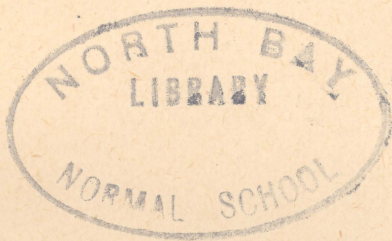


North Bay  
Normal School

YEAR BOOK

1922 - 1923





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The  
Eleventh Annual  
Year Book

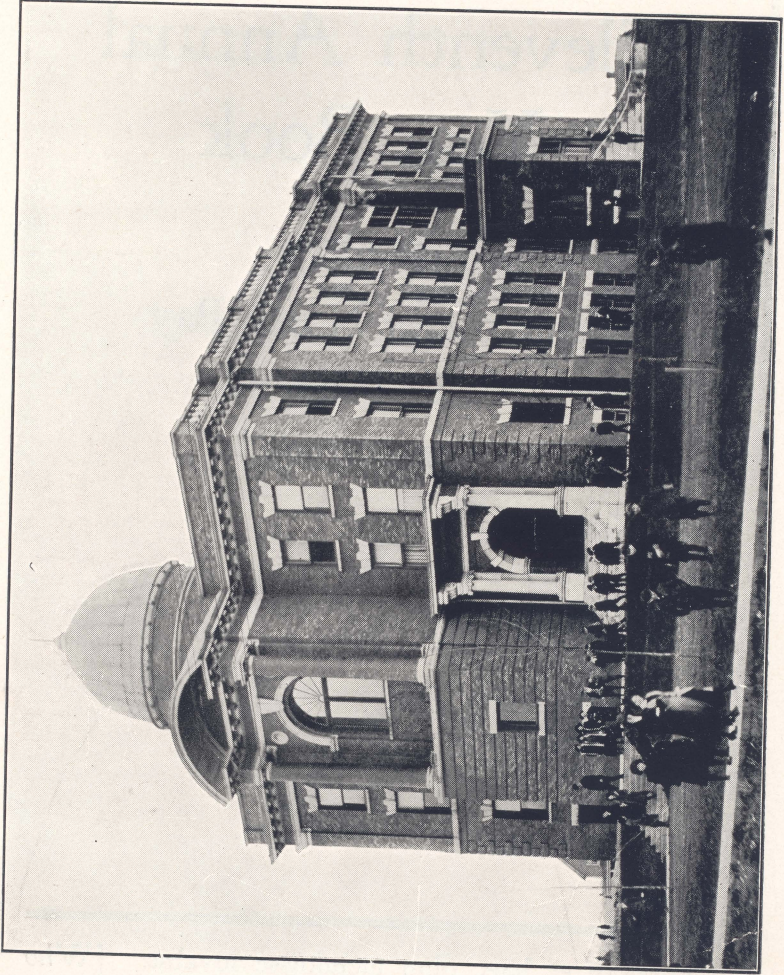
Published by the

Students of North Bay  
Normal School  
June, 1923

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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

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NORMAL SCHOOL STAFF

*Back row, standing, from left to right:—*J. B. GATENBY, J. E. CHAMBERS,  
H. E. RICKER, M. A., J. A. BANNISTER, B. A., CHAS. RAMSAY.

*Front row, sitting, left to right:—*MISS M. KAY, J. C. NORRIS, M. A., B. PAED.  
MISS K. McCUBBIN, SECRETARY, A. C. CASSELMAN, PRINCIPAL,  
MISS G. MORGAN, B. A.

NORMAL SCHOOL STAFF

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

## Forward

A. C. CASSELMAN, *Principal.*

ANOTHER session of the North Bay Normal School has closed. The number enrolled was two hundred and thirty-five,—an enrollment far greater than that of any previous session. This increased attendance resulted in some inconvenience which was borne with the greatest patience by both the staff and students.

On account of the increased attendance an addition to the staff was necessary. The Minister of Education met this necessity by the happy selection of Miss Grace Morgan, B.A.

During the winter months an epidemic of influenza interfered with the work of the school. One case resulted fatally. Miss Jean Snider of New Liskeard succumbed to pneumonia,—a break in the ranks which was keenly felt by the entire school.

The various activities of the school were fully up to the average of former sessions. The Literary Society nurtured the growth of the dramatic, literary and musical ability of the students, which growth we hope will continue and mature in the coming years. The Empire Day programme,—always a prominent feature of every session,—gave ample proof of the true Canadian spirit of this North Land. The Samuel de Champlain Chapter of the Daughters of the Empire took this occasion to present the school with a beautiful Union Jack. The addresses given by several Public School Inspectors were helpful and will be of real value to the young teachers in their own schools.

You are now going out as teachers of the youth of Ontario. We have confidence that the instruction you have received will be of the greatest help to you in your chosen work. Not so long ago the worth and greatness of a person was measured by the dollars he accumulated in a given time. Now the worth and greatness of an individual is measured by the service he can render to the community. To-day the Public School teacher has greater opportunities for rendering lasting service than any other person in Ontario. We believe that all of you have a clear conception of your duties and responsibilities in this regard. If you act according to the dictates of your consciences you will reflect the greatest credit upon yourselves and the North Bay Normal School.





## EDITORIAL

JANET ALP, *Editor-in-Chief*

THE sun has almost set on our little day at Normal School and very soon there will dawn for us a greater day; a day full of new responsibilities, of larger and broader opportunities.

We came here a year ago with varied ideas of the teacher's work; we go away again with a common conception of what it means to be a teacher. This was in reality the reason we came to Normal School, the fundamental reason for the very existence of such an institution.

What a depth of meaning lies behind that term, "to be a teacher." Surely to us who have had the privilege of enjoying the friendship of the masters, listening daily to their teaching, and feeling the greatness of their influence, there comes a vastly deeper and broader conception than the mere imparting of knowledge. Rather should there come to us the realization that we, as teachers, are going to play a vital part in the making of the history of our nation, and the shaping of the souls of our pupils. We mould the life or character of the boy and girl who day by day comes under our influence in just the same manner as the potter moulds his clay and fashions it as he wills. A teacher with poor standards of morality develops low ideals among her pupils. One who is filled with the love of a pure life and a sense of her duty to her fellow citizens plants the seeds of altruism and the longing for the attainment of high ideals.

We are standing at the portal of a new era in our career, and we are also standing at the portal of a wonderful country. It is our duty to enter both these portals well armed, and well equipped to meet the many problems and experiences which lie before us. If we have availed ourselves of the opportunities afforded us by this Normal School we need have no fear as to the future, and there will be felt throughout our province, and more particularly throughout the northern part of it, such an influence as will lead those who come after us to feel that we have not lived or laboured in vain.

And now as we leave, may our prayer be that we may do, in the best possible way, the work that lies before us, and that we may attain in some measure, be it ever so slight, a likeness to that wonderful Teacher of old.

"And then we, too, in humbler ways  
 Went forth to fight the fight anew,  
 And heeding neither blame nor praise,  
 We held the course He set us true,  
 And we, too, find the fighting sweet,  
 And we, too, fight for fighting's sake,  
 And though we go down in defeat  
 And though our stormy hearts may break,  
 We will not do our Master shame;  
 We'll play the game, please God, we'll play the game."



## YEAR BOOK STAFF

B. Landriau, Representative, Group III.; B. Corey, Representative, Group II.; J. Alp, Editor-in-Chief; W. A. Kaye, Business Manager; J. H. Anderson, President, Literary Society; N. Chappel, Representative, Group I.; L. Stafford, Associate Editor; W. Vincent, Representative, Group V.  
J. A. Bannister, B.A., Supervising Editor; M. Munn, Representative, Group IV.; A. McDonald, Associate Editor.

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**Important Notice**

Will 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 that go astray in the mail, but we cannot locate a missing book if we do not know of its loss promptly.—Editor.



#### FALL EXECUTIVE OF LITERARY SOCIETY

W. A. Kaye, Secretary; K. Hunt, President; J. Harkness, Vice President; R. Rowse, Representative, Group III.; G. Richardson, Representative, Group III.; J. Hettrick, Representative, Group IV.  
 A. McDonald, Treasurer; B. Fraser, Representative, Group II.; E. Strauss, Representative, Group IV.; C. Finnerty, Representative, Group II.; J. Alp, Representative, Group I.; A. Conroy, Representative, Group I.

### THE LITERARY SOCIETY

J. H. ANDERSON, *President, Spring Term*

IT is with a feeling of regret that we realize that another school year has passed away. It has been a year of hard work, but it has also been full of new experiences, full of pleasant and profitable surprises, full of invaluable friendships formed, which, through a lifetime, cannot be broken. It has taught us, through the example of our principal and masters, the infinite value of high ideals and definite aims, the importance of application to duty and the virtue of patience in attaining the goal of success.

Doubtless we are the raw material out of which finished teachers are to be formed. The school is the factory; the masters, the artisans; the student activities, the machines by which we are moulded and prepared; and the world is our market. Of all the machines utilized in the process of formation, none are so indispensable as the activities of the Literary Society.

Throughout the year, the Society has been faced with the problem of occupying profitably and pleasurably the time of the whole student body. In it have centred all their interests and activities, and upon it has fallen the responsibility of cultivating the varied talents of its

members. Not all the students could share equally in its benefits and activities, for, realizing the great number of students in attendance, one is bound to admit that the training offered could not extend equally to all. Consequently, the latent ability of many an enthusiast has not found expression and that student has not had full scope for development.

But, since the Society has been pre-eminently the one organization of the year, it has been the aim of its Executive to provide programmes, not only interesting, but also instructive; not only valuable for the present, but invaluable for the future.

The desire was, then, to extend to the student membership a real training in the organization and procedure of a society and in the preparation of programmes, an experience which would serve us in good stead in the various communities, where soon we shall assume the responsibility of guiding others through such activities.

We are grateful for the ready manner in which the masters and students responded to our calls. We take this opportunity of extending to them this expression of our hearty appreciation, for if we have, in any way, attained the aims of our society it is due to their willingness to co-operate with us in the task.



#### SPRING EXECUTIVE OF LITERARY SOCIETY

E. McLean, Section B.; B. Corey, Section A.; P. Thornley, Secretary, Section B.;  
 C. Bloomfield, Section A.; A. K. Beal, Section B.; C. A. McDonald,  
 Section A.; A. Pelto, Section B.  
 K. Coe, Vice-President, Section A.; A. M. Bock, Treasurer; W. Gennings, Section A.;  
 J. H. Anderson, President; E. Taylor, Section B.; F. Northey, Vice-  
 President, Section B.; G. Ashforth, Secretary, Section A.

## HALLOWE'EN

M. RATCLIFFE, R. SMITH

THE annual Hallowe'en festivities were held in the Normal School on Friday evening, November 3rd. The teachers of the Model School and a few ex-students were the guests of the evening.

The Normal School was tastefully and appropriately decorated. Shocks of corn surrounded the posts; every corner had its ghost, and jack-o-lanterns, with their grotesque faces, aided the lamps dimmed by their black and orange flower shades in giving the needed touch of weirdness to the scene.

The evening's programme began with community singing, led by Mr. Anderson. The President of the Literary Society, in a neat address, welcomed the guests, and a real Hallowe'en programme followed. The chief feature was an original play prepared by a number of the students. The Spirit of Hallowe'en, seated upon his throne, summoned in turn a company of ancient Druids, the Spirits of the Past, the Spirits of the Present, an Ideal Normalite, and the Witch of Wisdom. The opening speech was as follows:

I am the Spirit of Hallowe'en,  
I leave my home in the vasty deep,  
In the midnight hours I am seen,  
Haunting men's souls before they sleep.

My witches and ghosts will soon appear  
In their strange and ghastly attire,  
Filling hearts with awful fear  
As they prowls about the lighted fire.

Let each a stone on the embers place,  
Then widely roam without rest or sleep,  
Inspiring fear by his fearsome face  
Till o'er these embers the shadows creep.

Then if perchance a stone be turned  
To snowy ashes, all soft and light,  
Know ye that the owner has surely earned  
A rest henceforth on this weary night.

Out of the dim and distant Past,  
From your groves of oak and your mistletoe,  
Come, Druids of Eld, from your cromlechs vast  
And kindle the sacred fire's glow."

Amid the approving groans of his companions, each Druid contributed something to the mystic fire. One brought a rough birch gad that once had been used to punish a little child, another consigned to the flames a "hundred lines," and another doomed to destruction, as emblematic of all the woes of the Normalites, a tear-stained lesson plan.

The Spirits of the Past won the approval of the audience and of the presiding Spirit for their modest and unassuming demeanor, but the

Spirits of the Present met with well merited rebuke for their frivolity. The Ideal Normalite was assured that, had she been in attendance this year, she should not have lacked for plenty of companions, and the Witch of Wisdom gave to the assembled students some excellent advice.

