

**NORTH BAY  
NORMAL SCHOOL  
YEAR BOOK  
1918-19**



THE  
SEVENTH ANNUAL  
YEAR BOOK

*incorporating, in part,*  
"THE RISING SUN"  
THE STUDENTS' MAGAZINE

JUNE, 1919

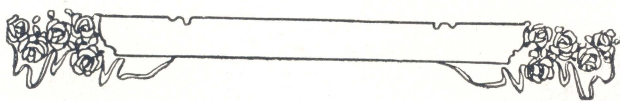


"FORSITAN ET HAEC OLIM MEMINISSE IUVABIT."

—*Vergil*

(And perchance in days to come it will delight you to remember these things.)





## To the Builders of the North

Bold wielders of conquest on bastioned Laurentians,  
Who burrow the mountains God first brought to birth,  
Whose keen blades carve fortune from forests primeval,  
Whose echoing blows ring round the listening earth;

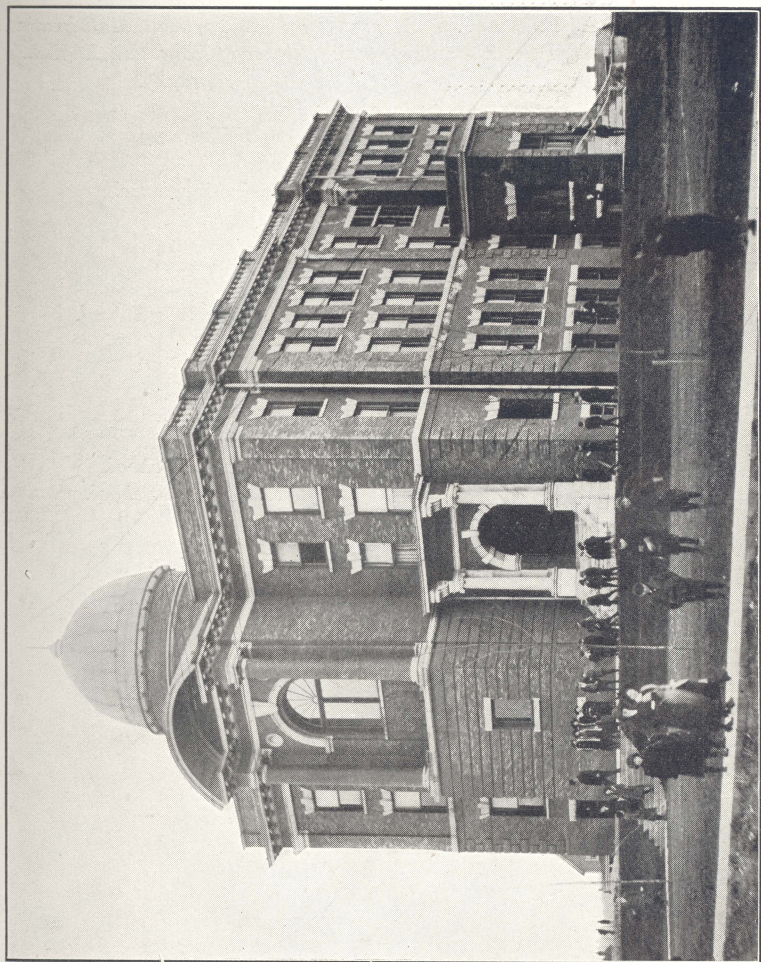
Who, by day, see your tall pines, tempest-swept, proudly waving,  
Their trackless depths bathed in immovable calm,  
Who, from flickering camp-fires, look to flaming auroras,  
Mystic lure of the lone train, gleam of promise to man;

Bow ye not, sons of battle, low-born ambitions  
Of greatness by plunder that sap by their sway,  
But yield ye alone to these God-fashioned visions  
That crown you by night, and that gird you by day.

And build ye a race, toil-bred sons of the Northland,  
As your stately pines straight, as your granite hills strong,  
Thew-knit, supple-sinewed, soul and body puissant,  
Britain's vanguard in right and her bulwark 'gainst wrong.

J. B. MacDOUGALL.





NORMAL SCHOOL



**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. RAMSAY.....*Instructor: 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 M. R. BUTCHART.....*Directress: Queen Victoria School.*  
 MISS C. PUTMAN.....*Assistant: " " "*

**Model School**

J. B. STEWART.....*Headmaster.*  
 J. H. LOWERY.....*Principal: King Edward School.*  
 MISS E. A. TRENOUTH.....*Assistant: Queen Victoria School.*  
 MISS M. COLLINS....." " " "  
 MISS A. PHILLIPS....." " " "  
 MISS A. M. BRETT....." " " "  
 MISS B. McLAUGHLIN....." " " "  
 MISS E. M. HAUGH....." " " "  
 MISS N. M. DENEAU....." " " "  
 MISS E. G. LEVY....." " " "  
 MRS. D. TILLEY....." " " "  
 MISS G. KING....." " " "  
 MISS A. ARMITAGE....." " " "  
 MISS V. WHITE.....*Assistant: King Edward School.*  
 MISS M. G. KELSALL....." " " "  
 MISS W. J. SANGSTER....." " " "  
 MISS M. PARK....." " " "

**Rural Affiliated Schools**

MISS E. LUCKENS.....*S. S. No. 5, Widdifield.*  
 MISS V. FENNELL.....*S. S. No. 1 (b) Ferris.*



**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 scholastic year has closed. The magic wand that peopled the corridors with sprightly forms and expectant faces has reversed its mystic movement and all have vanished. Never again will they re-group themselves under the same happy auspices. But each life has made its contribution to, and, in turn, carried thither its share of the composite spirit of the school.

And that spirit is unique. It is of a type with the land the institution serves. For the North is different. It is closer to the great heart of nature, to the source of things. Its forests stand in their primeval glory; its lakes lie like uncut jewels in the setting of her emerald hills; its crystal streams ripple on with all their pristine freshness; the wild things of the woods roam undisturbed through its untenanted solitudes; and men and institutions alike must unconsciously catch and reflect something of the spirit.

It is not long before the students, drinking in the elixir of northern airs, reveal the change in increased vitality and improved physique. Soon, too, they become heirs to that incurable optimism that pervades the north, that freshness and buoyancy of spirit, and withal that air of mutual helpfulness and good comradeship that lightens labor and gives a real zest to life, a legacy worth the coming far to find.

The year was scarcely well under way when its course was interrupted by that far-flung epidemic that took greater toll of human life than even the war. We were fortunate enough not to lose any of our members, but though it cost us but three weeks in actual time, work was to some extent disorganized, public functions were intermitted, the literary society was discontinued till the new year, and "The Rising Sun," the organ of the school, suffered temporary eclipse and did not re-appear till late in spring, but, we are glad to say, with added brilliancy.

The Normal School has not lacked manhood of that strength and decision to accept a challenge at any cost, when a great cause is at stake. The past four years have furnished such a challenge, and our lists show that we have not, in turn, failed to furnish the men. Year by year took toll of our best and bravest, and this has been no exception. Sadder still, however, that when the messenger of victory was expected, instead the pale messenger of death appeared. So was it to Corporal C. W. McCann and Sergeant Oliver Christie, reference to whose tragic end is made elsewhere in this volume. In the dark hours just before the dawn their lives ebbed away. But nobly had they done their part to usher in the happier day. Eight such lives is the contribution of the Normal to the cause of liberty. May their names never fade from memory's escutcheon, and their example ever live to inspire those who follow.

Significant events have marked the history of the year that is gone. For long the war had hung in uncertain issue. Then came the fiercest and what proved to be the final blow. It breached the walls of our defence and threatened to sweep on to victory. We watched the outcome with bated breath. But the mighty instrument of war had spent its force, and, backward hurled, the minions of autocracy plead for peace. November the eleventh will forever remain an historic date, a pivotal point on which the history of the ages turns. The formal articles of peace were signed on June 28th. We trust it is the dawn of a

new era when men shall have learned the better way. But we are struck by the impenitence, the self-complacency, the blatant Pharasaism of the defeated foe. Conquered but not convicted, the arch-criminal turns prosecutor; the defendant, judge. The age-long lesson must again be learned, "Not by might nor by power, but by . . . Spirit." Silent forces can alone transform. Here home and school step in and take their rightful place; these are the real nation-builders, and to the teacher Canada to a large extent entrusts her destiny. We know that he will not prove recreant to his duty, but will lay, safe and sound, the principles upon which alone we may base sure and sound the fabric of individual and national character.

J. B. MacDOUGALL.

---

### DR. JOHN SEATH

On March 16th, 1919, the death occurred in Toronto of Dr. John Seath, Superintendent of Education for Ontario.

Dr. Seath was born in Scotland in 1884. He was a graduate of Glasgow University and of Queen's College, Belfast. He taught in Oshawa, Dundas and St. Catharines High Schools before he was made Inspector of High Schools. For about thirteen years Dr. Seath held the position of Superintendent of Education for Ontario, and was still at that work when death called him.

We students of the North Bay Normal School have never had the opportunity of meeting Dr. Seath personally. Frequent reference to him, however, by those who knew him well, have given us an idea of his untiring energy in the work in which he spent his life. We have admired his uprightness of character and his straightforward ways, and are able in some small way to realize what Ontario has lost by the death of Dr. John Seath.

GABRIELLE BOURKE.

---

### BOOKS AND CULTURE

It is said that writers of merit have exhausted the topics of prime importance and that elevated composition is not looked upon with favor at the present time. The popular desire, it would seem, is to be amused, and books presenting ideas such as may be found in the passing novel are preferred. To whatever extent this taste may be indulged by our present day readers, it is very consoling to know that there is a steady growth in the number of those who appreciate the classics, and who give due praise to sincere endeavor.

The subject of books is very familiar, but their relation to life is as full of novelty as are the seasons. The noblest type of literary effort springs from the knowledge of that which leads to harmony in the world of reason. Works of literature incite us also to an appreciation of the numerous beauties that enchant the eye, and unfold an ever varying charm to our homes and surroundings. If we acquire such intimacy with books as fully to understand their mission, we shall find in them as many delights as in friendship itself.

Because of the dependance of one age on another, our minds live on through books, those jewels which come to us by the same slow process as do the sapphires or the diamonds, and which demonstrate clearly



the value of effort in the fleeting hours of time. Man is made to realize that life is but a school; and with the aid of books he advances across the span of years with the calm assurance of one whose belief in the destiny of man is his most precious possession.

Many are not given the advantage of spending their youth under the guiding spirit of a good school. Indeed, from pressure of circumstances, these will always be the greater number. To them books will always be the greatest blessings. However, Carlyle says that the best university in the world is a great public library; and when one becomes a frequenter of that corner where the world's best literature is to be found, and can proclaim himself a lover of books, then will he realize the truth of the assertion.

A good description of the direct and living power that literature has on the mind may be found in the tribute paid to the authors of the Victorian age by the late Sir Wilfrid Laurier, when, in 1900, he addressed the Canadian Parliament on the death of Queen Victoria. His words show how the moral tone of the authors reflects the court manners of the times: "To the eternal glory of the literature of the reign of Queen Victoria be it said that it was pure and free from the grossness which disgraced it in former ages. Happy, indeed, is the country whose literature is of such a character that it can be the intellectual food of the family circle, that it can offer assurance that, while the mind is improved, the heart is not polluted."

