since the time of the opening of the school, we have experienced nothing but the hearty comradeship of the Normal students, and the time will be long in coming when we forget the friendship created here. The fellowship between the classes seems all the more worthy of note when we consider that the Normal students are prone to regard Model Schools as unworthy institutions. I am sure, however, that they make an exception in favor of North Bay Model.

In closing, I would like to address a few words to both the Normal and Model students. You have had, and are having, the privilege of attending one of the best equipped and best conducted training schools of the Dominion. It behooves you, therefore, when you go out into the world, to see to it that your actions reflect no shadow of discredit upon the glorious institution of which you are a product, but rather add to the fame which it has already acquired.

The Model students heartily join in wishing you all a very merry Christmas and all success and happiness throughout the years to come.

GLADYS WATT.

LORD ROBERTS—A TRIBUTE

About two weeks ago a cloud of sorrow fell over the British Empire, when it became known that the great British soldier, Lord Roberts, the hero of the Afghanistan and Boer wars, was dead.

Not without just cause did the colonies, as well as Britain, feel the great loss they had sustained. His whole life had been spent in the up-building and defence of this great Empire of justice and liberty, a work worthy of the great man who so successfully carried it out.

Small of stature he was, and born with a soldier's spirit which carried him through every trial to a triumphant finish. Through his years of rough military life, he never lost the refinement and culture of a gentleman. With his soldiers he was as one of them, sharing and easing them of their burdens whenever possible. Soldiers who otherwise disliked the army life, willingly served under him.

He always took a special interest in our own Canadian troops, and even in the feebleness of his old age, inspected them. There at Salisbury Plain, he availed himself of his last opportunity of thanking them for the loyal support they are giving the Mother Country in the present crisis.

It was in India that he carried on his greatest work. For many years he was a military officer there, and by his justice showed the natives there was at least one Englishman who had a personal interest in them.

They gave him loyal support in the war with Afghanistan, and when the present war broke out, the sons of many of that famous ten thousand felt they had a true friend for whom to fight, and they nobly answered the call.

Irrespective of the weather or his age, he determined to visit those dusky warriors whose fathers had supported him years before. This visit cost him his life on November 14, 1914, at the age of 82.

No greater incentive could be introduced to keep loyal that great Eastern Empire than to know that Lord Roberts had given his life to visit their troops on the firing line. His death has been one of the heavy tolls of the present war, but his example of self-sacrifice for justice and liberty has made a lasting impression upon the British Empire.

H. M. ROBERTS.



MODEL SCHOOL CLASS—1914

L. F. NEILL, A. M. PAYETTE, D. MASON, E. HALL, C. McLEOD, M. McLEAN, E. FERGUSON, B. E. COOPER
E. LANG, M. O. HINES, L. G. DONAGHUE, A. C. CASSELLMAN, *Principal*, G. E. WATT, A. V. DONAGHUE



AFTER THE WAR

After the war—what? Here are a few of the changes: A re-mapped Europe, largely along racial lines; a reconstructed Germany—either a republic or a strictly limited constitutional monarchy; the breaking up of Austria-Hungary into its original elements; the disappearance of Turkey from European politics; a defensive alliance of Western Europe against the possible aggressions of Russia, with local home rule for Poland and Finland, full rights for the Jews, and a growing sense of free citizenship among the rest of the people; Japan's place among the great powers established; increased solidarity of the British Empire—the colonies drawn closer to the Mother Country than fifty years of argument could accomplish, and the fealty of India enormously strengthened; an amicable settlement of the Irish Home Rule question, the suffragette movement and other vexed matters, along with some halting in Lloyd George's land reform movement, due to the fact that the land-holding classes shed their blood courageously on the field of battle; more money for social, industrial, and educational reforms in Great Britain and Ireland, due to the diminished expenditure necessary for armaments; less dislike to conscription among English-speaking nations; a closer rapprochement between England and the United States as the two greatest upholders of democratic ideals, possibly a treaty between them as a sort of moral support to the Monroe Doctrine, and Cecil Rhodes' dream of an Anglo-Saxon Confederation several milestones nearer; the revival of the United States' mercantile marine; a great influx of men and money, mostly from war-frightened Europe, to Canada; Canadian securities viewed with increased favor by the British investor; Canadian objections to Governors-General from the Royal Family forgotten; Canada's defence policy no longer a party question; healthier business conditions—the whole world determined to earn an honest living, at least for a time; credit arrangements not so easily dislocated by a crowned madman's whim, consequently a more flexible banking system; a movement among all nations back to the land as the only permanent source of wealth, and least disturbed by wars and rumors of war; thrift found again and practised as a real virtue; and lastly, a great spiritual awakening—more reliance on the comfort of religion and the power of faith, the whole civilized world having passed through the valley of tribulation.

F. L. KERR.

THE "LIT." PRESIDENT

Calls our president from his lofty seat
In the Assembly Hall so high,
He calls to his audience in thund'rous tones,
But the lightning stays up in the sky.
With one hand in his pocket and the other on his chin,
He reads off the names of his mates real well;
For the president waits for no starting-word
Or leave from the principal.

L. V. G.

THE BELGIANS

"The bravest of these are Belgians,"
 So Julius Caesar said;
 "The bravest of all are the Belgians,"
 Again is written in *red*.

Hearts Gallic and gallant, unchanging
 Through centuries between,—
 No more than in days of the legions
 Do they fear a war machine.

'Twas forests and fens and marshes,
 'Tis gardens and factories now,
 But never a change in the spirit;
 Disdaining to change or bow.

Now long have they been purveyors,
 Bland, busy, adroit and gay,
 Of things to adorn or amuse us,—
 But theirs the same soil to-day.

That soil they died to keep sacred,
 And now with their blood retrace
 The ink of a broken treaty—
 What glory and what disgrace!

THE FARMER AND THE FIGHT

Off goes my hat as the flag goes by;
 I thrill to the bugle's blare.
 Welcome, and more, are the boys who fight,
 To the fame that's the hero's share.

Welcome, and more, to the buntings gay;
 And the cheers of the peering throng;
 But we, we farmers, are doin' our bit,
 To help the war along.

A man can't fight, if a man don't eat;
 So we stay at home and plow.
 And we know, when we look at the good binned wheat,
 We have borne a share in the row.

England has ships that will carry the load;
 They have always proved her might—
 Thank God, though we may not carry a gun,
 We can feed the boys that fight!

JAMES P. HAVERSON.

MAKERS OF GERMANY

It seems to be a fact that the character of a nation is moulded by its great men. The mass of the people follow in the footsteps of their leaders. If this is the case, it might be interesting to examine a few of the outstanding men of Germany, and see how they have left their mark upon the national character.

The first important man in German history was Charlemagne. At first Charlemagne was merely king of one German tribe, the Franks; but he gradually conquered Saxony, Northern Italy, part of Spain, and Bavaria, thus forming an empire which comprised the greater part of Western Europe. At his death the empire fell to piece, and though many of his successors have made strenuous attempts to rebuild it, they have never yet succeeded.

One of the emperors who was most zealous in these attempts was Frederick Barbarossa, who lived in the twelfth century. He tried to reconquer Italy, but failed. After fighting and subduing several of the small nations around him, he went on a crusade, and was killed. So even in the earliest times we find the idea of world power founded on military strength in the minds of the German emperors.

At the present day the ideals of militarism are most fully developed in the State of Prussia. This state first became important in the seventeenth century, under Frederick William, the Great Elector, who created the first standing army in Central Europe. His son also took great interest in the army. One writer says of him:

"An imposing army seemed to be the great object of his ambition. He drilled his troops, personally, as troops were never drilled before. Regardless of comfort himself, he had no mercy upon his soldiers. Thus he created the most powerful military engine, for its size, ever known upon earth."

Frederick the Great, on coming to the throne, found this beautiful machine ready for his hand, and, of course, could not resist the temptation to use it. He made up his mind that the Kingdom of Prussia was not large enough, and so he looked about him to see how he could enlarge it. Austria was in bad condition at that time; her army was weak and her treasury almost empty. This was Frederick's chance. Without the shadow of an excuse, he pounced upon Silesia, an outlying province of Austria, and took possession of it. War followed, which involved nearly all the nations of Europe, and their colonies all over the world. Nearly a million men were killed; many innocent people died of starvation and exposure. But Frederick got Silesia.

Look at one more figure—the model for present-day German statesmen—Prince Bismarck. Bismarck was a thorough believer in divine right, and opposed to any form of democracy. He was quite unscrupulous in dealing with other nations. It was he who first expressed the idea that "blood and iron" were necessary to make a great nation.

In reviewing the lives of these men, it is easy to see the influence they have had in forming the Germany of to-day, with its militarism, its selfish ambition, and its lack of political morality. And yet each one of them believed himself to be working for the good of his country.

TIPPERARY

Tipperary the soldier sang,
As he started to the fray,
And Tipperary's echoes rang
Through all the following day.

Tipperary was taught with care
By our own music teacher,
Tipperary was sung threadbare,
But is still the leading feature.

The school boys sing it on the street;
The pianists, they play it.
The Normalites the words repeat,
The air, they simply slay it.

As off to Model School they start,
They sing the lively song,
And pray that they may do their part
To help their marks along.

But ere their duties they begin,
In art or composition,
They hear the children sing,
Nor mind the repetition.

They fought their little battle through,
With thoughts that were contrary,
And when from classroom they withdrew,
They sang old Tipperary.



"A" CLASS

S. E. FARQUHAR, S. E. SEAL, L. SEAL, M. McALPINE, K. CAREY
J. THOMPSON, E. McCREA, F. F. LOWMEDES



THE INHABITANTS OF NORTH-EASTERN PARRY SOUND

The inhabitants of north-eastern Parry Sound consist, for the most part, of British, Germans and Poles. The latter form the greater part of the population, and it is of these that we wish particularly to speak in dealing with this topic.

These Poles are of three nationalities—Russian, Austrian and German. There are very few distinguishing features, the only noticeable one being the complexion. For the most part, that of the Russian Poles is dark, their hair is coal black and their eyes usually brown. The Austrian and German Poles are of a more Teutonic cast of feature, their hair being usually very light and their eyes, blue. In general build, they are all alike, being very stocky and short limbed.

They are a very strong and hardy race of people, patient and hard working, but not enterprising nor ambitious. This is probably owing to the fact that for two or three centuries they have been under the heel of the Russians. The reason of their immigration is much the same as that in other European countries, namely, the inability to make a living at home.

The establishing of a little colony in north-eastern Parry Sound can be traced to the building of the G. T. R. and C. P. R. These men found ready work on the railways, and in addition to working on the C. P. R., many of them followed the building of the Grand Trunk from Gravenhurst to North Bay.

This work being uncertain, as well as unadapted to their inclinations, was soon given up and the more congenial pursuit of farming was substituted. Farming was all the more readily taken up because at that time land in this district could be had for practically nothing. Since then, they and their families have, with few exceptions, followed this pursuit.

As I said before, they are not very enterprising, their chief ambition seeming to be to have a comfortable house, a fairly well filled barn and plenty to eat. Their pleasures are few and simple, dancing being one of the commonest forms of amusement. Dances are held from time to time at different houses, and usually the beer flows freely. Perhaps the best idea of one of those rather interesting scenes could be gained from a description of a Polish wedding, one of which the writer had the good fortune to witness a short time ago.

These people being almost without exception Roman Catholics, the ceremony was performed during High Mass one August morning and was witnessed by quite a large gathering. This, however, was small as compared to the number who repaired to the home of the bride for the reception, which, commencing in the early afternoon, lasted till well on into the small hours of the next morning, the bride and groom taking conspicuous parts.

Promptly at noon, the hungry guests were summoned to the well-laden tables. The viands were very substantial, all courses being served together, and the guests enjoined to "help themselves." The tables were filled again and again until the whole four hundred guests were satisfied.

A word about the tables and seats might be interesting. At either end of the room were placed long tables, the intervening space being bridged by boards. Seats were provided in much the same manner. These consisted of long pine boards, benches, etc., with here and there a chair to provide additional support.

At about three in the afternoon, the majority of the guests wended their way to the dancing platform, which was built under a separate roof. Here, to the music of an organ, violins and mouth organs, the dancing began. For the most part, these consisted of "square" dances, with an occasional variation in the shape of a waltz.