The programme was closed by two selections by the school orchestra. Then according to the time honoured custom, refreshments, consisting of pumpkin pies, coffee, and sandwiches, were served. Part of the company remained in the Assembly Hall and spent the evening in dancing, while the rest gathered in the large hall on the second floor to take part in a variety of games.

Among the games, the chief event was the doughnut race. Each Group chose a champion to do valiant battle for them. Doughnuts were then suspended at a convenient height, and the doughty champions began the attack. Eager were the onlookers as the contestants wildly pursued the elusive doughnuts, which sometimes permitted themselves to be caught, but more frequently changed their position just as the teeth were about to close upon them. Gradually the tempting morsel diminished, nicked and battered out of all semblance of its original form. By this time the representatives of Groups Three and Four had far out distanced their competitors. Only a fragment dangled at the end of each of their strings. Then by a supreme effort the champion of Group Three disposed of the remaining morsel, and was declared the winner by a — mouthful.

Group games were then the order of the evening. Diving for Apples, It, Bouncing the Basket Ball, French Tag, The Farmer's in his Den, Ring on the String, Feathers, Blind Man's Buff, and many others of the old games brought back memories of the good old days spent at the little red school house.

Meanwhile the many bright coloured costumes gave to the Assembly Hall the air of a masquerade. The students of one Group wore middies decorated with Hallowe'en cutouts. Some wore black and orange crepe paper gowns of very pretty design, while others chose to represent Mother Goose and other characters of the familiar nursery rhymes.

Time passed quickly, and when the midnight hour arrived, an evening which will not soon be forgotten was brought to a close by the singing of Auld Lang Syne and the National Anthem.

---

John, he had a little lamb,  
It's voice was of the best,  
He took it to the Normal School  
To try the music test.

But when it took the highest mark,  
And jealous students cried,  
That tender hearted little lamb  
Committed suicide.

## THE MEANING OF THE ALPHABET

J. H. ANDERSON

A is for advancement which all the students seek;  
 B is our behaviour, so modest and so meek.  
 C is for our character, an outcome of the work;  
 D is for the diligence that will not let us shirk.  
 E is for our English, that needs our constant care;  
 F is for our fun of which we have an ample share.  
 G is for our able girls, no better in the land;  
 H is for the helpfulness we see on every hand.  
 I is for the ignorance we hope to leave behind;  
 J is for our janitor; his equal's hard to find.  
 K is for the kindness which is seen in every face.  
 L is for the laughter heard in all the place.  
 M is for the Masters, our teachers and our friends;  
 N is for the Normal which goodly knowledge lends.  
 O is for the others whom we are soon to teach;  
 P is for perfection we strive so hard to reach.  
 Q is for the questions, unwarily, we ask;  
 R for the rejoicing that greets our finished task.  
 S is for our singing, wherein we take delight;  
 T is for our teaching, the goal of Normalite.  
 U is for the unison prevailing in the class;  
 V is the variety of tests we have to pass.  
 W for the wisdom, some day we hope to gain;  
 X the unknown quantity of it we shall obtain.  
 Y is for our youthfulness, with vigour on its side;  
 Z is for the zenith of success, afar espied.

---

## BUILDERS

HILDA WEAVER

Some unused stones a builder took,  
 He placed each one with care;  
 And when the work was finished,  
 There stood a palace fair.

The beating rain, the scorching sun,  
 The years that rolled along,  
 Could ne'er the mighty structure shake,  
 It had been built so strong.

A glorious task is waiting us,  
 For we can builders be,  
 And in the lives of children build  
 Our Empire's destiny.



## DUCHESNAY

K. HUNT

We had talked and sung and been noisy and gay;  
From the picnic party I stole away,  
Down the stony path to a sheltered nook,  
With Duchesnay Falls for a poetry book.  
The rocks and the waters, the air and the ground  
Were one in a vibrating anthem of sound;  
Yet each had a voice that, in sunlight or shower,  
Unceasingly told Nature's measureless power.  
The rocks were wet with the dashing spray,  
But the waters ne'er paused in their onward way.  
Like a man whose eye is fixed on his goal  
With an ardent desire that fires his soul,  
So onward they rushed in measureless might,  
Glittering and glancing and gleaming with light.  
The rocks seemed a-quiver, all eager to go  
To join in the tumult of waters below.  
Yet constant they stood, 'mid flood and 'mid foam,  
A pathway to carry the eager stream home.  
Tall birches and poplars had gathered a-near,  
Allured by the song of the torrent so clear.  
The waters, unheeding, still sang on their way;  
The rocks stood unmoved in the midst of the spray,  
And I thought, as I mused in a rock-circled bower,  
"High purpose and steadfastness linked,—this is power."



## HIGHLIGHTS IN TEACHING

ELSIE S. OVEREND

MOST of us are looking forward with fear and trembling to the days when we shall take charge of schools of our own. But teaching is not all shadow. There are many little incidents that are diverting, especially to one who is so fortunate as to possess a sense of humour. The following experiences of a young teacher in her first school will help to show that such is the case.

It was the first day after Christmas, and it was also Miss Coleman's first day as a real teacher. She knew that the pupils were judging her ability to control them and that they would soon put it to the test, though her face did not betray the trepidation she felt. The trial of strength soon came. Henry, at the back of the room, began to throw

"Henry, take this seat," she said, pointing to a front seat.

"Please, my paw said I wasn't to sit in that seat. It wears out my pants," said Henry, defiantly.

"I am running this school, and not your paw. Take that seat!"

Miss Coleman was big and powerful-looking, and the menace in her attitude was unmistakable. Henry obeyed sullenly, while the new teacher eyed him resentfully.

She soon learned that Henry belonged to a family that had practically driven the former teacher out. He had an older sister, Lizzie, and a younger brother, who always fought on Henry's behalf. In fact the whole family took part. Somewhere Miss Coleman had heard, "United we stand, divided we fall." So one day she called Lizzie to her.

"Lizzie," said she, with her most ingratiating smile, "You are older than Henry, aren't you?"

"Please, yes,—three years," said the girl promptly.

"And he is supposed to do what you tell him, isn't he?"

Lizzie smiled importantly. "Please, yes. Paw told him to."

"Well, then, Lizzie, I think I shall seat him in front of you. You will see that he behaves, won't you? I have so much to do."

"Please," said Lizzie, "If he doesn't, I'll tell paw."

"Oh, just call my attention to it. I'll help you, then. Thank you, Lizzie."

After that if Henry failed to heed repeated reminders from his sister's ruler, the teacher punished him, while Lizzie promised him further chastisement from "paw" for failing to obey her. Since he usually received it, Henry reformed.

Harry, aged eleven, liked to think of Helen, aged ten, as his "girl", much to her disgust, for she desired somebody more romantic-looking. One day the teacher asked her what she would like to be when she grew up. Helen, who expected that she would some day be married, twisted her apron and blushed.

"Please, I think I'll be a—a wife."

Harry looked at her with a grin. "I'm all ready, Helen."

Bernie, aged five, was boastful and reckless. Finding that punishment made him a hero among the other small boys, he not only endured it stoically, but actually sought it. The teacher was puzzled. At last, in desperation, she laid Bernie across her knees and spanked him soundly with the Art Manual. The hero shrieked with distress, and retired in deep disgrace and sorrow. He sought no more punishment, but zealously avoided it.

The month of May came and with it the mosquitoes. There was a large swamp back of the school, and from it they swarmed in their tens of thousands. Miss Coleman appealed to the trustees for window screens, but they were inclined to be scornful. Who ever heard of window screens for a school? To close the windows was impossible since there was no other means of ventilation. The mosquitoes joyously attacked the bare legs of the pupils, who slapped at them unceasingly, while the teacher sat down and wrapped her coat about her ankles, grimly swatting all that came within her reach.

Unable at last to stand the sight of her pupils being tormented so, she sent them all out into the yard. Then she and Henry built a business-like smudge and placed it in the school. In a short time smoke was pouring out of the windows. One of the trustees in an adjoining field saw it and came in haste.

"Is the school on fire?" he panted.

"Oh, no," said Miss Coleman, sweetly, "That's only a mosquito smudge in the school."

The trustee looked at her for a moment, and then said, "I'll see that you get your screens." And he did.

At a later date the long stove pipes began to sag dangerously. Miss Coleman warned the Trustees that there would likely be a disaster, but they delayed action, as Trustees so often do. One day as four o'clock approached, Duncan jarred the pipes and they fell. Confusion reigned for a few moments, but at length Duncan emerged, covered with soot, and looking very much like a Southern Darkie. Needless to say, his mother was one of the reasons why the tardy Trustees regretted that they had not taken action sooner than they did.

These are but a few of the incidents, some amusing, some pathetic, that occur from day to day in the school room. Do they not show that, to the discerning teacher, his profession is not a dreary round of drudgery, but a work in which human interest abounds, making every day delightfully full of unsuspected possibilities?





NORMAL SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

P. Thornley, W. A. Kaye, H. E. Ricker, M.A., J. G. Gatenby, A.R.C.O.,  
 J. H. Anderson, K. Beal.  
 P. Belanger, M. Sage, R. Smith, C. Thaler, B. Walker.  
 E. Strauss, V. McKnight.

THE EMPIRE'S HOPE

H. WEAVER

Oh! the glory of our Empire,  
 Is not in our lands so broad,  
 Nor yet in the fame of our fighters,  
 Who rest beneath the sod.  
 Not in our ships of iron,  
 That part the tossing seas,  
 Not in the wealth of our produce,  
 From farm, or mine, or trees.  
 For the weal or woe of the future  
 Of this land, so broad and free,  
 Is in the hands of the children,  
 Entrusted to you and to me.

## INFORMATION CLASSES

### M.A.

From plains of childhood's fun and cheer  
 The road of learning leads me now.  
 Its rugged path oft makes me fear  
 Success will never crown my brow.

And in my progress, painful, slow,  
 I pause halfway, and, slowly turning,  
 Look down and sadly think, "There's no,  
 No royal road, alas! to Learning."

Now by his desk the master sits,  
 His steady gaze is fixed on me,  
 While I sit there and search my wits,  
 With studious eye and shaking knee.

Beyond me, on the fields of fame,  
 Success shines bright along the way,  
 Till I forget that I am lame  
 And only up the hill part way.

Methinks I see the top where sits  
 The old red schoolhouse, worn but dear,  
 Where I gain knowledge in small bits,  
 Through summer's months and winter's cheer,

At intervals of dream I hear  
 The master from the map explain.  
 Another question strikes mine ear,—  
 'Tis o'er! I'm back to earth again.

And yet, to me, this student's life  
 Is not all hurry, worry, fret;  
 Not useless toil nor endless strife,  
 But hopes, ideals, strengthened, set.

Nay more! I think some blessed power  
 Has sent me wandering idly here,  
 That, in the glad youth of this hour,  
 The path of service be made clear.

---

Student, (teaching the objective relation).—"He paid for the home with money." What question do you ask yourself to get money for an answer?

---

Teacher-in-training (after teaching a lesson on coffee:—"Now, if your mother sent you to the pantry to get the coffee, how would you know it from tea?")

Pupil:—"By the writing on the can."

## MANUAL TRAINING IN RURAL SCHOOLS

GEORGINA B. RICHARDSON

**A**N educated person is the one who "is most alive to the most things." So, in order to educate we must awaken the interests of our pupils along as many as possible of the avenues of learning that can be of service to them. Manual Training, which is being taught in many of our rural schools appeals to the interests of the pupils and aids in their mental, manual, and social development. The complete development of the boy or girl is the goal of progressive educationalists to-day.

The ordinary school room seems far removed from the well-arranged, specially equipped room, set apart solely for manual training, but this should not discourage the energetic teacher who can accomplish much even where the accommodation is limited.

The rural school teacher finds this work of inestimable value, especially in supplying seat-work to keep the little folk busy. Simple paper folding, cutting, pasting, modelling in clay or plasticine provide scope for originality. Girls become interested in making cardboard models and articles in raffia, while the boys delight in doing work in wood.

In planning lessons, seasonal subjects should be chosen. In December the making of Christmas decorations and booklets provides interesting lesson material; Easter brings the making of paper flowers,—daffodils, tulips and Easter lilies. The boys may be encouraged to make bird houses, and thus induce the feathered songsters to bring a note of joy to the often dismal school room.

The real value of Manual Training is perhaps recognized when we consider its correlation with other subjects. A literature lesson may be followed by a seat-work period in paper cutting or modelling in plasticine. The child then makes an illustration of the mental picture which made the strongest appeal to him. Even though the work may be crude, it proves that the child had a mental image. In geography, after a country has been studied, an outline map may be traced on cardboard, and the physical features may then be shown in plasticine. Lessons in Physical Science will prove much more successful if the pupils help to make some of the equipment necessary.

