

**NORTH BAY
NORMAL SCHOOL**

1916-17

YEAR BOOK

To Agnes
with kindest regards,
Jim.

"W.L.D.S.C.M. Ann"
August, 1917.



THE
FIFTH ANNUAL
YEAR BOOK

Incorporating, in part,
"THE SEARCHLIGHT"
THE STUDENTS' MAGAZINE

JUNE, 1917

"Hectamina honica sau,
Tulum, tula, tulum ;
U looni U laci U radica hau
Yickety san boo-hoo,
Yickety san, rickety roo
North Bay Normal
Hurrah! Hurroo!"

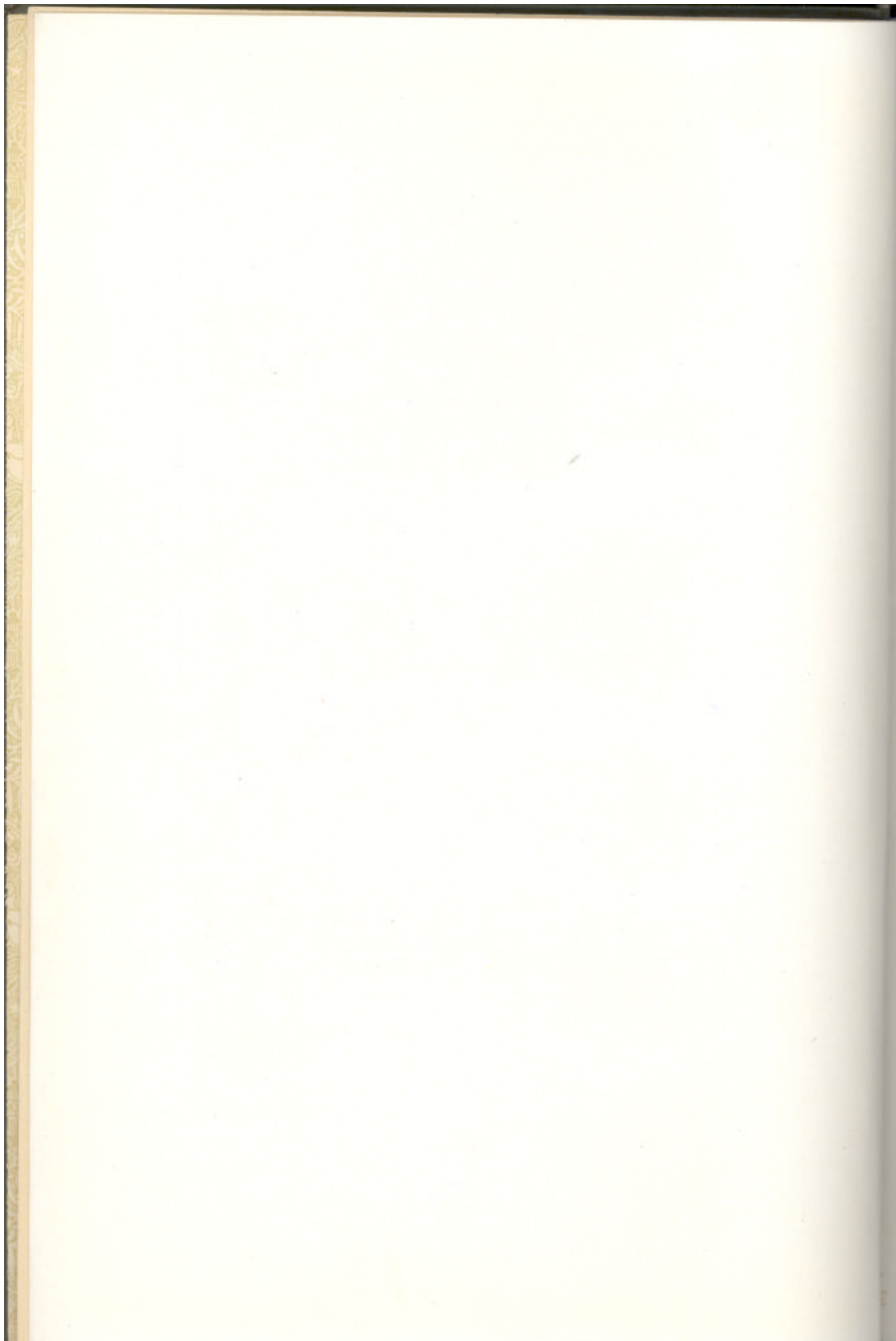
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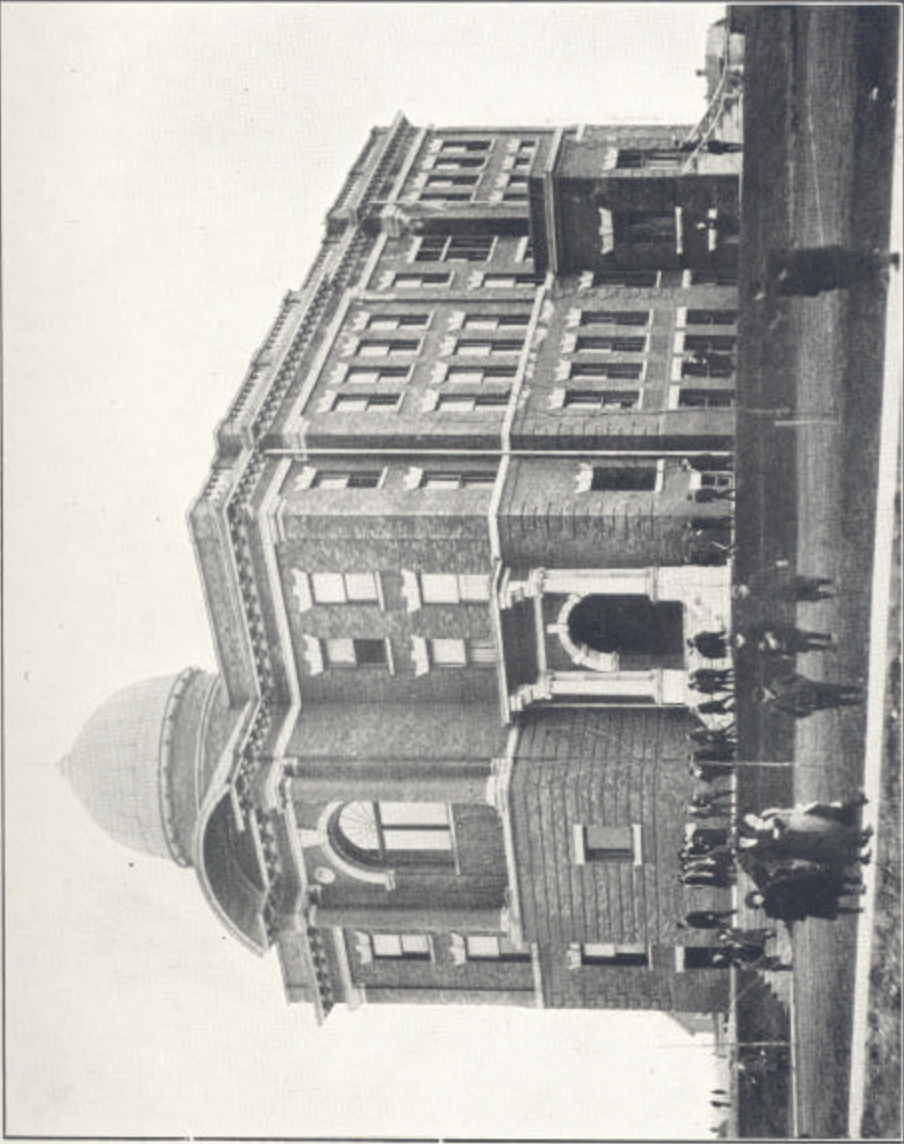
"Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot,
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
To breathe the enliv'ning spirit, and to fix
The generous purpose in the glowing breast."

□

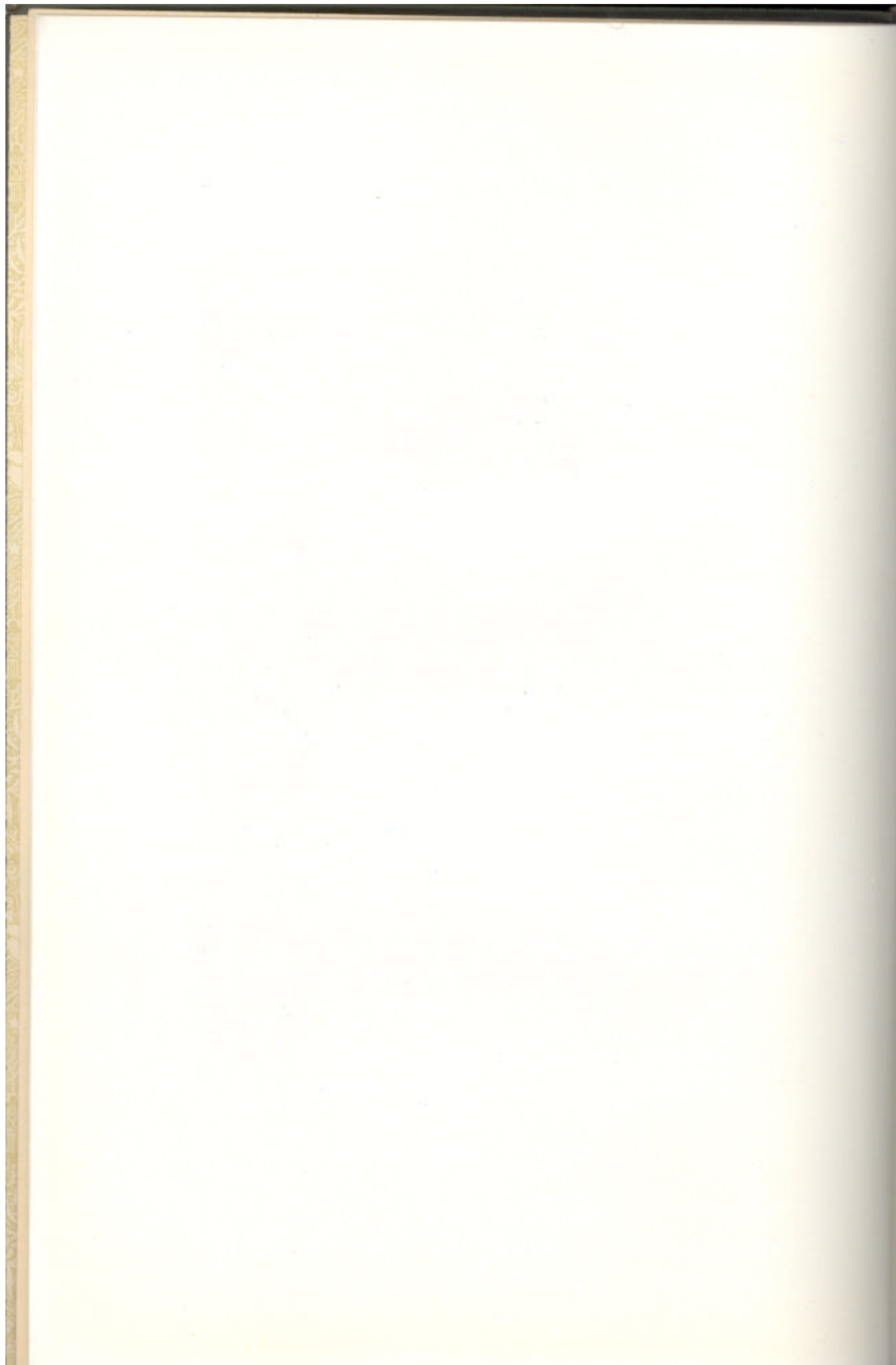
"Forsitan et haec olim meminisse invabit."







NORMAL SCHOOL



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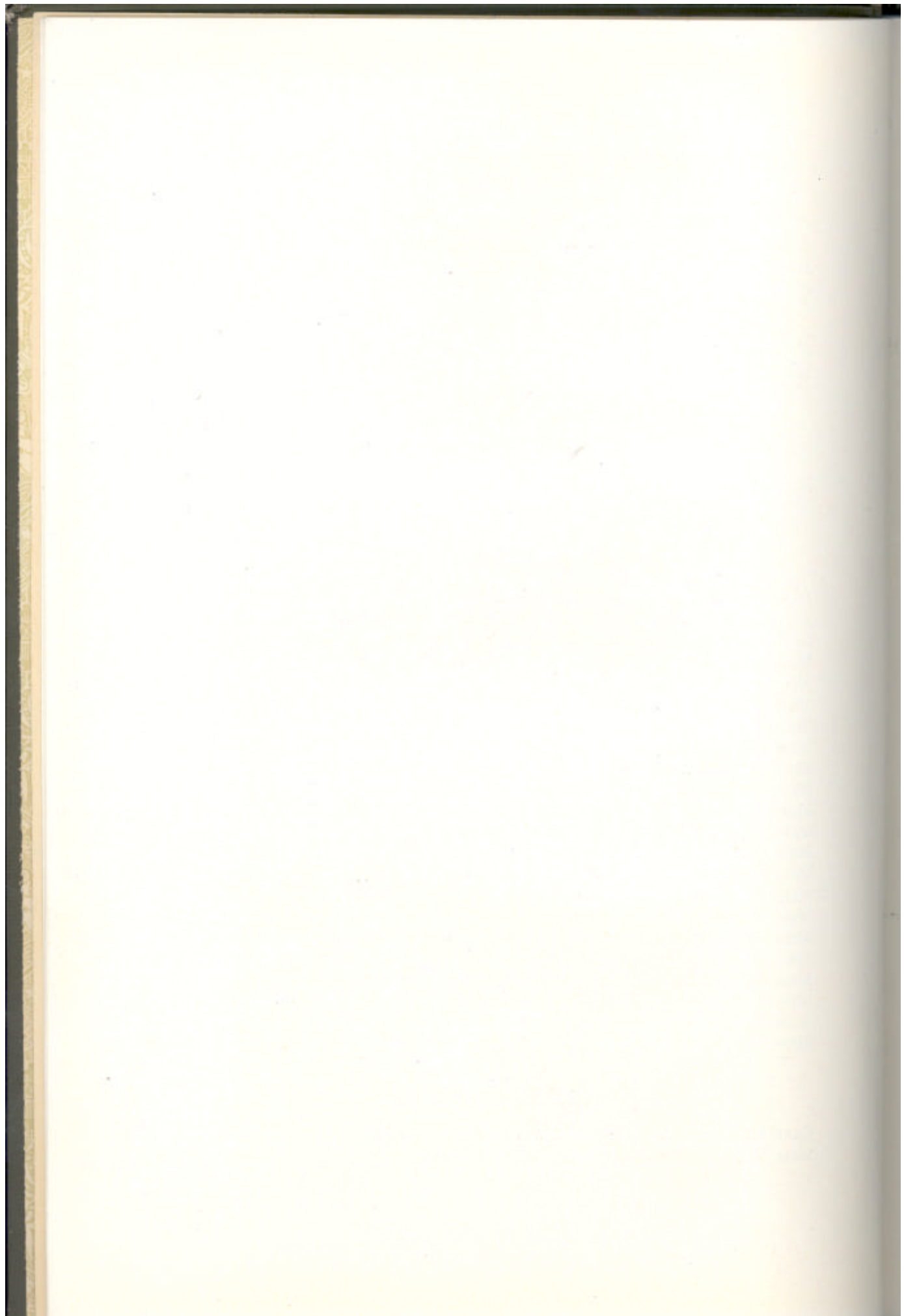
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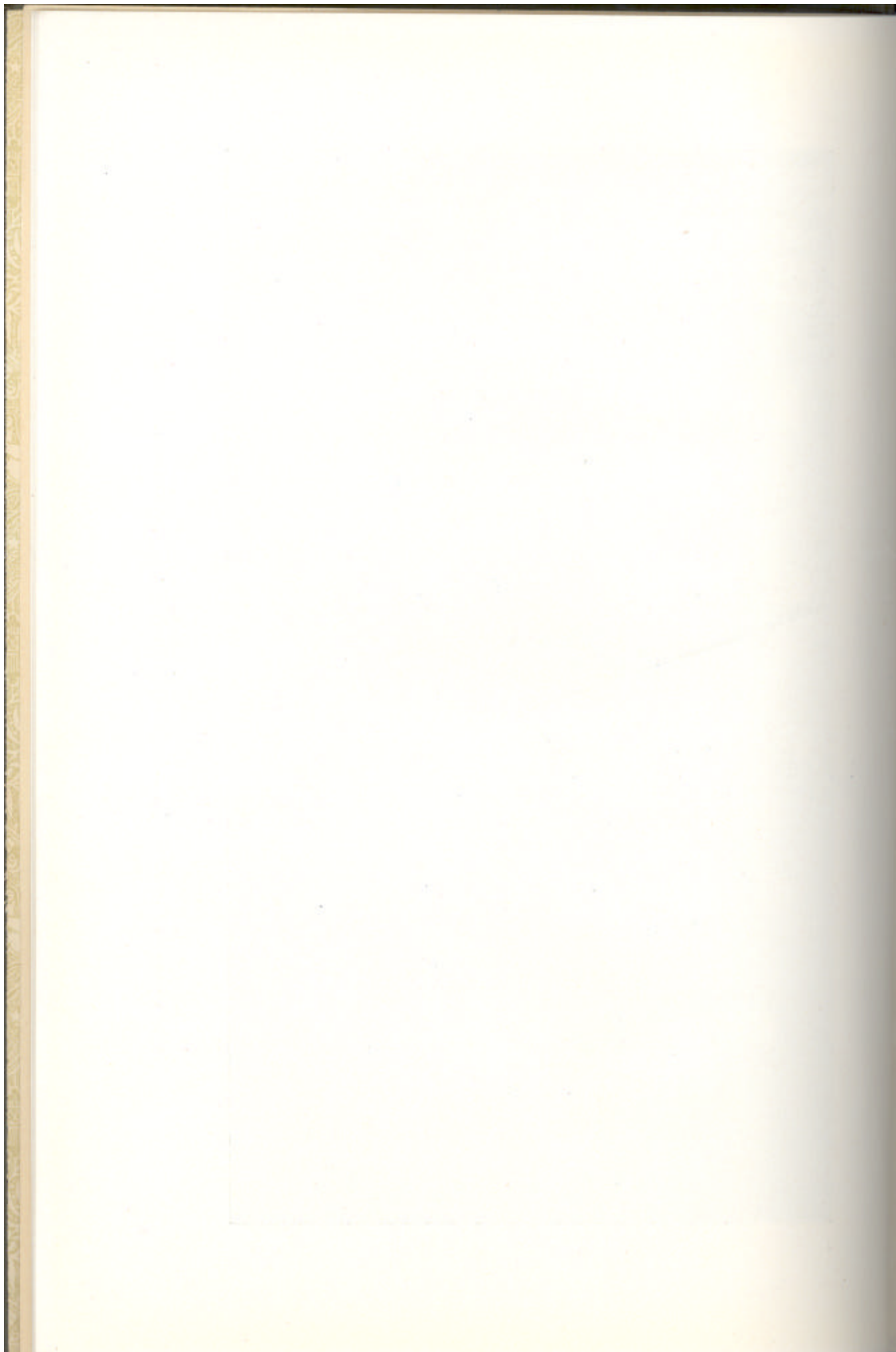
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FOREWORD

Another Normal School year has passed into history. Each succeeding year finds new forms, new faces, but ever the same high ideals to cherish, the same mastership of method and system to achieve in attaining those ideals.

North Bay Normal School has one unique possession which force of circumstances has thrust upon it and this we welcome. It gathers its student material from all quarters of the province. The members of our classes come together with their varied background of experience and outlook according to the special social complex that shaped their views and they make their equally varied contribution to the discussion of that infinitude of topics that confront us in the class room and to the general life and spirit of the school. Again they scatter and pass on that contribution vitalized by contact of mind with mind, to their new spheres of influence. There is a chance for freshness and breadth of outlook that is stimulating to both student and teacher, the worth of which cannot be over-estimated.

Then, too, their sojourn in the North Land adds values of another type. Higher latitudes, invigorating northern airs, find the student not long in responding in increased vitality and strengthened physique. Add to this the touch of the Western spirit, the air of mutual helpfulness and "camaraderie" and that irrepressible optimism that pervades the North, and you have a contribution that is worth while in itself the coming far to find.

As for distinctive marks of the year, there were few of special note. The condition of the times was, of course, reflected in class-room and halls. But the spirit had changed. The war was with us at every turn—the tragedy that had been wantonly thrust upon us, the mad lust of conquest that swept civilization rudely aside to give it place, the horror of its excesses, the mockery of vaunted faith in God—all were borne in upon us with deeper force as time wore on and the day of justice seemed no nearer. But we meet it all now with a subdued but ominous silence—not words but deeds alone can count.

We have steadied ourselves to face the cold facts with a stoicism that sometimes verges upon despair, yet again with a calm fortitude and unflinching faith that the perpetrator must go down to inevitable defeat. Less to say but more to do was the spirit that best harmonized with the times. And in this the Normal School was not lacking. By work of hand, by actual giving and other varied means the student body has made large contribution. We point with pride to the list of those who have joined the colors from our school and especially to those who have made the supreme sacrifice. For this splendid spirit we cannot be too grateful.

The Literary Society exhibited a strength that was gratifying. Possibly it was the best we have yet had in literary output. The quality was excellent and we believe the anticipation of its meeting the public eye in the Year Book reacted favorably. A vigorous censorship was necessary to keep the dimensions of the Year Book within bounds. But one factor was lacking—of poets we had few, even "penny-a-liners" were rare. Akin to this, while we had marked individual talent in music, co-operative qualities were scarce and we had to forego our orchestra. The Harmonica Band rescued us from complete oblivion.

On the whole, the year was strong and the output should add much to the teaching power of the province. We need not express the hope that they will be true to the worthy ideals and traditions of the North Bay Normal School.