As the guests became heated with their exertions, cooling beverages were passed,—beer for the men and port wine for the women. This amusement continued until six o'clock when the noon's performance was re-acted. Shortly after this, we left for home, but by far the greater number of revellers, becoming more convivial as the hours went by, stayed until the rising sun announced to them that another day's labor was at hand.

As immigrants, these people are, we think, more desirable citizens than the Italians, Chinese, etc., being of a quiet, inoffensive disposition and hard workers, usually spending the winter season, when there is little work to be done on the farm, in lumber camps, while the boys and women look after the interests at home.

EMMA LANG,
GLADYS WATT,
DOROTHY MASON.

THE NORMALITES' PICNIC

The Normalites held their annual picnic at the French River, Saturday, September 19. It proved a grand success, owing to the magnificent weather and to the time of year. The steamer "Sea Gull," which had been chartered by the Normal School authorities, left the quay at eight o'clock, amidst much cheering. North Bay and the Normal School were of the past, at least for the day. Then followed a delightful voyage. A mouth-organ was pressed into service, and while "Spike" Stevens played, the deck was kept in a whirl of fairy feet and laughing faces. Amid it all, Mr. Chidley (President of the Lit. Society) ever smiled, while tripping lightly through the various changes of the waltz, two-step and three-step.

When the young people had quite exhausted themselves dancing, they sat down around the deck and engaged in all kinds of conversation. Some talked about things in general and others about nothing in particular.

The steamer reached the "French" about noon, and then came a delightful walk along the bank of the river. Mr. MacDougal, being well-acquainted with this district, took the lead, and by various trails leading through a place resembling a wilderness, into which man had never before entered, we came finally, when those carrying the lunch baskets were well-nigh exhausted, to a place about a mile from the source of the river. Here lunch was served, after which those who were able, made little explorations in different directions, climbing over the rocks, at the risk of broken limbs and sprained ankles, for the purpose of taking snap-shots.

About two o'clock the party retraced their steps to the lake, where, after a short delay, the steamer was boarded and the return trip begun. There was not the same hilarity as in the morning, since most of the party were rather tired, but all declared unanimously that they had spent an extremely delightful day.

MARION M. HOLLINGSWORTH.

THE NORMALITES' NEXT PICNIC

When the Normalites next have a picnic, they will select a pretty Hill, with Green grass all around. There must be trees with broad, shady branches, for the accommodation of Robbins and Hawkes. It will be Devine, for we will play hide-and-peek around the Church and Barnes.

Perhaps the Sheppard will lead us to the top of the highest Knowles, where we may make a Castle of branches and leaves. When it is Dunn, in its Chambers we will place a Casselman.

If the Wildgust is not too cold, we may linger in the grasses and new-mown Hayes. Then we will return to the Hall, where the Cook will serve an excellent Dinner. I Donaghue will not give after-dinner speeches, but I Nault the President will be capable.

Contributed by "A MODELITE."

DISCOVERIES

People are learning new things every day. Even the Model students may learn something from the babies in the primary class at the Model School. For instance, they have received from them the following information:—

1. That serpents were built to carry seeds on their backs. They left them there because they couldn't scratch them off.
2. King Edward VII. is now father of Alfred the Great.
3. A post-script is a thing to dig post-holes with.
4. When asked by the teacher how the islands came to be in Lake Nipissing, one pupil promptly replied, "God put them there before he put in the water."
5. Teacher: Give me a sentence with "folly" in it. Pupil: "I folly the cows."
6. Sympathy is enlisted for the students, who are supposed to recognize from the statement, "King Alfred fat in a bottle," that King Alfred fought in a battle.
7. Teacher: "What is the cause of wind?" Pupil: "The trees blowing around."

Mr. Casselman has discovered that dates must be kept in a warm room. Some already knew that an icy manner prevented the making of dates.

Evidently Miss Luella Donahue is not used to horses. She described their mode of getting up and down so effectively that Mr. Casselman decided she must have watched an ox.

About a week ago Mr. Ferguson was discovered one day, seated on his books, and leaning comfortably against a board fence, sound asleep. When aroused and asked what he was doing, he rubbed his eyes and replied rather vaguely, "I've been spending an hour on my books."

THE STANTON TRAGEDY

On February 5th, 1912, the ice bridge below Niagara Falls suddenly separated from the shore, carrying to death in the Whirlpool Rapids, Mr. and Mrs. Eldridge Stanton of Toronto, and Burrell Heacock of Cleveland. The heroic but unavailing attempt of the two men to save Mrs. Stanton, and especially that of young Heacock, who gave his life for a stranger, amply entitles them to a place among the "Heroes of Old."

HEROES OF OLD

(Toronto Globe, February 17th, 1912.)

In days of yore, so poets sing,
Impact of arms on iron mail,
Resounding made the welkin ring;
Nor did the ancient heroes quail,
Nay, rather did defiance fling!
Heroes of old, in death long cold,
Your hearts of oak let poets sing.

In days of yore, so poets sing,
Ere chivalry had lost its grace,
'Twas ever deemed a valiant thing,
Unmoved, to stare death in the face,
To win a token or a ring.
True knights of old, in death long cold,
Your gallant hearts, let poets sing.

In these our days, yet poets sing,
The valour of that noble twain,
Who instant to the winds did fling
All thought of self, in that wild main
Where mists below Niagara cling,
Heroes so bold, in death now cold,
All poets should your praises sing.

Each day that dawns with wakening light,
Some heart unsung is touched with power,
To deathless deeds of love and might,
That stamp with fame their natal hour,
And blur with tears of pride our sight,
Our hearts are purged with bitter pain,
Heroes, ye have not died in vain.

A. C. BERNATH,
Principal, Continuation School.

Huntsville, Ont.



"B" CLASS, SECTION 1

F. WIGGINS, M. DENNER, M. A. BARCLAY, R. M. BARNES, M. M. McDONALD, M. A. MORRISON, N. MATTHEWS, A. B. CARRY, C. BENEFAU
E. E. TAYLOR, G. M. M. CHURCH, J. F. MORRISON, M. ARDILL, J. K. MORRISON, M. F. DROGHAS, J. COLE



HISTORY OF CLASS "A"

In the mining town of Bruce,
The gods all signed a truce,
When on a bright, clear day in the month of May
Nature bowed down to a new McCrea.

What shall we call her? was the cry.
Some said Juno, and others said "Why?"
Give her a name that will bring her fame
In the annals of history or in life's game.

At last one said, as he pulled his hair
And looked down at the babe so fair,
Call her Eliza, that name will stand
When Queenie and Birdie lie under the sand.

From childhood she grew to a lass so fair.
She entered school with never a care.
All the way through she went with a smile,
And all things seemed to her worth while.

At last from school she sallied forth,
Eager, observant, and anxious to work.
In the child's young mind she found fertile soil,
Which amply repaid her earnest toil.

To further train her brilliant mind
In "Classroom Management" and in kind,
She came to Normal in the fall
To become a teacher once and for all.

Miss Kathleen Carey hails from a quiet little village near the beautiful town of Cobourg. She was a quiet, sedate maiden until after graduating from St. Joseph's Academy, Lindsay. While taking a Model School course in Orillia, she gradually became less timid, and returned home happy, jolly and free.

She spent her next few years successfully as a teacher, and growing gradually to enjoy her work along this line, she decided to finish her course in North Bay Normal, and so we see her smiling face in our small but precious "A" Class.

May she continue to delight in her noble work, is the wish of her Normal associates.

Miss Edith, from the Highlands came,
From the clan of Farquhar arose her name.
With true Scotch independence and pride,
To be a teacher she did decide.

So in the Soo she took her place,
 And with all classes she kept pace;
 And there her dream was realized,
 When she won the honour that she prized.

So in North Bay still persevering,
 To the highest goal she's ever nearing.
 And may Dame Fortune's very best
 On Edith's work forever rest.

Margaret McAlpine, as her name implies, is a descendant of one of the sons of Scotland. Perhaps this accounts for her careful disposition, for Margaret is very deliberate and Margaret never hurries.

Her early school days were spent near Gravenhurst, and High School education at Barrie. While here, she became a leader in the class studies, and while attending Lindsay Model, she led her teachers and classmates a lively jig.

Graduating from Model, she assumed the responsibilities of a teacher, and here we lose her for a short time. She has, however, decided to make teaching a life profession and we find her bright face among those of our quiet and sedate "A" Class.

On no rock-bound coast this Seal was born,
 But there in Gananoque town,
 The gods did first upon her frown
 And marked her for their own.

Fair of face and form is she,
 Blithe as any one can be.
 True to every high ideal
 Is this maid, Miss Lelia Seal.

Susan, hurry! comes the call,
 To breakfast, dinner, school and all.
 Susan, hurry! all friends cry,
 But Susan never makes reply.

After all the rest have gone,
 Susan slowly moves along.
 Yet, strange to say, though slow of pace,
 Susan's always in her place.

Then the class say to each other:
 Why, Susan's left her dear grandmother.
 Have you left her? they do say.
 Yes, she says, I must obey.

So here, herself to duty lending,
 And each lecture close attending,
 She in time her goal will reach,
 Which is, efficiently to teach.

Mr. John Earl Thompson, one of our most illustrious "A" students, is a native of Northern Ontario, and typical of the energetic and far-seeing men who have made this country what it is, and continue to improve it.

The prosperous little town of Thessalon claims the honour of being the birth-place and home of Mr. Thompson. There, he was one of the foremost students of both the public and High School. Misfortunes, though, prevented him from completing his course at the Normal last year, but a few months of successful teaching encouraged him to return again this year after Christmas, and complete his Normal course. Although he has been rather unfortunate, a courage quite contrasted to his stature, has kept him ever on top.

On March 31st, 1888, was born in the heart of the city of Toronto, a boy. Many boys might have been born on this day, and girls, too, for that matter, but in this one boy we are more interested at present than in any other. He was a problem to his parents from the beginning. Their first problem was, "What shall we call our little boy?" Finally, after careful consideration, he was given by his Uncle Sam, who was visiting from the United States at that time, the name Fred, after Frederick the Great, and the name has stuck to him ever since, and he is rapidly achieving the "Greatness."

He received his early education in an itinerant manner, as is the wont of the children of all Methodist preachers. He attended Model in Milton and spent a few years in teaching.

He has spent some time at Toronto and Queen's Universities, but the most important event was his trip to Europe. It was while here that he learned the many new dances, such as Bunny Hug, Argentina Tango, Hesitation Waltz, Barn Dance, Horse Trot, Turkey Trot, Fox Trot, Sun Dance, Indian War Dance, and is not inefficient at the Hoola Toola.

He is also noted as a musical genius of exceptional ability on the piano, violin, and Jew's harp.

May his future ever excel his past, and as he leaves this Normal School, may he carry away, as he is sure to do, the recollection of many happy days among the fair sex of North Bay.

FRANCES DROHAN.



BRUCE MINES

On the shores of the Northern channel is situated the town of Bruce Mines. The ruins of store towers and dwellings, and an old fort, the relics of the War of 1812, tell of its antiquity.

Grey-haired men and women tell wonderful stories of the hardships of the earlier days, of the gradual progress until the little settlement blossomed into the town of Bruce Mines.

The town consists of some three hundred dwellings, fine churches, eight stores, a post office, and several other business apartments.

The centre of attraction seems to have been the large mine from which in the past copper has been taken in abundance, but which now lies idle from lack of capital. A chair factory and two saw-mills adorn the water's edge. Two railways, the Lake Huron and Northern Ontario and the Canadian Pacific, which pass through the town, are of great convenience to the people. In summer large steamers may be seen at the wharf being loaded with the product of forest and mine.

In a pretty overgreen grove on the eastern side of the town, stands the old school-house which has been the means of supplying Ontario with many of her teachers.

The majority of the men are employed at the trap rock plant. This company has one of the largest stone crushers in Canada, and the beds of rock around Bruce are fast being turned into fortune. The rock is first blasted and then carried by a large steam shovel to the crusher, where it is crushed into particles about an inch square ready for shipping or home use. The streets of Bruce and the trunk road which passes through the town are paved with this rock.

