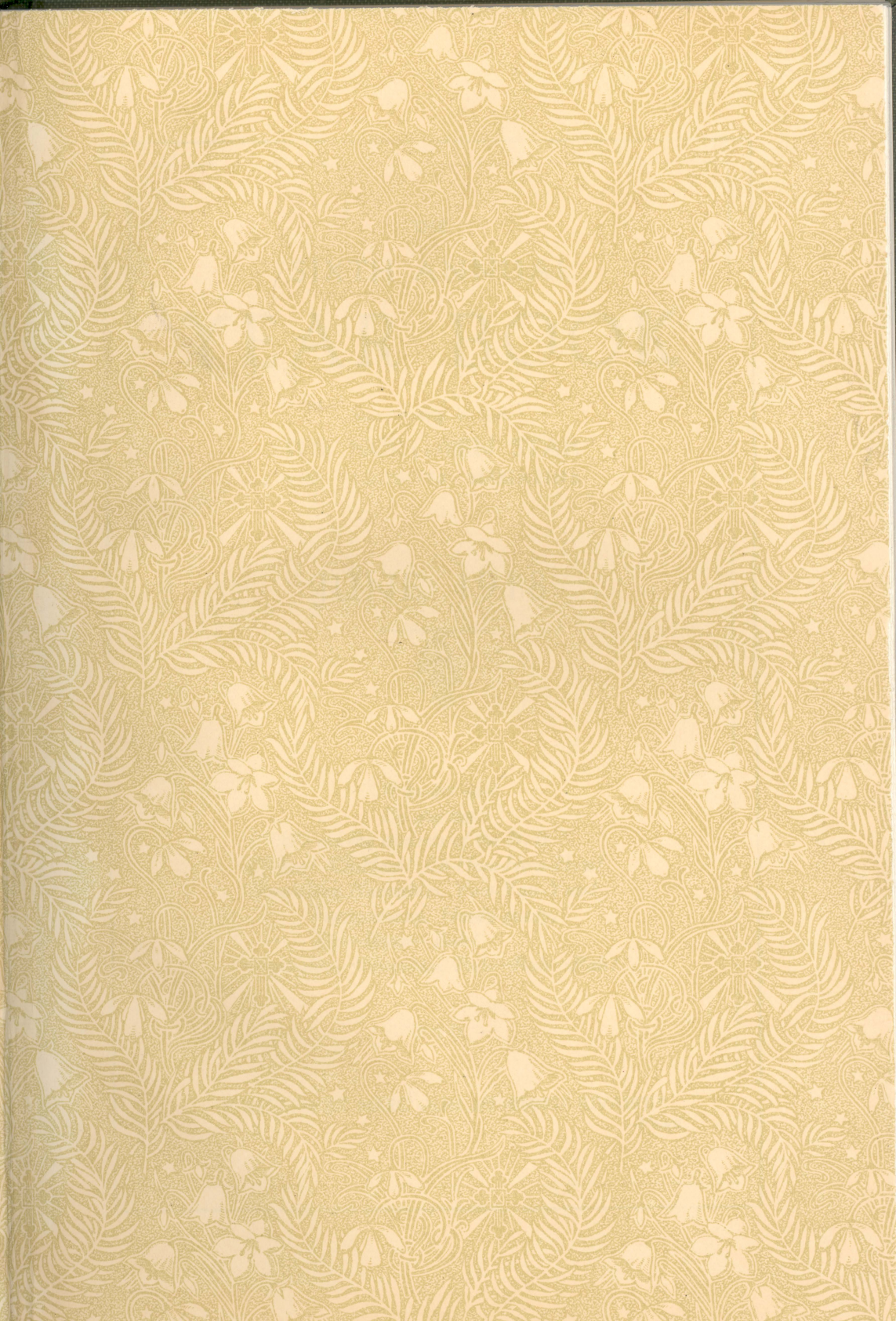


**NORTH BAY
NORMAL SCHOOL**

1917-18

YEAR BOOK



THE
SIXTH ANNUAL
YEAR BOOK

Incorporating, in part,
"THE NORTHERN STAR"
THE STUDENTS' MAGAZINE

JUNE, 1918



"Who are we ?

Do you ken ?

We are the students of the N. B. N.

Ch-hee! Ch-Haw! Ch-Haw-Haw-Haw!

Normalites, Normalites, Yaw-Yaw-Yaw!

Fuzzy-wuzzy, Hurdy-gurdy,

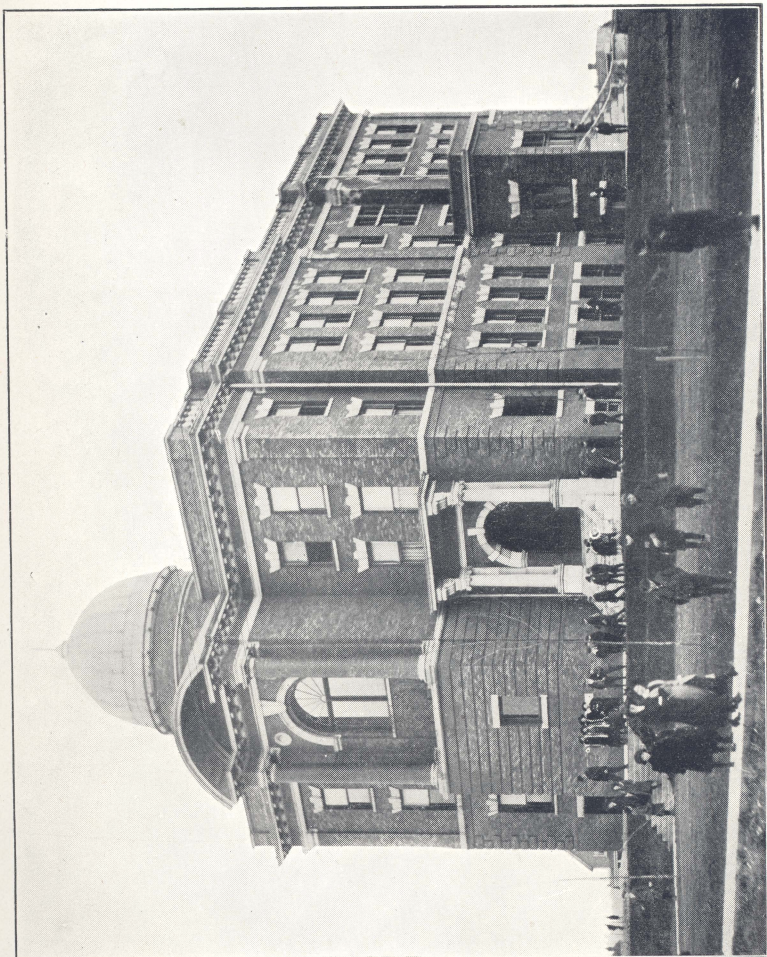
Zip—Boom—Bah!

Normalites, Normalites, Rah—Rah—Rah!"

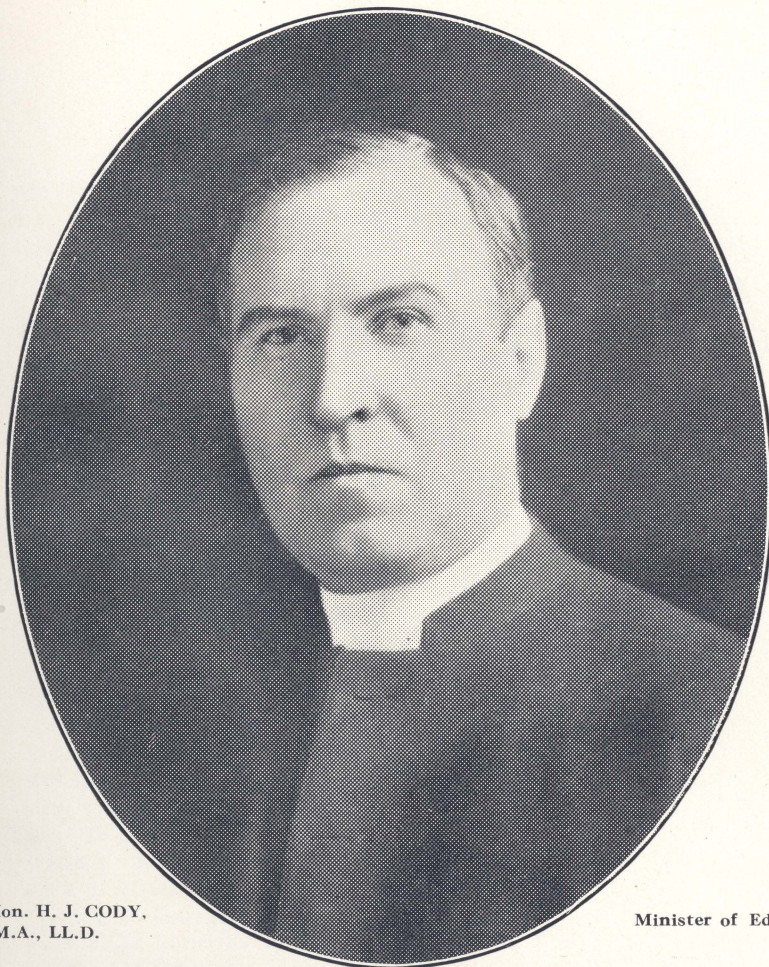
□ □ □

"FORISTAN ET HAEC OLIM MEMINISSE IUVABIT."

—Vergil.



NORMAL SCHOOL



The Hon. H. J. CODY,
M.A., LL.D.

Minister of Education

DEAR MR. CASSELMAN:

Toronto, June 19th, 1918.

May I, through you, send a word of greeting and God-speed to the students who are now completing their training in your Normal School. I wish them every success in their high and influential calling. I hope they will regard their work as teachers in the light of a calling. The teachers hold in their hands the key to all educational improvement. The personality of the teacher counts for more than anything else. Influence is rooted in character. They will serve the children committed to their care and the whole community, not only by what they teach and how they teach it, but by what they are. They are among our most powerful nation builders. I feel sure they will give themselves wholeheartedly, for our country's sake, to the work of imparting thorough instruction in the subjects they teach, of giving some helpful direction to the pupils in reference to their life work, of urging their pupils to become still more efficient citizens by continuing their education as long as possible, and of inculcating those great ideals of freedom, justice and truth, which are the outstanding characteristics of the British inheritance. The teachers are one of our most influential factors in maintaining unity of spirit and action in this Dominion of our world-wide British commonwealth.

With all good wishes, believe me, sincerely yours,
H. J. CODY, Minister of Education.

THE STAFF

A. C. CASSELMAN.....Principal: *History of Education, History.*
 J. C. NORRIS, M.A., B. Paed....Master: *School Management, Mathematics.*
 J. B. MACDOUGALL, B.A., D.Paed Master: *Science of Education, English.*
 H. E. RICKER, M.A.....Master: *Science, Geography*
 C. RAMSAYInstructor: *Art.*
 J. E. CHAMBERS.....Instructor: *Manual Training.*
 H. WILDGUST, L.L.C.M.....Instructor: *Music.*
 MISS MAYME KAY.....Instructor: *Household Science.*
 MISS H. A. BEATTIE.....Secretary and Librarian.

Kindergarten

MISS W. MARR.....Directress: *Queen Victoria School.*
 MISS M. R. BUTCHART.....Assistant: " " "

Model School

J. B. STEWART.....Headmaster.
 J. H. LOWERY.....Principal: *King Edward School.*
 G. PERDUE.....Principal: *King George School.*
 MISS M. COLLINS.....Act'g Principal: *Queen Victoria School.*
 MISS E. A. TRENOUTH.....Assistant: " " "
 MISS A. PHILLIPS....." " " "
 MISS E. G. LEVY....." " " "
 *MISS C. HUNTER....." " " "
 MISS G. KING....." " " "
 MISS E. M. HAUGH....." " " "
 MISS N. E. JOHNSON....." " " "
 MISS N. M. DENEAU....." " " "
 MISS C. SPACKMAN....." " " "
 MISS R. E. MAYHEW....." " " "
 MISS J. OGRAM " " " "
 *MISS A. ARMITAGE....." " " "
 MISS V. WHITE.....Assistant: *King Edward School.*
 MISS M. G. KELSALL....." " " "
 MISS V. MURDAY....." " " "
 MISS W. J. SANGSTER....." " " "

Rural Affiliated Schools

L. NESBITT.....S. S. No. 5, *Widdifield.*
 *MISS E. M. BROWN.....S. S. No. 5, *Widdifield.*
 MISS V. FENNELL.....S. S. No. 1 (b), *Ferris.*
 *Part year only.



NORMAL SCHOOL STAFF

C. RAMSAY, J. B. MACDOUGALL, B.A., D.Paed, H. E. RICKER, M.A., J. C. NORRIS, M.A., B.PAED., H. WILDGUST, L.L.C.M.,
MISS M. KAY, A. C. CASSELMAN, *Principal*, MISS H. A. BEATTIE, *Secretary*, J. E. CHAMBERS

FOREWORD

Once more the Normal School year has run its cycle and we take up our pen in reminiscent mood as we pass in review the significant features of the term that nears its close.

And first, there drops into our thought, and naturally so, our relation to the epoch-marking crisis that is now upon our Empire. Our connection therewith has been more, much more, indeed, than that of mere sentiment, however sincere that sentiment may have been. As time lapses, the reality of the menace grows. We see the entire physical resources and man-power of mighty Empires, we had trusted, converted into engines of war to rob the freeborn and freedom-loving peoples of the world of the liberties they had so hardly won. The Normal School has done its share to roll back the tide of destruction. We have given our best manhood for the cause. By the close of last year our Roll of Honour comprised twenty-six names. This year it is our privilege to add twenty-two more and to extend the list to six who have paid the supreme price for the principles for which they so manfully stood.

A pledge of faith is a tribute to the sincerity of the giver, but when that pledge is sealed by sacrifice even to death, we then only realize its true significance. In such a case, where words must always fail, we can but pay silent recognition to the nobility of spirit that prompted the act. It is our painful duty to record just such an example in the loss of our esteemed physical training instructor, Major E. C. Shepherd, who fell at the head of his company at Passchendaele Ridge. Two students, Lance-Corp. Harvey L. Minion (1915-16) and Lieut. W. Everett Sinclair (1916-17) have likewise made the supreme sacrifice. Detailed reference to each of the above will be found elsewhere in this volume. Their heroic spirit we honor; their loss we as sincerely deplore. May such devotion not have been in vain!

The school year has been characterized by a quiet adherence to duty and faithful application of the students to the many demands on time and energy. The Literary Society has well filled its function as a social organization, and, as a medium of culture, it has amply justified itself. The "Northern Star," as the monthly paper was significantly called, has proven itself the equal of any of our previous publications in most respects, and distinctly superior in some. Many articles of real literary worth in this volume amply testify to the fact. We were compelled, this year, once more, to forego the pleasures and privilege of an orchestra, through a certain dearth in the range of musical talent, but to compensate, the choral element was strong, and better still, the poet was once more abroad in our ranks and poetry of present merit and of still greater promise signalized the year in a special way. The Patriotic spirit has been fostered and practical service rendered through the Red Cross Society. Public functions were entirely dispensed with and even the closing exercises were marked by a sobriety of spirit in keeping with the times. But the spirit of comradeship for which the school is noted and loyalty to the institution and the principles for which it stands were none the less genuine.

Official lectures by persons of mark, were of necessity, denied us, but the school did not miss any opportunity of making good the loss. Men and women of distinction in various walks of life who were available were called into service and by personal touch as well as word, contributed their quota to the social and cultural possession of teacher and student alike.

Another year, then, has passed into memory, notable, as the past three have been, in its connection with the long-drawn and, at times, dubious battle for democracy. Looking back over it we can say that

while the immediate decision will be made upon the body-strewn and blood-stained fields of Flanders and of France, yet the final assertion of the superiority and supremacy of the principle will depend upon the homes and schools of the land, and in this, we believe the North Bay Normal School is not failing to do its part. We trust the schools, manned already or to be manned from here, will sustain the record of the parent institution, in building stalwart Canadian character, through the mediation of our graduates who have gone from us charged with this most sacred of responsibilities.

MAC.

THE NORTH

Forget the Normal School and take a thought roam over the beautiful land to the north of us.

It lies before us with its limitless tracts of untouched forests and its vast areas of virgin farm lands.

To us it seems a mysterious land, yet it is an open book to him who will read. Within those mighty forest lands are many beautiful lakes and roaring cataracts which will some day prove a veritable "Aladdin's lamp" to the man who can read the north. To say that there are minerals there is enough. Minerals! What tales those mighty trees could tell regarding the finding of those same minerals! The "rushes" which so often ended in mere "wildcats," "the lucky strike" and its resulting "boom" make the name North sweet in the ear of every one who has lived there. The towns, which would spring up in a night, as it were, and which were as often abandoned at another "find," were only too often levelled to the dust by mighty forest fires.

The suffering and the hardships endured in the hunt for the precious metal have had a wonderful effect. It made the men of the North as "hard as nails" and this hardness as shown by our northern men in the world's great struggle, will be remembered forever.

In God's country—our beautiful North—we have everything. We have the forests; we have the land; we have the mines, and best and glorious of all, we have the people.

EDNA V. CURBOYS.

"THE NORTHLAND"

It's the land of the mines of silver;
It's the land of the mines of gold;
It has tales and stories of wonder,
Just as thrilling as "Service" has told.

It has thousands of lakes and rivers;
For the sportsman to roam and love;
Where Nature is ever near him
And the great blue sky above.

The forests are broad and majestic,
With poplar, with spruce and with pine,
And thy Maker and that of Nature
Is the sole companion of thine.

The Northland! Oh, the Northland!
How near it is to my heart!
I was born and bred in thy shadow,
And thus of thee, I'm a part.

VERA WATSON.



LITERARY SOCIETY

EUNICE S. A. LUCKEY, Com. Div. 3, (1918), MARGARET TURNER, Com. Div. 4, (1918), THOMAS E. ORR, *Treasurer*, (1917-18), TENA CHRISTILAW, Com. Div. 1, (1917) EVERETT IRELAND, Com. Div. 1, (1918)

ILA L. BROWN, Com. Div. 1, (1918) ERMA MONTEITH, Com. Div. 3, (1918)

MARGARET WRIGHT, Com. Div. 4, (1917) ADELE BLANCHARD, Com. Div. 1, (1918) EDNA V. CURBOYS, *Vice-President*, (1917) DONALD MCVICAR, *President*, (1917) VIDA M. LEE, *President*, (1918)

ANNIE COSTELLO, *1st Vice President*, (1918)

MARGARET HASTIE, Com. Div. 2, (1918) ALDENE HASTINGS, Com. Div. 2, (1918) HENRIETTA MOLONEY, Com. Div. 3, (1918)
FLORENCE JONES, *2nd Vice-President*, (1918) LOUISE RONEY, *Secretary*, (1918)

THE TEACHER

The vital factor of the school is the teacher. People with mean natures and small souls should never try to teach. The person who underestimates the position among the profession that teaching occupies is unworthy to enter the schoolroom as instructor of the young.

Giving all due honour to the noble service of the ministry, admitting the succor to mankind of the medical and the protection of the legal professions, yet it remains true, that the influence of the teacher upon the boy or girl is powerful beyond the precepts and example of any other persons, excepting the father and mother in the home.

The sincere and blameless example of the teacher occasions much comment, commendation and emulation; a laxness in deportment or a serious blemish in character is as quickly noted, if not *more* quickly noted and as likely to serve as a pattern.

The teacher possessed of a strong personality can lead his pupils where he will. If his face is towards the skies, thitherward will they turn;—if it is of the earth—earthly—that will be their direction.

The teacher may turn a wayward boy into the making of a truly great man; we have witnessed the miracle. Exalted may the teacher feel if in thirty years some strong man may say—"Your example and your training gave me my inspiration." Surely then the teacher's power is a thing not to be lightly esteemed. It is always in evidence and always forceful; usually it is most conspicuous when unconsciously displayed.

Then there is another side of the teacher's responsibility: It is the degree or quality of the educational equipment possessed. If you stand before your class with little comprehension of the matter of the lesson, you are doing them an injustice and cannot expect their confidence or co-operation.

The boys and girls of this day are getting the preparation with which they will assume the duties of the men and women of to-morrow. Before you as teacher is the possible governor or representative of Parliament; a manager of a great public enterprise; a budding scientist, or great writer; or a girl with latent power to hold the world's attention.

If you judge the future man or woman by the unattractive dress, the freckles and the snub nose, and if the sum of a month's work lies in your cheque, you are not a teacher, you are a worldly time server. The children deserve something better from behind the teacher's desk—they deserve sympathy, imagination, that feeling of responsibility that will exalt the work of the day.

The teacher may look back to having given his life to a noble work. He may be abundantly thankful if he has made a few feeble feet firmer, caused a few timorous natures to be braver and stronger, helped a few boys and girls to resist and conquer grave faults, and ruled a small community with diligence, learning, happiness and love.