MAC.

THE MODERN SCHOOL

(SELECTED.)

The walls and the ceiling they're spraying,
 They're scrubbing the wood-work and floors;
 A stream on the blackboard is playing,
 They're boiling the desks and the doors.
 The old water pail has been scalded,
 A cup for each lassie and lad;
 And no one may drink as we all did
 From that old tin dipper we had.

They've cleansed every pointer and ferrule,
 The inkwells are scrubbed out with lye;
 The books and the slates are made sterile,
 The old well is filled up and dry;
 The dunce cap is boiled every morning
 (They've the individual kind!)
 The front door is set with this warning:
 "Who enters here leaves germs behind."

No apple is smuggled for sharing,
 As was in the school days of yore,
 Until they've made sterile the paring
 And quite disinfected the core.
 Alas, the old pump is discarded
 And gone in the flight of the years:
 The new drinking fountain is guarded
 By the anti-germ Grenadiers!

The vines from the windows they're stripping
 Lest germ breeding insects might stay.
 The eaves and the rafters are dripping
 All wet with a sterilized spray.
 Oh, come in the joy of the morning,
 What secrets of school-days we'll tell!
 That thick-rising vapor gives warning
 That teacher is boiling the bell.
 It's time for the B Class in scrubbing,
 The A Class is set out to cool
 From its recent boiling and scrubbing—
 Three cheers for the Sterilized School.

EPITAPHS ON THE KAISER

"Me and God could not get along,
 For I was right and He was wrong."

"Here lies Great Wilhelm, friend of God.
 It grieves one's heart
 To think of friends now forced to dwell
 So far apart."

"His days of 'Me and Gott' are past;
 Bill's on the firing line at last."

JACK MINER AND HIS BIRD PARADISE

Thirty-eight years ago the Miner family moved to this country from Ohio and settled in Essex County, near Kingsville. The woods had been chopped from thirteen acres of the farm but none of it had been cleared. Jack Miner was the second eldest of ten children, and helped to cut the timber and clear the whole two hundred acres. It is on this old homestead that he now has his farm, home, tile-factory, and bird park.

If you could visit the place some summer morning at sunrise, what a wonderful sight you would see! Such a flashing of wings in the light! Such a confusion of songs and calls from bush to bush, and the clatter of the water-fowl splashing into their morning bath! The air and the land and the water are all alive with them, wild birds every one, but fearless in the consciousness of protection. Many of them have come back to build their homes here every spring of their lives. They have found a true friend and protector and they know it. In the wild goose season as many as eight hundred people have visited the place in one day. Ex-Presidents Roosevelt and Taft, and Henry Ford have been among the visitors at the farm.

Mr. Miner is known as one of the best sportsmen in Canada, but he is one of the rare individuals living out the first principle of the movement for the conservation of our native wild life. In his earlier days he used to hunt wild birds and animals for the market. Now he considers this kind of hunting nothing short of murder in the first degree. He quit the market business long ago, and whatever hunting he has done since has been entirely for pleasure. He has camped in the northern woods every season for the last thirty years, usually taking his family with him.

His natural fondness for birds suffered not a little from the fact that they were afraid of him, so he determined to "show them" by taming a few. He had a special love for the wild goose and set seven decoys fifty yards from the house. It was four years before he could get a goose to come near; then in 1908 eleven wild geese lit with the decoys and spent the season on the farm. He told his neighbors they would come back the next year, and they laughed at him. However, the next spring, on March 4th, to the amazement of the inhabitants, between three hundred and fifty and four hundred wild geese flew straight over the town of Kingsville on their way to the farm. Mr. Miner had known some of them would come back, but he was as much surprised to see so many as the neighbors were to see them at all, though he says he never let on that he didn't expect them all. Ever since they have been returning in greater numbers. On that windy Good Friday of 1913, when the water was so rough that they couldn't sit on the lake, and they didn't feel safe off the premises, there was a five-acre field full of them.

Last year, from his own corn bin, Mr. Miner fed over 600 bushels of corn to the wild geese and ducks.

When Mr. Miner bought the piece of ground which is now the park, it was nothing but a snake marsh. A tile drain was first laid to carry off the surface water, then a circle 100 feet in diameter marked out in the centre of the plot for a pond. This was dug out to the depth of about two feet, bound with a cement curb, and water piped in from a spring. The rest of the ground is level, sloping up slightly from the pond, fenced around the front and sides and planted at the back with massed shrubbery—low-trimmed evergreens in the foreground, lilacs a little higher and a row of young poplars above. Besides giving a charming background for the park, this hedge gives an ideal shelter for small birds' nests.

Back of the park is what is known as the "retreat." This is protected all around by a high brick wall and is planted with young trees and wild native

bushes, where the larger birds, wild ducks, wood ducks, pheasants and quail can nest in safety. Nests to suit the different birds are made from hollow tile; the wood duck, for instance, likes to build its nest in the trunk of a hollow tree, so a tile is set up on the ground with a hole in the side. The wild goose prefers to make its nest in the open, the gander being quite capable of protecting it.

Even a casual observer could learn more of bird lore watching the family life in these thriving colonies for a summer, than he could ever find in a nature study library.

The faithfulness and devotion in the family life of the wild goose is one of the most beautiful things in nature. Some time ago a gander came flopping down on the premises, shot through the wing. The broken part was removed, but the bird could never fly again. Shortly after, his big brother returned to the farm and seeing how things were, refused to leave. Every spring since this uninjured bird has watched the flocks float gracefully off to the alluring wilds of the north, but has never made the least attempt to leave his crippled brother. The pair are known as Damon and Pythias, and Mr. Miner believes that their faithfulness has taken the "shoot" out of a great many people.

The most interesting character that ever found its way to the farm, however, was Jack Johnson; so named because he could lick anything on the place. He and his mate were the first geese that decided to keep house on the farm, and with wild geese this is no light affair.

They built their nest near the tile-shed and close to a cow path, the gander always ready to spring from some unseen quarter at his wife's signal to protect their home. The cow soon learned to avoid the locality, but old Charlie (the cart-horse) was not so wise, and the family were worried to death for fear he would put a clumsy foot in the nest. One day he went a little too near. Mr. Miner was watching from the tile shed, and at the same time he saw Jack Johnson pushing himself along the ground like a snake. The next minute the air turned blue for old Charlie. Jack Johnson had declared war! When the old horse went past the tile yard Mr. Miner says he would have sold for fifty dollars more. He was running only because he could not fly. This incident shows how nature has equipped the birds to protect their young against the wild caribou that roam the northern woods.

Before the goslings were hatched, however, the goose took sick and the eggs were brought in and hatched under a hen, and the gander roamed the fields incessantly searching for them. One day when he was honking over the fields in quest of them, the hen wandered in sight with the family. The outraged father with one cuff of his wing sent the hen shrieking for shelter and then fell to caressing his children as though he had known them all their lives. He then marched them off to his sick wife and Mr. Miner described it as "one of the sweetest family reunions that ever took place on the earth."

The strange part of the story is that Jack and his wife decided to adopt the hen and she lived under the worthy gander's protection until snowfall.

The goose's health continued to fail, and one day she was carried into the cow stable and Jack never saw her again. For some reason he blamed the cow for her disappearance and for weeks he never let her out of his sight, always following close at her heels and watching her suspiciously. When one of a pair of these birds dies the other never mates again, and there is no sadder sound under the heavens than the honking of a wild goose for its mate.

Later, Jack Johnson was wounded and had to be killed. He was given to be mounted in the Queen's Museum, Kingston.

MARCIA HANNAN.



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“VOTES FOR WOMEN”

Before the war, many women expended their surplus energy by breaking plate glass windows, disturbing Parliamentary sessions, parading with banners and stopping traffic, until some people in a panic exclaimed, “Why, they are getting more like men every day.” What a reflection on harmless man!

But with the advent of the war and all its horrors and suffering, woman found her real sphere. The former useless display faded, and over the busy knitting needles and khaki wool, vexing world-wide problems were wisely discussed and reasoned out. In the Red Cross rooms busy fingers made warm shirts, bandages were rolled, and all the necessities that only gentle, skilled fingers could fashion were quickly prepared and shipped off to “somewhere in France.”

Not content with this sphere of work, she bravely shouldered the burden of making munitions, farming, with its monotonous routine, motor and 'bus driving, so that finally in the first year of the war, two hundred and fifty thousand girls had replaced men in England alone. Since that time, five times as many are doing the work of men, not alone in England, but in Canada as well.

Even this large share of work did not satisfy her patriotism and courage so she entered the region of battle. With steady hands she cared for the wounded and dying, eased the fevered brow, and comforted and prayed for many a lonely heartbroken lad in his last moments, before he went to meet his Maker, where there is no sorrow or war, but all is peace and happiness.

The name of Edith Cavell shall be a watchword through the annals of history. That brave nurse is but a type of her other sisters. Her name spurs on the heroes in the trenches, burning for revenge, and fills the recruit lists. It was after her death that the British nation, as a whole, awoke to the enormous task, which the women and girls had so quietly shouldered, and the nation's pride was voiced in Premier Asquith's glowing tribute to women, a classic on woman's worth, after the death of Edith Cavell.

Women took up these various fields of work, not from any hope of reward, but through a sense of duty, and, by so doing, have proven their right for what they have longed for—the right to vote.

One writer, a man, too, has said that only one-half the women want a vote, but the other half can vote just as intelligently as the average man! However, Mrs. King, a suffragette of Ontario, has announced her intention of touring Ontario to educate the women for intelligent voting.

The United States has surpassed us by appointing a woman to Congress. She has her office and seat at the Capitol, like the male members. Just like a Yankee to see the value first!

Dr. Seaford, of England, now a chaplain at the front, has announced his approval of having women ministers, until the war ends. He said that many churches were closed because so many rectors were at the front, while a woman who had suffered and meditated in this great crisis, could quite ably fill the vacancy.

All the suffering and suspense has not been futile. It has moulded and strengthened woman's character, so that there is scant possibility of its being shattered by the vote craze. Women will vote intelligently for the good of the country, looking forward to the day when there shall not be two parties, but one united body, working hard for the future of this great Empire.

IRENE WILSON.

A commercial man stood with one foot on the curb and the other on the running board of his Ford. A small boy passing called out, “Hey, mister, where's your other roller skate.”

THE FOOL

(SELECTED.)

"But it isn't playing the game," he said,
 And he slammed his books away;
 "The Latin and Greek I've got in my head
 Will do for a duller day."
 "Rubbish!" I cried; "The bugle's call
 Isn't for lads from school."
 D'ye think he'd listen? Oh, not at all.
 So I called him a fool, a fool.

Now there's his dog by his empty bed;
 And the flute he used to play;
 And his favorite bat—but Dick, he's dead,
 Somewhere in France, they say.
 Dick, with his rapture of song and sun,
 Dick of the yellow hair,
 Dicky, whose life had but begun,
 Carrion-cold out there.

Look at his prizes all in a row;
 Surely a hint of fame.
 Now he's finished with—nothing to show.
 Doesn't it seem a shame?
 Look from the window. All you see
 Was to be his one day:
 Forest and furrow, lawn and lea,
 And he goes and chucks it away.

Chucks it away to die in the dark:
 Somebody saw him fall.
 Part of him mud, part of him blood,
 The rest of him—not at all.
 And yet I bet he was never afraid
 And he went as the best of 'em go,
 For his hand was clenched on his broken blade
 And his face was turned to the foe.

And I called him a fool—oh, blind was I!
 And the cup of my grief's abrim;
 Will Glory o' England ever die
 So long as we've lads like him?
 So long as we've fond and fearless fools,
 Who spurning fortune and fame,
 Turn out with the rallying cry of their schools,
 Just bent on playing the game.

A fool! Ah, no! He was more than wise,
 His was the proudest part:
 He died with the glory of faith in his eyes,
 And the glory of love in his heart.
 And though there's never a grave to tell,
 Nor a cross to mark his fall,
 Thank God! we know that he "batted well"
 In the last great game of all.

ROBERT W. SERVICE.



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DUFFERIN

Several counties and towns have been heard from, but as yet, this little county, which was named after the popular nobleman who was Governor-General of the Dominion for a term, has never raised her voice to proclaim her beauties.

Dufferin is one of the small counties of Ontario, consisting of only six townships, Melancthon, Mulmur, Garafraxa, Luther, Amaranth, and Mono. The names Mulmur and Garafraxa were derived from Indian names. Mono is Spanish for monkey, but why it was given to this picturesque little township is not clear. Melancthon is named after the gentle Philip Melancthon and Luther after his great associate.

The boundaries of this county are: On the east, Simcoe; on the south, Peel; on the west, Wellington, and on the north, Grey.

Dufferin is one of the highest parts of old Ontario and forms the watershed between the four lakes, Huron, Simcoe, Erie and Ontario. The altitude of Orangeville, which is the county town, is 1,395 feet above sea level. Therefore, this county is often known as the roof of Ontario, although it is a very flat, and in some places a very depressed, roof. Mono, however, is quite hilly, and in some places very picturesque.

Sixty years ago large quantities of maple syrup and sugar were made, but now this has gone into history as one of the ancient industries of Dufferin.

Owing to the surface nature of the country it has always been more or less of a farming district, and since the tall timbers have been cleared away by the destructive hand of man, the little county has become one of the finest farming districts of Ontario.

In many ways, Dufferin has been very progressive. There is a network of telephone lines all through the country and many rural mail routes. The farmers have adopted the most scientific methods of farming. A number have commenced under-draining their farms and are having splendid results. Another thing, which to some may indicate a mark of intelligence, and to others may seem a calamity, is the fact that with the exception of only one instance, Dufferin has always been represented in the Dominion and Provincial Legislatures by Conservatives. The present member for the Provincial Legislature is C. R. McKeown, K.C., of Orangeville, and the member for the Dominion is John Best of Shelburne.

Alexander McLachlan, who secured a certain amount of fame as a poet, was for years an inhabitant of Amaranth township.

In 1914 the call came for men to aid the Empire in the great struggle, and Dufferin was not behind the rest. She gave freely of her sons to a number of battalions and last year she united with the small county of Halton and produced the 164th Halton-Dufferin Battalion.

OLIVE LAYBOURNE.

When the I. P. S. visited a country school he asked a little boy what he was doing. Answer: "Goes inter." "Why, what is that?" "Don't you know? Two goes inter four, three goes inter six."

The Normalite version of the latest patriotic song reads, "Pack all your Grammar in your old Kit Bag." Mr. MacD. claims that bags of that diminutive size are not available.

ORILLIA

The foremost industry of Orillia is manufacturing. Here is the Tudhope carriage works which, when it was built a few years ago, was one of the largest concerns of its kind on the continent. As well as cutters and carriages, it is, at present, making shell boxes. Close to the carriage works is the Fisher motor shops in which is made the Fisher car. Now they are making 250 lb. shells and 18 lb. shrapnel. The Tudhope-Anderson factory is found south of the G.T.R. tracks. Farm machinery and stoves are made by them. Here is also found the E. Long foundry where mill machinery is made. At present they are making 60 lb. shells. The T. Eaton planing mill and National Hardware Co.'s lock works have been also changed into munition works, making 100 pounders and 37 lb. shells. We have also a smelter for silver ore, a wood shop, where small wooden articles are made, woollen mills, a tannery, and a couple of clothing factories.

These factories are made possible by the cheapness of electric power there. In the early nineties, the town council conceived the idea of bringing power from the Ragged Rapids on the Severn River, twenty miles away. In this way they had an abundance of cheap power many years before the Hydro. Last year the Hydro wished to buy the present plant, but, when put to a vote of the citizens, it was decided to retain it.

Another factor in Orillia's development is its facilities for transportation. It is on the Toronto-North Bay and Midland-Black Water lines of the G.T.R.; the Port McNicol-Peterboro lines of the C.P.R., and also a line of the C.N.R. This makes it a desirable location for factories.

As a summer resort, Orillia attracts many people each year, Orchard Point Inn and Fern Cottage being among the popular resorts. The Park at Couchiching beach has long been noted for its beauty. It is here that will be erected the monument to Champlain to commemorate his visit in 1615. It was to have been unveiled in 1915, but owing to the present war, this function has been postponed.

Here is situated one of the Provincial Model Schools; a Collegiate; five Public Schools and a Separate School, making it important as an educational centre.

In sporting circles Orillia has always taken a leading part. In the old days of the Canadian Lacrosse Association, the name Orillia was suggestive of lacrosse, but of late years this has given place to hockey, and in the five years from 1911-16 we had three O. H. A. championships and three runners up.

Two miles from the town is the Provincial Asylum for the feeble-minded. It is a beautiful building overlooking Lake Simcoe. It has a farm of many hundred acres and is so managed as to be almost self-supporting. There are about 800 inmates.

Among the public buildings are the Roman Catholic Church, Presbyterian, Methodist and Anglican Churches, the Y.M.C.A., Union Bank Building, Armories, Post Office, and the new Municipal Building.

This has been but a feeble effort to describe the beauties of our home town. Pay us a visit and you will only then realize its full worth in location, industrial enterprise and, better still, in the quality of its citizens.

BARBARA I. THOMSON.

Mr. Casselman (in History lesson): What was Alexander's greatest ambition?

Salisbury (in a low tone): To spread Greece all over the world.

Mr. McVittie (teaching History in Miss Collin's class): Where was the Magna Charta signed?

Pupil: At the bottom.



EDITORIAL STAFF, "THE SEARCHLIGHT"

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THE FIRST OF APRIL

"Friday, April the first," said the school master, tearing the past month off the calendar and making a mental note. He always commenced the boys' work by writing on the blackboard with a great flourish the day and date, and then assigning the classes their work. This morning he wrote it as usual, and wondered at the queer thrill that went around the schoolroom. He looked at his writing, the letters were faultlessly formed, the line was not crooked; what, then, could it be? "Probably it is only some little joke of their own," he thought, and dismissed the matter from his mind.

The third class will turn to page 47 of their arithmetics," he commenced, picking up his own and finding inside the green-backed cover a perfectly innocent history of England. He dropped the book in great astonishment, and the same smile as before went around the classroom. At last, after considerable searching he found the arithmetic masking as a fourth reader, and registering a vow to have his books re-bound, so that the covers would not again become misplaced, he repeated the lesson. Up went Jimmy White's hand, "Please, sir, that page isn't in my book." "Class turn to page 32," said the master in a somewhat stern voice. "Please my pages are stuck together, and I can't open my book," said Janie Grey. "Study your spelling," he commanded, his supply of patience almost exhausted.

"Fourth class, come forward for geography." The fourth class, consisting of ten pupils, came slowly toward the front. When they had finally all arrived, Mary Blake discovered that she had left her book at her seat. Billy White had broken his pencil and it had to be sharpened before the lesson could be started. So it went on; one couldn't find a scribbler, another had to borrow a rubber, until fully fifteen minutes had passed and the class had not begun. "Never mind any books, we'll have an oral review," said the master. "What country were we at?"

"Asia," said one; "Africa," from another; "Ireland," from another, a true son of old Erin. "Well, what is Cork noted for?" asked the master. "For keeping stuff in bottles," shouted Harry Gray; and it was fully five minutes before the class gained composure. "What is the principal thing imported from Ireland?" he asked, taking another branch. "Jokes," was the reply. By this time it was recess.

The second class next had geography. They in turn declared the boundaries of Ontario on the south to be the Arctic Ocean, British Columbia, and the Rocky Mountains, and the chief divisions of Canada to be the United States and Mexico. Soon it was noon, and the schoolmaster, thoroughly worn out and depressed, walked home to dinner.

In the afternoon it was much the same thing. Just as the fourth class was almost asleep over the literature lesson, the drowsiness was dispelled by a piercing shriek from Mary Blake. "Please, Jimmy told me there was a worm on my neck."

"What do you mean by telling such a falsehood, James?" queried the master. "I only wanted to f—, nothin'," he ended up lamely.

Jimmy was saved from just punishment by a knock at the door. This was followed by the entrance of the three town dignitaries—the minister, the doctor, and the mayor. "Of all days, to visit the school in such a day as this!" thought the poor schoolmaster as he dusted the chair reserved for visitors. "Would you like to examine the classes?" he asked politely. The minister expressed his desire to hear the renowned fifth class in geometry. All went well.

Then the mayor asked to hear the fourth class in grammar. Purposely, the master put on a very easy sentence for analysis. "The cat climbed a tree last week." Subject, "the"; predicate, "cat"; object, "climbed"; began one youthful grammarian, but the master's agonized look from behind stopped him before he had reached a climax by adding a predicate complement. The

schoolmaster forgave Jimmy Blake for all his misdeeds that day, when he diverted the attention by asking for a spelling match. The doctor said, "I will give a prize to the leader of the side—well, I'll let you guess which side."

After that inducement it was very hard for the pupils to keep to their resolution to make as many mistakes as possible, but in spite of many inward regrets the whole two rows spelt "saucy" every possible way, from "sossey" to "sawsay," affording infinite amusement to the listeners. Then the prize was given—a dunce cap—to the leader of the vanquished side, the redoubtable Jimmy Blake. Under cover of the laughter he stepped up to the board and in a schoolboy hand, under the master's "Friday, April the first," wrote "is April Fool Day, that's why we didn't know anything."

That explained everything, to the great relief of the master, and school closed with every one in good humor, for the scholars had fooled the master all day long, and the doctor had fooled the scholars, so both sides were even.

MAMIE McEWAN.

NORWAY

Let me now ask you to accompany me to a land lying far to the north of Europe, a land inhabited by a people who in England's early days were her best friends. These are the bold, fearless, sea-faring vikings, from whose cruel hands the people of Europe prayed that they might be delivered. They have been punished for their cruelty. They have been like the wounded lion gasping for breath under the iron hand of oppression.