In the summer months Bruce Mines is a favourite resort for tourists and campers, and, though this is but a poor attempt to bring out the merits of our little town, if you decide to spend any of your holidays in its quiet seclusion, I can assure you of a hearty welcome.

A Bruce Miner,

CHRISTABELL MACLEOD.

PROPHECIES

The "A" Class will soon be leaving us, and although a feeling of sadness and loneliness comes o'er us as we think of our halls deserted by them, we still rejoice in their success and dare to lift the veil of the mysterious future to see how nobly they will have fulfilled our hopes in the years to come.

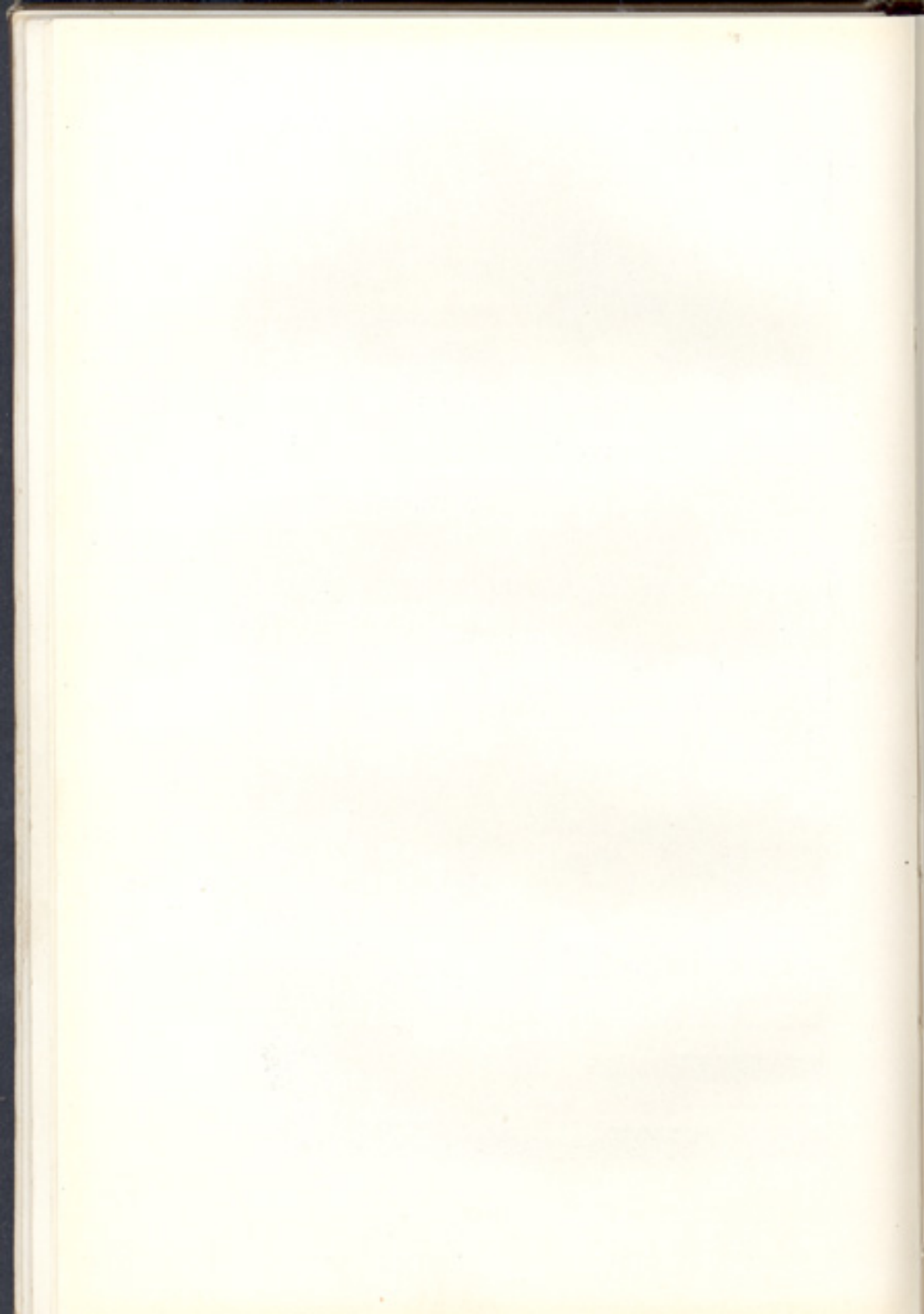
As this veil is lifted, many forms flit before my sight, but foremost among these is that of Kathleen Carey. She soon forsook the life of a teacher and became the manager of a stock company which is presenting "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in all the large cities of America. We all knew, when we saw the able manner in which she presented "The Holy City" to an admiring audience at the Normal School, that Kathleen would make her mark in the world, and nobly has she responded.

Next I see before me a face which seems strangely familiar, but which at first I do not recognize. It seems sadly careworn and wrinkled, but



"B" CLASS, SECTION 2

B. I. HAMILTON, M. M. HOLLINGSWORTH, E. DOBERMAN, E. COOK, R. CONNELLY, M. J. CULLY
T. I. GORDON, L. V. GREEN, M. I. DUNN, R. C. HAYES, M. LINGHORN, R. HAWKE, M. F. MCAULEY, A. M. CONWAY
A. HILL, M. DEVINE



from the eyes shine forth the light of victory. The papers which she holds in her hand are peace documents, signed by a conference of the Great Powers. After listening to Mr. Casselman's gentle talks on this subject, Miss Farquhar felt so strongly the need of someone to see that Britain did not deal too leniently with the Germans, that she decided to attend the conference, and it was due to her able speaking that affairs were so summarily and finally settled.

Two members of this illustrious class have risen to high positions in the Government of our Province. Miss McAlpine's experience in conducting the financial affairs of our society, and the good Scotch blood in her veins, stood her in good stead when she became Finance Minister of Ontario. Miss McCrea, too, found herself no less indebted to this institution when she became Superintendent of Education. Now, when we come in the vicinity of a school, instead of hearing the wails of the innocent children, we hear the busy hum of industry. Everyone is cheerful and attentive, as they no longer have volumes of meaningless words hurled at them, but develop everything from their own experiences.

These three, Miss Farquhar, Miss McAlpine and Miss McCrea, have reaped the harvest for which the Misses Seal sowed the seed. The Misses Seal inaugurated a campaign for woman suffrage in Ontario, similar to that carried on by an equally famous pair of sisters in England. The streets of Toronto glittered with broken plate glass, and the members of the Cabinet cowered in the deepest recesses of the Parliament Buildings. In the end, however, they yielded and the road was laid open for the Misses Farquhar, McAlpine and McCrea. It delights us to note that the warlike tendencies, as exhibited by the Misses Seal during the past term, have brought forth such good results.

"But what of Mr. Lowndes?" I had just asked myself, when a tall, golden-haired form, illumined by a halo of glory, appeared before me. He had gone out from this Normal imbued with the idea of banishing from our land the curse of ignorance and bigotry, but at his very first school, he was discharged for playing the violin during school hours. Nothing daunted by this failure, he bethought himself of the lectures in Religious Instruction which he had attended so regularly and conscientiously during the term, and decided that it would be "perfectly lovely" to profit by them; but after a short period at this work, his mighty energies and dynamic force of will spurred him on in another direction. Many days and nights he spent in a gloomy garret; his sole companions being his paints, brushes, and canvas. When he at last triumphantly emerged, the world bowed before him, and now (in 1925) I see his masterpiece hanging on the walls of the art room for future generations of Normalites to pay homage to.

But what is this apparition I see approaching me? The form seems familiar, but the face cannot be seen. It is hidden by an immense moustache, similar to that of the Kaiser before it was trimmed. The X-rays must be brought into use before we discover that it is our titled friend Earl Thompson. We find him principal of one of our most up-to-date schools, where he is admired and respected (as a teacher should be) by the whole community. The result of his enlightened and sensible teaching is found in the social efficiency of his students. Truly, as he finds that he is growing old, and must pay the penalty we all must pay to nature, he may say as he looks back and views the successes of the past years—Veni, Vidi, Vici,—I came, I saw, I conquered.

J. K. MORRISON.

ST. JOSEPH'S ISLAND

Among the many green islands which dot the waters of the St. Mary's River, first and foremost stands our emerald island, St. Joseph.

During the settlement of the war of 1812, Drummond Island was traded by the Canadians for St. Joseph. This, being twenty miles below the outlet of Lake Superior, commanded Lake Huron Channel. For its size, which is nineteen by twenty-five miles, St. Joseph has the most varied resources, industries, and productions of any island in the northern waters of the Great Lakes. If we could secure a relief map of our island, it could be easily seen that on the whole, it is a level tract of land, except for the one range of mountains which crosses the interior.

The climate of the island is similar to that of North Bay, except that it is more temperate, due to the influence of the water surrounding the island. The early inhabitants were the Indians, and when our grandparents came to the island they found a network of footpaths, which were the only means of communication, except by water. About this time many mills were built, which resulted in the hewing down of the dense forests. The forests consisted of the most common deciduous and coniferous trees.

Of all the wild animals that roamed the forests, the bear was the most common. In more recent years these have given place to more domesticated animals, such as deer and moose.

The forests have given place to widely cultivated areas, which include extensive fruit farms; apples being of the best quality procurable.

Trap rock has been recently discovered on the northern shore of the island. Thousands of dollars have been spent on the proposed development of the industry, but as yet it is practically at a standstill.

At present the only means of communication to the mainland is by water and cable, although a bridge is near completion. This proves the importance of our fertile island. Besides our two local boats, which ply daily between Thessalon and Michipicoten, promoting trade with the island, several C. P. R. steamers call during the open season. The obstruction caused by the ice is overcome by the daily mail stage, which connects the island with Desbarats, the nearest railway station on the mainland. There is but one railroad on the island, the value of which is undiminished in respect to the export of forest production from the interior. The network of telephone wires is sufficient proof of the gradual development of communication.

During the summer months many tourists from the States are attracted to the island, not only by reason of its favourable position, but on account of the scenery which the island affords. The old Fort St. Joseph, on its southern shore is visited by many as a relic of the war of 1812.

The island is divided into three townships and these subdivided into school sections, there being twelve public schools and one continuation school in all.

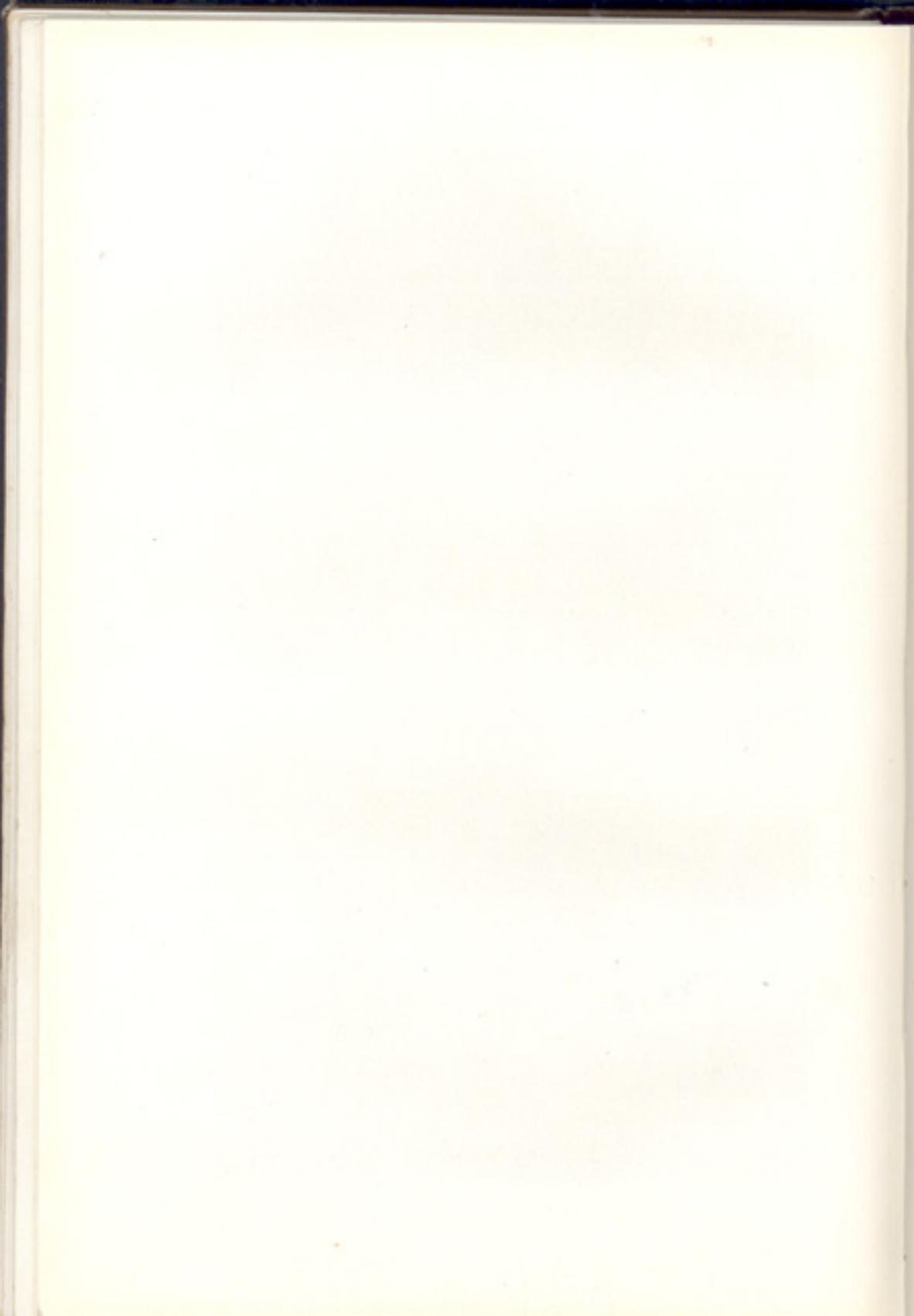
We girls have, to the utmost of our ability, endeavoured to impart to you a general idea of the wonderful nature of our island home, the idea of which, we feel sure, will be greatly magnified by those of you who have an opportunity of spending a few days' vacation there. A cordial invitation is extended to each and all of you from the four island girls.