He may have an abundant stock of bright memories, tender thoughts and beautiful experiences; and he will be a very hard and dull person if he is not a little wiser, a little more *thrilled* with the mysterious wonder of life, a little more conscious of the vast and complex design of the world in which he has been permitted to play a real part.

ANTOINETTE KEARNEY.

Student teacher—"Why does the sulphuric acid with water cause heat?"

Little girl—"It eats the germs out of the water."

IN COMMEMORATION OF THE FIRST LESSON TAUGHT BY GROUP SEVENTEEN, BOYS

Half a block, half a block,
Half a block onward,
All along McIntyre,
Strode Group One-Sev-en,
Teaching in Lowery's room.
"Teach them to read," he said.
Into the doors of school,
Strode Group One-Sev-en.

"Teach them to read," he said,
Was there a man dismayed?
Not tho' Cassie knew
Forman would blunder.
Their's not to make reply,
Their's not to reason why,
Their's but to do or die,
Into the doors of school
Strode Group One-Sev-en.

Children to right of them,
Children to left of them,
Children in front of them
Shouted and wondered;
Stared at by boy and girl,
Boldly they strode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the door of twelve,
Strode Group One-Sev-en.

Glanced at their lesson plan,
Glanced as they came, each man.
Teaching the children there,
Teaching a classroom where
All the room wondered.
Plunged in the fiery work,
Taught on, with cough and jerk,
Teachers and students,
Resolved that they would not shirk
Though feeling "sassie."
Then they strode back, but not,
Not without Cassie.

Children to right of them,
Children to left of them,
Children behind them
Shouted and wondered;
Stared at by boy and girl,
High did their courage swell,
They that had taught so well
Came through the jaws of death
Back through the door "Twelve,"
All that was left of them,
Left of One-Sev-en.

When can their glory fade?
Oh, the wild start they made!
All the school wondered.
Honor the words they said!
Honor the work they did!
Noble One-Sev-en!

R. P. DAWSON.

CHEERFULNESS

Cheerfulness is an entity that we should be more profoundly grateful for than all that genius ever inspired or talent ever accomplished. Next best to natural, spontaneous cheerfulness, is deliberate, intended and persistent cheerfulness which we can create, cultivate, and foster and cherish so that after a few years the world will never suspect that it was not an hereditary gift. No one has any right to go around unhappily or cheerlessly. He owes it to himself, to his friends, to society and the community in general, to live up to his best spiritual possibilities, not only now and then, once or twice a year, but every day and every hour.

The person who maintains when in social circles alone a cheery demeanour is not the desired product but such as he who goes to his work and at his work, about his home and in the daily walks of life, driving away all cares and being what God wants every solitary soul on this fair earth to be, a bright and happy entity for good.

Cheerfulness does not confine its embuing and captivating influences to the propagator and possessor but to every one he or she comes in contact with.

There is no duty, my friends, which is more neglected and underrated than this one.

The poet says to us:—

“Laugh and the world laughs with you,
“Weep and you weep alone.”

So come, make the world laugh with a cheery “good morning,” a happy face and a light heart. These, my dear reader, are your tools, your instruments; use them.

Don't think that it is too late to begin to be cheerful. Noah was six hundred years old before he learned how to build an ark. Don't lose your grip.

I am only one,
But yet I am one;
I cannot do everything,
But I can do something.
I'll let my heart be just in sight,
A smile so small as mine
Might be precisely their necessity.

ELSIE FERGUSON.

NONSENSE.

Student teacher—(Taking “Winter Food of Birds”) asked—“What do the birds get from the pine cones?”

Little boy—“Pine apples.”

Editor—“Do you know anything funny?”

Mr. Orr—“Sure, I know all the girls.”

A certain young lady was teaching a lesson on stimulants at the Model School. “Now, Johnny, we have named some natural stimulants. Can you tell me some artificial ones?”

Johnny (who has been ill recently)—“Salts and senna.”

FORMAN'S RAZOR

Come along, you fair maidens, and listen awhile,
I will sing you a song that will cause you to smile:
Two youths were wont at night to go
To spend with friend Forman, an hour or so.

Then said Mr. Forman, in a tone of delight,
I think I will give you a shave this night;
The lads, not suspecting, consented with glee,
Their jovial host's poor victims to be.

The lather made, that razon stropped,
With a right good will to his job he hopped;
Like grinding rock, or crushing stone,
Brought forth by that razor was many a groan.

While Bob sat in torment, Roy, he looked on;
Should he let such a dreadful crime go on?
What fuss was averted, we do not know,
But at last was the patient's beard laid low.

As Bob arose with shaking hand,
His face he thought had been rubbed with sand.
Then they bade their host a kind adieu,
Thinking, "Henceforth for me barber's prices will do."

ROBERT W. McDONALD.

EXPERIENCES IN AN ITALIAN SCHOOL

There is a tendency, amongst most people, to look on foreigners as a class far beneath them, an inferior, degenerate, degraded class. Whether this is true of the North I do not know; perhaps the mixed populations of our northern towns and cities tend to lessen and break down the barrier which so often gives rise to class distinctions in the older and more settled portions of Ontario. Now, I think our hastily-formed opinions of many of these foreigners have no foundation, and when we come to know them, to have dealings with them, we learn the truth of this: at least I have found it so. I am not prepared to deal with all nationalities, but I can say much of the Italians, and as many of us will, no doubt, have some Italian children in our schools, an understanding of them may prove of some value.

The experiences of a teacher who has spent years among these little children, with whom I am intimately acquainted, may be of interest, and here, in direct narration, is what she told me one evening as we were conversing together on this particular subject.

"Some years ago I came from Southern Ontario to teach a Primary class in a school in Northern Ontario. My heart was rather heavy, leaving home, and when I found my class to consist of seventy pupils, some twenty-five of which were Italians, and many of whom could not speak a word of English, my heart sank lower and lower. I had been told what to expect, that it would require all the strength of will I had, to manage them, but one brief hour changed my opinion of these little ones and forever. They just sat there and looked at me with those soft, dark, sympathetic eyes of theirs which seemed to say plainer than

words that they understood just how I felt, and were sorry. They could not say a word but they won me over completely just by their looks. What is it in their nature that makes them understand intuitively our unexpressed feelings? Is it not that soulfulness which so characterizes them, that lofty spiritual tendency which elevates them above all that is materialistic? They have naturally an exquisite refinement of character and a keenness of insight which gives them a power of penetration not found in most children.

Italians are a joyous, light-hearted people. Sorrow may come, but soon it gives place again to joy. For them the sun shines and the birds sing. They love the beautiful, they love music, they love art; and why? Because their ancestors came from that sunny land of Italy, the home of the aesthetic, beauty-loving people, where music is always heard, where the skies are always blue, and where their mothers could wander into the grand old cathedrals at any hour of the day, to gaze upon and admire those wonderful creations of art, of the master-hands of long ago.

"As a rule, Italian children are intelligent and will advance quickly enough at school if the teacher knows just how to deal with them. The matter must be presented to them in a very interesting manner and a definite aim must always be given, if one is to secure any attention from them, or incite them to any great effort at all. They are active, extremely so; every fibre of their beings seems ready for action and only through great firmness on the part of the teacher, can one hope to accomplish anything.

"It is most interesting and amusing sometimes to listen to them in their efforts to express themselves in English. One day a little lad came into school with a very sorrowful countenance. Another boy had treated him rudely during recess and now with a most pitiful, appealing look, he came to me and said, 'Plees, plees, teacher, Tommy hit me with his step.' (Evidently the other boy had kicked him). A little girl coming late to school one day, gave as her excuse, that she had to 'broom' the floor, while another was late because their clock was 'too behind.'

"Italian children are naturally obedient and have great respect for their parents. In the home all authority rests with the father, who is a good provider. Italian women never have to work to maintain the family; in fact, an Italian would be insulted if you asked his wife to take in washing or do other manual work. Her place is in the home with her children. The girls never leave home until they are married, and the children are never seen out after dark.

"In regard to receiving help they are extremely sensitive, and will never, or seldom, take charity. There was one family, however, that I knew, that was an exception to the rule. Having a coat at my disposal and wishing to give it to one of the little girls, I said, 'Congeta! I have a coat here that I do not want, but then you seem to have a pretty good one.' She looked wistfully at the coat I was displaying, then down at her own, drew up her shoulders as if she were frozen, and said, 'Oh, yes, I have one, but then, this coat, oh! it makes me feel cold.'

"As a rule, however, they are a self-respecting, extremely independent people. The teacher who has Italian children in her school has excellent material to work on. Lofty traits of character are already implanted there, only waiting to be developed. So it is, I think, with many other foreigners; a thorough understanding of their nature might be a revelation to us."

SISTER M. ARMENE.

"US"

The dearest girl you ever knew,
We all adore her, wouldn't you?
That's Ina.

A little cool when first you meet,
But on acquaintance, Oh, so sweet!
That's Dorothy.

She's full of Pep and raises 'ell,
But still the bunch all love her well.
That's Lillian.

A dandy sport, with lots of go,
We needn't tell you—'cause you know
That's Alice.

She's small in stature, but she's great;
A jolly girl, we'll never hate.
That's Vida.

A little thing with hair of gold,
A clever kid, need you be told
That's Ida?

A shy, retiring nature, yet
An unexpected flash of wit.
That's Ella.

A piquant, clever bit of fluff;
The boys all fall for her—'enuff.
That's "Dewdrop."

A nymph who took our hearts by storm,
The biggest imp in all the form.
That's Hazelle.

Oh, we're a bunch of jolly girls,
Unclaimed treasures—mostly pearls.
That's "Us."

Scene in Mr. Casselman's room. Modelites absorbed in writing examination on manners.

Enter abruptly Miss G—.

"Mr. Norris, may I get a chipmunk in here?"

Mr. Norris, glancing around the room, "Well, er — these are all Modelites. I think you can get one among the Normalites."

"A chair," according to the Concise Imperial, "is a single moveable seat, made for one person." This last phrase is a timely warning, Mr. Forman.



EDITORIAL STAFF, "THE NORTHERN STAR."

E. K. BALLARD, Rep. 1, 1918, D. E. ARMSTRONG, Rep. 1, 1917, D. B. LAING, Rep. 2, 1917, J. B. McDougall, Super. Ed.,
 E. M. MONTEITH, Rep. 3, 1918, E. FERGUSON, Rep. 2, 1918, H. MALONEY, Rep. 3, 1917
 E. B. HALLIDAY, Sub. Ed., 1918, R. P. DAWSON, Sub. Ed., 1918, G. M. FLOYD, Ed.-In-Chief, 1918,
 R. W. McDONALD, Editor-In-Chief, 1917, E. H. SOMERVILLE, Rep. 4, 1918
 E. V. CURBOYS, Rep. 1918, R. C. CASSIE, Sub. Ed., 1917, M. M. McHANEY, Sub. Ed., 1917

SOCIALISM

There can be little doubt that one of the greatest problems of the present day, both in the political and in the religious world is that of Social Reform. We are constantly coming into contact with matters dealing with the relationship of capital and labour, and between employer and employee. Some of the great intellects of the world are striving to solve the problems of strike, the minimum wage, hours of labour, and matters of similar import. Working men and women are using more and more the great influence which they can obtain by means of unions. The general public is forced to realize that these questions must receive careful attention if the course of economic and national life is to go on unhindered.

Trades unions and other organizations are largely imbued with socialistic principles. Moneyed interests are concentrating their energies in combating such agencies. Not only in local and national politics is Socialism a factor, but even in international affairs. Those who, in Germany, have many years opposed the plans of the militarist, and who still continue, in spite of persecution, are Socialists. Socialism is not a matter to be set aside or dismissed with a laugh and sneer. It is something which really influences our economic life, and should then receive the careful attention and sympathetic consideration of every earnest citizen.

Few subjects are so liable to misunderstanding and misrepresentation as this. Expressions of personal sentiment on the part of the individual are flaunted by opponents as the real principles of Socialism. We are told, even to-day I heard it, that Socialism is synonymous with Atheism and irreligion, because many of its adherents are indifferent to or even antagonistic towards religion. Owing to the failure of the Christian world to emphasize the principles of equality and brotherhood which are essential to Christianity, many of the leaders have come to be more or less active in opposition to religion and the rank and file have to some extent followed their lead. But there is nothing in the principles of Socialism which is antagonistic to the Christian religion. Again, we are told that Socialism can only lead to anarchy. It is true of any movement, even the Suffragist, that violent and lawless means are used in the pursuance of their objects. The majority of Socialists wish to see the changes advocated, brought about by evolutionary movement rather than revolutionary. Yet again, Socialism is supposed to be parallel with disloyalty.

Men in their fervor for advancement of the masses, have been over-zealous in their denunciation of the upper classes; in their emphasis of the principles of democracy they have seemed to threaten the security of the constitutional government. In these things they have gone far beyond the fundamentals of Socialism. To clear all such prejudice and misinterpretation, what is Socialism?

Socialism is any theory or system of social organization which would abolish entirely, or in part, the individual effort and competition on which modern society rests, and substitute for it co-operative action; would introduce a more perfect and equal distribution of the products of labour, and would make land and capital the joint possession of the members of the community. The three fundamental principles are laid down :—

- (1) Equality of Opportunity.
- (2) Common Ownership.
- (3) Universal Co-operation.

EQUALITY OF OPPORTUNITY

There is no claim for the absolute equality of all mankind. Such a proposition would be absurd and impossible of attainment. What is demanded is that every child *shall* have an equal chance of growing up in such an environment as shall develop to the full all that is best in body and mind; shall have an equal chance of obtaining a thorough education in accordance with his ability and an equal start in the work of life. Every man shall have an equal chance of advancing and developing in whatever work of life he may be placed.

COMMON OWNERSHIP

This does not mean that each man must possess his own little share of the world's wealth and property. It requires that the means of production, distribution and exchange—the essentials of the nation's life—be owned and managed by the nation. The profits will accrue to the State to be used for the benefit of the whole people, instead of express companies, moneyed individuals, etc.

We see this in our Post Office system, Government railways, Hydro-Electric and other concerns operated by the State. Is it a benefit or a curse? Socialism demands common ownership—STATE MANAGEMENT—for the benefit of the people.

UNIVERSAL CO-OPERATION

What is the present basis of commerce and industry? Competition, in the positive degree, is necessary in any walk of life. But the commercial system now in competition runs mad. One man's success is another man's ruin. It isn't a "survival of the fittest," but a survival of the most unscrupulous. Even this death and life struggle is utilized as a means of gain. With Socialism these would be avoided.

Such are the ideals of Socialism. They *are* high ideals. They will not bring an age of perfect peace economy; that can never be while human nature is what it is. We can only work slowly towards perfection. All will at least agree in one thing that lies at the root of Socialism, the belief that true world-wide prosperity can be found only in application of the principles of universal brotherhood—"All for each, each for all"—and towards that all *must* work, though perhaps in different ways.

GERTRUDE FLOYD.

"VALEDICTORY SPEECH"

Mr. President, Masters, fellow-students and friends, I wish on behalf of the Modelites to thank you one and all for this fitting farewell festivity. And while we are enjoying the evening, yet it is certainly not without sorrow that we take our farewell from your midst. When nearly five months ago sixteen of us came here we simply took possession and revelled in the haunts of this good old building from library to auditorium. And when you came here, friend Normalites, I cannot truthfully say that we welcomed you. You seemed to take possession and intrude; but since that time, acquaintances have been made and friendships welded, and we are now like one great family. And it is, I repeat, not without much pain that we bid you adieu and God speed. We are going from the theoretical into the practical, we are upon our own resources, and I am sure that every one of us, knowing as we know, the intricateness of the human child mind, shall I say, shall acquit ourselves in a way becoming the name of North Bay Normal School Graduates. I wish you a very Merry Xmas and Happy New Year one and all. I thank you.

OLGA MONTGOMERY.



MODEL SCHOOL CLASS, 1917.

VIDA FLEMING, BARBARA H. PLANK, OLGA M. MONTGOMERY, ELLEN BUCKNELL, DORA A. HOUGHTON, HELENE COOPER
 YVETTA HUNTER, THELMA GREEN, CORA M. WILKINSON, SADIE G. PARTRIDGE, CECELIA M. FINNERTY
 RUBY E. HOLLINGSWORTH
 VIOLET SPIERS, MARY DOYLE, ISABELLE CROZIER, KATE C. McIVER

THE ROBIN'S SPRING SONG

A cheery robin trilled out from an old elm tree,
 "Cheer up! Cheer up, people! Spring's here, don't you see?
 You can see! You can feel!—You can feel it in the air!"
 The snow-drops and little buds they show it everywhere!"

Then he plumed up his orange vest and flew from tree to tree,
 "Singing, oh, so merrily: "Spring's here, don't you see?—
 "I've got a dainty sweetheart in that willow over there,
 "How I love her I can't tell you, but she doesn't seem to care!"

"She's my first love, pure, unsullied; she's my frankincense and myrrh,
 "When I told her, 'Sweet, I love you,' she said, 'How dare you, sir!"
 "And she checked me with a motion so winsome yet so proud,
 "As she flew away and left me with my aspirations cowed.

"That I sat in mute amazement, and did not follow her,
 "And those words re-echoed through my brain, 'Oh, how dare you sir!"
 "But cheer up! cheer up, people! I'm not despairing yet,
 "All she wants is wooing and that is what she'll get.

"So cheer up! cheer up, people! the sun is shining bright,
 "And busy lives from underground are working to the light,
 "And all my friends are coming to greet the Northern Spring
 "With joyous song they'll welcome her, and make the old woods ring.

"There's merry Robert Lincoln—joy bubbles from his throat,
 "And there's my friend the veery, who's heard a sweeter note?
 "Blended alto and soprano, when you hear it you will pause,
 "So mysterious and thrilling, you surely have good cause!

"So, cheer up! cheer up, people! just think of what's to come,
 "And if you grow downhearted these lines may cheer you some,
 "And to discouraged lovers, I, Robin Redbreast say,
 "That by determined wooing, you'll surely win the day."

EVA H. SOMERVILLE.

TO THE MODELITES

In the good old Book, we are told that there is a time to laugh, and a time to weep, a time to dance, and a time to mourn; but we have come to a time when all these emotions unite in one "grand passion." A time to laugh Is it not the season for mirth and gladness? A time to weep! Are we not parting from those with whom we have welded the golden links of friendship during the past three months? A time to dance! Have we not just come through the fiery trial with banners flying? A time to mourn! How can we express our sorrow?—for one whole week of seven days we shall not once enter these familiar halls of learning.

Scarcely four short months ago, sixteen of Ontario's best entered this school, each with hopes high, and a goal before them. Now their ambitions are about to be realized. Not only to their own faithful efforts is this due, but to the never-failing assistance and enthusiasm of the Normal masters, and also to the kindly critic teachers of the Model School. They appreciate all this now, but it will come to mean more and more as the years go by.

So far they have been followers, but now they are taking their places as leaders. We cannot estimate to what length their influence may go, but we are convinced that they will be one of the country's most estimable assets. They go forth, conscientious beings, with one aim clearly in view, to cause the lamp of education to burn more brightly.

MEMOIRS OF GROUPS III. AND IV.

It was a winter's evening,
The autumn's work was done,
And Normalites and Modelites
Had gathered for some fun,
Both young and old alike, were here,
To see the closing of the year.

This evening with its joy and fun
Has one grand aim in view,
To bid our friends, the Modelites,
A long and sad adieu;
Perhaps we ne'er shall meet again
In our fair Normal School's domain.

We also want to celebrate
A victory that's been won,
Not by our soldiers overseas,
But by the Normalites at home.
The battle was bloody from the first,
And all were keen to know the worst.

We're not the first unfortunates
Who've fought in this great war;
It has lasted many centuries
And was waged by men of yore.
Whether they were beaten or whether they won,
The war with education must go on.

In our fight with geography and history
We were oft urged with a stick
The same holds true of reading
Grammar and arithmetic
At last the day was ended
And we saw our victims stranded.

Now we tho't when we came to Normal
That all such things were past
And that we could quietly enjoy
A life of peace at last,
But never was a hope more vain,
For up loomed our enemy again.

From early morn till dewy eve
We tried hard to remember
Dates, square root and passive verbs
To write off in December.
So you see the day has long been past
That we celebrate as a "great victory" classed.

ROBT. McDONALD.



ELLEN K. BALLARD, ALICE B. ANDERSON, PEARL M. ANDERSON, ILA I. BROWN, GERTRUDE M. BEST, DORIS E. ARMSTRONG
 ALMA L. ATKINSON
 LUCY M. BELEY, MARY A. CHAMBERS, GEORGIA M. A. BURSE, ANNIE G. CASE, MARY J. BOLAND
 ADELE M. BLANCHARD, EDNA ALLCOCK, EDNA M. AITCHISON, MARY BANNISTER

NORTH BAY, "THE GATEWAY TO SILVERLAND"

North Bay is on the very edge of New Ontario—the gateway to one of the most marvellous countries in the world—marvellous by reason of its mighty resources of fabulous mineral wealth. The word "city" is written all over this "Gateway" and you cannot but see it. You can see it in the permanent improvements, substantial churches, fine schoolhouses, public buildings, business blocks and private residences. But you may best see it written in the faces of the men who have literally cut it from the forest primeval, and dug it from the rocks that lay along the shores of beautiful Nipissing.