To learn something about the country, let our imaginations wander over the most prominent cities. We will begin with Christiania, the capital, a city of many interesting relics, new and old oddities. It was once remarked by a tourist that Christiania fiord had the most beautiful scenery. He was yet but at the threshold of beauty.

The museum is very interesting for its antique implements, pictures, carvings, and innumerable other things. Among these is an old ship, recently excavated from a viking's mound.

Before continuing, let us go to see the parliament buildings, where the first laws were made after the separation from Denmark, where those stalwart men joined hands and said, "United and loyal till yonder mountains crumble and fall."

We will take a train for Bergen, one of Norway's best seaports and fishing markets. Its harbor is filled with trading vessels from all parts of the world. This city would appeal to the Canadians as it is situated on a rock like that of Quebec.

Here there are few peculiarities to see, except an old castle where good Haakon, the bringer of Christianity, was born and a monument of Bull, one of the world's greatest musicians. Here also is the proposed wireless telegraphy station connecting all the world.

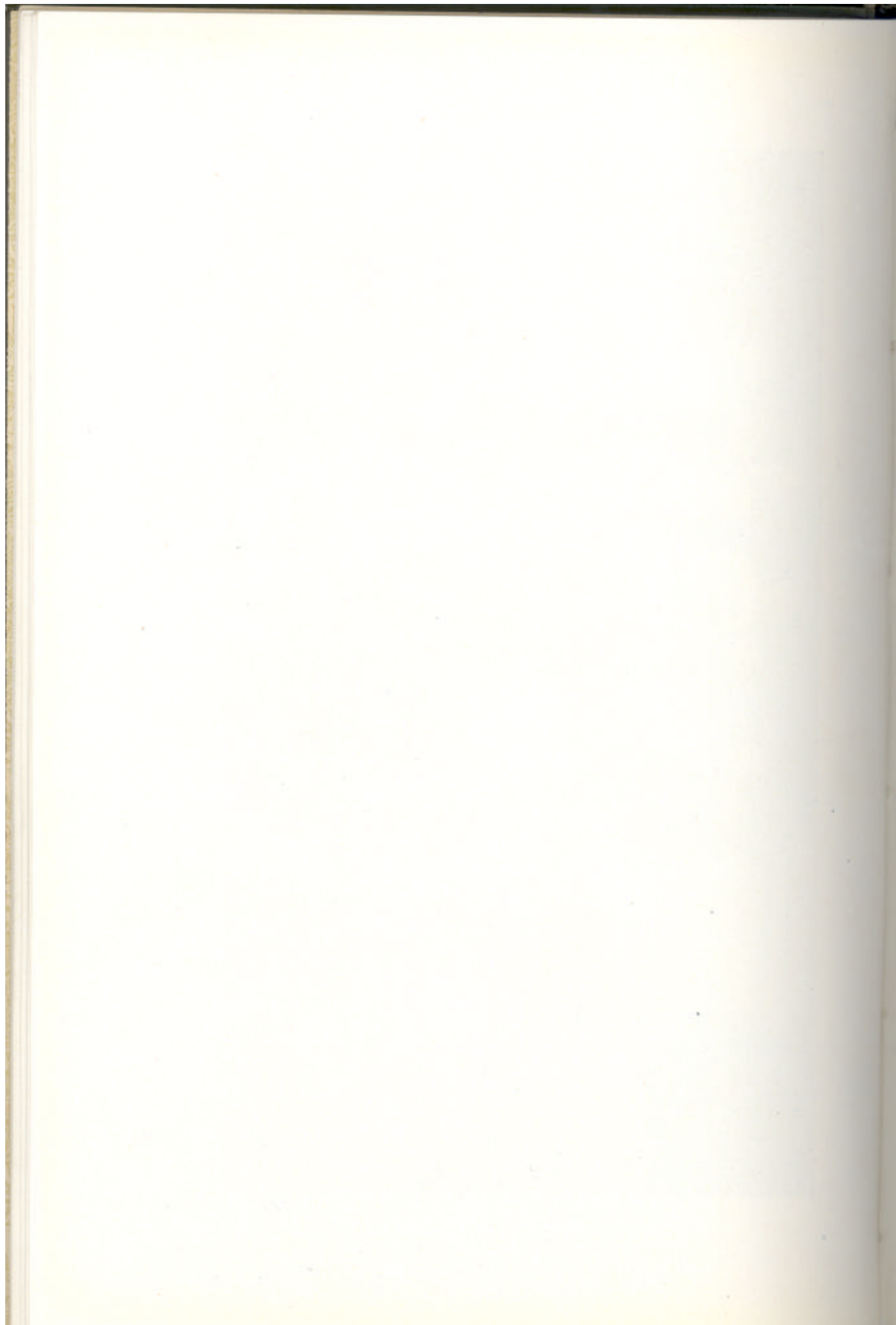
Let us pursue our journey through the mountains and go to Thronthjun, the oldest city, and hence has many old relics. Our attention is attracted by the king's summer resort, a stately building overlooking a green lawn, shaded by trees and dotted here and there with beds of flowers whose incense fills the pure air. But what is that whose spires dazzle one's eyes and which reigns above all the other buildings. It is the church whose architecture is unsurpassed. St. Peter's dome may be large, but it cannot vie with this in beauty. It has architecture of the ninth century style and it is wonderful to see what has been sculptured with the implements they had.



MODEL SCHOOL CLASS, 1916

CECIL BRANDON, M. COOPER

LEOLA WHITE, M. M. COOPER, CORAL MCCAULEY, MARGARET CAMERON, HELEN STEWART
LAURA SMALL, MARJORIE HAWKINS, EILEEN BOWIE, JESSIE McLANG, ETHEL REDMAN
MARGARET McLEOD, ELVA M. GREXTON, IRENE MURDAY, ALMA TREMELLING, EMMA LANG



Before going to Tromso, let us take a trip into the country in a cariole. Entering a quiet road on each side of which are beautiful trees bending and sighing as the wind plays among their branches. This seems a lonely spot, yet it is not. Although far from other associations, there is an association in nature which makes one happy. The proud beech winnows and fans the little feathered songsters who make all the woods ring. Emerging from the forest we see a long plain before us, on whose tender grass the cows and sheep are peacefully grazing. Men are out in the fields making hay while the women are gaily attending to their home duties. As we go on we disappear from the gay world into the peaceful mountain region, where only a few beings are seen. Yet this is an interesting part, for here and there we see women in quaint dresses, not of Paris' latest style. It consists of a white waist tastefully embroidered, over which is a kind of vest of red, heavily adorned with beads of gold and silver, a black skirt, a white pinafore worked in different designs, and a white peaked hood, somewhat like a sun bonnet.

Leaving Thronhjein we sail northward to Tromso. Crossing the Arctic circle we come to Tromso. It is known world wide for its clear blue sky, its green forest, and magnificent snow-capped mountains. The murmuring brooks and humming falls are like the treble and bass of a great cathedral organ sounding its diapason to the glory of God.

We steam northward from Tromso to Hammerfest, the most northerly town in the world. Here the rocks and sea and sky are a sombre grey. At the outskirts of the town are high mountains. Let us climb the zigzag path up the mountains and watch the sun. Just above the horizon the golden ball reclines majestically on a bed of purple and gold. Directly below the sullen waves dash against the granite rocks.

Yes, we love this land of ours,
As with mountain domes,
Storm-lash'd o'er the sea it towers
With a thousand homes.
As our sires by hard contending
Brought it thro' the strife
Also we, in dangers pending,
For freedom stake our life.

INGEBORG PEDERSEN.

WIT AND HUMOR

"A" Class, writing on exams., came to the question: "What is the gender of these nouns? Give the opposite form." At the word "hind" one pupil wrote "hind-hinder," another "hind-front."

A small boy residing in Muskoka was asked what are the three most important places on the map? He answered, Huntsville, Cobalt, and Europe.

In reading the "Town Mouse and Country Mouse," a little boy spelled out diligently: I will go back to the country where I have simple food, but where I can eat it in chunks.

The best of us make mistakes. Even Mr. Wildgust was heard singing "Mary had a little lamb upon her little toe."

The student teaching in Miss Spackman's class must have been very excited when she asked, "What relation was the little girl's mother to her?"

A Toronto Normalite was teaching a lesson on "The Wind." To introduce her lesson she said: "As I was coming to school this morning something came in through the car window and kissed me on the cheek. What was it?" A bright pupil answered, "The conductor."

MODEL SCHOOL VALEDICTORY ADDRESS

Mr. President, Teachers, Fellow Students, and Friends,

It affords me very great pleasure to have the privilege of representing the Model Class as valedictorian on this occasion.

My pleasure and that of the whole class is mingled with regret that this occasion must be taken as an opportunity of formally saying farewell to our teachers and friends in North Bay.

During the four months we have been here, our time has been pleasantly and profitably spent, and the lessons we have learned will, we trust, prove true guides to our future actions.

Our number has been small compared to that of Grades A and B, but the kindly attitude of the teachers to us as a class has made us feel thoroughly at home.

Our work, as teachers-in-training, has been both interesting and instructive. Among the most interesting lectures we have attended may be numbered the one on Egypt, delivered by our worthy principal, Mr. Casselman, and that by Dr. Hughes, to the students of the Normal and Model Schools.

Social events such as the Hallowe'en party and the reception given the students by the members of the Methodist Church have added greatly to our enjoyment.

Another important educational factor which has made our stay here more pleasant and which will not soon be forgotten by us, was the Literary Society. The meetings which we have attended have added much to our knowledge of the various parts of our province, and the music, recitations and debates have inspired us with new interest along these lines of study.

And now the time has come when we must say farewell to all these pleasant associations and go elsewhere to apply the knowledge we have gained, in training the children in the various communities to which we shall go, to become efficient members of society.

In the members of the staff we have had as instructors those who by their characters have commanded our utmost admiration and respect. The patience and kindness shown by them and the assistance rendered us by the teachers in the Model School is fully appreciated by all the members of the class.

We take this opportunity to extend our thanks to the students of Grades A and B who have endeavored to make this, our last evening together, as enjoyable as possible. We carry with us pleasant memories of the friendships formed here, and the future success of the school and the students will always be of great interest to us.

Thus, it is with feelings of deep regret that we now bid farewell to the teachers and students of North Bay Normal School.

ALMA E. TREMELLING.

Teacher: What is the meaning of "In the days when earth was young"?

Pupil: When the earth was first discovered.

Teacher (surprised): Oh! Who discovered it?

Pupil: Christopher Columbus.

Mr. Ricker: Why does water heat more quickly in a vessel with a shiny surface?

McLeod: Because the feet of the molecules slip more easily on the smooth surface.

He: Can you dance?

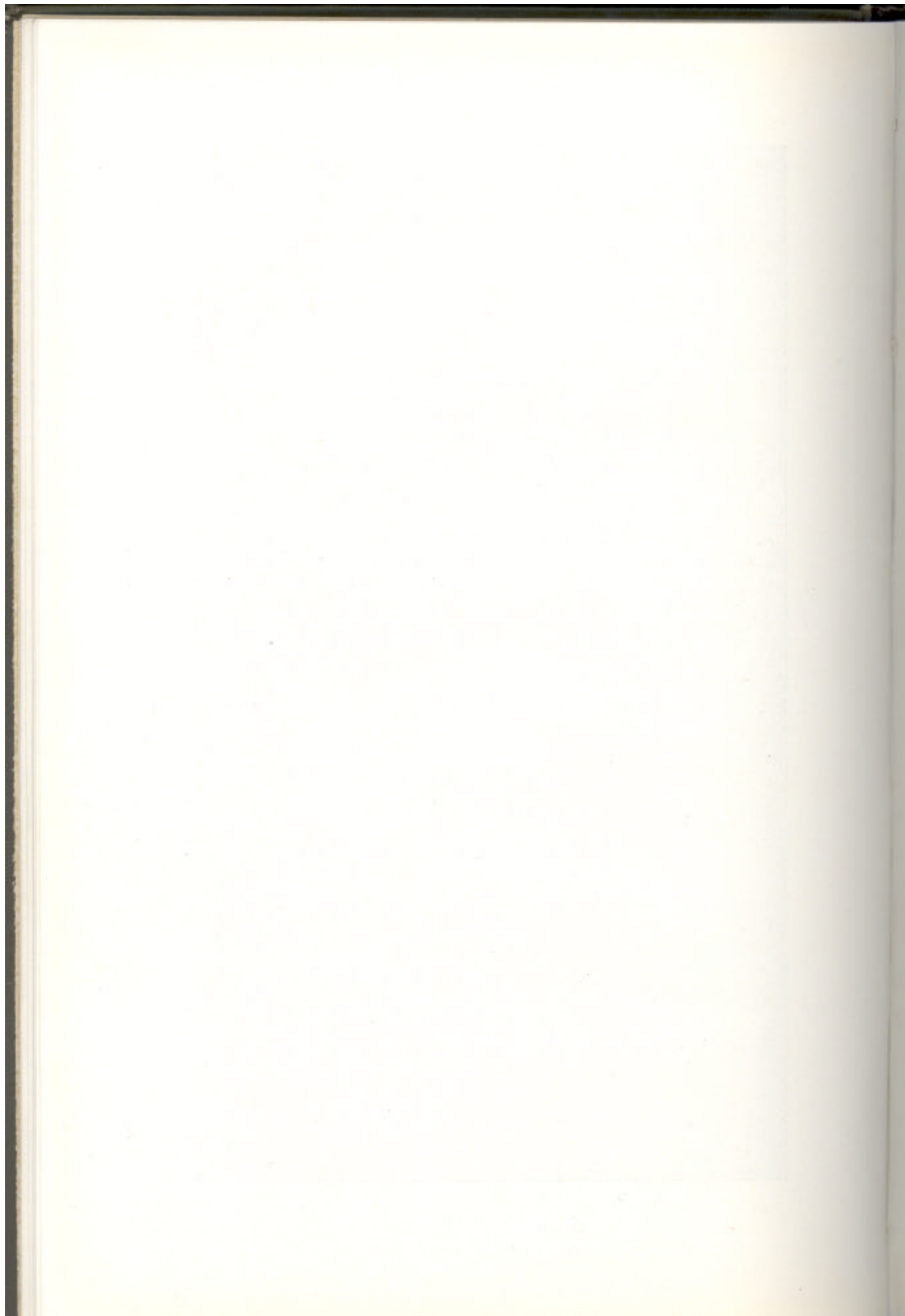
She (enthusiastically): I could dance to heaven with you.

He: Can you reverse?



CLASS A, DIVISION I

STEWART L. SNOWDON, MILDRED V. ROBERTS, GORDON L. STEWART, ALEX. JOHNSON, VIRGINIA E. DOWNNEY,
DORA RICHER, FLORENCE I. LEISHMAN, EUNICE CASSELMAN, MRS. M. J. WALLINGTON, KATHLEEN BRUCE, LILLIAN M. HAND



ST. PATRICK

Almost as many countries assume the honor of having been the birthplace of St. Patrick as made a similar claim with respect to Homer. Scotland, England, France, and Wales, each furnish their respective pretensions, but after all it does not matter so much since he became a very good Irishman in time. All writers do not agree as to the year in which he was born, but it is believed by the majority to have been in the year 387. His father belonged to a Roman family of high rank, while his mother was a near relative of the great patron of Gaul, St. Martin of Tours.

In his sixteenth year Patrick was carried off into captivity by Irish marauders and was sold as a slave to a chieftain named Milchu, who employed him as a shepherd in the county of Antrim. He remained here six years. A shepherd has a lonely life and plenty of time to think, and as Patrick lay out on the hills by night watching his flocks, his mind was always busy. He thought of his own people and how he might get back to them, but his chief thought was of the heathen Irish and the six years of his captivity became a remote preparation for his future apostolate. He acquired a perfect knowledge of the Celtic tongue, in which he would one day announce the glad tidings of redemption, and as his master was a Druidical high priest, he became familiar with all the details of Druidism from whose bondage he was destined to liberate the Irish race.

At last one day he succeeded in slipping away to the seashore and there he found a ship which carried him back to his own home. He did not forget his Irish friends or their needs, but began immediately to learn from the wisest and best men he could find and he was successively ordained deacon, priest, and bishop. He appealed to Pope Celestine for help to go back and teach the Irish people a better way of living. When this was granted he started back about the year 433 to the land which he had left many years ago—a slave. He sailed first to what is now called Inis-Patrick, or the Island of Patrick, and then landed near Dublin, but the Druids were up in arms against him and he was forced for the time being to leave here. He then went northwards, touched at the Isle of Man and then landed on the coast of Ireland in the county of Down, where he converted the Druid chieftain Dichu. From here he went to Antrim in order to convert his previous master. It is said that the latter welcomed him and his followers warmly and before they left became a Christian.

For more than fifty years Patrick devoted himself to his work of going from place to place, preaching and teaching. He met with obstinate refusal on the part of the Druidical priests, who tried to retain their sway over the Irish, but through prayer and faith he achieved and won a glorious triumph. It is said that on one occasion when St. Patrick had left his followers behind at a certain place to continue his work, that he had not proceeded far when a Druid chieftain attempted to stab him. As he lifted his arm to do this it became as rigid as a statue and, overcome by the saint's meekness and miracles, he asked that he might receive instructions from him.

The Shamrock, the well-known trefoil plant and Irish national emblem, is almost universally worn in the hat over all Ireland on St. Patrick's day. The popular belief is that when St. Patrick was preaching the doctrine of the Trinity to the pagan Irish, he used this plant bearing three leaves upon one stem as a symbol of this mystery.

St. Patrick continued until his death to visit and watch over the churches which he had founded in all the provinces in Ireland, and the beautiful cathedral of St. Patrick in Dublin now is said to commemorate the first church built in Ireland by her patron saint.

He died March 17, 493. As the birthplace of St. Patrick has been disputed, so has that of his burial, but the general evidence indicates that he was buried at Down-Patrick.

It has been ascribed to St. Patrick that he banished the snakes from Ireland, but whether this is legendary or not, there is a toast based on this fact—

St. Patrick was a gentleman,
Of great renown and wealth;
He drove all the snakes from Ireland,
Here's a bumper to his health!
But not too many bumpers,
Lest we lose ourselves, and then
Forget the good St. Patrick
And see the snakes again.

AGNES MARION.

PROPHECIES—"A" CLASS

Note.—We regret that a few of the numbers are missing. These include all that could be procured.—Super. Ed.

Miss McColman,—

Somewhere on the northern shore
The sun is shining bright
Where the fame of a Grade "A" student
Did rise unto its height.
That somewhere is in Massey,
Where our Florence cast her lot,
And there while teaching school
A wealthy husband caught.
So sweet and winsome were her ways,
So catchy was her smile,
He swallowed hook and sinker too,
And now she owns his "pile."

Ina Foy, Agnes Lassman, Leah Trotter,—

Come with me and gaze upon a modern Utopia: Chief among its buildings is one whose sign reads, "The Triumvirate." Its meaning is this: Here abide three of our old students, who are in walks of life, the pursuit of which require executive ability and power of adjustment. Miss Lassman is a detective; Miss Foy a county magistrate, and Miss Trotter an issuer of marriage licenses. They are all well up in their work, thanks to their Normal School training.

Miss Roberts,—

Aha, Bobs, and thou wouldst leave our fair Ontario,
To seek in Western lands thy court of fame!
So be it—but, know ye first
The steps thou must ascend before thou makest thy name.
Not long shall the teacher's sceptre in thy hand be clasped;
Not long to unresponsive youths shalt thou unfold
The mysteries of coefficients detached
Of which you were by Mr. Norris told.
But, soon the female portion of the land
Will recognize a second Pankhurst sprung to fame
And, by their votes, new-won, will give thee place
In legislative halls, where thou wilt win a name;
And there thy wisdom and thine ever-ready wit,
Thine eloquence and thy foresight keen,
Shalt bring glory to the grand old school
Whose halls you walked in 1917.



CLASS A, DIVISION 2

MARY M. COTIE, BEATRICE E. WALLACE, ANNA B. FOX, INA M. FOY, AGNES A. H. LASSMAN, LEAH M. TROTTIER,
FLORENCE MCCOLEMAN, MARGARET I. REEVES, RUBENA CLEGG, VIOLET MURDAY.



Alex. Johnson,—

I see him seated in his study surrounded by luxuries.

Pictures of the Normal School Class of 1916-17 are on the wall mantel-piece and bulging from his pocket. Despite his former popularity with the fair, or rather dark, sex, Alex. has never married and now a bachelor he sits before our gaze, the old-time frown upon his face, as he bends to the completion of his latest success: "Dates in the History of Orillia and Warminster." The first chapter we are familiar with. It is, "Clare and I go to Barrie in a snowstorm." Fulfilling his promise of youth, Alex. has become a great historian and has contributed in this way to education. He can eat and talk as much and remember as much and has always a place in his heart for a Normal School student.

Miss Wallace,—

Thy quiet drawl is heard no more in the schoolroom.

The world of art will claim thee and thou shalt be crowned as "Queen of the Brush." And thou shalt be mentioned among the best of them in this, thy beloved profession. Many of thy drawings will adorn the walls of thine Alma Mater—the North Bay Normal School.

Mr. Stewart,—

My eyes behold a quiet village scene—a beautiful view of white cottages and green grassy groves. Here, laboring among his people, is the Rev. Gordon Stewart, beloved by all and absorbed in his work to the exclusion of all worldly matters. He needs no other pleasure to satisfy his heart than the good will of those whose lives he is striving to improve.

Lillian Hand,—

Upon thee, because of thy vain and perfidious boastings of the superior excellence of thy paternal abode, that somnolent hamlet, Bruce Mines, behold the "Fates" look with unkindly eye. Thy social ambitions, thy greed for power, yea, even thy matrimonial prospects shall come to naught. Thou shalt for long years expiate thy sins on the peaceful shores of Mindemoya Lake. There a celibate shalt thou dwell. Thy hand, oh, Hand, shalt be the hand of scholastic authority. The precepts which thou didst uphold with vigor at the rural academy of Feronia shall be thy daily rural precepts, until of thee shall be said, as oft was said of her from whom the lake derived its name, "good Mindemoya" (old woman).