BLANCHE COOPER,
ELSIE FERGUSON,
VICKIE DONAGHUE,
LUELLA DONAGHUE.



"B" CLASS, SECTION 3

J. M. MCKENNIERY, E. NAULT, E. THOMPSON, E. G. WILLIAMS, A. SUTHERLAND, L. F. SUMMERRY
M. MCKENZIE, M. O'GRAHY, L. MCCURRY, L. A. RALPH, M. M. SINCLAIR, M. O'NEILL, E. L. MORRISON, O. H. NEWMAN, E. MCCURRY



THE KAISER'S PRAYER

(The Latest Ultimatum.)

Gott, Gott, dear Gott, attention, please,
Your hardner Wilhelm's here,
Und has a vord or two to say
Indo your brivate ear;
So durn away all udders now
Und listen vell to me,
For vot I say concerns me much,
Meinself and Shermany.

You know, dear Gott, I vas your friendt,
Und from mein hour of birth
I quietly let you rule der Heffen,
While I ruled o'er der earth.
Und ven I toldt mein soldiers
Of by-gone battle days,
I gladly split der glory, Gott,
Und giff you half der praise.

In every way I tried to prove
Mein heart to you was true,
Und only claimed mein honest share
In great deeds dot ve do;
You could not haf a better friendt
In sky, or land, or sea,
Dan Kaiser Vilhelm Number Two,
De Lord of Shermany.

So vat I say, dear Gott, is dis,
Dat ve should still be friends
Und you should help to sendt mein foes
To meet deir bitter ends.
If you, dear Gott, will dis me do,
I'll noddings ask again
Und you and I vill bartners be
For evermore—Amen.

But listen, Gott, it must be quick
Your help to me you sendt,
Or else I haf to stop attack
Und only blay defendt.
So four and twenty hours I giff
To make der Allies run,
Und put me safe indo mein blace—
Der middle of der Sun.

If you do dis, I'll do my bart,
 I'll tell der world der fact.
 But if you dond't, den I must dink
 Id ist und hostile act.
 Den war ad once I must declare,
 Und in mein anger rise,
 Und sendt mein Zeppelin ships to vage
 Und fight up in der skies.

Dis ultimatum, now, dear Gott,
 Is von of many more.
 Mein mind is settled up to clean
 Der whole world off der floor.
 Because you vas mein hardner, Gott,
 Und extra change is giffen;
 So help at vonce, or else,
 I'll be the Emperor of Heffen.

ARBOR DAY

Arbor Day lends itself excellently to educational as well as social service.

Beautifying school and grounds makes these an attractive centre in the section from which influences radiate throughout the community. Pride of both parents and pupils is stimulated, æsthetic taste is developed and the general tone of the section raised. But it affords a splendid field for the practical expression of ideas and ideals imparted in the distinctive school subjects, such as Nature Study, Hygiene, Agriculture, and no thoughtful teacher will fail to render the occupations of the day an integral function in the year's educational work.

The usual practice was adhered to in the Normal School this year. Under the pilotage of the Principal, the students wended their way to the uplands where they studied the species climatically suitable for shade trees in this locality. These are the oak, elm and maple. They were instructed in a direct and practical way in the selection by distinctive marks known only to the initiated, and in digging trees in accordance with scientific usage.

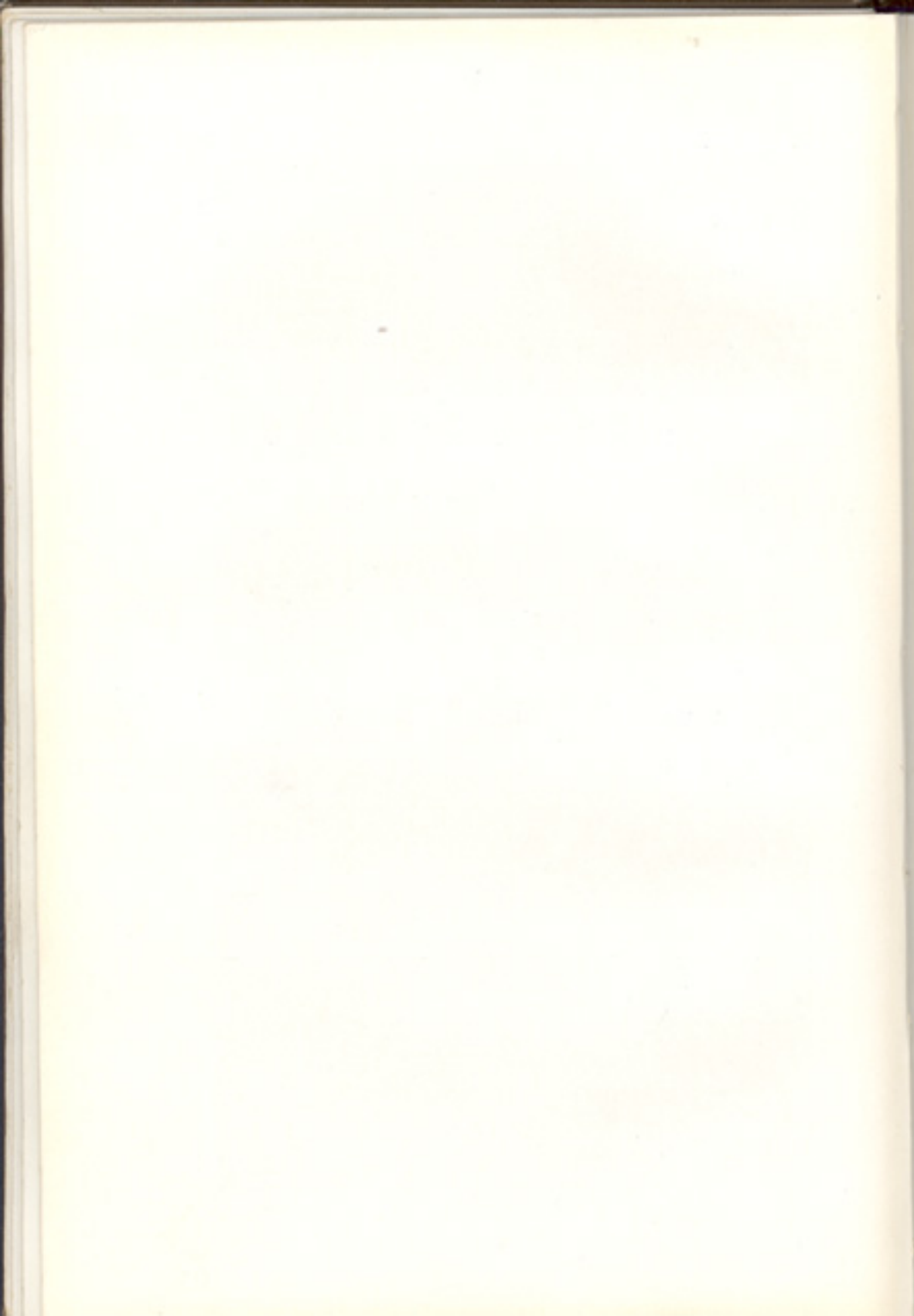
The scene was then transferred to the Normal grounds, where the students studied the trimming, distancing and setting of trees on the most approved principles. A similar process was followed with the shrubs and flowering plants.

Thus the Normal School is giving its students genuine instruction in the art of landscape decoration on an æsthetic, as well as economic, basis, and incidentally equipping them for the duties that will rightly devolve upon them as teachers and leaders in their several spheres of influence.



"B" CLASS, SECTION 4

A. F. KNOWLES, F. KEER, M. J. P. MOFFATT, H. L. MINION, C. W. MCCANN
P. F. CHIDLEY, C. C. O'NEILL, W. R. FERGUSON, C. J. STEPHENS, H. M. ROBBINS



THE COPPER AND NICKEL INDUSTRY OF COPPER CLIFF

Copper Cliff is situated on the C. P. R., three miles from Sudbury on the Soo line. It is a town of some importance, having three thousand inhabitants and the greatest smelter of its kind in the world. It is of peculiar interest at the present time, as the great nations at war depend almost wholly on the smelter at Copper Cliff for their supply of copper and nickel for war purposes.

When we remember that Germany is badly in need of copper and nickel to carry on her infamous scheme of world conquest, this industry becomes of paramount importance. Germany gets most of her supply of copper and nickel from the United States. We ship it there. Doesn't it appear strange that we should be supplying our enemies with destructive means that are undoubtedly used against us? Yet it is true. However, our Government has taken this matter into consideration, with the result that in the future, very little will fall into the hands of Germany.

The region about Copper Cliff is similar to that around North Bay. Very rough, rugged, rocky, and furnishing ideal conditions for mining. In fact, the country is honeycombed with abandoned mines and there is enough old machinery lying about them to make the fortune of half the Jews in Canada. These mines were worked to a great depth until they were no longer paying propositions. Hence they were abandoned.

Shortly after the advent of the C. P. R., the mines came into prominence, Copper Cliff receiving the name from the mountain of high grade ore which is still in the centre of the town. It was rich in copper and nickel, and it has been mined for over one thousand feet. At present, the principal yielding mines are at Cranehill, Creighton and thereabouts.

The Canadian Copper Company's smelter and plants make up one of the greatest organizations of its kind in the world. They own shops of every description. Anything may be secured from a needle to an elephant, and everything is strictly modern and up-to-date. The town itself is directly under the control of the company, as they leased the townsite for a long period of years.

The ore is brought from the mines to the smelter in trainloads and deposited in the roast yards. Here it is piled on wood and a great fire is set under it for the purpose of driving off gas. This makes the ore smelt more readily, and it is not so destructive on the furnaces. After four or five months in the roast yards, the ore is sent to the smelter.

When the ore reaches the smelter, it is placed in gigantic bins and it is taken to furnaces as required. Electric cars feed the furnaces continually, carrying coke and ore, while a heavy blast keeps up a very high temperature. When the metal reaches the molten stage, it runs from the furnace into a great cylindrical tank, a settler, where it is allowed to settle.

The principle of separating the copper and nickel, or matte, as it is called, from the slag or refuse is merely specific gravity. The matte is much heavier than the slag, therefore, it sinks to bottom of settler, while the refuse runs over the top. The matte is taken out of the settler by tapping it, that is, a hole is punched in the bottom through a water jacket and thus allows the matte to run into a ladle. The hole is then plugged with fire clay.