What is the real value of Manual Training? It creates a oneness in the class, is an indisputable factor in developing character, brings to the front the generosity in each nature, and soon the pupils learn to co-operate one with another. The child will gradually acquire a sense of control of mind and hand and become intent on things of interest, the construction of which makes for industry and happiness.

---

Normalite (enthusiastically):—"Yes, there is a wonderful old church there. It took two hundred years to build it."

Pupil:—"That couldn't be true. The contractors would all have been dead long before that."

## SECTION B

LUCY TENESCOE

In N. B. Normal, twenty-three,  
There were students bright and free,  
But each section,  
On reflection,  
Thought itself the best.

Then they held a consultation;  
And with eager expectation,  
To the teachers,  
As beseechers,  
For a boon they pressed.

First Miss Morgan they besought  
In her sanctum where she wrought;  
When they asked her which was best  
Of the sections, she confessed,  
"He is blind who cannot see  
That the best is Section B."

Mr. Norris when approached,  
And the pointed question broached,  
Shook his sides with merry laughter,  
Answering a moment after,—  
"I am always filled with glee  
Over clever Section B."

Then to Mr. B. they raced.  
Up and down the floor he paced,  
Scratched his head to aid his thought,  
Quickly forth this answer brought,  
"It's as plain as A.B.C.;  
That the best is Section B."

Corners of his mouth turned down,  
Smiling first, and then a frown,  
Mr. Ricker with precision,  
Gave the following decision,—  
"If you leave the choice to me,  
I should fancy Section B."

Mr. C. gave final probe,  
Seated 'midst his maps and globe;  
Opening wide his kindly eyes,  
Showing thus his mild surprise,  
"I should judge that it must be  
None but brilliant Section B."

Thus no matter where you go  
Everybody seems to know  
Who are clever, who are wise,  
Who will always take the prize,  
For the masters all agree  
They have brains in Section B.

## THOUGHTS OF "THE LAKE"

NORMA CHAPPEL

*"The year's at the spring;  
 The day's at the morn;  
 The morning's at seven;  
 The hillside's dew-pearled;  
 The lark's on the wing;  
 The snail's on the thorn;  
 God's in his heaven,  
 All's right with the world."*

BROWNING.

SUCH were the conditions under which a beautiful poem of the wonders of nature was woven into this real painting by Corot, "The Lake."

It is the simplest of pictures, yet it possesses a magnificence that can be explained by nature only. The whole scene is one suggestive of peace, rest, and calm. It is not one definite main object that we see when we first look at it, but a multitude of details, so carefully woven together that the eye takes them all in at a glance. And yet it is not confusing.

In the central part of the foreground, on the high bank of the lake, stand two giant trees with their fairy-like foliage trembling in the morning breeze. These great trees can be none other than aspen or willows, for it is this graceful type that inspires the artist. And having once seen these, we understand the main individuality of all the artist's works. They stand out in direct contrast with the smaller, slender saplings to the right and the leaning birch to the left with its scanty branches.

Behind these trees lies the indispensable feature of the painting,—the lake. It stretches far back to the distant hills, radiant in the sunlight, a shimmering expanse. A little arm of the lake divides the foreground, but a fallen tree forms a natural bridge connecting the two shores. The bright beams of the sun stream down through the branches of the large trees, making lights and shadows below, which harmonize with the mottled shading of the foliage of the trees and shrubs.

Just behind the trees, in a shady place in the water, stand two cows, enjoying the freshness of the morning. They are restful, allowing the herder to sit at ease upon the bank. He thinks, like the stern old Duke of the Forest of Arden:

"Hath not old custom made this life more sweet  
 Than that of painted pomp; are not these woods  
 More free from peril than the court?"

This picture is more than a painting; it is a little bit of nature on a spring morning, when all is peaceful. Yet it is not still. Indeed the whole scene suggests motion, but not vigorous action. One can almost hear the singing of the birds in those lofty branches; it would be impossible for them to keep away from such a place. Then there is the soothing lap, lap of the water and the whisper of the swaying branches and quivering leaves.

As there can be no poem without a poet, so there can be no painting without an artist, and Jean Baptiste Corot had the true spirit of the nature artist. This scene in particular was one which greatly impressed him when he was only a boy visiting in his summer holidays in Ville d' Avray, France, impressed him so much that, years afterward, when he wished to exhibit a really fine painting at the Salon he could think of no better subject. The inspiration that he had received became the silent language of this great masterpiece.

It is useless to try to put a value upon the picture. All we can do is to study it, admire it, try to appreciate it, and weave into our lives a little of the purity that Corot wove into "The Lake."



#### DANCE OF THE SEASONS

L. Stafford, J. Saunders, E. Strauss, M. Saunders,  
D. Passmore.



## A GLIMPSE OF MUSKOKA

ADA WHALEY

THE day dawned bright and clear, and, laden with our lunch baskets and cameras, we reached the dock, just as the "Cherokee" was ready to leave. The sleepy town of Bracebridge was just awaking. As the boat left the wharf and began its course down the river we gazed in silence at the beautiful scene. Behind us were the rumbling and tumbling Bracebridge Falls. On one side were the dense bush and the smooth beach, on the other the town, slowly receding from our view. Ahead, not a ripple disturbed the perfect calm of the river.

In a short time all signs of the town behind us disappeared, and, as the boat continued its course, on either side we caught glimpses of an occasional farm house, and the tinkle, tinkle of a cow bell could be heard as the cattle wended their way down the lane. As we rounded a slight curve we were delighted at the sight of a quaint, tumble-down cottage, all around which masses of delicate wild roses were growing in profusion,—even as we passed their fragrance was wafted to us,—one of the many tokens that told us that June and summer had come.

Farther down we spied a tent among the green of the trees, and the occupants, as soon as they caught sight of the boat, rushed to the shore and greeted us with a merry shout, "Last call to breakfast." They were a happy trio of campers, city boys who were reveling in their "back to Nature" life.

At last we left the river and came out into Lake Muskoka. Never shall I forget that sight,—sky as blue as azure, with tiny, fluffy clouds sailing lazily across it, the green of Nature's trees on every side, with here and there amongst the foliage a cottage, and round us, the deep blue of the calm and tranquil lake, interspersed with islands.

After a short stop at Beaumaris, the first and one of the prettiest resorts on the lake, we continued on our way, sailing up the Indian River, until we reached our destination, Port Carling, the largest and loveliest port on the lakes. Here are situated the locks through which boats must pass to reach Lake Joseph.

Here we landed. We climbed the hill which leads up from the wharf, wandered across a broad expanse of field, crossed a tiny, picturesque bridge, until we reached a narrow foot path leading through a pine grove. It looked so attractive that we decided to follow and discover where it led. With cries of delight we opened wide our eyes as we beheld the strange scene in front of us. For here was an Indian encampment, where numerous articles, baskets and fancy ornaments of sweet-smelling grasses, and tiny canoes made of birch bark were displayed. And here were smiling Indian women, in strange native costume, who tried to induce us to buy their wares, and how could we resist the temptation?

After a few minutes of friendly conversation, they told us of an ideal place at which to eat our lunch, and, as it was nearly noon, and our appetites were demanding attention, we followed their directions and soon reached the spot.

Our mid-day meal over, we strolled back to the town. Tourists were everywhere, dressed in the most brilliant holiday attire. It was regatta day at Port Carling, and we were fortunate in having an opportunity to watch the many races which made such a gala scene of this, the most important resort on the lakes.

About six o'clock our boat returned for us, and we went on board, tired, but happy and well satisfied with our day's outing. But the greatest pleasure was yet to come. The homeward trip will always live in my memory. The whole western sky was illuminated with the glory of the setting sun,—crimson, orange and violet blended into one perfect whole. As we sat on deck gazing with rapture and reverence on this promise of a fair to-morrow, we could hear afar off the weird, haunting call of the whip-poor-will along the otherwise silent shore.

In a short time we reached the river's mouth. If the Muskoka river is beautiful in the morning, it is sublime in the evening. The dense foliage of the trees along the shore casts queer, dark shadows into the water, and as I gazed into its depths and listened to a mother bird lulling her babes to sleep, I thought that this delightful stream was well named "The River of Shadows."

Gradually the town, bathed in light, came into view, and as I stepped upon the wharf, I was glad that I had caught a glimpse of the fair land which the Red Man, long ago, with his love for the beautiful, and his apt use of names had so appropriately called Muskoka, "The Land of the Blue Sky."



PANTOMIME—When Spring is Sleeping.

## NORMALITE SORROWS

Among her notes and text books, too,  
In tears sat little Sorrow;  
"I'm sure than Mr. N. will spring  
That horrid test to-morrow.  
And when it comes, what shall I do?  
I wish I knew this book all through.  
Dear me!" said little Sorrow.

"But now the ice is glistening smooth,  
The moon is bright," said Pleasure;  
"Put on your skates and we will have  
Good times beyond all measure;  
Or if you choose, we'll take a walk,  
Or just sit down and laugh and talk.  
Come, come with me!" said Pleasure.

"Oh! I want neither walk nor skate,—  
They're not for me," said Sorrow,  
"When I am sure that we shall have  
That dreadful test to-morrow!  
And if it comes, I know I'll fail!  
The thought of it just makes me quail!  
Go! Go!" said little Sorrow.

But lo! when came the morrow's morn  
There was no horrid testing,  
And Sorrow sighed a weary sigh;  
She scarce could keep from resting.  
And Pleasure said, "I told you so!  
To-night you must a-skating go,  
Why, Mr. N. was jesting."

"Oh! No! No! No! To-night again  
I'll study hard," said Sorrow,  
"For if to-day it did not come  
'Twill surely come to-morrow,  
And be the harder for delay.  
I simply can't go out to play.  
Dear me!" said little Sorrow.

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Student, (explaining) Yes, "ebbs" means, "moves slowly". Now give me a sentence using it correctly.

Pupil:—The bus ebbs.

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John's Philosophy:—"The government is good for it, even if you never get it."

## ST. VALENTINE'S DAY

ELIZABETH J. ALLAN

IT was with bated breath we sat in the darkened assembly room on the fourteenth of February, awaiting the afternoon's programme. Then, in the disguise of an old man, Mr. Allan entered and seated himself by the table. No sooner had he commenced to read his paper than Miss Brunning, the teacher, in evident anger and disgust, came in and threw her books upon the table. She began to relate her troubles, (for all schoolmarms seem blest with them). Her anger had reached a climax that day because she had been given a horrid valentine by her mischievous pupils.

In order to console her and remind her that she was not the only teacher who had such trials, the old man gave her an account of her various predecessors.

He first spoke of the teacher who had been a chaplain in the army. As he spoke there was presented to our view a large valentine appropriately decorated, and accompanied by a humorous verse. In a heart-shaped opening in the centre appeared the worthy chaplain, in the person of Mr. Edgar.

He next spoke of the old veteran who followed, a cruel tyrant whose heart the pupils had vainly sought until at last they discovered it "in a whiskey jug." The old soldier was well impersonated by Mr. Stevens.

Respected by all was their next teacher, a well educated man who appeared, dignified and studious, in the person of Mr. Bailie.

He then gave credit to the teacher who was such a strict disciplinarian. With hair drawn straight back, and her glasses on the end of her nose, who should appear but our class-mate, Miss Bradey!

Their next teacher was a medical student who made use of the teaching profession merely as a stepping stone. Ever on the alert to put into practice what he read from his "doctor books", he kept the pupils always in a state of terror, lest they should become the victims of his scalpel and forceps. This part was taken by Mr. Stewart.

Lastly he spoke of the teacher of more modern appearance, and Miss Olson greeted us with her sunny smile.

By this time the disheartened schoolma'am realized that her pupils had meant her no harm by their innocent prank and, thanking the old man for his entertaining account, she resolved to profit by the valentine she had received.

Thus the "Evolution of the Teacher" was very cleverly presented to us. It caused our thoughts to wander into the future, to the days when we shall be "monarchs of all we survey" in some little red schoolhouse. What will our valentines be like? Cheer up! The best is yet to come!!

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Miss M. (in School Management):—"What was the worst punishment you remember receiving?"

Miss S.—"A teacher threatened to inform my parents of my conduct."

Miss M.—"What was painful about that?"

Miss S.—"He carried out his threat."

## A NORMALITE MUSES

M. E. SAUNDERS

It strangely happens that a busy Normalite  
In this queer town, among these barren crags,  
Mated with brighter minds, I mete and dole  
Facts, fancies too, unto an all-wise staff  
Who question, question, question me.