And where is this "Gateway?" Take your map of Ontario and find Lake Nipissing. It lies half way between Georgian Bay and the Ottawa River. Look now along its north-easterly border and there is *North Bay*.

The lake upon which it lies is a beautiful sheet of water some 90 miles long and in its widest part about 20 miles across. It has a number of rivers entering it from many directions, and has as its outlet the now famous French River. "*Famous*" not only for its having been the great highway for the Recollects and Jesuit Fathers and the early fur traders, but for its charm for the wise tourists who have found and realized its beauty. Both the lake and the river are destined to be much in the minds of all Canada in the near future for up one and across the other is soon to be run the Georgian Bay Canal on its way to Montreal.

Where is now the town, which is forging ahead so fast that it must ere long be a city in fact as well as seeming, was in 1881 an unbroken forest—the hunting ground of the remnant of a once mighty race of people. In July of that year the right of way of the great Canadian Pacific Railway was started and in the following year came the first permanent settler.

The pioneers came in so fast at the start that few even thought of it as a town, and none who ever dreamed of its becoming the city of its destiny. There wasn't any naming committee—nobody suggested let's call it "North Bay," and thereby hangs an incident. I will wager that no other town was so thoughtlessly named as this was. One day a young man wishing to order a keg of nails for the first house, stood, pad in hand wondering how he might designate the camp to which to send it. Looking out over the bay that comes in from the lake, he hurriedly wrote, "Send it to North Bay," and North Bay it has been ever since although the same man often tried to have it changed.

Many think of this town as simply a railway crossing—a roughly built town far off in a wilderness and inhabited to a large extent by Indians. But look upon North Bay and you will find a well-built town, as in an old settled state. Its residences, business blocks, churches, large schools and public buildings do credit to the architects who planned them. The people are kind, courteous and brimming over with that enterprise that turns village into town and town into city. We can close our eyes and in imagination see growing here a great city; we can watch it creep silently on to the range of beautiful hills that skirt the limits to the north, swinging around to touch the lake to the west and upon these hills, overlooking the city, see winding avenues, lined with magnificent homes of wise investors. Our prophetic ear can hear the hum of busy manufactory when the Georgian Bay Ship Canal shall have come and made of this one of its greatest ports; and when the four lines of railway shall have been supplemented by many others which must come. We can well think of North Bay as a distributing point for the vast mineral lands to the north and the north west, which have as yet been scarcely touched, to become the wonder of the world by reason of their richness. Nor will the time be long, between imagination and realization, for even the casual observer can see at a glance the future of this City by the Lake.

MERON A. LIDKEA.

STUDENTS WHO HAVE ANSWERED THE CALL IN THE GREAT WAR

<i>Name of Student.</i>	<i>Home Address.</i>	<i>Year.</i>
Fred C. Snowdon (Bayonet Instructor)	Sault Ste. Marie	(Mod.)'09
Walter Alston	Powassan	1909-10
John T. Speck	Randall	(Mod.)'10
J. Wilfrid Greenwood	Edgehill	1911-12
Wounded—Shell-shock in air raid. Returned to Canada.		
Oni Isaac (Wounded—Shell-shock)	Norham	1911-12
Vernon Chester Jones	Jordan Station	1911-12
Gassed, near Lens; transferred to anti-aircraft, Eng.		
John Martin Shoup	Ambroose	1911-12
Wounded at Vimy Ridge. In convalescent Hospital, Birmingham.		
Stanley Alvin Watson (Military Medal)	Orillia	1911-12
John Perry Young (Wounded, Regina Trench)	Randall	1911-12
Arnold Smith	Carholme	1912-13
Alexander W. Aiken	Gore Bay	1913-14
James Brennan Carr (Military Cross)	Owen Sound	1913-14
Millard T. Neill	Burford	1913-14
Joseph A. Tiffin	Uxbridge	1913-14
Roy A. Warnica	Bowmanville	1913-14
Irving G. Hance	Mitchell	1913-14
Douglas Hazen	Dorchester	1913-14
Ivan William Nurse	Macton	1913-14
John Earl Thompson	Thessalon	1913-14
Wounded by shell. Returned to trenches.		
Philip Fred Chidley	Caledonia	1914-15
Killed in action in Flanders, April 25, 1916.		
Wilbert Robinson Ferguson	Caledonia	1914-15
Killed in action at Zillabeke, June 3, 1916.		
Frank Lyons Kerr	Balaclava	1914-15
Killed in action at Somme, September, 1916.		
Harvey Lorne Minion	Owen Sound	1914-15
Killed in action at Passchendaele, Nov. 14, 1917.		
Clarke Wallace McCann	Bradford	1914-15
Wounded twice; returned to front.		
Cleophas J. Stephens	Loring	1914-15
Alfred F. Knowles (Enlisted, but not accepted)....	Woodstock	1914-15
Fred Fern Anderson	Bracebridge	1915-16
Charles Francis Byrnes	Powassan	1915-16
George Bullick	Camlachie	1915-16

<i>Name of Student.</i>	<i>Home Address.</i>	<i>Year.</i>
Oliver Christie	Port Elgin	1915-16
*Clarence Alex. Dudgeon (Wounded)	Flesherton	1915-16
Enos Hart (Wounded)	Essex	1915-16
Richard Reginald Canning, R.F.C.	Belle Ewart	1915-16
Stewart Armour Graham	Oil City	1915-16
Karl Roger Somerville	Wanstead	1915-16
Gordon Frederick Black	Bexley	1915-16
John Eroll Woodruff	Omeme	1915-16
William E. White, R.F.C.	Brampton	1915-16
James Gilbert Bell.....	Burk's Falls	1915-16
Walter H. Birchard, 2nd Batt. C.O.R.	Aurora	1915-16
Albert F. Brown, C.O.R.	Owen Sound	1915-16
George F. Sponenberg, R.F.C.	Melbourne	1915-16
Freeman James Ruffin (Wounded)	Thorndale (Mod.)	'15
W. Elmer Wright	Flesherton (Mod.)	'15
Oswald Watson Anderson	Sundridge (Mod.)	'15
Thomas Willis Martin	Weston (Mod.)	'15
William Everett Sinclair	Sault Ste. Marie	1916-17
Killed by accident, Old Sarum Aerodrome, Salisbury, England.		
Gordon A. Boyd (Not accepted)	Langton	1916-17
Goldwin G. Henry.....	Markdale	1916-17
Edgar Lewis, Engineers	Ailsa Craig	1916-17
Norman McLeod	Southampton	1916-17
Alfred S. McNaughton	Mitchell	1916-17
Thomas E. Orr, R.F.C.	Flesherton	1917-18
Donald McVicar, R.F.C.	Flesherton	1917-18

*Mr. Dudgeon is the inventor of a submarine detector, which, we are credibly informed, is in actual service and has proven most efficient.

Note.—Ranks are not entered in above list because of the evident impossibility of keeping facts up to date. Many of these have made rapid and well-merited advancement.

MAJOR EDWIN C. SHEPHERD

"KILLED IN ACTION, OCT. 26TH, 1917."

"Ted is gone,"—the words passed nervously from lip to lip in a way that bespoke both the stern reality and the keen appreciation of the sterling qualities of the man. To every citizen who knew him he was just plain "Ted" and that is what he wanted to be. His light step, his glad word, his infectious smile reflected the spirit within and told the reason of his popularity.

Well had he earned his higher distinction. He had a prescience of the future that was well-nigh prophetic. In 1911, exactly three years before the war broke, he went to the Officers' Training School and secured his Lieutenant's standing. In 1913, he went down once more and took a specialist course and diploma in Physical Training. And then the storm broke and he was ready for the call; the first to answer, the first in the ranks and the first to be given a commission to recruit in the north. It has given us two splendid battalions. He recruited the first men which formed the nucleus of the now famous "fighting 159." Soon he earned the rank of Captain, but here his ambition would not let him rest; he went on to the rank of Major, and as such went overseas to the training camps of England.



MAJOR E. C. SHEPHERD AND PHYSICAL TRAINING CLASS 1913-14

But men were sorely needed in the trenches and the call soon came to the "159th." Only officers who had seen service were being chosen for command. All others must revert to lower rank. Not long did "Ted" deliberate. At night the word was passed along. In the morning he was on the way. Meeting officers who had declined to revert he said, "I'm going with the boys," and go he did, and they were delighted. Soon he was in the trenches at bloody Passchendaele where he met his death. A number of times he and his company had gone "over the top," and covered themselves with glory for their nerve, wit and dash, but the toll was heavy. The word came to him to go back of the lines as Rifle Instructor. "Let me go over only once more with the boys," he said, and in the chill of the early morning of Oct. 26th, they waited together feverishly impatient for the word, yet calm in confidence and undismayed. 5.40 was the hour. In the midst of a terrific hail of shot and shell "Ted" went over with the boys he loved and who loved him in return, for a last drive at the hated Hun. Fifty yards on he went at the head of his company, his undaunted spirit heeding nothing but the goal. A sniper caught him and he fell. The "just once more" had become his last. How sorely his loss was felt we gather from the ones he left. I add two quotations from a private in his company and his chaplain:

"He led the men of the 159th who knew and trusted him so well, over the parapet at 5.40 in the morning of the 26th of October in an attack which has been described as the most brilliant in its history and which under the conditions of mud, rain, cold wind, and murderous fire from the enemy was a phenomenal piece of work. He died facing the enemy and showing that example of coolness and bravery which has made the reputation of the Canadians as fighting men what it is to-day.

A few weeks ago he obtained from me a list of the old 159th men of the battalion, as he said he wished to forward it to North Bay with the idea of providing the boys with a Xmas box. It was this regard for his men which made so popular and which will make his loss so felt."

PTE. W. J. GORMAN,
4th C.N.R. Batt.

"He had taken communion just before he went over and I know his faith was sure. He was killed instantaneously by a sniper. In death he wore the same peaceful smile,—he was always so cheerful, the life and soul of his men."

CHAPLAIN W. R. DAVIS.

Major Shepherd was Physical Training Instructor in the Normal School when the call came to a higher duty. Here he well filled his place, and the memory of his presence and work will long live with both staff and students to bless him. His genial spirit, his pride in achievement, his ardent attachment to ideals of honor and duty, and the proof of this in his dauntless bearing in the face of danger and his noble death, will be a never-failing inspiration to all who served with and under him in promoting the cause of learning, or, in the higher sphere, the reign of liberty and righteousness in a struggle which Canadians such as he have done so much to win.

Mac.

CORP. PHILIP 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 obtained 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 questions 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.

LANCE-CORP. HARVEY LORNE MINION



"KILLED IN ACTION, PASSCHENDAELE RIDGE, NOV. 14TH, 1917."

Harvey L. Minion belonged to that year (1914-1915) which has won a distinctive place in the annals of the Normal School. It displayed a versatility and initiative that was noticeable beyond the average. The famous play, "The Critic," will always stand out as the mark par excellence of the year. Herein Harvey filled well his part and in the role of Sir Walter Raleigh vied with Frank Lyons Kerr, as Sir Christopher Hatton, in loyalty to the cause of the empire, and they sealed their loyalty when the real call came, with their lives. To-day both lie with Chidley and Ferguson, beneath the soil of France. No year has been so sorely stricken; one only, McCann, still lives to represent the year at the front, though the victim twice of German hate, and yet another has stepped in to fill the place in the person of C. J. Stephens. Long may their spirit live. Harvey was an excellent student, of quiet and unassuming manner, yet with a sense of duty and a courage that would carry conviction into action. And so it was he joined the 227th Battalion at "The Soo." When but six short weeks in the lines he was instantly killed by a shell which laid low two comrades with himself. He was laid to rest on the slopes of Passchaendale Ridge, a name which he had done his part to immortalize in the annals of Canadian history. "He was a faithful boy, always ready to do his part and to share any great danger. He did his best for home and country and died at the post of duty." Such is the fitting tribute of one who stood by him at the end.

MAC.

LIEUT. WILLIAM EVERETT SINCLAIR

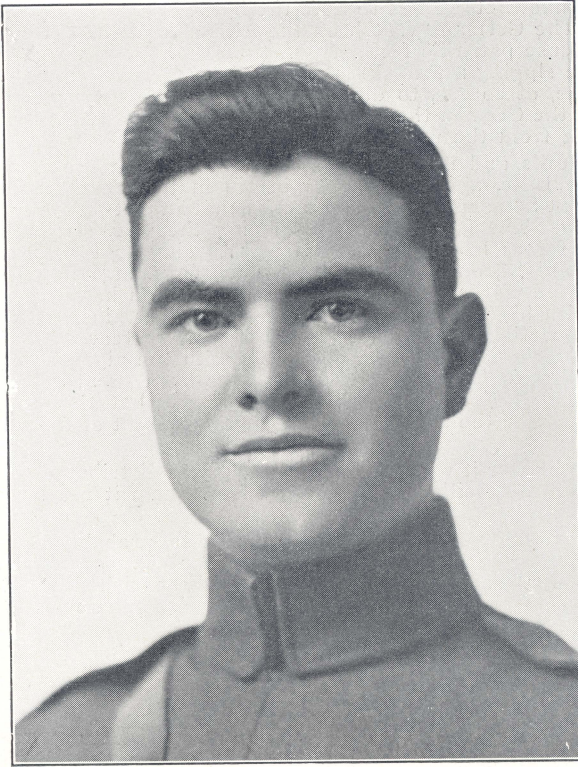
William Everett Sinclair was a member of class 1916-1917. Tall, lithe, soldierly in build, youthful and sportive in spirit, yet virile beyond his years in the virtues that make a man, he carried about with him a presence that could not but win the respect of all who knew him. Early after graduation he enlisted in the aviation corps and crossed the seas to Salisbury Plains where he took his training. He was early shaping his course for a first place in the ranks of those who are the eyes of the friendly ally, but the dread of a dishonoured foe. But the final glory was not to be his, much as he willed it. Shortly before he was to start for France, he struck out from Old Sarum Aerodrome. But the machine took *with*, not *into*, the wind, made a flat turn and side-slipped to the ground where it crashed in flames.

A word from room-mate and chaplain will suffice to show the type of man he was, and how he was honored in death: "He was one of the most manly, moral and Christian fellows that I ever knew. He had not a single bad habit. He was a perfect man. He was one of the best pilots in the camp. His loss is irreparable."

KINGSLEY DE PAS.
2nd Lieut. R. F. C.

"He was buried with full military honours in Salisbury Cemetery. The service was very touching and reverent, and full of hope. Six brother officers acted as bearers, and two immense floral wings of daffodils and violets almost covered the Union Jack on the coffin. The men of the 99th Squadron followed, as well as some American soldiers. The firing party were Newzealanders and they fired three volleys over the grave and three buglers then sounded the Last Post. We committed his body to the ground "In sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life."

A. E. JOSCELYNE,
Bishop, Old Sarum Aerodrome.



"KILLED BY ACCIDENT, OLD SARUM AERODROME, MARCH 15TH, 1918."

Such was a fitting close to a promising career. There is a glory that abides beyond the setting of life's sun and that glory is his here and now, and ever in the invisible realm of the hereafter.

MAC.

LA MARSEILLAISE

Few musical compositions have attained such fame, or have succeeded so well in accomplishing the purpose for which they were composed, as the famous French hymn, "La Marseillaise."

Written at a time when France was at bay against all the nations of Europe; sung by the mobs of the French capital; chanted by the victorious armies of the republic, La Marseillaise is to-day the most effective means of arousing the French citizens to vigorous action. In the present war we read of many instances in which the Poilus have gone forward to victory, to the stirring tune of their great anthem.

It is somewhat curious to note the battle songs of the various belligerents. The German "Watch on the Rhine," and the "Marseillaise" are full of intense patriotic feeling. On the other hand, the Britisher goes into battle singing a thoughtless music hall ballad such as "Tipperary." This is due, of course, to difference in national temperament. To the Poilu and the German the war is sacred; to the Britisher it is a holiday—a change from the usual routine.

The words and music of "La Marseillaise" are the composition of Rouget de Lisle, a captain of engineers in the French army. While quartered at Strasburg he was present at a banquet given by the Mayor of the city. The latter, while discussing the war, regretted that the republic's forces had no patriotic song to sing as they marched. De Lisle, that night, on his return to his lodgings, in a fit of enthusiasm composed the words and music of the song which has immortalized his name. With his violin he picked out the first strains of this inspiring and truly martial melody; but being only an amateur, he unfortunately added a symphony which jars strangely with the vigorous character of the hymn itself. This symphony has since been suppressed. The stirring melody of the piece and its ingenious adaptation to the words serve to disguise the alternate poverty and bombast of the verses themselves.

A month after it was written, the song was distributed to the volunteers leaving Marseilles for Paris and from them it received the name *La Marseillaise*.

The Paris mobs, shouting it in the streets, probably altered a note or two, the musicians, Edelman, Grétry and Gossec, in their accompaniments for piano and orchestra, greatly enriched the harmonies, and soon the *Marseillaise* in the form we have it now, was known from one end of France to the other. To-day it stands as the greatest national anthem in the world, both historically and as a means of arousing a nation.

DONALD H. McVICAR.

EXTRACT FROM LETTER FROM THE FRONT

"I received a letter from Somerville some time ago and answered it. So to-day I got an answer to mine. He seems to be enjoying himself up the line in the Can. Field Artillery. He tells me about several of the boys. He says Byrnes is in a railway troop up behind the line and likes it fine.

"Bullick is with the C.M.R.'s up the line, but dear knows where he is now, as they were in the scrap at Passchendaele and there were many casualties. A boy from B. C., of the 4th C.M.R.'s had a bullet go through his ankle and fractured it. He writes and says, "We got it, but, God, it was rough."

"Duffin had been wounded and was back at the Base, but hoping to go back to the line. Christie is still in England in the 160th Bn. Inf.

"Poor Hart was wounded in the capture of Courcellette, at the Somme last year, and was in hospital six and a half months. Last heard of he was in Shoreham, Sussex, Eng. Dudgeon is a signaller in the 24th Bn. up the line.

"So taking that bunch all through, the N. B. N. S. of the '15-'16, have fared splendidly and have done just as well."

FRED ANDERSON.



MARJORY H. CLARKE, ANNIE H. COSTELLO, TENA M. CHRISTILAW, MURIEL GODIN, EVA M. CHRISTILAW, LAURA J.
 EDWARDS, THELMA DONAGHY, CATHARINE BUCHANAN
 EDITH S. DITCHBURN, EDNA V. CURBOYS, HILDEGARDE CUNNINGHAM, ALICE M. FINCH, EVA ELLIS, GERTRUDE M. FLOYD
 ELSIE FERGUSON, IDA M. DUFF, LILIAN DEANS, MARIE J. GERBER, CORINNE GIROUX, JOSEPHINE A. CURRIER

IN A BELGIAN GARDEN

Once in a Belgian garden,
 (Ah, many months ago!)
 I saw like pale Madonnas
 The tall white lilies blow.
 Great poplars swayed and trembled
 Afar against the sky,
 And green with flags and rushes
 The river wandered by.
 Amid the waving wheatfields
 Glowed poppies blazing red,
 And showering strang wild music,
 A lark rose overhead.

* * *

The lark has ceased his singing,
 The wheat is trodden low,
 And in the blood-stained garden
 No more the lilies blow.
 And where the green poplars trembled
 Stand shattered trunks instead,
 And lines of small white crosses
 Keep guard above the dead.
 From here brave lads and noble
 From lands beyond the deep,
 Beneath the small white crosses
 Have laid them down to sleep.
 They laid them down with gladness
 Upon the alien plain,
 That this same Belgian garden
 Might bud and bloom again.

F. O. CALL.

From "In a Belgian Garden and Other Poems," published by Erskine
 Macdonald, London.

CONTRIBUTED :—

TWO ALTERNATIVES

Regarding this war, you are mobilized or not mobilized.
 If you are not mobilized there is nothing to worry about.
 If you are mobilized, you have two alternatives:
 Either you are at the Front or in the Reserves.
 If you are in the Reserves, there is nothing to worry about.
 If you are at the Front, you still have two alternatives:
 Either you get wounded or you don't get wounded.
 If you don't get wounded, there is nothing to worry about;
 If you do get wounded, you still have two alternatives:
 Either you get slightly wounded or seriously wounded.
 If you get slightly wounded, you have nothing to worry about;
 If you get seriously wounded, you still have two alternatives:
 Either you recover or you don't recover.
 If you recover, there is nothing to worry about;
 If you don't recover—well—you still have
 TWO ALTERNATIVES.