And why can we not in our own day do something to give a more uplifting and healthy tone to our reading? Our efforts would raise the national character to a spirit of justice and duty. In the event of this, literature would once again lift itself and soar, like a snow-white dove, to its proper sphere of happy truth and sweet enjoyment.

SISTER M. ELEANOR.

### THE OLD STONE CHIMNEY

Over there stands an old stone chimney. It rises about twenty feet into the air in the centre of an old apple orchard. The four walls which surrounded it have long since crumbled, but the hearthstone and the grey chimney of hewn stone remain intact. Brambles have now grown up around the hearthstone where merry children once played.

Fifteen feet in front of the chimney lilac bushes blossom every spring. They make one wonder if, many years ago, a tired mother came to the door of the cottage to be refreshed by their fragrance.

Many stories are told about the little house of which the old stone chimney alone remains, and of the many, this is one:

Seventy-five years ago Lord Elgin, during his stay in Canada, made a tour through western Ontario. He visited Galt, and from there went to Guelph. News of his coming preceded him and a committee was chosen to meet him. He came to Guelph on one of the roads built by Colonel Talbot, and with great ceremony he was escorted to the best house, of which the old stone chimney alone remains.

There a bountiful feast was spread, and afterward Lord Elgin talked to the people of the dear homeland which they had left. The people who were there are gone, and only the old stone chimney on the Waterloo road is left to remind us of former days.

BEATRICE DINSMORE.

## HOW LOGS ARE SKIDDED

Let us go to the woods with the shantymen some autumn morning and see what they are doing. The men scatter about and each man's work seems different from that of his companion. Each one has a definite part of the work and he does nothing else. We shall consider these tasks in turn.

Over here two men are cutting down a stately maple. With a great crash it falls heavily to the ground. The choppers move on and another man steps up. He cuts the limbs off the tree and leaves it ready to be sawn into logs. Now the sawyers come. They saw the tree into sixteen, eighteen or twenty-foot logs. Behind the sawyers walks the trail-cutter. He receives this name from the fact that he makes a path, or trail, for the teamster. Here he lops off a limb that is in the way—there he cuts down a small tree or picks up a broken branch. Then he follows the sawyers to another tree.

You hear a snatch of song—the singer is the teamster. He drives his team up the path made by the trail-cutter and fastens a chain around the first log cut. How skilfully he drives. The log does not bump against a single tree. Finally he brings the log up in front of the skidway, which is where the logs are piled. At the close of the season they are loaded on sleighs from there.

The rollers throw a chain around the log and pass one end to the man on the top of the skidway. He fastens it to the logs, and by a system of chains and pulleys the log is rolled.

The teamster slowly drives away with one chain, while the rollers steady the log as it goes up the skids. The man on top catches it with his canthook and pulls it into place. The teamster then drives away for another log.

MAUDE EDGERTON.

---

## A PRAYER

By Louise Townshend Nicholl

(Selected)

Just to be pitiful and kind is all I ask;  
To help someone who does not love his task  
Of living, or someone who is blind  
To joy, or very weary or afraid.  
I am so young, so useless now.  
Heart of the World, let me more plainly feel thy throbbing!  
Just to be pitiful and kind is all I ask.

---

A Cleveland paper remarks: "Just as the former Kaiser expected and prophesied, German ships are now landing troops in New York."

---

The Baltimore "American" says that at the peace table there are many German waiters.



### THE CITY OF NORWICH

We seldom hear of the beautiful old English city of Norwich, yet in size and population it exceeds Toronto. It belongs, however, to the past rather than to the present. Its cathedrals, its castles, its fine old castles and its narrow streets belong to the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. Even in England, where few cities are modern, Norwich is famed for its age. For many centuries it has been the chief town in East Anglia. Even as long ago as the time of the early Britons there was a large settlement there. Later, the Romans considered the town as being of sufficient importance to merit the protection of one of their strongest camps.

In time the East Anglian kings held their courts at Norwich, and later the city became the seat of the Norman lords who ruled over eastern England. The city rapidly increased in size and importance, until, during the thirteenth century, it claimed to be, next to London, the greatest city in southern England.

The Norwich of to-day is hardly counted as one of the great cities because it has few industries and practically no factories. The fame of the city of Norwich rests upon what it has been, rather than what it is or will become.

ETHEL SAYER.



Agnes M. McNamara, Elizabeth E. McCann, Rena J. Kraemer, Marguerite J. McDonald,  
 Rachael J. McLennan, Olga R. McLean  
 Agnes McDougall, Helen McFarlan, Mayme E. Kidd, Margaret I. Logan, Mary E. Madore  
 Jean McLeod, Gladys A. McGown, Dorothy R. McAuley

## THE MANITOULIN ISLAND

Until recently the Manitoulin has been known chiefly as the largest island in fresh water in the world. It is situated in the northern part of Georgian Bay and Lake Huron, and is about ninety miles long. At the eastern side it is about forty miles wide, but tapers toward the western extremity.

About one-third of the surface is covered by water, two-thirds of the remainder is fit for cultivation. The rest is suitable for grazing only.

The island was ceded to the white man by the Robinson treaty, which was signed in Manitowaning about 1863. At that time the land was covered with forest. Now little of the forest remains and in its place are smiling agricultural lands. Fishing is carried on to some extent, chiefly on the south shore. The island has other resources, which we hope will be developed in the near future, namely, limestone, marble and petroleum.

The main centres on the island are Gore Bay, the district town and judicial seat; Little Current, terminus of the Algoma Eastern Railway and centre of the lumbering industry; Manitowaning, the oldest settlement on the island and the centre of a large farming district; and Providence Bay, the centre of the fishing industry.

In education the island is progressive. New, up-to-date schools are being erected and properly qualified teachers secured. To aid in supplying trained teachers a training school is held at Gore Bay each summer.

The Algoma Eastern Railway runs from Sudbury to Little Current. It is hoped that it will soon be extended to be of more use to both farmers and travellers. In summer there is a fairly good boat service. The island has a good system of roads. Those from the south who have travelled them say they are just as good as those in southern Ontario. The little inland lakes abound in fish.

The splendid roads, the sports, together with a bracing climate and beautiful scenery, make the Manitoulin a favorite summer resort.

ELLA NEILSON.

## ON OUR BLINDNESS

When I consider how our time is spent,  
Only three weeks left at this time of grief and wail,  
And this examination, which is death to fail,  
Looming before us, though our hearts more bent  
To pass it successfully and present  
Our true account, lest in the great North we shall ne'er abide.  
Can we hope to succeed, studying denied?  
I fondly ask. But teachers, to prevent  
That murmur, soon reply: "We only ask  
Your careful attention and common sense;  
Who do their work daily, do their best,  
And never do they shirk their nightly task.  
To the faithful the reward must come hence;  
Work honestly till the 20th and then—a rest."





Vera E. Casson, Eleanor V. Channen, Marguerite Clancy, Gabrielle Bourke  
 Della E. Agnew, Teresa Burns  
 Bertha Aikens, Isabel C. Baxter, Elizabeth L. Ard, Mary J. Agnew, Margaret A. Baird  
 Ruby I. Caswell, Frances M. Bulger, Marjorie C. Acheson

### PROPHECY

It was Sept. 3rd, 1925. I was in a strange part of the country with no friend for many, many miles. So far away were they that I felt they must have forgotten me altogether. Nevertheless, I wandered toward the post-office and was delighted to receive a big, fat, bulky letter. Hastily I tore it open and read at the top, "Angels' Retreat," Kenora. How like the sweet little girl who went to Normal in 1918-19. Lee told of her pretty new wine-colored cottage, and that her name was no longer Ard. She also enclosed a piece of wedding cake.

I had now much food for thought, but kept getting lonelier as I thought of the other girls I had been so fond of. I tried to stop thinking of them and at night put the wedding cake under my pillow. I thought and thought far into the night while the North Wind howled—not so loudly, however, that she did not heed my sorrow, for the "beautiful lady" suddenly appeared before me and said she would take me to see all my Normalite friends.

"Keep your eyes closed until I tell you to open them." "Now open them." "Why, we are among Indians," said I. "How attentively they are listening!" I drew nearer to try to hear and see the speaker. Where had I heard that voice? She looks very familiar to me. "Where am I?" "You are on the famous Manitoulin Island," answered the

wind. "That is surely Marjorie Acheson," said I. "Yes, she is teaching here among the Indians and reciting Pauline Johnson's poems." Marjorie had now finished the poem, and someone arose from the seat of honour. A mouth organ began to play "Arrah Wanna" and the pair one-stepped off the platform. "I declare, it was Vera Casson, with Marjorie." Oh, how good it was to see her dancing again! "Is Vera at home now." "For a week or so," replied the North Wind. "She is never allowed to go into solitude for very long as she is now Canada's greatest artist." I was doubly pleased to hear this, as I thought there was still some hope for me.

A silence fell over the crowd of dark faces. An earnest face appeared on the platform. "It is Evelyn Dolan, the missionary to the Manitoulin," softly whispered North Wind.

"The French River Canal is now completed," said North Wind, "would you like to see it?" "Of course I would," said I. "Do you know," exclaimed my companion, "that Bertha Akins is Supervisor of the Power House and Nell Channen, the Lock Master?"

When we reached North Bay, we saw that a greenhouse had been added to the domain. "Does John look after all this?" I queried. "Oh, no!" was the reply. "It is Wes Latimer who looks after that." Where the public school garden had been is a pretty house. Following my eyes, North Wind informed me that the Agnew sisters owned it and boarded Normalites. Pearl Dalley, is now a model teacher in Worthington, also abides with them. "Are there any more of the girls in North Bay?" I asked. "Yes, Evelyn Cullen has succeeded Miss Kay, as teacher of domestic science."

Suddenly I asked, "Do the Normalites still go to Feronia." "Indeed yes. It is a great pleasure to Thelma Copner, who is a conductor on the T. and N. O. Railway, and even more to Teresa Burns, who has been teaching out there for the last four years, keeping store every other day."

Here North Wind left me for a time to cheer the once sunshiny girl. After chatting for a time, I settled myself comfortably on the counter of the old store while Teresa told me of some of our friends.

"Where is my once devoted friend, Peggy Baird?" I asked. "Can you believe it, she is instructor of music in Stratford Normal. Bell Baxter is working hard for superannuation, when she intends to retire to the Highlands of Scotland. Gabrielle Bourke is living in peace and retired with Nell Channen. Gretta Daly was settled down." I was held breathless by this marvellous account, but that was not all. Teresa began again impressively, "Frances Bulger is devising plans to induce children to be punctual at school." "How extraordinary," I exclaimed. "Please go on." "Well, you remember Hilda Cloutier? She is giving dancing lessons in Toronto Normal. Marguerite Clancy is a walking model at Wanamaker's, New York." When I could find my voice, I enquired whether it was true or not that Bea Dinsmore was editor of the "Fashion Review." Before Teresa had fully given vent to her eloquence over this splendid paper, a gust of wind shook the windows and the next I knew I was away off alone with the North Wind.

I had not let The Globe out of my hands, so I now read it as I went along. On the front page was "To-night at the Princess," Marjorie Ferguson playing in "Down First Avenue." In the personals I saw where Miss Mary Hand, Inspector of Schools for Patricia District had visited Toronto. Over further I saw where she had given an account of the good work being done by the settlement worker Mary Heitzner and the school doctor Olive Izard.