I can not rest from Normal, I will drink  
Its wisdom to the lees. Oftimes I have enjoyed  
Greatly, been chidden greatly, both with my  
Companions, and alone; after prayers, and when  
Through stillness deep the voice of warning breaks  
Upon the guilty ear. I am become a shadow,  
For always studying with an anxious heart  
Much have I failed away; masters,  
And manners, novels, Joseph, lesson-plans,  
Myself not lord, but victim of them all,  
And drunk delight of battle with my peers,  
In spelling, grammar, and the "why" of this or that.

I gaze in awe on all whom I have met,  
Yet e'en inspectors form a guide unto  
The threshold of that world whose margin grows  
Enticing, more entrancing, every day.  
And dull it were to know all, love exams,  
To teach uncritic'd, not to yearn for home,  
As though to breathe were Normal. Year on year  
Were all too little, and of one to me  
Still more than half remains; but every hour  
Is numbered of that great vast, that brings me  
To my haven—Christmas holiday.

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## THE AT HOME

WINNIFRED GENNINGS

ONE of the most attractive and interesting events of the year took place on the evening of February the ninth, when the students of the Normal School entertained their friends at their annual "At Home".

For several weeks those who were to take part in the programme had devoted themselves to careful preparation of their parts, and practices and rehearsals were always to the fore. Then, as the evening to which we were looking forward drew near, tantalizing odors from the kitchen began to find their way into the classrooms. Small wonder, then, that minds wandered from such trifling things as History, Grammar, and Science of Ed., to the more engrossing matters of the approaching enjoyment!

The Assembly Hall was tastefully decorated for the occasion. Red and black tissue paper transformed the electric lights into a semblance of opening flowers, and at the same time softened and subdued the illumination. In keeping with the Valentine season, hearts formed one of the principal parts of the decoration, and the air was filled with cupids and their fatal darts.

When the eventful evening arrived at last every face had an expectant look. Was this not to be the most enjoyable evening of the year? Soon the Assembly Hall was filled with students and their guests.

Mr. Harold Anderson, president of the Literary Society, welcomed the visitors in an appropriate address and this was followed by a programme which was greatly appreciated by all. There were several very pretty folk dances, the first, a Spanish folk dance with tambourines; the second, the highland fling; the third, a Norwegian mountain dance; and the fourth, an old English folk dance. A pretty Indian drill was given by a number of the girls.

These were interspersed with selections, a piano duet, music by the school orchestra, and readings by Misses Kathleen Coe, Belva Brown and Janet Alp.

The closing number was a very clever rendering by students from Group V. of an amusing scene from Act V. of "A Midsummer Night's Dream".

Refreshments were then served, and the remainder of the evening was spent in games or dancing. The closing hour came all too soon, and with it the At Home of the session of '23 became a memory to which we shall ever look back with pleasure as we recall the events of our year at North Bay Normal School.

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## EXAMINATIONS

M.C.

What makes your face grow pale and thin;  
 What makes you lose your double chin;  
 What causes level heads to spin;  
 Creates in tranquil minds a din?  
 Examinations!

What gives your brow those lines of care;  
 What makes those gray threads in your hair;  
 What makes your spirit say, "Beware!"  
 Your knees to shake, your eyes to stare?  
 Examinations!

What makes you study all the night;  
 And burn the landlord's precious light;  
 Until next day you look a sight,  
 To keep awake requires a fight?  
 Examinations!

Ah woe is me! I long to see,  
 This pleasant land when there will be,  
 A time when everyone is free  
 From those dire things that worry me,  
 Examinations.

## THE VISITORS OF N. B. N. S.

CARRIE L. THALER

**D**URING the year we have had the opportunity of listening to a number of addresses by visitors to the school.

Rev. F. L. Brown, Superintendent of Methodist Missions, in a timely address spoke of the work of the teacher and its value to our province.

Dr. Sandiford, Professor of Psychology in the College of Education, Toronto, gave an interesting talk on the Binet intelligence tests. We were given an idea of the methods used to test the mentality of children of different ages, and some practical tests were applied to members of the class.

During the Fall term, Dr. Morgan, Director of Professional Training, made us his official visit of inspection. His genial manner soon put us at our ease, and his kindly and helpful criticism of our teaching did much to inspire us with confidence, and led us to put forth still greater efforts to make our work a success.

Dr. Vining, who was visiting North Bay in the interests of the Armenian Relief Fund, urged us to cultivate high, noble ambitions and the determination to make them realities. Life, to him, seemed like a hill he climbed when in France. On one side it was rough and dark, with dull clouds hanging overhead. On the other side, the hill was massed with flowers and bathed in the full glow of the sun. We must climb, though our feet be weary and bruised, until we reach the top. Then the happiness of life will be ours, provided we have climbed hand in hand with the Greatest of Teachers.

Dr. McEachern gave a splendid account of the great work of the Victorian Order of Nurses. With the aid of views he showed the extent of the organization and its importance in maintaining the health of the Canadian people.

Mr. Frank Yeigh gave an interesting description of a "Trip across Canada." Even to those of us who thought we had some conception of the vastness and beauty of our native land, the series of pictures from Atlantic to Pacific came as a new revelation. Great cities, flourishing industries, and fertile plains were seen, but oh! the beauty of our Canadian Rockies as they stood steeped in the glory of one of those western sunsets.

Our patriotism was aroused by the stirring speech of Captain Morris in support of the Navy League of Canada, which is doing a much needed work among the dependants of our sailors of the Merchant Marine.

It was our good fortune to have a visit during the winter from four of the Public School Inspectors from the Districts. Needless to say we appeared at our best because we realized that first impressions are lasting; and we are looking forward to the day when we shall make further acquaintance with these earnest, enthusiastic, and kind-hearted men, as they pay us their official visits in our own schools.

Inspector Marlin of Cochrane District gave an instructive talk about his trip to New Zealand.

Inspector Walkom of East Algoma gave some very practical suggestions which we shall try to remember as we go about our duties as teachers.

Inspectors Brown of Nipissing and Wilson of Temiskaming also spent some time in our midst, though we did not have an opportunity of having them address us.

Towards the close of the term, Inspector White gave us a very timely address on "The Mistakes of Young Teachers". This was exceedingly practical, and was based upon his own observations of the work of beginners. It will help us to avoid some of the pitfalls that lie in the way of the unwary.



MAY MAIDENS



## KAKABEKA

ETHEL HAMM

LONG, long ago, when the "Gateway of the Golden West" was yet unheard of and Lake Superior was but slightly known, there dwelt, on the banks of the Kaministiquia River, a great chieftain and his daughter. The wigwam of Kakabeka and her father nestled in a secluded fairy dell, some forty miles from the river's mouth.

This Indian princess was very beautiful and good. She loved the loud laughter of the waters, the whispering of the wind-kissed trees, and the weird calls of the wild birds and animals. She listened with joy to old Penassie, singing the songs of her ancestors, but she disliked the boasting words of the young braves that flocked about her.

One day a white man entered the beautiful bower of Kakabeka and her father. He was a trader, tall, handsome, and brave, who delighted the squaws with his beautiful beads and materials. The great chieftain was pleased with the trader. He urged him to tarry with them a while, and, attracted by the beauty of Kakabeka, the trader was loath to depart. He joined the Indian maiden in her strolls along the woodland paths; together they would listen to the far off rumbling rapids, or gather the fragrant violets from the banks of the rushing river. They were very happy together, and, one evening in the quiet hour of twilight, they vowed eternal love to each other.

But sadness was to enter this lovers' bower! Influenced by one who desired to be his son-in-law, the great chieftain turned against the white trader and forced him to leave. Then, by clever scheming, the young brave obtained the chieftain's permission to marry Kakabeka. The poor maiden could do nothing but consent to her father's wishes, but she hoped and prayed that her true lover might return for her before the marriage day.

Alas for hopes that are so often disappointed! The white man did not return! The wedding morning awoke in all the splendour of spring. The high waters of the Kaministiquia flowed madly toward the east and the lark soared higher and higher into the blue sky. The wedding feast was ready. The bride appeared sadly beautiful robed in a gown made from the trader's cloth. All were watching anxiously for the bridegroom's canoe.

It suddenly appeared around a bend in the river. An enthusiastic welcome arose from the squaws and braves as they crowded about him. For a moment, Kakabeka was left standing on the bank unnoticed. Just below her was her own little birch bark canoe. Her whole soul rebelled at her father's choice. Her heart ached and burned with a great love and longing. She quickly reached the canoe, unfastened it, sprang in, and paddled rapidly with the current. Shouts reached her from the bank. She glanced backward. The deserted bridegroom was swiftly pursuing her.

Excitement and joy filled the soul of Kakabeka. He must not catch her! She would paddle on and on until she reached the white man's settlement. The morning sun glistened in her raven hair and her strong young arms. As swift as a bird travelled her canoe, but swifter came that of the pursuing brave.

The noise of the rapids was quite distinct now. The river was flaked with foam. But what cared she! She would run the rapids! The

roar of the water became deafening. It seemed to churn and foam in its very rage. But Kakabeka loved it! It was not angry with her! On and on she went till suddenly she swerved round a bend in the river. It was too late! A great abyss lay before her! She dropped the paddle. She crouched into the canoe with fear. The mighty current carried her swiftly forward and over the edge. She was lost in the avalanche of water and the blinding mist of the great falls.

And what became of her pursuer? He had not slackened speed and had so gained on her that he laughed aloud, at the thought of taking her home. But he, too, was caught in the irresistible current and hurled over the precipice to be lost in the foam, far below.

Have you ever heard of Kakabeka Falls, so named after the beautiful princess? It is on the Kaministiquia River about thirty miles west of Fort William. If you will stand beside it on a sunny, spring day, and gaze intently into the mist which rises above the pines, you will see an outline of a maiden, clothed in white. The villagers call it, "The Maid of the Mist," but we know that it is the pure soul of Kakabeka, visiting the scene of her death.

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### FROM STUDENTS' ANSWER PAPERS

"Analysis teaches a child to consecrate, and so he gets the habit."

"A suitable topic for Composition in Form IV. would be 'The Autobiography of a Country Churchyard.'"

"Please send me by freight  
1 garden fork, .75c each.  
Find enclosed a cheque for the amount and oblige."

Part of an order for books. "If the books should be more expensive please let us know, and we shall refund the money at once."

"The man who lives there is dead."

"He sits on the style."

"With the aid of the children in the ruled space I should write the letter."

"Teach pupils to use their initiation."

"A good selection for dramatization would be 'The Charge of the Light Brigade.' The larger pupils could be the horses."

"Picture him as he walks along, one hand in his pocket, and the other holding a fishing pole over his shoulder and whistling."

"'The blind, pale grain.' The grain is called blind, because it had no eyes like potatoes."

## A TRIP TO BIGWIN ISLAND

A. CONROY

THE day for our trip has arrived! As we walk toward Huntsville Wharf the sun is gathering the dew. The crew are rushing here and there among the crowd to have everything in readiness for the Captain's, "All aboard!" This comes in a few minutes. Two whistles are given to have the swing bridge opened, and we are off!

Down the Muskoka River we go, around the beautiful turns. The water is as glass. The shadows lend a fairy touch to the sky and trees.

Suddenly the river widens into Fairy Lake. How appropriately named! It is a fit home for fairies. On our left a loon sends out his tantalizing laugh. From over head we hear its echo. The fish snap at flies and cause waves to radiate in perfect circles.

"Too-oo-t," and we see several people standing by a white flag. They, too, are off for the day.

What can the Captain mean by taking us right to that thick bush? But he has been there before. The boat literally creeps along, and quite wisely, too. We are on the Canal. The trees are so close you can touch them. The kingbird does not leave her nest, and the blackbirds do not scatter. In the near distance the water rat swims back to his home. Now we come to an overhead bridge. There, on the hill is a little church. How is the steamer going to make that turn! She has done it and we quicken speed to enter Peninsula Lake.

The wind is beginning to ruffle the water. On the hillside a boy is urging the cows toward the farmyard. But we continue to wind our way through.

There is the Portage! I look, and see a large yellow building with thick bush for a background. But truly, there puffs the smallest railway engine in the world. There are two passenger coaches, (old street cars and a box car, painted green) attached to it. Its path is a mile long. Everyone rushes to the gang-plank, and when permitted, rushes to one of the coaches. Unfortunate inexperienced one!

The baggage has been transferred. "All aboard!" There is a whistle, and without further warning, I am on the floor. Up I get, but am soon swaying in every direction, much to the other passengers' disgust. The wheels squeak. The trees brush the windows. As we go round a sharp curve we see ourselves reflected in the glassy surface of a little lake.

"Too-oo-t!" and the Lake of Bays Wharf is reached. Here we are transferred to a steamer which will take us to Bigwin.