MEMBERS OF STUDENTS' FAMILIES, 1917-1918, IN THE SERVICE OF KING AND COUNTRY

<i>Student.</i>	<i>Relative.</i>	<i>Military Connection.</i>	<i>Record.</i>
1. Doris Armstrong.....	Lieut. Roy. C. Armstrong.....	43rd. Forestry Battalion.....	
2. Roy C. Cassie.....	Pte. F. E. Cassie.....		
	Pte. J. C. Cassie.....		
	Pte. H. L. Cassie.....		
3. Mary A. Chambers....	Trooper Wm. E. Chambers....	34th. Fort Garry Horse.....	
	Corp. J. K. Chambers.....	103rd. Coy., C.F.C.....	
4. Misses Eva and Tena Christilan.	Bdr. John A. Christilaw.....	67th. Battery.....	
5. Annie H. Costello.....	Pte. Leonard J. O'Connor.....	44th. Batt. transferred to 27th. Batt.....	Wounded May, 1916. Now in Queen's Military Hos- pital, Kingston, Ont.
6. Edna Curboys.....	Pte. John Curboys.....	159th Batt., drafted to 58th...	Killed, Oct. 26, 1917 at Pass- chendaele.
7. Josephine A. Currier...	Pte. John F. Currier.....	73rd Batt. Employ Co.....	Wounded, Jan. 1917. Lost hearing.
8. Robert P. Dawson.....	Winnifred F. Dawson.....	Nursing Sister, C.A.M.C., Kit- chener Hospital, Brighton, Eng.	
9. Edith Ditchburn.....	Lieut. J. S. Ditchburn.....	44th Coy., 122nd Batt.....	Wounded. Re-enlisted and returned to the front.
10. Elsie Ferguson.....	M. M. Ferguson.....	Nursing Sister, Can. Stationary Hospital, France.	
11. Alice M. Finch.....	Pte. J. H. Finch.....	1st Can. Infantry.....	Wounded at Passchendaele. In hospital in England.
12. Ralph Forman.....	W. R. Forman.....	1st Depot Batt., W.O.R.	
13. Corinne Giroux.....	Q.M.S. Cecil A. Giroux.....	21st Battalion.....	Wounded at St. Eloi, Aug. 1915.
14. Muriel Godin.....	Pte. Percy Godin.....	Skilled Fireman.	
15. Mary Gray.....	Pte. Douglas Gray.....	43rd Cameron Highlanders....	Wounded at "Hill 60", June 1916, again at Somme, Nov. 10, 1916.
	Pte. Duncan Gray.....	119th Batt., C.F.A.	
16. Florence Jones.....	Gnr. Vernon C. Jones.....	C. Battery.....	Gassed at Lens, Dec. 1917.
	Bdr. J. Clarence Jones.....	35th Battalion.....	Instructor Witley Camp, Eng.
17. Josephine F. Kelly....	Pte. James P. Kelly.....	77th Batt. transferred to 21st Batt.....	Wounded at St. Eloi, April, 1916. Returned to Canada.
18. Esther Kron.....	Randolph E. Kron.....	Flying Corps	

19. Ina Laidlaw.....Lieut. W. J. S. Laidlaw.....5th Batt., C.F.A.....Wounded spring, 1915, again wounded, taken prisoner and died, Nov. 22, 1917.
- Pte. Bower Laidlaw.....P.P.C.L.I., B.E.F.....Military Medal—supplied a Senior Officer his entrenching tools.
20. Della B. Laing.....Sglr. J. Stewart Laing.....37th Batt., C.F.A., transferred 26th Batt.....Wounded at Vimy Ridge, April, 1917, again wounded, somewhere in France, Apr., 1918. Now in hospital in Eng.
21. Nieron Lidkea.....Driver Harvey Lidkea.....Can. Engineers.
22. Mildred M. McHaney.....Driver Oscar McHaney.....Army Service Corps, Royal Engineers.
- Lance-Corp. S. K. McHaney.....139th Batt., C.F.A., transferred to 160th Batt.....Instructor Signal Area Base, Eng.
23. Lulu E. McKay.....Pte. Donald McKay.....73rd Batt., Blackwatch.....Wounded at "Hill 70", Aug. 12, 1917, returned to front.
- Pte. James W. McKay.....130th Batt. transferred to 38th Batt.....Wounded at Lens, Aug. 1917. Wounded again, Mar. 28, 1918. In convalescent hospital, Eng.
24. Jessie McRae.....Staff-Sgt. Geo. W. McRae.....Can. Pay Office, Eng.
25. Clothilde McTeigue.....Pte. Gerald A. P. McTeigue.....76th Battery.
- Pte. Bernard McTeigue.....
26. Daisy Meadows.....Pte. Lloyd Ferris.....1st Canadians, 125th Batt.....In hospital, Eng.
27. Marguerite Mitchell.....Corp. R. R. Mitchell.....21st Battalion.....Wounded, Nov. 1915.
28. Emma Olson.....Pte. Wm. O. Olson.....141st Battalion, Can. Forestry Corp.
29. Gertrude Quirt.....Lce-Corp. Earl M. Quirt.....159th Battalion.....Poisoned at Albert through well, Feb. 1917.
- Pte. Milton Quirt.....1st C.O.R.....Wounded at Arras, Mar. 1917. Received D.C.M. Feb. 1918.
30. Louise Roney.....Pte. B. C. Roney.....Signaller, 228th Batt.
31. Edith Secor.....Pte. R. J. Secor.....159th Batt. transferred to 38th Batt. Gassed.
- Pte. Chas. Secor.....Queen's Own Rifles, drafted 4th Batt.
32. Daisy A. Thorburn.....Pte. Geo. M. Thorburn.....119th O.S. Batt., transferred to 58th Batt.
33. Margaret T. Wright.....Sgt. Wm. S. L. Wright.....238th Foresters.....Ill at Hospital at Bramshott. Returned to Canada.

"CAMOUFLAGE"

There seems to be much confusion concerning the original meaning of the word camouflage. Some say that it meant "to draw a veil," and for a long time in the French theatre, it has meant "make-up." But to-day, there is not the slightest doubt as to its application. The word now means to so paint or screen objects that they become invisible, or else are so disguised as to confuse the enemy.

Mr. Thayer, an American artist, observed that in certain lights, birds and animals appear to lose their solidity and become flat. The creatures were those which were light underneath and dark on top; and when the light fell upon them from above they seemed to disappear. This led the discoverer to make further experiments, with solids. The phenomenon was called by him counter-shading, a principle which forms the basis of the science of protective colouring which we call camouflage.

Nature has also used imitative colour for the protection of her children. We think of the grouse, and know how difficult it is to distinguish the bird from the leaves and twigs surrounding it. The rattlesnake, also, is disguised in pale yellow and brown, the diamond-shaped spots being exactly like those of the leaves over which it crawls.

In the present war, probably the first practical use made of camouflage was the placing, by the Germans, of black bags among the other sand bags of the breastworks, to confuse the enemy into thinking them loop holes. This distracted the enemy fire from the real openings.

Camouflage was considered seriously when the troops settled down in the trenches after the battle of the Marne. The practice has grown until, to quote one writer, "Nothing that is of value, goes up to the front without its bath of camouflage, except the men and the horses, and they do not need it, being covered with mud."

The large guns are screened with wire and overlaid with branches in order to conceal them. Ammunition, when taken to the front, was placed in fields, and then covered with canvas which was painted green, to imitate grass.

At one place, an important military road emerged from a wood, and some distance farther on re-entered it. This piece of road was subjected to heavy fire. A false road was painted on canvas and at night laid parallel to the real one, which was screened by great stretches of green canvas. Early next morning the German aviators reported "no traffic" on that particular road, and as a result they ceased firing while the troops passed in safety under the green canvas.

Experimentation has also been made in the painting of ships. For instance, the bow of a vessel has painted upon it a great white wave, to give the vessel the appearance of "ploughing the deep." This deceives submarines concerning its speed. Other vessels are painted in such a way that the water line cannot be distinguished—while light colours and small spots on the upper part of the hull, make that portion fade into the sky.

To show how important camouflage has become, we have only to say, that of the French forces, one man out of every hundred is engaged in its practice. A large number of lives and much property has been saved by its use. No doubt when the war is over many interesting experiments will be brought to light, and it is hardly reasonable to believe that this science of concealing colouration will become a lost art, with the declaration of peace.

ANNIE KIRKE.



MARGARET R. HASTIE, ESTHER E. KRON, NELLIE E. E. GREER, ELIZABETH B. HALLIDAY, DELLA B. LAING,
 FLORENCE JONES, INA LAIDLAW, CHRISTENA HEMPHILL
 JOSEPHINE F. KELLY, MARIE A. KEARNEY, FLORENCE A. HASTINGS, MARY GRAY, LAIRA M. GUEST, YVONNE LAFFOLEY
 ELLA M. HARRISON, JEAN C. IRVING, LILIAN HONSBERGER, MARY E. KELLY, ANNIE H. M. KIRK

WARTIME ECONOMY

The subject of war economy is one that is ever present in the mind of every true and patriotic Canadian citizen. If Britain is to arise victorious from the world conflict which is raging in Europe, it is as essential that we, who remain behind, should practice the arts of economy as that those at the front should practice the arts of war.

There are hundreds of economies that should be practiced; the following are only a few examples:

First, let us consider the matter of fuel. Canada depends upon the United States for a large portion of her coal; she is therefore greatly interested in the coal conditions prevailing there. The conditions have been greatly changed by the entrance of this country into the war. One of the remedies urged, and one which is particularly applicable to Canada, is the immediate conservation of fuel by the efficient use of all available water power. The amount of developed water power in Canada is approximately 1,850,000 h.p. 1,000 tons of bituminous coal require yearly 1.26 men for mining operations, 1.02 men for transportation, and 0.5 men for conversion into electric energy, giving a total of 2.78 men per 1,000 tons, the latter being equivalent to 1.25 h.p. per year. To replace the 1,850,000 h.p. at present utilized would require 15,000,000 tons of coal per annum, which represents the labours of 41,000 men. Allowing for the small amount of labour required in the water power plants, it represents a saving of the labour of 38,000 men and permits their employment in other industries. By this we see what a vast amount of labour we are saving by the water power at present utilized; and Canada's water power is by no means developed to its full extent. Every additional hydro-electric h.p. used in Canada means the yearly liberation of from 10 to 12 tons of coal for other purposes where electric power cannot be used so effectively.

Then there is the food problem which is beginning to assume gigantic proportions. Sir Robert Borden has said that Canada is in the war to the last man and the last dollar. Canada is also in the war to the last pound of food.

"Many mickles mak' a muckle," says the old proverb, so if there are many individual savings the total gain will be great. We Canadians do not know what it is to go hungry, but we will if it is necessary. Just think of the amount of food that is wasted daily even in one family, then think of the number of families in this Dominion. We are wasting tons of valuable food while our fathers and brothers, who are fighting for us are often in want of the common necessities. In Chicago recently the garbage was reduced from 400 loads per day to 200 loads, due largely to the preachments of economy. The United States have begun in time. If we had done the same there might not be the same talk about the high cost of living.

Another article of value which is being wasted is paper. Recruiting has called away many woodsmen from their task while the heavy sale of papers with news of the war has increased the demand for papers. The Governments of Canada and the United States have enabled the newspapers to secure paper at a low cost, otherwise many would have had to cease operations. It doesn't require any great effort on the part of the individual to save up the old newspapers instead of burning them, and yet a very small supply is available for reclamation compared with the amount distributed daily.

There are many other directions where saving might profitably be practised, but they all depend on the individual effort. As some one has

said, "People cannot be forced to economize by Government regulations. The human individual is not built that way." The average individual must, for himself or herself, see the bottom of the flour barrel, or some equivalent indication before there is economy. The pinch of high prices seems necessary to enforce conomy in the consumption of food and the diminution of waste. Every Canadian must say 'I will help.'"

EUNICE LUCKEY.

SELECTED :—

JUST KEEP ON KEEPIN' ON

If the day looks kind of gloomy,
 An' yer chances kinder slim;
 If the situation's puzzlin'
 An' the prospects awful grim;
 And perplexities keep pressin'
 Till all hope is nearly gone,
 Just bristle up and grit your teeth
 An' keep on keepin' on.

For shunnin' never wins a fight,
 An' frettin' never pays:
 There ain't no good in broodin' in
 These pessimistic ways.
 So smile just kinder cheerfully
 When hope is nearly gone,
 An' bristle up an' grit your teeth
 An' keep on keepin' on.

There ain't no use in growlin'
 An' grumblin' all the time;
 When music's ringin' everywhere,
 An' everything's in rhyme.
 Just keep on smiling cheerfully
 If hope seems nearly gone,
 An' bristle up an' grit your teeth
 An' keep on keepin' on.

First signs of spring—Mr. Ireland has his lawn mower ("Longmore") out.

Quite late one evening one of the Normal boys came up to the east end of the town and so shocked the verandah of the opposite house that it fell down

The other day we heard Miss Hilda Cunningham expressing the wish that Easter holidays would hurry up. Evidently Hilda expects the same delightful time she had on the train at the Xmas holidays.

One of our foremost Scottish educationalists, Mr. McVicar, has decided to complete his education at Florence, Italy.



OLIVE M. LANGLEY, FRANCES L. LOCKRIDGE, HAZELL G. B. MCPHERSON, ETHEL E. LUCKENS, EVA M. MCCAULEY,
 EUNICE S. A. LUCKEY, MERON A. LIDKEA
 ELLA M. MCCULLOUGH, MARY M. MCELLIGOTT, GRACE E. LONGMORE, DOROTHY MCBURNEY,
 ANNIE C. MACNAMARA, VIVIAN L. MCLEAN
 EVA V. LANGLEY, LULU E. MCKAY, LILA M. LAVELLE, MILDRED M. MCHANEY VIDA M. LEE

EMPIRE DAY

Once more the day was celebrated in our own unique way. The programme was designed to stimulate patriotism, to furnish a substantial background of fact on which to found it, and to furnish an object lesson to the students of how such an occasion can be made effective to these ends in their own schools. A well-balanced admixture of Canadian literature, prose and poetry, expressive of Canadian patriotic sentiment, culture, and achievement, constituted the programme. Its presentation by the students was consistent with the type of matter and nothing can be more commendable than the spirit in which they entered into and carried out the various items. These were interspersed with addresses by Principal Casselman, on "Canada in the Empire," J. C. Norris on "The Old vs. the New Arithmetic," and J. B. MacDougall on "The Evolution of Canadian Literature," all suited to the spirit of the day. Patriotic songs and choruses under the direction of Professor Wildgust, added zest to the occasion.

The following is the Empire Day programme:

NORTH BAY NORMAL SCHOOL EMPIRE DAY PROGRAMME MAY 23rd, 1918

1. Scripture Reading—Psalm 46.
2. The Lord's Prayer.
3. The National Anthem School
4. Canada and The Empire Mr. Casselman
5. The Flag of Our Country—(John Simpson)..... Miss McBurney
6. Chorus—Rule Britannia School
7. Confederation Address—(Sir John A. Macdonald).... Miss Costello
8. Ode for Empire—(Miss Machar)..... Miss Somerville
9. Old and New Arithmetic..... Mr. Norris
10. Chorus—Men of the North..... School
11. Song for Canada—(Sangster)..... Miss Bannister
12. Brock—(Sangster) Miss P. Anderson
13. England—(W. W. Campbell)..... Miss Prunty
14. Canada—(Roberts) Miss Hastings
15. Chorus—O Canada School
16. After the Battle—(Miss Christie)..... Miss Laffoley
17. Development of Botany in Canada..... Mr. Ricker
18. Sons of England—Thomas Campbell..... Miss J. Kelly
19. Confederation Speech—(Hon. Geo. Brown)..... Mr. Orr
20. Chorus—(Recessional) School
21. Welcome Home—(Miss A. R. Christie)..... Miss Laidlaw
22. Evolution of Canadian Literature..... Mr. MacDougall
23. Ode to Canadian Confederation—(Roberts)..... Miss Linch
24. Thou God of Nations Guard Our Land—(Simpson) Miss E. Monteith

GOD SAVE THE KING.

Mr. McDougall (during Sc. of Ed. period).
 "What do you recall when I say 'coat-of-mail.'"
 Miss McPherson (after a moment's thought).
 "Why, the postman!"

HISTORIES OF THE YEAR

Miss Amelia Palleck, who was superannuated this past month and who has been for the past eighteen years a recognized educational leader in the Dominion, was born in the village of Sleepy Hollow.

Influenced by the reading of Rousseau's "Emile," the parents of Miss Palleck sent her in charge of a tutor to the great north woods. Here she lived with only the tutor for company; here she learned the secrets of nature; she conversed with the denizens of the woods, and inspired by the music of the birds, the streams, and the rapids, the young girl composed several delightful melodies.

At fourteen, Amelia returned to her parents' home. Her wonderful abilities soon won her distinction and when her family moved to the rising city of Fort William, her fame had spread through the district. Her meteor-like career through the higher school caused many parents to educate their children similarly. Though of a retiring disposition due to her secluded early life, Miss Palleck soon became a leader, not only in her home city, but throughout the countryside. She made the North Bay Normal School famous.

The story of her work as a teacher would fill a book, so we shall only give a few outstanding facts. Her ideas carried out by the Department of Education revolutionized educational methods and she soon rose to the post of Deputy Minister of Education. Miss Palleck might to-day have been the first lady in the Dominion, but she believed she could do better work by remaining unmarried.

Organizer of many societies for the advancement of education and always a hard worker in any movement for the uplift of society, this wonderful woman wore herself out, and owing to ill-health was forced to resign. However, a grateful nation has not forgotten her services to them and she will receive a goodly pension which will keep her in comfort in her beautiful home on the Kaministiquia River, near that great metropolis, Fort William.

"DO YOUR BIT"

Forever and forever,
As long as this school shall last,
Two students should be remembered,
Who performed their daily task.

At nine o'clock each morning,
Throughout each day of the year,
The A. H. doors were opened
By Watson and Watkinson, New Ontario's pioneers.

Lil always stretched her strong right arm,
The high top-latch to reach,
And Vera, her trunk forward bent,
The lower one to release.

So never forget this daily task
Of the Western and Northern lasses,
Who always opened the A. H. doors
For the nineteen-eighteen classes.



EMMA M. MITCHELL, BERYL E. C. MONTEITH, SIRILLA A. PERRY, EMMA OLSON, ANNIE LAURIE McLAREN, ERINA M. MONTEITH
 CLITILDE J. McTEIGUE
 JESSIE McRAE, AMELIA PALLECK, MARGARET PETERS, KATE A. MCKAY, HENRIETTA MOLONEY, CLOTILDE PRUNTY
 DAISY MEADOWS, HARRIET E. MILL, GERTRUDE L. QUIRT, LOUISE RONEY, MARJORY C. MCKAY

M. E. T.

From Simcoe came this brown-eyed girl. Her High School years were spent at Barrie Collegiate Institute, where she was taught, as others were in other parts of the Province, not to judge by form in Grammar? Enough of school!—Can you guess who she is if I tell you that her rosy cheeks and flashing eyes remind one in their freshness of the sparkling waters of Lake Simcoe, around which Barrie nestles. She possesses two names met with in Scripture—Margaret and Esther—which accounts for her virtues. Her surname is characteristic of herself. I don't think one could Turner—this applies physically at least—otherwise, well— She has had over a year's experience in teaching and evidently thought so well of it that she decided to rank herself permanently with the "school marms." Accordingly, in September, 1917, she betook herself by that most famous railway (the one mentioned in Genesis) to North Bay and —Normal. Knowing her as you do, I need not speak of how well she has taken her part both in sports and studies during the past year.

FRANCES LOCKERIDGE

There was a "wee" maiden from Wingham,
And the balls, say, "couldn't she swing 'em?"
She made the walls 'round
Our gymnasium resound
Whene'er she was there to fling 'em.

Once she must have lived near Sacramento,
And hence we've cause to lament O,
Sixty-five is her number,
And she's strong on the lumber,
To which you will all assent O.

REMINISCENCES OF MR. ORR

Foremost among the illustrious sons of the little town of Flesherton stands Mr. Thomas Emerson Orr. When I first saw him he was hotly engaged in a fight with one of his schoolmates. Bloody, dirty, but triumphant, he was introduced to me, in the corner of the old Methodist Church shed where the fight occurred. Even then he had his happy, impudent grin and was fond of butting into, even fighting into, other people's business.

At last, kicked out of Flesherton by a girl friend of his, he came to the North Bay Normal, where all the maidens, from north and south, succumbed to the glamour of his pretty face and cheery smile. Happy Tommy!

