



The  
Tenth Annual  
Year Book

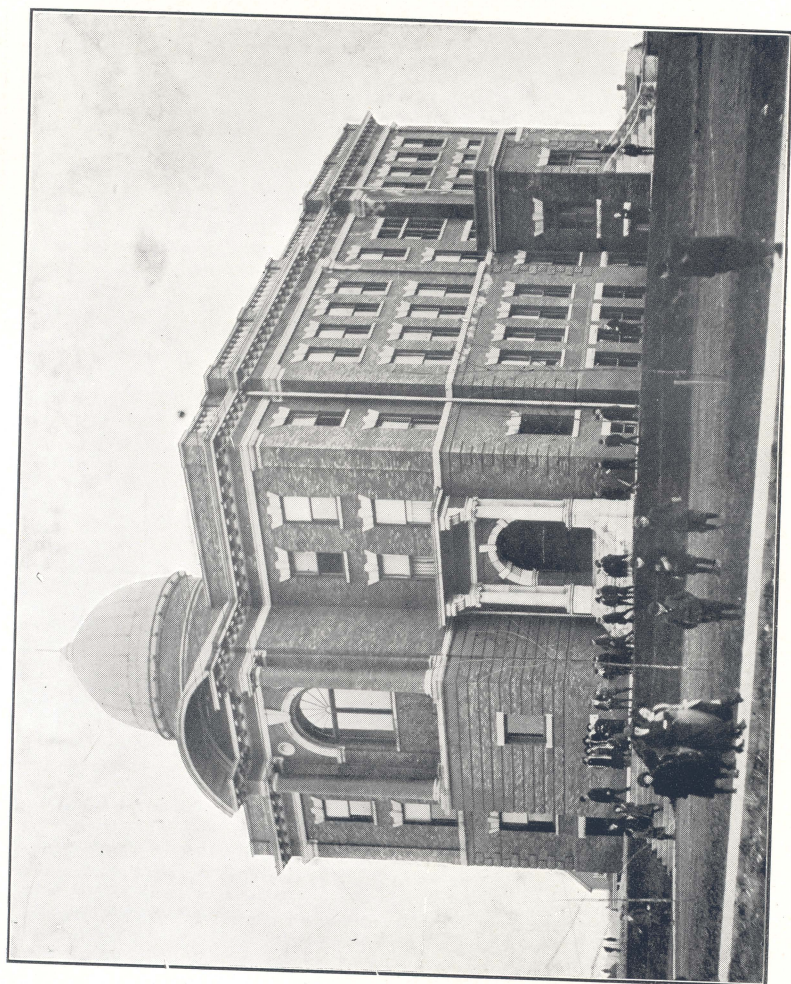
Published by the

Students of North Bay  
Normal School  
June, 1922

---

Forsitan et haec olim meminisse iuvabit. [*Who knows but some day this, too, will be remembered with pleasure.*—Vergil, Aeneid 1, line 203.





THE NORMAL SCHOOL

# CONTENTS

Page

Photo of Normal School .....	2
Photo of Staff.....	4
Foreword .....	5
Editorial .....	6
Photo of Year Book Staff .....	7
The Land of the Manitou .....	8
"If" .....	9
Photo of Fall Term Executive .....	10
The Work of the Literary Society .....	10
Photo of Spring Term Executive .....	11
When Dreams Come True .....	12
Duchesnay Falls .....	13
Adventures in Normaland .....	14
Impressions of North Bay .....	15
Photo of Girls' Hockey Team .....	16
Hallowe'en .....	16
Photo of Normal School Orchestra .....	17
Lesson Plans .....	18
Banking .....	19
Photo of The Minuet .....	20
Nobanoscho .....	21
Photo of the Flower Dance .....	21
The At-Home .....	22
Early Scottish Settlement in Glengarry .....	23
Photo of Irish Folk Dance .....	24
Lake Rosseau .....	24
A Motor Trip .....	26
Point Pelee .....	28
Why We Celebrate Empire Day .....	29
Empire Day .....	30
Empire Day Programme .....	31
Among the Ojibways .....	32
Photo of "Work or Play" .....	33
Distinguished Visitors .....	34
The Inspector's Visit .....	34
Off in the Stilly Night .....	35
Bracebridge .....	36
The Northern Belle .....	36
Photo of the French River .....	37
The Story Hour in the Rural School .....	38
A Trip to the Coast .....	38
Photos of Group One .....	40-41
Activities of Group One .....	40
The Jolly Good Fellow .....	41
Retrospect .....	42
Group One in the days that are to be .....	43
Photos and Activities of Group Two .....	44-45
Group Two, a Forecast .....	46
John .....	46
Photos and Activities of Group Three .....	48-49
The Future of Group Three .....	50
Activities, Photos, and Future of Group Four .....	51-54
Valedictory .....	55
An Appreciation .....	56
Closing Programme .....	57
Names of Critic Staff, Students .....	58-60





## NORMAL SCHOOL STAFF

Standing—H. Wildgust, L.L.C.M., H. E. Ricker, M.A., J. E. Chambers, C. Ramsay.

Seated—J. C. Norris, M.A., B. Paed, Miss E. K. Ballard, Secretary; A. C. Casselman, Principal; Miss Mayme Kay, J. A. Bannister, B.A.

## NORMAL SCHOOL STAFF

A. C. Casselman .....	<i>Principal: History, Geography, Reading, Spelling.</i>
J. C. Norris, M.A., B. Paed .....	<i>Master: Mathematics, School Management, Science of Education.</i>
H. E. Ricker, M.A. ....	<i>Master: Science, Agriculture, Hygiene, Nature Study, Physical Culture.</i>
J. A. Bannister, B.A. ....	<i>Master: English.</i>
C. Ramsay .....	<i>Instructor: Art.</i>
J. E. Chambers .....	<i>Instructor: Manual Training, Writing.</i>
H. Wildgust, L.L.C.M. ....	<i>Instructor: Music.</i>
Miss Mayme Kay .....	<i>Instructor: Household Science.</i>
Miss E. K. Ballard .....	<i>Secretary and Librarian.</i>

## Foreword

THE year that has just passed into history has been, perchance, in comparison with some of the strenuous war years, a somewhat quiet and uneventful one in the annals of the North Bay Normal School.

And yet a year that has witnessed the training for their life-work of upwards of one hundred and fifty young men and women can scarcely be called uneventful. Who shall tell how far-reaching may be the results of this year's work? Among those who have gone forth from our halls are many whom we confidently expect to rise to eminence in their chosen profession. Neither ability nor ambition are lacking. Many more will do teaching of a superior character, and all, we trust, will enter upon their duties with a determination to fulfill them conscientiously, to bring to their pupils something of the broader vision and the higher ideals which they themselves have caught, and to make the community in which their lot is cast a better community because of their presence and their labours.

It is a trite saying that the children of the nation are its greatest asset. But many who repeat the words fail to realize that they constitute only a potential asset. The gold that lies hidden in the rocks is an asset, but it must be discovered and mined before it is of real value to the world. The fertile acres of our great Northland are an asset but they must be cleared and cultivated before they bring to maturity the harvest of golden grain. The children must be trained and developed if the nation is to enjoy the benefit of the possibilities which they represent.

To the teacher is intrusted this, the most important task which the nation has it in its power to bestow. And upon the teacher will rest the responsibility for the proper training of those who, at no very distant time, will manage our great enterprises, make our laws, fill our pulpits, preside over our courts, and guide the destinies of our nation. The teacher, however, must be content to remain somewhat in the background, to look from afar at the success of former pupils, rewarded mainly by the feeling of satisfaction and pride which comes from being able to point to these as "my boys," and the occasional tribute of a grateful pupil who declares, "What I am I owe to my teacher, who showed me the possibilities that lay before me."

Such then, is the life of service upon which you are entering; such the responsibilities you are assuming; and such the opportunity that is offered you of helping to lay the foundations for the future greatness of our land. With you will go to your various schools the best wishes of the Staff, who will ever be ready to sympathize with you in your difficulties, to aid you in your perplexities, and to rejoice with you in your successes.

No attempt is made in this brief foreword to record or review the varied activities of the year. This has already been ably done by members of the class, and to their accounts we refer you. May this Year Book, then, bring to you, as you peruse its pages, many pleasant memories of the days spent, and the friendships formed at North Bay Normal School.

J.A.B.



## EDITORIAL

W. HENBEST, *Editor-in-Chief.*

THOSE of us who have had the privilege and the delight of the past year's training in our Normal School will not soon forget the days of the past, the work of the past, the inspiring lectures from teachers and visitors, and last, but by no means least, the anxious days during examinations.

And now we depart, but where? We came here last September from every point, by every road, from farms and villages and towns. We return with new ideas, new desires, new aspirations. We return to go forth again, not to be taught as we have been hitherto, but to endeavour to do our share in teaching, in living, in working, in sacrificing, if need be, that other hearts may be stirred, other lives brightened, by the information we may be able to impart. The privilege of helping our country to become the best, the freest, the largest, in the true sense of the word, is ours. We shall do much if we live well, if we fully realize our opportunity, if we grasp that opportunity and make the most of it.

Did ever young men and women face a greater crisis than we are called upon to face? Never was there, in all history, such a time of unrest. The call has come to us to be up and doing. The world wants our best. Nothing less will do. Shall we hold back when the call has come? Shall we, like misers, give stintingly of the knowledge that has been given to us without stint?

Not thus have we learned during our stay at North Bay Normal School. The example of self-denying service has been ever before us. No work has been too arduous, no effort too great, no request for help has passed unheeded.

Knowing these things as we do, what is our duty as teachers? The Land of the Maple is stretching out her arms towards us. She is calling us to labour, to sacrifice. She is calling us to the task of educating the young and growing generation. She expects us to do our duty; she demands our best. Scattered here, there, and everywhere in our fair province are communities that are in need of leaders, leaders with trained minds, leaders who can look into the future, leaders who will do and dare, men and women of vision. The world needs such, Canada needs them, this great and growing Northland needs them.

One who has caught something of the vision of the Greater Northland yet to be has written;

"I have heard the Northland calling with a clear, insistent call,  
I have seen her teeming thousands, I have heard their footsteps fall.  
I have seen the mystic curtain of the Future backward rolled,  
Mighty Northland! Land of Promise! I have seen thy wealth unfold."

We, too, after a year at the portal of this great land, have heard the ringing challenge, the call to service.

Shall we then refuse to help her, fail to listen to the call,  
Turn deaf ear to all her pleadings, spurn her teeming thousands all?

In that spirit shall we meet her, or, through duty nobly done,  
Shall we hear the Mighty Northland, Land of Promise, say, "Well done"?



## YEAR BOOK STAFF

C. Hardy, President, Literary Society; W. Henbest, Editor-in-Chief; V. Latimer, Representative, Group Two; H. Moffatt, Associate Editor; M. Campbell, Associate Editor.

K. Sims, Representative, Group Four; M. Cline, Representative, Group One; J. A. Bannister, B.A., Supervising Editor; J. Acheson, Business Manager; A. Rathwell, Representative, Group Three.

## IMPORTANT NOTICE

**W**ILL you kindly acknowledge receipt of this Year Book within one week, by dropping a card to Mr. Ricker at the Normal School. This will enable us to trace books which go astray in the mail, but we cannot locate a missing book if we do not know of its loss promptly.—EDITOR.



## THE LAND OF THE MANITOU

KATHLEEN SIMS

“**B**ROTHERS, let us smoke the blessed pipe of peace and each tell something of his home ere we retire to rest.”

Thus spoke the Great Spirit, the Manitou, to his kinsmen, the Sioux and the Blackfoot.

“Agreed,” replied the other two great Indian gods.

As was customary, the pipe was first smoked by the host. After puffing for some time in silence, he handed it across the campfire to the Blackfoot and began,—

“This, the greatest prairie south of the Lake of the Hurons, has been my home since the time when we three descended from sky to earth. Never have I journeyed from it and I have grown to love it with a deep and never-ending love. In coming to visit me you have seen some of the beauties of my wonderful domain. You have watched a glorious prairie sunset; you have seen the twilight steal silently over the long stretch of level land; you have even shared in the wild joys of the buffalo hunt to-day. What your eyes have seen can convey to your minds more than any words of mine. It is enough. I have spoken.”

Then the Blackfoot passed the pipe to the Manitou and spoke,—

“Brother Sioux, fully have I appreciated your beautiful domain. But, to me, there is one more beautiful spot. It is my home, the highest peak in the northern Rockies. From the door in my cave there, I see the world stretched out before me, mountains, valleys, and plains. The clouds move about at sunset in myriads of colours. The unblemished snow is about me, but, in contrast, I see below the green trees and the warm grass. Farther down the wild things swarm in thousands. The clear air brings thoughts great enough to carry one away. But the beauty is too great. I cannot describe it. I have spoken.”

It was now the Manitou's turn,—

“The silence and loneliness of your prairies holds me, Brother Sioux. Well can I see your mountains in all their grandeur, O Blackfoot. My domain has neither the magnificence of the mountains nor the sweeping vastness of the plains. Yet, though it has no such striking features, it is no less dear to me. It is just an emerald dot in a vast sea of blue, the Manitoulin Island.”

He paused for a moment and then continued,—

“I am the patron god of the Indians there and so the land was named for me,—Manitoulin,—the home of the Manitou. On its south-eastern corner is the peninsula of Wikwemikong and that is my home. On one side of Wikwemikong is the great water; on the other is the Bay of Manitowaning, on the shores of which live my best braves. For my greater convenience I have caused a tunnel to be built under the bay to my Indian village. There I spend much of my time studying the ways and thoughts of my race.

"Often I take the form of a deer and bound over hill and vale to visit other homes of my people, to Wabejong, Tehkummah, Sheguindah. Once every moon I travel to Dreamer's Rock on the main shore. To this rock the Indian mothers bring their young babes and there they spend the night. I cause each mother to have a dream and in it I disclose to her what her child's name must be and what occupation it must follow.

"For many moons my Old Woman travelled with me. One day she angered me and I kicked her far up the island. She landed in a big lake, her knees and head stuck to the bottom and there she stayed. That is why my Indians call the lake Mindemoya, or Old Woman.