Suddenly we paused and nearby I heard the old familiar sound of the Babcock Tester. I drew nearer and looked through the half open door of a school house. There stood Edith Dunn, while instead of the Babcock Tester it was a class of pupils mounting the notes of the modulator. Softly I stole away and entered the next school house where I was warmly welcomed by Mary Durrel. She has kept in touch with a great many of our students so I again gained a great deal of information. Louise Gattie is teaching in the next school, with no thought of quitting. Dunaven, too, is working earnestly and doing a great deal of good. Carrie Frost wished every day she was back at Normal but still keeps on bravely. After three years of hard toiling, Rose Donlevy has abandoned her calling and devoted her life to the happiness and welfare of an individual, and with her "Rosey" disposition she succeeds very well. Margaret Gibbons is still assisting young hopefuls along the flowery path of knowledge. They all look up to her and you will acknowledge they have quite a distance to look. Maude Egerton's graceful form is already seen in the greatest centre of education and she is being amply rewarded for her labour. Group 2 are keeping well to the teaching profession. "Are the others still teaching," said I. "Not public schools," she explained. "Edythe Jago is Kindergarten Directress in Toronto Normal, while Norma Keetch is now Private Tutor to a university student. Hannah Drohan is now food controller in Toronto. Vera Jackson has realized her dreams and has become an air-pilot," "And the others," I asked hastily, for I was afraid North Wind would whirl me away any minute. "Berta Grey keeps a laughing gallery at Powassan and Elaine Hall an amusement hall in Coppercliff for miners and their families."

In another moment I realized I was flying across the ocean. As we went through Paris I saw an advertisement with "Doris Fair—Famous Balley Dancer." It caught my attention and I drew nearer to convince myself that the accompanying picture was really one of the little girls with whom I had gone to Normal. I wished I could stay, but before I could ask North Wind, I found myself in Germany. When I entered Berlin I was very much surprised to see the Union Jack flying over the city and through the breeze came the strains of "God Save the King" and "Yankee Doodle." There was a great crowd assembled near the grand stand where we saw a band-master and forty or fifty accomplished musicians who played with all their might and energy. I scratched my head thoughtfully but could not recall where I had heard those familiar sounds. I asked a passer-by what it all meant. "Why. Rip Van Winkle," says he, "don't you know we had a war six or seven years ago. We are celebrating Germany's defeat." Who is that yonder?" I asked. "That is the World's Noted Orchestra under the direction of the accomplished Madame Trombonsky." On being introduced to her, she bowed and doffed her quaint little cap. Immediately, we recognized her as the same professor, who in her early days had travelled through Canada and had favored the students of North Bay Normal with a very much appreciated demonstration on Feb. 18th, 1919, and again on June 19th, 1919. "Just think," I said to her, "You and Doris Fair are the only ones from North Bay Normal who are over here." "Oh, no!" was the reply, "Marion Fligg is a missionary in India." Upon further inquiry I am told that the seeds of sacrifice and unselfishness so implanted during the course at N. B. N. had taken root and she devoted her youth to the uplift of those heathen people.

"We had better visit Russia now," said North Wind. I was very anxious to visit this exciting country but found Petrograd very quiet. We visited the Czar's Palace and here, to our surprise, found Helen

McFarland and Anita Ward. Later we were informed that Helen was being honored by the Czar as his chief aim to pacify the Bolsheviks. Rose Wright, being the Ambassador to Russia, of course, was there, and Helen's travelling companion was Verna Mapledorum.

On our way home we visited New York, where I had heard many of our students were. Here also we found Margaret Logan, who, after teaching for a year or two changed for a better job—head of a coffee trust. Doris McAuley is a member of the General Information Bureau. Here I read a splendid article from a California paper of "Joys of a Canadian Winter," by Leah Winter.

How glad I was to get back to Canada. I visited Toronto once more. I arrived at Massey Hall in time to hear a musical concert given by Gladys Kennedy, one of Canada's leading soloists, and Agnes McDougall, just returned from abroad, where she had finished her course in music, in honor of Miss Ethel Sayer and Marguerite McDonald, who, however, is now the bride of a returned soldier. Both of these ladies have followed Mrs. McClung's example and are famous.

I couldn't resist going in for a while to see those famous people I had known long years before and, as I was early, I bought a copy of The Daily News to amuse myself with. I turned to the funny page to read Mutt and Jeff, when lo! instead of Budd Fisher's name in the right hand corner the name is Jean McLeod. At the top of the page is a selection, "The Humour of the Hour" by Jennie McLennan. Two columns of the page are devoted to the praise of a book entitled "Manual of Suggestions for Obtaining Punctuality," by Ella Madore.



MODEL SCHOOL CLASS, 1918

Kathleen Shields, Eileen Gorman, Justine Foster, Effie Kern, H. E. Ricker, M.A., Lillie Weir



I long to meet someone again I know and talk to them, and before I can express my wish, I feel myself in the North again, even at Elk Lake, at the door of the tiniest cottage, in a little valley. I knocked, and a tiny man came to the door. I fancy myself in toy land until I suddenly see behind the little man, no less than Laura Smail looking happier than ever. "So you are one of the few who have married?" "Oh, no," said she. "You remember Gladys McGowan, so fair and gentle. She is living near here and Rae McLean, whose fingers played the piano so nimbly, is now a living example of our old Science of Ed. principle that habit lightens labor, for now as she washes the dishes we hear the strains of the old song, "I've had no loving for a long, long, time."

On leaving North Bay in June, Minnie Meredith left for Cochrane and did not come back. Effie Smith, well, you know she was always said to make her head save her hands, but now has no more trouble on that point as she has given her hand away. Blanche Shaw and Doris Mooney also are putting their age to practical use on model farms.

"Have all the rest been married?" I asked, aghast. "Winnie Player is directress of the largest dancing school in the North, residing in "B" flat. Kathleen Power and Eleanor Walsh (joint establishment—fine hand-painted chinaware and jewellery) specially is blarney-stone. Alice Seehaver is proficient in painless dentistry. Carrie Smyth and Marian Kidd are in partnership as doctor and nurse for public schools. Agnes McNamara has founded a ten-cent store at Blind River and Alice Weir is Manager of the Savings Department at Gore Bay."

Here Laura paused, out of breath, but I begged her to go on. "Well, who are left that I know about. Oh, yes! I must not forget to tell you about Elizabeth McCann and Agnes Rutherford. Elizabeth McCann has become member of Parliament for Simcoe County, being successful over her opponent by a large majority. Agnes Rutherford has become a famous lawyer."

"Where are Rena Kraemer, Ella Neilson, Kathleen Nixon and Marian Pittman." "The last I heard," said Laura, "Rena Kraemer was answering queries for a movie magazine. Ella Neilson was a hair-dresser in the beauty department, New York. Kathleen Nixon is a travelling elocutionist and Marian Pittman has actually succeeded Mrs. Pankhurst. Eva Wheatly is successor to Mrs. Vernon Castle. Anita Ward is Private Secretary to Dr. Cody and testing the cooking in Dorothy Willar's Domestic Science School. Idella Winters and Shirley Rogers are screen artists." "Have you heard from Myrtle Whitmell lately?" "Well, no," was the slow answer, "but Myrtle is living quite near home."

At this I started and opened my eyes to see the same old familiar objects that I had seen the night before I left with North Wind and I still believe that time goes slower in that district than in the rest of the world.

RUBY CASWELL.

---

Student-Teacher, who has a lesson on 'sound'. "Sarah, where does the sound go when I speak?

Sarah—"Please, it goes in one ear and out the other."

## THE NORMALITE'S TALE

It is a blushing Normalite,  
And she stoppeth one of three,  
By your curling hair and twinkling eye  
Now wherefore stop'st thou me?

She holds him with her smiling face,  
"There was one boy" quoth she,  
"Who faced us all within this hall,  
But now two more we see."

She holds him with her sparkling smile,  
"My tale I'll tell to thee,  
Of the Normal Year, since we've been here,  
For great events there be.

Our brains were cleared, our teachers cheered  
And merrily did we drop  
Our days of ease, the out-door breeze,  
For work which we knew not.

But plague broke out upon the town,  
A plague both dread and new  
And it waxed strong and swept along,  
This dreadful plague, the "flu."

The next event, as our days we spent,  
Was the "Modelite's Farewell,"  
We loved them all, our tears would fall,  
As this we did them tell.

And now there came both frost and snow  
And it grew wond'rous cold,  
The icy street, in a glistening sheet,  
Did make us all quite bold.

We talked and planned, we let our hand  
Into our pocket slide,  
We brought forth coin and we did join  
To have a gay sleigh-ride.

And now we come to our "At Home"  
Which was a function great  
For man and maid in the jazz band played,  
And the guests did tarry late.

Now spring has fled, and looms ahead,  
The time when we must part.  
It gives us grief without relief  
And saddens every heart.

On the "Northern Belle" we'll bid farewell,  
To the staff and students dear,  
Our hearts are sad, but we are glad  
Of the knowledge gained this year.

MARGUERITE I. McDONALD.





Annie C. Donovan, Edith M. Edgerton, Edith F. Dunn, Mary L. Durrell, Mary E. Cullon  
 Marjorie Ferguson, Margaret B. Dinsmore, Pearl M. Dalley, Hannagh E. Drohan  
 Thelma E. Copner, Evelyn Dolan  
 Gretta M. Daly, Rose Donlevy, Hilda S. Cloutier, Doris L. Fair

### DENTAL INSPECTION FOR THE SCHOOL

The educational system of our fair Dominion has for years been undergoing radical changes. These changes have brought into existence a system that has no equal in any other nation; a system that comes very near to perfection. The men who have wrought these changes are men whose ideal was a great and flourishing nation of strong-minded people.

One thing these far-seeing educationists have neglected to take into consideration, is, that to have a sound mind one must have a sound body. Applying this theory to our schools we see that thousands of the pupils are vainly striving to study under adverse conditions. We find, on inspection thousands of pupils with physical defects labouring to attain the sound mind. Our children are hampered by one common disease—decaying teeth.

With the health undermined by such a nerve-racking disease, how can any pupil devote himself to study in order to reap the benefits of our educational system? Before our system can be perfected one of the things it must have is dental inspection.

What will dental inspection do for the children in our schools?

It will be a means of safeguarding both mind and body. The absolute necessity of keeping their teeth clean and their mouth in a hygienic condition will be clearly and emphatically impressed upon the pupils, and through them, upon the parents. Thus will the dread disease of the teeth be largely prevented.

Parents will be advised of any trouble their children may have with their teeth that need speedy attention, and they will see that a visit to the dentist is one of the pleasures to which the child may look forward to in the near future.

If trustees and boards of education were to be notified of the diseased condition of the teeth as it exists among the poorer classes their sympathies would be enlisted and through them arrangements could be made to have the work attended to, almost free of charge.

Teeth troubles lead to mental defects. The body must be absolutely sound before there can be rapid advancement.

To safeguard our young Canada; to build up a nation of self-respecting and respected citizens; to make each child an asset to the nation, and our nation a nation among great nations, let each one of us do all that lies within our power to make dental inspection a living and vital part of our educational system.

ELAINE HALL.