No doubt, Mr. Orr would have been a shining light in the teaching profession. Like the rest of us, he is gifted with the "gab" and can talk for hours at a stretch. But the fates have ordained that he go to war, in an airship. Henceforth the censor drops his veil—

There are among us in group four, those whose personality bids us find out more of them, so we turn to that dog-eared volume entitled

"The Post." Looking down its pages, we pass over many common, uninteresting names, but suddenly our eye lights upon one—peculiar, uncommon, beautiful. The name Smith. Oh! this is one of which we must read. Weltha Smith, best known to us as "Smittie," began her career—year unknown—on November the tenth, in the southern town of Bridgeburg.

"Smittie's" innate craving for knowledge bade her hasten through Public and High Schools and finally choose that enviable profession of school-teaching.

In September, 1917, warmly clothed, armed with snowshoes and with a terror of the wild animals, she ventured northward, and on reaching North Bay decided to rest for a year in the Normal School. Thus it was that she became a member of group 4.

Her interests were not confined to books alone. Judging from her unmatched skill in playing "Nuts-in-May" and "London Bridge," her physical training has not been neglected.

We do not claim the power of prophecy. Nevertheless we make bold to say that as her past has been crowned by success, so will her future be.

Where the dark South River flows
Onward day by day,
That is where Miss Gertrude Floyd
Grew up beside a bay.

Just over the way,
She to the old school did stray;
At five she learned to read and count,
And at ten she could climb a mount.

Then her entrance she did try,
But the results they made her cry;
A second time she took her chance,
And this time joy was in her glance.

For two long years more
She entered the same school door,
And over Algebra did pore,
Till her brain was getting sore.

But the Collegiate Institute
For her did make restitute,
And she learned how to extract
The incomprehensible square root.

Then to Normal she made way
And there remains unto this day.
Here she did some works of art,
Which saddened Mr. Ramsay's heart.
And pity 'tis, 'tis true,
She made her friends to suffer too.

But this was two long weeks ago,
Before the exams began to flow;
So she thinks no more of this,
And wonders if her certificate she'll miss.



EVA H. SOMERVILLE, VERA M. WATSON, EDITH R. SECOR, DAISY A. THORBURN, MARGARET E. TURNER
 MILDRED L. SIMS, MONA B. THOMPSON
 WELTHA G. SMITH, MARGARET T. WRIGHT, ELLA M. SPENCE, MARY L. SCHRUDER, FLORA WALKER,
 DOROTHY M. STEPHENSON
 GERTRUDE T. WEISHAR, MARY G. WORKMAN, WILHELMINA TROTTER, LILIAN WATKINSON

On the 7th day of October, in 1898, there was born in the town of Colborne, a girl—not to say that there were not others born on that same day—but the one in whom we are most interested came to “Laffolot,” the Kelly mansions in the bright little town of Colborne. From the very beginning she was a source of anxiety to her parents. The first task falling upon them was the choosing of a name. What could they call that cooing, gurgling bit of humanity? Finally they decided upon Joe.

She went to the Colborne Public School, where she continued to cause much anxiety to her teachers. When any mischief was abroad, they might always look to Kelly as the source and ringleader of all trouble. True to her name, she was greatly interested in baseball. As captain of the Colborne Bloomer Girls' Baseball Team, she won great fame.

After finishing Public School, she attended the Colborne High School, where she continued in her career of mischief. While attending High School she was a valuable help in the High School Literary Society as leading soloist. (We can all judge her success in this role).

After she graduated from High School, she decided to attend Normal School and finally hit upon North Bay. Of her career here we will say nothing. Everyone knows *Kelly and her smile*. Of her Future, we can guess—but this is not a prophecy, it is a History.

“ONE WHO KNOWS.”

Oh say, have you heard of Bruce County,
The county of such wondrous fame?
We have here a girl who was born there,
And Alice is that sweet one's name.

Although she's remarkably quiet,
We've often been charmed by her voice,
And we know that of all the great singers
She will soon be the world's special choice.

SELECTED :—

“WHAT IS THE REAL GOOD?”

“What is the real good?”
I asked in musing mood,
“Order,” said the law-court,
“Knowledge,” said the school,
“Truth,” said the wise man,
“Pleasure,” said the fool,
“Love,” said the maiden,
“Beauty,” said the page,
“Freedom,” said the dreamer,
“Home,” said the sage,
“Fame,” said the soldier,
“Equity,” the seer,
Spake my heart full sadly,
“The answer is not here.”
Then within my bosom,
Softly this I heard
“Each heart holds the secret,
Kindness is the word.”

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

A BRIEF BIOGRAPHY

Miss G. L. Quirt.

About nine years ago the writer of this sketch, while visiting a relative on Worthington Street East, observed, one hot summer day, a small group of girls emerging from Brill's Corner Grocery. Among the number was a merry, dark-eyed, barefooted little lass, with face besmeared by that delightful confection, vernacularly known as an "All Day Sucker." Led by her, the children climbed to the highest pinnacle of the rocky mountain which in those days effectually barred the onward progress of all vehicles on Worthington Street. Seated here in the sun and surrounded by her courtiers, she proceeded to demolish the delicious morsel.

These apparently trivial incidents of a by-gone summer day are significant of the future career of our distinguished and popular classmate, Gertrude Linden Quirt.

Born in the town of Nipissing Junction on March 24th, 1900, she from the first displayed genius. At the age of six months she surprised her fond parents by producing a complete set of teeth. This is very remarkable in any infant, but in one of that age it was truly astounding. It detracts little from the marvellous nature of this incident to state that they were her grandmother's store teeth.

At the age of 1 year she consented to accompany her parents in their removal to the City of Callander. At this stage of her career she had not acquired any very great facility in the art of walking in an upright posture. Nevertheless, she could speak fluently two well-known languages. We refer to the "Goo-goo" and "Da-da" languages. One of her chief aims in life appeared to be to place her right great toe in her little rosebud mouth. She never however quite succeeded in doing so.

At the age of 6 years she resolved to patronize the Queen Victoria School. Here she displayed such brilliance and enthusiasm in her work that she succeeded in passing the Entrance Exam. in 1914.

Miss Quirt now decided to continue her education and become a school teacher. Entering the N. B. C. I. in September of the year 1914, she passed the Lower School exam. in 1916. Being too youthful to enter the Model School and anxious to attain to higher levels in the educational world, she attended the Collegiate another year, graduating in 1917. In September of that year she enrolled at North Bay Normal School.

In addition to her attainments in "school subjects," we must not neglect to state that Miss Quirt is a musician of no mean ability, her favorite instrument being the mandolin. At present she is turning her attention to the correct method of manipulating the piano.

We prophesy great things for Miss Quirt. Peering enquiringly into the years that are to be, we see the following facts in her future astonishing career.

Miss Quirt will be entirely successful in securing her second class certificate. For two years from September, 1918, she will be in charge of a large rural school some miles from Sudbury. There, her affections will become attached to a tall, athletic, middle-aged farmer, the proud possessor of 7 motherless children.

The wedding will be a particularly beautiful one, and will take place from the family residence on Worthington Street East, about the 20th of August, 1920.

In her new home she will be a leader in the social life of the community, her ability as a musician as well as her pleasing personality will cause her to be in great demand at all public and social functions.

In the year 1938 she will become a widow and with her little family of 18 sons and daughters she will return to North Bay to reside. Here she will renew old and fond acquaintanceship in the person of Colonel Everett Ireland, V.C., who, accompanied by his 17 year old son, Roy Cassie Ireland, has presided at the ceremonies in connection with the opening of the new Georgian Bay Canal, joining Lake Nipissing to the Great Lakes.

Together, Mrs. Ponsonby (nee Miss Quirt), and Col. Ireland, motor to Pleasant Lawn Cemetery to visit the graves of two former Normal School classmates, Roy C. Cassie and Ralph C. Forman, who were accidentally drowned in Trout Lake when their canoe capsized on the last Sunday of the Normal term.

Here a curtain seems to descend and we are unable to foresee whether this renewed acquaintanceship ripens into anything warmer or whether Roy Ireland seeks the hand in marriage of Daisy Meadows Ponsonby. However, we presume we are safe in saying they all get married and live happy ever after.

R. P. DAWSON.

PATRIOTISM

Patriotism is usually defined as loving and serving one's country, but it is not necessary to love and serve your country to be a patriot; there are other ways also. Many of the stories in the Bible tell of deeds of patriotism. These heroes do not win the name of a patriot by serving and loving their country, but by being true to God and refusing to worship idols.

Joan of Arc is considered the purest patriot of all history. She not merely saved one man, but a whole nation. In the time of Henry VI., the French nation was on the verge of destruction. Orleans was the only town which the French possessed, all other places having been captured by the English. Joan of Arc was a simple peasant girl, descended from humble parents. The main reason why the French had failed was because they lacked good leaders. One day when in their garden, she heard mysterious sounds and voices. She was impressed with a belief that she was divinely chosen to assist the French dauphin. After meditation she decided to interview the prince. She had some difficulty at first, but when the prince heard her story, he was persuaded to give credence to it. She equipped herself with a masculine attire, sword, and banner, and at the head of an army of ten thousand men, she entered Orleans. Her superb leadership and many inspirations animated the French. The English were soon forced to abandon the siege of Orleans, and the French captured all places which hitherto had been held by the English. After their many victories the French allowed Joan of Arc to fall into the hands of the English, and she was burned as a sorceress at Rouen. In French history she occupies a place of honor, and in history of civilization she ranks as a heroine and martyr, her memory being fittingly commemorated in statuary and literature.

Edith Cavell might very well be compared with Joan of Arc. Her deed of patriotism also brought about her death. She did not save a nation, but it is not doubted, had she had the opportunity she would have done so. Edith Cavell was an English nurse, who was aiding

Belgians to leave Belgium, when she was caught in the act. The Germans immediately took her to a prison, where she was confined for ten weeks. At the expiration of this time she was cruelly shot by the Germans, inside the prison walls, and was buried not far away. Some of her last words were, "I realize that patriotism is not enough. I must have no hatred or bitterness toward anyone." A fund has been started to provide a memorial statue to Miss Edith Cavell. Also a nurses' home in London is under construction, which is to be called "The Edith Cavell Nurses' Home."

King Albert, of Belgium, is another patriot of to-day. Sooner than allow German forces to pass through his country, he suffered to see it ruined. Thus he saved his honour and France (probably Britain). Had the German forces reached France, they would likely have conquered her.

Hitherto, I have dwelt on patriots, who have served their country. Here are instances of men who have shown their patriotism to God. In the days of Nebuchadnezzar there dwelt in his kingdom of Babylon, three young Jews, Sharrach, Meshach, and Abednego. They had been captured and brought to the king, as slaves. They proved so capable in their work that the king set them over the affairs of the province. The natives of Babylon became jealous and sought to do them harm. Nebuchadnezzar had set up a golden image and at a certain hour every man should fall down and worship it; those who did not were to be cast into a fiery furnace. One day the signal was given and all fell down but Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego. Immediately they were cast into the furnace. But they trusted in God, and said He would deliver them, and He did so. Nebuchadnezzar saw them walking about in the furnace, with a fourth man. When he bade them come out and saw that they were unharmed, he was forced to believe in God. Likewise, there was Daniel. Nebuchadnezzar thought of placing Daniel over his realm. When the presidents and princes heard this, they sought too find a cause for which he would lose his position. They induced the king to sign a decree, which said that any man who worshipped any god but the king's, should be cast into a den of lions. Then they watched Daniel, and saw him praying and making supplication before his God. They reported this to the king. Nebuchadnezzar now saw that he had been trapped, and was displeased with himself, and set his heart on Daniel, to deliver him. Daniel was cast into a den of lions, but God sent an angel, who closed the lions' mouths. Early next morning the king ran to Daniel and was surprised and glad to see him unharmed. Then he took him out of the den, and cast in the men who had accused Daniel, who were soon torn to pieces by the lions. Who could be more brave, courageous or patriotic than Daniel or these three young Jews, who were willing to sacrifice their lives in serving God.

These are only a few accounts of patriots. Many have performed deeds, about which nations have never heard, but have been killed, taking their secrets with them to their graves.

OLIVE LANGLEY.

Who will volunteer to hold Miss McAulay's hands—her hands are cold and she feels that no one loves her.

Found—Somewhere between North Bay and Cochrane, a Normalite answering to the name of Dawson. The same will be held in Feronia until claimed.



ROBERT W. McDONALD, THOMAS E. ORR, RALPH FORMAN, EVERETT C. IRELAND
ROBERT P. DAWSON, DONALD H. MCVICAR, ROY C. CASSIE

THE TALE OF THE DAFFODIL

The dusky shades of twilight stole softly o'er the land,
With gentle breath the south wind the soft flower-petals fanned,
The glow of golden daffodils showed through the mystic gloom,
And from their hearts now issued a rare and sweet perfume.

Attracted by the fragrance—and the glow—I wandered near,
Their heads were drooped in sorrow, from the nearest fell a tear,
I stood there speechless, stricken—to think these flowers were sad,
Then from my heart burst forth the words "How can I make you glad?"

Then, as one who dreams, I heard the sweetest of them all
Speak in a voice whose sweetness I ever shall recall,
Her words much better tell the tale, of all she told to me,
But first, I pray that in those words, your fullest trust may be.

"Twice twenty centuries ago, there dwelt upon the Sun,
A happy pair, by bands of love, united into one,
These were the Sun God and his wife, as you may now have guessed,
With beauty and a wondrous voice the wife was doubly blest.

"Her hair was gold, her cheeks were fair, her eyes were golden brown,
The Sun God's gift, she always wore, a flowing, golden, gown,
They dwelt in love unspeakable, till one beauteous day in May,
The Mischief-Maker, Mercury, sought rest there on his way.

"With hints and subtly pointed words he filled the great God's mind,
With doubts with fears and then belief—till he with rage grew blind.
He shook with anger, as he looked, upon his goddess, wife
And ruthlessly he spake these words that banished her for life.

"Ye gods! how innocent ye look! as if ye did not know!
Whom can we trust! thou faithless one! from me thou now shalt go.
Upon the earth, too, thou shalt dwell, it does no good to weep.
And yet, for the love I bore you once, thou may'st thy beauty keep.

"A golden flower thou shalt become—yea, thou shalt have rare grace,
And when with night our home is gone thou'lt gently hang thy face.
Then slowly did she fade from view, and soon upon the earth
A golden daffodil was born—oh sad and joyless birth."

"The Sun God dwelt in pride and grief upon his home the sun,
But when he found the charge was false, his penance was begun.
'Twas irrevocably done—she now dwelt on the earth,
He poured the sunbeams on her there—his home of love, was dearth."

So that is why the Daffodils, from that day unto this,
In sorrow bow their golden heads, in memory of the bliss
That once was theirs, till mercury came, that beauteous day in May.
So let us share our store of love with these flowers day by day.

EVA H. SOMERVILLE.

The lesson assigned was Miss B,— music—"Combining the high and low parts in the song 'Grandpa.'

The students wrote her aim as—"To teach the pupils to appreciate the higher things of life, and to join the high and low parts of Grandpa."

GIRL WORKERS

At the present time a girl can gain advantages for herself, assist the farmer, and do her bit for her country, by working on the farm during the summer months.

Financially, the girl derives benefits by which she can reach the height of her desires but the girl who really wishes to succeed will not make the accumulation of wealth the main object of her life. Nature will broaden her mental powers, and unconsciously will teach her, her laws, for next to God, nature is our greatest instructor. Inhaling the pure fresh air of the country, the girl cannot fail to improve physically and possess

"Health that mocks the doctors' rules
Knowledge never learned of schools."

"Early to bed and early to rise" is the motto in the country, and at first the farmerette rebels, but her reason tells her that this new strength and vigour that she feels coursing through her veins must come as a direct result of this very self-denial.

What can a girl do on a farm? Well, seeing is believing, but the Bible says "Blessed are they that see not, yet believeth." There isn't a girl in North Bay, in Calendar or Powasson, who could not learn to drive a horse and the farm implements will do the rest.

After the 21st of June, it will be too late to plant grain, but here is a golden opportunity for "the girl with the hoe." All summer in all kinds of weather, weeds flourish, and the potatoes are fairly begging to be freed from their unwelcome neighbours.

This summer there is work for every girl in the whole Dominion of Canada. The production of food is necessary, in order to win the war, and the girl who is producing it is doing her bit, just as well as her brother in khaki, who is fighting in the mud-stained trenches of Flanders.

The Goddess of the Harvest, as she looks over the sea of moving gold, or the plot of vegetables that were produced by the girl's own strenuous efforts, is just as pleased as the God of War, who views with gleeful satisfaction some victorious battlefield of the Allies. She is helping to bind our Empire together, helping to be welded one and all into one Imperial whole, one with Britain heart and soul.

HILDEGARDE CUNNINGHAM.

OUR RETURNED HEROES

Probably one of the most serious problems with which Canada will have to contend is that of supplying suitable employment for the returned soldiers. Before the war many men were engaged in employments for which they had no particular aptitude. A man may have been a barber who should have been a tailor or a good salesman might have made a better engineer and so forth. War drove away hundreds of men from the things they learned in peace; war will send back hundreds of men who cannot pick up their old jobs.

Many men who have already returned have changed their jobs. Some very striking instances have been found of where a man has become engaged in an occupation totally different in all respects from the position which he had held before the war. Probably the most striking one is that of the chimney sweep who became a clerk because he had lost a limb.

There are many schools organized for the training of the blind. Some of the things these men have been able to do are marvellous. One man could distinguish the different colours of horses by feeling their hairs and could tell when he came to a hole in a sidewalk or road. There are also technical schools for the disabled in which they can learn new trades. It is necessary that these men make enough to support themselves comfortably. There are many small jobs on which they can work with ease but if they have wives and children they must make a living wage.

It is impossible for many of those who have lost their limbs to take up their old occupations again. There are many different kinds of handiwork which cannot be done by machinery in which they may engage, such as fixing the platinum wires in the top of electric light bulbs or the sorting of different grades of coffee beans. A much wider field of employment is open for those without limbs than for those without arms. However, with the wonderful strides which have been made in the manufacture of artificial legs and arms, almost any employment may be possible for them.

Germany has always held the monopoly on certain manufactures, such as dyes and toys. These things are necessary in Canada and if we win in this war we shall have to open a certain number of new manufactures. These will supply employment to a great number.

Mrs. B. McQuaig of Winnipeg is trying to launch a scheme of National Insurance for the benefit of the returned soldiers to follow up the Victory Loan for the boys overseas. The idea is to start a fund for the purpose of building homes for the boys who are disabled or to provide means to further such charitable scheme as the policy holder may desire.

Many boys will return to their father's farms, some will again take up their old positions which have been held for them and some will be granted lands in the western provinces where they will begin farming. However, it is quite possible that not many will care for this kind of work on account of the insufficient means given them and also on account of the lonesomeness.

The difficulty which will be sure to present itself is that the young men will crave for excitement and will be unable to settle down to civil life once again. One way to counteract this would be to supply plenty of amusement and endeavour in every possible way to take their minds off what they have been through.

CATHERINE BUCHANAN.

LAMBTON COUNTY

Lambton County, as you doubtless all know, lies in the fair southern Ontario. Just to its south are the old and well known counties of Kent and Essex, while to its east is Middlesex, of which London is the centre. Lambton is separated from the State of Michigan to its west by the St. Clair river, which passes the waters of Lake Huron to Lake St. Clair. This river at most parts is about one mile in width.

Lambton lies amidst old and well developed counties while it is fairly new and its industries still in a youthful condition. About thirty-five years ago most of Lambton county was timber and swamp, much like Northern Ontario, save for the lack of the rocks and stunted poplar. To this youthful condition of the county is due the fact that until recent years nothing has been heard throughout the rest of the province of this western section, or if it was spoken of it was defined with some such term as Brooke swamp.

Woolen Mill, Grist Mill, Electric Specialty, Hardwood Specialty, Carriage Shop, along with three large shell plants furnish an abundance of work. Two of the shell plants have been established since the outbreak of war and the third one used to be a foundry. But the machinery was altered and new installed and now a large number of shells are being manufactured to help the Allies in this great struggle for the right. In the summer most of these plants are run day and night, but in the winter only the shell factories work the twenty-four hours. When war broke out large contracts were given to many of these other factories. The Woolen Mill manufactured carloads of blankets which were shipped off for the comfort of the boys who are giving up their lives. The Shook Mills made large numbers of boxes to pack the shells in which the shell factories produced.

Pembroke has a splendid educational system. There are three Public Schools, a Separate School, a Convent and a High School in which her children are educated. Two theatres, a skating rink and a curling rink and the steep sides of the Muskrat where skiing, coasting and tobogganing are enjoyed, furnish all who are interested in sports and amusements of all kinds.

The streets are very beautiful. Long rows of maple trees border both sides of most of the streets. Everyone who can have a lawn has one and these are very plentiful and well-kept. Flowers of every sort are bedded throughout these lawns. In many cases hedges are used instead of fences to separate one lot from the next. The long wharf is one of the many attractions especially in the hot weather. In the warm summer months there are several camps up the Ottawa River occupied by Pembroke residents. The Oiseace carries sight-seers up the river many miles and so much of the scenery of the Ottawa and the Laurentian Hills can be enjoyed. Another smaller boat plies between Pembroke and the Allumette Island to accommodate the people on both sides of the lake.