Mrs. M. J. Wallington,—

For thee, oh, comely and philosophical matron, I shall not predict a detailed future, as would satisfy thine enquiring mind. Please do not question me, but be satisfied with what I shall tell thee. Of the number of hens thou shalt keep, I know not. Of the kind of incubator thou shalt use, I have naught to unfold, but of peace and of prosperity in thy southern home thou shalt have plenty. For a few bright years thou mayst rest here, but then I have other work for thee. Thou shalt arise and go abroad and tell to others the glad tidings of how to raise poultry for profit. A lecturer and organizer of Women's Institutes thou shalt be, and great shall be thy fame in the annals of history, and much credit shall be reflected upon the masters who have answered thy questions.

Rubina Clegg,—

Wouldst thou, oh, greatest of primary teachers, know what the future holds for thee? Then prepare thyself for a tale of trial, for men are not so blind as thou dreamst and can see in thee the ideal housewife and life partner.

These are thy trials, then, the refusing of honorable men who would fain take thee for better or for worse. But at last thou shalt fall, and he who weds thee shall be blest above other men, for thou wilt make of his home an earthly paradise, the abode of a socially efficient family. Many calls will be made upon thy service, but more frequent than all others thy decorative ability shall be in demand, even as it was in the Normal School days.

Margaret Reeves,—

Of this fair damsel, what shall I say?
 She left the Normal bright and gay.
 She met a man, and the minister knew
 How best to make just one out of two.
 A happy pair they are this day,
 And Margaret smiles in the same old way.

Violet Murday,—

Violet Murday's exams are o'er;
 The examiner marks her papers no more.
 She's cooking now and scrubbing a floor
 For a Methodist minister.

Her brow is clear, her heart is light;
 She sings at morn, she sings at night,
 And never, never, would she fight
 With her Methodist minister.

He wooed her long, he wooed her hard;
 He watched her teach from the old school-yard,
 Now she's baking cakes and buying lard
 For this Methodist minister.

She's many a mile from old North Bay,
 But oftentimes she's heard to say—
 Lads of the North, bring your girls this way,
 And be married by a Methodist minister.

Eunice Casselman,—

Eunice, I see thee a few years hence quietly leading the pupils along the flowery paths of knowledge. Suddenly the triumphant notes of military bands break in upon the silence of the schoolroom, and the teacher, forgetful of her charges, rushes forth to meet her hero, and the teaching profession thereby loses one of its valuable members.

Miss Downey,—

I see a motley crowd, hurrying, shouting, jostling, but they all move in one direction. Presently a trumpet-like voice announces above the din, "This way to the side show. Come to see the side show before the big show begins." Inside the tent I see Miss Virginia Downey, yet she is changed very much indeed. She is now the fattest woman in the world. It seems strange that the little girl of former days had added so much to her avoirdupois.

Miss Leischman,—

Thou sprightly one with eyes so black,
 Shalt not from memory fade.
 The position that you're bound to fill
 Is President of the Ladies' Aid.



CLASS B, DIVISION I

ALICE M. BRETT, MARY S. ADAMS, LILLIAN J. C. BUNT, HELEN CASSELMAN, EDITH E. ALLISON, CECIL M. BOCK, ETHEL COULTER
MARGARET E. BECK, MARGUERITE BROWN, JEAN CAIRNS, JESSIE M. ABEL, HAZEL B. BORNEMAN, FLOSSIE BURGER



ESSEX COUNTY

Essex County is aptly designated as "The Sun Parlor of Ontario." Situated in the most southern and westerly part of the Province, it is bounded on three sides by water, insuring ideal climatic conditions for the raising of not only all kinds of grain, but also all kinds of fruit and vegetables.

Essex County was the last to turn toward agriculture. It is only about twenty years since the land stood in its primeval beauty, crowded with pine, cedar, oak, hickory and elm. But, as in Michigan State, across the border, the lumberman came with his axe and in too short a time the giants of the forest succumbed to his ravages. Then followed a period of depression, and it took many a long year for the people to readjust themselves to altered conditions. But the virgin soil cried aloud to be tilled, and the Department of Agriculture was not long in sending splendid representatives to guide and direct the efforts of the timid farmer. Now, what a change! The log house is gone, the mortgage likewise, and in no county will you find more happy and prosperous tillers of the soil. The soil is varied: In the north you will find heavy clay; through the centre, or what is called the ridge, there is a small belt of gravel soil, and this is the height of land for the county, and was the old trail used by the Indians in the early days. The southern part of the county is mostly sandy soil, although there is considerable marsh land which has been reclaimed, and this soil is unsurpassed for truck gardening purposes. The soil in the north is therefore adapted for the growing of corn, wheat, oats and roots. The soil of the central part produces also excellent corn, wheat, tomatoes, tobacco, small fruits, such as strawberries, raspberries, pears, quinces, etc., while the southern district produces tobacco, corn, peaches and all kinds of early vegetables. Here you will find smaller farms, and hot-houses on each farm, and a farmer owning ten acres in southern Essex often makes three times as much as a farmer on fifty acres in the central or northern part. Early tomatoes, cucumbers, cabbage, etc., are ready for market the last of June, therefore the grower gets fancy prices for all his produce.

And what, do you ask, contributes most to the farmers' benefit? First, corn; second, raising of pork; third, tobacco; fourth, vegetables; fifth, grains; sixth, fruit.

There is practically no dairying. You will not find a cheese factory in the county, and only one butter factory. The reason for this is that the land is too valuable for pasturing purposes, and more money can be made from pork without so much work. You will find, however, in nearly every town and village throughout the county a canning factory, tomatoes and corn being the chief products canned.

The land is flat, even more so than the prairie. The fall is less than three feet to the mile, consequently much ditching and tiling is necessary to insure a crop in a wet season. There are no stones in or on the land, so that people living in glass houses couldn't throw any if they wished.

The roads are fairly good, but not nearly so good as in many other counties.

Winter in Essex cannot compare with winter in the north. The snow stays on the ground but a short time, so there is little or no sleighing, and there is no ice for skating save for a week or two at the most.

MARCIA HANNAN.

Why is it that the Kaiser always goes down the Main St.
Because he can't get through the Allies (alleys).

RETROSPECT

At this time, when our senior students are about to leave us and depart their several ways, it is fitting that we should look back over the term and call to mind the many items which go to make Normal history, in which they have shared. The same rain which greeted us on our arrival last September received a like blessing from their lips. In the confusion that marked our settling, they made just as much noise as we did; they ate just as many doughnuts at the Hallowe'en party, and kissed as many Modelites "good-bye" as we (that is, *our girls*) did. Through pleasure and pain, they have been with us—the pleasure of religious instruction exams, and the pain of incurring John Clarke's displeasure at night; the pleasure of our trip home at Christmas, and the pain of getting up the next morning. Through it all they have been with us. And now it is with regret that we see them depart from us. With them go our heartiest good wishes for a prosperous future, and we look forward with pleasure to the time, perhaps at the Ninth Annual At-Home, when we shall come together to enjoy again a night at the old school. Though absent from us, yet we shall feel them kindred spirits in that they are laboring in the interests of human welfare and social advancement, and to this end we wish them Godspeed.

ROY McVITTIE.

FAREWELL TO THE "A" CLASS

"'Tis hard to part when friends are dear." So sayeth the sage. And surely he must have known of the hearts of the Normalites of 1916-17. We have come from homes widely separated, have met and formed abiding friendships. The "A" Class was with us for a great part of the year. They shared our gladness and fun; they shared our work and trials. And so, through these close associations, we had come to regard them as near and dear friends, as companions in times of weal and woe. Our sojourn together was bright, indeed, and much pleasure have we in harking back to the days before they took their departure from our midst.

We could not let them depart from us without a farewell blessing, without an expression of our regard and good wishes. Thus there came about the "sound of revelry" on the night of April 4th. Factors in our enjoyment of this occasion were that it would be the last occasion of the "A" and "B" Classes being together, and that holidays for all were near at hand. So we took especial pleasure in the good program and the subsequent luncheon and dance.

PROGRAM.

Chairman's Address.....	N. McLeod
Solo	Miss G. O'Neil
Valedictory	Miss McColeman
Piano Duet	Misses Cockerline and Bunt
Recitation	Miss O. Laybourne
Prophecy	Miss E. Allison
Violin Duet	Messrs. McDougall and Ricker
Address	Principal Casselman
Tableau—"Bachelor's Dream"	A. Salisbury

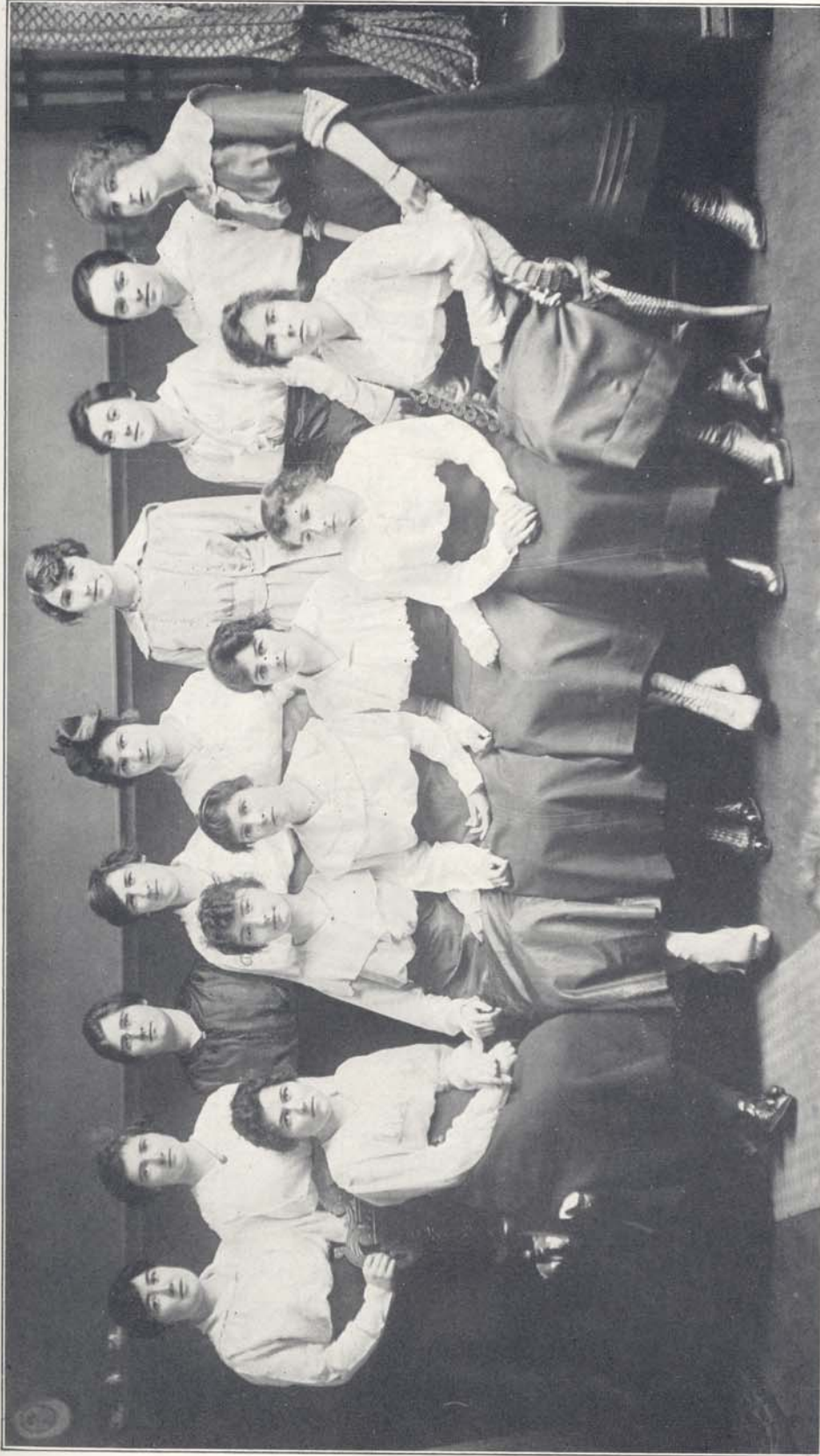
In the days that are to come the picture will often recur of "Sal" roused from his reverie by that would-be persuasive voice, in shrill falsetto—

"I'm dying for someone to love me,

To call me his idol, his own."

and the threatening aspect of slighted love, when the real bride appeared.

R. McVITTIE.



CLASS B, DIVISION 2

EVELYN DOWNEY, EMILY A. C. HAGAR, MARY E. FRANCEY, HELENA DUFFY, JENNIE HILL, AGNES V. FREJD, JEAN A. GOWANLOCK,
SARAH M. COCHRANE, ZELLA M. COULTHART
MARCIA M. HANNAN, CATHARINE M. HALLOKAN, ESTHER C. P. GRANT, BERTILLE HAYES, JESSIE B. FRANCIS, DELLA V. FOY



OUR WISHES TO THE "A" STUDENTS.

May you look back as on a beautiful sunset, and forward as to a glorious dawn.

May absence prove its oft-advertised virtue as a heart stimulant.
 May the links in our chain of friendship resist the file of time.
 May this Class be like the Indian, who never forgets.

Here's to friendship's chain.
 May it never break a link
 Till all the sky is apple pie
 And all the sea is ink.

M. HANNAN.

MUSKOKA

We have heard of various parts of Ontario, but the best known spot of all has as yet never been mentioned—Muskoka, the haunt of many a weary city dweller, who has been driven from his home by the intense heat, and has found a pleasant retreat in one of the beautiful spots which abound in this region.

Situated within the Laurentide plateau, it abounds in numerous lakes of great beauty and many rivers, the greater number of which are too small and broken to be valuable for navigation, nevertheless they possess great beauty, and when swollen by the spring floods are of great help to the lumberman for conveying the season's cut of logs down to the distant mills, while the numerous waterfalls are utilized to run mills and to obtain electrical power.

The lakes are beautiful and, besides serving as a highway, supply the sportsman with fish. In these waters many varieties of fish are found, including salmon trout, pickerel, bass of various kinds, and the tiny perch, which often rewards the youthful angler.

It is around the lakes that numerous resorts and cottages are erected, but if one wishes to get away from the crowds and seek rest in solitude many suitable spots can be found which are undisturbed by man.

Commercially, Muskoka is valuable for its forests of pine, hemlock, maple, beech and birch, and saw-mills of various kinds are to be found throughout the district. Lumbering, however, is not the only occupation. Though the surface is on the whole very irregular, owing to its rocky formation, it has many fertile valleys, and the farmer generally is rewarded with a splendid crop. Though the farms are mostly small, rarely exceeding one hundred acres in size, and a large percentage of this is rock and woodland, yet an enterprising farmer can easily obtain a comfortable living for himself and family.

Muskoka in the autumn presents even more beauties than in summer, and many a hunter passes a pleasant week or two wandering through its woods, in the clear, crisp air, in search of deer or partridge.

Because of its high altitude, the climate is invigorating, and hence the famous Muskoka Free Hospital for Consumptives has been erected on Lake Muskoka to provide a place where those suffering from tuberculosis will have an opportunity of combating the disease under favorable circumstances.

Thus we find that Muskoka possesses advantages for the pleasure seeker, the sportsman, the lumberman, the farmer, and the invalid.

HAZEL BORNEMAN.

THE "AT HOME"

Many bright spots are there in the history of the Normal School Students of 1916-17, but they have all been eclipsed by the "At Home." Much might be said and written concerning it, and every student would have a different tale, but the tenor of each would be the same, the same feeling of joyful remembrance as each one thinks of the "sound of revelry by night." The excellent program, luncheon and promenade were mighty factors in the evening's entertainment for the enjoyment experienced by ourselves and our visitors. Then the spirit of good fellowship which characterizes all our functions contributed largely to the success of the evening's entertainment.

Much credit is due Mr. McDougall for the masterly way in which he controlled the program. The items were singularly appropriate. The choruses by the students in a body, the instrumentals and readings were all in keeping with the interests of the day.

Starting about 8.30 p.m., the program went forward with a smoothness which reflected great credit on those who had it in charge. President McLeod's address of welcome was delivered to a packed house, which showed its appreciation of the various numbers in vigorous applause. The musical numbers were praiseworthy, and the pantomime, "Abide With Me," was keenly enjoyed. The Scotch element in the audience greatly appreciated the highland fling by Miss Robertson and Miss Francis' delightful presentation of "Cuddle Doon." Mention also must be made of the vocal items and the character songs, which were of high order. The program finished with the tableau, "Canada's Reception," which clearly showed the master hand behind it. Our patriotism was stirred as the strains of "Rule, Britannia" burst upon our ears and all hearts joined in the message expressed in "Good Luck to the Boys of the Allies." The curtain was drawn amid loud applause which evinced the satisfaction and enjoyment of the audience in the excellent program. Our guests were then permitted to enjoy themselves, aided by lunch and music, and the time was enjoyably spent till the wee sma' hours, when our evening's entertainment came to a close with the singing of "God Save the King," and the Eighth Annual At Home of the North Bay Normal School passed into history, a pleasant memory to our guests, a credit to ourselves and an honor to our school and our masters.

ROY McVITTIE.

Teacher (in grammar): Which is correct, "A hen set for three weeks or a hen sat three weeks?"

Pupil: In these days, when Mr. Ricker is setting the incubator, it is not a question of sat or set, but when the hen cackles the question is, has she laid or lied?

Heard in the halls: "Now whether is the 'A' Class 'A Class of peaches' or 'a peach of a class'?"

The other day, while teaching an art lesson in the second class, one of our brilliant boys came out with this expression: "Now, children, did you observe the depression, eh, eh! indentation, or, eh? hole as it were at the top of the apple?"

Last week some young ladies were discussing the foreign mails, and when the English mail had arrived. One remarked: "I have a letter mailed at Hastings; isn't that remarkable?" and was very much shocked to hear a Grade "B" student ask, "Why, where is Hastings?"

Mr. Ricker (in Science class): What liquid will not freeze?

Mr. Salisbury: Hot water.



CLASS B, DIVISION 3

HELEN A. LICKLEY, ANNIE O. KNOWLES, IDA S. LECAPPELAIN, AGNES MAREON, MARION KEYES
LILLIAN KEETCH, MARJORIE A. KEITH, ADELAIDE L. JALBERT, EVA G. HORN, OLIVE A. LAYBOURNE
MARY A. HOGARTH, KATHLEEN INGRAM, JEAN W. INGLIS.



MISS CANADA'S RECEPTION

*Scene: State drawing-room—flags of the Allies prominently displayed.
Miss Canada in flowing robes of white, decked with maple leaves and tiara.*

I give to-night a party,
To my friends beyond the seas,
And expect here many strangers to you all.
They shall come from famous countries,
Kindly folk from many lands,
And I hope you'll make them welcome, one and all.
Partners of our joy they'll be
When success crowns you and me.

Page announces England, Ireland and Scotland.

England—

Greetings to you, fairest daughter.
I have travelled hard and fast
To correct a little error in your land,
These two fair ones are my sisters,
Though resemblance is not great,
And to me they are united,
Heart and hand.

Scotland—

"Britain," call us, if you please,
Three stout hearts that beat as one.

Ireland—

No Home Rule can disunite us
Till our last day's work is done.

Enter Britannia, takes seat on dais.

Chorus—"Rule, Britannia."

Page announces France.

France to Canada—

France brings greetings to the Allies,
None we're prouder of than thee,
Canada, who sent her sons to help us
Win the fight for liberty.
Sunny France will not desert you,
Fairest "Lady of the Snows,"
Till the last Hun trench is taken
From our proud and cruel foes.

Canada to France—

France we honor for her courage;
France's sons have fought like men.
We have helped you win at Ypres,
And we'll strike for you again.

Orchestra—"La Marseillaise."

Page announces Russia.

Russia to Canada—

Men may look askance at Russia,
Question if her faith be true,
But we've something to our credit
You will find.

When the story of this carnage
 Has been told for all to read,
 Russia's heart to yours right gladly
 You will bind.
 Surely we must stand united
 When the Hun invades our lands.
 Each needs each a trusty ally,
 Heart to heart and hand to hand.

Canada to Russia—

Come and welcome, faithful ally,
 Fierce the fight you've waged to win.
 We will put the Prussian peace off
 Till we meet you in Berlin.

Orchestra—Russian National Anthem.

Page announces Italy.

Italy to Canada—

When Italia at the outset
 Saw the wreck of Belgium,
 She decided that no longer
 She'd be wedded to the Hun.
 So she joined the honest Allies,
 And her might at Austria hurled.
 We are proud to be your ally;
 Fight and die to save the world.

Canada to Italy—

Long live the land of freedom
 Which Garibaldi won.
 We knew such land would never stand
 A slave to Turk and Hun.

Orchestra—Garibaldi's Hymn.

Page announces Japan.

Japan to Canada—

From the cherry blossom kingdom,
 With my parasol and fan,
 Seeking entrance to your council,
 I have braved the stormy seas;
 'Twas our part in this great conflict
 To from China chase the Hun.
 So I think we've earned some credit
 If you please.
 Call us not "the yellow peril,"
 Trust the happy Japanese.
 Prove us worthy of your friendship,
 For you need us times like these.

Canada to Japan—

We know the Jap's a fearless chap.
 He's courage to the core.
 We must succeed, but if in need,
 We'll ask you fight once more.

Orchestra—Japanese Processional March.



CLASS B, DIVISION 4

SARAH V. O'NEIL, EVELYN PARR, CATHARINE O'DONNELL, EMMA B. NIXON
MARY I. PARK, JULIANA E. PALLECK, ALICE O'DONNELL, ETHEL H. MCKECHNIE, MAMIE MCEWEN
STELLA O'NEIL, ETHEL M. PARKER, GWENDOLYNE M. NICHOL



Page announces Serbia.