The ladle, containing the hot metal, is picked up by a crane and poured into a converter. This is a great bottle-shaped pot, lined with clay, weighing about thirty tons. Just as matte is dumped in, compressed air is sent through the converter and matte is heated to a very high degree. Again

slag is taken off. This process continues until metal is about 80 per cent. pure. It is then poured into moulds and is afterwards shipped across the line as raw material, where it is further refined.

The Canadian Copper Company may in the future turn out the refined metal. It is to be hoped that this time is not far distant. Canada would then control the copper and nickel market and would have a decisive vote in deciding the world's schemes of peace and war.

W. R. FERGUSON.

EMPIRE DAY

Empire Day never fails to find suitable recognition among the regular exercises of the Normal School. This year the programme was of an exceptionally appropriate nature. Many of the strongest productions of a patriotic type were selected by the Principal and constitute a collection well worth preserving. These were interspersed with songs by the students in a body, which were rendered with a dash and fervour that well displayed the spirit that prompted them.

The meeting was closed by a stirring address setting forth the central features of history, life and institutions which make the Britain of to-day unique among the nations, and on which our patriotism is rightly and securely founded. The occasion will be a memorable one among our students and will doubtless bear fruit in the schools and communities in which they have the fortune to be placed.

The following is the programme:—

EMPIRE DAY, MAY 21st, 1915.

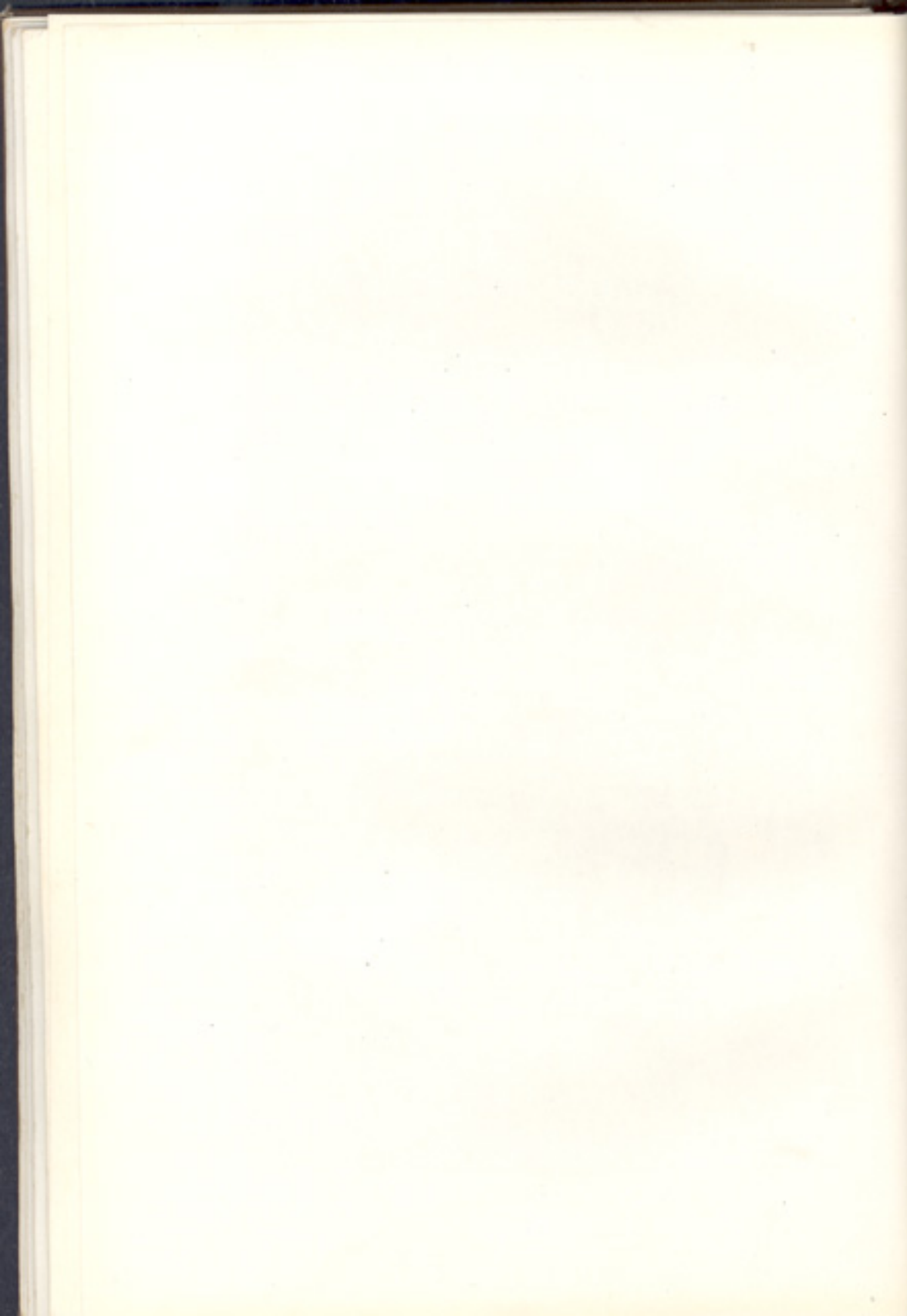
1. Doxology—Praise God from Whom all blessings flow.
2. Why Canada celebrates Empire Day.....Miss Green
3. Britannia—Alexander McLachlan.....Miss Connelly
4. Song—Rule Britannia.
5. Our Connection with Britain—Sir John A. Macdonald...Mr. H. Robbins
6. St. George's Flag—Mrs. Faulkner.....Miss Lingham
7. The Liberty of the Press—Sir Jas. Mackintosh.....Mr. Stephens
8. Song—Tipperary.
9. Alfred the Great to His Men—Knowles.....Miss Joan Morrison
10. England—Campbell.....Miss Cole
11. Death of the Duke of Wellington—Disraeli.....Mr. W. R. Ferguson
12. Song—Recessional.
13. Our Lads to the Front—Miss Machar.....Miss Taylor
14. The claims of our Country—Dewart.....Mr. Minion
15. Ode to Canada—Dewart.....Miss Barclay
16. Song—Hearts of Oak.
17. The Character of Lord Chatham—Grattan.....Mr. J. P. Moffatt
18. The Englishman.....Miss Drohan
19. A Reply to the German Paean of Hatred—Oppenheim...Mr. McCann
20. Arise, My Countrymen, Arise—Ryan.....Miss Benetean
21. Song—Boys of the Old Brigade.
22. Britons 'Neath the North Sea Deep—Eliza Cook.....Miss Summerby
23. Home—Montgomery.....Miss McKenzie

GOD SAVE THE KING.

M.



"THE CRITIC"
DRAMATIS PERSONAE



THE PLAY

On the nineteenth of March, 1915, the students of North Bay Normal School produced Sheridan's play, "The Critic," thereby adding one more to the already overgrown list of dates which have to be memorized by the student of history. For two days before the eventful evening, the promoters of the enterprise might be seen rushing frantically about the school with pencils in their hair, a pin or two stuck in their vests or shirtwaists, and their arms full of ropes, hammers, hats, and scissors. For it had just been discovered that no costumes could be hired at a reasonable rate, and so it had been decided to make them.

At the end of the two days the costumes were ready. A great part of the credit for this is due to Miss Green, Mrs. Casselman, Mrs. Norris, and Mrs. McDougall, who took charge of the sewing.

The lack of costumes was not the only handicap. Several of the star performers were absent, being fugitives from justice at the time, and their places had to be filled at short notice. In spite of these difficulties, the players went to work with a will, under the able leadership of Mr. McDougall, and earned their right to a place on the roll of fame. For the benefit of posterity, a list of the actors has been made out.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Puff—C. W. McCann.

Dangle—P. F. Chidley.

Sueer—F. F. Lowndes.

Signor Pasticcio Ritornello—W. R. Ferguson.

Interpreter—Ethel Nault.

Under Prompter—Irene Cole.

Mrs. Dangle—Johanna McKenniry.

Signoras—Edith Cook, Martha O'Grady, Constance Beneteau, Olga Newman, Mabel Linghorn, Joan K. Morrison.

CHARACTERS OF THE TRAGEDY

Lord Burleigh—A. F. Knowles.

Earl of Leicester—J. P. Moffatt.

Sir Walter Raleigh—H. Minion.

Sir Christopher Hatton—F. Kerr.

Governor of Tilbury Fort—F. A. Knowles.

Master of the Horse—Margaret Morrison.

Don Ferolo Whiskerandos—J. E. Thompson.

Beefeater—C. C. O'Neill.

Justice—C. J. Stephens.

Son—Margaret O'Neill.

Constable—H. M. Robbins.

Thames—Mary J. Cully.

Tilburina—Edith G. Williams.

Confidante—Margaret Dunn.

Justice Lady—Norma Matthews.

Nieces—Eulalia McCurry, Olga Newman.

Knights, Guards, Constables, Sentinels, Servants, Chorus, Rivers, Attendants, etc.

There are certain scenes of the play which will remain fixed for a long time in the minds of those who witnessed them. Some day in the distant future, when we have retired from the teaching profession to enjoy the fortune we have accumulated therein, we shall lean back in our easy-chairs and let our memory rove amid these scenes. Once more we shall see the familiar faces of Mr. and Mrs. Dangle, as they sit eating their breakfast in their leisurely English way. Again we shall admire the ultra-military manner of the butler, and the disconcerting eye-glass of Mr. Sneer. The Italian singers will entrance us with their sweet songs, and the interpreter will bewilder us with her *interpreting*; while the haughty Mrs. Dangle will wither us once more with her look of scorn, as she sweeps out of the room on the arm of Signor Ritornello.

As our reverie continues, we see the circle of gaily-clad knights and noblemen invoking the aid of Mars on bended knees. We recall Tilburina as she pleads with her stony-hearted father, and bid farewell to Don Whiskerandos, and we see the expression of the Confidante's face change from concern to alarm, as she vanishes before the ferocious advance of Mr. Puff.

Next we see the impertinent little Under Prompter winking at the audience, as Puff storms past him to settle matters with Mr. Hopkins. Lord Burleigh appears, with stately step and slow, the cares of state weighing upon his shoulders. We recollect the general embrace at the close of the underplay, with the constable hugging the post for lack of something better. Then we remember the nieces springing upon Don Whiskerandos like lionesses upon their quarry, and the deadlock which followed. Whiskerandos appears to us again, gallantly refusing to die more than twice at a time. We see the distracted manner of Tilburina as she makes her last appearance. Finally, we see the grand procession, headed by the Thames, with both banks on the same side, and the strains of "Rule Britannia" are ringing in our ears as we awake from our reverie.

Of course, it would be hardly possible to produce a play of this kind without learning something from it. In this case, two general notions have been thoroughly impressed on the minds of the actors:

1. If you want to keep your hair on, use your own glue.
2. The heavy artillery of the present day is not equal to the strain it has to undergo.