"All aboard!" The world is awake. As we make our way in and out of the bays, crowds at the docks hail us. Small craft dot the surface of the water. At Britannia a game of clock golf is in progress. Some boys at Point Ideal are having a swimming contest. Tennis holds the attention at the Wawa.

But our aim is to reach Bigwin, and here we are! There is very little time, so we take a hurried glance at the tennis courts, the rotunda, the dining hall, the pavilion, the boathouse, and lastly, the Tower. From here we see the golf course. Very little attention is given to the lunch.

There is the boat waiting for us! Everyone rushes to the wharf and we soon are homeward bound. But for some reason I take a position in the stern. As the steamer makes a turn, I get a last look at the beautiful wooded island, once the possession of the proud Indian chief, Bigwin.

## A NORMALITE'S TRIAL

M.B.

A Normalite, one winter night,  
Unto her room-mate said,  
"Oh! I've a time-table to write  
Before I go to bed."

Her tone was optimistic, most,  
Oh, ignorance is blest!  
She knew not that to keep her boast  
Would mean a weary test.

So sat she down to quickly make,  
(For so, poor girl, she thought)  
A time table for classes eight,  
To show seat work, when taught.

For twenty minutes all was well,  
She started in at nine,  
She'd ruled the lines, she'd rung the bell,  
And all was going fine.

The humming lower, lower grew,  
Then suddenly it died,  
In frown her brows together drew,  
"What shall I do?" she cried.

"Teach one, give seven other work,"  
Her room mate did suggest.  
So one was not allowed to shirk,  
Though seven had a rest.

Their Manual Training they had done,  
Had done their Sewing too;  
Completely out of seat work run,  
What could the poor girl do?

On, on she toiled with busy brain,  
Determined that she'd win,  
Her face grew crimson with the strain,  
It really was a sin.

In pity then her room mate said,  
(She'd heard a weary sigh,)  
"Had you not better come to bed,  
And finish by and by?"

But late, ah! very late that night,  
She dragged herself to bed,  
"Monday and Wednesday are all right,  
Though I am nearly dead."



## CAMPING ON THE FRENCH RIVER

L.B.

OF all the numerous rivers in Ontario, the French is, I think, one of the most beautiful. The many wooded islands, sparkling waterfalls, and waving pine trees overhead lend a beauty that tourists from near and far cannot resist. The first week in June heralds their arrival and September finds them still loath to take their departure.

As we know, the French River flows out of Lake Nipissing and, following many curves and windings, at last reaches the Georgian Bay. Near the lake are the famous Five Mile Rapids which consist of a series of rapids at various intervals. Along the shores of these rapids are favorite camping sites to which tourists return year after year.

What a day of idleness one can spend here, stretched out on a comfortable bed of pine needles, with nothing to disturb one's thoughts but the rush of the waters over the rocks and the murmur of the breeze in the trees that wave gently overhead! An adventurous person, not wishing to spend his time in idleness, might accomplish the daring feat of shooting the rapids in a canoe. What a thrill it gives one to feel the canoe caught in the swirl of the rapids and sent swiftly over the dangerous stretch of water!

Here, also, many fish can be caught if one is gifted with plenty of patience. These fish are not easily deceived by the bait dangling temptingly before them just below the surface of the water. But by being patient you are at length rewarded and, with a look of triumph, you draw in a huge "Muskie", which lands with a flop on the shore beside you. How you gloat over that catch and think what a good supper he will make!

The evening is always the best part of camping. Just as the sun is nearing the western horizon one sits before the tent transfixed with the wonder and beauty of it all. The more brilliant shades of orange and red gradually fade to the palest pink and mauve, and finally disappear altogether.

Soon it is twilight and then the stars begin to twinkle. Presently the smiling face of the moon appears and sheds its silvery light over the mirror-like stillness of the river.

With a last backward glance at the still beauty of the night you enter the tent and prepare to sleep on beds of pine boughs which are as soft and springy as the best mattress and springs. Lulled by the sound of tumbling waters, you are soon in slumberland. One disturbing factor of a good night's rest is the call of the whip-poor-will which is repeated with ever-increasing monotony through the night.

At the first peep of dawn you are up and soon are busy with the preparations for breakfast.

On days that one does not wish to be idle, a lunch is packed and the day spent exploring unknown parts of the river. Often in your wanderings you stumble upon unexpected beauty spots. With many exclamations of delight, cameras are produced and pictures taken to keep as a record of the summer's outing.

And thus the happy days of freedom pass and vacation time is over for the throng of campers who will soon be hurrying along the busy city streets to their various places of business.

How I long now for the summer to come, when through with the worries of Normal School, I can let my mind relax while stretched out on a bed of pine needles I watch the fleecy clouds drift lazily across the blue expanse of sky and presently fall asleep to the sound of the falling water.

## EMPIRE DAY

W. ALVIN KAYE

THE inauguration of Empire Day as a special event in the school year had for its aim the inculcation in the minds of the pupils of those virtues which conduce to the making of good citizens of the vast Empire of which we are proud to form a part. And while the teaching of patriotism should not be confined to any one day, but should be a part of the programme of every school day, it is well that on this occasion a special effort should be made to arouse a proper patriotic spirit.

But the only patriotism that is worth while is that which is based upon knowledge. It is for this reason that a part of the day is given to reviewing and emphasizing the extent, the resources, the accomplishments, and the ideals of the Empire. This knowledge paves the way for a better appreciation, and leads to intelligent loyalty.

The Empire Day programme at the Normal School this year was both instructive and entertaining. The Pageant of Empire, which formed the chief feature of the forenoon, brought vividly to mind the extent of Great Britain and her Colonies, and their importance among the nations. The afternoon was devoted to patriotic readings, recitations and songs, which could not fail to make a lasting impression upon all who were present.

The spirit of loyalty and patriotism is the bond which holds the Empire together. Upon us, as teachers, will fall the responsibility of fostering that spirit among the people of the community where we are at work. Many of the pupils who will come to us to be taught will be the children of those who were reared in other lands and whose national ideas and ideals are vastly different from ours. To make of these children good citizens of this country, to imbue them with British ideals, and to make them loyal to the country of their adoption are tasks that will require tact, patience, and energy. To the accomplishment of these things Empire Day lends itself as no other day can.

### EMPIRE DAY, MAY 23, 1923.

#### PROGRAMME.

##### Forenoon

Opening Exercises.....	Doxology, Scripture Reading, Prayer	
Chorus—"Raise the Flag".....	The School	
A Pageant of Empire		
Britannia.....	Miss Ratcliffe	
England.....	Miss Dinsmore	India.....Miss Daley
Ireland.....	Miss J. Cavanagh	Canada.....Miss Border
Scotland.....	Miss D. McDonald	Australia.....Miss E. Mulligan
Wales.....	Miss Shannon	South Africa.....Miss Turner
The British Isles.....	Mr. Edgar	
India—		
Its Acquisition.....	Miss Cunningham	
Lord Clive.....	Miss Gennings	
A Description.....	Mr. McArthur	
Its Value to the Empire.....	Miss Fairfield	

## Canada—

Its Acquisition.....	Miss Conroy
Sir Guy Carleton.....	Miss Cole
A Description.....	Mr. Bock
Its Value to the Empire.....	Miss Brown

Chorus—"We Are a Part of Britain".....The School

## Australia—

Its Acquisition.....	Miss Morrison
Captain Cook.....	Miss McQueen
A Description.....	Mr. Stevens
Its Value to the Empire.....	Miss Kingdon

## South Africa—

Its Acquisition.....	Miss Powell
David Livingstone.....	Miss Parker
A Description.....	Mr. Gault
Its Value to the Empire.....	Miss Rumball

Chorus—"John Bull's Children".....The School

Britannia—"Our Glorious Empire".....Miss Ratcliffe

Chorus—"Rule Britannia".....The School

## Afternoon

Chorus—"O Canada".....The School

Reading—"Canadian Born".....Miss F. Campbell

Reading—"The Young Men of Canada".....Mr. W. McDonald

Chorus—"Ye Mariners of England".....The School

Reading—"Here's to the Land".....Miss G. Johnston

Solo—"For King and Country".....Miss Munn

Reading—"All in One".....Miss E. McLean

Essay—"Why Canadians Keep Empire Day".....Miss N. Chappel

Reading—"Out Native Land".....Miss D. Passmore

Chorus—"God The All Terrible".....The School

Reading—"England".....Mr. O. Bell

Reading—"The English Girl—The English Man".....Miss L. McGregor

Solo—"Death of Nelson".....Mr. Beal

Reading—"Kitchener's Instructions to the British Soldier".....Mr. M. Baker

Reading—"The Better Way".....Miss M. Smith

Chorus—"Hail to the Land".....The School

Reading—"The Glory of the Garden".....Miss A. Luxton

Solo—"Where Hath Scotland Found Her Fame".....Miss Overend

Address.....Mr. Casselman

Chorus—"Men of the North".....The School

Presentation of a Flag to the Normal School by  
Samuel de Champlain Chapter I. O. D. E.

GOD SAVE THE KING.





Standing—A. Archibald, M. Bradey, M. Brett, J. Alp, L. Baker, B. Brown,  
C. Bloomfield, G. Ashforth.  
Second Row—S. Anderson, P. Ansley, G. Anderson, M. Beals, K. M. Booth.  
Front Row—M. Andrews, E. Allan, P. Belanger, F. Berner, M. Border.

## ACTIVITIES OF GROUP ONE

IDA V. COLE

*“Look for goodness, look for gladness,  
You will meet them all the while;  
If you bring a smiling visage  
To this Group, you meet a smile.”*

INVARIABLY one finds this to be quite true of Group One—from the towering Alp(s) to the deepest Burrowes.

Let us recall the various achievements of our Group. Did not one of our members “take the pipe” when it came to telling an Irish story at the St. Patrick’s Day programme? Think of our Nobanoscho! It was a worthy product of our literary ability.

On the morning when it was announced that a Valedictorian was to be chosen, the thoughts of the student body centred on one person. Were we surprised when we learned that the honour had been bestowed upon a member of Group One? Why no! What else would you expect?

Well have the members of Group One played their part and,—

*“May they carry to their labour an enthusiasm rare,  
And energy, and earnestness beside;  
May the high ideals created find complete fulfilment there,  
In the schools o'er which in future they preside.”*



Standing—J. Chisamore, F. Campbell, H. Campbell, N. Chappel, K. Cameron,  
H. Brown, E. Burrowes.  
Second Row—M. Brunning, H. Carroll, I. Clancy, J. Cavanagh, A. Cavanagh,  
E. Brown, M. Canning.  
First Row—D. Bushfield, M. Clark, V. Bunyan, F. Cameron, O. Bucknam,  
L. Brydges.



Standing—E. Davison, M. Coyne, F. Comerford, B. Corey, I. Coxford,  
E. Davidson, B. Davidson, B. Cunningham.  
Second Row—L. Connell, V. Cotten, C. Crogan, A. M. Daley, E. Cowden,  
I. Cole, K. Coe.  
First Row—A. Conroy, H. Davidson, E. Connell, E. Cowan, B. Healey.

## ACTIVITIES OF GROUP TWO

NORMA E. GRIGG

**Y**ES! Second in number but first in ability! This was proven to us when it became the custom of the masters to neglect giving us the usual fore-warnings of tests. At first when we became aware of these seeming over-sights, we were not pleased, but when we were given only one week to prepare that never-to-be-forgotten time-table, we began to realize that the apparent forgetfulness was part of a deliberate plan. They probably felt that, on account of our superior mentality, it was not necessary to give us the extra time for preparation required by the other groups.

We knew that Mr. Norris liked our mathematical talents. He, himself, told us that the way Group Two mixed numbers on a certain examination paper really astounded him.

Our Principal, too, said to us daily, "You're a bright lot!"

'Twas he also who said we were fine talkers. In fact we excelled the rest of the school, both in rate and in volume, for when Group Two had anything to say our motto was "Howlett!" Besides these numerous accomplishments it was our Group which had the "Coyne."

We were pleased that one of our members was chosen for President of the Literary Society for the fall term. For the "At Home" we contributed to the programme the splendid Folk Dances. We also did our share of work in the kitchen.

Far be it from us to disparage the ability or the attainments of the other groups. Under other circumstances they might have been leaders. 'Twas their misfortune to have Group Two for competitors.



Standing—I. Gilmour, A. Graham, B. Dinsmore, M. Dodds, N. Grigg,  
M. Gorman, G. Doan, G. Goltz, M. Fennell.  
Second Row—S. Gault, D. Goltz, B. Fraser, W. Gennings, H. Fairfield,  
J. Demaray, B. Graham.  
First Row—M. Flannery, C. Finnerty, C. M. Dodd, H. Ferris.