Serbia to Canada—

Serbia, stricken, broken-hearted,
 Cannot cheer your festive board,
 But in your deliberations
 I would like to have my word;
 To subdue these German tyrants,
 Drive the despot from our lands.
 Weeping, bleeding, little countries
 Crave your help to find a way;
 Send your help to close our gates;
 'Tis the privilege of all
 Who are strong to help the weak,
 Who are big to help the small.

Canada to Serbia—

Noble sister, clad in mourning,
 You your part have bravely borne.
 Strike once more, we'll join to save you,
 And restore you to your own.

Orchestra—Serbian National Anthem.

Page announces Belgium.

Belgium to Canada—

Lastly come I, little Belgium,
 You'll forgive my coming late,
 For grave affairs detained me at my home,
 With my cities all bombarded,
 My land left desolate,
 My people scatter'd all abroad to roam.
 But we kept the tyrant back,
 We delayed his bold advance,
 When his mailed fist threatened England
 And the doors of sunny France.

Canada to Belgium—

You are welcome to our party,
 None more honored here can be.
 We'll not sheathe the sword till Belgium
 From the oppressor's hand is free.

Orchestra—Belgian National Anthem.

Canada to All—

Strangers, fair, you all are welcome,
 Entertain no doubt of that.
 To the council chamber let us now repair,
 There is much that needs discussion,
 Ere our plans are all complete.
 Our conclusions must be all both just and fair,
 So we bid you now good night,
 And kind friends when next we meet,
 It will be in celebration
 Of a victory complete.

Tableau and chorus—"O Canada."

Chorus, orch. accomp.—"Good Luck to the Boys of the Allies"
 Fanfare of trumpets.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

Composed and arranged by J. B. MACDOUGALL.

OUR STUDENTS WHO HAVE ANSWERED THE CALL

ROLL OF HONOR

<i>Name of Student.</i>	<i>Home Address.</i>	<i>Year of Attendance.</i>
J. Wilfred Greenwood	Edgehill	1911-12
Oni Isaac	Norham	1911-12
Vernon Chester Jones	Jordan Station	1911-12..
John Martin Shoup	Ambrose	1911-12
Stanley A. Watson	Orillia	1911-12
John T. Speck	Randall (Mod.)	'11
Arnold Smith	Carholme	1912-13
Alexander W. Aiken	Gore Bay	1913-14
James Brennan Carr	Owen Sound	1913-14
Millard T. Neil	Burford	1913-14
Joseph A. Tiffin	Uxbridge	1913-14
Roy A. Warnica	Bowmanville	1913-14
Irving G. Hance	Mitchell	1913-14
Philip Fred Chidley	Caledonia	1914-15
Killed in action, April 16th, 1916.		
Wilbert R. Ferguson	Caledonia	1914-15
Officially reported killed in action, Zillebeke, August 26th, 1916.		
Frank Lyons Kerr	Balaclava	1914-15
Killed in action, Somme, Sept. 1916.		
Clarke Wallace McCann	Bradford	1914-15
Harvey Lorne Minion	Owen Sound	1914-15
Fred Fern Anderson	Bracebridge	1915-16
George Bullick	Camlachie	1915-16
Charles Francis Byrnes	Powassan	1915-16
Oliver Christie	Port Elgin	1915-16
Freeman James Duffin	Thorndale (Mod.)	'15
*Clarence Alex. Dudgeon	Flesherton	1915-16
Enos Hart	Essex	1915-16
W. E. Wright	Flesherton (Mod.)	'15

*Mr. Dudgeon is the inventor of a submarine detector, which, we are credibly informed, is doing excellent service.

Note—Others may have enlisted whose names we have not yet received. The Supervising Editor will be glad to have the names of such from anyone whose eye scans this page. Ranks are not entered because of the evident impossibility of keeping such facts up to date. But many have made rapid and well merited advancement.



CLASS B, DIVISION 5

ETHEL SMITH, URSULA M. ROSZEL, MERYL C. COCKERLINE, MARY E. PONTING, GERTA O. ROBINSON
SADIE SPROTT, MARY S. POTVIN, IRENE RYAN, RITA SIMS, INGEBORG PEDERSEN
MARGARET E. PETERS, ANNIE M. PERIA, EDNA SIMS



KILLED IN ACTION
Corp. Phillip F. Chidley



"KILLED IN ACTION—CORP. P. F. CHIDLEY."

Such was the terse message that met our gaze as we scanned the casualty list on the morning of April 16th, 1916. It told the tale in a way that could not be misconceived. His term in Normal was scarcely over before he faced the stern realities of the present awful conflict. His was a spirit that could not be daunted by danger. He realized the need. He counted not the cost. His was amongst the brightest, the cheeriest faces in the Class. His step was sprightly, his eye sparkled with merriment, his good nature infected all the group. No need to say he loved not life, but he loved honor more. The first battalion to leave, the first transport, the first draft for the front, the first trench; this was his ambition, and his glory seemed to be to have attained his wish. And we know how his time was occupied there, and many a German knows or was put beyond the knowing.

The students had honored him with the highest office in their gift, viz., President of the Literary Society, which office he filled with credit. He took one of the prominent roles in the play produced by the Normalites, "The Critic," by Sheridan, and as Mr. Dangle displayed histrionic ability of no

common merit, keeping the audience amused by his ready repartee and his kaleidoscopic changes of countenance and action to suit his varying role.

We deeply regret his loss, but he fell in a grand cause, and his memory will be long fragrant among the staff and his class-mates of the Normal School.

MAC.

Sergt. Wilbert R. Ferguson



"KILLED IN ACTION—SERGT. W. R. FERGUSON."

"Missing—Sergt. W. R. Ferguson."—Such were the enigmatic words that greeted our eager gaze as we conned the casualty list on June 3rd, 1916. They left much to be said, which might forever remain untold, of heroism and devotion to duty. And now, just as the Year Book goes to press, we read, "Aug. 26th, 1916, officially reported killed in action," and thus it is confirmed that Wilbert, too, has given his life in noble service, like his school-mate and boy friend, Phil. Chidley, for both came from Caledonia.

He was a young man of sound practical judgment. He had received more of his education in the school of the world than possibly any of his fellow students. This accounts largely for his independent attitude to ques-

tions in debate, his common-sense view and his readiness to challenge anything that savored solely of sentiment. "Will it work?" was his constant talisman. He bore the mark of the man of business, and this won him the respect of his fellows in the ranks. Like his friend, he had taken a leading part in the play, "The Critic," which made the Normal School famous in a night, and we all hold a vivid picture of his dignified appearance in his caste.

Could the history of his role in the more realistic battle for the Empire be written, we feel assured it would reflect every credit on his bravery and self-sacrifice. One thing we know—in order to reach the front by the earliest draft, he sacrificed his stripes that he had won by diligence and efficiency. Such is the evidence of the spirit that dominated the man and such the honored memory we feel proud to cherish.

MAC.

FRANK LYONS KERR



KILLED IN ACTION—THE SOMME, SEPT. 1916.

Again it is our sad duty to chronicle the loss of one of our gallant boys at the front. Frank Kerr was conspicuous among his class-mates for his quiet unassuming manner, his manly bearing, his candor, his sincerity. His modest speech and retiring disposition gave little outward evidence of the

dauntless spirit within. He was scrupulously conscientious, and where right was on trial he had no two opinions. It was this spirit which, no doubt, bid him cast his life into the crucible of fate in this great world struggle. Here, if ever, where the highest principles were at stake, was the place for a man; and so he could not but give himself, regardless of the ultimate cost.

As Sir Christopher Hatton in our play, "The Critic," that still remains a stirring memory, we recall him as a splendid type of the courtly citizen soldier of Elizabethan days. We can picture how in these latter days he did honor to the name and spirit of the true soldier. How strange that three of the boys in the foremost roles of that military play should have at length laid down their lives and found graves within a year in the real battlefield of France. The names of Phil. Chidley, Wilbert Ferguson and Frank Kerr will be names worthy to engrave foremost on memory's escutcheon, in the none less faithfully preserved, though unwritten history of our Normal School.

MAC.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS FROM THE FRONT

From Arnold Smith.

"First we were near Ypres, then through that pleasant little time at the Somme. Fritz inconsiderately tosses all kinds of stuff at us. Artillery fire is terrible. The Boche is making it very hot. I had to go over the top when the Canadians did such good work and happened to be one of the lucky ones.

"We are out of the line for what they call a 'rest,' but that word happens to spell 'work.' I am here at headquarters with a receiver strapped to my ear. Please, teacher, do not criticize my spelling or my writing.

"I shall never forget my first day's teaching—it was nearly as bad as being under shell fire."

Extract from a letter (by kindness of Miss Hagar).

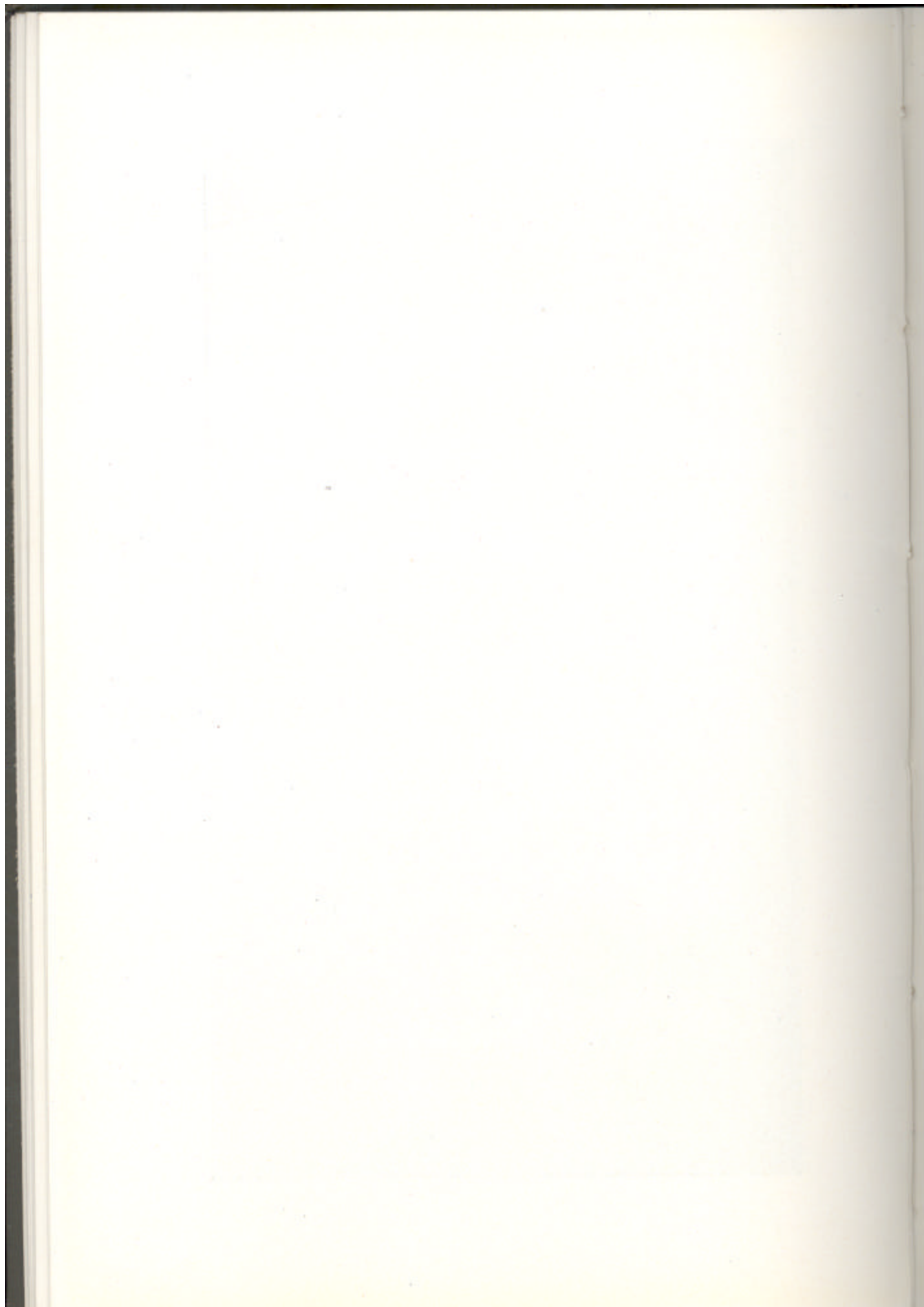
"At Vimy Ridge.

"We left our battery at 11 p.m. the night of the 8th. We had a try-out in the afternoon and our Colonel was quite satisfied we could handle the job. We traversed a mile of trenches. Little did I think I would retrace the ground as soon as I did. We entered a long underground tunnel. At the other end we made ourselves comfortable, awaiting the signal. In the tunnel was the end test box of a buried cable. We fastened our wires on the lines set apart for us and were ready when the hands of the clock should point to 5.30 a.m. At 5.30 precisely the barrage opened. Even down in the tunnel, 60 feet below the surface, the sound was like a vast roll of thunder. We struck out and I shall never forget the sight that met our eyes as we reached the lip of the crater into which the tunnel runs. The first wave of the attack was a couple of hundred yards in front of us. The figures of the men were outlined against the murk and smoke of the most stupendous barrage the war has seen. We hurried through the sticky mud, skirting large shell craters, leaping over small ones, but bent on getting on. I shall never forget the havoc wrought by our artillery fire. His trenches were completely demolished; mere ditches but a foot or two deep was all that remained of the most elaborate and intricate system of trench defences on his whole front. Machine gun emplacements were blotted out by the accuracy and steadiness of the fire of our heavies. The landscape was pitted with shell holes, some small, some incredibly large. At his third line the Boche had a strong point which had not been as completely demolished as the rest. Here he began to put up a fire from rifles and machine guns. While going across some rather high ground I was hit by a bullet which had ricocheted from a wire stake



CLASS B, DIVISION 6

MILDRED B. WRIGHT, IVA F. MOWRY, REGINA WINDLE, BARBARA I. THOMSON, ESTELLE VEITCH, GLADYS STEWART
GLADYS TRAUTER, IRENE WILSON, MEATA D. S. WIDMAYER, SUSIE H. THOMSON, DOROTHY STRACHAN
LILY M. WHAN, MARGARET WHITE, MABEL WALLINGTON



or other hard substance. It had lost speed, but it made a nasty wound in my side. As I lay wondering what had happened, Hardwick, who was right behind me, stooped over me and was immediately shot through both thighs. Here we lay for a half-hour or so. Our officer, who was trying to get a line on things, was shot through the chest and died almost immediately—the finest officer I have served under, and loved alike by privates and fellow-officers. The boys got a stretcher and gave first aid. By slow stages I finally reached the hospital in England, where my wound has about healed.”

From letter of S. Fraser.

“England is a strange country—rain, rain, rain. . . . George Bullick just left for France to-day.”—(April 16th, 1917.)

From James B. Carr.

“I’ve been in France a little over eight months and am beginning to think I am a bit of a veteran. To think—a veteran in eight months—why, it takes longer to make a school teacher. But eight months here contains even more of the bizarre and the unconventional and the novel than even a year at the Sign of the Yellow and Brown. Pretty high recommendation for La Belle France, isn’t it?”

“A few days after your card arrived I met one Joseph Andrew Tiffin, of basketball fame, who had just landed in France—this land of shrapnel and H. E.—with the 116th Battalion. Naturally, we did the David and Jonathan act.

“I don’t know how much you know about this little business of war, but, I pray you, don’t ‘generalize on too few particular experiences.’ The army is divided into two distinct parts—those who fight and those who do not. I have the honor to belong to the former, being in a battery of 18-pounders. As a signaller, I am called to go up to the line from two miles back to establish communication. We don’t know all the horrors of war, as the infantry, but when it is over ‘Canada for me, toute suite.’ ”

EMPIRE DAY

Our usually elaborate programme was this year, of necessity, much simplified. It so occurred that the students were in the midst of Group Four examinations, consequently neither the time nor the attention could be devoted to it that the occasion deserved. As this is the jubilee year of Confederation, the programme took on this complexion, and it is our regret that circumstances allowed but scant justice to so important an occasion. Principal Casselman, in a concise and telling way, outlined the conditions prior to Confederation and the great national significance of the event. The following were added details of the program:

Chorus—“Maple Leaf”	Students
Confederation Address—Sir John A. Macdonald	Norman McLeod
Chorus—“O, Canada”	Students
Confederation Address—Hon. George Brown	Roy McVittie
Chorus—“Rule, Britannia”	Students

GOD SAVE THE KING.

MEMBERS OF STUDENTS' FAMILIES, 1916-1917, IN THE SERVICE OF KING AND COUNTRY

<i>Student.</i>	<i>Relative.</i>	<i>Military Connection.</i>	<i>Record.</i>
1. Marguerite and Albert Brown.	M. M. Brown	Nursing Sister, Ontario Military Hospital, Orpington, Eng.	
2. Della Foy	Pte. Clifford G. Foy	240th Battalion.	
3. Jessie B. Francis	Pte. John McKechnie Francis	94th Battalion	Officially reported dead.
4. Emily A. C. Hager	Pte. Geo. W. Hager	18th Reserve Batt., 4th Co.	
	Pte. Wesley Hager	46th Battalion	Killed in action, Nov. 10, 1917.
	Bdr. A. E. Hager	18th Battery, 5th Art. Brigade.	Wounded 9 times; received Military Medal, Sept. 15, '17.
	Pte. J. D. Hager	87th Can. Grenadier Guards.	
5. Mary A. Hogarth	Sgt. Walter P. Hogarth	Imperial Navy.	
6. Kathleen Ingram	Pte. Wellington W. Ingram	176th Batt., Niagara Rangers.	
7. Marjorie A. Keith	Pte. Kenneth Keith	24th Battalion	Wounded 3 times; in Mile End Hosp., Bancroft Rd., Eng.
8. Helen Lickley	Pte. James Lickley	5th Field Ambulance.	
	Pte. William Lickley	" "	
	Pte. Hugh Lickley	" "	
	Pte. Alexander Lickley	122nd Battalion.	
9. Agnes Mareon	Pte. Ernest Mareon	Cyclist Division.	
10. Roy McVittie	Pte. E. J. McVittie	Lord Strathcona Horse	In France.
11. Ethel M. Parker	Sgt. R. J. Parker	157th Battalion.	
12. Margaret Peters	Eunice Peters	U. S. Army Nursing Sister.	
13. W. Everett Sinclair	Pte. Alexander Sinclair	Winnipeg Cycle Corps.	Killed in action, Sept. 5, 1916.
14. Barbara Thomson	Seymour R. Thomson	58th Battalion.	
15. Gladys Tranter	Sgt. Wm. Victor Tranter	1st Contingent, 1st Battalion, 1st Brigade.	Wounded at Festubert, May 24, 1915; died of wounds, June 10th, 1915.

HOME THOUGHTS—FROM THE FRONT

(SELECTED.)

Backward, turn backward, oh, time in your flight;
Take me to Canada, just for to-night.
Far, far away, from the noise of this war,
Where machine guns rattle and big guns roar;
Back where it's peaceful, quiet, serene,
Away from these trenches, and all that they mean;
Back where, instead of the shriek of a shell,
We hear peaceful noises and know all is well.

The memory of home is in my mind now,
As I sit dreaming I oft think of how
My mother caressed me and called me her boy.
What does she think now of her own pride and joy?
He's fighting for freedom, for home and for right,
And the Kaiser is fighting against him for might;
That's why I wish while through trenches I climb,
That I could but reverse the great hand of Time;
And while I'm writing these lines, that I might
Return to thee, Canada, just for to-night.

Just to be home, just for one peaceful night;
Away from the worries and trials of this fight;
Away from the Kultur, away from the crime;
Away from the trenches, shell holes and slime.
Must I keep dreaming and longing in vain
To stroll down the path with my sweetheart again,
And once more to love and be loved as of yore;
Oh, God, isn't that what you gave us life for?

Could I but to-night, while the big guns roar,
Knock and be welcomed at Mother's front door;
Be kissed once again by those dear lips so rare,
And once again fondle the dear silvery hair;
See Dad on the doorstep, enjoying the breeze,
With two kiddies claiming the use of his knees.
Then would I flee from this ghastly sight,
And return to thee, Canada, just for to-night.

No honor that's gained on the battlefields here
Can compare with the loves of the ones we hold dear.
Their true love embodying all that is best,
Take me back, Father Time, to my home in the west,
Away from this land which is barren and cursed,
Where the bold lust brings out in man all the worst.
Oh, just for one night to be back home again,
Where is Peace on Earth and Good Will to Men.

Oh, God! Who is watching dear Canada's best,
Fighting, dying and lying at rest,
Instil in us courage to fight the good fight,
And at length know the triumph of right over might,
And as I sit penning this very poor theme,
I wonder if Time, like an e'erflowing stream,
Will ever turn back in its merciless flight
And take me to Canada, just for to-night!