"But I have told of my work, whereas you, my brethren, have spoken of your lands. My island is surrounded by many, many isles. Each of these is thickly wooded with evergreens, maples and birches. They are just masses of different shades of green with an occasional ledge of rock to throw in deft touches of gray and purple. In the autumn when my lovely maples turn to gold and scarlet,—then my country is no longer a mere mass of islands. It is Rainbow Land. The clear blue thread of winding channels and the darker lakes! Ah! It is a Happy Hunting Ground indeed!"

There was silence. From far over the plains came the cry of a wolf and the birds twittered sleepily in the trees near by. At last the Sioux spoke.

"I thought my land was wonderful, but yours entices me away. I must indeed visit you before many moons."

"And I also," said the Blackfoot, slowly, "I must see the Rainbow Land."

"Now to our wigwams," replied the Manitou. "I must rest, for at dawn I journey back to my beloved islands."

It is not grandeur, it is not peace that makes one land more wonderful than another. It is something that is in and of that place, and that mystical something was and is embodied in the "Land of the Manitou."

## "IF"

MINNIE CAMPBELL

**I**F you can come to Normal in September  
Leaving the old home town without a fear,  
And learn to love the new and not remember  
The folks you left, and keep from shedding tears;  
If you can get in line and be a student  
Worthy the name, and yet a sport, my girl,  
If you can be at once so wise and prudent  
And not waste time in Fashion's giddy whirl,  
If you can learn to stay away from dances,  
And not a movie crave in all the year;  
If you can give up rink and ball-room follies  
And everything that mars a great career;  
If you can teach and please the critic teachers,  
And answer when no answer seems to fit;  
If you can question like a modern Sophist  
And not get ruffled up one little bit;  
If you can on the fateful, final testing  
Secure a mark to please the master's eye,  
Then let me tell you, girl,—I am not jesting,  
You'll join the ranks of teachers, bye and bye.





#### FALL EXECUTIVE OF THE LITERARY SOCIETY

Standing—V. Drohan, Group One; W. Henbest, Secretary; H. Moffatt, Treasurer;  
W. Barker, Group Four; G. Johnson, Vice-President; R. Wood, Group Four;

Seated—A. Bradley, Group One; F. Shields, Group Four; D. Foster, Group Two;  
J. Acheson, President; E. Schubert, Group Three; H. Patton, Group Three;  
K. Frizzell, Group Two.

### THE WORK OF THE LITERARY SOCIETY

CLARA HARDY, *President, Spring Term*

AS we look back over the year's work and consider the various activities which have contributed to our pleasure and our profit, we feel that there is none more deserving of mention than the Literary Society.

Other organizations appeal to only a small portion of the student body. Not all of us are hockey enthusiasts. Not all have the gift of music. Baseball appeals to some, basket ball to others. But the Literary Society is pre-eminently the school society, where everyone is represented and where all may share in the activities and in the benefits.

With this in mind, the aim of the executive has been threefold. In the first place it has sought to give the student-teacher some training in the organization of a society, and in the arrangement of programmes, a training

which will be useful not only in the school where the student-teacher goes to take charge, but in the community as well, for the community will look to the teacher as a leader in such matters, and has a right to expect both knowledge and skill in all that pertains to the conduct of public entertainments.

The second aim has been to give the students practice in public speaking, to accustom them to appearing before an audience, so that they may develop self-confidence. The importance of this no one will question, especially if he has been obliged at some time to stand upon a public platform, and has experienced the humiliation of "stage fright" which robs the uninitiated of power of speech and action.

In the third place it has been the aim of the executive to provide variety in the activities of the school, and a measure of wholesome entertainment, without which Jack becomes "a dull boy."

The hearty co-operation of the students has been most gratifying to the executive, and if we have attained in some degree to the aims which we have had in view, no small amount of credit is due to those who have so willingly placed their time and their talents at our disposal.



#### SPRING EXECUTIVE OF THE LITERARY SOCIETY

Standing—C. Hastings, Group Two; M. Campbell, Vice-President; M. Cline, Group One;  
L. Flood, Group Four; M. Anglin, Treasurer; G. Bradford, Group One;  
L. McMillan, Group Three.

Seated—M. Hogg, Secretary; E. Thornton, Group Four; C. Hardy, President;  
L. McLauchlan, Group Three; M. Flood, Group Two.



## WHEN DREAMS COME TRUE

MINNIE CAMPBELL

THE winter day had drawn to a close, and darkness had fallen over the little country village. In her tiny room sat Nellie Morgan, all alone. The usually cheery face of the little school teacher was clouded and the brown eyes looked away towards the window, where the drifting snow was being piled against the glass by the driving wind.

No, there was no use trying any longer, she thought. No one appreciated her efforts. She would never be a successful teacher. The years were slipping by and she was accomplishing nothing. But at last she had taken the final step and on the table before her lay an envelope, addressed to Mr. Roland Smith, Secretary of the School Board, and containing her resignation. Oh! what a relief it would be to be forever free from the worry and toil of the school room. Somewhere out there in the world of golden opportunities she would some day mount to the topmost round of Fame's shining ladder.

Suddenly she turned, with her pen still in her hand, and listened intently. Had she heard a knock? Yes, there it came again and this time Nellie Morgan walked across the floor and opened the door. No one was in sight. She stepped out into the hall.

At that moment there was a terrific crash, the lights flickered and went out, and the whole house was wrapped in darkness. For a second all was still and then through the silence came strains of sweet music. Softly and silently a misty light chased away the shadows and Nellie Morgan gazed about her in wonder. As far as the eye could reach on every side stretched meadows covered with green waving grass. Great red and white roses spread their fragrance upon the summer breeze, and red breasted robins in the maple trees above.

Just then at her side a voice said; "Welcome, fair visitor, to our land of sunshine." Nellie Morgan looked about but saw no one. The voice continued; "To-day, in yonder palace, the Spirit of Canada is paying tribute to those who are giving their lives to keep her strong and free. Come, for even now she is waiting."

Unseen hands led the wondering girl and she soon found herself in a most beautiful room. Seated on a throne was a white-clad figure, upon whose brow glittered a silver crown bearing the word, "Canada." All about her throne were twined garlands of maple leaves, while above her head floated the flag of red, white, and blue. Great crowds pressed forward to catch a glimpse of the queen they loved. Soldiers, sailors, nurses, and statesmen were there, and numberless others who bore no mark of profession or trade.

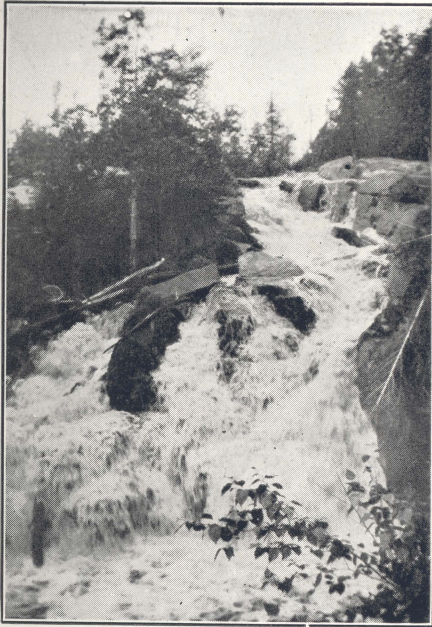
The queen raised her sceptre and silence fell on the waiting crowd as she began to speak. "I have bidden you come to my palace. You have obeyed, and rightly so. Here before my throne is gathered a band of workers of whom I am proud. These are the teachers from the Canadian schools. Early and late they have laboured without any hope of glory or reward. They have built the foundation for my empire, and in their hands rests its success or failure. They have served where Duty called them and now, as they pass before my throne, I shall place in the hands of each a spray of maple leaves. These shall never wither, but shall forever tell to the world that each day of

faithful service has been one round of the ladder of Fame. From the top-most round a grateful Canada bestows this gift.”

Nellie Morgan found herself moving forward with the crowd. At last her turn came. She closed her eyes. Her breath came quickly and her outstretched hand trembled. Her fingers grasped something, but not maple leaves. All that lay in her hand was a plain, white envelope, addressed to Mr. Roland Smith, Secretary of the School Board. Darkness followed, and silence, and then a crash.

Nellie Morgan sat up with a jerk, rubbed her eyes and looked about her. Had it all been a dream, and was there still a chance to be numbered among the faithful of Canada? She picked up the white envelope which still lay upon the table. Crossing the room quietly she dropped it among the embers in the fireplace, and murmured,

*“Heaven is not reached by a single bound,  
But we build the ladder on which we rise  
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,  
And we mount to the summit, round by round.”*



DUCHESNAY FALLS

ALL the students have heard of “Sheeny” Falls, one of the beauty spots within easy reach of North Bay. This picture is included in our book in order that it may give to those who have not seen the waters tumbling from rock to rock some idea of the grandeur of the scene, and that it may revive in the minds of others some very pleasant memories and associations, particularly those connected with Victoria Day.



## ADVENTURES IN NORMALAND

(With acknowledgments to the Blind Men from Hindustan.)

ERMA GRAHAM

'Twas thirteen boys within our land,  
To learning much inclined,  
Who gathered at our Normal School,  
And left their friends behind,  
To learn by observation  
To train the youthful mind.

The first approached the infant class,  
But here he had a fall;  
No matter what he asked of them  
They answered not at all.  
"Why, bless me!" said the other three  
"We don't like this at all."

Two others bound Feroniaward  
Were forced to take the train,  
And lest they might get lonesome there,  
They took their lassies twain.  
And though their marks were very low  
They'd like to go again.

Then four approached an Entrance class;  
We hear one had to take  
The dictionary in his hand  
To help syllabicate;  
As for the rest the questions asked  
Did cause their hearts to quake.

Then one a rote song had to give  
Within the Senior Third,  
The pupils glanced around the room  
To find the cuckoo bird,  
Though he was tall enough to have  
Been seen as well as heard.

Another to the Primary went,  
And, Oh! the sad mistake,  
He said, "I'll tell a story.  
Now six and two make eight."  
The pupils marked him down at once  
As being quite a fake.

The last no sooner had begun  
Within his mind to grope,  
When seizing on a reckless word  
Which fell within his scope,  
He made them laugh, then desperately  
He said, "It is no joke."

The fourteenth one to us has come,  
He has not suffered long,  
But in our own opinion  
He'll get his stiff and strong.  
Now that the number is fourteen  
All things cannot go wrong.

## IMPRESSIONS OF NORTH BAY

ELLA HALL

TO very many this beautiful North Country suggests nothing but rocks and forests and extreme cold. But long ago men of vision realized something of the possibilities of the North, and to their initiative and foresight is due the credit of laying the foundations of its rapid development, its present prosperity, and its future greatness.

One of the centres of this advancement is North Bay, the gateway to the vast Northland. This growing town, situated on the north shore of picturesque Lake Nipissing, is an example and an inspiration to the smaller towns and the surrounding countryside. Four great railways extend their long arms of steel westward to the shores of the Pacific, eastward to the Atlantic, southward to the populous centres of the older part of the province, and northward into the land of promise, the silver region of Cobalt, the gold area of Porcupine, and the unexplored wealth of far-off Hudson's Bay.

In the summer the shores of the lake and the beautiful islands in the French River are much frequented by tourists who come here to enjoy the scenery and to be invigorated by the dry, bracing atmosphere.

Nor are these the only attractions. North Bay possesses unique educational facilities. Splendid Public and Separate Schools provide ample opportunity for elementary education. A large and well-equipped Collegiate Institute enables students to prepare for entrance to University or Schools of Professional Training. A commodious Provincial Normal School fits prospective teachers for their work in the elementary schools, and has proved a great boon to the North by bringing within its reach those who are duly qualified to take charge of the instruction of the young.

Any misgivings which we may have had when we gathered here last September have been dispelled, and we have caught something of the spirit of the North, its enthusiasm and its buoyant optimism, and we shall go forth to be better teachers and better citizens because of our sojourn here.

MR. B. is of the opinion that there is poetic talent lying dormant in the North Bay Normal School. So one of the students, getting a sudden inspiration, composed a poem. She took it to a busy editor and explained that she had composed a poem "On the Garden Gate."

The editor was much relieved, and said, "All right, Miss, if I'm passing your way some day, I'll stop and look at it."

### HAMLET REVISED

TO study or not to study? That is the question;  
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer  
The scolds and threatenings of outraged masters,  
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,  
And by studying end them. To study! To succeed!  
To be a dunce no more! 'Tis a consummation  
Devoutly to be wished. But the dread of future failure  
Makes us rather bear the ills we have  
Than fly to others that we know not of.





GIRLS' HOCKEY TEAM

M. Hogg, M. Whattam, H. Kerfoot, L. Lippert, C. Hastings,  
H. Casselman, D. Gregory, G. Bradford.

## HALLOWE'EN

MARGARET KAAKE

AS the thirty-first of October approached, the whole atmosphere seemed filled with a strange mystification. This feeling was by no means lacking in the Normal School, where for several days busy teachers and students sought to make the coming evening one to be long remembered. Meaningful glances and hushed voices served only to heighten the general air of mystery.

The evening came. Phantoms of the "dear departed" conducted the eager visitors to our gaily decorated Assembly Hall where they listened to a well-prepared programme which showed evidence of much real talent.

Dainty refreshments were then served by the students, and after this there was a series of very interesting contests. No one had suspected before how difficult it is to pin together correctly the fragments of a paper pumpkin. The relay races brought out unexpected ability on the part of some of the

girls. If the mysterious power by which the white garbed figures guided the contestants around the magic circle appeared remarkable, a still more wonderful feat was performed when the Assembly Hall was suddenly transformed into a croquet ground with living arches and balls.

Soon the ghosts were seen beckoning, and visitors and students followed the weird figures down, down, to where out of the blackness cold fingers reached out to clutch at them, and the silence was broken by unearthly sounds. There was a distinct sense of relief when strains of sweet music were heard summoning them back to the Assembly Hall, and the terrors of the "underworld" were forgotten in the brightly lighted room, where all went "merry as a marriage bell."

On the second floor were great tubs of water where rosy-cheeked apples floated temptingly. Eyes shone with merriment as apples,—almost caught,—eluded the teeth, or as some head appeared, dripping but triumphant, with a firm grip upon the luscious fruit which had been followed to the bottom of the tub.