MARY WORKMAN.

SELECTED:—

"EVENING WITH NATURE"

When the shadows begin to lengthen
And the night birds all are calling
Then the woods begin to beckon
Then I turn my foot-steps home.
Whispers come across the lea
All are calling—calling me.

Thro' the forest I go wandering
In among the trees meandering,
Shafts of splendour, golden, glimmering,
Thro' the tree-tops shimmering, shimmering,
Flowers all are half asleep,
Mirrored in the clear pools deep.

Soon the amber shafts depart
Leaving all the woods so dark,
Then the moon comes wading thro'
Skies of deepest star-lit blue
Thro' the moon-lit paths I roam
From the pine tree falling, falling,

THE DEPARTURE OF THE NIGHT

Old Mother Nature slumbered, and the flowers upon her breast
Nestled close, with petals closed, their sweet heads bent in rest.
The moonbeams, glancing through the leaves, sought out their hiding
place,
They bathed in silvery radiance each modest, drooping face.
The waters of the rivulet still quietly flowed on,
They sang a soothing lullaby from evening until dawn.
The fairies from their tresses the jewels flung round about
To make the grasses sparkle. But lest this tale you doubt
Pray look some sunny morning at the twinkling drops of dew.
These are the jewels, with daylight they slowly fade from view.
But as night's close approached, the trees in slumber stirred,
From cosy nests the sleepy notes of little birds were heard.

The angel of the darkness now bid the world adieu,
Her watch was done, her misty robes around her form she drew,
She spread her wings and slowly she mounted to'ard the moon,
The fairies touched upon their harps a melancholy tune,
The theme was weird—Hawaian—these words it seemed to say:—
"Aloha!—Queen of Night!—Aloha! now comes day."
But e'er she left, upon the earth, two glittering tear-drops fell.
They rose as parting tokens—purple blossoms in the dell,
Her wand she waved thrice round her, it glowed with living sheen,
The silver from the moon and stars now gathered in its beam
The east grew softly radiant, sure harbinger of day,
And the winged horse Pegasus, bore the Queen of Night away.

EVA H. SOMERVILLE.

A GLIMPSE FROM THE NORTH

Thirteen miles back from a little station on the C.P.R. you follow a narrow trail almost hidden by the overgrowing wealth of underbrush and the branches of tall evergreen trees. While still wondering what is to be the end of your tramp you descend the gently sloping ground and suddenly burst out into open daylight. The trees and undergrowth have disappeared on the now rapidly sloping hills and you find yourself standing alone, with a wide valley opening before you, on a hill of sand and gravel, called by the near-by dwellers "The Hog's Back," and an apt name too, since it resembles that creature's back as nearly as anything which I can now recall. As you walk along the narrow path which tops its crest, the loose sand and gravel give way beneath your feet and with a rustling noise roll to the bottom. If you should stumble and fall you would helplessly and hastily follow their course, unless you could save yourself by grasping the scant, near-by bushes, down that descent of twenty or thirty feet almost to the edge of the river which rushes swiftly around the base of the hill as if angry that such a thing should have been obtruded in its way, and then sweeps magnificently out into Black Bay in full view as if to say, "You see nothing can stop me."

The river immediately to the left of you is hidden by the trees, but you hear the thunder and roar of waters and are anxious to explore still further. So you descend the far end of the creature's body aforementioned, which I suppose might be called his tail, and follow the winding path through the valley below. You soon stand on a huge rock, which, with the aid of a like ally on the opposite shore, forces the water,

which flows darkly and swiftly from the wide, still, deep pool above, through a narrow gulch. The twin rocks have still other allies in the rocks in the bed of the river, which persist in further torturing and enraging the rushing waters by causing them to throw themselves headlong over a cliff and dash themselves on the huge boulders below, sending up in their fury such a spray of water, which drenches the neighbouring foliage and which in falling is caught in the rays of the afternoon sun and forms an arched bridge of colour from bank to bank as pretty as any rainbow seen in the heavens.

If you return to your starting-point you may follow an old quarry trail and reach another waterfall higher up the river. As it is quite a distance and you have already had a long tramp, I think you had better find some means of driving. The only conveyance obtainable is a light waggon and a plodding farm horse, which still is in doubt as to whether he is drawing the plough or the binder yet thinks his load wondrously light for either. Long before you reach your destination as you bump along over stones, boulders and decaying stumps, like a certain well-known gentleman of Toronto, you will ask to be allowed the privilege of walking. However, your patient endurance is at last amply rewarded. You reach your journey's end, stable your horse in an old barn used formerly by the quarry men, and then descend the rocky bank of the river. This time you stand at the foot of the waterfall and watch the waters come gleefully from above.

In strong contrast to the angry waters you saw previously, they dance joyfully down the successive rocky steps, like fairies dressed in white, making straight towards you. They linger entrancingly in the deep pools at your feet where the speckled trout love to hide and then swiftly turn to your right and with a babbled "Good-bye" glide away into the late afternoon shadows. You gaze and gaze at the endless procession of fairy dancers and then enraptured with the wonder of it all, you turn silently away and climb the wooded hill.

E. LUCKENS.

COMPETITION

Competition is the friendly striving of two people toward the same goal or to attain the same object. Let us not confuse this with rivalry. In the former the most friendly relations exist toward each other, whereas in rivalry there is a certain selfish desire to supplant the other, and usually a certain hostility.

This system of competition is the outcome of modern freedom and its rise may be historically traced. In Medieval times the relations of men were fixed by custom or authority. But these restraints were felt to be vexatious and injurious, so in the various spheres of human activity the free individuality of man sought wider room to develop itself. In the industrial sphere it means that, whereas, in former times a man's calling, place of residence and so on, were fixed for him, he is now able to decide for himself as best he can. But as he finds numerous other individuals who exercise the same right within a limited field there naturally arises the system of competition.

And indeed we owe much to this system. Were it not for it men would not be inspired to do their best, consequently there would be very little progress in the world. Let me give you an example of this. A man started a store in a small village. He got all the trade of the entire neighbourhood for there was no other store within reach. He set his own prices, usually quite unreasonable and kept only such articles

as gave him the least trouble. This continued for some time. Finally another merchant came to the village and set up another store. He gave much better values and service. What was the result? It was soon quite evident that the majority of the people transferred their trade. Then began competition. The first merchant began to see that he must give as good values and as good service as the other one. He ordered a new stock of goods and revised his price lists, and in fact did everything to improve his business. As a result he had a much better store than when he started. This is directly due to competition.

Not only is this true in the business world, but also in our public schools. One class competes with the other to gain the highest percentage for their reports, or the best record for punctuality and attendance. This is sometimes encouraged by prizes. Still more frequently we find competition between the individuals themselves. Each one tries to be head of his class and this leads him to do better work than he otherwise would.

There are many other instances, as baseball, football, hockey, cricket. The efficiency of the players is due to competition.

Thus from these examples, taken from the business world, the school, and the world of sports we see the beneficial influence of competition. It is the father of ambition, inspiration, and of all progress of the world through the various stages of civilization.

MARIE GERBER.

"THE FOREST'S DREAM"

The moon, a crescent, cold and clear, sent flickering through the trees,

Dainty, frosty, little moonbeams, light-hearted as the breeze,

Which through the lacy branches, its welcome message spread,
From distant friends in foreign lands, long given up as dead.

The elm, the forest's rustic harp was touched by hands unseen,

A weird sound—it filled our soul: it was—"The Forest's Dream."

The moonbeams stilled their dancing, the trees their whispering ceased,
The music, from all earthly thoughts, their earth-bound souls released.

The pines, so dark and stately, their proud heads bent, with snow,

Like Scotsmen—hid their souls from sight and yet, there dwelt below,
A heart whose fierce, passionate depths no human words could measure,

The rugged surface, showed to men, none of the heart's rich treasure.

The beeches, gossips of the woods, alone remained unmoved,

They chattered on, their shallow souls from such thoughts far removed,

They told of how the partridge with his mottled friends around,
Was nestling, in these branches of the cedar—near the ground.

The moon grew white with rage and grief, to hear them chatter so,
Recalled the moonbeams from the wood, the diamonds from the snow,

The breeze in anger, stilled the beech, the harp it ceased to play,
And so, when harp and moon are gone, what more is there to say?

EVA H. SOMERVILLE.



ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

EVERETT IRELAND, Convener, Basketball (boys), ILA J. BROWN, Secretary, RALPH FORMAN, Convener, Baseball (boys)
 EDITH DITCHBURN, Com. Div. 1, INA LAIDLAW, Com. Div. 2, ALDENE HASTINGS, President
 FLORENCE JONES, Supervisor, VERA WATSON, Convener, Tennis
 ELLA M. HARRISON, Convener, Baseball (girls), DOROTHY MCBURNEY, Convener, Basketball (girls),
 MILDRED MCHANEY, Convener, Volley-Ball

"THE ORIGIN OF THE NARCISSUS FLOWER"

Beautiful flower, with crimson-fringed heart,
A splendid target for Cupid's dart,
Snow-white petals, perfumed and pure,
Black and gold bees to your side you lure,
Beautiful virgins of Sunny May.
Nodding and dancing the livelong day,
Beloved by the Roman and Greek of yore,
And Canada's Maple, for evermore,
And dearly loved by the Elfin Queen,
Who by the light of the moon is seen.

One beautiful night when I was abroad,
On the fairy Queen's gown I clumsily trod,
And this is the story she told to me—
'Tis a strange story, too, as you may see,
"One clear, cool, night, 'neath the moonlight bright,
The fairies were tripping with feet so light,
Through narcissus leaves so tall and high,
They seemed to the fairies, to touch the sky,
Dancing and singing, and flapping each wing,
Around the green spears they formed a ring.

"'Sweet green leaves,' quoth the fairy Queen,
Most beautiful leaves that ever were seen,
To you, I bequeath from this very hour,
A yellow, crimson-tipped flower.
On the silvery nights when we fairies are out,
This small, red, flower thou shalt have without doubt,
But when moonbeams fade or mortals draw nigh,
Up thy sweet flower stems so tall and high,
I and my followers quickly shall go,
And as pearl-white petals shall lie below
The red of your own, as white as snow,
And none but the angels shall ever know,
And thy petals shall thus in purity pass,
The gleam of the diamond, the crystal of glass,
They shall rival the dew-drops and beautiful pearl
When we fairies beneath your red petals shall curl.

Then flashed the Queen's wand 'neath the light of the moon,
And the fairies sweet harps breathed forth a weird tune,
To this seemly music a small flower arose,
And the fairies rose up on their little pink toes,
And with "oh's!" and ah's!" and cries of delight,
They danced a quadrille, far into the night.
They danced till the moon swung low in the sky,
Then up ladders of dew-drops to the flowers they did fly,
And under red coverlets, sweet, warm, and soft,
They slept in peace in their cradles aloft.
And thus to this day the custom they hold,
That was founded in sweet, by-gone ages of old.

EVA H. SOMERVILLE.

WAYSIDE TALKS

Education is a force broader than the narrow limitations of curriculum, texts or even teacher. That the North Bay Normal School fully recognizes the fact is everywhere in evidence. We have not failed to draft into our service values from every source available. Among these we have made free use of the guests of our civic organizations, visitors of note, men and women specially versed in the arts or industries, or trained in the school of travel. Thus we would add breadth of outlook to our students, a truer grasp of the realities of life and of the goal they themselves are aiming at or inspiring others to attain.

Miss Isolde Menges furnished a pleasing diversion to the routine of school life in an informal afternoon talk on the art of the great composers and a representation on the violin of their conceptions. She proved herself an artist of no common skill in range and delicacy of interpretation of the great masters. Every smallest child even, could listen to the windsong in the forest, dance with the fairies in the dream-lands of nature, and rise superior to the sorrows of earth with the song of the lark as she trilled the notes from the instrument that was almost humanly responsive to her touch.

On the morning of April 30th, Dr. Helen McMurchy, who has on previous occasions favored this school with her presence, met a hearty reception when she addressed the students briefly on our duty as citizens of the Empire in this time of stress. From her intimate study of present day problems and her breadth of experience she drew many timely lessons for our profit. The citizen in the home must second the effort of the soldier in the trenches.

Rev. Dr. Thurlow Fraser, Chaplain to the Albertas through the great struggle at the Somme, pictured to us graphically the life of the school-child in the war-scarred areas, from which many a brave family refuses to be torn. The innocent child with his satchel, hieing his way unconcerned to and from school in the midst of the havoc and wreck of war is no uncommon scene, though death threatens on every hand. Born into this strange world of war he has known no other picture of life than this. To him it is a world of wrecked homes and carnage and death from which we snatch a few brief hours perchance or mayhap months of existence and calmly, as we may, await our time.

A pleasure that is rare to any community was ours on May 14th, when we listened to the world-travelled veteran war-correspondent, Frederic Villiers. Almost from birth one might say he has been a denizen of the battle-field. His sanguine hopes of reaching this world's greatest battlefield, his shattered feelings when he learned of the British veto, his role of tramp to evade the law, his experiences at the front, were all vividly presented and revealed to us a breadth of experience, a depth of feeling, and withal a power of portrayal which neither physical hardships nor age can dim. He followed the line of battle as he knew it from Verdun to the sea and the varying fortunes of war from the tragic August 4th to the present. We shall not soon forget the light and shade thrown upon the awful tragedy by this war-worn veteran of many fields and above all the inspiration we received from his unshaken confidence in the final issue.

Again on Friday morning, May 31st, we were specially favoured by a call from Major A. E. Kirkpatrick, of Toronto. He was officer in command of a company on the memorable field of St. Julien, and one

of that brave group who went over to fill the breach in the broken front caused by the frantic retreat of the gassed Moroccans. But 425 in number at first they fought like demons till but a shattered remnant of 100 held the breach. Fighting till surrounded on three sides and enfiladed from the rear and the last shell was gone, they were rushed, captured, and driven in foul-smelling cattle and hog cars to the prison camp in Germany. There they endured two years of vicissitudes and wanton cruelty of prison life. His thrilling episodes and humorous sketches (for even here, humor mingles strangely with the tragic) will long remain to light up the grim realities of war.

Rev. Dr. Buchanan, of Edmonton, left to the students an inspiring message, gleaned from his wide experience in the west. He outlined conditions of education in his own province in comparison with this, the grave dearth of skilled teachers, the primitive conditions there, and the struggle to build broad and firm the foundations of a system which they hoped would be second to none. Alberta had already led the way in a number of movements,—she had been the first to admit woman to her natural place as an equal in the political arena with man, and the results had justified the action, and again she had been the first to adopt province-wide prohibition as a measure of social and industrial reconstruction. He congratulated the students on their excellent chances and urged them to live up to the possibilities of so honoured a profession.

Rev. S. Boal, Chaplain to the Imperial Navy, gave us a pleasing and informing sketch of life in that branch of the service, and added many convincing proofs of the pre-eminent place it holds in the supremacy of the Empire. What it means in this great crisis, not to the Empire alone but to the world was graphically described and the information enforced by striking views of the navy at rest and in action, and of its efficient staff of officers.

The schooling incident to advancement, means the inculcation of truth, honesty, clean speech, thrift, promptness, precision and other manly virtues, and makes for moral force as well as physical perfection. "No parent need be afraid to lend his boy to the British navy. It will make him a man. . . ." "No need to conscript for the navy," was another striking comment, "its name is a talisman that works like magic everywhere."

MAC.

NATIONAL VANITY

What is vanity? If we consult a dictionary we find a long list of synonyms attached to the word but we eventually conclude that the most popular use of the word today is to express self-conceit and we are we are dealing with it in this way.

A person who is entirely without self-conceit will never amount to anything worth while. There is a certain force in a man which says, "I can do that piece of work better than it is being done. I'll do it," or, "if so and so can accomplish that feat, so can I. Is not my ability as great as his?" The result is, very often, that that man, having confidence in his own strength and talents, puts these talents into use and finds that he was not misaken in his self-estimation.

But when the swelling passes from the chest to the head, trouble is apt to follow. Like rheumatism when it reaches the heart, it is fatal. About the best and surest symptom of a bad case of "swelled head,"

is shown in the everyday conversation. If that conversation contains a great deal of what we commonly call "boasting," we may depend upon it that the case requires peculiarly special treatment.

Not but what we are all boasters to some extent. It is born and bred in us.

As children we boasted of our childish accomplishments and possessions. "The child is father of the man," and as we grow older the only difference is in those things whereof we boast.

The worst of it is that if the "patient" continues in the way in which he is going, he inevitably persuades himself that *he* is really the only person of consequence in the whole world and he can hardly see how it would really be possible to run the world without him.

As it is with the individual man, so it is with a nation. As one writer puts it, "One would have to go a very long way—farther, a good deal, than Tipperary—to discover a nation that could honestly boast that it was free from boastfulness. It is as natural for nations to boast as for ducks to waddle."

Probably the greatest nation which is not given to self-praise is China, but there is no doubt that the nation which is suffering most from "Abnormally Swelled Head," is Germany. "After more than half a century of boasting she has persuaded herself that everything and everybody made more than ordinarily well has been German either in racial or national origin."

Bernhardi has no doubt that the Germans are "the greatest civilized people known to history." Houston Chamberlain says, "True History begins when the German with mighty hand seizes the inheritance of antiquity." Dante's face, he describes as "characteristically German," and St. Paul's Epistle to the Galatians, he regards as a "document in which one fancies one hears a German speaking who was exceptionally gifted for the understanding of deepest mysteries." In a speech to his troops the Kaiser said: "Remember that the German people are the chosen of God. On me, as German Emperor, the Spirit of God has descended. I am His weapon, His sword and His vice-gerent. Woe to the disobedient, death to cowards and unbelievers!"

Not only does the Kaiser believe in the divine right of kings but also in the divine right of empires.

If the Jews believed themselves to be the chosen race, then many, many times more do the Germans think the Germans are the favoured people.

We cannot help but admit that the Germans have cause for pride in many things. Their implements of war are wonderfully, terribly perfect, and their system of mobilization was something marvellous.

The Germans think they will be doing a very great kindness to the world by bringing it under their exclusive power. One of the Kaiser's pictures represents the vine of German culture as spreading its shade and its rare and refreshing fruit over the nations of the earth. We, however, do not appreciate this, because, most assuredly, any belief that leaves out the rights and privileges of other nations, is bound to be in the wrong.

No doubt the ruthlessness of the present war is due to Germany's blind self-conceit and this leads us to conclude that national vanity is not a thing to be lightly trifled with.

ELLEN K. BALLARD.

What does Foreman go hunting?
Why! four women, of course!

LAMENT FOR MADAME BLAIZE

(Comic)

Good people all, with one accord,
Lament for Madame Blaize,
Who never wanted a good word—
From those who spoke her praise.

The needy seldom passed her door,
And always found her kind,
She freely lent to all the poor,
Who left a pledge behind.

She strove the neighbourhood to please,
With manners wondrous winning,
And never followed wicked ways,
Except when she was sinning.

At church, in silks and satins new
With hoops of monstrous size,
She never slumbered in her pew,
But when she shut her eyes.

Her love was sought, I do aver,
By twenty beaux or more;
The King himself has followed her—
When she has walked before.

But now her wealth and finery fled,
Her hangers-on cut short all,
The doctors found, when she was dead—
Her last disorder mortal.

Let us lament, in sorrow sore,
For Kent Street well may say,
That had she lived a 12-month more—
She had not died to-day.

EVA H. SOMERVILLE.

"THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH, YIELDING PLACE TO NEW"

In looking back through the histories of the different peoples of the world, we constantly find places of transition from one epoch to the ages of another. The change is sometimes brought about entirely by the exercise of the most profound thought, or it is sometimes accompanied by bloodshed; but no matter how it is done, the benefit of the people concerned is always the matter at stake.

England had notably one great change. The theory of the divine right of kings had held in an inoffensive way for many years, but when the Stuarts overestimated their powers, the theory was cast to the winds, and a new and better era of constitutional government followed.

In ancient Greece, government, art, and luxury were all brought to such a high point of splendour, that at last, through the evils of luxury, this powerful seat of æsthetic taste and civilisation sank into corruption and almost vanished. Eventually, however, from the ashes of Ancient Greece, sprang up a more modern and a less ambitious nation.

By the untiring efforts and exceptional ability of the Grande Monarque, French government, French institutions, and the people of France were raised to a degree which made France rank in a prominent position among the powers of the earth. But here again, the debaucheries of a great grandson, and later, the weakness of the Sixteenth Louis, combined with contemptible meanness and infamy of an ignominious nobility, brought France to the summit of the pinnacle of luxury, whence she fell. From the scattered and broken ruins, nevertheless, arose the great French Republic of to-day.

Though it may not be cheering, it may be comforting to think that we are now taking part in a similar period of transition. If we compare the course of events at the present time with any of those that were mentioned, and many more, we notice a certain resemblance.