DUTY'S CALL

A Message from the Trenches, Sent by Canon Scott, C.M.G., Senior Chaplain of the Canadian First Division

This stirring summons to the young men and the rich men of Canada is an extract from a recent letter received from Canon Scott by a friend in Montreal:

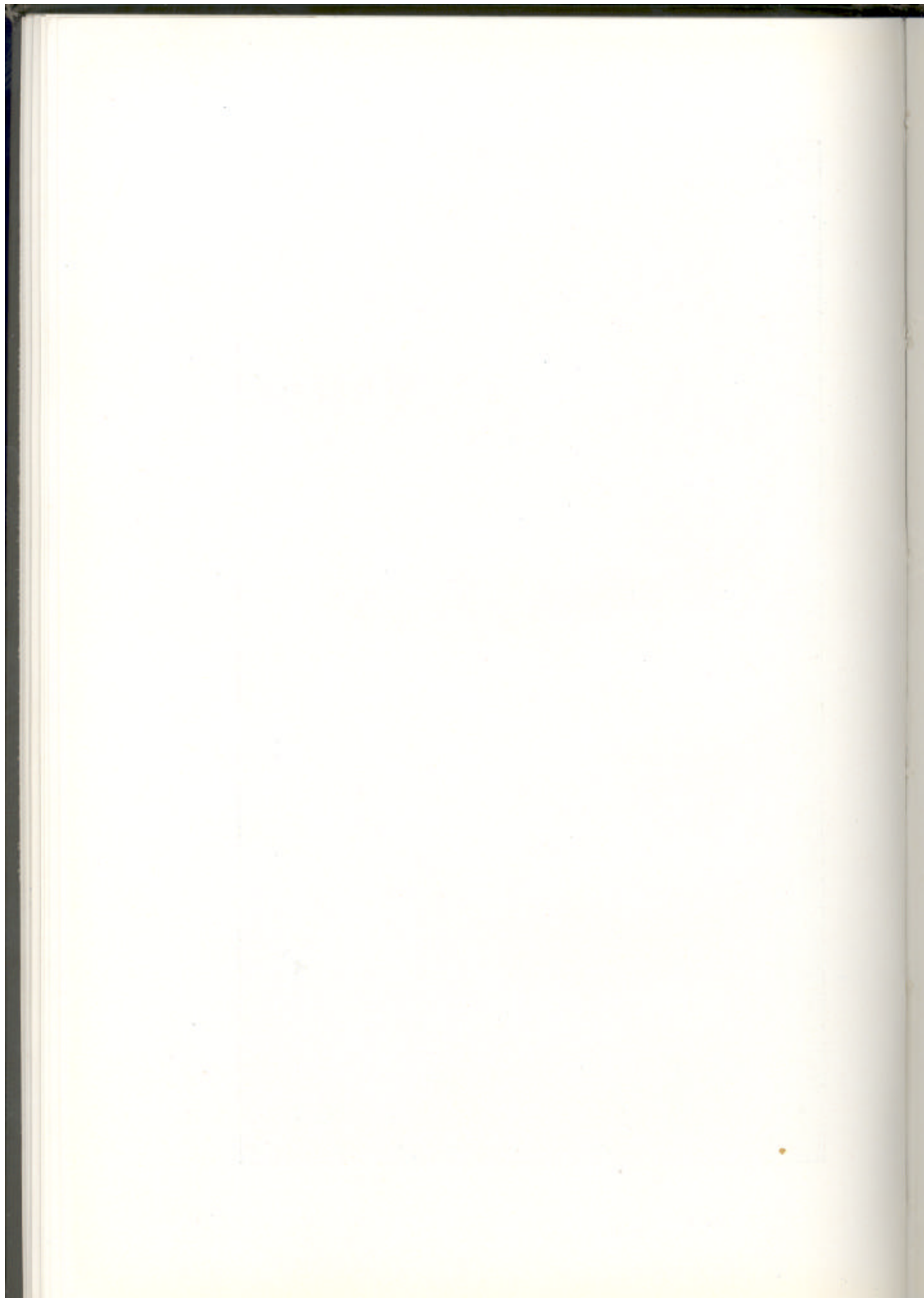
It is a cold, cold day in France. The ground is frozen hard and the men go by with pinched noses and cold hands. The window panes of my office rattle with the sound of big guns, and before me lies a Canadian newspaper with a page devoted to sport, and full of accounts of hockey matches, etc., etc. It is at such a moment as this that one tingles with a sense of disgust and shame. Sport! Hockey matches! Healthy young men, physically fit, playing games at home! Impossible! Where is public spirit? Where is patriotism? Where is the principle of manhood? Are those men content to stay at home and play games, and live disgusting, selfish lives, while their fellow Canadians are out here bleeding and dying for them? I blush for Canada. I blush for the crowds that throng the rinks and enjoy the sport. We have sports, as far as we can, for the men here. They have a right to them. But to shirkers at home, nothing but hisses are due! I know I am writing strongly, but it is deserved. As far as I am concerned, I never want to take the hand of any man who is physically fit and has not volunteered to come to the front, unless there has been some overwhelming claim upon him of duty at home. It seems incredible that any man worthy of the name of man can sleep in his bed at night and let other men out here bleed and die for him. Let Canadian mothers and wives know that they could do no greater injury to their sons and husbands than by holding them back and not allowing them to enlist. It is an injury which will last all through their lives. We need men. We need every man in the Empire. This is no time for sport. If some of the shirkers at home who go to see a hockey match could come out here and see a front dressing station during an action they would have their eyes opened and their hearts changed. Men, and young men, at home, why do you not throng to the recruiting office? There is the possibility of a crippled body if you do, there is the certainty of a crippled character if you don't, and that is far worse.

And then the millionaires of Canada. What are they giving? Nothing at all adequate. Money has been subscribed, Red Cross subscriptions have flowed in, but more money can come. If a millionaire wants to know how much he ought to give to some war object, let him picture himself on a cold, dark, rainy night, lying in a wet shell hole with both his legs blown off, and no stretcher-bearers near. How much would he give then for help and protection and medical treatment? Would it be a thousand dollar subscription to an ambulance? No, it would run up quickly to seven figures. That thought will give him a clearer idea of his financial duty. Other men have had to lie dying in shell holes for his sake. What a revelation to Canadians it would be if they could all visit the front. But, alas, Canada will never know what her sons have endured. Day after day, month after month, year after year, cheerfully and gladly they have endured and suffered and fought. If Canada ever forgets these men, my prayer is that she may go to the dogs. You will forgive this strong language. It has the merit of being sincere. The sporting page of a Canadian newspaper is to me like a red rag to a bull, when I think of what our men are doing here. We are going to smash the Huns, but we are a long way from doing it yet. It will take the supremest effort of our whole Empire. Every man must put his shoulder to the wheel, even if it be a chariot of fire.



CLASS B, DIVISION 7

WM. LOVELL, EDGAR LEWIS, GORDON A. BOYD, W. EVERETT SINCLAIR, WILFRED N. BARBOUR, ROY McVITTIE, P. A. ROBERTSON
A. S. McNAUGHTON, GOLDWIN HENRY, A. F. BROWN, T. H. RITCHIE, H. C. UNGER
A. E. SALISBURY, R. A. AUSTIN, NORMAN McLEOD



HALIBURTON COUNTY

I feel sure I need only mention this county and you will call up in imagination her "tall timbers" of which you have often heard. I shall first discuss her timbers, because Haliburton is primarily a lumbering district. Lying north of Victoria and Peterboro, this county has been settled only in the southern parts, the northern townships still presenting acre upon acre of unbroken forest, where only the lumberman's axe has been heard. Pioneer days have left their mark, in the great giant stumps, which remind us of what forest kings were ruthlessly destroyed for wood and building purposes. Lumbering companies are now going carefully through these districts and taking the smaller trees, formerly passed by as worthless.

Pine, hemlock, spruce, birch, beech, etc., have for years been lumbered and floated down the chain of lakes and rivers to the mills formerly at Peterboro, but now at Fenelon Falls and Haliburton.

Years ago the English Land Company bought the nine central townships and reserve forest rights from purchasers. Noting how her pines had been destroyed, they planted a great pine farm, where a crop of strong, sturdy, young pines may now be seen.

Next to lumbering, Mixed farming is carried on.

Haliburton is possibly not as well known as Muskoka, and yet they are sister counties. Nowhere can their lakes and scenery be surpassed. Haliburton's lakes and rivers form a network of silver through her forest-clad hills. You can travel for weeks by canoe from one little, island-dotted lake, by a winding river, portaging around rapids, to another little lake nestled at the foot of a mountain. A chain of lakes run thus from the northern part of the county to Peterboro. What wonder that every year hundreds of tourists from United States and our own cities visit these lakes, and, having been once, always return.

These lakes teem with fish, salmon trout, speckled trout, bass, sturgeon, etc. Deer and moose are common. Lying directly south of Algonquin Park, many fur-bearing animals, as well as the deer, wander south until stopped by the successful hunter and trapper.

Mining is carried on, but not extensively. A little iron and granite are mined, but not in abundance.

Haliburton is the chief town, though Minden is the capital. It is a pretty little village situated in the valley of Gull River.

Haliburton is the terminus of the G. T. R. It has the finest steel bridge in the county, also a large cement one, to span the river flowing through, and on which are situated two lumber mills.

There is a plant there which makes fine grades of grit used for poultry and also a splendid imitation of marble by mixing with cement.

About five miles below Haliburton is the little town of Donald, lately sprung up owing to the building of a chemical plant there. The plant and machinery cost one million dollars. About 12,000 cords of hardwood are used at the plant each year. From this they manufacture wood alcohol, acetate of lime and charcoal. The alcohol is sent to Montreal to be refined. Before the war the products were sent to Germany and the United States, but is now sent to Great Britain and the United States. The chemical company have recently purchased 11,000 acres more bush for their plant.

Among other towns of Haliburton, Dorset is especially noted as a great tourist resort.

M. V. ROBERTS.

A town lady visiting in the country asked the farmer how old a certain cow was. He answered, "Two years." "How can you tell?" "By the horns," he answered. The lady looked puzzled, and then remarked, "Two horns; of course. How stupid of me."

FORT WILLIAM

Fort William, one of the Twin Cities of Canada, was incorporated a town in the year 1892, and from thence into a city in 1906. It is not, therefore, a place very long established, but it has a history dating back to as early as 1669. In that year, the famous explorer, D. G. Du Shut, built a trading post on the banks of the Kaministiquia River. The French Government, in the year 1717, sent out an expedition to explore across the continent to the Pacific Ocean, with instructions to establish a post or base of supplies at what was then known as River Comistigoja, Lake Superior. A fort was erected that year on the present site of Fort William by Lieut. Robert de Lanore.

From this date Fort Kaministiquia was used as a base of supplies for exploration and discovery. Verondrye and his gallant sons used it in the year 1731 as they passed on to Rainy River and the great Northwest.

In 1792 the Northwest Fur Company, who had their principal trading post at Grand Portage, finally moved and established themselves on the Kaministiquia, which fort was built in 1805 and named Fort William in honor of Hon. William McGillvary. This was made the chief entreport of the Northwest fur trade. At some seasons of the year no less than 3,000 traders, trappers and their families were assembled at Fort William.

In 1821 the Northwest Company united with their great rivals, the Hudson's Bay Company, who were then established at Point de Meuron, on the Kaministiquia, about seven miles from its mouth, and who at once moved to Fort William. From this point the Hudson's Bay Company continued to govern the country and operates its fur trade.

Fort William occupies a unique position. One need but examine the map of the North American continent to perceive the key position it holds between the east and the boundless prairies of the west—"The Gateway to the West." Fort William is situated on the Kaministiquia River, which empties into Thunder Bay at the head of Lake Superior. It is nearly the centre of the continent, being distant by rail 1,628 miles from Halifax, and 1,988 miles from Vancouver, and it is the harbor and head of navigation of the system of rivers and inland seas that, beginning with Superior, finds outlet into the Atlantic Ocean.

Fort William must become from its position and natural advantages of its location one of the largest and most important cities of Canada. It is now and always will be the trans-shipping point from rail to boat for the millions of bushels of wheat from the broad west to the eastern markets, and hundreds of tons of merchandise from vessel to rail, en route to the farmers in the west. When the great waterways to the Atlantic are deepened (which will be at no far distant date) vessels loading at Fort William will be able to sail direct to any port on the globe. Fort William will then be at the very door of Liverpool, and vessels of all nations of the world will ride at anchor in the Kam.

Fort William's location and natural advantages command scarcely less interest and admiration than its geographical position. Situated as it is, upon the alluvial plateau between the Kaministiquia and Neebing Rivers, with Mt. McKay and the rugged rock cliff coast shutting it in upon the south, with forests and hills surrounding it on the north and west, it affords two important necessities for a great shipping port, viz., a safe harbor for ships and a level site for railway terminals. Consequently Fort William has become the lake terminus of the Canadian Pacific and Grand Trunk Pacific Railways. The Kaministiquia River forms the 26 miles of land-locked

harbor of Fort William. "Kaministiquia," which means "the gathering of the waters," drains the great watershed to the south and west of the height of land, rushing along, an impetuous torrent, till it leaps over Kakabeka Falls, 113 feet high, about 20 miles from the city, thence it rolls its flood through the plain below, discharging by three mouths into Thunder Bay, these three mouths all branching off and emptying within the city limits.

In the year 1895 the C. P. R. Co. commenced the consolidation of their works at Fort William. Previous to this time the work was done at Port Arthur. They laid out extensive yards, built repair shops, freight sheds and docks, all of which have since been enlarged. By 1891 all lake traffic, both freight and passenger, was done at Fort William.

The C. P. R. built many elevators to store the grain from the great west. To-day the largest grain elevators in the world are located at Fort William. The present capacity is approximately 30,000,000 bushels, and new elevators are now under construction. The freight traffic at Fort William is immense. One-third of the freight profits of the C. P. R., from September, 1915, until September, 1916, was made at Fort William. The large jack-knife bridge connecting the mainland and Island No. 2, and the smaller bridge connecting the two islands were both built by the C. P. R. The Grand Trunk Pacific built a large swinging bridge at the west end of the city.

The shipping industry is not the only one carried on at Fort William. Most of the local stoves are manufactured at Copp's Foundry. Ogilvie's large flour mills supplies the city with flour. Other companies have come to Fort William, such as Canada Iron Corporation, Canada Car Company, McKellar Bedding Company, Canada Steel Company, Imperial Oil Company, the Starch Works, and many others until Fort William has become a manufacturing city as well as a railway and lake port.

To run these manufacturing concerns electricity is needed. Kakabeka Falls supplies Fort William with an unlimited amount of hydro-electric power. The power is under the control of the city through the Kaministiquia Power Company. The city owns and operates its street railway, which crosses the river on both C. P. R. and G. T. P. bridges, and which, after passing through the city, connects with the Port Arthur Street Railway at the boundary. The water supply of Fort William is of the best in Canada. Loch Lomond, a spring-fed lake on the mountain, supplies the 20,000 people of Fort William with the best water to be had in Canada.

Fort William has many beautiful buildings of which any city might be proud. There are at present seven public schools three separate schools and a collegiate. We can boast of fourteen churches. The largest and most beautiful is St. Andrew's Presbyterian, opposite the City Hall. The City Hall, Court House, Post Office, Y. M. C. A., Union Station, Carnegie Library, the new Customs House, Registry Office, Grain Exchange, the different bank buildings, the Orpheum and Royal Theatres and the McKellar Hospital are a few of the many business and public buildings.

Fort William is surrounded by many resources. Large deposits of iron and copper ore are found in the outlying districts. Farming is carried on a great deal, and market day is held twice a week in the city. To give you an idea of the size of the market, one day this last summer 10 per cent. of the proceeds were to go to the Red Cross. The amount received by the Red Cross was pretty well near the \$100 mark.

The war has greatly affected Fort William. Some of the manufacturing houses are at present filling contracts for munitions. Fort William has willingly given of men and money to help the cause of the Empire in this greatest

of all wars. There are few men left in Fort William who are subjects of any of the Allies. Two thousand men had enlisted last spring from Fort William alone, and these men have proved that they come from no mean city.

From a climatic point of view there is no healthier region than the north shore of Lake Superior. The air is clear and has a tonic effect. The winters are slightly colder than the eastern and southern parts of the Province, but a drier atmosphere and more sunshine makes living more pleasant and more agreeable. The summers, on the other hand, are most delightful.

It is impossible to do justice to this promising city in one brief article. I can only advise you to visit the city and see for yourselves the many attractions of the city, the country around and the lake.

MARY HOGARTH.

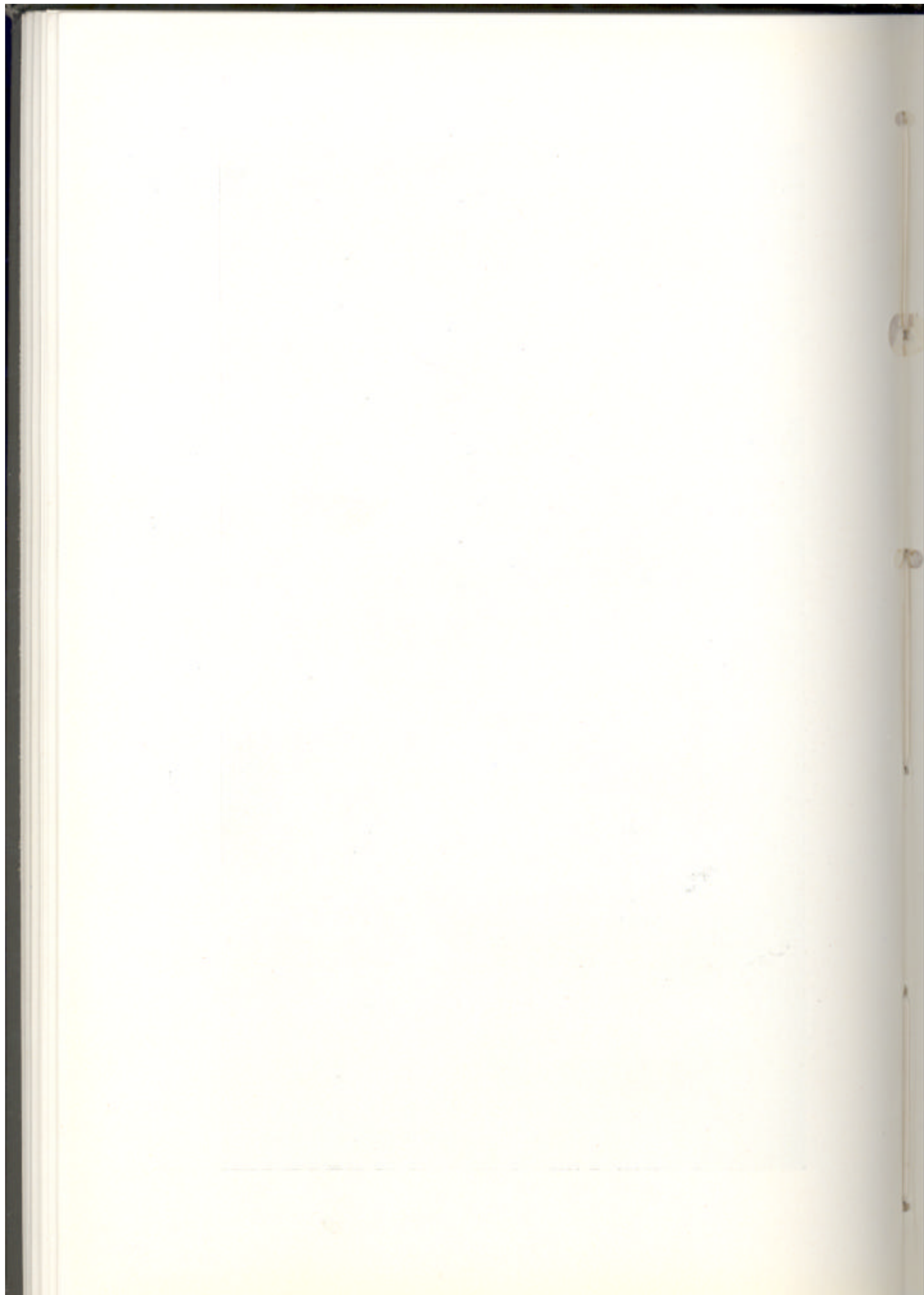
BOILER MAKING

Collingwood, as you all know, is situated on the Georgian Bay, or, to be more exact, is on the Nottawasaga Bay, in Nottawasaga Township. It is to those driving along the lake shore a summer resort, but when you draw nearer the railway station you find the smoke and turmoil of the city. The Northern Navigation shipyard is situated near the station, and is one of the greatest "booms" to Collingwood, employing from four hundred to five hundred men. There are two main departments to the shipyard, the boiler shop and the yard itself. Now, let us examine the method this company employs to keep the whole living machinery in such systematic running order. The men must get to work at seven sharp in the morning. If in time they pass through a little gate, and all must pass through. As they pass through each is given a piece of tin not unlike a half dollar with his number marked on it. It is marvellous to see how quickly the clerk knows each workman's number without asking him. We shall follow closely the boiler shop employe as he walks across a narrow yard into the great, tall, noisy shop. Adjoining the rear of the shop is the tool house and blacksmith shop. There are two main gangs of men in this boiler department, the helpers and the bosses. The helpers are in the majority, and perhaps get about \$2 to \$2.25 per day. The bosses get from \$2.75 to \$3.50 per day. For overwork they get time and one-half. The Superintendent gives each boss one or more helpers. They must do exactly as the boss tells them, and if the boss is busy arranging some little detail, the helper must await his return. Before many weeks, however, the helpers become quite efficient and go on with the work, but it is curious to note that many prefer to wait. The designer, or layer-out, as he is called by the men, is a very important workman. Usually he is English or Scotch, from some great shipyard in the old land. Now, let us look at the large structure that forty or more gangs are working at. The boiler is begun on a framework of some hard metal. Great sheets of iron are first riveted together while at a white heat, which is produced at the blacksmith shop; the flailing is done here also. Perhaps it would be better to tell you how these pieces are riveted or bolted together. The rivets are placed very close together, the hole boring being done by an electric machine, called a gun. It is not every man who is capable of handling a gun. Only those who have had practice and do not mind the horrid, drilling noise. The size and position of the holes are marked in white, and the gunner drills about the mark. The gun is not unlike an auger, but I am sorry I never was close enough to see one and I never was in when the guns were not in use. When the power, which is of an extremely high voltage, is turned on the gun revolves at a terrific rate, thus requiring a man of steady nerves to handle such an instrument. The two plates are now ready for the bolts. These are heated to a white heat by a coke fire. The white-hot bolt is passed quickly by means of



BASKET BALL CLUB

P. A. ROBERTSON (Spare), G. HENRY (Spare), R. McVITTIE (Manager), G. BOYD, Captain(Defence), A. JOHNSON (Spare)
A. E. SALISBURY (Centre), W. E. SINCLAIR (Forward), J. B. MACDOUGALL, Hon. Pres., A. BROWN (Defence), R. AUSTIN (Forward)



pincers to a second man who drops it into the hole and a third man hits it with a heavy sledge and drives the bolt in, often with difficulty.