### "SOMEBODY ELSE"

Who is "Somebody Else"? I should like to know.

Does he live in this north or the south?

Or is it someone we can readily see,

One whose name is in every mouth?

For Mary Anne says "'Somebody Else' can write,"

Or "'Somebody Else' will certainly play."

And another says, "Oh, let 'Somebody Else'

Give my part of the programme to-day."

If there should be a hard and unpleasant task,

Or a difficult piece of work to do,

'Tis quite often offered to "Somebody Else."

Now, isn't that only too true?

But supposing some very delightful trip

Should be mentioned to Betty or Sue,

We hear not a word about "Somebody Else,"

For the "Somebody Else" means you.

There are battles here that we only can fight,

And great are the victories to win,

And "Somebody Else" cannot take our place,

So then why do we wait to step in?

For if "Somebody Else" have won our fight,

While we for our own ease have striven,

It would be only fair if the great reward

To "Somebody Else" should be given.

AGNES RUTHERFORD.



## EMPIRE DAY

The institution of Empire Day was an inspiration. Designed to build up and crystallize national sentiment in the hearts and lives of the coming citizens of Canada, it is more and more fully filling its part. But we are convinced it would more adequately fill the place intended were teachers seized of the real service it should render. At times the exercises are relegated to the closing hour of the day, again they are dovetailed into the routine work of the school as part of the regular programme of tasks and studies, or more frequently still are ignored through pressure of school work. In few cases is the day given the place to which it is entitled. The teacher should make a consistent and conscientious effort to arrange a programme which will embody national achievements and ideals in the choicest productions in prose, poetry, music and song. Ample time should be devoted to preparation, when pupils and teachers co-operate in imbibing the spirit and investing the matter with reality, and due practise should be given those who are to participate so that expression may be effective.

For the Normal School programme all that was best in the field of literature and music was laid under contribution. British prowess on land and sea and in the air received due recognition. Standard literature and productions of modern writers were drawn upon and no effort was spared to produce a programme of such merit in subject-matter and rendition as was worthy of the occasion.

A distinctive feature was the unveiling of a memorial portrait to the late William Everett Sinclair, the gift to the school of his classmates of 1916-17. Elsewhere in this volume is told the story of how he met his tragic end. In the absence of any members of his year, the ceremony was carried through by his former class-mates of Sault Ste. Marie High School.

The following is the programme:

### Morning Session

1. Doxology.
2. The Lord's Prayer.
3. Introductory Address ..... Prin. Casselman.
4. Chorus—"O Canada" ..... The Students.
5. "To Canada"—Isabella B. Watson ..... Miss Willars.
6. "Battle Call to Britain"—J. Richardson Parke..... Miss Dolan.
7. Chorus—"Hearts of Oak" ..... The Students.
8. "A Song of the Sea"—J. B. Selkirk ..... Miss Mapledorum.
9. "Good Old Ships Saved Liberty"—Lloyd George ..... Mr. Latimer.
10. "The Boys Who Sailed With Beatty"—C. M. Savage..... Miss Acheson.
11. Chorus—"The Sea is England's Glory" ..... The Students.
12. "What Has Old England Done?"—V. S. Owens ..... Miss Burns.
13. "Britannia's Answer"—Lyman C. Smith ..... Miss Edgerton.
14. "For the Apostles of No Humiliation"—O. Seaman. Miss Dinsmore.
15. "Lay Down Your Arms"—Major H. V. Carey ..... Miss Kidd
16. Chorus—"Men of the North" ..... The Students.
17. "At the Peace Table"—Edgar A. Guest ..... Miss Baird.
18. "The Horrors of Peace"—O. Seaman ..... Miss Smyth.
19. "Peace Without Victory"—J. A. Bannister ..... Miss Smith.
20. "Home Again" ..... Miss Neilson.
21. "On the Sunrise Trail"—J. B. MacDougall ..... Miss Heitzner.
22. "Our Fallen Heroes"—V. K. Clarke ..... Miss McCann.
23. Chorus—"O Valiant Hearts" ..... The Students.



Vera Jackson, Annie Gordon, Margaret A. Gibbons, Mary Hand, Louise Gattie  
Norma Keetch, Marian Fligg, Caroline Frost, Berta Grey, Mary K. Heitzner  
Edythe M. Jago, Annie E. Hall, Anna G. Kennedy, Olive G. Isard  
Inset—Agnes Rutherford

### Afternoon Session

Unveiling of Memorial Portrait to William Everett Sinclair, 1916-17.  
Killed in aeroplane accident, March 15th, 1918.

Memorial Address ..... Miss McLean.  
Unveiling ..... Miss Keetch.  
Memorial Poem ..... Recited by Miss Acheson.  
(See Page 52).

24. "To a Canadian Lad Killed in the War"—D. G. Scott. Miss Ferguson
25. "A Garden of the Brave"—Vilda S. Owens ..... Miss Bourke.
26. "In Flander's Fields"—Col. John McRae ..... Miss Dalley.
27. "America's Answer" ..... Miss Keetch.
28. "Canada's Answer" ..... Miss Caswell.
29. "British Bulldog Never Lets Go." ..... Miss Sayer.
30. "England"—W. W. Campbell ..... Miss McGown.
31. Chorus—"Men of Harleck" ..... The Students.
32. "The Gray Battalion"—D. Henderson ..... Miss Hall.
33. "In Memoriam"—Frederick George Scott ..... Miss Cloutier.
34. The Recessional.

GOD SAVE THE KING.



### MODERN EXPLORERS

From all parts of the country, on a dull September day,  
 Did the students for the Normal to the Northland haste away.  
 And many a father proudly watched his cherished daughter go,  
 And many a mother's heart was full of grief she dared not show.  
 And many quaked with fear of that terrible land o' snow.  
 For tales there were a-many of how chill North Bay winds do blow.  
 But the year has hastened onward and soon will mothers greet  
 Their home returning daughters from that land of snow and sleet.  
 They'll listen then in wonder to tales by students told,  
 Of natives wrapped in beaver for protection from the cold;  
 Of many daring deeds performed by them on shoes of steel;  
 Of the "Sum Phunny Orchestra" or the "Lady Kilties Reel."  
 They'll hear of fiercest conflicts with the natives of the place,  
 And never did the students lack in any work of grace.  
 They'll hear about that great canal, whose work we hope 'twill be  
 To carry down from this wild land, its timbers tall and free.  
 They'll hear of mighty rivers and of lakes bot hgreat and small,  
 And far and wide spread the fame of Duchesnay waterfall.  
 And if perchance the parents think that they exaggerate,  
 Let them refer as those of old to the blue-edged china plate.  
 And once again will parents then their daughters dear embrace,  
 And tell them that they've grown much since in wisdom and in grace.



Anita H. Ward, Alice M. Weir, Wesley J. Latimer, Myrtle Whitmell  
 Eleanor L. Walsh, Dorothy H. M. Willars, Ellen R. Wraight, Caroline L. Smythe  
 Eva B. Wheatley, Effie M. Smith  
 Leah M. Winter, Idella C. Winter, Lilian P. Sloan

### ODE TO THE DEPARTED

Sleep on, dear comrades, rest in peace,  
 Your work is o'er—the war has ceased.  
 The beaten Hun with spirits low,  
 Has turned his back upon the foe,  
 With measured tread he marches back  
 Across the land he first attacked.  
 Sleep on! dear comrades, rest in peace,  
 Your work is o'er—the war has ceased.

Sleep on, dear comrades, 'neath the sod  
 Which ye yourselves have often trod.  
 Our conquering heroes now return  
 But for your step we'll often yearn.  
 We'll think of you, though far away,  
 And calmly wait the judgment day.  
 Sleep on! dear comrades, 'neath the sod  
 Which ye yourselves have often trod.

MARGARET I. LOGAN.

### THE TWIN CITIES AT THE HEAD OF THE LAKES

Port Arthur is situated on Thunder Bay. Fort William is not situated on the Bay, as a great number think, but is a mile up the Kaministiquia River, which flows into Thunder Bay.

Back of the Bay are the Laurentian Hills. One of these hills on the western side of Fort William is about 1200 feet high, and is pretentious enough to be called Mount McKay. At the foot of this mountain is a large Indian reserve. On the east side is Port Arthur, the residential part of which is built on the hills. The busy people live in Fort William because they haven't time to climb the hills.

Along the waterfronts of these two cities are the granaries of the west. The Grand Trunk elevator at Fort William is the largest in the world, and the Canadian Northern in Port Arthur is the next largest.

On the east side of Port Arthur is a large drydock. Here new vessels are built and the old ones repaired. Near this drydock is a fish hatchery which was built to preserve the fish. The eggs are hatched here and the fish taken care of until they are quite large, then they are put back into the lake.

During the war Fort William also had a drydock where six mine-sweepers were built for the French Government. The men who did the rivetting in these ships sometimes made as much as three hundred dollars a day. This compares favorably with Household Science Teachers' salaries in the west.

From the hills of Port Arthur one gets a beautiful view of the Bay with the Sleeping Giant in the distance. The Sleeping Giant is part of the Laurentian Hills which projects out into the Lake and forms the Bay. It is the shape of a huge man lying on his back with his arms folded. His head forms Thunder Cape, which is a dangerous point in the lake.

Street cars run between the two cities, the only boundary being a river. The outskirts of both cities meet and a union of the people was proposed, but the people were too clannish for this. However, they may unite in future and form one large city.

VERNA MAPLEDORAM.



## BRUCE COUNTY

In the past several other parts of the province have been heard from, but as yet Bruce County has remained in the background. Bruce forms a part of that section of the province commonly called the "Garden of Ontario." It is bounded on the south by Huron County, on the west by Lake Huron, on the north by Georgian Bay, and on the east by Georgian Bay and Grey County. The longest river is the Saugeen, the beautiful scenery along which attracts many tourists to that part of the country.

The land which now constitutes the county was given over to the Crown by the Indians, by a treaty signed in 1836, and on January 1st, 1850, Bruce County celebrated her first birthday. Previous to that time it was known as the Queen's Bush. The settlement of the county was exceedingly rapid and before many years had passed, instead of the solitude of nature, were to be found many cultivated farms; in fact, some of the best in Ontario, active centres of commerce and of manufacturing.

Two reserves have been set aside for the Indians, the Cape Croker reserve north of Wiarton, containing about 6,000 acres, and the Saugeen reserve, a mile northeast of Southampton, containing about thirty square miles.

At present the most important industry is farming, in the form of stock-raising chiefly. Fishing also is important in the lake towns, Kincardine, Port Elgin, Southampton and Wiarton. There are large deposits of salt at Kincardine, but due to a cheaper process of mining being used at Windsor, the salt works have lately been shut down.

Walkerton, the largest town, is the county town. The Bruce County General Hospital and the House of Refuge, which are situated here, are a credit to the county. When Bruce County is mentioned, at once the stranger remembers the beautiful summer resort at Southampton Beach. People from all parts of southern Ontario and the United States go there to spend their summer months beside "Old Huron."

Bruce is proud to own that she is the native land of many notable men such as Sir William H. Hearst, Premier of Ontario; Rev. John MacNeill, of Walmer Road Baptist Church, Toronto, who has done splendid work among the men overseas; also Dr. O'Hagan, a famous author.