M. MCKENZIE.

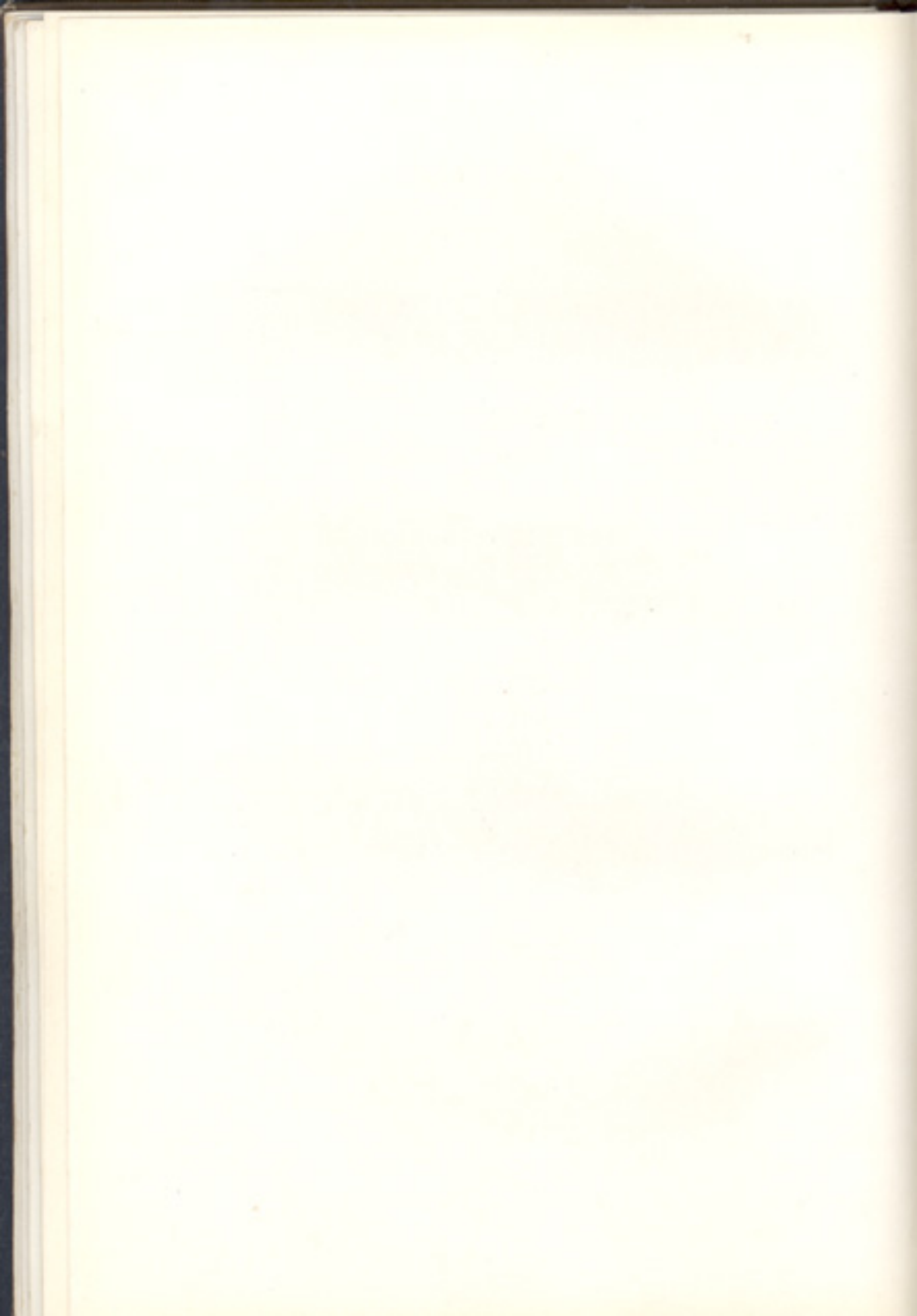
THE PLAY AS AN EDUCATOR

Richard Brinsley Sheridan's play, "The Critic," is a masterpiece of its type, and because of its unique nature, requires histrionic ability of no common calibre to do it justice. Having caught the humours attending the preliminary rehearsal of a tragedy, Sheridan determined to make this the theme of a dramatic performance, a work rarely attempted and up to this time never successfully staged. Strange to say, it met with distinct success and made its author famous in a night. It was this play, so difficult to collaborate, and doubly difficult to stage, that the students of the Normal School chose to present at their annual At Home.

It might well be assumed that the chief end was served in providing a fund of entertainment for the interested guest. The insistent demand for its reproduction was ample evidence that it fully served this end. Or, again, it might well be taken as the main object to popularize a play of



SCENE FROM "THE CRITIC"
THE SUPPLIANT
"My lover!"—"My country!"



histrionic worth and establish the recognition of works of such merit among the lighter art of the present day. Yet these ends were subsidiary to the main function—to make it a distinct educational factor in the life of the school. No feature could have been chosen whose influence would so fully inter-penetrate every department and vitalize the whole spirit and work of the school.

In the first place, there was the necessity of furnishing the correct historic setting. The main scene of the tragedy was laid in Elizabethan times. Some of the characters were outstanding types of the gay, frivolous, pleasure-loving court of the day, and these are skilfully intermingled with the serious-minded veterans in state and war-craft, on whom the burdens bore heavily, and to whom the nation's welfare was a constant care. Thus the minds of the participants in the play must be studiously disposed to gain insight into the realities of the conditions and the types of the times they sought to represent.

Then, too, there was the literary interpretation, the personal character study, the emotional effects and their expression, the movement and action to properly set forth the type, and the stage adjustments to produce the correct composite effect. The bubbling self-assurance of Puff, the playwright; the extravagant theatrical enthusiasm of his friend Dangle, must be tempered by the complacent satire and pungent, yet harmless, innuendo of Sneer. Lord Burleigh must live up to the claims of his high office, and Leicester, too, as commander-in-chief, to his ambition for deeds of high emprise. Sir Christopher Hatton and Sir Walter Raleigh vie with each other in patriotic ardour, and Tilburina must play deftly her dual, and therefore difficult, role of fidelity to her honoured father and her country, in spite of the engaging charm of her love for Whiskerandos, the son of England's arch-enemy. All of these formed a challenge to the best effort and all were admirably filled.

There is probably no subject on the school programme more inefficiently handled than that of reading. But the subject has taken on a new meaning and the work has been largely transformed. Terms that had but a mere technical significance have now taken on familiar content. In connection with the study, we constantly hear reference to dramatization, pantomimic expression, gesture, soliloquy, etc. These now stand for some reality and their actual service may be called into requisition in the work of the school-room.

But these literary results were not the only values. No cor-relating centre of such wide connections could be discovered. The costuming including the designing, cutting, sewing and decorating, furnished the Domestic Science class a field for the exercise of their best powers. The need was imperative, the social incentive vitalized the work, and the educative values were far superior to the usual knick-knack treatment of the manual subjects on the school programme.

Artistic talent was called into play in securing forms for decorative ends in costuming and scenery, and the Manual Training department was requisitioned to supply the various symbols of office, and ensignia, such as chains, coronets, staffs, mitres, wands, tridents, etc., and equipment for staging the several scenes. Thus the whole student body was more or less directly associated in a practical way with the undertaking. It is, moreover, just this form of expression that modern educational systems lack. Social participation in a cause which demands sustained and well-directed effort, with the wholesome dynamic of public approval, forms the ideal educational medium.

THE SUCCESSFUL TEACHER

Her manner is bright and animated, so that the children cannot fail to catch something of her enthusiasm. Her lessons are well planned. Each new step resting upon a known truth, is carefully presented. Everything is in readiness for the day's work, and she carries out her plans easily and naturally. Old subjects are introduced in ever-varying dresses, and manner and the matter of the talks is changed before children lose interest in them. She uses what is within the children's experiences. Her language is suited to her class—being simple in the extreme, if she is dealing with young children. When she addresses the whole class, she stands where all can see and hear her. She controls her children perfectly without effort. Her manner demands respectful obedience. She is serene. She is firm and decided, as well as gentle, patient and just.

She is a student and is not satisfied with her present attainment. She is herself an example for the children to follow, holding herself well, thinking connectedly, and being genuinely sincere. She is a lover of little children, striving to understand child nature. True teaching is to her a sacred task. She has entered into "the holy of holies, where singleness of purpose, high ideals and self-consecration unite in one strong, determining influence that surrounds her like an atmosphere."

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING

For many years it has been the custom among the people of North America to set aside a day to give thanks for the blessings received during the year. We owe this custom to the Puritan settlers of New England, who instituted it at the end of their first successful year in the New World. That first Thanksgiving has done more to keep alive the memory of the Pilgrim Fathers than almost any other act of theirs.

Let us go back in fancy to the first Thanksgiving Day. It is a warm, hazy day of Indian summer. The maples are just turning red. In the shade of the trees which surround the little village are many long tables, whose freshly-cut planks scent the sleepy autumn air with a pleasant fragrance. The Puritan women, in snow-white caps and aprons, are hurrying to and fro between the tables and their log houses. Little groups of men are standing here and there. Among them we may pick out our old friend, Miles Standish, who, to judge by his gestures, is laying down the law on some point of military science.

Suddenly a tall, stately Indian emerges from the forest like a shadow. He is followed by another, and still another. Chief Massasoit and ninety of his warriors are coming to feast with the white men. Governor Bradford advances with grave dignity to welcome his guests, and leads them to the tables. Massasoit takes his place at Bradford's right hand, the brilliantly painted Indian contrasting vividly with the dark, plainly dressed Puritan, like a maple in autumn beside a pine tree.

When all have taken their places they bow their heads and return thanks to God for his goodness. Then they take their seats, and the piles of food prepared by the Puritan housewives melt away rapidly before the attacks of the Indians.

Two hundred and ninety-three years have passed by since that time, but Thanksgiving Day has proven itself to be worth while, and the old custom is still as fresh as it was in the days of the Puritans.

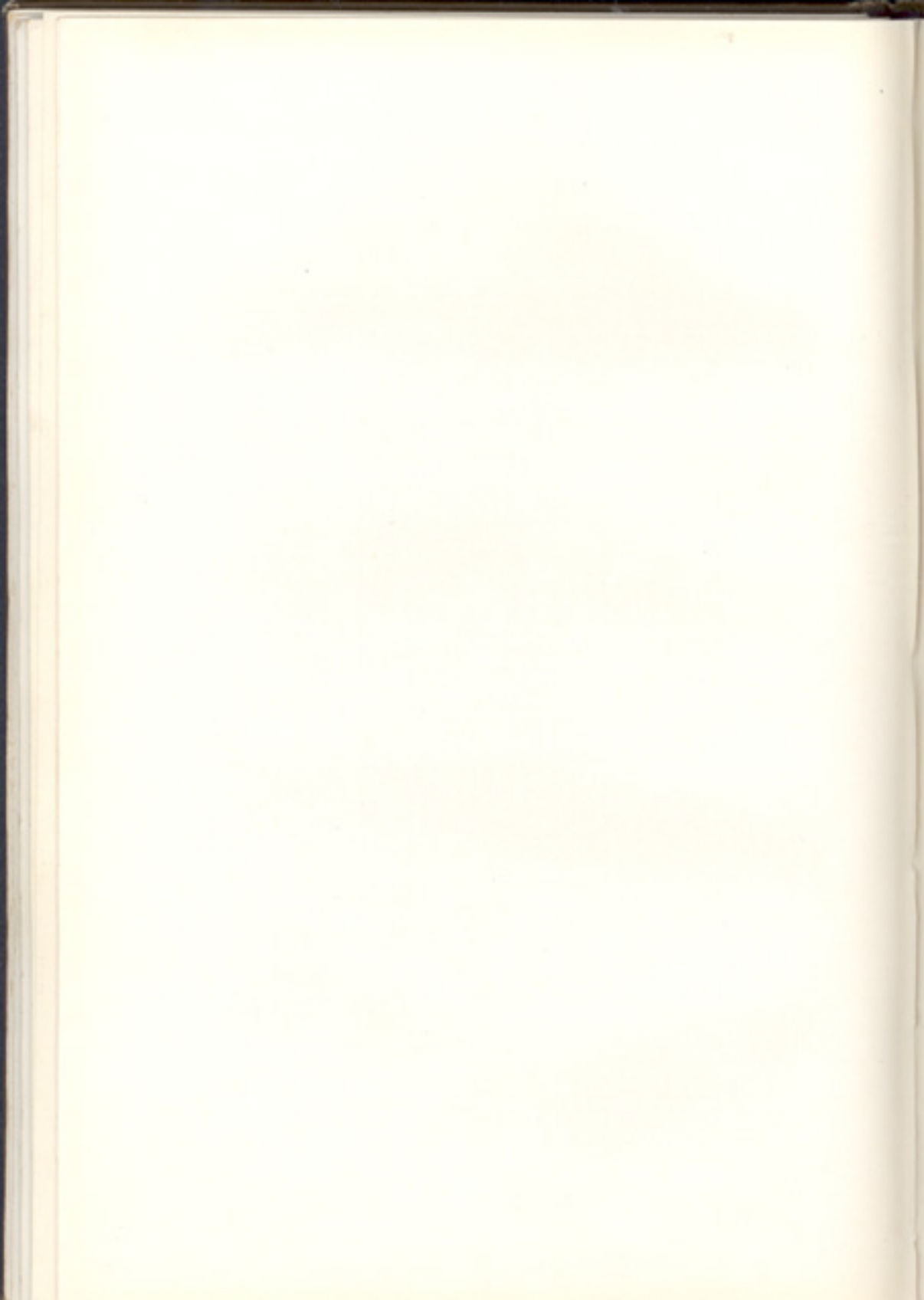
M. MCKENZIE.