Several hundreds of these bolts are put in, and when cool the two sheets of iron are hoisted by means of cranes to the proper position directed by the layer-out. These two sheets are bolted to the previous ones set up. In rush orders gangs work on both sides at the same time. After several pairs of sheets are bolted together the noisy part of the work begins. A new instrument is put into the gun and each bolt must be gone over. The gunner bores around the bolt, and a second man hits the bolt with a twenty or thirty pound sledge alternately. This part is extremely difficult and noisy. Often men complain of not being able to hear distinctly for some time after coming out of the shop. The inside is done in the same manner. This is known as corking the bolts. The sheets of iron for the top are riveted on in a trying position for the men, they sit on boards which can be moved from one position to another. The boilers for these large steamers are no mean height and dizziness is often felt by many of the men. When the main portion of the boiler is complete they go about to put in the heads. This is the most exacting job. The two man-holes are first put in by marking the circumference on the square sheet. The circumference for the head is also marked off and sledged while white hot. It is then put in the head of the boiler and allowed to cool, many are spoiled owing to the unlooked for shrinkage of the metal. After it is put in, one man in the inside of the boiler sledges alternately with a man on the outside. After the two heads are put in and water gauges fitted on the superintendent tests the boiler and if any part or bolt causes a leak it is fixed. The government inspector next comes and asserts the greatest pressure and if found satisfactory a government seal is placed on it and the boiler is ready after about three months' work. The fixing of the boilers in the boat is another piece of difficult work performed by another gang of men specially trained for the task.

EDITH ALLISON.

PROHIBITION

The greatest event, perhaps, which ever took place in our Province took place this year, namely, prohibition. Not only is this applicable to our own Province, but to almost every Province of our great Confederacy.

During the year of 1916 there was going on in Ontario a great petitioning movement under the direction of the Citizen's Committee of One Hundred, praying for Provincial prohibitory legislation. But even before this movement ended in the presentation to the Legislature of the greatest petition ever seen, the Premier declared that the Government would promote legislation as far as the admitted power of the Province would permit. And on September 16th, 1916, every license in the Province to sell liquor by retail ceased to operate.

Look at the other Provinces. Manitoba, prohibition went into effect June 1st, 1916; Nova Scotia, June 30th, 1916; Saskatchewan, July 1st, 1916; New Brunswick, May 1st, 1917; and in British Columbia it will go into effect July 1st, 1917. Newfoundland, while not a Province of our Confederacy, has also taken the great step, and went under prohibitory law on January 1st, 1917. Quebec, while not under prohibitory law, is largely under local option, and we hope with the great strides taken in 1916 and 1917, that our fair Dominion will soon be rid of this dragging curse.

Sentiment is now so strong in Great Britain that Premier Lloyd George recently expressed himself very strongly against the sale and use of liquor. "Britain has three enemies—Germany, Austria and drink, of which the greatest is drink."

Surely something has been accomplished this year of wonderful worth to our country, and future Canada will look upon this as the banner year in her history.

MARY ADAMS.

HURON COUNTY

Huron County, which forms a part of western Ontario, is of about the size of the ordinary county in Ontario, and in general shape is triangular. It enjoys the distinction of being a part of that section of the Laurentian plateau known as the Garden of Ontario. The rivers are not very long, and flow into Lake Huron, in which direction the county slopes. From Goderich northwards a chain of cliffs bordering the Laurentian plateau rises above the level of the surrounding country.

The county seal of Huron is dated 1841, and is an emblem both of pioneer days and the less strenuous times which followed. Its main features are a brawny arm wielding an axe, symbolical of early days, a plough and a wheat sheaf. The latter symbol was more appropriate to the county some years ago than now, as the rural population have changed from wheat farming to mixed farming.

Huron County was a part of what was known as the Huron tract. In 1821 its real settlement began with the founding of Goderich by John Galt and Dr. Dunlop of the Canada Company, which owned the tract. But settlement was slow on account of lack of bridges, roads and mills liberally promised but unfortunately not provided. The settlers soon banded themselves together in opposition to the company and Dunlop became their leader. Galt also left the service of the company.

This pioneer performed a service of great value to the province and to Huron especially when he built the road from Lake Huron to Lake Ontario. For this task he was allowed only \$15,000, but by making part of his payments in land he was able to accomplish his purpose. It was but a narrow track, however, and after a storm was often obstructed by large trees which had fallen across it.

Dunlop occupies a prominent place in pioneer legends because of his original, energetic personality. He had great love for a practical joke. He it was who crossed the Maitland on a cow's back when there was only a ferry across. When escorting in an accountant whose purpose it was to spy upon Galt, he hired a man to howl like wolves during the whole journey and kept the victim in a state of terror all the way to Goderich.

Huron seems to have been well supplied with liquor in those early times. Once the thirty white men of Goderich were kept in terror while a Chippewan drinking bout was in progress nearby. Many a logging bee was aided by the presence of the necessary stimulant. But pioneer life was hardy and adventurous, and neutralized to a great extent the effects of over-indulgence.

At present Huron is essentially a farming county and produces the ordinary necessities of life in large quantities. In the earlier history of the county wheat farming was followed but gave place to the more profitable one of mixed farming. Men to work on the farms are very scarce, due to emigration to the West and the present great need of fighting men. She has given her best farmers to the cause and has been thoroughly justified in the conduct of the 161st Battalion in France. Few are left of those who went over in August, but of these eighteen sergeants have been drafted into a Middlesex Battalion. Huron joins with the other counties in wishing the Allies a speedy victory.

LAWRENCE LOVELL.

Not long ago we were told that it takes coal to keep the force of gravity going. Unless a supply of coal arrives soon we may find ourselves flying through space.

In the Geography class we learned that the atmosphere travelled half as fast as the earth. Hang on to your hats!

TURN BACKWARD

Backward, turn backward, O Time in your flight,
Give me July again just for to-night;
Soften the ground where the frost king has lain,
O let me hear one mosquito again.

I am so weary of snowdrifts and ice,
Weary of paying the coal trust the price;
Weary, so weary of frost-bitten pie—
Give me a slice of the fourth of July.

Backward, swing backward, O season of snow—
Mercury fifteen or twenty below;
Turn on the heat of the tropical zone,
Roast me until I am cooked to the bone.

I am so tired of freezing my nose;
Weary of chilblains and corns on my toes;
Weary of trying to sleep with cold feet—
Turn on the heat, mister, turn on the heat.

—Selected.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S FUNERAL

The Queen is taking a drive to-day,
They have hung with purple the carriage way;
They have spread with purple the royal track,
Where the Queen goes forth, and never comes back.

Let no man labor as she goes by
On her last appearance to mortal eye;
With heads uncovered, let all men wait
For the Queen to pass in her regal state.

Army and navy shall lead the way
For that wonderful coach of the Queen's to-day;
Kings, princes, lords of the land
Shall ride behind, a humble band.

Over the city, and over the world
Shall flags of all nations be half-mast furled
For the silent lady of royal birth
Who is riding away from the courts of earth.

Away from the world and its unrest
To a mystical goal on a secret quest;
Though in regal splendor she drives thro' the town
Her robes are simple, she wears no crown.

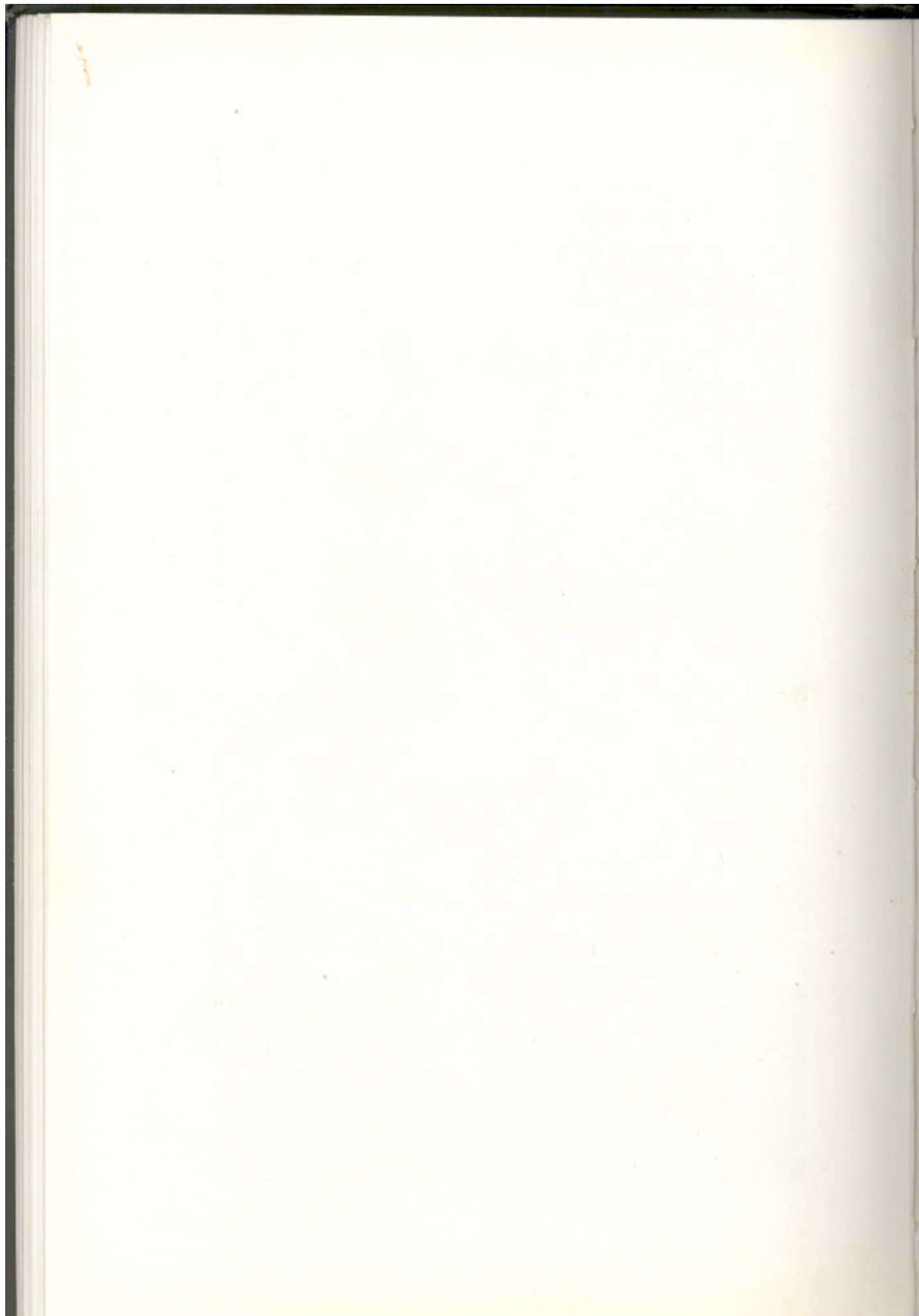
And yet she wears one, for widowed no more
She is crowned with the love that's gone before;
And crowned with love she's left behind,
In the depths of each thinking mind.
Uncover your heads, lift your hearts on high,
For the Queen in silence is driving by.

—Selected.



BASEBALL CLUB

R. AUSTIN (Outfield), G. HENRY (Catcher), A. S. McNAUGHTON, Manager (Short-stop), H. C. Unger (Outfield)
A. JOHNSON (1st base), G. BOYD, Captain (2nd base), A. BROWN (3rd base)
A. E. SALISBURY (Pitcher), R. McVITTIE (Outfield)



A PROPHECY

Last night as I sat before the fire-place gazing at the dying embers, the fairy known as Future suddenly appeared and addressed me in these words: "I have often heard your desire to see what the future hath in store. Now your wish shall be granted. Follow me and I will show you Class B of the Normal students ten years hence."

Quickly I arose and immediately felt myself being carried through the air with sickening speed. Soon I found myself on firm ground again and the fairy stood beside me. "Now you are in the year 1926," she remarked. "Look around you and tell me what you see." "I see," I answered, "a ship ploughing its way through an ocean." "Observe more closely the people on the deck," commanded Future. On gazing more intently I discovered Miss Hannan and Miss McEwen standing at the prow. My companion explained that Miss Hannan had been travelling in Europe, giving a series of lectures, and Miss McEwen, now a noted novelist, had accompanied her to gain material for a new story and now they were just returning home.

Next my friend transported me to a large theatre in London, England. There in the audience I saw Miss Foy and Miss Borneman. Another surprise awaited me. When the curtain slowly rose, there on the stage stood Miss Bunt, Miss Cairns, and Miss Laybourne. "These actresses have already gained fame by their acting in 'Forget-me-not,' one of many plays written by Miss Flossie Burger," explained Future.

After leaving the theatre I was carried to a large hotel in Madrid. On a balcony sat Miss Mowry, reading a book of poems written by Emily Hager. Beside her lay another book, the author of which was Agnes Frejd.

The next place we visited was a rude hut in Central Africa. Here Miss Gowanlock was preaching to a group of natives. Sitting beside her was Miss Brett, who assisted by singing sacred songs.

Leaving Africa I was transported to a magnificent home in Toronto. In the drawing-room, Mrs. Robert Austin, another fellow-student, was entertaining Miss Grant, the great Canadian poetess, Miss Casselman, lecturer on woman's suffrage, Miss Bock, principal of a public school, and Miss Beck, a noted singer. "Listen to their conversation, and you will learn something that will interest you," said Future.

"I read in the 'Globe' that Miss Francey and Miss Le Cappelain had gone to China as missionaries," remarked Mrs. Austin. "I wonder where all the North Bay Normal students of 1916 are," said Miss Bock. "Yesterday I had a letter from Jean Inglis, who is a wall-paper designer, and she told that while travelling through North Bay she saw Annie Knowles, Ethel McKechnie, Evelyn Downey, Edith Allison, and Helen Duffy who were attending the teachers' convention," informed Miss Casselman. "Last fall when I was in Chicago I heard Meryl Cockerline and Marion Keyes, who are charming the world with their wonderful voices," remarked Miss Grant.

Last week I read of the daring flight across the Atlantic of Miss Eva Horn and the return of Miss Hogarth who went with an exploration party to the far North," said Miss Beck.

Gladly would I have lingered longer listening to this conversation but Future reminded me that we had many more visits to make.

Future now conveyed me to the studio of the artist, Maude Johnston. The artist was employed painting a picture of Adelaide Jalbert, the great actress. Looking around the room I saw the portrait of Kathleen Ingram, whose fame as a singer was world-wide.

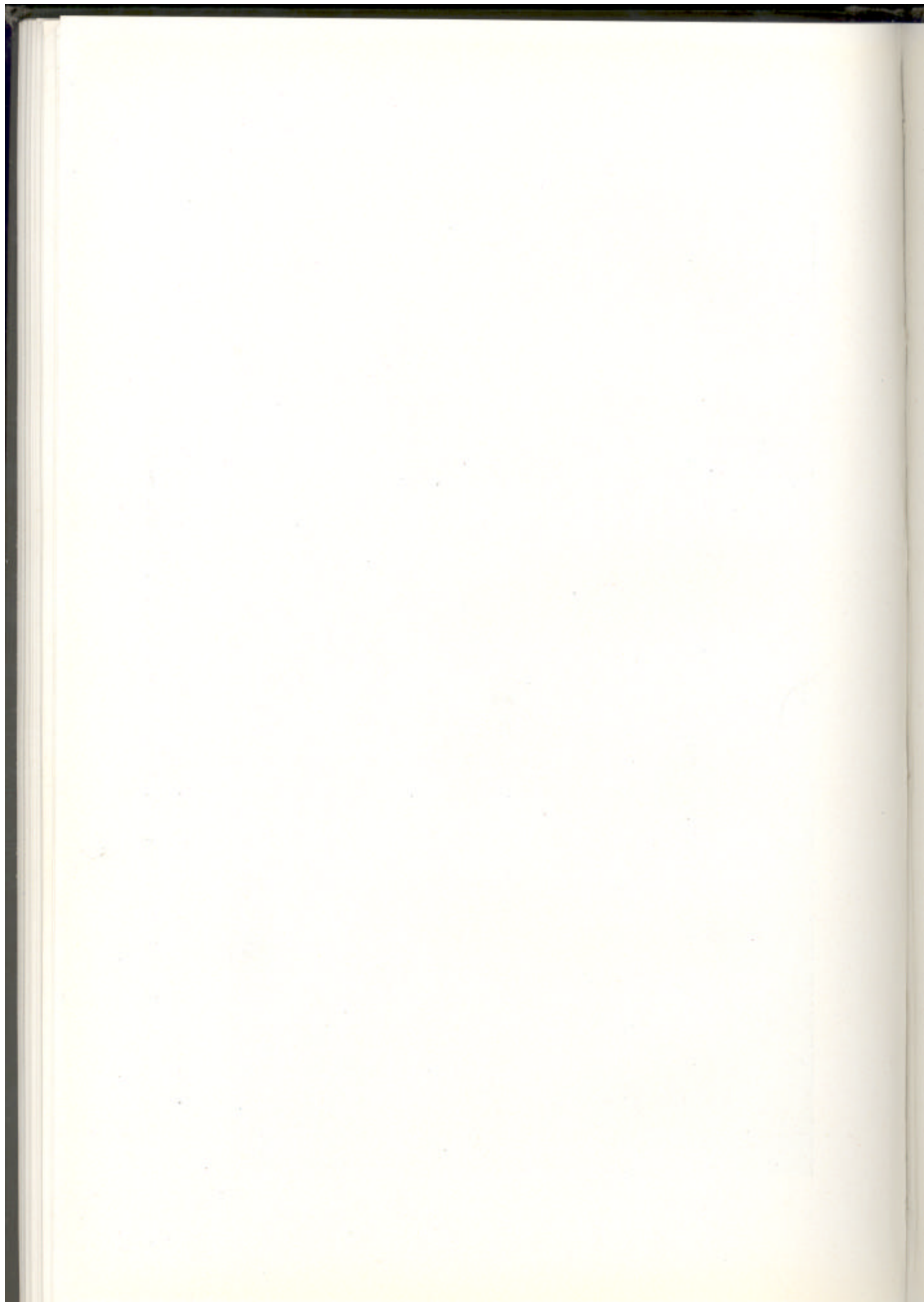
Leaving the studio, I was conducted to a little church in the slums of the city where Miss Keetch and Miss Keith were holding a meeting. Future explained that these noble girls had devoted their lives to work in the slums.

The next place which the fairy and I visited was a moving picture show. On the screen appeared Marguerite Brown and Zella Coulthart.



HOCKEY CLUB

W. E. SINCLAIR (Defence), A. JOHNSON, Pres. (Wing) J. B. MACDOUGALL, Hon. Pres., A. E. SALISBURY, Secy.-Treas. (Wing)
G. HENRY, Captain (Centre)
H. C. UNGER (Defence), G. BOYD, Vice-Pres. (Goal), P. A. ROBERTSON, Manager (Rover)



NORFOLK COUNTY

The first settlers of Norfolk County were Loyalists. The story of their journeys to their new home and their struggles would easily fill volumes.

In 1875 Governor Simcoe visited Norfolk and chose a site for its chief town. He named it "Charlotte Villa," but the town was never built. Port Norfolk became the chief town. Twenty-five years later the courts were held at Vittoria. Still later Simcoe, a town on the River Lynn, became the county capital.

To-day the population of Simcoe is about six thousand. It is one of the prettiest towns in Ontario. All its residential streets are shaded by tall maples. From early spring until late autumn the neat lawns are brightened by flowers.

Just north of the business section, on the banks of the River Lynn, is Lynnwood Park. Here may be seen the same beautiful old trees which shaded Governor Simcoe's camp over one hundred years ago.

On the outskirts of the town is Groff's gladiola farm. For years Mr. Groff has experimented with these flowers and now his gladiolias have reached perfection. Just across the street from the gladiola farm is Yeager's hackney training school. Mr. Yeager's hackney carriage horses have won distinction throughout Canada and parts of the United States.

Simcoe is also famous as a manufacturing centre. It boasts the largest canning plant on the continent. Connected with the canning factory was the lithographing plant, which was recently destroyed by fire, the loss being \$400,000. Here West and Peachey are the sole manufacturers of alligator boats in Ontario.

Besides these two important manufactures, there is Lea's pickle factory, the tannery, the marble works, Coate's carriage shops, Jackson's cold storage and butter factory, Fick's lumber mills, Brooke's woollen and shoddy mills.

The buildings of note are, Fall's store, the court house, the armories, the high and public schools, St. Paul's Presbyterian Church and St. James' Methodist Church.

Simcoe is well lighted by the Hydro-electric power. On every side the town is bounded by railways.

The farming land outside Simcoe is very fertile. Mixed farming is carried on extensively. Fruit growing, too, is well worthy of mention, Norfolk's apples are the best produced anywhere.

Norfolk possesses many interesting natural features. In Houghton township are strange high sand hills along the lake. The tops of dead trees protrude through the tops of these hills.

Townshend contains beds of limestone extraordinarily rich in fossils. Deposits of iron ore are found in Charlotteville.

From the southern extremity of Walsingham, Long Point Island juts out thirty miles into Lake Erie. It was on this island that Abigail Becker saved from death the crew of a lake schooner.

In Windham is Lake Hunger, which is said to be bottomless. At Crowton in Biddleton township, River Rowan is dammed back to generate electricity for lighting the village of Delhi.