When the call to arms came in 1914 Bruce did not hesitate in responding. Besides sending money, provisions and about a dozen nurses, several of whom have been decorated by the French, she also sent her 160th Bruce Battalion, as well as having helped to fill the ranks of many other units. Two of Bruce's sons have won the Victoria Cross, a number the Croix de Guerre, besides many of the other medals. But, while she rejoices in this fact, she remembers, too, that many, yes a great many, of her sons have received for their reward a little white cross in France or Flanders. Of the twenty-three men who left one of the small towns in August, 1914, to join the 1st Canadian Battalion, only five came back, all of whom are permanently disabled.

Some of North Bay's prominent business men are natives of Bruce, and last, but by no means least, one of our worthy masters of this school spent a number of his teaching years in this renowned county.

JEAN McLEOD.



**John Wesley Latimer**  
Monseignor Lenin-Trotsky

**Eva Wheatley**  
Mlle. Schmitz

**Greta Daley**  
Mlle. Montolessin

**Hilda Clouthier**  
Mlle. Shoestring

**Helen McFarlen**  
Mlle. Paderewski

**E. Smith**  
Mlle. Schenck

**Ray McLean**  
Mlle. Mozart

**Marjorie Acheson**  
Mlle. Wallenkaupt

**E. Casson**  
Mlle. Saxophoniski

**L. Winters**  
Mlle. Blocombski

**S. Rogers**  
Mlle. Chopsticks

**Gordon**  
Madame Murchowski- Trombonski, Leader

**Verna Mapledoran**  
Mlle. Cymbalovski

**Gladys Morgan**  
Mlle. Schermann

**Teresa Burns**  
Mlle. Beethoven

**Dr. J. B. MacDougall**  
Director

**E. Neilson**  
Mlle. Schubert

## TO THE MODELITES

Regretful it is to touch the heart  
With unwelcome thought that we must part,  
And like some low and mournful spell,  
Must whisper soft and low—farewell.

Once more the wings of time have brought us to a parting day—a day fraught alike with pleasure and sadness. A link in our little chain will be broken, for you, our dear Modelites are about to leave us.

Let us here pause to take a retrospective glance over the few short months which you have spent in our midst. How well we remember your first days at the Normal School! You realized what it meant to be separated from home and a sense of loneliness oppressed me. But you were not long allowed to indulge in your grief. Soon you found yourselves smiling through your tears as you talked to cheery, kind-hearted fellow-students. Acquaintances were formed which soon ripened into friendships. The delightful hours spent in the class-rooms shared by



kind teachers and companions you will carry away as the happiest of memories.

Dear Modelites, you are about to pass from this peaceful environment into a world where strong hearts and brave spirits are needed. We know, however, that you will be able to take your place with the bravest, because your aims are pure and your ideals high.

We know and appreciate the spirit that you have carried with you throughout your all-too-brief sojourn here—a spirit of modesty, yet of progressive interest in all that concerned the welfare of the students and the institution—a spirit too, to carry your own plans to success by dint of painstaking effort and the will to achieve.

We have every confidence, therefore, that, in the larger circle which you will occupy, these same qualities and principles will bring progress to the community which it will be your fortune to serve, and success to yourselves. This is our ardent wish for you, and with the assurance that our association with you will remain the happiest of memories, we wish you God-speed and farewell.

Signed on behalf of the Normal Class of 1918-19.

L. SMALL.

J. W. LATIMER.

GABRIELLE BOURKE.

EVELYN DOLAN.

KATHLEEN POWER.

GLADYS J. MORGAN.

MARY HEITZNER.

ELIZABETH McCANN.

---

### TEACHERS' SALARIES

The question of teachers' salaries has been discussed very fully during the last year or so, and it is generally concluded that teachers as a class are greatly underpaid. This is an evil which must be remedied, even though the means taken may be drastic. The profession cannot advance as long as we are content with salaries ranging from four hundred and fifty to six hundred and fifty. It is impossible to keep up a lively interest in a profession which forces one into near poverty.

The fault lies, however, with the teachers themselves, especially with inexperienced teachers, just out of normal schools and faculties of education. In order to gain experience they allow themselves to underbid other applicants. In so doing they make a grave mistake. Take this word of advice: "Never underbid a competitor in order to secure a school." Rather than do this introduce new measures to the trustee board. If you do not succeed, keep at it. This is especially true with regard to equipment. You cannot do proper work with inadequate supplies. If you cannot obtain them seek the inspector's aid, but be sure and try every means available to yourself before you seek outside assistance.

As a last word remember you have a departmental head, Hon. H. J. Cody, who is interested in your welfare. This is indeed a wonderful opportunity for school teachers to better their salaries and the general conditions of the schools, something which must be accomplished if the profession is to reach the standard which the public sets for it.

MARGARET B. DINSMORE.

---

Miss G.—Well, one thing sure, I know all about Erasmus.

Miss D.—Yes, everything except his name.

## LESSON PLANS

## I.

We planned out lesson one, lesson one,  
We planned out lesson one, lesson one,  
We planned out lesson one, lesson one,  
And they said, "You've just begun,"  
So we kept a planning on, planning on.

## II.

We planned out lesson two, lesson two,  
We planned out lesson two, lesson two,  
We planned out lesson two, lesson two,  
And they said, "It wouldn't do,"  
So we kept a planning on, planning on.

## III.

We planned out lesson three, lesson three,  
We planned out lesson three, lesson three,  
We planned out lesson three, lesson three,  
And they didn't disagree,  
So we kept a planning on, planning on.

## IV.

We planned out lesson four, lesson four,  
We planned out lesson four, lesson four,  
We planned out lesson four, lesson four,  
And they said, "They wanted more,"  
So we kept a planning on, planning on.

## V.

We planned out lesson five, lesson five,  
We planned out lesson five, lesson five,  
We planned out lesson five, lesson five,  
And still we were alive,  
So we kept a planning on, planning on.

## VI.

We planned out lesson six, lesson six,  
We planned out lesson six, lesson six,  
We planned out lesson six, lesson six,  
And they said that we were bricks,  
So we kept a planning on, planning on.

## VII.

We planned out lesson seven, lesson seven,  
We planned out lesson seven, lesson seven,  
We planned out lesson seven, lesson seven,  
And we longed to be in heaven,  
But we kept a planning on, planning on.

## VIII.

We planned out lesson eight, lesson eight,  
We planned out lesson eight, lesson eight,  
We planned out lesson eight, lesson eight,  
And then 'twas getting late,  
But we kept a planning on, planning on.



## IX.

We planned out lesson nine, lesson nine,  
 We planned out lesson nine, lesson nine,  
 We planned out lesson nine, lesson nine,  
 And we thought it was sublime,  
 So we kept a planning on, planning on.

## X.

We planned out lesson ten, lesson ten,  
 We planned out lesson ten, lesson ten,  
 We planned out lesson ten, lesson ten,  
 And many stars were shining then,  
 And we keep a shinging on, shining on.

D. McAULEY.

### BUXTON DEMOBILIZATION CAMP

Buxton is an extremely pretty little town in the north-western part of Derbyshire. Surrounding it is a tract of elevated woodlands known as the High Peak. As a result of its picturesque situation, and also on account of its ancient parks and buildings, it has become one of the most fashionable of inland watering places.

One of the ancient homes of Buxton is Haddon Hall. Here, you will remember, the romantic elopement of Dorothy Vernon with Sir John Manners took place. It was in this little town, with its wealth of natural scenery, its remarkable health properties and its abundance of historical interest, that the Canadian Discharge Depot made its home.

A number of the most beautiful buildings in Buxton were given and furnished in every way possible for the soldiers' comfort and health. New buildings were erected and additions made to old ones, until Buxton Discharge Depot is now one of the most complete convalescent homes in Great Britain.

Thousands of men have gone into this home almost totally disabled and have come out almost "as good as new." One of the newest and most wonderful treatments, that of electricity, has been used here with great success. Power has been restored to limbs and other parts of the body through its use, and it is only a comparatively short time until limbs, that were once considered useless, have their full energy once more. Men are also supplied with artificial limbs here, and are taught how to use them. A large percentage of the men are taught to do the most beautiful fancy work and to make all sorts of mats and baskets.

During the month of June, 1918, a sectional hut was erected, providing a music room, library, and also a reading room. In this hut were held lectures, whist drives and religious services. The soldiers enjoyed the pleasures these afforded and were often found in the little hut reading or amusing themselves in one way or another.

Buxton will never be forgotten by the men who were under treatment there. These men will remember it, for the kindness shown them by its inhabitants, and also for its own beauty and grandeur of scenery.

DOROTHY WILLARS.



Minnie H. Meredith, Winnifred A. Player, Blanche L. Shaw, Dora M. Mooney  
 Alice M. Seehaver, Kathleen C. Power, Ethel Sayer, Kathleen E. Nixon  
 Shirley H. Rogers, Gladys J. Morgan  
 Marion S. Pittman, Verna F. B. Mapledoram, Ella Neilson

### THE MUSIC LESSON

Behold him singing in the school;  
 Yon, solitary Normalite!  
 Teaching his singing by himself  
 He stands in sorry plight.  
 Alone he must bear all the strain  
 And oft repeat the sad refrain.  
 Oh, listen! for the room profound  
 Is overflowing with the sound.

Whate'er the theme, John Wesley sang  
 As if his song could have no ending.  
 They watched him singing by himself  
 And against great odds contending,  
 They listened, motionless and pale,  
 And as he mounted up the scale  
 The music in their ears they bore,  
 Long after it was heard no more.

M. McDONALD.

Student-Teacher—"Now who can give me a sentence with the word  
 "pier" in it?

Small Pupil—"It will disappear."



### CLOSING "AT HOME"

It was with mingled feelings that we met for the last time in the halls of the good old Normal on Thursday evening, June the nineteenth. We could scarcely believe that the time had flown so quickly since first we met. But exams. were over, books were closed, and soon we would be homeward bound. Regrets were visible on every hand, for the year had got them very close together, but the delights of companionship, even for the last time, seized us, and we prepared to enter fully as possible into the enjoyments of the evening.

We had an excellent programme. The address of the President, Miss Dolan, was reminiscent of the happy times we had spent together, a grateful acknowledgment to teachers, fellow-students and outside friends for their kindness, and the final word struck a note of promise that all this would not be lost to us in the days to come, and would react helpfully on our lives. The Valedictory, by Miss Edythe Jago, was a fitting close to a year that we shall all look back upon with gratitude. It is invidious to select among the numbers, but two, to say the least, were unique. The Normal School song, by eight jolly girls and Mr. Mac., with string accompaniment, was a delightful surprise to all. But where was that instrument all year? The Jazz Band brought down the house. This was their second appearance, but it was better than ever—new music, new hits, new instruments, new fun. Madame Trombonsky was inimitable.

"Ladies und shentlemens, and all odders here present: I vish to induce you to mine vamous Sum-phunny orchestra dat has played before all der zardines of Rooshia. Virst den I induce you to. . . . Oh, no, as for mineself, I am der vorld-renowned Madame Munchownski-Trombonsky, D.S.O., V.C., H<sub>2</sub>O, SO<sub>4</sub>. You vill notees dat de members ov mine koompanie are all ov der female gender, mit von lettle eggscaption, Monseignor Lenine-Trotsky, who blays de begges instrooment in der vorld. Der virst nomber on der menus is. . . . Now de berformance vil beeggen."