SCENE FROM "THE CRITIC"

THE COMPACT

"Are we all agreed?" "All!"



LUMBERING IN PARRY SOUND DISTRICT

The idea which always obtrudes itself most strongly on my mind when I consider the lumbering industry in this district, is the immense amount of money there must be in it for the lumber firms, and the ruthless way this country is being despoiled of its natural wealth. However highly we, who have our homes in this "Highlands of Ontario," may prize the country, candor compels us to acknowledge that it is not, in any extended sense, fitted for agriculture;—parts of it are very well adapted to stock raising,—but after its magnificent endowment of healthful climate and scenic beauty, its lakes, streams, hills and valleys, its chief wealth consisted in its forests. And the manner in which this wealth has been exploited for the benefit of the lumber firms, and the ruthless way in which the forests have been slaughtered, leaving nothing but a trail of desolation behind, must be a source of genuine regret to any one who gives the subject any serious consideration. First, the country was swept clear of its pine. When that was exhausted, the hemlock fell victim to the lumberman, and now such timber as is suited to pulp wood is being requisitioned. And how little of this wealth remains with the country! The paltry sums paid out to the laborers in the form of wages, and the miserable amounts doled out to us in the form of highway improvement, bridges, by the Government, who appear to forget that they disposed of our heritage without our consent, and indeed without consulting us at all.

Lumbering might be correctly understood to mean all the steps in the game,—from the cutting of the timber, hauling it to the water, floating the logs down the streams to the saw mills, cutting them into lumber and marketing the finished product,—but, however, the term is more properly applied to the first part of the work, viz., cutting the timber and hauling it to the water's edge. Preparations for this are usually begun in the fall, and from the first a lumber camp is a scene of interest and activity. It is like a small village in character and is really an independent community in itself. It must contain stables for the horses, shops for the workers in both wood and iron, store-houses for grain and hay for the horses, as well as food-stuffs for the men, sleeping quarters for the workers, a cooking department where meals are prepared and served, an office for the manager and clerk, as well as a store containing such warm clothing as the men may require from time to time. The natural head of this community is the manager, or "boss," and second only in importance to him is the cook, who is usually an autocrat in his own domain. But the most popular man in the camp is the fellow with a fiddle, and if he have a natural taste for music, as many of those "shanty men" have, it is he who will solace many an otherwise weary hour during the long winter when they are dependent solely on each other for society, and cards are almost their only form of amusement. Everything else gives way when the violin is produced; and whether it is a jolly jig that starts the feet tapping time, or the plaintive tones of "The bonny, bonny banks of Loch Lomond," it is equally enjoyed by men whose pleasures are necessarily limited.

Once the camp is established the real work of the lumberman begins. The giant trees must be cut down, sawed into proper lengths, placed on "skidways" where they will be convenient for the teamsters to draw to the water later on. There is the laborious work of preparing the roads that must be at once direct and of easy grade. When winter sets in and the frost has made those roads solid, the logs must all be loaded on sleighs and drawn to the "dump," where they can be rolled into the water to be floated down the streams. It is all hard, muscle-trying work. Surely these

are the "primitive workers." They must be out, often before daylight, to work all day in the most inclement weather of our Canadian winter. They must suffer the rigors of climate, the long hours, the body-wracking toil, and the poor accommodation of their quarters for the pittance of a laboring man's wage, while lumber companies wax wealthy from the fruit of their labor.

When spring approaches and the logs are all drawn, the breaking up of the ice is anxiously looked for, and then heigh, ho!!—it is every day on the move, every meal eaten in a fresh place, every night spent in the open, as the "drive" sweeps down to its destination at some mill where the work of sawing it into lumber is accomplished. And by the time all this is done, it is often time to again think of hieing back to the woods to begin once more that cycle of labor from the tall, upstanding pine to the finished board.

But rough and rugged as is this life, it has its compensations. It fosters a type of men, hardy, fearless, resourceful and self-reliant. Their life is spent in the open and they learn to pit their skill and dexterity against the strength and mastery of the wilderness. To them is given the relish for wholesome food and the luxury of well-earned rest after toil. Such men never heard of ennui; they live close to nature and their relish for life is keen. They become skilled in the mystery of the woods and wise in weather signs. They see every phase of the winter; the snow falling softly down and covering everything with virginal white; the sun rising and turning millions of frost crystals to diamonds, while the road appears a ribbon of glass running between the dark green trees. No man can live in the wilderness and not be subtly influenced by these things, even if unconsciously so. And they are a class by themselves,—strong, virile, self-reliant and brave,—perhaps a little self-assertive and aggressive—but "Not by their sins shall we judge them". . . . "but by the work of their hands."

"I, the primitive toiler, I've lived my life as I found it, and I've done my best to be good."

EDNA E. TAYLOR.

OUR BOYS FOR THE FRONT

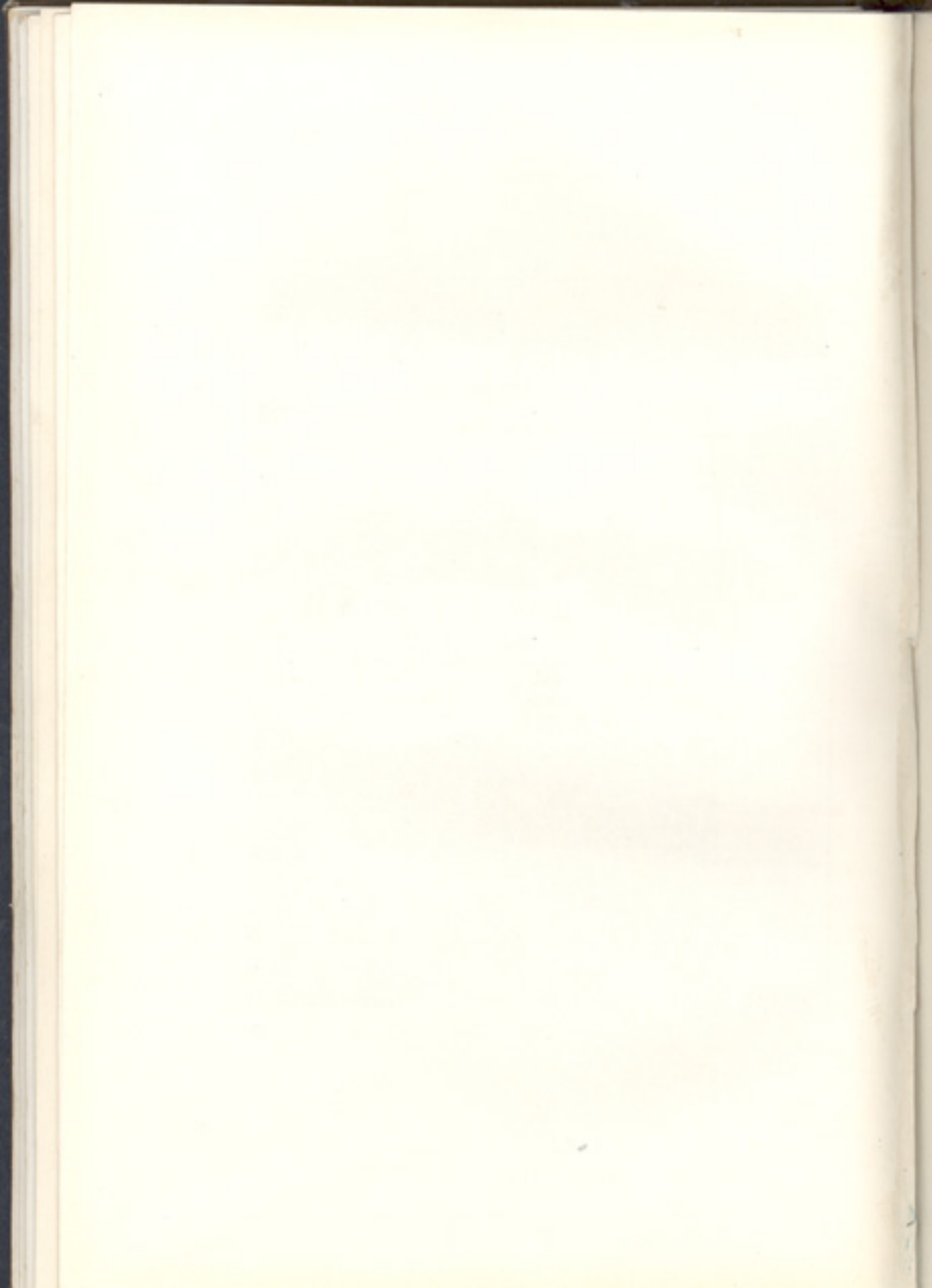
Three of our boys have enlisted—W. R. Ferguson, F. L. Kerr and P. F. Chidley. Nothing could be more significant of the splendid sentiment of loyalty that pervades the institution. They are keen students of history. They know and value the liberty that has been won through many a forensic contest in the parliamentary halls of old England and on many a battle field where the best blood of her patriots has been shed for the rights we to-day hold and honour. Her institutions represent for them the embodiment of these principles of freedom and justice for which their forbears fought and died, and they are ready to give their best energies, and if need be, their lives, to perpetuate them. Their decision is not dictated by some vagrant mood or whim of the moment. They have counted the cost to the nation, should Prussian barbarism triumph and set back the hands of time for centuries. They are bound that the insolent heel of the Prussian autocrat shall never ruthlessly tread upon the liberties so dearly bought and won, and it but fires their zeal to know that atrocities that have been perpetrated upon the innocent by land and sea may yet be shared by them. They have counted the cost to themselves. They have made their choice. We honour them and wish them from the depths of our hearts God speed and a safe return.

M.



SCENE FROM "THE CRITIC"
THE DEADLOCK

"There's a situation for you! There's an heroic group!" "I have them all at a deadlock,"



NEW LISKEARD

This little sketch of New Liskeard and surrounding country is being given to try to correct some of the false impressions of some of the students regarding the wonderful country north of us, and to give them a few ideas regarding the country in which perhaps they will work in the coming years.

When we travel on the T. and N. O. Railway about a hundred miles north of North Bay, we pass Cobalt, renowned for its silver mines, and Haileybury, well known as the residential town for Cobalt. About five miles further north we come to a town on the shores of Lake Temiscaming, different from the preceding towns in that it depends not on mines for its existence, but on the farming country around it. This town is New Liskeard.

Although only about fifteen years old, it already has a population of about three thousand. All through the past years it has been steadily growing and shows every indication of becoming a great city in the future.

It is connected with the country north and south of it by the T. and N. O. Railway; with Haileybury and Cobalt by the electric cars of the Nipissing Central Railway, and with the towns on the shores of Lake Temiscaming by a good steamship service. Hence it has the good transportation facilities that are so necessary in a farming country.

The industries of New Liskeard are not numerous. There are several up-to-date saw-mills in town. There is also a seed factory, flour mill, tombstone plant, a good foundry and a splendid greenhouse.

The Public School is one of the best in the north country and has a very efficient staff of teachers. Children can continue their education if they wish and can take all work up to matriculation and Normal entrance, right in town.

The church buildings are very pleasing and nearly every denomination is represented. Three of the churches, the Methodist, Presbyterian, and Baptist, face each other, so everybody seems to be going to the same church. The Carnegie Library is a fine building also and is doing splendid work in the town. High up on a hill west of the town is the Lady Minto Hospital, excelling in the great work of caring for the sick.

As the Mayor and councillors of the town are generally an energetic group of men, improvements are going on rapidly. The town has now good roads, cement sidewalks, the purest of water and excellent sewerage connections.