All too soon the midnight hour sounded, the ghosts hurriedly disappeared, visitors and students departed, and one of the most pleasant functions of the term was at an end.



NORMAL SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

M. Snyder, R. Walkom, G. Johnson, L. Parker,  
K. Frizzell, H. E. Ricker, M.A., K. Sims.



## LESSON PLANS

HALF the night, half the night,  
Half the night onward,  
Studied the Normalite,  
With plan encumbered.  
Onward with all her might,  
Studied she through the night,  
Burned the electric light  
While the world slumbered.

Was she a bit dismayed  
By all the work arrayed,  
Lesson plans must be made;  
Lessons unnumbered?  
Hers not to weep or cry,  
Hers not to homeward fly,  
Hers but to do or die,  
E'en though she blundered.

Books to the right of her,  
Books to the left of her,  
Books, too, in front of her,  
Several hundred.  
Science of Ed. to learn,  
Oh! how heart did yearn,  
But few did that concern,  
From her friends sundered.

Studied she long and deep,  
Till she fell fast asleep,  
Oft in her dreams to weep  
E'en while she slumbered.  
Then on the fatal day  
With face all grim and gray,  
Unto herself did say,  
"My days are numbered."

Pupils to right of her,  
Pupils to left of her,  
Pupils in front of her,  
Full half a hundred!  
Eager their hands did raise  
In a bewildering maze,  
Critie, with stony gaze,  
Watched if she blundered.

Trembling she then began,  
Closely the clock did scan,  
Alas! for a noble plan  
Shattered and sundered;  
Stopped she right on the dot,  
Wondering what mark she got,  
Thirty, perhaps, but not,—  
Not a full hundred.

## BANKING

MARIANNE NATTRESS

**B**ACK in the days before the war, a bank clerk invariably was a man or boy, for none but men or boys were initiated into the dark secrets of banking. A girl bank clerk! Such a thing was unheard of. But when the war came, it may have been patriotism, it may have been that craving for excitement and change which every bank clerk develops; whatever the reason, about one half the bank employees enlisted leaving hundreds of vacancies. There were few men found willing to work for a bank clerk's salary and so girls had to be admitted to the sacred precincts.

From the moment of handing in your application until you have finished your probationary period and really become one of "us", everyone considers it his bounden duty to impress upon you the weight of the responsibilities which you are about to assume. Along with your application must be furnished a certificate of health, of age, and of character, together with a photograph of yourself to serve as a means of identification should you abscond with any of their "filthy lucre." These are all sent to Head Office, an almost unknown power which controls the bank clerk all his days.

After you have given up all hope of hearing from them again, you receive a formal notice to present yourself at the manager's office on a certain day. You enter at the appointed time, sit down shrinking on the extreme edge of a chair, and wait until that superior person deigns to notice you. When, at last, he realizes why you are there he hands you a legal document, four closely printed sheets of foolscap, and says in a solemn voice, "Read the covenant through and sign in the space indicated." Briefly, this covenant is, "Always put the interests of the bank and its customers first," and, "Tell nothing of the affairs of bank or customers to anyone not directly concerned therewith, either now or hereafter."

Now begins the probationary period, from one to three months. How willing everyone is to help. The seniors, from a feeling of genuine kindness; the juniors, because they delight in showing off what they have so recently learned. And still you have impressed upon you the responsibility of your position. Bank clerks must make no mistakes, (but they do). The horrible tragedy of that first mistake can never be forgotten. The humiliation with which you confess your ignorance and stupidity, and the blessed relief which comes with the accountant's "Oh, that can easily be remedied." Then one day the manager calls you into his office to tell you that you have been accepted as a permanent member of the staff and you emerge a full-fledged bank clerk.

And so time goes on. With each advance in position comes a reduction in the number of "bosses," for the junior takes orders from everyone. At last comes the proud day when you become a teller, or, in bank parlance, are given a box. Then indeed you look with scorn upon the world, for not even the manager may enter the cage during office hours without your permission. Then also begin the real worries of your life.

The hours are long, the work exacting, the salary no-wise princely, yet, after all, there is a good-fellowship among bank clerks which, I will venture to say, is not found to the same degree in any other profession.





#### THE MINUET

M. Dickie, H. Casselman, D. Anderson, D. Flaxman, H. Bulmer, F. Ferris,  
A. Depew, G. Bradford.

#### THE CHASE

**E**ARLY (eleven minutes to nine) one winter morning, a Normalite was wending her way to school. The sole companion of the girl was her Music Dictation Book, a charming little volume whose light cover was just beginning to be mottled over with the staff. Her Science of Education had been on a long vigil in her locker, and had not, as yet, been perused in nightly studies.

“That will do now. Finish this next day.”

#### THE SCHOOL PAPER

**A** PRACTICAL turn was given to the work in Composition during the year by the issue of four numbers of a school paper, one by each of the four Groups. This was a means of discovering considerable literary talent. Some of the contributions were of a particularly high order. A few of these are included in the present book, but space does not permit the insertion of more than a small part of those which were judged worthy of a place.

The staff of the paper in each case gained valuable experience in editorial work and the contributors improved their power of expression, while all derived pleasure from the finished product. This is a work which may well be continued in the schools, and which will give added interest to a very important part of the course of study.

## NOBANOSCHO

THE Noscho Tribe, so far at least as the Ontario Family is concerned, cannot lay claim to very great antiquity. But what it lacks in length of days it more than makes up in vigour.

Picture writings which have been carefully preserved indicate that the first wigwam of the Tribe was erected by Tor Noscho among the Palefaces on the shores of Lake Ontario in the days of Chief Ryerson. Many moons passed before Otta Noscho came to live by the rushing waters of the river of the Ottawas. Then another member, Lon, encamped on the banks of the Thames.

Some thirteen years ago, four other members of this distinguished family, Ham, Strat, Pete, and Noba, took up their abode in various parts of the province. The last mentioned chose a camping ground at the old portage between the waters of the Mattawa and those of the French.

The most remarkable thing about this family is the fact that all the members have devoted themselves to educational work, and have specialized in teacher-training. In this none has been more successful than Noba. Competent judges have declared that teachers that have been trained by Noba Noscho are superior to all others. They are to be found in all parts of the province, but are particularly numerous in New Ontario. For Noba Noscho is specially interested in this Great Northland, and, having control of considerable money, uses it in giving financial assistance to worthy aspirants for the teaching profession. The other members of the family may possess the philanthropic spirit, but unfortunately they lack the means of following this worthy example.



FLOWER DANCE

G. McGahey, L. Lang, F. Lamont, J. Cobb, L. Lippert, R. Walkom,  
E. Hand, V. Hughes, C. Burke, V. Latimer, E. Thompson, E. Graham.



## THE AT-HOME

MAY E. FORREST

THE fourth week of February saw the school in a state of bustle and excitement. The students looked happier than usual, for the important event was approaching,—the At-Home. All week the kitchen resounded with rattling pans and joyous laughter, and spicy odours crept under the door and pervaded the whole school. Under the able supervision of Miss Kay, the girls, with sleeves rolled up and snowy aprons, baked cakes and cookies and date loaves and made tempting sandwiches. The Assembly Hall was very tastefully decorated, and drills, choruses, and recitations were practised over and over again to ensure perfection. The busy hum of sewing machines and the snipping of scissors coming from the sewing room told of the pretty costumes that were being fashioned by deft hands for the drills.

Friday, February 24, brought back many former students, for they all still hold North Bay Normal School in high esteem. Few schools have succeeded so well in making the students feel that they belong to a great family, and that for them there is always a "Welcome Home."

In the evening the Assembly Hall was filled to capacity with the teachers of the Public Schools, the ex-students, the students and their friends. The programme was exceptionally good, and many numbers of high educational value were presented. Miss Hardy, President of the Literary Society for the Winter Term, opened the entertainment with a short, pleasing address in which she extended to the visitors a hearty welcome. The French Minuet and the Flower Dance were combinations of beauty and grace, and were so much appreciated that they had to be repeated.

Miss L. McLaughlin gave two Scotch songs in such an excellent and feeling manner that the Scotch folks seemed to be carried back to their "ain banks and braes and heathered hills." A piano solo by Miss Homuth and a duet by Misses Bradford and Hastings were very much appreciated as also an excellent reading by Miss Frizzell. A vocal quartette by Misses McLaughlin, Yack, Mitchell and Rathwell was worthy of special mention. The school joined heartily in the singing of several choruses, the success of which was due in large measure to Mr. Wildgust's enthusiasm and untiring energy.

After the programme, refreshments were served, and the remainder of the evening was then spent in games and dancing.

The officers of the Literary Society, upon whom the burden and the responsibility of the arrangements fell, and all those who so ably took part are to be congratulated upon the success of the evening. The students are grateful also to the staff for their encouragement and assistance, as well as for the opportunities given them for this and many other enjoyable evenings that have contributed so much towards making the year a pleasant one for all.

---

A dog in the hand is worth two on the lawn.

## EARLY SCOTTISH SETTLERS IN GLENGARRY

MARGARET MACLACHLAN

THE first emigration from the Highlands of Scotland took place in 1772 to South Carolina. In the following year another party left Glengarry and Knoydart in Scotland and settled along the bank of the Mohawk River in New York. Soon the Revolutionary War broke out. The Americans tried every means to retain them in the country. But seeing that neither entreaties nor threats were of any avail, they arrested several of the influential men and threw them into prison. Soon these contrived to effect their own release, chose a leader and guide, and, through many difficulties, fought their way to the banks of the St. Lawrence.

An interesting story is told of a Scots officer who fell in with one of the veterans surviving from this period. After hearing the story, the officer, wishing to express his admiration, said, "The only instance I know that I can at all compare it to is Moses leading the children of Israel into the Promised Land." Up jumped the old veteran. "Moses," said he, "compare *me* to Moses! Why he lost half his army in the Red Sea and I brought my party through without losing a man."

At the conclusion of the war the Loyalists were given land on the Niagara frontier, on the shores of the St. Lawrence, and in the counties of Glengarry and Stormont.

Many of the friends of those who had settled in Glengarry, hearing cheerful tidings from Canada, and suffering in Scotland from the same causes that had induced the former parties to quit their homes, began to join them. To such proportions did this emigration grow that the Home Government, growing alarmed, placed severe restrictions upon their coming. But in spite of all these difficulties, another body of Highlanders arrived in 1803, and with them came their chaplain, Bishop Macdonnell. After a great deal of trouble he obtained a grant of 160,000 acres of land to be divided among the settlers. In the same year another thousand arrived and settled around Dunvegan, Glengarry.

Gibbon, in his book, "Scots in Canada," says, "To Highland dash and valour were due the capture of Detroit and Ogdensburg, the famous march of Chateaugay, the capture of Oswego."

Ever since the settlers were given their bush-covered farms they have worked strenuously to improve them, until to-day Glengarry ranks with the most progressive counties of the province. The settlers have shown their loyalty on every occasion that has arisen, and in the recent war the work of the "Counties' Own Battalion" is particularly worthy of mention.

If you are a lover of Nature and enjoy its quiet scenes, you would, I am quite sure, be interested in visiting this picturesque and historic county, and its old Scots settlers would give you a hearty welcome.





#### IRISH FOLK DANCE

E. T. Harvey, F. Lamont, E. Hand, M. Forrest,  
C. Hastings, H. Kerfoot, K. Frizzell, L. Lang, M. Hogg,  
V. Latimer, F. Jackson.

### LAKE ROSSEAU

MARY A. HUTCHINSON

**I**T is a glorious June morning and you are seated alone on a flat rock overlooking a glassy lake,—Lake Rosseau. The sun is just beginning to show itself above the horizon and the dew is sparkling in its golden rays. All is calm and peaceful, yet a certain wild feeling of ecstasy takes possession of you.

Soon the birds, fearful lest they miss some of the beauties of this long June day, awaken. One by one they start to warble their sweet notes till soon all the air is flooded with their music. There is a slight sound as of the rippling of distant waters. There is a gentle breeze which carries on its invisible wings the aroma of flowers and sweet hay.

But you are not left long to enjoy the grandeur of it all. A crowd of youthful pleasure seekers, shouting and laughing, are making their way towards the shore for their early morning plunge. Then another crowd comes, and still another. Some of them gaze at you, wondering why you do not join them. They do not know that you have had your plunge hours before.

But now it is breakfast time. You enter a cool, vine-covered cottage and make your way to the spacious dining room, where you are able to do ample justice to the good things that are set before you.

Breakfast over, you stroll down to the lake again, and pushing off in a canoe, you drift idly over the surface of the water. You see some playing golf and others enjoying a game of tennis. But these sports have no attraction for you. There will be plenty of time for such when you are back again in the city. And so your thoughts go wandering far afield as you continue to drift, till suddenly you rouse yourself with, "Where am I? It is one o'clock. I must have fallen asleep!" Then you paddle landward in time for the midday lunch.

During the afternoon you settle yourself in a hammock for a quiet nap. When you awaken there is just time for a nice cool plunge. How cooling the water is, and how refreshed you feel after this slight exertion. You are in no hurry to go in for dinner, so you sit on the beach in the cool of the evening and watch the sun sinking slowly in the west. At last it disappears, but its golden train lingers on the horizon, then gradually fades away.

By the time you have left the dining room the moon has risen and the lake is bathed in its quiet rays. What a glorious night for a paddle! With an agreeable companion you set off across the moonlit lake. Suddenly you find yourself drifting with the current. You have entered Shadow River, that river of quivering shadows, sparkling waters, and bewitching calm. It is a fair Elysium. You give yourself up so completely to the enjoyment of its beauty that time passes unnoticed, and ere you are aware you have drifted several miles down stream.

At last you turn homeward and exert yourself for the first time to-day as you paddle up against the current. Out upon the lake once more, you let the canoe drift to shore, and parting with your companion, you seek your room.

It is a charming little room, with snow white walls, snow white curtains and a snow white bed. There is a cool breeze from the lake and a slight rustling of the leaves outside your open window. Your head touches the pillow and you are fast asleep. You dream,—

*I love you, dear Lake Rosseau,  
The grandest of the three;  
Though not, perchance, more beautiful,  
Yet dearer far to me.  
When my heart was sad  
You made it glad;  
No truer friend  
I ever had.  
O crystal Lake, so calm, so free,  
You always hold a charm for me.*

Who says?