One thing we know is certain, and that is that the British Empire had, before the war, reached a state of luxury, which, if it had continued, would have meant eternal downfall. As it was, however, all the other countries of European origin seemed to have reached the same state. Consequently, when the break came in one obscure country, the larger one unknowingly saw that the time had come to revolutionize the white peoples, almost throughout the world.

Whether it is true or not, this offers a fairly satisfactory explanation for the terrific slaughter and destruction as it is being carried on in Europe to-day.

Old forms of government, and old dynasties have been abolished, others are being hurried towards their downfall. Relics of the different branches of ancient architecture are being smashed to atoms. Time-honoured customs, and revered buildings alike are suffering. Lastly, however, comes what effects us more than all these things, the loss from this world of old friends.

Is it possible that God could allow all this to happen merely for the satisfaction of the insatiable greed of the German war-lords for blood, power, and dominion? There are people—prominent people—who think, and openly say this. Can we not find a better explanation, and say that these people lie. Surely we can use the words of the great King Arthur, that he uttered when the Arthurian era drew to its close, "The old order changeth, yielding place to new."

MARGARET TURNER.

PEMBROKE

Canada's Next City

This essay is intended only to give one a fair idea of the beauties and advantages of the thriving town of Pembroke. So numerous are the wonders of the place that I would find it impossible in such limited space to touch upon everything. I will try, however, to deal with the most important features of the town in as satisfactory a way as possible and I earnestly trust that my efforts will meet with your approval. I have great faith in the future of Pembroke and hope that some time in years to come another Normalite will have the pleasure of writing an essay describing it as a city.

The town of Pembroke was founded and the first tree cut for a settlement, on the 24th of May, 1828, by the late Peter White. The founder of the town, like so many other pioneers in Canada, had served his country. He joined the Channel fleet during the year 1812, and in 1813 came to Canada with Commodore Sir James Yeo and five hundred

officers and seamen sent out to man the British fleet on Lake Ontario. He served till the close of the war, and then retired from the navy, and, coming to the Ottawa Valley, engaged in lumbering. In 1827, his partner disappeared, with the proceeds of the sale of their timber, leaving Mr. White to pay the firm's debts, which he did, leaving him penniless. He, however, determined to continue lumbering, and had no trouble in getting financial assistance. At that time no licenses to cut timber were granted. The lumberman went into the woods, prospected and located his grove of pine, blazed the trees around it, marked the blazes with his initials, and started his lumbering operations.

Mr. White was of Scottish parentage, and, with the hardy courage of his race, he, in the fall of 1827, started up the Ottawa from what is now Aylmer, to prospect for timber, and, in his explorations, reached what is now the town of Pembroke, and while waiting in the spring for a canoe to go down the river, started a clearing on what is now the old White homestead.

He moved his family to a home he had built on the site of the now old homestead, began his lumbering operations and prospered fairly. He soon collected round him the workmen necessary for his lumbering operations. He also kept a small store, and, when it became necessary, established a school.

Like Mr. White, many came here to lumber, and made their homes. Others came to work for the lumbermen, and settled on the lands, and carved and burned their homes out of the forests, for nature had done much to make the place a pleasant land to dwell in.

Today Pembroke is an incorporated town with a population of 8,000. It is the county seat of Renfrew County, and is situated on the Muskrat and Indian rivers at their confluence with the Ottawa, which here expands, forming Allumette Lake. No other town in Canada has a more picturesque location. To see Pembroke from the lake front in the evening when the sun is setting is truly one of the prettiest sights of the Ottawa. From the centre of Allumette Lake, the town seems almost to be a forest of maple trees with a church spire, tall public building or business block standing out here and there above the foliage.

A person in the town, however, observes that these maple trees line both sides of all the residential streets.

Pembroke is widely noted as a town of beautiful residences and in that respect has no superior in Canada.

From almost any point in the town one can see across the glassy surface of Allumette Lake, the blue outline of the Laurentain Hills on the Quebec side of the river. The true beauties of Pembroke cannot be imagined by an outsider. One has to visit the town to appreciate its loveliness.

The district surrounding Pembroke is one of the richest agricultural districts in Eastern Canada. The farmers are all well-to-do, while many of them have accumulated fortunes.

The town is located on the main line of two transcontinental railways, the Canadian Pacific and the Canadian Northern, while it has direct connection with the Parry Sound-Ottawa line of the Grand Trunk Railway. Its advantages as a shipping point are therefore plainly evident.

The chief shipments from the town are lumber, grain, steel, office furniture, lumbermen's tools, steel ranges, live stock, flour and produce, woolen goods and shooks.

Three of the largest lumbering concerns in Canada are located in Pembroke: The Pembroke Lumber Company, The Colonial Lumber Company and The Petawawa Lumber Company.

The town contains eight churches, two hospitals, a convent, boarding school, three public schools, a large separate school, a high school, business college, court house, gaol, town hall, moving picture theatre, a large opera house, a splendid drill hall, a huge skating rink, an up-to-date curling rink, three banks, a Carnegie Free Library, several hotels and stores of every description. There are also two weekly papers issued.

Since the outbreak of the war several ammunition factories have been fully equipped and are kept in operation day and night.

The Ottawa river is navigable for fifty miles above the town of Pembroke and for three and one-half miles below the town, and I doubt very seriously if a prettier stretch of river can be found in Canada than that 53 miles. At present the river with its many islands is used as a summer rendezvous almost entirely by the citizens of Pembroke, although a few families from different parts of Ontario and some from the United States visit it every summer. The time is not far distant, however, when the upper Ottawa will be recognized as one of Canada's premier summer resorts and will attract tourists from all parts of the continent.

Enough cannot be said in praise of the beauties of the Upper Ottawa River and of the town of Pembroke. The future of the town is hard to imagine. It is bound to be a city in a very few years.

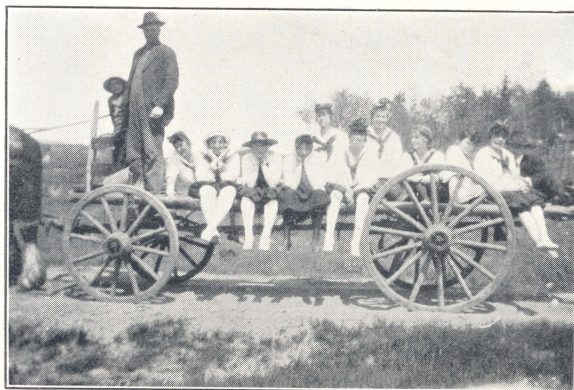
L. ROONEY.

"THE CALL OF THE WILDS"

"Oh! to be at Duchesnay, now that May is here!"

This will be the longing voiced by those who were participants of the joys of that glorious tramp on Victoria Day of 1918.

On that eventful day, the natives of North Bay were suddenly alarmed by the shouts and laughter of Normalites hurrying helter, skelter, down the streets.

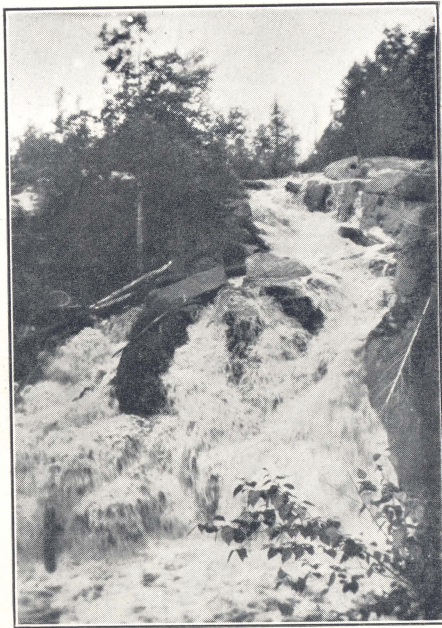


"HO! FOR DUCHESNAY!"

The majority of them were picturesquely clad in gymnasium suits, the better to perform the strenuous exertions awaiting them—to walk to Chesnay and climb the great hills there.

But just here let me hasten to tell you that the Normalites did not walk *all* the way, that day. They rode in state in the wagons of a kindly French-Canadian settler, who seemed very glad of their company, for often there shone in his eyes a merry twinkle. And why not? Can you not hear the singing as they bumped and tumbled along, over culverts, around turns and over that great bridge? This was broken by a chorus of "good-byes" as they all leaped from this rude conveyance to join the leader on the roadside.

Here the real expedition began—and the fun! One might imagine they were old hands at such feats to see them gain the summit of the first rough hill with such lightning rapidity.



DUCHESNAY FALLS

But, a rushing, roaring sound is heard! Oh, to describe the beauty of the young trees sheltering that sandy old lake bottom, the loveliness of the rapids tumbling, tumbling down the steep incline, then branching on the precipice of another long fall, to spread abroad through a wider land a living welcome to explorers to follow up its course to the very source of all this strength! The branches of the sheltering trees hang low as if they knew that youth loves above all other things, surprises. Who could resist the impulse to climb and climb and seek out those surprises? Who could resist the dare that dangerous looking crossings fairly shouted in their ears.

Many were the mishaps of the day. Mr. McDougal can testify that there is many a slip between the hand and the hit. For did he not experience this when he fell into the creek in an attempt to splash one

of the company with a stone? Other misfortunes occurred—hats and rubbers were lost in the foaming waters. Torn stockings, blackened and sunburned faces were the natural result of a rollicking time.

After the repast of roast potatoes, beans, buns and coffee, there followed acrobatic stunts by the athletes. It is sufficient to say that there were no bones broken, and no fractured skulls? Not least of the athletic portion of the evening was an old-fashioned country "hoe down" music? There was a regular orchestra of human voice. Mr. McDougal proved by his ability to call off that the days in the mining camp were still fresh in his memory.

It was with regrets that all joined in singing, "A Perfect Day," before leaving. Then out of devotion to our king, our country, and our boys, a prayer was raised to heaven on their behalf; there—on the sands, mid the woods, by the falls of Du Chesnay.

INDIAN LIFE

The Indians whom I will attempt to describe are the Algonquins of the Golden Lake Reserve. Golden Lake is an expansion of the Bonnechere river in Renfrew County. On the Northern bank of this picturesque body of water is situated the village of Golden Lake, inhabited by some 400 people. This population is increased during the summer by visiting tourists. On the southern bank lies the Indian reserve, consisting of some 40 families. Both village and reserve are centrally located, being on the main line of the G. T. R., and having a branch line running from here into Pembroke, that pretty town with which you are all no doubt acquainted.

Being so centrally situated and surrounded for several months each year with some of the best people of the Ottawa Valley, the rising generation of Indians are vastly different from their forefathers, and even from the race of ten years ago. They are quite desirous of keeping up with the pale faces in the modes of living and social customs, but more particularly in dress. They love pretty clothes and gaudy colours, the poor ones would be your devoted slave for life for a flashy ribbon, a coloured necklace or a silk garment that you can no longer make use of. The richer ones resent this, they dress in the very latest styles and nothing but the most expensive garments suit them.

You may wonder where they obtain money for their expensive clothes. The Indians earn their living through hunting and trapping. They go to the woods early in autumn and return in spring carrying their rich cargoes, for which they receive the very highest prices. Each hunter clears between five and six hundred dollars out of his winter's work.

An Indian does not long remain a rich man. He and the entire family have a regular blow out, they all depart for Pembroke and here visit around and see the sights, fit themselves out in the best the town can afford, then if it is at all possible to obtain their beloved rum, they spend the last cent in purchasing this and return to the Reserve to drink and feast, till rum and bread are all gone and starvation faces them again. But they do not long remain hungry, for they can obtain an abundance of fish and game a few miles up the lake, and then of course the government allows the Indians to kill game out of season, to obtain food for themselves.

In speaking of the hunt there is another incident in connection with it that might prove of interest. I have described the return celebration, the other takes place when the hunters leave in the autumn.

The night preceding their departure another festivity occurs. This is an open air performance and people from the nearby country assemble here to witness this.

The chief (who by the way is a very important personage, who knows everyone's business better than his own) is the leader and general manager of the festivities. They begin by dancing the famous Indian War dance or Pot Latch. The braves are dressed in war paint and feathers and as they dance they sing and send forth the most awful yells that a human being can utter. When one crowd of dancers become tired a fresh band relieves them. This lasted an hour. The next item of interest was a demonstration of fireworks. This to an Indian is most wonderful, they seem to think those ascending rockets really go beyond the clouds, to make this more impressive they build a platform high in the air, forty or fifty steps lead to this, and from the top the chief sends off these rockets into the night. This has not by any means a religious significance but is an old time custom. These rockets are shot forth as a peace offering to the Great Manitou, asking Him to watch over their families during their absence, and for the safe return of the hunters. This is the only place the Indians give any honour to the teacher. The very best rocket is sent forth for her, asking that she may always remain with them to teach their little ones. Evidently this rocket did not reach the pearly gates, else I would not be to-day addressing such an intelligent audience. Next day the hunters depart and peace and quietness reigns on the Reserve till spring.

An Indian home is a small log building. The downstairs is all in one, the furniture is scant and consists of a stove, a table and a few rough benches. The walls are hung with deer skins placed there to dry, and the odor from these is not at all pleasant. One piece of furniture in every hut attracts the eye at once. This is a peculiar looking cradle, suspended by ropes from the ceiling. It is made of willow wands and strong cotton or deer skins. When taken down it resembles a stretcher. This is often strapped to the mother's back when she is doing outdoor work, and the little papoose seems to enjoy this immensely. Indian parents idolize their children and they show their affection by allowing them to grow up like real savages, they are never restrained nor crossed in any way, nor are they taught anything till they are sent to school. The teacher soon discovers that mere school teaching is one of her minor duties. You have an excellent opportunity to know what savage life must have been from the study of these little ones. They come to you not knowing a word of English but overflowing with stubbornness and bad temper. You can always see the temper rising by the flash of the hitherto lifeless eye, then when the passion is at its height those big black orbs protrude till they almost rest on the cheek bone and the expression on the child's face is fearful. If you try to conquer him while in this mood he will surely strike you and the blow will not be an easy one either. But one lesson of this kind was enough, and I learned to ignore him completely till his anger subsided. It does not take long to tame these little savages, but you can only conquer them through kindness, and when once this is done and you have gained the confidence of your class the art of teaching is a pleasure. The children are not stupid, they possess wonderful memory power, but unfortunately they are lazy, and do not wish to change from their happy, carefree outdoor life. They love the water, the trees, the flowers and birds, they are nature's very own and it is with nature they wish to live. Civilization for them tends to weaken the race. They develop tuberculosis at an early age and during my term ten of my pupils died of this dread disease.

In regard to education. The Indian Department at Ottawa has charge of this important topic. They appoint the teacher, also an agent, to see that she carries out instructions faithfully. This agent sends a monthly report to Ottawa regarding the school work, the progress of the class and the attendance. As the agent is always a white man and generally unmarried, of course the reports are always favourable. The Department furnishes all supplies, even to exercise books, ink and pencils. A new school was built the second year I was there and a special part of the basement was set aside for domestic science. A hot dinner was served every day, prepared by the girls under the teacher's guidance. This proved of great benefit to the children, as the girls learned cooking, table manners, etc., and besides became very tidy little housekeepers.

In summer a great deal of work is done outdoors, both as regards general class of work and in connection with the school garden. An acre of ground was under cultivation. Gardening was not at all enjoyed as it involved too much manual labour for an Indian. At last, through bribes, the potatoes were finally hilled. When the work was done, one very weary little fellow came over to me and said in Indian: "Oh, Miss Teacher, if you were only lazy like us, we would all have a grand time here." In conclusion I will tell you a few of the first day's happenings. Twenty braves ventured forth to see the new teacher. Prompt at nine o'clock they arrived, marched in, in Indian file, took their seats and proceeded to size me up. I tried to be very agreeable and friendly and passed around to become acquainted. Not one would speak a word. Finally one big fellow arose and pointing to the others said: "then six girls are Coccos, these lads are partridges, that's a Buckshot and I'm Basid Whiteduck." The names were certainly odd and very confusing. To me they all looked alike and for many days, as far as I could judge, they were all Blackducks. I soon had the second and third classes at work but the babies were too shy to show their savage nature and spent the morning on the floor under the desks. Occasionally a black eye would peep out but as soon as you would glance that way down went the head again. But this bashfulness gradually wears away and in a few weeks they act like the others.

You may ask yourselves if any good ever comes of this seeming waste of time and energy on such a race. Assuredly you are well paid for your work. It is an education to live amongst them. They taught me to love nature and to see beauty where I never before realized it existed. They taught me to fish and swim and paddle a canoe as dexterously as one of themselves. On their part I trust they have gained as much. Three of my former pupils are now in High School. The boys attend the R.C. Continuation School in Eganville. The girl attends Pembroke Convent. All are doing splendid work, especially the latter, who will likely be enrolled here as a student next term. Six of my first year's graduates enlisted in 1915. There are to-day still in the trenches, the other three are also in Flanders, but three white crosses is all that is left to tell of their heroic deeds.

Surely, now, it was worth while to have given the best years of one's life in trying to educate such a race.

L. SCHRUDER.

IN THE YEARS TO COME

'Twas a balmy summer's evening, and the moon was drifting low,
When behold I met a face, I used to know,
It carried me past my twenties back into my teens,
When I was a blushing maiden attending Normal in '18.

But whose was the face you wonder, that could stir up such memories
keen,

Ah! no need to wonder, 'twas the little girl who looked seventeen.
Fair of hair, with blue eyes, she was the one you'd marry, too,
Short of stature, but long of tongue she had married one—'tis true.

That was a dear little face, loved by one and all,
But now she looked it fully, the mother of us all.
No longer does that merry twinkle glint from out her eye,
Now, care has furrowed heavy lines, where that smile used to lie.

She has changed her name from Harrison, 'tis Lafferty I vow,
And many little Billies are calling her mother, "Grandma," now.
I was surprised to find her in that cabin wild
But they say love in a cabin is better than teaching the child.

She longs for the grand old days of forty years ago,
When we two struggled through the exams, then our deadly foe,
No longer does she doubt the word of that imperious man,
Who reigned so long as head and front of the whole Normal clan.

Words said in the heat of anger often do come true,
But words said as class instruction may do so sometimes too,
It still comes back to memory and will for many a day,
What Mr. Casselman prophesied that sunny morn in May.

"You're brimming now with laughter, but yet you'll change your tune,
When in twenty-five years or so, you'll be a pretty prune,"
So now at fifty and nine she's showing care and age
Though little to start with, there's less still now of the girl that was
Shorty H.

PROPHECY ON RUBY HASTIE.

"Mr. and Mrs. J. Hastie announce the marriage of their daughter Margaret Ruby to Rev. Mr. AB. XYZ Goodybest, pastor of the 1st Methodist Church, Manitoulin Is. It is interesting to note that Mrs. Goodybest was superannuated the day before her wedding. Bringing this dowry, that of superannuation, to her husband, was the one and great ambition of her life. It was for this that she molded the tissues of the past generation into good habits. Let us hope that the bride will lead her fond spouse along the lines of social efficiency as she has the children of the past forty years."

It was a lesson in music—simple—duple time.

Mr. Wildgust—"What is another name for couple?"
Miss Prunty—"Twins."

WHERE ARE GROUP "THREE?"

Our camping days were coming to a close. This thought seemed to have sobered us down considerably, for, "dear only knows when we should all meet again." To begin, perhaps I had better explain who "we" are. Why the "Cuthbertson 'Kids,'" as we were commonly known. We had been camping for almost four weeks on the shore of beautiful Lake Temiskaming. The dream of this holiday had been conceived during our Normal School days, but it was never realized till six summers afterwards.

Vida Lee and I had had to "do" the dishes that night, and the remainder of the girls had apparently disappeared. Now our work was finished, and we were resting on the verandah, after our strenuous labour. Moonlight sometimes has a strange effect on us mortals, and to-night our thoughts turned, rather naturally, back to that year of 1917-18. And not without regrets that it was gone forever—for, of course, everyone had passed!

Vida set the ball rolling by asking me whether or not I had heard of Florence Jones lately. In a minute her picture flashed before my mind, and I paused before replying, allowing memories to come and go.

"Florence," I queried. "Well, do you know, Florence surprised me greatly. I don't know just what I had planned for her to do, but anyway she is directing a school for soldiers' orphans, and it is acknowledged to be one of the most up-to-date schools of the West. Oh! yes. It is in Brandon. Isn't that great?"

"Did you know that Della Laing was the soprano soloist of the Huntsville Band?" here interrupted Vida. "Hazelle Bushfield is married, but I don't know where she lives. Let's see, who was it boarded with them? Emma Olsen! She's just now preparing a new Grammar Text Book, for use in the Public Schools. Do you remember how she used to answer in grammar with Mr. MacDougal?"