The tuning up was like bedlam at recess. But what harmony was produced by that motley group with their strange instruments was surprising, and called forth rounds of applause. The antics of the three jokers, Vera, Marjorie and Gladys, and the seriousness of Trotsky at his laborious task of supplying the bass from his monstrous instrument, captured the audience. The Sword Dance, by Eva, was perfect, had not her accompanists reverted to their Indian manners and all joined in. When the big pail was passed around to "wet their whistles" the spectators held their sides. But "Farewell to Thee," or in the French tongue, "Au Reservoir," was a scream. When feelings overcame and the red "bandanners" were drawn, how the tears did flow. (But the audience did not know about the concealed sponges.)

The general verdict was "the best yet." But who devises all this fun? The author of and presiding spirit in all our enjoyment we will never forget.

Refreshments were served, and then youth and beauty "chased the glowing hours with flying feet." It will be a bright spot in memory in the "days o' auld lang syne."

THE GIRLS.

# PROGRAMME

Normal School "At Home," Feb. 28th, 1919

## Part I.

1. Chorus—"Fair Shines the Moon To-night.".....The Students.
2. Flag Drill.....Students.
3. Recitation—"Welcome Home" (Mrs. Christie) .....Miss Heitzner.
4. Violin Solo—"Il Trovatore" (Verdi) .....Miss McFarlen.
5. Vocal Solo—"Bells of St. Mary's" .....Mr. Wildgust.
6. Pantomime—"Juanita" ..... Students.  
Soloist—Miss McDougall.
7. Recitation—"The Cattle Thief" .....Miss Acheson.  
E. Pauline Johnson.
8. Chorus—"Men of Harleck" .....Students.

## Part II.

9. Chorus—"Hearts of Oak" .....Students.
10. Instrumental Quartette—"Flower Song" (Lange.).....  
Misses McFarlen and McLean, Messrs. MacDougall and Ricker.
11. Recitation—"Friday, Bargain Day" .....Miss Smith.  
Jessie Alexander.
12. Vocal Quintette—"Voices of the Woods" (Rubenstein). .....  
Misses Burns, Cloutier, Daly, Cullen and Dolan.
13. Violin Solo—"Angel's Serenade" (Braga) .....Miss McFarlen.
14. Sum-Phunny Orchestra—Medley of Airs .....Students.  
"Beautiful Ohio"; "Smiles"; "Boots" (Comic); "Till We Meet Again."  
Dances: Highland Fling and Sword Dance.
15. Chorus—"Lads in Navy Blue" .....Students.

## SUCCESS

If you think you are beaten, you are;  
If you think you dare not, you don't;  
If you like to win, but you think you can't,  
It is almost certain you won't.  
If you think you'll lose, you've lost;  
For out of the world we find  
Success begins with a fellow's will;  
It's all in the state of mind.

If you think you're outclassed, you are;  
You've got to be sure of yourself before  
You can ever win a prize.  
Life's battles don't always go  
To the strongest or fastest man.  
But soon or late the man who wins  
Is the one who thinks he can.



## HO! FOR "THE FRENCH"

The morning of June the twentieth broke beautiful and clear. The storm-clouds that hovered round and, loathe to go, barred the western horizon the previous night, had fled, and cloudless sunshine greeted expectant faces as we woke to light the coming morn. By nine a.m. a jollier crowd was never seen than that aboard the Northern Belle. We were bound for "The French." In keeping with the spirit of the company the vessel chafed restlessly at her moorings. But soon as the last auto-load climbed aboard, cables were drawn, the ship cleared, the waters churned abaft and we were cleaving the sparkling expanse of Nipissing. Straight for the Manitous—the Great and Little Spirit Islands of Indian legend, we sped. The circling, soft-eyed, smooth-pin-jollied gulls, now fore, now aft, kept us company above, while mirth and jollity reigned as kindred spirits grouped and re-grouped about the deck.

Where was the Principal? The word passed anxiously around for he had been seen aboard. But fears were soon allayed when he was discovered "taking on a cargo" in the kitchen, for Dr. MacD. had "honked" him from home just as he was reconnoitering his morning meal. An hour or more later, we were glad to see him on deck looking refreshed and fit.

Twenty miles of lake expanse and we entered the spacious waters of "The French." A vista of islands in endless profusion, labyrinthine channels far as the eye could reach, and deep re-entrant bays whose shores were clad to the water-line with stately spruce and shadowy pine, spread out to view. For in native scenic beauty it far outvies resorts more widely known. Soon cottages appeared, some crowning a granite escarpment that sheered to the water's edge, others nestling in shady coves or peering mistily through a covert of trees from the heart of some sequestered island. We were in the tourists' paradise. Here aspiring disciples of Izaak Walton ply their art with the finny tribe, for gamey bass abound in the rocky deeps. But we missed the shooting canoes and the usual hail of merry voices at the season's height, for the year was yet too young, though here and there signs of life appeared as though the restless spirits of yester-year were searching out their accustomed haunts. But now the strains of the guitar float out upon the ambient air, steal through the island corridors, and happy voices join and fill the silences with song.

From time to time Dr. MacDougall busied himself pointing out historic sites and recounting incidents of note. Cross Point, where the sign of the Cross was formed by the Indians with scores of truncated trees, the islands where the tide of battle swayed back and forth between the Iroquois and the Algonquins of the north, and the strange burying places where in wicker baskets the bodies were buried under heaps of stones.

And now Solid Comfort Fishing Club quarters hove in view. Two capacious buildings crown the summit of the island apart, and open dormitories line the shore, all finished with facilities that minister to summer ease, as the name well implies. And again up through a fascinating panorama of islands, nestling on the hillside, flashes into momentary view the peaceful prospect of Dokis Indian village, its tasty white houses clustered about the little chapel, in contrast with the greenery of the surrounding hills. Past the Alabama we go, and down the narrowing channel of "The French" to a headland where we swing in to our moorings and all debark.

And now we strike the Champlain trail, the man of many northern trails in the lead. The long procession, single file, winds in and out

down past the huge iron lift-gates and on into the woods beyond. Strange thoughts stir our minds as we think of the daring path-finder of three hundred years ago in whose footsteps we follow. Voyageurs too, for a century or more, Radisson with his 3000 Indian braves, from west Superior, and many a self-denying padre preferring torture and death itself to desertion of the cross, had passed this way. For it was the great Eastern Portage of America. Our leader revealed to us the mystery of marking and following the blazed trail, showed us the flat rocks where Champlain found the garbless Ottawans drying their blueberries for winter use, and at the trail end recounted the history of the tribe that gave its name by its prowess to the far off Ottawa, and finally pointed out to our eager gaze the little cove where, into the seething waters at the foot of the tumbling Chaudiere, Champlain launched his canoe in the heart of this strange continent for his unknown destination to the south.

The return trip across Nipissing, in the beautiful evening twilight, was even more entrancing. Again music filled the air and "Dear Evelina," "O My Darling," "There's a Long, Long Trail A-winding," "Till We Meet Again," the new Normal song and many others were laid under contribution. For variety we tripped the light fantastic with violin and guitar to lead. Then, as the town took form under its flickering lights and we neared home, "The End of a Perfect Day" was called, but hearts were too full and the song died away in ominous silence. For in a brief hour or two, the happy company who had come to know each other as possibly no other years had known, would be parted, friendships severed by space and time, with little hope to meet again—"Ships we are that pass in the night," we hail each other in the passing and are gone. But we will cherish this as the happiest of memories, and though distance sever we will not forget.

MAC.

### VALEDICTORY

Madam President, teachers, friends and fellow students:

I have been asked to say on behalf of the class our official words of farewell, and I know I speak for all when I say that we feel very keenly our departure from this place of almost hallowed associations.

During the past nine months we have made friendships which will prove lasting. For is it not true that:

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

September 17th is a red letter day in Canadian history. On Sept. 17th, 1878, the people of Canada pronounced in favor of the National Policy, enunciated by Sir John A. McDonald. Just forty years later, on September 17th, this class entered the Normal School. We came from all parts of the province—not as the tinkers came to town, "some in rags, some on nags and one in a velvet gown." The girls were in their right minds and clothed in abbreviated skirts, which bespoke a determination to wade through any difficulty and waste no time sweeping the germ-laden streets. We brought with us our Normal School syllabuses, a little money, our skates, our own hair, respect for property and constituted authority, and a desire to be teachers.



We soon got acquainted with each other and with our environment. The spacious halls and comfortable class rooms appealed to us, and often we would fain linger after 5.15 p.m. but the gentle voice of the janitor would remind us that the time of our departure was at hand. The eagerness with which this kindly man bade us depart was more than equalled by the awful insistence with which the Principal demanded our return the following day at 8.50 a.m. Work went well and time passed pleasantly until the terrible "flu" caused the school to be closed for a short period. Though several were seriously ill, yet we are thankful that death did not invade our ranks. We were sorry to lose through illness three students during the year—Miss Ruth Kay, Miss Sparling and Mr. Dingwall. The rest of us have struggled on to the end. Our experiences have, we hope, helped us to develop useful lifelong habits and we wish to thank all who have befriended and assisted us. We shall not forget the Principal's kindness and good advice, so freely and forcibly given. We beg to acknowledge the valued aid received from the Secretary and we gratefully remember the efforts of all the Normal School Staff. We trust that now, in the closing hours of the session, they may be endowed with wonderful clearness of discernment so that they may see much of value in the papers written by us under the trying conditions of the past few days.

We would assure the Principal of the Model School and his staff that we appreciate the help received from them. We trust they may forget our mistakes and shortcomings and remember us as a class with good intentions and of honest endeavors.

Although the Department of Education did not see fit to arrange the evening lecture course, yet we were fortunate in hearing Major Kirkpatrick, Dr. J. M. Waters, Mrs. Nellie McClung, the Hon. Dr. Cody, and Principal Casselman's illustrated lecture on Egypt.

Our thanks are due also to the clergymen of the town for so ably and generously directing our religious instruction. We forgive them for the examinations. But while we acknowledge all the agencies and influences which have been at work in preparing us for our life tasks, we think we hear someone ask "Have you no word of advice to give in return?" Yes, we might tender a few kindly words to boarding-house keepers when the thermometer is low, "Keep the Home Fires Burning."

To the Engineer: "Continue to supply plenty of hot air, and give all assistance possible to the staff."

Janitor: "Harken to the Principal that your days may be long in the land of the Normal School."

Staff: "Ever speak well of the class and incite future classes to worthy efforts by telling them of marvellous performances of 18-19 class."

To the 1920 class we say be present at 9 a.m. on the opening day of the year and stay to the end of the year and enjoy life in this, the best of all the normal schools.

To all we now say farewell and again express our determination to do what we can to assist the boys and girls of our land in becoming good, wise and efficient citizens. We see something of the ever-solving yet never solved problems—educational and social—of this young nation. We go hopefully forward conscious that the twilight about us is the twilight of the morning and not that of the evening. With courage bold and motives pure we go forward to battle for the right and in our humble way to serve our country and our God. Farewell.

Farewell, dear Normal School,  
Source of our inspirations,  
We'll breathe thy spirit true  
In all our respirations.

We'll sing thy praises ever,  
For now we know thy worth,  
We'll strive to help our Dr. Mac.  
In the building of the North.