"That'll do now."

"The class is now dismissed."

"That will do."

"Ready, stand, go."

"Those who have finished their work may go, those who wish to finish it may stay."

"That will be all."

"Five o'clock, Girls!"



## A MOTOR TRIP

LOIS LANG

AS a resident of Western Canada, there was, perhaps, no part of the Dominion which held out such fascinating visions as Ontario, when I pictured it in all its glory, as described in various sources of information. I failed to see the beauties of the prairie so near at hand, because "distance lends enchantment to the view." So when I learned that we were to leave the "wild and woolly" West of Ontario, my joy was unbounded.

My parents shared my enthusiasm, and, being the proud possessors of one of those masters of the road called a Ford, and with more leisure than cash at their command, they decided to attempt the trip, even though authorities on the subject declared it was too late in the year and prophesied many difficulties.

However, we set out on that unlucky date, September 13, hoping that good judgement and optimism would either sweep away, or bridge over some of the threatened difficulties, such as late rains, early snows, and, worst of all, hold-ups.

There were four of us in the party,—my father, who was to act as driver, my mother, ever on the alert for guide-marks, the red, white and blue bands encircling the telephone posts, and, partially holding down the back seat, my sister and I.

Leaving Southern Saskatchewan, with hopes fixed steadfastly on the promised land, we experienced a little cool weather until we reached the border line. Here we had considerable difficulty in persuading the authorities that we were not, as they supposed, smugglers, but merely innocent, harmless travellers going to Ontario via the United States.

We spent our first night at North Portal, a town on the border line between Canada and the United States. The following day was considerably warmer, and, our car being laden down with robes, overcoats and various other wraps, we were scornfully asked by one little boy if we had just come from Iceland.

From North Portal we went south-east into the state of North Dakota, seeing as we went, various phases of the industrial life of that state, ranching, mining and farming. In the southern part we found the weather warm and the scenery magnificent, and there we found, too, some hills which made our little Ford gasp for breath. But as one rarely goes up a hill without having to come down again, this proved to be no exception to the rule. The descent had to be made by a series of what are commonly known as hairpin turns, but by using the reverse at times instead of the brakes (this applies only to Fords) we made the descent safely.

Rounding the last curve of that long and winding hill, we found ourselves gazing down upon the loveliest valley I had ever seen,—a valley stretching for miles and miles, while far in the distance the purple hills lifted their heads to be kissed by the last rays of the setting sun. And nestling deep in the bosom of that valley was a most picturesque little town, Valley City. An occasional Church spire or bell tower peeped out from among the green foliage of the trees, to remind us that we weren't, as we supposed, gazing upon a land where "no foot had ever trod."

After we left Valley City the country began to assume a more level aspect, and the weather became comfortably warm. We speedily forgot the promised land ahead of us and set ourselves to enjoy the unending beauties of the landscape.

Passing through Fargo an enterprising city, we struck the "Jefferson Highway," a paved road which runs from Winnipeg to the Gulf of Mexico. The course of the highway was indicated by black and white bands marked on the telephone posts. Following this we could well dispel our fears both of losing our way and encountering bad roads.

Things were now beginning to get extremely interesting, including the price of gasoline, which seemed to climb about as fast as we could the hills which we met at this point.

We passed through Fergus Falls and Sawk Centre, Minnesota, both live and active centres of industry, when behold! the Mississippi River spread before our view. Here we were able to shed our overcoats as the sun was warm, and the weather mild. The scenery here proved to be as advertised—the most scenic in the state.

At St. Paul and Minneapolis, we spent several hours visiting points of interest, which by the way, made things interesting for us, for here we had our first blow-out, but, nothing loath, we worked our woes up into opportunities by getting other necessary vulcanizing and overhauling done.

Following the highway south we arrived at Mason City, Iowa, and found it to be such a pleasant place that we decided to remain there over night. We spent a pleasant and profitable afternoon there, found excellent meals and lodging and courteous treatment at the hands of the service stations.

It was now getting to be a regular thing to jump into the car at 9 a.m. and almost fall out at sunset, ready indeed for an appetizing meal and a comfortable bed. Here we left the "Jefferson Highway" for the "Lincoln Highway" which extends across the continent from east to west. The posts along its route were marked with a red, white and blue inset with a likeness of the worthy statesman in whose honour the road was named.

The next town of importance that I remember was Cedar Rapids, and well may I remember it for it was just here we had an accident which might have proved fatal had it not been for the protecting top and side curtains of our "old faithful," the Ford. Deep ruts had been cut in the roads following a heavy rain storm. When the driver was trying to get the wheels out of a rut the car skidded, poised for an instant on two wheels, then tumbled over into the ditch with a crash. For a moment we were all dazed, but on looking around each discovered that nothing was damaged but the car. I had a fleeting mental vision of packing the remaining parts of our Ford in a suitcase and continuing our journey by train. However, we scrambled out as best we could, over the broken wind shield, with hair dishevelled, clothes topsy-turvy, and a shoe or so missing. We all helped to set the car on all fours, then continued our journey, our little Ford chugging away as if nothing had happened.

From here our course lay due east to Chicago, from which crowded and congested city we were only too glad to escape. Still on the highway, we left Chicago for North Bend. Here we left the "Lincoln Highway" for the "Red Line" which took us to the city of Detroit, Michigan. At Detroit we again crossed over the border line, as we had done thirteen days before. This time, however, we took the ferry and soon found ourselves in Windsor, Ontario, later in London, and finally speeding over the Toronto-Hamilton Highway to Toronto. At last on September 27, the promised land was reached, but as is usually the case, the anticipation had been greater than the realization, and I found Ontario not unlike the West. The only difference lay in the climate and perhaps in the vegetation. The trip took us thirteen days and we estimated the distance at about 2,400 miles. We took meals and lodging wherever we happened to be at the time, averaged about 150 miles a day, and encountered none of the rain, snow or other evils that had been predicted for us at the outset of our journey.



## POINT PELEE

IRENE GALVIN

**P**POINT PELEE, the most southerly point of land in the Dominion of Canada, extends its scenic shores from the mainland due south for eight miles into the waters of Lake Erie. Beyond the point are extensive sand-bars behind which ships are able to secure safe shelter from the Easterly and Westerly gales which sweep the lake. But as these bars project into the path of the lake's hurrying traffic they form a serious menace, and in the earlier days Point Pelee was known as the "bone yard of Lake Erie." For this reason the Government has erected a life-saving station here, with all necessary equipment, and the crew of the station does effective work each year preventing loss of life and property.

In recent years the shore-line has been considerably damaged by the erosion caused by heavy storms. Large trees, up to three feet in diameter, have been uprooted and carried into the lake. This is due to the removal of a considerable part of the beds of sand and gravel which formerly protected the shore. From early March till late in December large dredges, or sand-suckers, may be seen in operation, loading and carrying away the sand and gravel to the United States. The removal of these natural barriers has not only left the shore line without protection against the encroachment of the waves, but has wrought serious injury through destroying the spawning grounds of sturgeon, black bass, and other valuable fish. To prevent further damage the Government has stationed a dredge inspector on Point Pelee, whose duty it is to see that the sand companies do not overstep their rights and come too close to shore.

On account of its situation this peninsula possesses a fauna and flora of great interest to the scientist and nature lover, and abounds in semi-tropical vegetation which includes many species not found elsewhere in Canada. It is in the direct path of one of the great routes of migration and is the only spot that lies within the range of many southerly breeding birds. Because of its extensive marshes and its dense undergrowth it forms an ideal resting place for many forms of bird life during migration, as well as a secure and convenient breeding ground.

Through the efforts of the Essex County Wild Life Conservation Society, and the authorities at Ottawa, this area, covering some 7,000 acres, has been set aside as a great National Park, where plant and animal life are protected by law. Though it is but a short time since this was done, the results are already gratifying. The natural attractiveness of the spot has been increased by the removal of debris and undergrowth. Houses have been erected for Purple Martins, a flag pole put up, and a fine gateway constructed at the entrance with the words, "Point Pelee," in bold letters upon it. These things have encouraged the few settlers who live there to improve their premises, and they are beginning to take a pardonable pride in trying to make the place as attractive as possible. The roads have been improved and already it is becoming a favourite week-end resort for hundreds of tourists from Detroit, Windsor, Leamington, and other points.

As a result of the protection which has been afforded, there has been a very marked increase in all forms of wild life. A great many varieties of wild ducks nest and hatch here, and during the summer of 1921 a pair of southern parrots visited the park for a few months and were a great attraction to tourists and naturalists. Many migratory birds pay Point Pelee a passing visit, and numerous other species nest here.

The marsh provides an ideal habitat for the muskrat. Prior to the establishment of the park these animals had almost disappeared, having been nearly exterminated through the persistent activity of poachers. But since 1920 they have increased greatly in numbers, as trapping is allowed for only a short period and then under very severe restrictions. The wild ducks which visit the extensive areas of wild rice in the marsh are similarly protected, as are also the wild geese as they pass back and forth in their annual migration.

The forest growth contains numerous species of trees, some of which are becoming extremely scarce in other localities. Besides the more commonly occurring oaks, hickories, maples, elms, ash, beech, chestnut, pine, and poplar, there are majestic black walnuts, ironwoods, sycamores, dogwoods, yews, junipers, mulberries, and wild cherries. The red cedar, which has become almost extinct in the province, is found here in abundance, but there is a severe penalty for cutting it.

The settlers are descendants of the early French pioneers who obtained the title to their holdings direct from the Crown more than a century ago. In those early days they made their living chiefly from the wild game and from the sale of furs. Now they have directed their attention to other pursuits. They do considerable lake fishing, and the farming which they formerly carried on in a very desultory fashion has given place to more modern methods which are yielding them very satisfactory returns. There are splendid apple orchards that yield fruit of the very finest quality. In their hothouses they grow tomatoes, sweet potatoes, peanuts, and similar things. Asparagus is raised in large quantities, and a small amount of tobacco is also grown.

During the past season a commodious pavilion was erected to accommodate tourists and visitors. Bathing houses are being designed. Many fine cottages have been constructed by Americans who come here to spend the summer. The roadways are being reconstructed, and Point Pelee is fast becoming an ideal place for the hundreds of motorists who visit it each season.

## WHY WE CELEBRATE EMPIRE DAY

MINNIE CAMPBELL

*(Read at the opening of the Empire Day programme)*

**T**HIS morning the flags of our Canadian schools are waving mast-high. Why? Because we are a part of Britain.

Our country is young, and from her vast resources we are building her future greatness. Our most valued asset is the children of the land and to us teachers is given the task of so moulding these young lives that in time they may become citizens of whom Canada may well be proud.

As the years roll onward they will take their places as men and women of our race, and Oh! may their hearts be aflame with the true spirit of Patriotism, the spirit which rejoices in the purity of individual and of national life, the spirit which prompted the sacrifice in the land "where poppies blow," the land where

*"The men staked all on the task in hand,  
And left the rest with God."*

And so we celebrate Empire Day as an outward and visible sign of an awakening to our serious duties and responsibilities, and that we may send forth boys and girls to gaze with a new pride upon the flag that waves above them, boys and girls who will face the world and brag

*"That they were born in Canada,  
Beneath the British flag."*



## EMPIRE DAY

MABLE A. CLARK

*"Welded each and all  
Into one imperial whole;  
One with Britain, heart and soul,—  
One life, one flag, one fleet, one throne."*

NEVER has this sentiment been more strongly impressed upon our minds than upon May 23, when we gathered in the Assembly Hall to observe Empire Day in a fitting manner. The Masters have ever emphasized the fact that true patriotism must be based upon knowledge, and accordingly the forenoon is spent in learning something of the greatness of the vast Empire to which we have the good fortune to belong.

The programme began with the singing of the Doxology and prayer, after which the whole school joined in the singing of the Recessional. Then after a brief account of "Why we celebrate Empire Day," each Group gave a series of addresses on the various parts of the Empire.

Group One dealt with the British Isles, and added not a little to the effectiveness of their presentation by having members dressed in the distinctive costumes of Scotland, Ireland and Wales.

Group Two gave a very instructive account of the Empire in the East and Australasia. To Group Three fell the task of telling of Canada. Each speaker carried a shield bearing the coat of arms of the province she was representing, and gave some account of the history, the geography, and the wealth of natural resources in the part assigned to her.

Then came Group Four, representing Africa, and, with the map of the Dark Continent spread out before us, each carried us into a certain portion and thrilled us with an account of the wonderful advances that have taken place, the extensive changes resulting from the recent war, and what the Union Jack has meant to this vast domain.

The programme for the afternoon was intended more for entertainment, and included music, songs, recitations and addresses. At the conclusion Principal Casselman thanked all those who had helped to make the day a success and called upon the other members of the staff for impromptu addresses. Mr. Norris spoke of the benefits to be derived from the observance of Empire Day in the schools to which we shall go, and congratulated those who had taken part upon their successful work. Mr. Ricker spoke particularly of the musical part and emphasized the importance of music in the schools. Mr. Bannister spoke of the special need for the teaching of an intelligent patriotism throughout the Northland, and urged us to make that the field of our endeavours. "The Northland needs you," said he, "and that is where you can render the most effective service." Miss Stead, who was a visitor, was called upon and gave a very interesting and timely address.

The day's proceedings were then brought to a close by the singing of the National Anthem.