Standing—A. Keogh, E. Hamm, M. A. Knott, M. Kitts, K. Hunt, P. Johnston, A. Howlett.  
 Second Row—H. Jackman, W. Killins, E. Kingdom, E. James, G. Johnson, C. Hall.  
 First Row—B. Landriau, A. Kelly, F. Hazelton, M. Kidd.

### ACTIVITIES OF GROUP THREE

THE number three has always held a prominent position in the world. For years people associated with it an idea of power and magic. So the pre-eminence of Group III. at the Normal School is not to be wondered at.

The initials of the Group are K. L. and M. The K.'s from Killins to Knott, supply the Group with knowledge. The L.'s from Landriau to Luxton, give the Group its learning. The M.'s from MacLeod to the

Mulligans, provide the merriment and mirth, and all that goes towards making the group a happy and joyous one. So—

*If for knowledge you are yearning,  
If your heart is set on learning,  
If you're very fond of merriment and mirth;  
Then I'd really like to mention,  
(But for Modesty's prevention,  
That Group III.'s the place to get your money's worth.*



Standing—A. Luxton, D. McDonald, C. McDonald, M. McKee, L. McGregor,  
H. McDermid, G. McFadyen, A. McDonald.  
Second Row—M. L. McAvoy, M. MacLeod, B. McKiernan, D. McFarland,  
B. McAdam, R. McDonald.  
First Row—R. Lemon, R. Livingston, D. McKerrow, M. McKenna.



Standing—E. Mulligan, A. E. Moore, E. McLean, E. Mikkelsen, M. Moffat,  
V. Montgomery, F. Morgan, S. McQueen, M. Quinn.  
Second Row—M. McLean, M. Morrison, L. McNaughton, H. Montgomery,  
R. Miller, H. McAnaney, V. McKnight.  
First Row—R. McNeice, M. Miller, M. McMahon, C. Mann, M. McLaughlan.

## ACTIVITIES OF GROUP FOUR

MARIE PARKER

THROUGHOUT the whole school year, Group Four has taken a leading part in the activities of the school.

Because of their brilliant musical qualities, this group had the pleasure of entertaining the guests at the "At Home" by rendering a delightful part song, "The Pine-Tree Fairies." In the same programme our little Indian soloist favoured us with a pretty selection.

Much of the musical programme of the Literary Society for the year was furnished by our pianist. Among the numbers was a pretty Japanese motion song, by six girls, dressed in bright costumes.

Group Four might be called the practical group. Ask them how to make delicious pumpkin pies, and dainty sandwiches! Those enjoyed

by the students and teachers at the Hallowe'en party were prepared by them. They also washed the dishes!

The executive ability of the group was displayed in the skilful manner in which several of our "sweetest" girls served the sugar at the "At Home."

The greatest honour that has been bestowed upon us came when one of our fair students was chosen to represent Britannia on Empire Day.

Thus, looking back over the activities of the year, it seems safe to prophesy that much honour awaits Group Four. Doubtless future years will see many prima donnas, college professors, Normal school teachers, and members of Parliament recruited from our midst.



Standing—K. Rowe, M. Parker, E. Overend, M. Ratcliffe, C. O'Brien,  
D. Passmore, G. Richardson, M. Munn.  
Second Row—J. Parsons, P. Powell, M. Nelan, H. Olson, W. O'Reilly,  
I. Nevils, V. Roszel.  
First Row—M. O'dell, A. Pelto, N. Mulligan, J. Murray, F. Pellow.





Standing—L. Scovell, S. Shropshire, M. Smith, A. Sadler, R. Rowse, L. Ruby,  
A. Shannon, I. Stafford.  
Second Row—R. Rowe, O. Snider, B. Schweitzer, A. Rumball, K. Scully,  
R. Smith, A. Srigley.  
First Row—L. Sanderson, M. Sage, M. Saunders, J. Saunders, L. Tenescoe.

## HOME THOUGHTS

MARION E. SAUNDERS

Pastures with green bedecked,  
Golden glints, too,  
Wee brooklet stealing by  
Then lost to view;  
While from its mossy banks  
Shy violets peep,  
And bloodroot dreamily  
Nods, half-asleep.

Yonder, upon the hill  
 Each Sabbath day,  
 Dear, homely village folk  
 Meet, talk and pray,  
 Close by, a drooping elm  
 'Neath dome of blue,  
 Where oriole and wren  
 Pay homage due.

When spring was luring you,  
 Birdies, so gay,  
 With blossoms bright to keep  
 Tryst, true, with May;  
 Did that little, lonely hill  
 To memory creep,  
 Where, safe in God's Acre,  
 Wee children sleep,  
 Aye, safe in His keeping  
 Wee children sleep?



Standing—E. Summers, E. Yackman, A. Strang, I. Stanley, R. Willick,  
 G. Thompson, C. Thaler, A. Whaley.  
 Second Row—L. Stafford, E. Taylor, E. Wilson, E. Whitten, V. Vanderburg,  
 K. Stone, W. Vincent.  
 First Row—L. Turner, H. Weaver, M. D. Taylor, B. Walker, E. Strauss.



Standing—J. F. Crough, J. Hettrick, J. Flatt, O. Bell, K. Beal, H. Cook,  
 R. Baillie, J. Harkness.  
 Second Row—M. Baker, H. Fisher, J. Edgar, J. H. Anderson, D. Allan, M. Bock.  
 First Row—G. Gault, H. L. Ames, F. Fletcher.

## THE LAMPLIGHTERS

J. H. ANDERSON

The day is dying, night comes on apace;  
 The twilight lowers gentle o'er the place,  
 Kind heaven sets her evening lamps alight  
 To cheer the darkness of the silent night.

Far in the zenith, in the mighty shrine,  
 The dome of earth, its myraid jewels shine.  
 High on the summit rocks the crescent moon,  
 Warning the world that rest comes sure and soon.

There while I sit in solitude alone,  
 As in a palace, a sovereign on a throne,  
 Come, in the stillness, the weaving threads of thought,  
 The memory of a thousand deeds by heroes wrought.

They, by their works, unselfish and so fit,  
 Throughout the world their flickering lamps have lit;  
 Lights, on the deep, where treacherous shoals hide,  
 Great lights, the route of faltering ships to guide.

Then, as I dream the peaceful hours away,  
 The realms of darkness change to realms of day,  
 When every evening lamp its work has done,  
 And leaves to light the day, one lamp, the sun.

Comes, then, one all-possessing thought to me,  
 That as the ships pass on life's mighty sea,  
 I, too, my feeble, flickering lamp should light,  
 To guide these faltering ships that pass by in the night.



Standing—L. Kells, F. Stewart, L. Hill, P. Scollard, F. Northey, C. O'Connor,  
 G. Kerr, P. Thornley.  
 Second Row—W. A. Kaye, J. Trenouth, R. Lanktree, P. Perdue, B. MacDermid,  
 H. Richardson.  
 First Row—A. Jarvo, R. D. MacArthur, M. Stevens, W. McDonald.

## GRADUATING SERVICE

ON the afternoon of Sunday, June 10, the students of the Normal School were invited to attend a special graduating service in St. John's Church. Rev. Gilbert Oliver, L.Th., M.C., who had shared with the others of the Ministerial Association in the religious instruction of the students, and who had taken a personal interest in their welfare, delivered a very timely and helpful sermon from Exodus III., 5, "The place whereon thou standest is holy ground," and Isaiah XI., 6, "A little child shall lead them."

"It is a happy arrangement," said the speaker, "and one which has the full approval of your Principal, that at the close of your studies here at the Normal School you should meet together for a service in the house of God. This is a crisis in your life, a landmark, for you are soon to leave behind the comradeship and fellowship of corporate school life and enter upon the great work which you have chosen as your career.

I give you two short passages for consideration this afternoon. The first is taken from Exodus, and has reference to the occasion upon which a man was called upon to undertake a great task, a task which would require all his skill, patience, endurance, and fortitude, and a task which he could not successfully undertake without the help of God. He felt unworthy, weak, and unfitted for the task, but was willing to go forth with God as his helper, and do his best. With reverence he is commanded to approach God, to get his commission for the task, and with reverence does he approach the work, realizing the tremendous importance.

Moses was a wonderful man, and his work bore good fruit. For through his endeavours a great nation was welded together.

To you, my comrades in the teaching profession, I pass on these words to-day. Take care. "The place whereon thou standest is holy ground." This task is no easy one, this career of yours is no light matter. The person who speaks of, or who enters, the ranks of the teaching profession lightly and without care may be likened to the "fool who rushes in where angels fear to tread."

The task: to teach and to lead the children of our Dominion, to mould their character, to make them good citizens, and, I trust, Christians, too, for the best Christian assuredly makes the best citizen.

The material: The finest in the world, wonderful material, the child, malleable, plastic, ready to respond to right leadership and guidance, receptive, responsive,—truly wonderful material. How precious are these young lives, and how important is this work. Oh, I beseech you, take care. This is holy ground.

Some of your scholars will be difficult to handle, lacking even elementary ideas of discipline, for, alas! the home influence is often useless in this respect, often indeed of a distinctly opposite nature; but you have your chance to counteract this slackness in home-training.

Think again. Each child is God's child, and you are dealing with souls in whom God has a real personal interest, and dealing with them at a time when they are sensitive, and when the heart is tender. Is not this wonderful material?

The Teacher's requirements:

In School. Need I enumerate them? Are they not obvious? Patience, courage, self-control, and a sense of fairness. Your task will require patience. You will find that things are not always simple and

straight-forward; you will require courage to stand alone and overcome obstacles; you will require self-control, for this is essential in a teacher; and you will find your work prosper, and will gain the love of your pupils if you are scrupulously fair and refuse to entertain any ideas of favouritism among them.

Out of school. Some of you will be working in small centres, and you will occupy a public position which brings responsibilities. Watch your private life that you may inspire respect and set a worthy example, for, depend upon it, you will be watched and your life taken note of by pupils and parents.

You will need also the help of God in your work. "Not by might", i.e. might of intellect or personality. "Not by power", i.e. authority of your position, "but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts." By the Spirit of God, and by his aid, coupled with your own skill and co-operation with Him will you really succeed. If you are observant, open to good influences, you will learn much from the children. "A little child shall lead them." By their goodness, inherent goodness; by their trustfulness, their simplicity, they will teach you many things. Learn of them and let these virtues shine forth in your lives.

Go forth to your wonderful work, and may God richly bless and guide you. Look to Him, day by day, and you will never look in vain. Go forth full of faith and zeal, knowing that whilst the task is great, the reward is great, for the result of your work will be seen throughout the ages, even to Eternity."

## EXTRACTS FROM A NORMALITE'S DIARY

MARION E. SAUNDERS

**SEPT. 19, 8.30 a.m.**—Just think, we're going to Normal! One more care-free year before we settle down. Wonder what the staff will be like. But of course they'll be nice; all my teachers have been.

**12.15 p.m.**—Oh!—and to think how I looked forward to Normal. Where did I leave my blue book? Oh! I wouldn't have been in the shoes of those without cards for,—for the whole grant at once. I wonder if I could get transferred to some other Normal. Mr. Casselman's voice is so big.

**Sept. 22.**—I'm going home. I'm sure mother and dad won't send me back when I tell them how hard it is on my nerves. I'm going home this very night.

**Sept. 25.**—Mother and dad were so hard,—just laughed and said I'd learn to like it, and anyway I had to come back whether I liked it or not. But I'm sure I shall always hate Normal. One of the masters has smiled at us, but it was a Mona Lisa sort of smile, very hard to understand. To-day, I turned down the wrong aisle when I was looking for my seat. I'm not smart, and everyone says that it's what the masters think of one the first week that really counts. And we must write free-hand. And we must sing even if we can't. I just know I shall fail.

**Oct. 4.**—I had to read to-day, and when Mr. Casselman asked me what the author was saying anyway, I told him word for word. But you should have heard him. He said the author was telling us —, and —, and —. If he was, why didn't he say so? I'm sure when I write essays I'm expected to say what I mean.

We have just written out our careers for the tall master. It is nice someone is interested in us, but I'm afraid he has some deeper motive. The masters appear too happy when they are together.

There is smoke, smoke everywhere; the whole town feels restless.

**Oct. 5.**—Haileybury is gone, and rumour says Liskeard and Cobalt. Poor girls, with homes and friends in the North!

**Oct. 15.**—Lit. elections are over. Here's hoping the meetings equal the pre-election speeches. We are to have a Hallowe'en party, and our group are to make the pumpkin pies. That will be fun,—I think Mr. Casselman has an eye for good cooks. This evening I happened to be in the library at 5.05, and how John did scold me! Said that those who hung around the building like that always failed. Of course I was sorry to have kept him, but that library seems there just to tempt us.