—Edith Jago.

### "AT HOME"

The annual "At Home" of the North Bay Normal School was held on Feb. 28, 1919. From every standpoint it was a decided success. Though old King Winter did his worst, his efforts were useless, and by 8.15 about three hundred people were gathered in the tastily decorated assembly hall.

The programme was exceptionally good and was greatly appreciated. Every phase of life was represented, and the climax was reached when the "Sum Phunny Orchestree" was introduced. Throughout the various numbers the audience sat spellbound by the amazing efforts of the leader, Madame Trombonsky.

After refreshments had been served, dancing was enjoyed in the assembly hall. The evening was closed with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne."

AGNES RUTHERFORD.

### THE ALPHABET OF THE NORTH BAY NORMAL SCHOOL

"A" is for the Angels at the Normal,  
 "B" is for the only Boy that's here,  
 "C" is for the constant Care we're given,  
 "D" is for the Dangers lurking near.  
  
 "E" is sure to mean Examinations,  
 "F" is for the Fun when they are o'er,  
 "G" is for the Games we enter into,  
 "H" is for the Hop which we adore.  
  
 "I" is for the Ideals which we cherish,  
 "J" is for the Jolly moments here,  
 "K" is for the Knowledge we're acquiring,  
 "L" is for the Lesson that we fear.  
  
 "M" is the Mistakes we make in teaching,  
 "N" is for the Nonsense that we say,  
 "O" is that we should be Optimistic,  
 "P" is for the Parts we'll have to play.  
  
 "Q" is for the Queer things we are learning,  
 "R" is for the Registers we keep,  
 "S" is for the Staff we're very proud of,  
 "T" is for the parting Tears we'll weep.  
  
 "U" is for the Union of our spirits,  
 "V" is for the Vastness of the work,  
 "W" is the Way we go at it,  
 "X" is for the 'Xtras if we shirk.  
  
 "Y" is for the Youth we'll be instructing,  
 "Z" is for the Zealous lives we'll lead.  
 These letters tell you all our little story;  
 "We learn by teaching" ever is our creed.

RUBY CASWELL.



## NORMAL SCHOOL SONG

To be Sung With Guitar Accompaniment to Tune of "The Spanish Guitar."  
Written for Closing "At Home."

One morning in early September,  
We to Normal School wended our way, ding-dong;  
There was only one place in the province,  
Our hearts were clean set on North Bay, ding-dong.

Chorus:—

Ding-dong-ding, ding-dong-ding, toll out ye bells,  
Oh toll out ye bells, Oh toll out ye bells;  
Ding-dong-ding, ding-dong-ding, toll out ye bells,  
Tell the song of the good N. B. N., ding-dong.

There were four score and more of us misses,  
But only one dear lonely boy, ding-dong.  
His smile was so coy and bewitching,  
Sure Wes. was our pride and our joy, ding-dong.

They say that the Winters are Frost-y,  
But you can't trust the weather returns, ding-dong.  
Weir just all in love with the Winters,  
But the Summer, it Da(i)ly, Fair, Burns, ding-dong.

We're not wealthy like Gladys J. Morgan,  
We keep Dolan and Cullen our funds, ding-dong;  
Our heart are just Aiken for pay days,  
To save us from boarding-house Dunn(s), ding-dong.

We keep books for James Clemens Norris;  
"Don't keep them," says Principal A. C., ding-dong.  
We bud plants for Harry E. Ricker,  
"Let your minds bud," says Dr. MacD., ding-dong.

We saw and we weave for James Chambers,  
Paint flowers for Mr. Ramsay, ding-dong;  
We sing for the Prof., but the best yet,  
The kisses we make for Miss Kay, ding-dong.

And now our term is just ended,  
We'll have to leave happy North Bay, ding-dong;  
Good-bye to you, jolly old cronies,  
We'll remember you for ever and aye, ding-dong.      MAC.

## BRUCE.

With due regard to other lands  
We fain would you induce  
To leave those of inferior type  
And take a look at Bruce.

Whose western shores Lake Huron laves.  
On the north is Georgian Bay,  
Huron is just to south of us  
And on the east is Grey.

Is it winter's joys you wish to find?  
We will to you unfurl  
The secrets of a hockey stick  
Or teach you how to curl.

If in the spring you wish to feel  
The blood within you race,  
Here colour comes with April winds  
Into the palest face.

From Summer's heat in city flats  
You would a refuge take?  
Come then to us and live awhile  
In Southampton-on-the-lake.

The artist's soul is stirred to flame,  
The poet's tongue set loose  
When autumn tints add to the charm  
Of this wonderful land—Our

—Contributed.

## LAKES OF THE NORTH

Rev. Father James B. Dollard

Lakes of the North, flash out in sheen  
Of silver, and engirdling green;  
White birch and fragrant tamarac  
Your myriad beauties vainly screen.

Lakes of the North, how quaintly ring  
Those native sounds—Temiskaming,  
Temagami of jewelled sands,  
And deeply mirrored Couchiching!

Blue spaces of the happy sky  
Reflected in your waters lie,  
When, in the hush of cloudless day,  
The fretful loon makes eldritch cry!

God's artist free—the autumn air,  
The shore-line touches here and there,  
Till deep with gold and rubies set,  
The bright wave burns—a crystal rare.

Lakes of the North, though winter close  
Your death-cold lips in mute repose,  
Not all his icy breath can chill  
The glow your lover's bosom knows.

---

## A PEEP AT NEW LISKEARD

To-day I wish to show you a glimpse of the thriving little town of New Liskeard. We shall board the steamer "Meteor" or, if you prefer, the "Silverland," at Haileybury.

As we steam up Lake Temiskaming we see that, on either side, the gently sloping shores are dotted with fertile farms. Yonder lies the town, opened out like a crescent at the head of the lake. Steaming nearer we see the sunlight flashing back from the windows of the hospital, which is built upon a little hill above the town.

On our right, and near the Wabi River, the smoke from one of our lumber mills rises lazily into the air, down the street comes the trolley car, and over near the station we see a chain of farmers' wagons at the new creamery. This creamery, which is one of the most successful in the province, is run by the Government.

Up the track is the Wabi Iron Works. This plant produces some of the machinery used in the mines of the north, and gives employment to quite a number of men.

The Public School of the town is a fine fireproof building. The new Agricultural High School stands on a lot of about seventy acres. It will probably assist not only the townspeople, but those of the surrounding country.

New Liskeard is the centre of a fine farming district and has ready access to markets. New Liskeard has possibilities which will surely help it to become one of the greater towns of the north.

WINNIFRED PLAYER.



## STUDENTS WHO HAVE ANSWERED THE CALL IN THE GREAT WAR

Fred C. Snowdon (Bayonet Instructor) .....	Sault Ste. Marie (Mod.)	'09
Walter Alstoon.....	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 .....	Ambrose	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 .....	Pawassan	1915-16
George Bullick .....	Camlachie	1915-16
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. ....	Bell 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
Alexander Johnston .....	Bracebridge	1915-16

\*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 Christmas box. It was this regard for his men which made him 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.

# NORMAL SCHOOL HONOR ROLL

Major Edwin C. Shepherd, Physical Instructor.  
 Corporal Philip F. Chidley.  
 Sergeant Wilbert R. Ferguson.  
 Private Frank Lyons Kerr.  
 Lance-Corporal Harvey Lorne Minion.  
 Lieutenant William Everett Sinclair.  
 Sergeant Clarke Wallace McCann.  
 Corporal Oliver Christie.

A permanent memorial will be erected to commemorate their sacrifice and their duty nobly done in the cause of liberty.

## CORP. PHILIP F. CHIDLEY



"Killed in Action."

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.

---

#### CORP. OLIVER CHRISTIE



Killed in Action at Second Battle of Arras, Aug. 28, 1918.

Once again my pen must register a brave soul gone, this the last toll taken from the Normal groups, though the aftermath in maimed limbs, truncated bodies, enfeebled frames and crushed spirits will long remain. This time the record is of Oliver Christie, a member of year 1915-16.

Not long did he delay when school duties released him for the higher task. In a few days he signed up, donned the colours, and linked his fortunes with the 160th Bruce Battalion, for he was from Port Elgin. By September he was on his way across the waters, and October found him under orders for the battle-line in France. Such history was an index of his spirit and revealed the stern resolve to strike the first blow possible for liberty and right.

Diffident he was in nature, hesitant in speech, a boy of few words, but impatient for unquestioned guidance that he might play his part and restless in spirit till the decision was made. Often in confidence, he came to me—"Would he wait the maturing of his own plans that meant so much to him, or would he sacrifice them to the larger cause when the need was so pressing?" The latter was his choice and immediately on graduation the die was cast. How well he fought through two years of struggle when the war swayed back and forth in uncertain issue, we can estimate from the man. Then as the dawn of promise broke, he gave his life. Caught by a machine gun bullet in the head, he lay two days unconscious in the base hospital and passed.

"Your son was a soldier of the finest type," wrote his captain. "Since he joined the battalion he has always been considered one of the best men in the platoon. Willingly and cheerfully he did all the arduous tasks that fell to his lot. He lived a splendid life and was a great example to his company. In his death they lost a soldier who was as near the ideal as it is possible to be."

Such the tribute to his worth. Thus then he passed, his visible form is gone, his spirit lives to prompt and to inspire.

MAC.

---

### SERGT. CLARK WALLACE McCANN

Last year we wrote, in hope, "McCann still lives." To-day, in sadness, we withdraw the words, or better, re-interpret in a higher light. We long had cherished the faith that he, at least, would return, he seemed to bear so charmed a life. In the thick of the fight from the first, one and then another of his comrades fell, yet he lived on, fought on the firmer, and, nothing daunted, dared all mischance to avenge their loss and bring back safe the prize inestimable of human liberty.

We hoped—but it was not to be—and now he lies beneath the soil of sunny France in the little cemetery of Villiers-Bretonneux. He was killed by a machine gun bullet while leading the ranks. Here I quote from a letter sent by his chaplain, to show how he bore himself as a man and a soldier:

"His death has been a great loss to us all. I have known him for years now, and whether it was on the baseball field or in the trenches he was always the same bright, cheerful man, absolutely fearless in danger and never grumbling at discomfort. He was just the sort of chap that everyone admired. The men under him would have done absolutely anything for him. He has left behind him the memory of a very gallant gentleman."



His name will ever be linked with those of Philip Chidley, Wilbert Ferguson, Frank Kerr and Harvey Minion. They took the leading roles in that ever memorable play "The Critic." Together, in mimic war, they revived the martial spirit of Elizabethan days. And when the real challenge came in the Great War they were ready. I can see in



Sergt. Clarke Wallace McCann—"Killed in Action."

their faces the avidity with which they seized the chance. Together again, they faced its terrors, and at a time when human flesh must stand unshielded against shot and shell. Silent now they lie, beneath the crosses row on row, while we enjoy what they have won. With noiseless step we pass and cast out simple tribute to their memory.

MAC.

### SERG. WILBERT 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 a 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.



Sergt. W. R. Ferguson—"Killed in Action."

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.



**LANCE-CORP. HARVEY LORNE MINION**

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



"Killed in Action, Passchendaele Ridge, Nov. 14, 1917."

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 Passchaendaele 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.

### FRANK LYONS KERR

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



"Killed in Action—The Somme, Sept., 1916."