Throughout the southern part of the county are numerous gas wells. Nearly all villages are heated and lighted by natural gas.

The villages of Port Rowan, St. Williams, and Delhi are noted for their canning plants. Fishing, too, is an important industry of Port Rowan. Normandale, Port Ryerse and Port Dover, are widely known summer resorts.

Though Norfolk needs her young men at home she willingly gave her best and noblest boys when the stirring call for men came. In France the men of the 133rd Norfolk's Own Battalion are proving to the world that they came from no mean county.

ANNIE O. KNOWLES.

THE FORMATION OF THE CLASS SOCIETY

A meeting of the students was held in the Assembly Hall of the Normal School on May 7th, 1917, at 9 a.m., to discuss the organization of an Alumni Association. It was moved by Mr. Lovell and seconded by Mr. Lewis that an Alumni Association be formed. This was carried unanimously. A discussion arose over a fee to be placed on each member to defer expenses. It was moved by Miss A. Peria and seconded by Miss O. Laybourne, that a fee of 25 cents be the membership fee. Carried.

The following officers were then elected forming the executive of the association:

Honorary President—Principal Casselman.

President—Mr. T. H. Ritchie.

Vice-President—Miss M. M. Hannan, Essex.

Secretary—Miss J. E. Palleck, Fort William.

Treasurer—Miss J. W. Inglis, Englehart.

Representative of the North—Miss A. M. Peria, Cobalt.

Representative of the South—Miss A. O. Knowles, Simcoe.

Representative of the East—Miss Z. M. Coulthart, Monkland.

Representative of the West—Miss D. Strachan, La Vallee.

At a subsequent meeting of the Executive, the following constitution was drawn up and submitted for approval to the class.

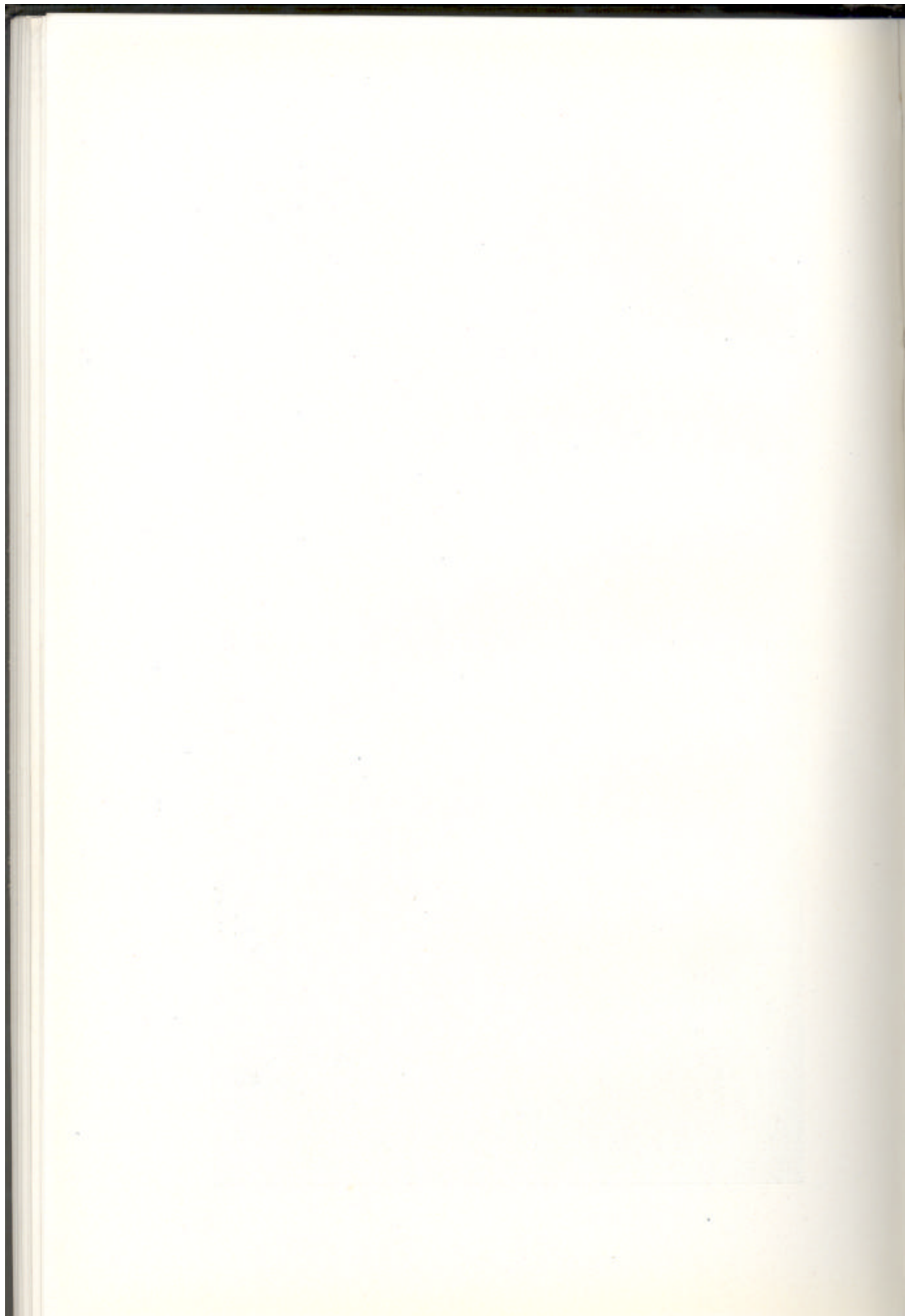
CONSTITUTION OF CLASS SOCIETY FOR 1916-17.

1. That the name of the Society be the Class Society of 1916-17.
2. That every member of the Class of 1916-17, including the "A" Class and Model Class, be eligible for membership.
3. That the membership fee be 25 cents, payable before the 24th of May, and thereafter at the meetings of the society.
4. That the purpose of the Society be—
 - (1) To keep in close touch with one another.
 - (2) To induce others to come to our school.
 - (3) To stimulate education generally.
5. That provision 4 (1) be carried out in the following manner:—
 - (i) That a printed paper be issued annually.
 - (ii) That all matter for said paper be forwarded by members to the secretary on or before St. Valentine's Day of each year.
 - (iii) That the fee be 20 cents, the same to accompany each communication referred to in section (ii) and any deficit to be made up from the general fund.
 - (iv) That the secretary be the editor, with power to add two associate editors from membership available.
 - (v) That the Normal School be affiliated with this organization.



HARMONICA CLUB

NORMAN McLEOD, Bandmaster
ALBERT BROWN, Base, ROY McVITTIE, 2nd Tenor
RUBENA CLEGG, 1st Pianist, MARGUERITE BROWN, 2nd Pianist
GORDON BOYD, Baritone, ROBERT AUSTIN, 1st Tenor



6. (1) That the Society meet every three years in the last week in August, the first meeting to be held in August, 1918.

(2) That a reunion of the members be held at each Annual Teacher's Convention, when possible, and a minute of each meeting be forwarded to the secretary by the representative of the district.

(3) That the duties of district representative be to promote co-operation among the members; to aid in collection of paper material; to assist in programme for triennial reunion.

7. That \$10.00 be allowed for secretarial equipment.

8. That the form of entertainment for the triennial reunion be left to the discretion of the committee.

9. That the officers and members of the committee hold office for life and that the committee in the case of any vacancy occurring be empowered to appoint a member to that vacancy, subject to the decision of the triennial convention.

VALEDICTORY

Mr. Chairman, Teachers, Fellow-students and Friends,—

It is my privilege and pleasure to bid a formal farewell to the School and her staff on behalf of the "B" students. I am sure that I express the feeling of the whole class when I say that the sympathy, the help, and the instruction given here will be highly valued by us. The constant aim of the teachers has been to implant the ideal of perfect social efficiency in us as a vital part of our beings. We trust that in the days to come we shall never lose sight of this ideal.

Amidst the work of the year our social life here has not been neglected. We have had a goodly number of social gatherings. These were, perhaps, not so ostentatious as in former years, but nevertheless they harmonized well with the spirit of the times. We shall not soon forget the Hallowe'en party or the farewell to the Model students and the one given to the "A" students. Our literary meetings and the lectures given by our Principal, Mr. Casselman, and others, have been very valuable to us as teachers. The Red Cross concert given by the school should be awarded a prominent place in the history of the year.

All have now assembled together for perhaps the last time. But let us remain loyal to the school and her staff. Let us do all we can to promote the educational interests of this province. In meeting together in the future as a Class Society, we can help to do this. A few hours hence we shall separate, but we shall ever hold as treasured memories the time spent at the North Bay Normal School.

Like driftwood spars which meet and pass
Upon the world's great ocean plain,
So, on the sea of life, alas!
Man meets man, meets and parts again.

W. J. LOVELL.

Overheard at the Normal School-Anglican Young People's Society debate on—

"Resolved, that the aeroplane is superior to the submarine."

Anglicans: "We have you historically—Jonah was the first submarine captain."

Normal School: "Not so sure—Elijah was the first aeronaut."

STUDENT ORGANIZATIONS

Literary Society

FALL TERM, 1916.

Hon. President: A. C. Casselman.

President: Alex. Johnson.

Vice-President: Barbara I. Thomson.

Secretary: Mamie McEwen.

Treasurer: Meryl Cockerline.

Committee: "A" Class—Rubena Clegg, Margaret Reeves; "B" Class—Marguerite Brown, Lillian Bunt, Annie Peria, T. H. Ritchie; Model Class—Eileen Bowie, Coral McCauley, Helen Stewart.

SPRING TERM, 1917.

Hon. President: A. C. Casselman.

President: Norman McLeod.

Vice-President: Kathleen Ingram.

Secretary: Jean Inglis.

Treasurer: Zella Coulthart.

Committee: "A" Class—Lilian Hand, Florence McColeman; "B" Class—Pearl Grant, Ingeborg Pedersen, Sadie Sprott, W. L. Lovell.

Editorial Staff—"The Searchlight"

Supervising Editor: J. B. MacDougall.

Editors-in-Chief.

Roy McVittie (1916).

"A" Class—Marcia Hannan; "B" Class—Annie O. Knowles (1917).

Sub-Editors.

"A" Class—Mildred V. Roberts (1916); "B" Class—Edith E. Allison (1916);
Model Class—Alma Tremelling (1916).

Reporters.

"A" Class—Lilian M. Hand (1916); "B" Class—Norman McLeod (1916),
Zella M. Coulthart (1916); Model Class—Marguerite Cooper (1916);
"B" Class—Hazel B. Borneman (1917), Olive Laybourne (1917),
Irene Wilson (1917), W. Everett Sinclair (1917).

Red Cross Society

Hon. President: Miss Kay.

President: Rubena Clegg. *Vice-President:* Eunice Casselman.

Secretary-Treasurer: Estelle Veitch.

Executive Com.: E. Downey, H. Duffy, M. Hannan, K. Ingram, V. Downey,
M. Cooper, I. Murday.

Basketball Club

Boys—Hon. President, J. C. Norris; Manager, Roy McVittie; Captain, Gordon Boyd (defence); R. Austin and W. E. Sinclair (forwards); A. Salisbury (centre); A. Brown (defence); G. Henry, P. A. Robertson and A. Johnson (spares).

Girls—Hon. President, A. C. Casselman; President, M. Park (centre); Vice-President, M. V. Roberts; Secretary-Treasurer, Virginia Downey. Practice teams: Centre—M. Park, M. Hogarth, P. Grant, S. Thompson. Forward—M. Hannan, I. Pedersen, A. Peria, B. Hayes. Guard—M. Brown, D. Strachan, E. Veitch, E. Parker.

Hockey Club

Hon. President, J. B. MacDougall; Manager, P. A. Robertson (rover); Captain, G. Henry (centre); President, A. Johnson (wing); Vice-President, G. Boyd (goal); Secretary-Treasurer, A. E. Salisbury (wing); A. Johnson (wing); W. E. Sinclair and H. C. Unger (defence).

Baseball Club

Hon. President, H. E. Ricker; Manager, A. S. McNaughton (short-stop); Captain, G. Boyd (2nd base); A. E. Salisbury (pitcher), G. Henry (catcher), A. Johnson (1st base), A. Brown (3rd base), R. Austin, H. C. Unger and R. McVittie (outfields).

Harmonica Band

Rubena Clegg (1st Pianist), Marguerite Brown (2nd Pianist), Norman McLeod (Bandmaster), Roy McVittie (1st Tenor), Robert Austin (2nd Tenor), Gordon Boyd (Baritone), Albert Brown (Bass).

Graduates' Class Society

Hon. President, A. C. Casselman; President, T. H. Ritchie; Vice-President, Miss M. M. Hannan (Essex); Secretary, Miss J. E. Palleck (Fort William); Treasurer, Miss J. W. Inglis (Englehart); Representative of the North, Miss A. M. Peria; Representative of the South, Miss A. O. Knowles; Representative of the East, Miss Z. M. Coulthart; Representative of the West, Miss D. Strachan.

"A" STUDENTS—TAKE NOTICE.

Lives of great men all remind us,
We must try and do our best,
And departing, leave behind us
Notebooks which will help the rest.

Mr. Casselman: When was the revival of learning?
A Student: Just before the exams.

Miss Roberts: Do you believe in clubs for women?
Mr. Snowdon: No, brooms are bad enough.

MODEL SCHOOL CLASS

Session, 1916

1. Bowie, Eileen Box 154, North Bay.
2. Brandon, Cecil Richard's Landing.
3. Cameron, Margaret R. R. No. 2, Atherley.
4. Cooper, Marguerite Harmony.
5. Cooper, Marguerite M. Dunn's Valley.
6. Grexton, Elva M. Harmony.
7. Hawkins, Marjorie Blind River.
8. Leng, Jessie M. R. R. No. 4, Jarvis.
9. McCauley, Coral 1396 Third Ave., Owen Sound.
10. McLeod, Margaret Sault Ste. Marie.
11. Murday, Irene Sturgeon Falls.
12. Redman, Ethel Echo Bay.
13. Smail, Laura Cache Bay.
14. Stewart, Helen Sturgeon Falls.
15. Tremelling, Alma E. 29 Herrick St., Sault St. Marie.
16. White, Leola Sturgeon Falls.

STUDENTS OF NORTH BAY NORMAL SCHOOL, SEPTEMBER, 1916, TO JUNE, 1917

CLASS A

1. Bruce, Kathleen Kearney.
2. Casselman, Eunice Finch.
3. Clegg, Rubena Brussels.
4. Cotie, Mary M. Pembroke.
5. Downey, Virginia E. Chapleau.
6. Fox, Anna B. R. R. No. 1, Udney.
7. Foy, Ina M. Tramore.
8. Hand, Lilian M. Bruce Mines.
9. Lassman, Agnes A. H. Pembroke.
10. Leishman, Florence I. Bruce Mines.
11. McColeman, Florence Gore Bay.
12. Murday, Violet Sturgeon Falls.
13. Reeves, Margaret I. Eganville.
14. Richer, Dora Sudbury.
15. Roberts, Mildred V. Haliburton.
16. Trottier, Leah M. Tilbury.
17. Wallington, Mrs. M. J. R. R. No. 2, Guelph.
18. Condon, Joanna, Sr. M. Elizabeth. Mt. St. Joseph, Peterborough.
19. Windle, Mary A., Sr. M. Daniel ... Mt. St. Joseph, Peterborough.
20. Johnson, Alex. Orillia.
21. Snowdon, Stewart L. Pembroke.
22. Stewart, Gordon L. R. R. No. 3, Puslinch.

CLASS B

23. Abel, Jessie M. Silver Hill.
24. Adams, Mary S. Galston.
25. Allison, Edith E. Collingwood.
26. Beck, Margaret E. 189 Bruce St., Sault Ste. Marie.

27. Bock, Cecil M.c/o Mrs. Parley, Preston.
28. Borneman, Hazel B.Kilworthy.
29. Brett, Alice M.Hugel, via Warren.
30. Brown, MargueriteR. R. No. 3, Owen Sound.
31. Bunt, Lillian J. C.Flesherton.
32. Burger, FlossieR. R. No. 2, Langton.
33. Cairns, JeanPort Elgin.
34. Casselman, HelenFinch.
35. Cockerline, C. MerylNorth Bay.
36. Cochrane, Sarah M.Cobden.
37. Coulthart, Zella M.Monklands.
38. Downey, EvelynSmith's Falls.
39. Duffy, HelenaPembroke.
40. Foy, Della V.Eganville.
41. Francey, Mary E.Huntsville.
42. Francis, Jessie B.North Bay.
43. Frejd, Agnes V.Bruce Mines.
44. Gannon, Katie, Sr. M. Davidica ..Mt. St. Joseph, Peterborough.
45. Watters, Katie, Sr. M. St. Bride ..Mt. St. Joseph, Peterborough.
46. Gowanlock, Jean A.Fort William, West.
47. Grant, Esther C. P.Orillia.
48. Hager, Emily A. C.McCool, Ont.
49. Halloran, Catharine M.91 Barton St., Hamilton.
50. Hannan, Marcia M.Essex.
51. Hayes, BertillePhelpston.
52. Hill, JennieThessalon.
53. Hogarth, Mary A.118 N. John St., Fort William.
54. Horn, Eva G.Thessalon.
55. Inglis, Jean W.Englehart.
56. Ingram, KathleenFenelon Falls.
57. Jalbert, Adelaide L.Fort Frances.
59. Jones, Mamie M.R. R. No. 2, Wiarton.
60. Keetch, LillianThessalon.
61. Keith, Marjorie A.Steelton.
62. Keyes, MarionR. R. No. 2, Westmeath.
63. Knowles, Annie O.Carholme.
64. Laybourne, Olive A.Riverview.
65. LeCappelain, Ida S.Mattawa.
66. Lickley, Helen A.Gravenhurst.
67. Mareon, AgnesHuntsville.
68. McEwen, Mamie1074 Fourth Ave. W., Owen Sound.
69. McKechnie, Ethel H.Stayner.
70. Mowry, Iva F.Gravenhurst.
71. Nichol, Gwendolyne M.143 Gore St., Sault Ste. Marie.
72. Nixon, Emma B.St. Williams, Ont.
73. O'Donnell, AliceCopper Cliff.
74. O'Donnell, CatharineCopper Cliff.
75. O'Neil, Sarah V.Eauclaire.
76. O'Neil, StellaNorth Bay.
77. Palleck, Juliana E.355 N. Brodie St., Fort William.
78. Park, Mary I.R. R. No. 2, Ravenna.
79. Parker, Ethel M.Penetanguishene.
80. Parr, Evelyn133 Wellington St., Sault Ste. Marie.
81. Pedersen, IngeborgHaileybury.
82. Peria, Annie M.Cobalt.
83. Peters, Margaret E.Timmins.
84. Ponting, Mary E.St. Williams.
85. Potvin, Mary S.Dacre.

86. Robinson, Gerta O.Wingham.
 87. Roszel, Ursula M.Little Current.
 88. Ryan, IreneSault Ste. Marie.
 89. Shaw, Reta I.Bruce Mines.
 90. Sims, EdnaLittle Current.
 91. Sims, RitaLittle Current.
 92. Smith, EthelR. R. No. 3, Cobden.
 93. Sprott, SadieBadjeros.
 94. Stewart, GladysPakenham,
 95. Strachan, DorothyLa Vallee.
 96. Thompson, Susie H.Gananoque.
 97. Thomson, Barbara I.Orillia.
 98. Tranter, GladysSouthampton.
 99. Veitch, EstelleBracebridge.
 100. Wallington, Mabel F.R. R. No. 2, Guelph.
 101. Whan, Lily M.Lefroy.
 102. White, MargaretBarrie.
 103. Widmayer, Meata D. E.Warton.
 104. Wilson, IrenePembroke.
 105. Wright, Mildred B.Huntsville.
 106. Windle, ReginaBox 2019, North Bay.
 107. Austin, Robert A.R. R. No. 5, Simcoe.
 108. Barbour, Wilfred N.R. F. D., No. 1, Varney.
 109. Boyd, Gordon A.Langton.
 110. Brown, Albert F.R. R. No. 3, Owen Sound.
 111. Henry, GoldwinMarkdale.
 112. Lewis, EdgarR. R. No. 2, Ailsa Craig.
 113. Lovell, WilliamR. R. No. 2, Gorrie.
 114. McLeod, NormanR. R. No. 1, Southampton.
 115. McVittie, RoySouthampton.
 116. Ritchie, T. HaroldNestorville.
 117. Robertson, P. Allan1707 Fourth Ave. W., Owen Sound.
 118. Salisbury, Alvie E.Camlachie.
 119. Sinclair, W. Everett513 Queen St., Sault Ste. Marie.
 120. Unger, Henry C.St. Williams.
 121. McNaughton, A. S.,R. R. No. 1, Mitchell.

The friends we make in childhood,
 They don't amount to much.
 The friends we make in middle life
 Are only such and such.
 The friends we make in old age,
 Their number's rather small.
 But the friends we make in Normal School—
 Oh, they're the best of all.

Was Mr. Johnston nervous on Friday evening when asked by the young soloist if he enjoyed the limerick and replied: "Er—yes—oh, it was fine. I ate two pieces."

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever." If so, Mr. Ramsey has within the four walls of his classroom enough beauty to keep the Black Watch and Gordon Highlanders in perfect bliss for ever and ever.

"Survival of the Fittest." Those who survived the tramp to Duchesnay Falls sufficiently to be present at the morning service on Sunday.

Another example of Canadianizing German expressions is one our B4's version of "vich is vich." This gentleman pronounces it "vich is Veitch."

Students at Feronia: "If you had twenty-six candies and your little brother had five, how many would you have?"

Small boy: "Twenty-six."

And the teacher called it wrong. Evidently she did not know brothers.





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