## EMPIRE DAY, MAY 23, 1922.

## PROGRAMME.

## FORENOON.

1. Doxology.
2. Prayer.
3. Hymn—"Recessional" *Kipling* ..... The School
4. Why We Celebrate Empire Day. .... Miss M. Campbell
5. The British Isles: Britannia. .... Miss Lena Cooke
  - England. .... Miss A. Bradley
  - Scotland. .... Miss J. Carruthers
  - Wales. .... Miss M. Cline
  - Ireland. .... Miss V. Deacon
  - Song—"Rule Britannia" .. Miss G. Bradford, Pianist
6. The Empire in Asia and Australasia:
  - The East. .... Miss M. Hutchinson
  - India. .... Miss L. Ison
  - Ceylon. .... Miss V. Latimer
  - Australia. .... Miss E. T. Harvey
  - New Zealand. .... Miss M. Flood
  - Isles of the Sea. .... Miss V. Hughes
  - Song—On the Road to Mandalay. Miss Homuth, Pianist
7. The Empire in America:
  - Canada. .... Miss J. M. Nattress
  - Ontario. .... Miss L. McLaughlin
  - Quebec. .... Miss C. Michaud
  - Nova Scotia. .... Miss L. McMillan
  - New Brunswick. .... Miss G. McGahey
  - Manitoba. .... Miss V. O'Druský
  - British Columbia. .... Miss H. Prettie
  - Prince Edward Island. .... Miss A. McKinnon
  - Alberta. .... Miss I. Olmstead
  - Saskatchewan. .... Miss A. Mitchell
  - Song—"O Canada" ..... Miss L. Parker, Pianist
8. The Empire in Africa:
  - Union of South Africa. .... Miss M. Whattam
  - Cape of Good Hope. .... Mr. L. Piercey
  - Natal. .... Mr. W. Barker
  - The Orange Free State. .... Mr. J. Carscadden
  - The Transvaal. .... Mr. M. E. Bell
  - The Rest of Africa. .... Mr. A. C. McLachlan

## AFTERNOON.

1. Song—"Hearts of Oak" ..... The Students
2. Reading—"The Liberty of the British Press" ..... Miss V. Dohan
3. Reading—"St. George's Flag" ..... Miss M. Cox
4. Song—"Scots Wha Ha'e" ..... The Students
5. Reading—"The Irish Emigrant's Lament" ..... Miss M. Cahill
6. Reading—"Canada's Birthday" ..... Miss K. Joseph
7. Song—"The Maple Leaf" ..... The Students
8. Reading—"The U. E. Loyalists" ..... Miss M. E. Kaake
9. Reading—"England" ..... Miss I. Galvin
10. Reading—"The Birth of a Nation" ..... Miss J. Scott
11. Song—"May God Preserve Thee, Canada" ..... The Students
12. Reading—"The Future of Canada" ..... Miss F. Robertson
13. Song—"The Land of the Maple" ..... The Students
14. Reading—"Canada: Its Scenery and Majestic Proportions" ..... Miss S. McDonell
15. Song—"We are a Part of Britain" ..... The Students
  - Mr. H. Wildgust, Accompanist.
  - "God Save the King."



## AMONG THE OJIBWAYS

MARY E. FLOOD

*"From the forests and the prairies,  
From the great lakes of the Northland,  
From the land of the Ojibways,  
From the mountains, moors, and fenlands."*

THUS does Longfellow describe the source of the strange legends and traditions which he has so skilfully woven into his delightful poem of Indian life, "Hiawatha." And of these same people the following account is written.

The Ojibways are of Algonquin stock, and their original home was in the neighborhood of the St. Lawrence River. But, according to their own traditions, they emigrated from there and finally took up their abode in the vicinity of Gitché Gumée, the Big-Sea-Water, as they called Lake Superior. There they are still to be found, living upon reserves in either Canada or the United States. Those who live in Canada are the wards of the Dominion Government, and for them, as for all the other aborigines, schools are maintained so that all the children may secure at least an elementary education.

One of these schools is situated near Mt. McKay, about five miles from Fort William. It stands in the midst of a spacious playground, a small frame structure of a type now rapidly disappearing, but still to be seen in many rural sections. Near it is a residence for the teacher.

Within there is but a single class room, with its rows of double seats and flat-topped desk for the teacher. A box stove occupies the centre, and in addition to this there is an open fireplace. Two smaller rooms at the back are provided as cloak rooms.

The pupils, bright-eyed and copper-coloured, number about twenty-five and range in age from five to sixteen years. They have adopted the dress of their civilized neighbours, though they still retain their fondness for gaudy colours. Even in the coldest weather their clothing is very scanty. Mittens, coats and shoes are considered superfluous. Smoking is a common habit among both boys and girls.

On entering school the children, in addition to their own language, have usually some knowledge of English, and some of them speak French as well.

The problem of discipline is always a serious one for the teacher in an Indian school. The task must be begun anew with each succeeding day. For outside the school obedience is a virtue unknown to Indian children, and the best disciplinarian struggles in vain against the opposing influence of the home, where all restraint seems to be cast to the winds, and the children are permitted to do just as fancy may dictate.

The same subjects are taught as in other schools, but special attention is given to Reading, Writing, and Arithmetic, because of their practical value in after life. For some studies they show special aptitude, and make very satisfactory progress, but in others very little can be accomplished. Thus in Arithmetic, they soon become proficient in the fundamental rules, but beyond a certain skill in these mechanical operations they do not appear to be able to go.

In History they enjoy the stories of Indian life and doings, but other topics fail to interest them. They have no liking for Geography, but the

majority learn spelling readily, and become quite proficient. They read and write well. The subjects which provide employment for their hands are their chief delight. Their happiest school hours are those devoted to modelling, knitting, sewing, and crocheting, in all of which the boys take part as well as the girls.

They are not fond of school and their education profits them little. The confinement of the school room begins to affect their health before they reach the Fourth Book. Their nature requires an out-of-door life. As soon as they reach the age of sixteen they consider the education complete, and leave school, the majority of them to fall back into the ways of their parents.

Most of the homes are small frame structures. The walls are hung with skins of their own preserving. The people still cling to many of their primitive customs. Little farming is done, though each home has usually an acre or more under cultivation. Beaver, porcupine and fish form a considerable part of their food. Their chief occupation is hunting, and they have few native arts, though they are expert mat weavers and builders of canoes.



#### WORK OR PLAY

(From "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer")

M. Clark, C. Campbell, A. Depew, H. Casselman, A. Flaxman, A. Becking,  
M. Anglin.



## DISTINGUISHED VISITORS

A. CLIFFORD McLACHLAN

**D**URING the year the students of the Normal School have had the pleasure of listening to a number of distinguished speakers.

The Premier of the province, Hon. E. C. Drury, delivered a most inspiring address, in which he pointed out some of the ideals which ought to govern men in public life, and stated his firm conviction that, when such ideals were demanded, the men would be forthcoming who would possess and uphold them.

Dr. Jackes, who was sent by the Department of Education, lectured on "What the Union Jack has meant to Africa," and the splendid pictures which he showed were a revelation of what has been accomplished in the "Dark Continent." The central theme of his lecture was the All Red Cape to Cairo Railway, one of the dreams of the late Cecil Rhodes. He showed many of the difficulties that had to be surmounted, and emphasized the value of the road in opening up the interior of the vast continent. Some splendid views were shown of the wonderful Victoria Falls on the Zambesi River, which, when harnessed, will provide an immense amount of power.

Mrs. Greer, Organizer for the Women's Institutes, spoke to the students upon the responsibilities which will so soon rest upon them, and upon the far-reaching influence of the teacher in the community, for upon the teacher, to a very great extent, depends the future greatness of the nation.

Dr. W. J. Karr, recently appointed Director of Rural School Organization, paid an informal visit to the school, where he had been English Master from 1909 to 1911. He explained the nature of his work, the need for united effort in improving rural school conditions, and asked for the co-operation of the students when they entered upon their work as teachers.

Dr. George, Medical Officer of Health for the District, gave a most timely and valuable address on communicable diseases and their prevention, and put us in touch with the newest ideas in this important line, where the work of the teacher can be made to count for so much.

His Honour the Lieutenant Governor and Mrs. Cockshutt, while passing through the town on a trip to the North, paid the school a short visit and were tendered a civic welcome in the Normal School. To the address which was read by Mayor Ferguson, his Honour made a very fitting reply and made a very strong plea for united action in meeting the present difficulties and laying the foundations for future greatness.

---

## THE INSPECTOR'S VISIT

J. SAMMON

"**D**O you remember, Alex., how we used to play hookey when we heard that the inspector was coming to the little, old public school?"

"Yes, Mac, and how glad we were when he had gone, and the teacher had recovered from the strain!"

Such were the comments that were heard in the Normal School halls when the rumour became current that Dr. Morgan was soon to pay us his official visit. And though none followed the practice of the first speaker, there were many misgivings, and much speculation as to how we should endure the trial, and especially the ordeal of teaching in his presence.

We had not long to wait, and one morning Dr. Morgan arrived and we were introduced to him. His kindly manner did much to put us at our ease, and as he went from room to room, we began to lose some of our nervousness and to take a pride in trying to show how well we had been trained.

After school on the first day of his visit there was an impromptu entertainment in his honour, with which he expressed himself as especially pleased. In the days that followed he made a careful examination of the work, entered into discussion with the students, and endeared himself to them by his frank and unassuming manner.

Nowhere was the spirit of helpfulness which characterized his visit more clearly shown than during his visit to the Model School. Here he led the discussion of the lessons which he had seen taught, drew out from the students their own opinions and estimates of the lessons, and gave much assistance and kindly advice.

Before leaving, Dr. Morgan addressed the students, expressing his delight at the character of the work that they were doing, and highly commending the North Bay Normal School. It is needless to say that many of us have changed our opinion concerning the visit of an inspector, and when we go to our own schools we shall look forward to such visits as times of encouragement and inspiration to both teachers and pupils.

## OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT

OFT in the stilly night,  
No books or plans around me,  
Fond memory brings the light  
Of Normal days around me;  
The toil, the fear  
Of that long year,  
The words of counsel spoken,  
Science of Ed.,  
The History read,  
And many a rule then broken.  
Thus in the silent night,  
No plans or lessons round me,  
Fond memory brings the light  
Of other days around me.

When I remember all  
The critics linked together  
To hasten my downfall,  
Not seeming to care whether  
I felt like one  
Left all alone  
In some old house deserted,  
Where mice are fed  
On cheese and bread,  
Nor had they yet departed,  
I'm silent in the night,  
Though friends at home surround me,  
For memory brings the light  
Of Normal days around me.



## BRACEBRIDGE

G. SPEEDIE

**D**WELLERS in the city who have sought relief from its intense heat in the cool haunts around the lakes and in the highlands of Muskoka can tell you of the beauty to be found there. But Bracebridge, not being situated on the main lake route is missed by many of the tourists who visit this region. It is to Bracebridge that I wish to take you on an imaginary trip.

Let us enter the Muskoka River where it empties into the lake, and allow the boat to carry us the four miles of its course to this prosperous little town. A road follows the river closely on either side and along it we see many fine farms and farm buildings.

As we near the town, we see on the left bank a large chimney sending out great quantities of smoke. This is the "old" tannery, which has been in operation since the early seventies, and has furnished profitable employment to a number of men. A short distance beyond we come to the junction of the two branches of the river. On the south branch is the site of one of the three sawmills which busily hum all day.

The boat continues its course up the north branch, and, as we round a bend, we see on the right bank a substantial cement building, the new tannery.

When the boat reaches the wharf we see before us great volumes of water leaping down over huge boulders and then spreading out to form a basin at the foot of the fall. Over this foamy mass, and at some height above it is a great iron bridge over which transcontinental trains pass. It was the building of this bridge that suggested the name of Bracebridge which replaced the earlier name of North Falls.

But the railroad meant more to the town than a change of name. With its coming sawmills sprang up and lumbering became an important industry. Little by little the forests gave place to farms as the sturdy pioneers hewed out homes for themselves and thus made possible the opening up of the country.

Among the industries of the town may be mentioned the woollen mill, which supplies the farmers with a ready market for their wool, the foundry, the two tanneries, and the sawmills to which reference has already been made. Bracebridge has a splendid Post Office erected some ten years ago, a Public Library, commodious hotels, and substantial churches. The park is one of the attractions, and there are many fine residences with well-kept lawns that help to make this one of the beauty spots of Muskoka.

## THE NORTHERN BELLE

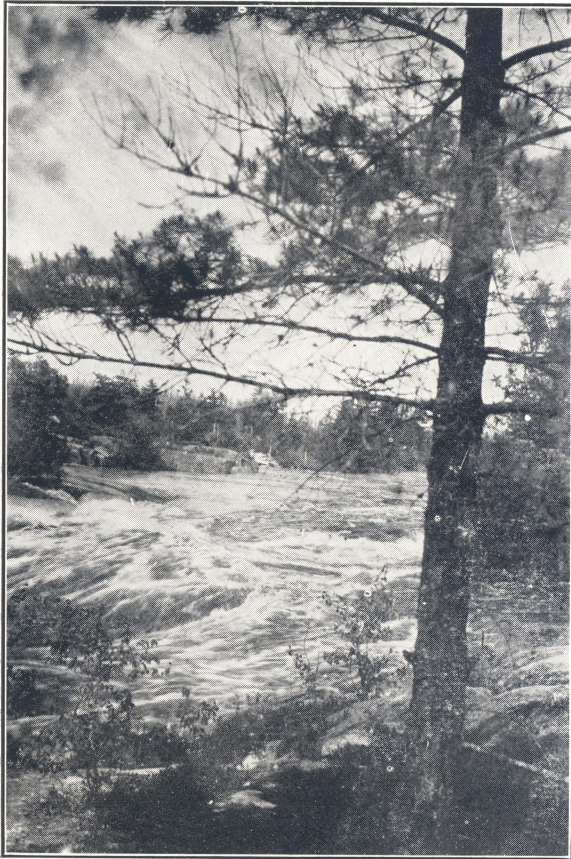
*(With apologies to Anonymous, the author of "The Northern Star")*

**T**HE Northern Belle  
She rose and fell,  
All Spring at the North Bay dock;  
Till one fine day  
She sailed away.  
Ah me! 'twas a dreadful shock.

For many an hour  
From the Normal tower  
We watched for the vanished ship,  
For the tenth of June  
Was coming soon,  
And we longed for the French River Trip.

The Normal Ground  
We wandered round,  
As we planned the lunch we'd take;  
An olive jar,  
And a chocolate bar,  
And sandwiches and cake.

The Northern Belle  
They're mending well  
With caulker, bar, and wrench;  
And in twenty-three,  
Perhaps, maybe,  
She'll be ready for the French.



THE FRENCH RIVER



## THE STORY HOUR IN THE RURAL SCHOOL

IRENE GALVIN

NO nobler task can be accomplished by the teacher than that of creating in the minds of the children a liking for, and an appreciation of good literature. For this an excellent opportunity is afforded by the weekly story hour. Besides giving much enjoyment to the pupils it can be made a means of real culture for the community at large.