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; 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 the less faithfully preserved, though unwritten history of our Normal School.

MAC.

---

### LIEUT. WILLIAM EVERETT SINCLAIR



"Killed by Accident, Old Sarum Aerodrome, March 15, 1918."

William Everett Sinclair was a member of class 1916-17. 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 pres-

ence 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 the 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 New Zealanders 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.

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.

## OUR DEBT TO THE SOLDIERS

While the arch of welcome is still green let us not forget those sons of Canada who have left all of their dearest and best at the call of the drum of war.

What did that call mean to them? And what did their answer mean to us? That call was to endure sufferings and hardships which we who live in safety can never imagine. Because they loved Honour more than they feared Death, they made the sacrifice unhesitatingly. Do we appreciate their sacrifices as we should? Let not the world go on, and these soldiers of ours be forgotten! We do not seem to realize what they have given for King, for country and for ideals. Thousands of our brave Canadians have gone forth. They were men from all walks of life—lumbermen, day labourers, clerks, teachers, ministers, lawyers and doctors. They were men of all ages—from the youth with the bright future in the distance to the veteran in the reserves.

All of them have had their weaknesses, just like any of ourselves, but have we any right to criticize the returning soldiers? They were most generous in their sacrifices for us. Let us be generous—at least



let us be just in our estimation of them—for our soldiers may well be called the aristocrats of the present era. Let us think before we utter an unkind word of those sightless eyes, those empty sleeves, those days and nights of terrible pain which our returned soldiers suffered for us.

Now our soldiers are marching home again, with faded uniforms and weary feet, but also bringing victory. We should be most strong in our utter condemnation of those individuals who would dare to mete out unkindness or injustice to any of them. As teachers let us instil into the hearts of the little children whom we teach these self-same sentiments. By so doing we will keep faith with our brave returning soldiers, as well as with their comrades who were left behind.

---

### THE LAST FLIGHT

Written in memory of Lieut. William Everett Sinclair, killed in aeroplane accident, Old Sarum Aerodrome, England, March 15th, 1918.

Scaling the heights of Heaven he upward wheeled  
In cyclic flight

Nor dreamed, in glint of morning rays, his morn  
So near to night.

On high—twixt earth and heaven—he hung  
In dubious poise,

As weighing the worth of this celestial light  
'Gainst earthly joys.

A moment—then down dizzy depths he plunged  
To homeland sod

His warrior spirit winged unerring flight,  
Safe home to God.

But lo! in Heavenly legions of the air,  
He valiantly fought,

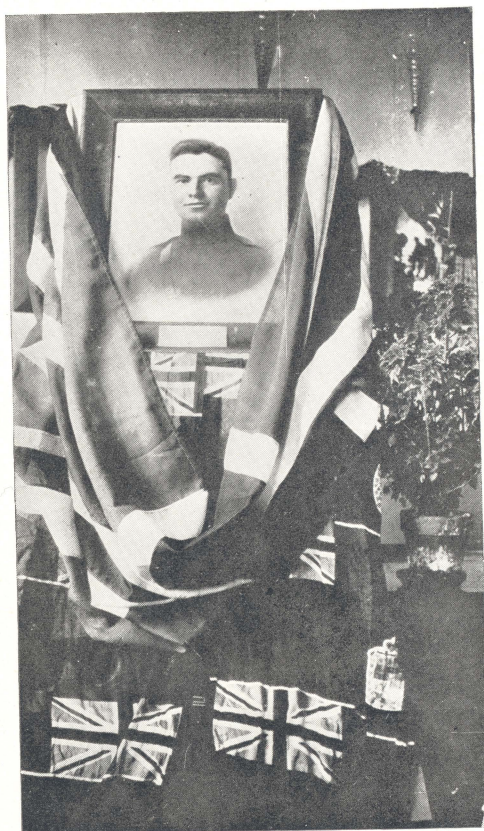
To friends brought hope, to foes despair, that so  
Truth perish not.

Backward this word he sends, "Go undismayed,  
Take thy last flight,

And find unfailing wings cleave boundless space.  
For God and Right."

J. B. MacDOUGALL.

Recited at dedicatory service of memorial picture, by Miss Marjorie Acheson, Empire Day, May 23rd, 1919.



Memorial Picture—Lieut. William Everett Sinclair,  
presented to the Normal School by his  
class mates, 1916-17.



### SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE

"Somewhere in France"—we say it softly,  
Thinking of our peerless dead.  
"Somewhere in France" they fought,—our heroes,  
"Somewhere in France" they have bled.

Somewhere at home we sent them from us,  
Sent them from us with a smile—  
Saying so bravely as they left us  
"Only for a little while."

"A little while," and now they're sleeping,  
Far away from shot and shell,  
Having performed their duty bravely,  
They our own true heroes fell.

"Somewhere in France,"—in fair sunny France,  
Great Britain's sons have surely shown  
To all the world—the great wide world,  
Britain's glory has not flown.

What though the fairest of our manhood  
Has been slain upon the field  
They have upheld their country's glory,  
God and Honour was their shield.

Though here at home our hearts are breaking,  
Yet we dare not sit and weep  
They have died for our King and country,  
And "Somewhere in France" they sleep.

"Somewhere in France"—we say it softly,  
Thinking of our peerless dead,  
And we know we'll meet in heaven,  
When these earthly scenes have fled.

*Evelyn Dolan and Winnifred Player.*

---

### MAGIC

Ida McIntosh Zumstein.

(Selected.)

The little house is brown and down at heel,  
The casements crumble, and the porches sag;  
Complaining hinges hold a crooked gate,  
And from the chimney sullen smoke wreaths lag;  
But, as I pass, within a window hung,  
I see a service flag with triple stars—  
And all at once the walls grow tall and fair,  
And not an ugly line their beauty mars;  
Carved stately pillars welcome at the door,  
A beckoning finger from each chimney starts,  
And in a moment changed, the little house  
Becomes a palace, filled with royal hearts.

## NORTH BAY MODEL SCHOOL

### Class of 1918

1. Foster, Justine.....Kagawong.
2. Gorman, Eileen.....Renfrew, R.R. No. 4.
3. Hern, Effie.....Thessalon.
4. Shields, Kathleen.....Gore Bay.
5. Weir, Lillie.....Thessalon, R.R. No. 2.

## STUDENTS OF NORTH BAY NORMAL SCHOOL

### September, 1918, to June, 1919

1. Acheson, Marjorie C.....Proton Station.
2. Agnew, Della E.....Clarksburg.
3. Agnew, Mary J.....Clarksburg.
4. Aikens, Bertha.....Thornloe.
5. Ard, Elizabeth L.....Kenora.
6. Baird, Margaret A.....Mitchell.
7. Baxter, Isabel C.....Blind River.
8. Bourke, Beatrice G.....North Bay.
9. Bulger, Francis M.....Eganville.
10. Burns, Teresa.....Lindsay.
11. Casson, Vera E.....Gore Bay.
12. Caswell, Ruby I.....Proton, R. R. No. 3.
13. Channen, Eleanor V.....Barrie.
14. Clancy, Marguerite.....Downeyville.
15. Cloutier, Hilda S.....North Bay.
16. Connelly, Eunice (Sister Mary). Peterborough.
17. Shea, Annie L. (Sr. My. Eleanor) Peterborough.
18. Copner, Thelma E.....New Liskeard.
19. Cullon, Mary E.....Dunsford, R. R. No. 1.
20. Dally, Pearl M.....445 Charles St., S. S. Marie.
21. Daly, Gretta M.....Cundles P.O., via Barrie.
22. Dinsmore, Margaret B.....Thornbury.
23. Dolan, Evelyn.....Renfrew.
24. Donlevy, Rose.....Pembroke.
25. Donovan, Annie C.....Thessalon, R. R. No. 1.
26. Drohan, Hannah E.....Eganville.
27. Dunn, Edith F.....Bracebridge.
28. Durrell, Mary L.....Callander.
29. Edgerton, Edith M.....Huntsville.
30. Fair, Doris L.....Bervie.
31. Ferguson, Marjorie.....Kenora.
32. Fligg, Marion R.....Grafton.
33. Frost, Caroline.....Sundridge.
34. Gattie, Louise.....Walford Station.
35. Gibbons, Margaret A.....Douglas, R. R. No. 2.
36. Gordon, Annie.....Fort Frances.
37. Grey, Berta.....Blind River.
38. Hall, Annie E.....376 Marion St., Sudbury.
39. Hand, Mary.....215 Gloucester St., S. S. Marie.
40. Heitzner, Mary K.....Udney.
41. Isard, Olive G.....Kincardine.
42. Jackson, Vera.....Parry Sound.



43. Jago, Edythe M.....Haileybury.
44. Keetch, Norma V.....634 Wellington St., S. S. Marie.
45. Kennedy, Anna G.....Ennismore.
46. Kidd, Mayme E.....North Bay.
47. Kraemer, Rena J.....Munro, R. R. No. 1.
48. Logan, Margaret I.....Kirkfield.
49. McAuley, R. Dorothy.....Barrie.
50. McCann, Elizabeth E.....Udney.
51. McDonald, Marguerite I.....Tomstown.
52. McDonald, Agnes.....Massey.
53. McFarlen, Helen R.....137 N. John St., Fort William.
54. McGown, Gladys A.....Fetherstone.
55. McLean, Olga R.....41 Lansdowne Ave., S. S. Marie.
56. McLennan, Rachael J.....Thessalon, R. R. No. 2.
57. McLeod, Jean.....Southampton.
58. McNamara, Agnes M.....Madoc.
59. Madore, Mary E.....North Bay.
60. Mapledoram, Verna F. B.....142 E. Amelia St., Fort William.
61. Meredith, Minnie H.....Craigvale.
62. Mooney, Dora M.....Massey Station.
63. Morgan, Gladys J.....Huntsville.
64. Neilson, Ella.....Manitowaning.
65. Nixon, Kathleen E.....S. S. Marie, R. R. No. 1.
66. Pittman, Marion S.....Eagle River.
67. Player, Winnifred A.....New Liskeard.
68. Power, Kathleen C.....Eganville, R. R. No. 4.
69. Rogers, Shirley H.....Woodville.
70. Rutherford, Agnes A.....Orillia.
71. Sayer, Ethel.....Bobcaygeon.
72. Seehaver, Alice M.....Gravenhurst.
73. Shaw, Blanche L.....Kearney.
74. Sloan, Lilian P.....Churchill.
75. Smaill, Laura B.....Cache Bay.
76. Smith, Effie M.....Woodville.
77. Smyth, Caroline L.....North Bay.
78. Walsh, Eleanor L.....Brudnell.
79. Ward, Anita H.....Trenton.
80. Weir, M. Alice.....Orrville.
81. Wheatley, Eva B.....Collingwood.
82. Whitmell, Myrtle.....Dunchurch.
83. Willars, Dorothy H. M.....Hanbury.
84. Winter, C. Idella.....Galt, R. R. No. 3.
85. Winter, Leah M.....Springfield.
86. Wraight, Ellen R.....Powasson, R. R. No. 4.
87. Latimer, J. Wesley.....Grant P.O.

It is with sincere regret that, owing to financial and space limitations, form of Year Book had to be changed and some valuable material eliminated.

J. B. MacDOUGALL, Super.-Ed.