**Oct. 20.**—One girl has just arrived, would you believe it? I'm glad I wasn't in her shoes!

**Oct. 25.**—Just think!—my first teaching day is over. Of course my lesson was criticised, but then one's first couldn't be perfect.

**Nov. 12.**—Perhaps I shall like Normal after all. We had such a jolly party, and our group won the doughnut race,—“were the doughty victors,” Mr. Bannister says. And you should have seen our pies, and our costumes! We had a fine musical yell, too; it began like this—

“Ta fe te fi  
Ta fe te fi.”

But we didn't get to give it. You see visitors' rights must be considered, and it really isn't polite to scream in their very ears.

**Nov. 13.**—I thought I was learning to like Normal, but such a time as I had to-day. And all over one little novel.

**Dec. 8.**—Mr. Yeigh showed us the most splendid views, Toronto and the old Varsity, and Ottawa, and ever so many more. Then we had another party, and heaps of candy and fun. Mr. Casselman was very kind, and official midnight was almost one. I do like Normal.

**Dec. 11.**—Three final exams. in a heap. Then hip, hip, hurrah! Santa Clause and home!

**Jan. 3.**—Here I am, really glad to be back. I wonder if I just imagined things that first month. There's a new woman teacher. Hope she'll be nice; she looks as if she will.

**Jan. 19.**—Had a lesson on coffee to-day, but the children were so stupid. After I had taught them all about it just beautifully, they said they would tell coffee from tea by the name on the can.

**Feb. 9.**—The “At Home” at last. All year I have looked forward to it, and here I am,—at home. Wish I could hear group four sing. Mr. Gatenby suggested this song as the simplest means of breaking up the party at going-home time. But of course he was merely jesting.

**Feb. 19.**—Such a sad, sad day, and to think how gaily we came to school. The reading was very comforting,—all about the Resurrection and the Life.

**Feb. 26.**—Four inspectors, just like the exams., all in a heap. Wonder what they think about us anyway. Was late for Art to-day, oh, my!

**April 10.**—Four more finals, and to think how little I know. I found that out when I taught in Mr. Thompson's room. Just ten more weeks till we're through. Wish I could come back for the first day next year. I am so glad I came to North Bay Normal.

**April 17.**—"If three cats killed three rats in three minutes, how many cats would kill one hundred rats in one hundred minutes?" Thirty-three and one third seems a logical answer, if only the question did not deal with cats. I wish mentality tests had never been invented.

**May 23.**—I never dreamed it could be made so interesting. The "Pageant of Empire" was best of all. Hats off to the Union Jack.

**May 25.**—Singing test to-day. But if Mr. Gatenby can endure it, why not I?

**June 6.**—My head feels empty as a sponge,—but my half day's teaching is over.

**June 10.**—We've had such a nice graduation service! It made one feel so humble, and yet so strong, too.

**June 15.**—Practice, practice, exams., exams. I must stop wasting time on this nonsense and just rest and keep fresh for the finals; for, much as I should like to come back for a visit next year, repeating this year's work is not to be thought of.

But, pass or fail,

Hurrah for North Bay Normal!

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## VALEDICTORY

JANET ALP, *Valedictorian*

Mr. President, Members of the Staff, Friends, and Fellow Students:

I APPRECIATE very highly the honour conferred upon me in selecting me to give, on behalf of the student body, the valedictory of the class of '23.

To-morrow is a time of anticipation; to-day a time of reflection. When we look back over our past year we rub our eyes in amazement. It is surely not a year since we began, and to-night the last gathering of the class of 1922-23! Time, the mystic, the beguiling, has slipped through our fingers, as the sand through the hour glass. We suddenly awake to the fact that only two or three grains of sand remain and the year is nearly gone. It is time for us to clink glasses and bid farewell.

Two emotions are uppermost in the heart of every student to-night, namely, regret at leaving our school and all its associations, and a feeling of expectation and wonder in regard to the future. The year has been one of invaluable help and inspiration. To us there has been imparted not only knowledge, but also an influence of such a nature as will tend to lift us to greater achievements in the years that are to come.

The past year has been one in which our minds were greatly broadened. Those who have had the opportunity of taking part in the programmes of our Literary Society have become better prepared to take part in the community work which each and every one of us will be expected to do. The addresses which we have had from the various Inspectors and other visitors have helped to enlarge our vision. The kind and thoughtful help of our Principal and our masters has been at all times a source of great comfort. Nor will we soon forget the teachers of the Model School. To them we owe heartfelt gratitude, as, under their guidance and supervision, we have become trained in the art of teaching. Who of us will forget the first lessons in teaching? Surely to these patient critic teachers we owe much.



As for the citizens of North Bay, we shall always remember them with feelings of gratitude and pleasure. Before our coming, many of us thought of North Bay as a cold, bleak spot, but any misgivings we may have had on that score were soon removed by the warmth of the welcome we received.

And now we must leave it all, go out into broader and larger fields of duty. May there come to every student entering the realm of teacher the wonderful sense of the responsibility which we must assume; and many that responsibility be assumed with the knowledge that we are makers of destiny. Into our care will come the future generation, and we must mould them into towers of righteousness, strength and justice. The vast Northland is calling for men and women with initiative, men and women with stability of character, and to us that call is coming. May we respond to it, heart and soul, using every ounce of energy for the upbuild of a greater nation.

We are but voicing the sentiment of the entire student body when we extend to the Staff and future classes of North Bay Normal School the best of wishes for success, prosperity, and happiness.

And for those who to-night step forth from these halls into the broader fields of service that lie before us, there is a challenge in the words of one of our Canadian poets:

*"A deep voice stirs, vibrating in men's ears  
As if their own hearts throbbed that thunder forth,  
A sound wherein who hearkens wisely hears  
The voice of the desire of this strong North,—  
This North whose heart of fire  
Yet knows not its desire  
Clearly, but dreams and murmurs in the dream.  
The hour of dreams is done,  
Lo! on the hills the gleam."*

## THE CLOSING

BEULAH COREY

IT was with mingled feelings that we met for the last time in the Assembly Hall of the Normal School on the evening of Thursday, June 21. Our scholastic year was ended, and, in spite of the fun planned for the evening, we were all conscious of the feeling of regret that the happy and eventful days spent in this school were now only a pleasant memory, and never again would we re-group ourselves under the same happy auspices.

A splendid programme had been prepared for the evening. The retrospect which was so well prepared by Miss Saunders recalled to our minds many never-to-be-forgotten events of the year. The President, Mr. H. Anderson, in his address, spoke of the happy times we had spent together; how we had learned to know the masters as sympathetic men, who were eager to help us in the many problems which we had to solve. He voiced our appreciation of their kindly courtesy, of the work which they had done for us, of the open-minded manner in which they conducted class discussions, for all of which we offer our sincerest thanks. He also spoke of what we owed to the teachers of the Model Schools. In all our intercourse with them we have found them patient, hard-working, and with the best interests at heart of every student with whom they came in contact.

The valedictory, so well delivered by Miss Janet Alp, was a fitting close to a year on which we shall all look back with pleasure.

The programme throughout showed the careful training, organization, and patient attention to details which had been given to it by Miss Morgan and Mr. Gatenby, upon whom this task had fallen.

We were all delighted when our Principal took the platform, and in a few well-chosen words spoke of the school year with its problems and its pleasures. We shall never forget his excellent advice which he offered to us in his usual kind, fatherly manner.

One of the outstanding features of the evening was the selection of a committee, with Mr. Kaye as its president, to organize a reunion of this year's students at a date to be arranged later.

After the programme many of the students found the music irresistible and spent the remainder of the evening in dancing. The singing of "Auld Lang Syne" brought the evening to a close, and the following day saw most of the students on board the trains for their homes in various parts of the Province.



**JOHN**

KATHLEEN COE

**F**EAR is a dreadful thing,—but, honestly, which would you rather meet, the Principal when you are late on a Monday morning, or John

any time after five in the Library? Of course there is much to be said on both sides. But usually what the student has to say remains unsaid,—at least until the interview is over.

Executive meetings of the protracted kind, that lasted as they so often did until after the official hour for closing, were a thorn in the flesh to John, and invariably called forth his righteous indignation in its most condensed and expressive form. "I want yez out of here right now, don't yez know it's five o'clock? Come out now!"

Those final practices were a great annoyance to him too, but even John must succumb to the skilful handling of a woman. He waxed passive in the hands of the new member of the Staff, until at last he used to stand just inside the door, his hat at the usual angle, and his keys with which he was wont to give emphasis to his commands when he cleared the library, held limply in his hand,—just helpless.

But John is at his best when he stands with sleeves rolled up, his hat well back on his head, the hose in his hand, and a girl with fluffy dress just near enough to tempt him to sprinkle this rare flower. Then one can see the merriment twinkle in his eyes. Who can blame him if his hand should prove unsteady, and some of the water should accidentally find a mark for which it was not intended?

But by faithful attention to duty, John continues to merit and secure the esteem of each succeeding class. May the same be said of us and of each of us, as we go about our daily tasks in the schools committed to our care.

#### MODEL SCHOOL STAFF

D. C. Grassick.....	<i>Principal, Queen Victoria School.</i>
Miss M. Collins.....	<i>Principal, McPhail St. School.</i>
J. E. Thompson.....	<i>Assistant, Queen Victoria School.</i>
Miss J. W. Inglis.....	" " " "
Miss M. E. Brett.....	" " " "
Miss B. McLaughlin.....	" " " "
Miss A. E. Patterson.....	" " " "
Miss N. Deneau.....	" " " "
Miss E. Monteith.....	" " " "
Miss R. Kay.....	" " " "
Miss L. M. St. Louis.....	" " " "
Miss M. A. Forder.....	" " " "
Miss McQuaig.....	<i>Kindergarten Directress.</i>
Miss O. Johnson.....	<i>Assistant, McPhail St. School.</i>
Mrs. J. Muller.....	" " " "
Miss A. Hansford.....	" " " "
Miss E. McCauley.....	" " " "
Miss B. Monteith.....	" " " "
Miss M. V. Brown.....	" " " "
Miss C. Smyth.....	" " " "
Miss K. Burns.....	<i>Assistant, King Edward School.</i>
Miss M. G. Kelsall.....	" " " "
Miss E. Secor.....	" " " "

#### RURAL AFFILIATED SCHOOLS

Miss C. Hardy.....	<i>S.S. No. 1 (b), Ferris.</i>
Miss S. Pace.....	<i>S.S. No. 5, Widdifield.</i>

## STUDENTS OF NORTH BAY NORMAL SCHOOL 1922-1923

1. Allan, Elizabeth J.....R.R. No. 3, Chesley.
2. Alp, Janet.....Granton.
3. Anderson, Gertrude M.....R.R. No. 1, Westmeath.
4. Anderson, Sadie.....Gravenhurst.
5. Andrews, Myrtle.....Richmond.
6. Ansley, Pearl.....Wharncliffe.
7. Archibald, Agnes I.....R.R. No. 2, Grand Valley.
8. Ashforth, Gladys M.....9 Nugent St., Port Arthur.
9. Baker, Lois.....Bigwood.
10. Beals, Marion L.....Burk's Falls.
11. Belanger, Pauline M.....Elk Lake.
12. Berner, Florence A.....Huntsville.
13. Bloomfield, Constance.....203 S. Marks St., Fort William.
14. Booth, K. Mary.....128 College St., Port Arthur.
15. Border, Mary E.....Cayuga.
- 15a. Gillis, Lillian M.....Mt. St. Joseph, Peterborough.  
(Sister Helen Marie)
16. Bowie, Anna.....Mt. St. Joseph, Peterborough.  
(Sister Amadeus)
17. Cull, Florence V.....Mt. St. Joseph, Peterborough.  
(Sister Doloretta)
19. Brett, Margaret A.....Longford.
18. Bradey, Margaret.....Gore Bay.
20. Brown, E. Belva.....Box 363, Orillia.
21. Brown, Eva F.....Box 70, Merrickville.
22. Brown, Hazel.....510 Catherine St., Fort William.
23. Brunning, Madeleine.....Beaverton.
24. Brydges, Lilly E.....Camlachie.
25. Bucknam, Olga.....Fenelon Falls.
26. Bunyan, Veronica B.....R.R. No. 1, Conn.
27. Burrowes, Esther R.....76 St. Andrew's Terrace, Sault Ste.  
Marie.
28. Bushfield, Doris G.....Huntsville.
29. Cameron, Fanny.....365 Bruce St., Sault Ste. Marie.
30. Cameron, Kathleen I.....R.R. No. 1, Singhampton.
31. Campbell, Freda P.....Wharncliffe.
32. Campbell, Henrietta.....Yearley.
33. Canning, Marjorie.....Lefroy.
34. Carroll, Helen.....Red Wing.
35. Cavanagh, Agnes C.....Ennismore.
36. Cavanagh, Josie.....R.R. No. 2, Indian River.
37. Chappel, Norma.....Minesing.
38. Chisamore, Jean F.....20 Regent St., Port Arthur.
39. Clancy, Isabel.....R.R. No. 1, Downeyville.
40. Clark, Marjorie F.....Craigmont.
41. Coe, Kathleen.....12 Tyrrell Ave., Toronto.
42. Cole, Ida Viola.....Matheson.
43. Comerford, Frances.....Coniston.
44. Connell, Eleanor.....546 Dundas St. E., Toronto.
45. Connell, Irene.....R.R. No. 1, Bruce Mines.
46. Conroy, Annie.....Canal.
47. Corey, Beulah J.....Rainy River.
48. Cotten, Viola M.....978 11th Ave., Owen Sound.
49. Cowan, Esther.....297 Cornwall Ave., Port Arthur.
50. Cowden, Eva E.....Wingham.
51. Coxford, Isabell.....134 Herbert St., Pembroke.
52. Coyne, Margaret E.....R.R. No. 1, Admaston Stn.
53. Cronin, Catherine L.....384 Main St. W., North Bay.