Stories of the right kind broaden the mental vision of the children, develop their imagination, impart information, increase their vocabulary, and are a potent factor in the formation of high ideals. Stories seem to touch the very heart of childhood, as anyone can tell who has observed how breathlessly they follow an interesting story to the very end. By means of them we can attain a remarkable power over the child, which we can utilize for moulding their characters and filling their minds with pure and noble thoughts.

The teacher should be able to judge the character and fitness of the story. None that does not reach a high standard should be selected, for by the quality of these stories the child will judge, either consciously or unconsciously, whatever he hears or reads in after life.

A portion of Friday afternoon may well be set apart for the story hour. There should be a set time for it, so that the children may look forward to this period. It should be less formal than the other periods of the day. Let the teacher gather the children about her in a semi-circle, seated upon mats or cushions upon the floor, while she sits upon a low stool. Additional interest may be given by occasionally inviting the older brothers and sisters to be present. The teacher should have made the story thoroughly her own, have entered into the spirit of it, and should tell it in the most impressive manner possible.

Sometimes the older children may be permitted to tell stories which they have carefully prepared under the teacher's guidance. No attempt at reproduction by the class should be made, rather let the story sink into the minds of the children and do its own work there.

The teacher who will devote a period per week regularly and faithfully to the telling of suitable stories, who has in her school a well-selected library, and who fosters the reading habit among her pupils will have no trouble with discipline. No matter how large the attendance or how little the children may have been amenable to control, she wields a power over them which it is difficult for her to estimate. If you doubt this, try it in your own school.

Children should look back with pleasure to their school days. What pleasanter memories could they have than those of the wonderful story hours on Friday afternoons?

---

## A TRIP TO THE COAST

AILEEN GORDON

IT was a beautiful morning in mid-August when we started upon our trip to Vancouver. The train soon took us into Manitoba and here a great difference was noted in the surface features. Ontario, or at least the north-western part of it, through which a branch of the Laurentians runs, is very rocky. The scenery, however, is beautiful. In Manitoba, instead of the hills, we find the beginning of the prairies. To me this scenery was rather uninteresting.

The train sped on over the miles and miles of flat prairies, with neither trees, buildings, nor people in sight. Very few cultivated fields were seen and a rather desolate appearance was presented.

But the Mountain region! Such a contrast! In the prairies one had not been interested in looking out to see the scenery, for one knew that it would be just the same thing over and over again. But in the mountains one wished to look out of both sides of the train at once. It was impossible to see all the places of note, for night would cover up the masses of rock with a dark cloak. But in the morning glorious sights were revealed. Huge mountains, coloured purple, grey and copper, were capped with snow. In some of them rushing streams came down deep-worn grooves. In some, near a lake, a beautiful mist rolling back showed the placid water, the enormous trees, and the marvels of another mountain.

Travelling along the Fraser River was a wonderful experience. There was the rushing river, apparently hundreds of feet below, and here was the train running on a curving track on a narrow ledge. One cannot describe the thrill or the vague, odd feelings that come over one.

The numerous winding tunnels add a great deal to the excitement of travelling. Albert Canyon is a point of such interest that the train stops to allow travellers to view it. It is a remarkably deep fissure in the solid rock, whose walls rise up hundreds of feet to the wooded crags above. Although it is scarcely twenty feet in width, the stream rushes through it in a mad, seething torrent.

Lake Louise was reached in the evening so we were not able to see its wonderful grandeur. There were many other places of note, such as Banff, Field, etc., which we cannot stop to describe though they are well worthy of description.

Vancouver was reached late in the evening, so that few of its wonders and beauties could then be seen. But again the morning brought its revelations. To begin with, I had my first view of English Bay which is really an arm of the sea. It looked like a placid inland lake.

We were greatly attracted by the fine buildings. We spent practically days in viewing the famous Stanley Park. Here the ashes of Pauline Johnson, the famous Indian poetess, are buried beneath a simple slab. Siwash River is another attraction.

It would take far too long to describe even the principal beauties of the city. I can mention only the magnificent Capilano Canyon. Across this a wonderful suspension bridge has been constructed. Then there are two imaginary lions in the Capilano mountains, which are supposed to be guarding the city.

My stay was not long enough for me to see all that I wished to see. But I trust that all readers of this account may have at some time the extreme pleasure of taking a trip to the coast and seeing its wonders for themselves.

(Note: Just before the Easter vacation, Miss Gordon, the writer of the foregoing sketch, was forced to discontinue her studies on account of ill-health. After her return to her home in Kenora, she wrote a very cheery and optimistic letter back, and was hoping to resume her course next year. It was accordingly a severe shock when we learned of her death, which occurred just a week after the close of school in June.

Miss Gordon was a quiet, unassuming girl, who endeared herself to her classmates by her many excellent qualities, and won the esteem of the staff by real ability and devotion to her studies.)

## INFLUENCE

"HE cannot, as he came, depart,  
The Wind that moves the rose,  
Her fragrance whispers in his heart  
Wherever hence he goes."

—Selected.





GROUP ONE (a)

M. Anglin, J. Carruthers, V. Angst, J. Acheson, H. Casselman, M. Chisholm,  
M. Campbell, A. Bradley,  
A. Becking, C. Campbell, G. Bradford, M. Clark, M. Cahill, C. Burke,  
M. Batson, D. Anderson, H. Bulmer.

## THE ACTIVITIES OF GROUP I.

MARJORIE DICKIE

"**B**E original." This was the unspoken motto of Group One, and I may safely say that all our "doings" have been original.

You will recall the afternoon when we had charge of the programme of the Literary Society. It was our Group that changed the ordinary procedure by presenting a dramatization of a portion of that unique story, "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer." And while all the actors showed rare ability, I challenge you to show me such another "Tom" as ours.

We were not, however, limited to dramatization. Original Group One rose to the occasion when requested to contribute to the programme of the At Home, and eight of our girls gave to the delighted spectators an interpretation of "How Grandma danced the minuet."

Empire Day brought with it another opportunity. Mr. Casselman was delighted with our Welsh girl; Mr. Norris cheered our little Irish colleen and everyone fell in love with our Scotch lassie.

*And so the girls of fair Group One*

*Have done their bit.*

*They'll make their mark in days to come,*

*No doubt of it.*

## THE JOLLY GOOD FELLOW

MAY FORREST AND CARRIE GUEST

THERE'S a jolly good fellow whose hair is so white,  
And whose merry bright eyes are of blue,  
He teaches us singing with all of his might,  
Perhaps he will teach some to you.

This jolly good fellow in pockets so deep,  
He carries our lesson slips blue,  
A rote song for Mary; and oh! don't you weep,—  
Perhaps there will be one for you!

Says this jolly good man as he enters the door,—  
"So this is the famous Group Two,  
Such a room of good singers I ne'er heard before."  
Perhaps he has told that to you!

In these Minors and Majors we never can see  
A very great difference, it's true;  
But when it's a question of finding the key,  
It's a mystery for me and for you.

This jolly good fellow we'll very much miss,  
When we take up our duties anew,  
To go back to Normal again we will wish,  
Perhaps you'll agree with us too.



GROUP ONE (b)

S. Dillon, I. Ecclestone, L. Cooke, M. Cline, J. Cobb, D. Flaxman, V. Deacon,  
V. Drohan, M. I. Cox, M. Dickie, M. E. Cox, A. Flaxman,  
G. Cory, P. Dodd, F. Ferris, A. Depew.



## RETROSPECT

KATHARINE FRIZZELL, *Historian.*

AT the close of a busy year we look back with mingled feelings upon the events that have crowded close upon one another and have caused the time to slip away with such surprising rapidity.

To begin with, there was the first glimpse of North Bay in the gray light of a September morning. How different it looked then! Kind friends pointed out the Normal School with a certain air of "You'll soon know all about it. We couldn't attempt to describe it to you." Then, was something mysterious about it all. We found ourselves looking forward with eagerness to the first day when we should break down the barriers and penetrate the veil of mystery that seemed then to over-shadow the place.

Long before the time appointed,—in our syllabuses,—which we clasped tightly as the one link binding us to the strange unknown,—we were entering the building and eventually found ourselves among a crowd of entire strangers in the now familiar room, the Assembly Hall. In a dazed manner we threaded the mazes of registration and classification, and all the vexing little tasks, until we were finally informed that we had been really and truly admitted to the North Bay Normal School.

We were gently made aware of the fact that at the close of two or three previous sessions, a few ill-starred students had actually been so unfortunate as to leave the school with no certificates other than those which they had when they entered. Although it was not definitely stated, we were wise enough to infer that faithful work on our part throughout the year would be necessary that we might be spared the making of similar history for next year's class. It is to be feared that at times this gentle hint failed to bring the desired results, but our intentions were good. Sometimes it is interesting and profitable to roam for a time in the land of "good intentions not carried out," but more frequently the experience proves so disappointing that we are persuaded to refrain from repeating it.

We look with interest, not unmingled with pleasure,—in some cases,—to those days at the first of the term when we were placed under the microscope, so to speak, and were told just exactly to what class our poor brains belonged. The luckier students were classed as "good thinkers." How we envied them! Others were a "little slow," while some of us, being utterly paralysed under such close scrutiny, were pronounced beyond classification. It was left to us to judge whether we were superior to the good thinkers or worse than the slow ones. But what could we do, Once more our intentions were good.

At first the masters inspired us with awe, but now further acquaintance has not only increased our respect for them and convinced us of their ability, but has shown us that they are really human, after all, and that if we will but go half way, they will come the other half. We have found them ready at all times to give us assistance in all our undertakings, whether in our regular studies or in our social functions, and we shall not soon forget the splendid instruction and the inspiration we have received from them.

By the close of the first term we were considering ourselves well on the way to being full-fledged teachers. This opinion was either verified or utterly discouraged by the long-suffering teachers of the Model School, and we began to discover that the more we learned about teaching the more we found there was to learn.

Accordingly we come to the close of the year, not with the idea that we know all there is to know about our chosen profession, but merely with some realization of the immensity of the field that lies before us, and some sense of our responsibility towards those whom we shall attempt to instruct. The year has been all too short, and now at its close, we begin to realize what splendid opportunities we have missed. Let us then, during our forty years of teaching, make the best of the time which is ours and strive to make the graduates of the year 1921-22 the most efficient teachers in the Province.

## GROUP ONE IN THE DAYS THAT ARE TO BE

CECILE CAMPBELL

'T WAS upon an Autumn morning, nineteen hundred forty-two,  
I received a bulky letter which I pass along to you:  
'Of the girls who went to Normal over twenty years ago  
I could tell some wondrous stories, some of weal and some of woe.  
There's Julia, now Inspector of all north of 'Sheeny' Falls,  
And Dorothy's a college here for girls too big for dolls.  
Our friend from Manitoulin has a ranch out west, you know,  
And Miss Angst is British Consul; her address is Tokio.  
Mary Batson's the most charming little nurse you ever saw,  
Annie Becking's legislating in the House at Ottawa.  
Gladys Bradford teaches Music. She's in Mr. Wildgust's place.  
Annie Bradley's critic teacher; does her work with skill and grace.  
Hazel grew quite rich in coal mines,—mighty lucky, you'll agree;  
Clare is now a supervisor up the line,—Sault Ste. Marie.  
Mary has a busy factory, runs it steady, day and night;  
Minnie fills our shelves with reading; you remember she could write.  
Jean Carruthers, too, is famous; Art's the realm in which she shines,  
Helen lives in state, they tell me,—made her money in the mines.  
Margaret Chisholm teaches History in a college near the Soo;  
Mabel Clark invented something and she made a fortune, too.  
Far and wide does Marion travel as a zealous suffragette;  
Jean, the second, is in Europe, so I see by the Gazette.  
Lena Cooke soon gave up teaching, but, of course, she's cooking still,  
And I hear that Gwen's part owner of a thriving paper mill.  
Margaret Cox is gaily spending all her time in her canoe,  
As for Inez, she is owner of an ostrich farm or two.  
Vida Deacon joined an opera; I heard her sing last night;  
Allie has improved the radio; 'twas a lucky hit all right.  
Marjorie Dickie has some paintings in an Art salon in France;  
While Miss Dodd believed in spirits and conducts a fine seance.  
Stella Dillon's now headmaster, though of pupils she's but one;  
And Veronica's completing what Valera had begun.  
Second Inez is a lawyer, so she doesn't have to toil,  
Freda Ferris made a fortune up at Flesherton, in oil.  
Ada's now a clever doctor; has her office in the Bay;  
Doris labours at research work, and has gone to France to stay.  
And, Cecile,—you'd not have thought it,—has been guilty of a crime;  
But she craves your kind forgiveness,—It was she who wrote this rhyme.'





GROUP TWO (a)

M. Flood, A. Hall, G. Gartshore, E. Fritsche, C. Guest, E. Graham, M. Forrest,  
C. Hardy, D. Gregory, E. Hall, K. Frizzell, A. Fontaine,  
E. T. Harvey, D. Foster, E. Hand.

## ACTIVITIES OF GROUP TWO

VERA LATIMER

TO secure a really just estimate of Group Two the task should have been assigned to someone outside the Group, for it is contrary to our principles to boast of our own merits. So far as the members of the other Groups are concerned it is not really necessary to detail our achievements. But lest this book should, perchance, fall into the hands of some who do not know us, we are forced to lay aside for the moment our usual modesty and try to paint a portrait of ourselves "as ithers see us."

Masters and fellow students were quick to realize something of our superiority, and the only thing that prevented us from being Group One in name as well as in fact was the unfortunate circumstance that our initials were too far down in the alphabet. But, of course, the power of remedying that lies with ourselves, and who will blame us if we exercise it?

You know how important a part the halls play in an up-to-date Normal School. Both the Halls belong to our group. Not only have we always done our own work well, but we were ever ready and willing to lend a Hand to our less fortunate comrades. These are the things which Foster true friendship. Indeed, everyone is ready to admit that, in common parlance, we "take the Kaake." Yes, and the Ison, too!

In matters literary we were leaders. Did not two of our number secure prizes in the essay competition, though only one prize was supposed to be allotted to a Group? And was not our number of the school paper the crowning effort of the year?