That set us thinking of Group III., our old class, and we began tracing out each one's career, as far as we could. We started with Ethel Luckens, and it took a long time to get it all untangled. You know how it would be, each name would bring up so many memories and so many laughs, that it took nearly all evening. Vida's cushions slipped down no less than thirteen times, for I kept count, and I fell out of the hammock once. Taking it all together, we had a rather interesting time.

But to go back to Ethel. By comparing notes, we found that Ethel was Supervisory Principal of the Port Arthur Public Schools. That truly sounds imposing, but she deserved it. Eunice Luckey—she used to sit with Ethel—has married a Presbyterian minister and settled down in her home town of Warren. But just at this stage Hazelle came up from the shore; do you remember Hazelle with the multitude of names? May I whisper something? Hazelle wears a diamond—and a wedding ring. In fact, she's our chaperone! That at any rate turned out as I expected, but perhaps I shouldn't boast too much of my prophetic powers.

"What are you doing?" she called.

"Merely seeing how many Group 'Three-ers' are old maids at the present time," was the answer.

"Pooh! that's easy." Do you remember that "Pooh" was a favourite expression of Lillian Dean's? By the way, she's married and living on a farm in Northern British Columbia, and eight miles from a railway at that! Poor Lillian.

So "Pooh," said Hazelle, "that's easy. There are some of us married. There's Marcella McElligot, she married Senator 'Do-Hicky.' Marjorie MacKay, of course, got her Brigadier. And, there's me, I know that's wrong, but still there is me."

"Yes," I broke in, "I think it was a terrible shame for Marcella to waste her brains on any mere man, and I only hope that Marjorie is happy."

"I want to tell you something funny," Vida exclaimed. "Annie Laurie MacLaren and Ella McCullough are each vocal instructors, the one in Kingston and the other in Prince Rupert. And that reminds me to tell you that Erma Monteith is a lady's maid in China; and Beryl is the civil engineer of Dawson City. Do you remember Harriet Neill? She's touring the world for the second time, in an airplane. Yes, and we've an M.P., a doctor, a lawyer, and I don't know what else. Henrietta Moloney represents Parry Sound at Ottawa, and needless to say Powassan is the most popular town along the line. Annie MacNamara is a doctor at Timmins, and Lila Lavelle, a lawyer at the Soo. But would you believe it, the latest sensation of New York is Jessie McRae! Her most recent escapade was driving down Broadway on a load of hay, driven by a team of oxen." At last Vida was forced to stop for want of breath, so Hazelle helped her out.

"Yesterday I saw Tillie. I told you girls, but I didn't tell you where it was. It was the most desolate place on earth, not far north of here, and Tillie was busy—chasing the chickens out of the house. Marguerite Mitchell is studying art in Italy; Olive Langley is a missionary somewhere near the South Pole. Meron Lidkea is managing a gent's furnishing store at Guelph. Dorothea McBurney went to Paris to study elocution and spoke so eloquently on the "Northland" that they are sending her there to stay. Oh, my goodness! I forgot Mill McHaney altogether. At present she's living at Kincardine, recuperating from the strain of her work. You know she was Lt.-Col. of the First Woman's Battalion from Ontario in 1920. Grace Longmoore was simply grand in that last play of hers, I thought. Wasn't she lucky to have Charlie Chaplin take care of her so well? I really think that's all I know, but Vida, I never thought in those dear old days to find you a dancing instructress. And you," she turned to me, but I succeeded in stopping her.

"You have forgotten some, I think. Wasn't Vivian McLean in our class? Just now she's demonstrating complexion powders. Daisy Meadows is captain of a boat on Hudson Bay; Kate MacKay is just now busy on a new novel; Eva Langley is Canadian Ambassadress at Madrid, Lula MacKay? Well, she's married, too and I think—it must be to Rockefeller's youngest son. But such a contrast! Poor Francis Lockridge married an Italian, and a red-headed one at that. They keep a fruit store in North Bay!"

"And they all lived happily ever afterwards," we concluded, sleepily.

EVA MACCAULEY.

"AU REVOIR"

The year closed auspiciously with an evening gathering which partook of both a social and literary nature. The friends of the students shared the pleasures of the occasion. The following programme was presented in a most efficient and enjoyable manner.

NORTH BAY NORMAL SCHOOL

1. Chorus—"Johnny, Get Your Hoe"Students
2. AddressPresident Vida M. Lee
3. Piano Solo—"Mountain Streams"Miss Kron
4. Vocal Solo—"Amarello"Miss Laing
5. Pantomime—"Annie Laurie"Students
6. Prohecies of Division III.Read by Miss Laidlaw
Miss MacAulay.
7. "The Northern Star"Read by Miss McLaren
Monthly Magazine.

1. Piano Solo—"Hark! Hark! The Lark".....Miss McTeigue
2. Reading—"He Was Scotch and So Was She".....Miss Lee
3. Illustrated Song—"Comin' Thro' the Rye" ..Miss Church in Highland
Costume

Miss McRae, Soloist.
Miss Wright, Accompanist.

4. ValedictoryMiss Prunty
5. Prophecies of Year 1917-1918Read by Miss Costello
6. Vocal Solo—"Tatters"Miss B. Monteith
7. AddressPrincipal A. C. Casselman
8. Chorus—"Cherry Song"Students

God Save the King.

The material and rendition were both of a high order and well sustained the reputation of the year. The address by Principal Casselman was trenchant but timely, warning against too hopeful an outlook for democracy and reminding us that the remedy for world wrongs lies largely in our own hands. Political and industrial forces seemed to be taking the chance of a pre-occupied public, to entrench themselves and opposing factions were sparring for position which one or other desired to make permanent to the undoing of its opponent. Let the teacher do his part in safe-guarding the coming generation. The Pantomime was delicately rendered and most instructive. The prophecies caught the subtler phases of character of those they touched and were wholesome and mirth-provoking. The Valedictory was a model in matter, style and presentation. It could with difficulty be excelled and reflects every credit on the author. But to specify is invidious. Every number was excellent and the programme furnished a creditable close to a good year.

Not less pleasing was the social part of the function which followed, "where youth and beauty chased the glowing hours with flying feet," in sportive games and chiefly in gracing the art of mirthful Terpischore. The event will fill a pleasant place in the memoirs of 1917-1918.

MAC,

PROPHECIES

Let us gaze into the crystal and pierce the veil of the future. I see a small form bent over an easel, at her feet are fine black cats and sheaves of maple leaves. She is drawing, drawing, drawing. She turns; the features seem familiar. Ah, it is Lilian Deans the world's famous artist.

Our eyes behold the maddening whirl on the busy thoroughfare—women, women, everywhere; they rush; they push; they strain their ears to catch the enchanted words of their demagogue, words that breathe the very essence of religion and suffrage, two in one.

As we sway forward with the eager crowd we catch but a glimpse of her fair face, and lo! is not that face familiar?—In very surety it is none but the winsome Mary Gray of group 2, North Bay Normal School. How came you there fair demagogue? There comes but one reply—90 marks in religious instruction.

Extract from the Student's Year Book for the year 1949-50.

On the evening of February 14th Robert P. Dawson, Esq., Public School Inspector for Patricia County, gave his annual address to the students. He spoke on "Electricity and the Memory," a subject in which the intellectual world is much interested at present.

Mr. Dawson attended this school over thirty years ago and has ever since paid a yearly visit to the scene of his enlightenment.

Fifteen years ago he became Principal of the Moose Factory Collegiate Institute and eight years ago was appointed Public School Inspector for all Patricia County which was then a district.

Despite his declining years, Mr. Dawson is still acutely active and is looking forward to enjoying many more years of bachelor's bliss in his inspectorate.

STUDENT ORGANIZATIONS

Literary Society

FALL TERM, 1917.

Hon. President: A. C. Casselman.

President: Donald McVicar.

Vice-President: Edna V. Curboys.

Secretary: Vida Lee.

Treasurer: Thomas Orr.

Committee: Div. 1—Tena Christilaw.

Div. 2—Florence Jones.

Div. 3—Erma Monteith.

Div. 4—Margaret Wright.

SPRING TERM, 1918.

Hon. President: A. C. Casselman.

President: Vida M. Lee.

1st Vice-President: Annie H. Costello.

2nd Vice-President: Florence Jones.

Secretary: Louise Roney.

Treasurer: Thomas E. Orr.

- Committee:* Div. 1—Adele M. Blanchard, Ila I. Brown.
 Div. 2—Margaret R. Hastie, Aldene A. Hastings.
 Div. 3—Henrietta Moloney, Eunice S. A. Luckey.
 Div. 4—Margaret E. Turner, Everett C. Ireland.
Pianists: Margaret T. Wright (1917); Margaret R. Hastie (1918).

Editorial Staff—"The Northern Star"

Supervising Editor: J. B. MacDougall.

Editors-in-Chief.

Robert W. McDonald (1917); Gertrude M. Floyd (1918).

Sub-Editors.

Mildred M. McHaney, Roy C. Cassie (1917).
 Elizabeth B. Halliday, Robert P. Dawson (1918).

Reporters.

Doris E. Armstrong, Della B. Laing, Henrietta Moloney (1917);
 Ellen K. Ballard, Edna V. Curboys, Elsie Ferguson,
 Erma M. Monteith, Eva H. Somerville (1918).

Red Cross Society

Hon. President: J. B. MacDougall.

Hon. Vice-President: Miss Mayme C. Kay.

President: Elsie Ferguson.

Vice-President: Eva V. Langley.

Secretary: Ellen K. Ballard.

Treasurer: Jessie McRae.

Executive Committee: Div. 1—Eva M. Chritilaw, Edna V. Curboys.
 Div. 2—Ella M. Harrison, Ina Laidlaw.
 Div. 3—Frances L. Lockeridge, Vivian L. McLean.
 Div. 4—Weltha G. Smith, Daisy A. Thorburn.

Sewing Committee: Chairman, Marcella McElligot; Secretary, Edna M. Monteith; Supply Com., Amelia Palleck.

Knitting Committee: Elizabeth Halliday, Mona B. Thompson, Della B. Laing and Mildred L. Sims.

Athletic Association

Supervisor of Sports: Florence Jones.

President: Aldene Hastings.

Vice-President: Dorothy McBurney.

Secretary: Ila L. Brown.

Treasurer: Ella M. Harrison.

Executive Committee: Div. 1—Edith S. Ditchburn.
 Div. 2—Ina Laidlaw.
 Div. 3—Mildred M. McHaney.
 Div. 4—Vera M. Watson.
 Boys—Ralph Forman, Everett C. Ireland.

Conveners: Basketball (Girls)—Dorothy McBurney.
 Baseball (Girls)—Ella M. Harrison.
 Volley-Ball (Girls)—Mildred M. McHaney.
 Tennis (Girls)—Vera M. Watson.
 Basketball (Boys)—Everett C. Ireland.
 Baseball (boys)—Ralph Forman.

MODEL SCHOOL CLASS

Session, 1917

1. Bucknell, Ellen..... Providence Bay.
2. Cooper, Helene..... Harmony.
3. Crozier, Isabelle..... Burk's Falls.
4. Doyle, Mary..... R. R. No. 1, Saulte Ste Marie, Ont.
5. Finnerty, Cecilia M..... Copp.
6. Fleming, Vida..... Hillside
7. Green, Thelma..... Baysville
8. Hollingsworth, Ruby E..... Bar River.
9. Houghton, Dora A..... Heaslip.
10. Hunter, Yvetta..... Magnetewan.
11. McIver, Kate C..... Desbarats.
12. Montgomery, Olea M..... Haileybury.
13. Partridge, Sadie G..... Echo Bay.
14. Plank, Barbara H..... Acton.
15. Spiers, Violet..... Huntsville.
16. Wilkinson, Cora M..... Echo Bay.

STUDENTS OF NORTH BAY NORMAL SCHOOL, SEPTEMBER, 1917, TO JUNE, 1918

1. Aitchison, Edna M..... Milberta.
2. Allcock, Edna..... 169 Spring St., Sault Ste Marie, Ont.
3. Anderson, Alice B..... Kincardine.
4. Anderson, Pearl M..... R. R. No. 1, Westmeath.
5. Armstrong, Doris E..... Bracebridge.
6. Atkinson, Alma L..... Rosseau.
7. Ballard, Ellen K..... Hawkesville.
8. Bannister, Mary..... Southampton.
9. Beley, Lucy M..... Rosseau.
10. Best, Gertrude M..... Smith's Falls.
11. Blanchard, Adele M..... Belleville.
12. Boland, Mary J..... R. R. No. 2, Eganville.
13. Brioux, Marie A., (Sr. M. Armeme) Mt. St. Joseph, Peterborough.
14. Cull, Clara, Sr. M. Afra..... Mt. St. Joseph, Peterborough.
15. Fontaine, Juliette, (Sr. M. Albina.) Mt. St. Joseph, Peterborough.
16. Brown Ila I. 100 Brant St. Orillia.
17. Buchanan, Catharine..... Gore Bay.
18. Burse, Georgia, M. A..... Ridgeway.
19. Case, Annie G..... Pakenham.
20. Chambers, Mary A..... Flint.
21. Christilaw, Eva M..... Blind River.
22. Christilaw, Tena M..... Blind River.
23. Clarke, Marjory H..... R. R. No. 1, Rankin.
24. Costello, Annie H..... 1523 Walsh St. Fort William.
25. Cunningham, Hildegard..... Simcoe.
26. Curboys, Mrs. Edna V..... 69 Little St., Haileybury.
27. Currier, Josephine A..... Eganville.
28. Deans, Lilian..... 549 Eighth St., Owen Sound.
29. Ditchburn, Edith S..... Rosseau.
30. Donaghy, Thelma..... Colborne.
31. Duff, Ida M..... Kincardine.
32. Edwards, Laura J..... Rockwood.
33. Ellis, Eva..... Powassan.
34. Ferguson, Elsie..... Richard's Landing.

35. Finch, Alice M. Powassan.
36. Floyd, Gertrude M. Nipissing.
37. Gerber, Marie J. Nipissing.
38. Giroux, Corinne. Pembroke.
39. Godin, Muriel. Eganville.
40. Gray, Mary. Blind River.
41. Greer, Nellie E. E. Stayner.
42. Guest, Laura M. 10 Grace St., Sault Ste. Marie.
43. Halliday, Elizabeth B. Box. 369, Cobalt.
44. Harrison, Ella M. R. R. No. 1, Bayfield.
45. Hastie, Margaret R. Sheguiandah.
46. Hastings, Florence A. 67 Spring St., Sault Ste Marie.
47. Hemphill, Christina. Pembroke.
48. Honsberger, Lilian. Stayner.
49. Irving, Jean C. Markdale.
50. Ebba Johnson. 625 Third Ave. S., Kenora.
51. Jones, Florence. Jordan Station.
52. Kearney, Marie A. Eganville.
53. Kelly, Josephine F. Colborne.
54. Kelly, Mary E. North Temiskaming.
55. Kirk, Annie H. M. Thornloe.
56. Kron, Esther E. 525 Second Ave. S., Kenora.
57. Laffoley, Yvonne. 1117 Donald St., Fort William.
58. Laidlaw, Ina. Lion's Head.
59. Laing, Della B. Huntsville.
60. Langley, Eva V. Hanover.
61. Langley, Olive M. Hanover.
62. Lavelle, Lila M. Udney.
63. Lee, Vida M. New Liskeard.
64. Lidkea, Meron A. North Bay.
65. Lockbridge, Frances L. Wingham.
66. Longmoore, Grace E. 434 Albert St., Sault Ste Marie.
67. Luckens, Ethel E. Flint.
68. Luckey, Eunice S. A. Warren.
69. McBurney, Dorothy. Widdifield.
70. McCauley, Eva M. 1396 Third Ave. E, Owen Sound.
71. McCullough, Ella M. Eauclaire.
72. McElligott, Mary M. Eganville.
73. McHaney, Mildred M. Southampton.
74. McKay, Lulu E. Cobden.
75. McLean, Vivian L. 137 Front St. Owen Sound.
76. MacNamara, Annie C. Madoc.
77. McPherson, Hazell, G. B. 1202 Fourth Ave. E., Owen Sound.
78. McRae, Jessie. Gravenhurst.
79. McTeigue, Clotilde J. Port Arthur.
80. MacKay, Kate A. Bruce Mines.
81. MacKay, Marjory C. Bruce Mines.
82. MacLaren, Annie Laurie. Kenmore.
83. Meadows, Daisy. Feronia.
84. Mitchell, Emma M. Smith's Falls.
85. Moloney, Henrietta. Powassan.
86. Monteith, Beryl E. C. Powassan.
87. Monteith, Erma M. Powassan.
88. Neill, Harriett E. Thornloe.
89. Olsen, Emma. Rainy River.
90. Palleck, Amelia. Fort William, Ont..
91. Perry, Sirilla A. 56 Scott St., Orillia.
92. Prunty, Clothilde. Kearney.
93. Quirt, Gertrude L. North Bay.
94. Roney, Louise. Pembroke.

95. Schruder, Mary L.....Eganville.
96. Secor, Edith R.....North Bay.
97. Sims, Mildred L.....Manitowaning.
98. Smith, Weltha G.....Bridgeburg.
99. Somerville, Eva H.....R. R. No. 3, Chesley.
100. Spence, Ella M.....Fordwich.
101. Stephenson, Dorothy M.....New Liskeard.
102. Thompson, Mona B.....Webbwood.
103. Trotter, Wilhelmina.....620 Wellington St. Sault Ste Marie.
104. Thorburn, Daisy A.....Gore Bay.
105. Turner, Margaret E.....Phelpston.
106. Walker, Flora.....Huntsville.
107. Watkinson, Lilian.....217 Cumming St., Fort William.
108. Watson, Vera M.....Englehart.
109. Weishar, Gertrude T.....222 N. Marks St., Fort William.
110. Workman, Mary G.....Pembroke.
111. Wright, Margaret T.....Gore Bay.
112. Cassie, Roy C.....Elora.
113. Dawson, Robert P.....Box 84, North Bay.
114. Forman, Ralph.....R. R. No. 1, Inwood.
115. Ireland, Everett C.....R. R. No. 6, Trenton.
116. McDonald, Robert W.....R. R. No. 2, Woodford.
117. McVicar, Donald H.....Flesherton.
118. Orr, Thomas E.....Flesherton.

THE PASSING OF DR. PYNE

Minister of Education

This volume would be quite incomplete did it fail to take note of the recent change in educational leadership in the province. Some fourteen years since, Hon. Dr. A. R. Pyne was called to the distinguished office of head of the Department of Education of the province. He had an honoured record to maintain from the famous founder of the system, Dr. Egerton Ryerson, through a select list of eminent educators. The times were critical. The party had been swept into power on the flood-tide of popular feeling which was unfavourable to the previous regime. Education was not the crucial issue but it was a trust which in the final accounting affected citizens of every rank and the country looked with no little solicitude to those who were placed in charge.

He brought to his task more of the qualities of the popular administrator than of the academician. He stood outside the ranks of the profession, and was bondsman to no tradition; he approached his task, therefore, with an openness of mind and a receptivity that was refreshing. As a result his regime has been both constructive and progressive. Among the many measures of a salutary nature, a few stand out clearly, such as, the revision of and reduction in the cost of text-books, the re-construction of the teacher-training system, the improvement of teachers' status and salaries, and superannuation. The first named was a measure of public economy and protection for the masses, the others tended largely to elevate and stabilize the profession and all met with popular approval.

But the matter of greatest import to us are the measures taken to ameliorate conditions in the north. 1904, the year of the Minister's advent to office, was an historic year in the evolution of the province. In that year, or in the fall of the previous year, rich discoveries of

silver and, a few years later, still richer areas of gold were made. The tide of travel soon turned northward. Population hived about these discoveries and shifted nervously from point to point as the phantom will-o-the-wisp settled momentarily now here, now there. Home-seekers felt the impulse and soon not only the mining but the great untenanted farm areas were being peopled by thousands from all quarters of the land. Population trebled in a few years. It was the privilege of the writer to join this restless tide of humanity and plant educational facilities at every settling point so that no child might suffer. Here, too, was a chance for adaptation and constructive energy on the part of the central authorities. The minister called into consultation the only men who knew—the men on the ground—and responded without hesitation to the urgent and sweeping demands of an unprecedented situation. Traditional procedures were largely ignored, new schedules of grants were devised which trebled those of earlier years and special necessary aid was rendered in building and general maintenance in needy sections. The teacher problem, too, was vital and was vigorously grasped. A Normal School was located at North Bay, operating under special conditions to promote the manning of the northern schools with teachers of the highest grade, and the fruits of the movement are much in evidence.

On the whole the educational interests of the province have been well cared for. Dr. Pyne has passed from the active leadership of education with the well-earned respect of the profession and the public at large. His sincerity and his loyalty to the cause none can question, and it will be for the worthy successor on whom his mantle has fallen to perpetuate his spirit, to carry to successful fruition the salutary movements he has set afoot, and devise such others as will suit these changing and critical times in the history of the province if it would continue to hold the premier place in the first colony of Empire.

MAC.