54. Cunningham, Burleigh.....113 Lansdowne Ave., Sault Ste. Marie.
55. Daley, Anna Mary.....442 Moffat St., Pembroke.
56. Davidson, Beatrice.....Gravenhurst.
57. Davidson, Eletha M.....R.R. No. 5, Aylmer.
58. Davidson, Hazel H.....R.R. No. 4, Eganville.
- 58a. Healey, Birdie R.....R.R. No. 2, Shanty Bay.
59. Davison, Edna M.....R.R. No. 1, Burk's Falls.
60. Demaray, Joyce E.....R.R. No. 2, Dorchester.
61. Dinsmore, Bessie.....Box 60, Thornbury.
62. Doan, Gladys I.....Box 40, Stayner.
63. Dodd, Lottie.....Jarlsberg.
64. Dodds, Marjorie I.....R.R. No. 2, Belmont.
65. Fairfield, Hazel I.....R.R. No. 2, Fenelon Falls.
66. Fennell, Lavinia May.....Glen Orchard.
67. Ferris, Hilda Mae.....Stroud.
68. Finnerty, Cecilia M.....Killaloe.
69. Flannery, Marion K.....257 McIntyre St. W., North Bay.
70. Fraser, Bertha M.....Port Elgin.
71. Gault, Sadie.....North Gower.
72. Gennings, Winnifred L.....Mansfield.
73. Gilmour, Ida Mary.....200 Klock Ave., North Bay.
74. Goltz, Dorothy.....Bardsville.
75. Goltz, Gertrude.....Bardsville.
76. Gorman, Mae.....Oil City.
77. Graham, Alma E.....R.R. No. 3, Dundalk.
78. Graham, Bessie W.....403 John St., Sault Ste. Marie.
79. Grigg, Norma E.....Bruce Mines.
80. Hall, Cecelie M.....R.R. No. 1, Haileybury.
81. Hamm, Ethel.....226 Cummings St., Fort William.
82. Hazelton, Florence I.....130 N. Franklin St., Fort William.
83. Howlett, Annie M.....Clifford.
84. Hunt, M. Kathleen.....Chesterville.
85. Jackman, Hazel Marie.....Stayner.
86. James, Edna.....R.R. No. 1, Perth.
87. Johnson, Georgina M.....Box 658, Orillia.
88. Johnston, Pearl E.....Bruce Mines.
89. Kelly, Anna Mary.....Box 757, Renfrew.
90. Keogh, Angela M.....Colgan.
91. Kidd, Marjorie E.....Everett.
92. Killins, Winnifred Q.....Chapleau.
93. Kingdom, Ethel Maud.....Emo.
94. Kitts, Mabel.....Barry's Bay.
95. Knott, M. Aileen.....Clarksburg.
96. Landriau, Berenice.....175 Prince St., Pembroke.
97. Lemon, Ruth Margaret.....357 N. Brodie St., Fort William.
98. Livingston, Rhena I.....R.R. No. 1, Hanover.
99. Luxton, Agnes Eola.....Mount Forest.
100. MacLeod, Marguerite.....Southampton.
101. McAdam, Beulah M.....Chapleau.
102. McAnaney, Ella.....59 Wellington St., St. Catharines.
103. McAvoy, M. Loretta.....Burk's Falls.
104. McDermid, Muriel H.....Coldwater.
105. McDonald, Catharine A.....Spring Bay.
106. McDonald, Doris.....Sutton West.
107. McDonald, Addie.....Tomstown.
108. McDonald, Rhoda D.....Thessalon.
109. McFadyen, Gilberta.....Kirkfield.
110. McFarland, Dora E.....Carling.
111. McGregor, Lillian.....41 Wellington St. W., Sault Ste. Marie.

112. McKee, Margaret C.....Cache Bay.  
 113. McKenna, Mary A.....Merrickville.  
 114. McKerrow, Della L.....Worthington.  
 115. McKiernan, Bernadette.....Eganville.  
 115a. \*Snider, Jean.....Sutton Bay.  
 116. McKnight, Vera Ida.....New Liskeard.  
 117. McLaughlan, Margaret T.....Kagawong.  
 118. McLean, Elva Eugenia.....41 Lansdowne Ave., Sault Ste Marie.  
 119. McLean, Marion.....Petrolea.  
 120. McMahan, Margaret.....Port Dalhousie.  
 121. Quinn, Margaret.....Box 1156, Trenton.  
 122. McNaughton, Lola I.....Box 228, Sudbury.  
 123. McNeice, Ruby Pearl L.....Reay.  
 124. McQueen, Sadie C.....1299 4 Ave. E., Owen Sound.  
 125. Mann, Carrie Viola.....Box 297, Parry Sound.  
 126. Mikkelsen, Ellen.....Rainy River.  
 127. Miller, C. Ruth.....Forrester's Falls.  
 128. Miller, Marjorie.....Spragge.  
 129. Moffat, Margaret Cora.....R.R. No. 3, Teeswater.  
 130. Montgomery, Hazel.....Copper Cliff.  
 131. Montgomery, Violet A.....R.R. No. 1, Beachburg.  
 132. Moore, Annie Evelyn.....Pefferlaw.  
 133. Morgan, Frances Mary.....North Bay.  
 134. Morrison, Margaret L.....Maple Lake Stn.  
 135. Mulligan, Eileen V.....North Bay.  
 136. Mulligan, Nora C.....208 McIntyre St. W., North Bay.  
 137. Munn, Margaret S.....Devlin.  
 138. Murray, Jean.....284 Argyle St., Port Arthur.  
 139. Nelan, Mary.....45 Grosvenor Ave., Sault Ste. Marie.  
 140. Nevils, Irene.....Cookstown.  
 141. O'Brien, Carmel.....Quadeville.  
 142. O'dell, Matilda E.....Keewatin.  
 143. Olson, Hilda E.....Box 41, Rainy River.  
 144. O'Reilly, Winnifred A.....Eganville.  
 145. Overend, Elsie S.....Box 1187, Orillia.  
 146. Parker, Marie Anna.....Burk's Falls.  
 147. Parsons, Jessie M.....Burk's Falls.  
 148. Passmore, Dell E.....109 Main St. E., North Bay.  
 149. Pellow, Florence.....Chapleau.  
 150. Pelto, Aili A.....16 Dalton Ave., Port Arthur.  
 151. Powell, Phyllis E.....471 St. Patrick's Sq., Port Arthur.  
 152. Ratcliffe, Margaret V.....Exeter.  
 153. Richardson, Georgina B.....Lanark.  
 154. Roszel, Viola Gertrude.....Little Current.  
 155. Rowe, Kathleen.....Box 250, Cobalt.  
 156. Rowe, Rena.....R.R. No. 1, Bruce Mines.  
 157. Rowse, Radia Margaret.....Bath.  
 158. Ruby, Lois Mabel.....Midland.  
 159. Rumball, Alma Kate.....Huntsville:  
 160. Sadler, Annie.....R.R. No. 1, Mossley.  
 161. Sage, Maud Victoria.....97 First Ave. E., North Bay.  
 162. Saunders, Jeannette H.....Merrickville.  
 163. Saunders, Marion E.....Merrickville.  
 164. Schweitzer, Barbara E.....Fort Frances.  
 165. Scovell, Leda M. W.....Bracebridge.  
 166. Scully, Kathleen.....Pembroke.  
 167. Shannon, Alice.....R.R. No. 1, Haleys.  
 168. Shropshire, Sylvia M.....Parry Sound.  
 169. Smith, Marjorie L.....Box 44, Sturgeon Falls.  
 170. Smith, Roberta E.....Box 577, Orillia.

\* Deceased.

171. Snider, Orma Mae.....Bracebridge.  
 172. Srigley, Aileen L.....R.R. No. 2, Allandale.  
 172a. Sanderson, Lily A. B.....Emo.  
 172b. Tenescoe, Lucy.....Golden Lake.  
 173. Stafford, Irene.....Renfrew.  
 174. Stafford, Lillian.....Renfrew.  
 175. Stanley, Irene.....Sturgeon Falls.  
 176. Stone, Kathleen G.....86 March St., Sault Ste. Marie.  
 177. Strang, Annie M.....R.R. No. 1, Hensall.  
 178. Strauss, E. Evelyn.....Petrolea.  
 179. Summers, Evelyn V.....Winchester.  
 180. Taylor, Ethel B.....New Liskeard.  
 181. Taylor, Marion D.....North Bay.  
 182. Thaler, Caroline L.....Elmwood.  
 183. Thompson, Grace M.....R.R. No. 1, Holyrood.  
 184. Turner, Laura.....18 Wolverleigh Bvd., Toronto.  
 185. Vanderburg, Vena.....Athens.  
 186. Vincent, C. Winnifred.....Port Sydney.  
 187. Walker, Bessie.....Russell.  
 188. Weaver, Hilda Irene.....Bridgeburg.  
 189. Whaley, Ada Irene.....Bracebridge.  
 190. Whitten, Ethel M.....Shelburne.  
 191. Willick, Rosalie V.....Bridgeburg.  
 192. Wilson, Elizabeth.....R.R. No. 2, Auburn.  
 193. Yackman, Eva M.....Sudbury.  
 194. Allan, Delos.....R.R. No. 5, Chatsworth.  
 195. Ames, Horace Lyall.....Plainville.  
 196. Anderson, James H.....Box 36, Bracebridge.  
 197. Bailie, Russell R.....Kagawong.  
 198. Baker, Melville H.....Carley.  
 199. Beal, Kenneth A.....Box 318, Smith's Falls.  
 200. Bell, Oscar W.....R.R. No. 1, Priceville.  
 201. Bock, Melvin L.....Providence Bay.  
 202. Cook, Harold.....Burk's Falls.  
 203. Crough, J. Francis.....Ennismore.  
 204. Edgar, John B.....R.R. No. 2, Gorrie.  
 205. Fisher, W. Harvey.....Camlachie.  
 206. Flatt, James A.....46 Crown St., Port Arthur.  
 207. Fletcher, Farewell S.....Paisley.  
 208. Gault, George A.....North Gower.  
 209. Harkness, James.....R.R. No. 1, Sundridge.  
 210. Hettrick, Jack S.....Box 123, Beamsville.  
 211. Hill, Leonard G.....1153 4 Ave. E., Owen Sound.  
 212. Hobbs, John L.....Orrville.  
 213. Jarvo, Adelbert P.....Box 785, Cornwall.  
 214. Kaye, W. Alvin.....Box 156, Bracebridge.  
 215. Kells, Lawrence A.....Beamsville.  
 216. Kerr, George H.....R.R. No. 1, Dublin.  
 217. Lanktree, Roy.....Ravenna.  
 218. MacArthur, R. Douglas.....Box 207, Burk's Falls.  
 219. MacDermid, Byron G.....R.R. No. 2, Martintown.  
 220. McDonald, Wilford S.....Box 16, Arthur.  
 221. Northey, C. Fred.....Box 23, Fenelon Falls.  
 222. O'Connor, Charles J.....Price's Corners.  
 223. Perdue, Patrick A.....R.R. No. 2, Ennismore.  
 224. Richardson, Henry.....R.R. No. 1, Proton Station.  
 225. Scollard, Patrick J.....Ennismore.  
 226. Stevens, H. Marshall.....Chesley.  
 227. Stewart, Frank J.....R.R. No. 3, Proton Station.  
 228. Thornley, Paul V.....Shelburne.  
 229. Trenouth, Jack P.....Powassan.

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