In music it was the same story, for Mr. Wildgust was wont to refer to us as "Famous Group Two." Our gardens do us credit. The rows, straight as a line, and spaced with mathematical accuracy, are a delight to the eye. Our contributions to the work of the Literary Society won us fresh laurels.

But why continue? We appreciate the many fine qualities of the other Groups. It was their misfortune that they should have come into competition with us. Our chief concern at leaving is a feeling of pity for the in-coming Group Two, who will find it exceedingly difficult to maintain the standard we have set.



GROUP TWO (b)

M. Hogg, M. Hutchinson, L. Lang, C. Homuth, V. Hughes, M. Kaake, F. Jackson,  
H. Kerfoot, K. Joseph, C. Hastings, I. Galvin, F. Kennedy,  
V. Latimer, F. Lamont, L. Ison, L. Lamb.



## GROUP TWO—A FORECAST

ERMA GRAHAM

THE wondrous machine, her invention alone,  
 Which she hoped would connect other worlds with her own  
 Was completed at last, and the scientist found  
 To her joy, the receivers vibrated with sound.  
 "Mars is speaking, Miss Fritsche," the message began,  
 And as a reward for your wonderful plan  
 That has first bridged the distance betwixt me and you  
 I will tell you what's happened to famous Group Two.  
 Ten years have elapsed since your friends you have seen,  
 But you'll not be surprised to learn that Corinne  
 As a batsman the records, not windows, does break.  
 A wonderful artist is Margaret Kaake.  
 Miss Gregory's still teaching. Judge Flood is a cause  
 Of terror to those who obey not the laws.  
 Miss Galvin writes essays that still bring the prize;  
 Miss Foster's a doctor, both clever and wise.  
 'Gainst Miss Homuth in music, but few have a chance;  
 Miss Hardy, is teaching, is still in advance.  
 Miss Joseph writes novels and sells them at cost;  
 Sheriff Kennedy never a prisoner has lost.  
 Ella Hall is a reader who always excels;  
 No guitar makes such music as Katie Frizzell's.  
 Miss Hogg toils incessantly, early and late,  
 Persuading the schoolma'ams they should federate;  
 Miss Graham's completed her nine hundredth 'pome';  
 Miss Gartshore is thinking of writing back home.  
 If you want all the latest and best of the news,  
 Just subscribe for the daily, by Veronica Hughes.  
 The injury done to Miss Hutchinson's head  
 Has been cured by injection of Science of Ed.  
 The M.P. for Kenora is Alison Hall;  
 Miss Lamont, it is rumoured, will wed in the fall;  
 And the rest—" But he never completed the list,  
 For she woke up to find that the class was dismissed.

## JOHN

KATHARINE FRIZZELL

FAR be it from us to omit from this book some word of appreciation of John, the moving spirit of the Normal School. We could not allow him to pass out of our existence "unwept, unhonored and unsung."

"Me and the government runs this building." Those were his own words, and none would care to dispute the statement. For was it not John who kept everything going like clockwork both inside the building and out and did not hesitate to order us about whenever he chose? We should have resented it in anyone else, but, well,—he was John, and we took his advice like obedient children. In fact many of us will be very glad if we may have some one around the schools where we are in charge who can "run the building" in just such an efficient way as he.



We are conceited enough to imagine that John rather enjoys having us around, even if he does not always express his pleasure in just that way. We feel proud of having won his esteem, but somewhat jealous when we are reminded that the class of next year will come along and capture his affections, with the result that we shall be entirely forgotten. It seems to be a case of

*"Students come, and students go,  
But John stays on forever."*

We feel certain that succeeding classes will find John the same true, faithful friend as we have found him. We join in wishing him health and prosperity through the coming years.





GROUP THREE (a)

C. McIntyre, L. Lippert, L. McIntyre, M. MacLachlan, C. McDonald, G. McGahey,  
M. Lay.  
A. McKinnon, R. McDonald, M. McVicker, E. McCall, S. McDonnell, L. McLauchlan,  
M. MacDonald, L. McMillan, S. Lattimer.

### ACTIVITIES OF GROUP THREE

THERE are some who would persuade you that the sterling qualities of Group Three are due to Norman influence. But while we appreciate the benefits to be derived from this, in reality we belong to still earlier and no less noted races. History tells of two very powerful peoples who, in the olden times, inhabited the northern parts of Scotland and Ireland, and whose prowess was recognized by all their neighbours. One of these ancient races is represented by the last two names on our list, the Scotts. The remainder of us are undoubtedly the "Pickeds." We have, however, abandoned the roving habits of our forebears, and as proof of this we point to the fact that we are the only group that possesses an 'Olmstead.

A reading of the names of our Group sounds like a roll-call at a gathering of the clans. Let a master but address a question to Miss Mc,—and before the surname can be completed half the students of the Group are on their feet to answer.

One Group has a single Daisy; we have the Rose and the Lilies. None would accuse the masters of partiality, and yet they have singled out one of our members and invariably call her Prettie. To us, also, belongs the "Scotch Lassie" whose delightful rendering of the old Scottish songs contributed so much to the success of the programme of our At Home.

Need we tell of our achievements during the year? Are they not always in evidence? Suffice it then to mention as a single example the success of the Shadow Play, that unique production of ours, given for the entertainment of the other admiring Groups.



GROUP THREE (b)

A. Mitchell, I. Olmstead, I. Norman, H. Patton, E. Packham, L. Parker, M. Nattress,  
F. Robertson, P. Mowry, H. Prettie, E. Schubert, G. Pittman, S. Scott,  
A. Rathwell, B. Ronan, V. O'Drucky, J. Scott, C. Michaud.



## THE FUTURE OF GROUP THREE

IRENE OLMSTEAD

THE summer day was drawing to a close. Already the lengthening shadows fell across my pathway. Soon the familiar objects began to take on strange and bewildering forms in the gathering dusk, and with quickened steps I hurried along.

Suddenly there appeared before me a light like the glowing of embers, and as I drew nearer, I was able to distinguish the outlines of a huge, black cauldron. Seated about it, stirring some magic potion which it contained, were three witches. They started up on my approach, and, seeing my gaze directed towards the seething mixture, they cried, as they pointed their long fingers at me, "Maiden bold, what seekest thou?"

"Grant me a vision of Group Three ten years hence," I replied, for my companions of 1921-22 had been uppermost in my thoughts as I strolled along.

The three witches joined hands about the fire, and, after a weird incantation, directed me to gaze into the depths of the cauldron. As I did so the inky liquid seemed to disappear, and I found myself looking at the brilliantly lighted interior of a large opera house. The immense crowd which filled every available seat was waiting expectantly for the curtain to rise. As I turned my eyes towards the stage, the curtain slowly lifted, and surely,—yes, there stood Lily McLaughlan. She truly had reached the pinnacle of success.

Then the picture began to grow dim, and in its place I saw a large race-track where a group of eager spectators were watching a very clever demonstration of the possibilities of a high-powered automobile. Just then the face of the demonstrator was turned in my direction, and you may imagine my surprise when I recognized Ada McKinnon.

Again the scene was changed. An artist was busy filling a book, entitled "Reminiscences," with splendid sketches of the Normal Masters. Of course it could be no other than Lillian McMillan. She at least, had not forgotten her old friends.

Next I found myself looking at the Legislative Assembly in Toronto. The galleries were filled with visitors, and the members on both sides were leaning forward in their eagerness to catch every word. Marianne Nattress was addressing the House.

The picture faded, and in its place I saw a room whose rows of shelves were filled with well-selected books. In the midst was a desk at which a writer was busily engaged. Heaped high about her were piles of finished manuscript ready for the publishers. I thought there was something familiar about the figure and the skilful handling of the pen. Just as I was trying to recall where I had seen her, she looked up with a smile. Who do you suppose it was? Hazel Prettie.

The next was surely a familiar scene. Before me I saw Mr. Stewart's room at the Model School just as we all have seen it when we had lessons to teach there. No!, not just as we had seen it, for the teacher in charge of the quiet, orderly class was not the genial principal of our Normal days, but Anna Rathwell.

It is a 'far cry' from a school room in North Bay to the gorgeous interior of the salon of a Parisian designer, but such was the power of the wonderful cauldron, that the change was accomplished in an instant, and whom should I see there but Lorine Lippert, demonstrating magnificent gowns of her own designing?

Then when the great event was over, the kitchen was piled high with dishes that must be carefully washed, sorted and returned to their places. This task was assigned to another Group. But long before they made their appearance, heavy-eyed and reluctant, Group Four was on hand. With coats removed and brawny arms bared to the elbows they attacked the mountains of dishes, and were just putting the finishing touches to a well-done job when the astonished members of the other Group appeared. The knowledge that they had added one more to their already long list of kind deeds, and the beaming smiles of the fair ladies whom they had so graciously succoured in their hour of need, were sufficient recompense.

And so,

*Though it has been our lot to get  
A 'place within the sun,'  
We do not wish to soon forget  
What other Groups have done.*

*And as we could not all be blest,  
Why should there be regrets,  
Four Groups have done their very best,  
And Four the honour gets.*



GROUP FOUR (a)

A. Strang, F. Shields, G. Srigley, M. Yack, G. Speedie, M. Wingle, R. Wood,  
I. Stephenson, M. Strangway.  
E. Thompson, F. Topps, D. Sloan, K. Sims, E. Taylor, L. Vasey, E. Tate.  
E. Thornton, R. Walkom, M. Tracey, M. Whattam, M. Snyder.





## GROUP FOUR (b)

J. Sammon, R. Walker, W. Christie, M. Carscadden, L. Piercey, H. Moffatt, J. Knox.  
 L. Flood, A. C. McLachlan, W. Henbest, M. Bell, G. Johnson.  
 W. Miller, W. Barker.

## THE FUTURE OF GROUP FOUR

KATHLEEN SIMS

'T WAS a fair little teacher, you've seen her before;  
 Her height, I assure you, is not five feet four,  
 And though on her left hand a diamond she wore  
 She thought of the future she'd like to know more.

A dark, mystic gypsy she hunted and found,  
 Who promised a future with happiness crowned,  
 Great riches and joy all for her should abound.  
 Doubting still, she determined the gypsy to sound.

So she said, "Of your powers I'd fain make a test  
To prove if your fortunes are true and no jest.  
It is several long years since, with innocent zest,  
I strayed from Group Four. What's become of the rest?"

The question was greeted with laughter and scorn.  
"That's easy. Surprises are many, I warn.  
Your classmates are changed, even tall, silent Lorne  
Keeps his pupils in laughter that's fresh every morn.

Miller and Knox worked so early and late,  
They've gone to the seaside to recuperate.  
For Kathleen's next novel all eagerly wait;  
While Rhena and Mary have schools up to date.

Marie's violin fills the crowds with delight,  
And Ruth's her accompanist, night after night;  
Beth Thompson's married the best man in sight;  
While Flood is a humourist, witty and bright.

Of Hamilton Normal your Henbest is head;  
And there Emma Tate teaches Science of Ed.  
Mars Bell now agrees with all that is said,  
While Eva, I learn, in Byng Inlet is wed.

You know that Irene is an excellent nurse;  
A lawyer Gert's taking for better or worse;  
Miss Topps and Miss Tracy have each a long purse;  
Miss Strangway has turned her attention to verse.

Annie Strang supervises the schools of the Bay;  
Gladys Srigley's a painter who gets the big pay;  
Harold Moffatt delights through a museum to stray,  
But takes special care that A. Clifford's away.

Truly can Flossie say, 'I met a man.'  
A short way made Barker for writing a plan.  
Johnson for Alderman recently ran,  
Inspector Carseadden is still in the van.

Walker and Sammon have triumphed again  
In their dramatization of scenes from Mark Twain,  
And the others,—but surely I've made it quite plain  
My predictions are neither untruthful nor vain.

So thus did the gypsy each fortune tell true,  
Of the famous Group Four, twenty-one-twenty-two;  
Dorothy paid her a very large due,  
But she was quite satisfied. Pray, now, are you?



## VALEDICTORY

MARGARET YACK, *Valedictorian*

**M**ADAM President, Members of the Staff, Friends and Fellow Students,—  
Once more we have assembled to spend an evening together, but this time under different circumstances from those of former occasions, for to-night the graduating class of 1921-22 is about to bid farewell to the School.

As the time for departure approaches, our feelings of joy and relief from the tedium of strenuous work and the prospect of entering our chosen profession are shadowed by those of sadness and loss, for we are on the verge of parting with friends and surroundings which have become very dear to us.

Our short stay at North Bay Normal School has resulted in a broadening of our outlook and an increase of knowledge such as we could not hope to obtain at any other Normal School.

In the members of our Staff we have met those who possess eminent personal qualities. We have gained much by our association with them. Their consistently kind and thoughtful treatment, their abounding interest in all that concerned our progress, and the ideal of life which they have inspired have exercised an important influence upon us. Our memories of their cheerfulness and ready humour, together with an appreciation of their true characters, are woven into the warp and woof of our happy school experiences.

Through the thoughtful arrangements of our far-seeing Principal, Mr. Casselman, we have had the privilege of hearing a number of splendid addresses which have helped in broadening our outlook.

Our work has given us many opportunities for self-expression, so necessary in all stages of education. The freedom of discussion in all classes and the work of the Literary Society deserve special mention in this connection.

Our training in the Model Schools has afforded us an opportunity of forming judgments both of ourselves and of others which should prove of great value to us in the future. The teachers in these Schools we have always found ready to encourage us and to offer suggestions and advice to help us in our work.

Of the citizens of North Bay we shall always have fond remembrances, for they have done much to make our stay here a pleasurable and comfortable one. We shall remember them especially for the influence of their cheerful optimism, so characteristic of the Great Northland, and so helpful to us in the first few weeks in our new environment.

In conclusion, let us all determine to live up to that standard so ably set by our teachers. We must realize and welcome that responsibility which will rest upon us as instructors of the youth of our Province. Let us resolve to put forth every effort to better the physical, moral, and intellectual status of our pupils so that they shall become men and women capable of doing the work required in this feverish period of reconstruction, and so help to cause the possibilities of our Dominion to be realized.