Now let us take a little trip out into the country. Roads run in all directions, so we will choose the North Road. If it is spring or fall when you are making this trip, one of the first things to force itself on your notice is the mud. This is not like that of North Bay, but real clay that sticks and stays. As we go along we notice the wide fields on either side of us, cultivated and bringing forth produce that would put to shame some of the older parts of the Province. On and on we go, but we still see farms and comfortable farmhouses, some of logs, others frame buildings. About three miles out we come to a school house. This is one of the best equipped school houses in the North. We go on a little farther and suddenly we catch sight of a large building. As we come nearer, we see that

it is an immense barn built on the most up-to-date plans. It is as large as four or five of the ordinary barns put together. A few rods further on is the Hanbury school, built of logs, and three churches. If we travel three miles further on we come to another school house. So you see these people believe in education.

This road is just one of the many roads that lead from New Liskeard and all go through the finest agricultural land in the Province. Some people have an idea that it is all bush-land, but through forest fires and hard work the land is cleared just as in Old Ontario.

As these farms develop, so New Liskeard will develop. When the mines fail and Cobalt is no more, New Liskeard will remain to uphold the glory and traditions of the Northland.

MABEL LINGHORN.

NORMAL SCHOOL CLOSING

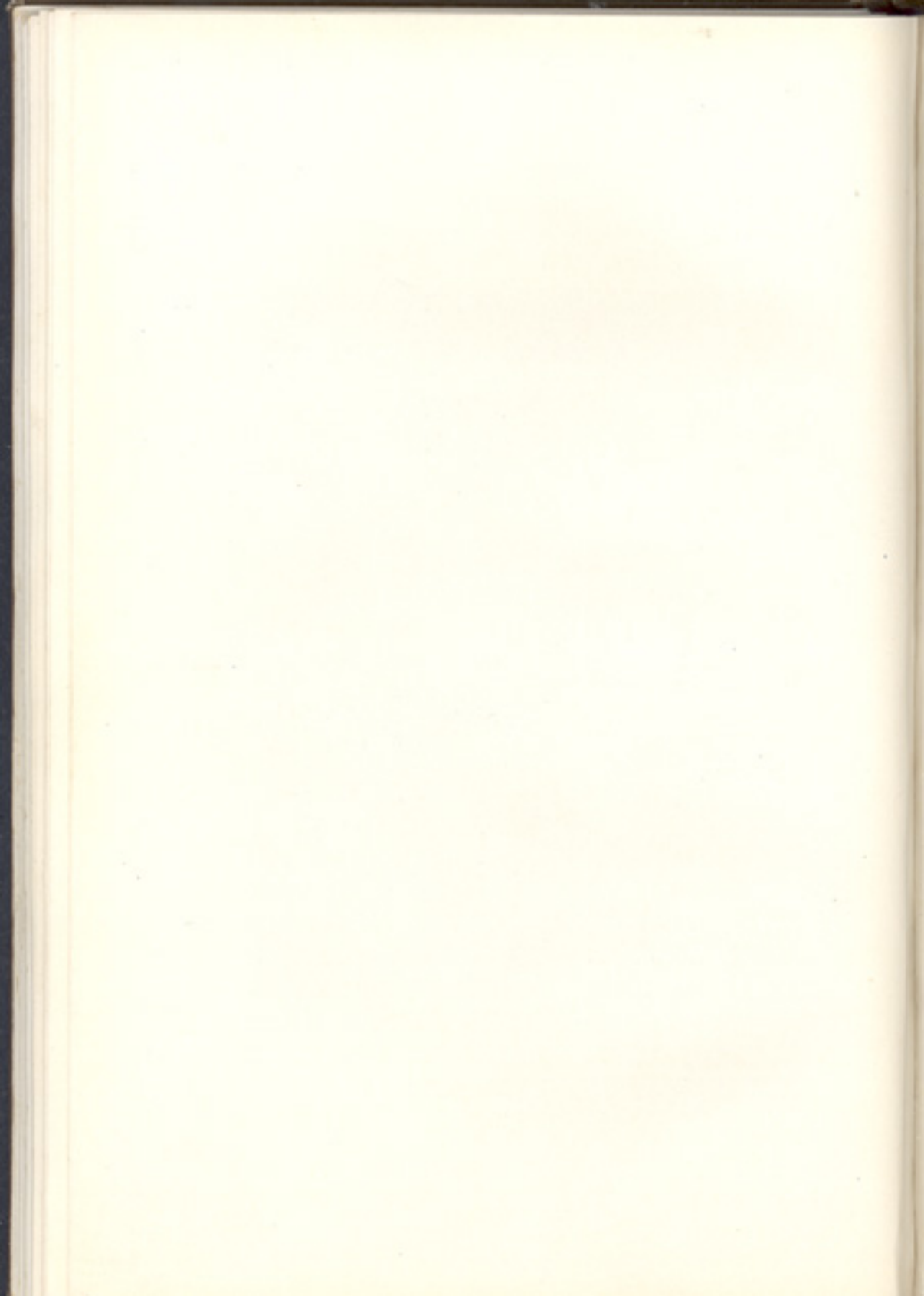
The academic year has for the North Bay Normal School three well defined divisions, each marked off from the other by the exit of one of the class groups. At Christmas the Modelites graduate, at Easter the Grade A. of the Normal Class, and in June the Grade B. Each closing was marked by appropriate exercises. The programmes were provided mainly by the students. Among the numbers which are worthy of special recognition because of their uniqueness, as well as their special excellence, were the pantomime,—“The Holy City,” the chief feature of the Model School closing, and the play—“The Critic,” reference to which is made in earlier columns of this volume. Both productions were distinctive in their staging and unexcelled in their interpretation, being forced to feature a second time in a public way before appreciative audiences. The final closing of Grade B. took place on Thursday, June 10th, and partook mainly of the nature of a farewell. Addresses were delivered by the Principal and masters signifying their satisfaction with the year's work, emphasizing features of special worth, and suggesting lines along which future efforts of our graduates should prove productive. Two addresses were given by students, one by Mr. F. L. Kerr on “The War,” the other by Mr. W. R. Ferguson, the valedictorian of Class B. Both were excellent in matter, style and finish and reflect credit on themselves personally as well as on class and school. An opportunity was taken to express in a public way the thorough appreciation of the work of Miss C. E. Green, Instructor in Domestic Science, who is severing her connection with this school to take a similar position in Ottawa. The addresses given by members of the staff and by the students were indicative of her worth, both personally and professionally, and conveyed to her the best wishes for her future. They were accompanied by suitable souvenirs of the happy relations that have existed among us. On the whole, a most enjoyable evening was spent, and we have no doubt these functions will remain among the most pleasant reminiscences of student life in North Bay Normal School.

M.

W. R. Ferguson
C. E. Green



SCENE FROM "THE CRITIC"
THE ITALIAN TROUPE
The Servant interrupts Dangle, "Show him up."



**STUDENTS IN ATTENDANCE AT THE NORTH BAY
MODEL SCHOOL, SEPTEMBER-DECEMBER, 1914**

1. Cooper, Blanche E. Harmony.
2. Donaghue, Luella G. Richards Landing.
3. Donaghue, Alice V. Richards Landing.
4. Ferguson, Elsie..... Richards Landing.
5. Hall, Elizabeth..... Sturgeon Falls.
6. Hines, Margaret O. Ashworth.
7. Lang, Emma..... Trout Creek.
8. Mason, Dorothy..... Powassan.
9. McLean, Marion..... Haileybury.
10. McLeod, Christabell..... Bruce Mines.
11. Neill, Lucinda P. Milberta.
12. Payette, Alice M. Haileybury.
13. Watt, Gladys E. Commanda.

**STUDENTS IN ATTENDANCE AT NORTH BAY NORMAL
SCHOOL, SESSION 1914-1915**

Class A

1. Carey, Kathleen..... Vernonville, Ont.
2. Farquhar, Sarah Edith..... Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.,
124 Andrew St.
3. McAlpine, Margaret..... Southwood, Ont.
4. McCrea, Eliza..... Bruce Mines, Ont.
5. Seal, Lelia..... Gananoque, Ont., R. R. No. 2.
6. Seal, Susan Elmira..... Gananoque, Ont., R. R. No. 2.
7. Lowndes, Fred Fulton..... Simcoe, Ont., R. R. No. 4.

Class B

8. Ardill, Mabel..... Toronto, Ont., 82 Geary Ave.
9. Barclay, Margaret Armstrong..... Barclay, Ont.
10. Barnes, Ruperta Mary..... Tamworth, Ont.
11. Beneteau, Constance..... Loiselleville, Ont.
12. Carey, Agnes Beatrice..... Vernonville, Ont.
13. Chidley, Philip Fred..... Caledonia, Ont.
14. Church, Grace Myrtle Martha..... Shanty Bay, R. R. No. 2.
15. Cole, Irene..... Huntsville, Ont.
16. Connelly, Rita..... North Bay, Ont.
17. Conway, Annie May..... Southampton, Ont.
18. Cook, Edith..... Burk's Falls, Ont.
19. Cully, Mary Jane..... Pembroke, Ont.
20. Devine, Miriam..... Pembroke, Ont.
21. Dinner, Margaret..... Ziska, Ont.
22. Dobberman, Elsie Adeline..... Pembroke, Ont.
23. Drohan, Mary Frances..... Eganville, Ont.
24. Dunn, Margaret Isabel..... Haileybury, Ont.

25. Ferguson, Wilbert Robinson.....Caledonia, Ont.
 26. Gordon, Tula Irene.....Craigvale, Ont.
 27. Green, Lila Voretta.....Owen Sound, Ont.
 28. Grier, Margaret (Sr. M. Winifred) Mount St. Joseph, Peterborough,
 Ont.
 29. Hamilton, Blanche Isabel.....Shebeshekong, Ont.
 30. Hawke, Rosella.....Owen Sound, 1045 Seventh Ave.
 31. Hayes, Ruth Clara.....Owen Sound, Ont.
 32. Hill, Alberta.....Gravenhurst, Ont.
 33. Hogan, Julia E. (Sr. M. Aniceta)...Mount St. Joseph, Peterborough,
 Ont.
 34. Hollingsworth, Marion Mona.....Bar River, Ont.
 35. Kerr, Frank Lyons.....Balaclava, Ont.
 36. Knowles, Albert Frederic.....Woodstock, Ont.
 37. Linghorn, Mabel Lilian Kathleen...New Liskeard, Ont.
 38. Matthews, Norma.....Downeyville, Ont.
 39. McAuley, Margaret Florence.....Elmvale, Ont.
 40. McCann, Clarke Wallace.....Bradford, Ont.
 41. McCurry, Eulalia.....Owen Sound, Ont.
 42. McCurry, Leocadia.....Owen Sound, Ont.
 43. McDonald, Mary Myrtle.....Berriedale, Ont.
 44. McKennirey, Johanna Mary.....Cobden, Ont.
 45. McKenzie, Marjorie.....North Bay, Ont.
 46. Minion, Harvey Lorne.....Owen Sound, Ont., R. R. No. 5.
 47. Moffatt, Melville John Petrie.....Narva, Ont.
 48. Morrison, Joan Katherine.....Maple Lake, Ont.
 49. Morrison, Joanna Patalina.....Reay, Ont.
 50. Morrison, Margaret Anne.....Gravenhurst, Ont.
 51. Morrison, Beatrice Louise.....Palmerston, Ont., R. R. No. 1.
 52. Nault, Ethel.....Fort William, Ont., 113 Bethune
 St.
 53. Newman, Olga Huldah.....North Bay, Ont.
 54. O'Grady, Martha.....Emmett, Ont.
 55. O'Neill, Margaret.....Pakenham, Ont.
 56. O'Neill, Cecil Clive.....Steelton, Ont.
 57. Ralph, Lilian Ann.....Eganville, Ont.
 58. Robbins, Harry Melvin.....Sheguindah, Ont.
 59. Shoup, Mabel May.....Ambrose, Ont.
 60. Sinclair, Margaret May.....Barrie, Ont., 35 Clapperton St.
 61. Summerby, Laura Forsyth.....Massey Station, Ont.
 62. Stephens, Cleophas John.....Loring, Ont.
 63. Sutherland, Agnes.....Stroud, Ont.
 64. Taylor, Edna Elizabeth.....McKellar, Ont.
 65. Thompson, Ella.....Webbwood, Ont.
 66. Wiggins, Florence.....Steelton W., 297 Fourth Ave.
 67. Williams, Edith G.Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., 180 Elgin
 St.