The Student body wishes the Staff and succeeding classes of the North Bay Normal School the joys of happiness and complete success, and bids farewell in the words of the poet,—

*“Farewell, a word that must be and has been,  
A sound which makes us linger,  
Yet—Farewell.”*

## AN APPRECIATION

J. C. N.

*"As the moon brightens round her the clouds of the night,  
So he, where he stands is a centre of light."*

—Wordsworth.

THIS is the thirteenth session of the Normal School. We have often laughed at the senseless superstition attached to the number "13." We have pointed to our class and to our achievements as clear evidence that "13" is All Right.

Alas! the ghostly superstition will not down. Though the session has brought us many joys and furnished abundant material for pleasant memories, still, just at its close, it brings along one of the direst examples of bad luck. It is told in few words,—Mr. Wildgust is leaving.

He has been the instructor in Music in Normal and Public schools here for the past eleven years and words cannot express the regret felt by all at his departure.

The schools lose a great teacher. The Staff loses a genial companion who was ever ready to assist and co-operate in any way possible. The Teachers-in-training lose a friend whose sane optimism has helped and cheered them in many a trying situation. Some timid ones, who so feared the singing examination, and tremblingly entered the hall, on seeing that Mr. Wildgust himself was examiner, have burst forth in that song of thanksgiving, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

But it is the little children of the Public Schools who will sorrow most at his going. Mr. Wildgust is not only a master musician, but by temperament and disposition a born teacher. The little ones adore him, and at his suggestion they are willing to try even the impossible. The glad smile on their faces as they greet him with the familiar, "Hello, Mr. Wildgust," bespeaks how much it means to them to have met and been inspired by this truly great soul; for such they have adjudged him, and how unerring is the appraisement of children!

Of late his strenuous labours have made too great demand upon his physical strength and he has decided to drop the school work. His fellow members of the Staff and former pupils join in wishing him many years of happiness in the quieter field of private teaching and church work and in the full enjoyment of more constant companionship of the members of his family.

During the closing programme the students presented Mrs. Wildgust with a bouquet of roses, and Mr. Wildgust with a reading lamp. The following address was read:—

Dear Mr. Wildgust:

It was with feelings of the deepest regret that we learned of your decision to give up the work of teaching and to sever your connection with the North Bay Normal School. During the year that it has been our privilege to be associated with you, we have learned to respect you as a teacher of exceptional skill and ability, and you have endeared yourself to us all by your genial ways, your ready sympathy, your contagious enthusiasm, your hearty encouragement of our efforts and your strenuous devotion to duty even at the cost of your own health and comfort. Even more do we admire you for those manly qualities which have made you beloved of all those who have had the good fortune to know you.



We feel that your retirement from teaching is a serious loss to the profession and your removal from our midst is just as serious a loss to the Normal School and to the Town of North Bay. But we trust that you and Mrs. Wildgust will find your new surroundings exceedingly congenial, and we are certain that you will soon make many friends there, as appreciative of your worth as those whom you are leaving.

On behalf of the Class of 1921-22 we ask you to accept these gifts as a slight token of our appreciation and as a reminder of a Class that will ever hold you in grateful remembrance.

Mr. Wildgust made a brief reply, and then sang, in his own inimitable manner, his favourite song, which he felt was the most fitting method of expressing his feelings.

### CLOSING PROGRAMME

June 15, 1922

Chorus, The Cheery Song .....	The Students.
President's Address .....	Miss C. Hardy.
Piano Solo .....	Miss T. Harvey.
Retrospect .....	Miss K. Frizzell.
Vocal Solo .....	Mr. Wildgust.
Reading .....	Miss G. Gartshore.
Prophecies .....	Misses C. Campbell, E. Graham, I. Olmstead, E. Thompson.
Piano Duet .....	Misses A. Hall and F. Jackson.
Address .....	Principal Casselman.
Vocal Solo .....	Miss Kay.
Valedictory .....	Miss M. Yack.
Presentation to Mr. and Mrs. Wildgust, Address read by Miss M. Campbell.	
Piano Solo .....	Mr. Geo. Johnston.

We used to think we knew we knew,  
 But now we must confess,  
 The more we know we know we know,  
 We know we know the less.

## MODEL SCHOOL STAFF

J. B. Stewart .....	Headmaster.				
Miss M. Collins .....	Principal, McPhail St. School.				
H. E. Brandon .....	Assistant: Queen Victoria School.				
Miss J. Inglis .....	"	"	"	"	"
Miss B. M. Smaill .....	"	"	"	"	"
Miss B. McLaughlin .....	"	"	"	"	"
Miss C. L. Connell .....	"	"	"	"	"
Miss N. V. Keetch .....	"	"	"	"	"
Miss E. Secor .....	"	"	"	"	"
Miss N. Deneau .....	"	"	"	"	"
Miss R. Kay .....	"	"	"	"	"
Miss L. M. St. Louis .....	"	"	"	"	"
Miss M. A. Forder .....	"	"	"	"	"
Miss E. McCauley .....	"	McPhail St. School.			
Miss O. Johnson .....	"	"	"	"	"
Miss C. Smyth .....	"	"	"	"	"

## RURAL AFFILIATED SCHOOLS

Mrs. E. Meadows .....	S. S. No. 1 (b), Ferris.
J. B. Marshall .....	S. S. No. 5, Widdifield.

## STUDENTS OF NORTH BAY NORMAL SCHOOL

1921-1922

1. Acheson, Julia ..... North Bay.
2. Anderson, Dorothy H. .... Cochrane.
3. Anglin, Marguerite ..... Mindemoya, Manitoulin I.
4. Angst, Velma I. .... McKellar.
5. Batson, Mary H. .... 114 Leo Ave., Sault Ste. Marie.
6. Beeking, Annie M. .... 32 Wellington St. E., Sault Ste. Marie.
7. Bradford, Gladys M. .... 474 Bay St., Sault Ste. Marie.
8. Bradley, Annie E. .... Box 421, Haileybury.
9. Breen, Mary J. V. .... Douglas.
10. Bulmer, Hazel J. .... R. R. No. 1, Forrester's Falls.
11. Burke, Clare ..... Chapeau, Que.
12. Cahill, Mary ..... R. R. No. 5, Cobden.
13. Campbell, Cecile ..... R. R. No. 2, Ravenna.
14. Campbell, Minnie V. .... Utterson.
15. Carruthers, Jean G. .... Box 348, Kenora.
16. Casselman, Helen E. .... Huntsville.
17. Chisholm, Margaret W. .... Blind River.
18. Clark, Mabel A. .... Powassan.
19. Cline, Marion L. .... R. R. No. 1, Harley.
20. Cobb, Jean B. .... Box 316, Kenora.
21. Cooke, Lena G. .... Bardsville.
22. Cory, Gwendolyn I. .... Kenora.
23. Cox, Margaret E. .... 110 Brent St., Port Arthur.
24. Cox, Inez ..... Howe Island.
25. Deacon, Vida V. .... Tottenham
26. Depew, Allie ..... White River.
27. Dickie, Marjorie P. .... Burford.
28. Dillon, Stella ..... R. R. No. 2, Enterprise.



29. Dodd, Ellen P. .... 16 O'Brien St., Orillia
30. Drohan, Veronica E. .... Eganville.
31. Ecclestone, Inez ..... Bracebridge.
32. Ferris, Freda B. .... Cundles.
33. Flaxman, Ada L. .... Huntsville.
34. Flaxman, Doris A. .... Huntsville.
35. Flood, Bessie ..... 751 Harkness St., Ft. William.
36. Fontaine, Annie M. .... 115 N. John St., Ft. William.
37. Forrest, May E. .... Box 1797, North Bay.
38. Foster, Daisy B. .... R. R. No. 4, Paisley.
39. Fritsche, Elizabeth ..... Parry Sound.
40. Frizzell, Katharine C. .... Bognor.
41. Gartshore, Gertrude ..... Parry Sound.
42. Gordon, Aileen L. .... Kenora.
43. Grady, Annette ..... Mt. St. Joseph, Peterborough.  
(Sister M. Paschal)
44. Lackie, Mary ..... Mt. St. Joseph, Peterborough.  
(Sister M. Geralda)
45. Graham, Erma L. .... R. R. No. 1, North Bruce.
46. Gregory, Donna M. .... 125 S. Marks St., Fort William.
47. Guest, Carrie E. .... Cobden.
48. Hall, Alison A. .... Box 333, Kenora.
49. Hall, Ella E. .... Seguin Falls.
50. Hand, Eileen R. .... 215 Gloucester St., Sault St. Marie.
51. Hardy, Clara ..... Huntsville.
52. Harvey, Theodora ..... 1218 Victoria Ave., Fort William.
53. Hastings, Corinne ..... 67 Spring St., Sault Ste., Marie.
54. Hogg, Marjorie W. .... Box 397, New Liskeard.
55. Homuth, Louise ..... 36 Maitland St., Toronto.
56. Hughes, Veronica M. .... Box 8, Haileybury.
57. Hutchinson, Mary A. .... Orillia.
58. Ison, Lillian ..... North Bay.
59. Jackson, Florence M. .... Box 277, Kenora.
60. Joseph, Kathleen E. .... 271 Gill St., Orillia.
61. Kaake, Margaret E. .... R. R. No. 4, Paisley.
62. Kennedy, Flora R. .... R. R. No. 2, Burk's Falls.
63. Kerfoot, Helen ..... Picton.
64. Lamb, Laura M. .... New Liskeard.
65. Lamont, Florence J. .... Normanby St., Mount Forest.
66. Lang, Lois F. .... Maple Valley.
67. Latimer, Vera G. .... 35 Nile St., Stratford.
- 67a. Galvin, Irene ..... 249 S. Vidal St., Sarnia,  
c/o Mrs. E. Crimm.
68. Lattimer, Susannah O. .... R. R. No. 2, Blyth.
69. Lay, Muriel F. .... 312 Huron St., Sault Ste. Marie.
70. Lippert, Lorine A. .... Neustadt.
71. MacDonald, Mary M. A. .... 124 N. Brodie St., Ft. William.
72. MacLachlan, Margaret ..... R. R. No. 2, Dalhousie Sta., Que.
73. McCall, Evelyn M. .... Vittoria.
74. McDonald, Christel ..... R. R. No. 1, Sheenboro, Que.
75. McDonald, Rose I. .... Parry Sound.
76. McDonell, Stella ..... R. R. No. 1, Dalhousie Sta., Que.
77. McGahey, Gertrude C. .... R. R. No. 1, Kemptville.
78. McIntyre, Cora M. .... R. R. No. 1, Powassan.
79. McIntyre, Lila E. .... R. R. No. 1, Powassan.
80. McKinnon, Ada M. .... 189 Court St. N., Port Arthur.
81. McLauchlin, Lillian B. .... Kagawong, Manitoulin I.
82. McMillan, Lillian E. .... 227 S. John St., Fort William.
83. MeVicker, Marie A. .... Lonsdale.

84. Michaud, Charlotte .....Cache Bay.
85. Mitchell, Annie V. ....R. R. No. 1, Bruce Mines.
86. Mowry, Pearl E. ....409 Robinson St., Port Arthur.
87. Nattress, Marianne .....347 Cathcart St., Sault Ste. Marie.
88. Norman, Irene .....R. R. No. A, Glammis.
89. O'Drusky, Victoria .....Commanda.
90. Olmstead, Irene .....R. R. No. 1, Forrester's Falls.
91. Packham, Esther E. ....R. R. No. 4, Powassan.
92. Parker, Loretta .....Penetang.
93. Patton, Helen M. ....c/o S. J. Cherry, North Bay.
94. Pittman, Gwendoline .....Kenora.
95. Prettie, Hazel E. ....West Gravenhurst.
96. Rathwell, Anna .....Chapleau.
97. Robertson, Florence I. ....Stratton.
98. Ronan, Bertha .....R. R. No. 1, Colgan.
99. Schubert, Elsie M. ....Box 72, Rutherglen.
100. Scott, Jessie M. ....R. R. No. 1, New Liskeard.
101. Scott, Sadie J. ....Box 995, North Bay.
102. Shields, Flossie I. ....435 Wiley St., Fort William.
103. Sims, Kathleen M. ....Little Current.
104. Sloan, Dorothy E. ....Churchill.
105. Snyder, Marie .....R. R. No. 2, Clinton.
106. Speedie, Gertrude .....Muskoka Falls.
107. Srigley, Gladys L. ....R. R. No. 2, Allandale.
108. Stephenson, M. E. Irene .....New Liskeard.
109. Strang, Annie B. P. ....224 S. Archibald St., Ft. William.
110. Strangway, Mary E. ....R. R. No. 3, Petrolea.
111. Tate, Emma L. ....Grand Valley.
112. Taylor, Emily L. ....Eganville.
113. Thompson, Elizabeth .....Box 592, North Bay.
114. Thornton, Eva F. ....Walford Stn.
115. Topps, Florence M. ....R. R. No. 4, Powassan.
116. Tracy, Mildred U. ....R. R. No. 2., Webbwood.
117. Vasey, Loretto M. ....780-8th St., Owen Sound.
118. Walkom, Ruth .....267 Pim St., Sault Ste. Marie.
119. Whattam, Maude B. ....Picton.
120. Wingle, Mary M. ....R. R. No. 1, Ruby.
121. Wood, Rhena M. ....R. R. No. 3, King.
122. Yack, Margaret A. ....Walkerton.
123. Barker, Walter E. ....Chapleau.
124. Carscadden, Melville .....R. R. No. 1, Bradford.
125. Christie, Wilfrid L. ....R. R. No. 3, Port Elgin.
126. Flood, Thomas L. ....Ennismore.
127. Henbest, William .....R. R. No. 2, Newmarket.
128. Johnston, George E. ....Box 54, Keewatin.
129. Knox, John A. ....Ceylon.
130. McLachlan, A. Clifford .....Commanda.
131. Miller, William McT. ....R. R. No. 3, Port Elgin.
132. Moffatt, Harold .....R. R. No. 2, Bognor.
133. Piercey, Lorne F. ....Box 462, Tottenham.
134. Sammon, Joseph .....R. R. No. 1, Admaston.
135. Walker, Robert S. ....Box 594, Barrie.
136. Bell, Mars E. ....Beaverton.





